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JAPAN'S INHERITANCE



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SCENE OF THE GREAT EXPLOSION ON BANDAISAN
(July 15, 1888).

The steam-clouds in the foreground mark the main line of fracture; the lakes in the distance were formed by the eruption. Between the two is a difference of level of about three thousand feet.

Frontispiece.

JAPAN'S INHERITANCE

THE COUNTRY, ITS PEOPLE,
AND THEIR DESTINY

BY

E. BRUCE MITFORD, F.R.G.S.

WITH TWELVE MAPS AND PLANS AND SEVENTY-FIVE
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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P R E F A C E

WANTED—the truth about Japan. An American writer, after complaining of “the world-wide false impression of Japan” which has been given by “the eclogues of European visitors,” declares it to be the “vital concern” of his countrymen to know as much as possible of “nothing but the truth.”¹

Whether or not he succeeded in replacing “the world-wide false impression” by one nearer the mark—and no Occidental taking up a strongly anti-Japanese attitude can successfully interpret the spirit of this nation, the leader of the East—Mr. Price Collier is right in saying that knowledge of things Japanese is of real concern to the American people. With them, in large measure, it rests to determine the *manner* of the meeting of East and West. But other Western nations, scarcely less interested in the future of Japan, are asking the immortal ques-

¹ Price Collier, *The West in the East* (1911).

Preface

tion, "What is truth?" and waiting for the answer. It is in the hope of contributing, in a humble way, to the satisfaction of this demand that I have put together these pages—the results of travels and observations extending over a period of ten years.

Some good folk contend that enough has already been said of Japan. Any addition to the multitude of books thereon is, in their view, an action calling at least for apology. By way of excuse, then, I would point to the fact that the men who, by long residence and study, are eminently fitted to write about Japan have, as a rule, specialized in some particular branch of the subject—history, literature, folk-lore, politics, art. The description of the country, *qua* country, has been left to the casual visitor. He, in faith, has given us of his impressions freely; but is it not inevitable that such works should lack authority? They may, as Count Hayashi says, be "very amusing, and useful for killing time," but "the ideas gathered from their statements are more injurious than useful as aids to forming a judgment on events occurring in the Far East."

Quot homines, tot sententiæ. Between the enthusiasm of the writer who declares that "the scenery surpasses the imagination of man . . .

Preface

no fault can be found either with the country or with the people,"¹ and the prejudice of the critic who condemns Japan as a Nazareth out of which no good thing can come, there must exist a happy mean. My hope and aim is to aid in its finding. I have sought herein to set down about the country "nothing but the truth," and, about the people, a few of the things that matter. If a clearer conception be thereby gained of what is admittedly a beautiful land, of that most complex entity, "the Japanese soul," and of the part marked out for Japan in the Far Eastern scheme of things, my labour will not have been in vain.

Every student of Japan is deeply in debt to the works of Brinkley, Chamberlain, and Rein—myself as much as any. The *Transactions* of the Asiatic and Seismological Societies of Japan have also furnished information, the value of which I gratefully acknowledge. For "photographic sympathy" my thanks are due to Professor W. B. Mason, Professor Immanuel Friedlander, Masatoshi Mori, Esq., and other kind friends. Illustrations bearing on various aspects of Japanese life have been kindly supplied by Messrs. Ogawa and Lewis, of Tokyo

¹ Rittner, *Impressions of Japan* (1904).

Preface

and Yokohama respectively. I have also to thank the Editors of the *Field*, *Fry's Magazine*, *Vanity Fair*, and the *National Review* for permission to reproduce photographs or portions of articles which appeared originally in their pages. I leave to the last my greatest debt of all—to the generous aid and sympathy of the late Rev. Arthur Lloyd, of Tokyo, without whose encouragement this work would not have been undertaken. *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*. For him at least Shakespeare's lament must be reversed. Evil was there none; the good lives after him.

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KEY MAP
OF
JAPANESE SCENERY.

Scale of Miles
0 50 100

- Granite
- Schist
- Gneiss
- Volcanic Rocks
- Mesozoic
- Tertiary & Recent
- H, Hakodate; Ch, Chokwaian; Y, Yokohama; F, Fujiisan;
- Am, Ameno-hashidate; Aw, Awaji; M, Miyajima; S, Shimabara;
- Ys, Yabakei; Ks, Kishima.

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JAPAN'S INHERITANCE

CHAPTER I

THE CALL OF THE LAND

The story of Japan—Mythology and science—A tale in three chapters—The old version preferred—A heritage of worth—*Couleur de rose*—Ignorance and prejudice—First impressions—The points of arrival—Where the East begins—Terrestrial stress and strain—Environment and character—What is truth ?

THE story of Japan varies with the teller. According to Japanese mythology, the Land of the Rising Sun was begotten by heavenly deities—*Izanagi* and *Izanami*—to be the abode of their favoured descendants. It was indeed the first-fruit of their mystic union. The rest of the world followed—incidentally, as it were, and as occasion arose.

Should sceptic mortal call in question this celestial genesis, the Spear of *Ninigi*, grandson of the Sun-goddess *Amaterasu*, remains to this day transfixed in a cairn at the summit of the

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sacred Takachiho, in Southern Kyushu, to confute such unbelief. Amaterasu, of course, was the daughter of the twin deities mentioned above—born, to be precise, from the left eye of the Creator, Izanagi. By her Ninigi was commissioned to descend to terrestrial realms that he might secure the sovereignty for Jimmu, first human ruler of Japan. Where the child of the Sun-god touched Daughter Earth, there he left his Heavenly Spear. Than this relic, in the whole gamut of Japan's sacred things, there is but one more sacred. It is the Mirror of the Sun-goddess herself, secluded from mortal gaze in the holy of holies of the Daijingu Shrine at Isé.

Science has a different tale to tell. Once upon a time, it says, Japan was no distinct division of land, but a part of the Asiatic continent. Instead of four thousand islands—five hundred of them with a diameter exceeding one mile—there were no islands at all. Then, from beneath the ocean, vast terrestrial forces came into play. The edge of the continent was reared upwards in great crumpled ridges, and the low land beyond sank beneath its ancient level. On either side of the depression thus created, the waters forced in their way. Thus were made, of the low lands, a narrow sea and, of the projecting arc, an island. With this great act of separation, the first stage of Japan's story ends.



THE SPEAR OF NINIGI.

In a cairn at the summit of Takachiho.



THE PEAK OF THE HEAVENLY SPEAR, FROM THE NORTH.

To face p. 14.

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Things were not suffered to remain long thus. After a pause the attack was renewed, this time upon the island-arc. Its northern half, borne backwards and downwards, subsided beneath the sea. Midway, from shore to shore, the whole arc snapped, while the southern half broke up into three large and a number of small islands. Kyushu and Shikoku were two of the large islands; Awaji (deemed by the mythologists a crystal fallen from the Creator's jewelled spear) was one of the small.

After long submergence Hondo reappeared above the waves. Its resurrection was the signal for an outburst of subterranean activity on a tremendous scale. At this time, no doubt, Fuji and many another of Japan's volcanoes began their troubled careers, and the newly risen area, in particular, was extensively overlaid with "the ashes of earth's fires." Meanwhile the agents of earth-sculpture got to work and, aided by subterranean force, made the face of the country what it is to-day.

In the *Nai-ku* ("Inner Temple") of Isé, in Yamato, the Story of the Creation, according to Japanese lore, finds a local habitation and a name. Thither at set periods the nation turns in spirit, and as one man. Half a million pilgrims annually repair to worship in person, and those who cannot perform the journey receive from the Shinto authorities, on the last day of

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each year, a portion of the *O-Nusa* ("Great Offering"), to be reverently placed on their own *tokonoma*, altar of the household gods. School-boys have been known to play truant for weeks on end, and, by begging their way, to "tramp it" to the shrine of the Sun-goddess. Nor may stern parent or principal chide them on their return from so pious a performance. Heads of universities, lending to science too ready an ear, have been cashiered for venturing to pronounce this Story a myth. And public opinion is on the side of "the authorities."

What thinks the twentieth-century Japanese of the handiwork of his Imperial ancestors? He finds it good. Its graces are more than a delight to mind and eye; they have a value measurable in *yen*. Nor will this value fade with time. To all the beauty-seeking world the land makes irresistible appeal, and, with distance near annihilation, the *insulæ fortunatæ* of the East promise to become the playground of mankind. But let none suppose that days or months, that flying visit or officially conducted tour, will suffice to win their secrets. He who would know Japan must woo first-hand, and patiently.

But hear a warning. The combination of novelty and old-world charm which distinguishes both the Japanese landscape and the ways of the people carries many an impressionable stranger off his feet. Rose-coloured spectacles become

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his medium of vision ; the sense of proportion departs. For him, bemused, no ugliness exists, or could exist, in "lotus land." On other folk, again, the opposite effect is produced. They have eyes only for Dai Nippon's sins. The characteristics of her scenery are defects ; her people "are compounded of *conceit* and *deceit*." But all these estimates are the limits of infatuation on the one hand, of ignorance or prejudice on the other. *Via media* holds the way of truth.

Most people's first impressions of Japan seem to be connected in one way or another with Fujiyama. The number of drowsy passengers who have been dragged from their bunks to behold the "silver bell" of that great volcano's summit, suspended as it were between heaven and earth, is legion ; and the language of our forefathers has suffered much at the hands of many who have attempted to describe the scene. As a matter of fact, the majority of visitors to the Land of the Rising Sun approach it from the south, *via* "the ports," as the saying goes in that part of the world. They thus set foot in Japan for the first time at Nagasaki or at Kobe. Even to the eye of faith Fuji is invisible from either of these places. Sometimes, however, enthusiasm plays strange tricks with geography. In more than one recent controversy as to "the finest view in the world," the palm has been given to "the image of Fuji

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in the beauteous waters of Lake Biwa." Of course, the lake in question is the one which, embosomed in the mountains of Hakoné, takes from them its name. Legend has, indeed, connected the celebrated lake of Omi with the great volcano in another way; but the distance between the two—150 miles as the crow flies—effectually disqualifies Lake Biwa from serving as the "mirror of Fuji." As for those who approach Japan from America, they are more likely, long before Fuji comes in sight, to catch a glimpse of the fog-bound Hokkaido or of the half-sunken reef over whose jagged crests the huge *Dakota* rushed to its doom.

We know that the *mons excelsus et singularis* of Japan, as Kaempfer called it, is visible from a great distance out at sea. Reliable witnesses have seen it from a hundred miles out, and it is even said to be discernible, in exceptionally clear weather, from the holy island of Kinkwazan, 250 miles away to the north. During the summer months, however, the great volcano not infrequently obscures itself for days together behind a veil of clouds. At such times the stranger approaching the shores of Eastern Japan is more likely to have his attention directed to a sight as remarkable in its way—the ever-active volcano of Oshima (Vries Island), which lies in the fairway of the approach to Yedo Bay. I remember seeing this

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island to great advantage from the deck of an *Empress*, when nearing Japan for the first time. The double-cratered summit of the mountain (for the island is the volcano, and the volcano the island), with billowy steam-clouds rolling from it, made, to my mind, a singularly impressive scene. I asked a fellow-passenger if it had ever been ascended. He was an "old timer," who had made the voyage from Shanghai to Yokohama "on business" a score of times, and what he did not know about the route was not worth knowing. "I did hear of one fellow," he said, "who was fool enough to climb up and look into the crater. . . . He was a German professor, or something of the sort," he added. "And what did he have to say about it?" I asked. "Oh, he was never heard of again!" was the reply. My fortune has been, since then, to look into that crater on five separate occasions.

Of the several points of approach to Eastern Japan, Nagasaki, with its verdant fiord-like harbour, is the most picturesque; Kobe comes next, Yokohama last. The order of merit, in point of scenery, coincides with the order in which they are usually seen. On acquaintance, this is reversed. Nagasaki, so to speak, wears its heart on its sleeve; it is soon known. Yokohama, as a world-port and gateway of the metropolis, gains immensely in interest and in "life." Moreover, the comparatively low country

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behind the harbour, which tends to give it a tame appearance, turns out to be pretty enough when explored. Kobe, on the other hand, if not so beautiful as the Kyushu port, occupies a situation of much dignity on a well-shaped bay at the base of wooded hills rising to 2,000 feet. Its nearness to "Old Japan"—the region consisting of the *Go-kinai*, or five "Home Provinces," with Kyoto for its centre—will, to many minds, give it a superior claim in point of interest. Still, there is no denying that Tokyo has become the social and political—as well as, to a large extent, the commercial—centre of gravity. From this movement northwards, Nagasaki, as being the remotest, has been the first to suffer; and though the Inland Sea port has suffered also, the rise of Osaka as an industrial centre not only redeems Kobe from anything like inanition, but has given it the first place in the bulk, if not in the value, of Japan's oversea trade.

Both Kobe and Yokohama were wont to rejoice in the possession of "foreign settlements." With the abolition of extra-territoriality, the term became an anachronism, and the Japanese took care that the quarters set apart in the old days for the foreign community were officially re-named. Except that dapper little Japanese policemen—saved from insignificance by their swords—have replaced the consular guards, the settlements remain very much as they were. On

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landing from an orthodox steam-launch at pier or bund, the stranger may enjoy the fascinating experience of his first "rick'sha" ride. It should, indeed, provide a medley of sensations. Not only will he be drawn by a little brown man with amazingly developed legs, attired in a costume of the Middle Ages, with a hat fashioned after the similitude of an umbrella, but he will be drawn along a "foreign" roadway bounded by substantial, not to say imposing, buildings of brick and stone. Where are the wonderful fairy-like structures of wood and paper? Fortunately, not far away. Just outside the borders of each of the former settlements is *Motomachi* (main street), where Japanese tradesmen, clad in the quaint *kimono*, do business on yellow *tatami*, with sliding paper-doors about them; and gaily dressed brown-skinned children, with *geta* on their feet and babies on their backs, play about the streets. Here, not on Bund or Bluff, the West ends and the East begins.

The Japanese people may be little, but not so the land. The Britain of the East, even if one leaves out of the reckoning such of her outlying possessions as Chosen and Formosa, can allow Great Britain a margin in area of 25,000 square miles. Excluding the insular festoons of Liukiu and Chishima, Dai Nippon extends in length twelve hundred miles, as against Britain's six. The natural features are on a scale which

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reminds us that Japan is less an island chain than the edge of a great continent. More than that, the Japanese arc abuts upon an oceanic depression as profound as any on the face of this planet. Between the salient points of the Central Highlands and the abysses of the Tuscarora—a difference in level of nearly 40,000 feet—lies a region of enormous terrestrial stress and strain. Thus it comes that the land of the lotus and the cherry blossom is also the home of the earthquake, the tidal flood, and the volcanic outburst. As if to remind the easygoing people of their indebtedness, these same forces from time to time lay waste large areas of the land they have helped to build, exacting a heavy toll in life and property.

Nations vary as the lands that bear them. For effects of environment upon the Japanese character we shall not look in vain. The natural charms which surround them have developed a sense of the beautiful which may justly be considered national. They have furnished also inspiration and motive for innumerable works of art. The limited amount of soil available for cultivation and the unremitting care required in its preparation have made the inhabitants thrifty and industrious. The simple mode of living thus inculcated and a somewhat rough climate have helped to make them hardy and capable of great endurance. For mountains of any description,

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and for volcanic mountains in particular—as being (so to speak) the most demonstrative—the Japanese people show an extraordinary regard. This veneration has a religious origin and tendency, because many of the natural phenomena, especially those of a terrifying or destructive character, have always been regarded as manifestations of the divine will. Without going so far as the lady-writer who asserted that the “excitability” of the Japanese—a characteristic not usually attributed to them—arose from the volcanic nature of the country, it may be said that the earthquake and the flood have made fatalists of the Japanese. They set great store by a happy life, but they do not forget that it may be brief. Adjoining the comparatively flimsy abode of all Japanese of substance may be seen a ponderous and imposing structure, suggestive of a gigantic safe, which is supposed to be proof against earthquake, fire, and flood. In this fortress they keep their valuables; in the doll’s house they keep themselves.

To enable us to strike a balance between the very diverse opinions regarding the Japanese people and their country which have been given to the world, we must take into account the actual—and, in a sense, unique—conditions under which the Japanese have grown to nationhood. We must have a clear idea of their physical as well as their social and political

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environment. We must make generous allowance for the effects of the unprecedented changes which have taken place within the last fifty years, remembering that, in this brief period, a nation with the unbroken history of more than two millenniums behind it has turned from one civilization to another. Only by fully and faithfully examining these real foundations of Japanese life shall we be in a position to appreciate the remarkable position which the Island People of the East have gained in the modern world. Then, having thus learned of the Past, we may ask of the future what it holds in store for them.

CHAPTER II

TIMES AND SEASONS

Japan not a hot country—Vagaries of climate—The West and North—The *Kuroshio*—The “winter’s wind” and the Japanese house—Skating an imported art—Rainfall and flood—Unconforming seasons—Climate and health—The seasons in colour—Autumnal tints—When to see Japan.

A WIDESPREAD impression persists in the West that Japan is a hot country. The fact is overlooked that the Empire extends over a distance of 2,000 miles through thirty degrees of latitude, and presents in consequence an immense variety of climatic conditions. Even if we consider only the four large islands which constitute Japan proper, very great differences remain. Let us in the first instance confine our attention to the central or salient part of the main Japanese arc, abutting on the Pacific—in other words, the eastern slope of the country for roughly 200 miles north and south of Tokyo Bay. Taking this region—a mean between the extremes

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—as representative of the whole, the first conclusion at which we shall arrive is that the Japanese climate, so far from being one of tropical warmth, is colder than its latitude would lead us to expect. On this basis of latitude, Tokyo should enjoy as genial weather as Naples or Seville. But does it? For two months of the year it is uncomfortably hot—the discomfort proceeding rather from the dampness of the atmosphere than the height of the temperature; and, for the rest, in all the essentials of a good climate it is a long way behind Andalusia or the south of Italy.

Were it not for a rainfall exceeding 120 inches per annum, one part of Japan—to wit, southern Kyushu—could claim a climate of Italian amenity. Sugar-cane is grown, and left standing all the year round, on the southward slopes of Sakurajima—the only place, I believe, in Japan.¹ That most malodorous radish, the *daikon*, here grows as big as a man. Rain ruins the summer of Japan's "farthest south," but the winter is as nearly as possible perfection. Snow is the rarest of visitations. Nor, for the matter of that, is it common in the Tokyo district—there are on the average three or four falls of an inch or so during the season; but

¹ In other parts of the country the small and hardy Chinese variety (*Saccharum sinense*) is planted yearly in the spring and harvested in autumn.

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it seems to make a point of coming at untoward times. One of the heaviest falls of recent years was in mid-April, 1908, when the Japanese world-and-his-wife went to bed dreaming of the morrow's promenade under the cherry-blossoms, but woke to find roseate loveliness smothered beneath several inches of snow. To such conditions—it is perhaps superfluous to remark—the Japanese foot-gear does not lend itself. More to be feared are they than floods, for these are more in the nature of things, and when they do descend upon the land one can at least fall back upon *jinrikisha* or *sampan*.

In Eastern Japan, then, the seasons have their vagaries. What of the rest? Cross the dividing backbone range to the Western coast, at any time after mid-November, and you will find a climate like that of Eastern Canada—a countryside under 4 or 5 feet of snow. Streets lie buried up to the eaves of the houses, and on either side notice-boards project above the temporarily elevated way—"You will find the post-office below," "The police-station lies buried beneath this spot," and so on. Of course, the farther north the more pronounced these wintry rigours. If the climate of southern Kyushu may be called sub-tropical, that of Yezo approaches the Arctic. For five months of the year the Hokkaido lies under snow and ice. And yet, taken all round, its climate is the driest,

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with a summer delightful, if all too brief. Add to this medley of meteorological conditions the fact that few parts of Japan escape being drenched by floods or swept by a typhoon once a year at least, and it will appear that the ways of the weather, over the Empire as a whole, can boast little moderation or regularity.

So far we have treated of effects without reference to causes. These, however, will throw some light upon the mysteries of the Japanese climate. To take the first of these, Japan has its Gulf Stream—the Kuroshiwo (“Black Current”)—which with a temperature of 80° F. brings warmth and moisture to the southern and south-eastern shores. To this “Black Current,” as it is called from the purplish hue of its waters, Japan owes those summer rains which, however disconcerting to the tourist, are valuable to the country—the secret of its wonderful, all-pervading verdure. The same genial influence redeems the Japanese winter, inclement though it is, from the severity of that of the adjacent continent. The southward slopes of Kyushu and Shikoku especially profit from the nearness of the Kuroshiwo. Two rice crops annually are here a certainty. In the higher regions there is “a vigorous growth of deciduous trees, where horse-chestnuts and magnolias intermingle with beech, ash, oak, and alder trees. Evergreens venture much higher than in Hondo, and, in



CHERRY-TREES IN BLOOM, UYENO PARK, TOKYO.



CHERRY BLOSSOMS UNDER SNOW, YOKOHAMA PARK.

To face p. 28.

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lower levels, camphor-trees and other cinnamon species take part in the composition of the ever-green forests." At 39° N., however, in the vicinity of Kinkwazan, the Kuroshiwo turns sharply to the east, and, skirting the abysses of the Tuscarora, strikes across the ocean for the British Columbian coast. A tributary of this stream enters the Tsushima Straits and warms the south-western coast of Hondo, but makes little headway beyond the Oki Archipelago. Down from the north, on the other hand, comes a cold current which enwraps Yezo in its icy embrace, passing out into the Pacific through the deep Tsugaru Straits.

The next great factor in the making of the Japanese climate is the nearness of the Siberian land *massif*. No part of Japan from November to April escapes the keen northerly wind, which makes the Japanese winter seem even colder than it is. It is the same wind that compels foreign residents of North China, from Tientsin to Chefoo, to fit double windows to their houses and stuff the interstices with cotton-wool "to expel the winter's flaw." So far as Japan is concerned, the passage of this icy blast over the slightly warmer Sea of Japan adds to its moisture and robs it of some of its keenness. Nevertheless, after draping the western slope of the watershed with snow, it sweeps from the drifts of the dividing ridge upon the hills and

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plains of Eastern Japan. What resistance to its onset can the wood-and-paper houses of the Japanese afford? The inmates can but tuck their feet more tightly beneath them and crouch more closely over their poisonous *hibachi*. Few bother to concern themselves with the Home Department's mortality returns, which show that the death-rate from tuberculosis and other chest complaints stands higher in Japan than in any other civilized country.

Nine out of every ten Japanese, confronted with these facts, would with an almost Gallic shrug of the shoulders reply *Shikata-ga-nai* (It cannot be helped). An ordinary artisan's dwelling can be put together for £15, whereas a structure of clapboard with lath and plaster "walls" within—the style of most of the "foreign" houses—designed to keep out some at least of the cold, would cost many times that sum. And how many clerks or working men, earning perhaps 25 *yen* a month, could afford to pay the necessary rent? People have wondered at the cheerful regularity with which Japanese families adjourn nightly to the nearest public bath-house. The raw chilliness of the Japanese winter supplies, in part, the answer: they can there be warm for at least one hour out of the twenty-four.

But if the Japanese winter is cold, it has its compensations in the warmth of sunshine and

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comparative absence of rain. The north wind nightly coats the "paddies" with a film of ice, which the noonday sun destroys. This much at least East-Central Japan owes to her latitude of 36° N. For the same reason skating can seldom be enjoyed in the Tokyo district. As a pastime it was unknown in Japan prior to 1878. In that exceptionally severe winter, when even in mid-Kyushu snow lay four feet deep, some foreign residents astonished the natives by their gyrations on the ice. Skating enthusiasts, Japanese and foreign, now repair to the highlands, and a yearly championship contest is held on Lake Suwa, in Central Japan, 2,600 feet above sea-level. Outside of the mountain districts day-frosts are rare. Beyond what might be considered the limit of the temperate climate, the Sendai-Niigata line, there is, of course, another tale to tell.

Of the whole year the four or five months from mid-October to early March are the driest. Less than a fifth of the total rainfall occurs during this period, which offers the most agreeable general conditions. The second "rainy season"—that of the autumnal equinox—is over, and till the disagreeable conditions of early spring set in nothing mars the succession of bright, if chilly, days and clear, frosty nights. Any one visiting Japan in January would stare incredulously at meteorological tables which affirm the rainfall in the Tokyo-Yokohama district to

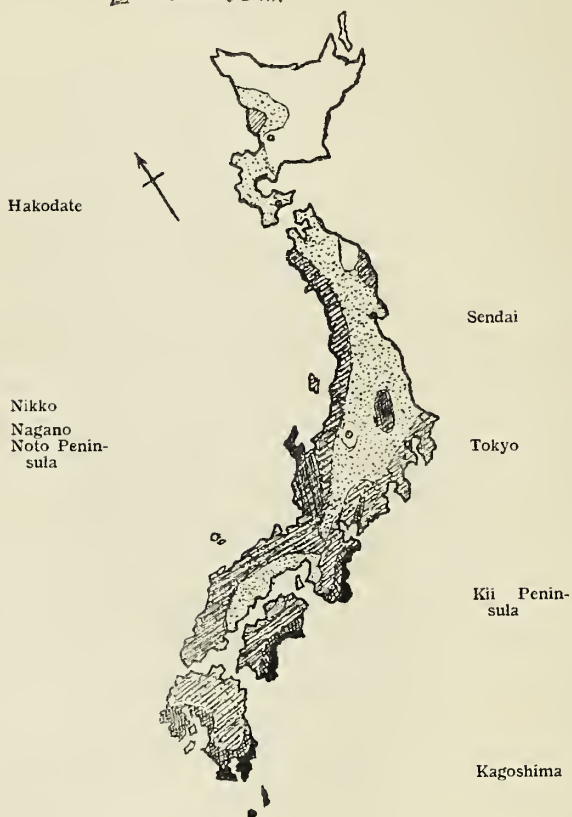
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ANNUAL RAINFALL

□ under 40 inches ▨ 80 to 100 in.

▩ 40 to 60 in. ▧ over 100 in.

▪ 60 to 80 in.



be 60 to 70 inches annually—more than double the English average. Had he arrived in June or September, he would be tempted to condemn

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the statement as below the mark. Between the climate of Britain and its Oriental namesake there is, in respect of rainfall, this broad distinction. In the one case it more often drizzles than rains; in the other, when it rains, it rains. England's annual figure is less than half Japan's, but her "rainy days" outnumber Japan's by nearly 20 per cent. Scotch mists give place in Japan to rainstorms, which for persistence and resultant mischief would be hard to beat. In September, 1878—an *annus mirabilis* for weather—nearly 7 inches of rain fell at Yokohama in the space of thirty hours, and 20 inches in the course of the month. Though this record has not since been surpassed, it has on several occasions been approached. More recently, however, the wet blanket of September seems to have descended upon August. In 1910, thousands of holiday-makers in the mountain districts were cut off from communication with the outside world. Road, rail, and telegraph succumbed to the attack of the elements. Houses were flooded, riverside inns swept away, and in several of the more crowded resorts a shortage of food supplies caused the conditions to approximate to those of a siege. Nor did the cities of the plain escape. Floods invaded the low-lying wards of Tokyo to a depth of several feet, and for the space of two days and a night some thousands of the inhabitants lived literally on the roofs

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of their houses, while relief parties in *sampans* passed to and fro, throwing rice-balls and bottles of fresh water up to the victims of the swollen Sumidagawa.

The extremes of the Japanese year are known as the *doyo* (dog-days) and *dai-kan* (great cold). The former is scheduled by the meteorological authorities to follow immediately on the *nyubai*, or rainy season proper, which in its turn has the period June 10 to July 7 assigned to it in the calendar. An elusive and disconcerting thing is this rainy season. Sometimes a misty coolness, sometimes a hothouse mugginess pervades the land. There is frequent, but rarely torrential, rain. In a normal year this is followed by several weeks of fine hot weather—the time of all times for travel in the interior. In the coast districts the thermometer goes up to 85° or 90° F. in the shade; Europeans who are compelled to stay at home don their “ducks,” mosquitoes begin to get troublesome, and the screech of the cicada is heard in the land. All who can get away join the general exodus to the hills—the *corps diplomatique* and the missionary fraternity leading the way. There, at any rate, all goes merrily as a wedding-bell—in a normal year. Unfortunately, the normal and the abnormal have a trick of changing places—unaccountably and at short notice. The *nyubai* fails to “come off,” things go wrong with the



A SUMMER SCENE, CENTRAL JAPAN.



A DIAGNOSIS—BY A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

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dog-days, troubles descend by way of the river-beds upon highlands and lowlands alike, and the discomfited clerks of the weather in the Tokyo Observatory would fain confess themselves no better than the rustics who say it will be fine when the *tombi* (kite) cries of an evening, and wet when a crow washes his plumes in running water.

In drawing attention to its eccentricities, I have given, I fear, a somewhat unfavourable, almost alarming, account of the Japanese climate. Nevertheless, let none condemn it as unhealthy or severe. Even in the most unsettled seasons there is no month which has not its beautiful days, and there is no month in which the conditions put an excessive strain upon a healthy European constitution. Medical men declare it to be specially good for children, but not, on the whole, for ladies, whom it is said to affect with "nerves." As a similar complaint has been made of the Far East in general, the blame should be laid elsewhere than at the door of the climate.

Like most other countries, Japan looks her best when she begins to don her summer green, and, thanks to the ubiquity of the maple, she probably excels all others in the glorious wealth of her autumnal tints. The year goes out as it comes in, in a blaze of colour. Nor, between whiles, is there dearth of it. The plum and the

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cherry lead, azaleas follow to fire the woods, wistaria to drape the dells and tea-houses. The purple iris takes up the tale, and late in summer the lotus, with a fine impartiality, spreads its gorgeous blooms over landscape garden and village mud-pond.

“Sere and yellow” is no term to use of the fall of the year in Japan. As autumn advances red and white camellias give wonderful effects to the hill-sides—for all that they are, in Japanese eyes, unlucky, and untidy in the spreading of their faded petals. November's is the double glory of the chrysanthemum and the maple—the one in the trim garden, the other on the wild mountain flank. It is the last flash of summer. As the maple fades from scarlet to russet-brown the peaks of the interior receive their cap of snow. And not till June are the high passes of the West and North clear of their winter's load.

Wherefore the man who feels that he cannot really see Japan save at the time of the cherry-blossom will, of course, arrive early in April; but he must be prepared for unsettled, not to say inclement, weather. The man who comes to climb (and, with all respect to the cherry-blossom, no one can really see Japan without climbing); to fish in some of the mountain streams of the interior or in the ground lakes of Inawashiro, Towada, and Shikotsu; or to shoot—

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be it bears or ptarmigan—in the forests of the Alps or of Yezo, will make his arrival coincide with the end of the *nyubai*—assuming that that somewhat erratic season comes when it ought to come. The man who wants to see as much of the interior as possible with the exception of the two last-mentioned districts—and to see it under the most favourable conditions—will arrive in the latter part of October. He may then accomplish, if he will, some of the finest tours Japan—or, for the matter of that, any country—can show in ideal touring weather, through forests and wooded valleys showing unequalled glories of autumnal foliage. For the beaten tracks, with their curio-shops, temples, and works of art, one season is very much the same as another—barring the *doyo*, when, in the lowlands, temperature and atmosphere alike are oppressive. If the visitor is wise, he will *not* come in March—which, as a rule, is like the worst English March, with much cold wind and rain; nor in May, which excessive precipitation often renders the reverse of merry; nor in September, which is *par excellence* the month of floods. These times and seasons should he avoid, and, that disappointment be not his, the others choose.

CHAPTER III

WAYS AND MEANS

Deterrents—The food question—The Japanese bed—Railway communication—Natural obstacles—Other modes of travel—The *basha*—The *jinrikisha* and its invention—Life at a Japanese inn—A railway journey in hot weather—Suwa-ko—The Nakasendo—The Japanese pack-saddle—Karuizawa and Kusatsu: a contrast in summer resorts—A grand pass—The Western Sea—Accidents will happen!

TWO things deter the average foreigner in Japan from travel in the interior—Japanese food and the Japanese bed. In pre-revision days might have been added a third—doubt as to the character of one's reception by the inhabitants. As all will testify who have gone far afield, this no longer obtains. Then, of course, there is the obstacle, more imaginary than real, of the language. Curiously enough, the majority of residents, well able to make themselves understood of the densest rustic, rest content with the stock places, where other residents foregather. Even the stranger within Japan's gates,

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whose vocabulary on arrival is *nil*, can get over the difficulty by engaging a guide. Nevertheless he too seems to be satisfied with the most beaten of beaten tracks and (as often as not) proceeds to describe in print, with equal enthusiasm and superficiality, the very scenes which scores of travellers before him have described in precisely the same way.

It is a great grievance to the foreign traveller that bread, or *pan* as it is called locally, can seldom be had in the interior. The Occidental avoirdupois seems not to prosper on the native diet of fish, rice, and eggs, and innumerable changes rung thereon. Nevertheless the food problem is not altogether insuperable. He that has no stomach for Japanese "culinary conundrums" may escape therefrom by organizing a commissariat of his own. The carrying capacity of the rural *ninsoku* is, to the Epicurean, truly tempting. Many a stalwart brown-skinned wight clad but in straw-sandals and *fundoshi* has bowed beneath the double burden of what his globe-trotting employer shall eat and what he shall put on. In the vicinity of treaty ports, however, and places where they trade, the coolie becomes corrupted. As the price of his labour rises, his powers as a beast of burden wane. One bearer seems to be needed for the provender, another for the raiment, a third, perhaps, for the photographic outfit. Then there is, of course,

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the real master of the expedition—the licensed guide—and a coolie for the goods and chattels of the guide. Thus a journey into the interior begins to resemble the march of a small army. If the traveller's purpose is not only to receive impressions but to make them, a certain measure of gratification should at least be his.

Still, the thing is possible. No traveller with a well-filled purse need of necessity plumb to its depths the "unsatisfying unreality" of Japanese fare. But from the Japanese bed there is no escape. No doubt the ingenuity of the *annai* with a free hand could tackle the problem of transporting a "foreign" bedstead, with its bulky appurtenances, over some parts of the interior. But no self-respecting proprietor of a decent inn would permit the infernal machine to be set up in any of his rooms, to the ruin of his best *tatami*. The traveller who is not disposed to boggle at trifles in the quest of comfort could, of course, camp out, bed and all, on the bonny banks of the lotus pond in the *yadoya's* landscape garden; but of a certainty the police would not permit it. They have instructions to keep a parental eye on all foreigners wandering in the wilderness of the interior—and no one has lived long in Japan without making the acquaintance, more or less indirectly, of the Japanese *dorobo* (robber). There are parts of the country—outlying islands such as Yakushima

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—where the inhabitants live in a state of idyllic security and where thieves do not break through and steal ; but this does *not* apply to the Empire as a whole.

Anthropologists assure us that the Japanese are blessed with less prominent hip-bones and a less arched spine than the unfortunate white man. On this account they can sleep, curled up or prone, upon a flat, unyielding surface, without experiencing unpleasant consequences. Not so the foreigner. He quickly ascertains the weak point of the Japanese bed to be that it has no “give.” The discovery is made at dead of night, some hours after a fair *nesan*, gravely regarding him as a huge but helpless child, has put him solicitously to bed. A sense of stiffness oppresses him. Half asleep, he essays to turn—and snaps his spinal column. The accompanying sensations, at any rate, are sufficient to justify such belief. After a bad quarter of an hour sleep comes again to the sufferer’s relief, but the process is certain to be repeated twice or thrice before the appalling clatter of the *amado* (wooden shutters running in grooves), flung open at the peep of day, renders further rest impossible.



The remedy—at best a partial one—is to pile on the *futon*. These are the thick, wadded quilts, measuring 6 feet by 3 feet, which compose the “bed.” Beneath them extend the *tatami*, from



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1 to 2 inches thick—soft, in a measure, but spread on inflexible boards. The regulation number of quilts, I believe, is two; but in my travels I have always made a point of insisting upon four—even at the risk of a longitudinal increase in the formidable strip of tissue paper, beset with hieroglyphics in Indian ink, which is presented next morning by way of a bill. The device mitigates, if it does not remove, the evil of the “crick,” and has the advantage of beguiling the household with yet another proof of Occidental eccentricity. Once, indeed, I came across a foreigner—he had a Japanese wife—who confessed that he himself preferred a Japanese bed. He would not, he said, woo sleep on one of Maple's creations even if he had the chance—it was good for the liver and a sovereign safeguard against laziness. But he must have been an exceptional man, endowed by some trick of evolution with a Japanese spine.

Access can be had to most parts of the interior by means of the Japanese railway system. Five thousand miles of track represents, all things considered, a fair development for one generation. The principal line in the Empire connects the metropolitan (Tokyo-Yokohama) with the chief industrial (Osaka-Kobe) district, following roughly the course of the Tokaido, or Eastern Highway, which only leaves the coast to circumvent the bases of the rugged Izu and Kii penin-

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM

Main Lines  Branch Lines 

Projected  Tunnelled Sections 

Sapporo

Muroran

Akita

Sendai

Niigata

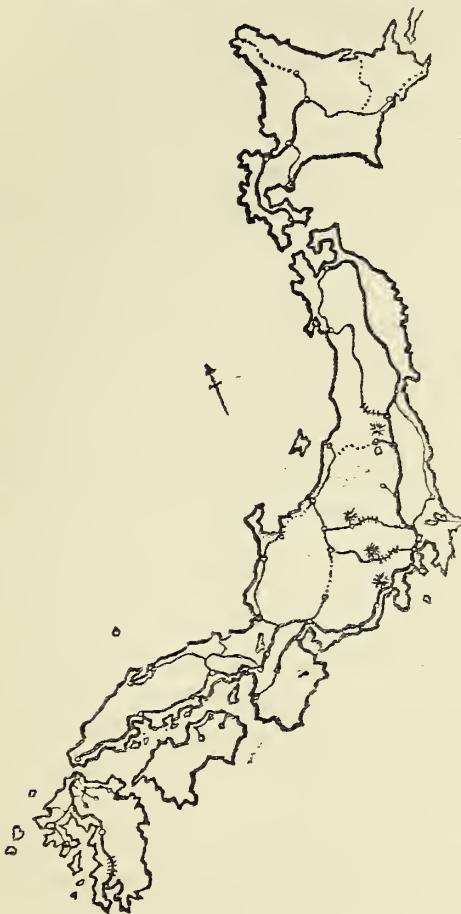
Tokyo

Tsuruga

Osaka

Moji

Kagoshima



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sulas. This Tokaido railway has been extended north and south to the extremities of the Main Island at Aomori and Shimonoseki respectively, making a trunk line of close on 1,200 miles, which has been double-tracked over the 380 miles between the metropolis and the Inland Sea port of Kobe (Hyogo).

From this main line transverse routes have been opened through the interior to the Japan Sea. Four cross-country lines lead to the port of Akita, Niigata, Toyama, and Maizuru, on the western coast. The first of these, continued northward to Aomori, makes with the Northern Railway a loop by which both the Pacific and the Japan Sea slopes of northern Hondo are fed. The second follows for a large part of its course the Nakasendo or Mid-mountain Highway, and, turning north to avoid the formidable barrier of the meridional Hida range, strikes the Western Sea at Naoetsu. Thence, by way of the coast and the lower Shinano Valley, the line runs north-east to Niigata. The third, following the Lake Biwa depression, where Hondo is at its narrowest, opens up communication with the west coast centres of Fukui and Kanazawa. Where it reaches the sea, Tsuruga has lately come into prominence as the port making connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway at Vladivostock. The passage in the Russian Volunteer steamers occupies thirty hours, as compared with the ten-hour

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trip from Shimonoseki to Fusan, the terminus of the Korean branch of the system. By running excellent trains and steamers on this "all-Japanese" route—the last section of which is represented by the newly opened Antung-Mukden line across eastern Manchuria—the Tokyo authorities hope to bring London within twelve days of Tokyo, and thus secure for themselves the bulk of the trans-continental traffic with Europe. Along the 700-mile run from Shimbashi (Tokyo) to the straits of Shimonoseki, a service of express trains, averaging 30 miles an hour and supplied with dining and sleeping cars, is regularly maintained. On the cross-country lines, time is no object. Delays are frequent, and an average speed of 15 miles is seldom exceeded. For refreshment the traveller must needs content himself with the native *bento*—a luncheon-box sold for 5d., and containing rice, various mysterious products of the Japanese kitchen, and a pair of brand-new chop-sticks complete. Despite the lowness of the railway tariff—first-class rates corresponding approximately with third-class in other countries—the railway system, which since 1906 has been a State monopoly, yields a substantial yearly revenue.

Where the transverse lines encountered the mountain ranges of the interior, wide detours, with a view to the selection of low passes, became

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necessary, adding considerably to the mileage. These measures, though they mitigated, did not do away with the necessity for extensive tunneling. North of the Bandai-Azuma mountain mass, the Fukushima-Akita line surmounts the backbone ridge by means of nineteen tunnels—the highest, at a height of 2,500 feet above sea-level, with a length of more than a mile. Forty-one tunnels, one of them 3 miles long, were required for the Sasago-togé, on the Kofu line; twenty-six for the steep Usui-togé, with its gradient of 1 in 15; and a like number for the newest of the routes, that opening up communication between southern and central Kyushu. Only in the case of the Osaka-Tsuruga line, which follows the great depression of Omi—the line of a future ship-canal connecting the Pacific with the Western Sea—were these costly embarrassments avoided. In this district a difficulty of another kind presented itself. Most of the Japanese rivers, on reaching the plains, tend to raise their beds by excessive deposition of detritus; so several streams were here passed by means of tunnels instead of viaducts. Labour being cheap and the materials imported for bridge-building dear, the railway was taken under, instead of over, the rivers.

Much of Japan's finest scenery and many of the most popular resorts are not directly accessible by rail. The traveller who wishes to see

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the real Japan must have recourse, on occasion, to the "stage coach" or *basha*, the man-drawn *jinrikisha*, or the pack-saddle. Innocent of springs, and drawn by a miserable superannuated dwarf of a horse, while six unhappy humans struggle for space on its hard, uncushioned floor—such is the native and unadorned *basha*. In some more enterprising regions the type has been improved upon. A roof has been added, which draws the veil over the sufferings of the inmates. Springs of a sort deaden to some extent the succession of jolts and jars, by comparison with which the "Wiggle-woggle" of the White City is a mild and playful affair. Narrow boards have been introduced longitudinally, at a height of a foot or so above the floor, to serve as seats, and, despite the fact that one's knees come into frequent and violent contact with those of the passenger opposite, this innovation from the West is a step in the right direction. As for the rate of travel of the *basha*, that averages, under favourable conditions, five miles an hour, and the stoppages for rest and refreshment—on the part of steed and driver—are frequent and prolonged. Sometimes, as on descending from an arduous mountain climb at a considerable distance from one's objective, and in the absence of the *jinrikisha*, the *basha* offers that species of relief which is derived from change of exercise; but, as a general rule, it may be questioned whether

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the loss of energy involved in the struggle for existence in the confined interior of the chariot is not greater than that which might be expended in covering the distance on foot.

The subject of the *jinrikisha*—and more especially of its invention—raises a new issue between East and West. An American missionary of the name of Goble is said to have signalized the opening of the Era of Enlightenment (called by the Japanese Meiji) by the creation of the first man-drawn vehicle. The invention is the kind that does more credit to the head than to the heart. One is reminded of the propagator of Christianity—said to have hailed from Chicago—who conceived the idea of inculcating the principles of commercial morality among the Japanese by running a few stores of his own, *sub rosâ*, in various localities—and thereby succeeded in solving the problem of serving at the same time God and Mammon. However, this distinction of having invented the *jinrikisha* is disputed by the Japanese, who claim that the first man-drawn vehicle was made and used in 1868 by a Kyoto cripple, who found the *kago* (chair) too uncomfortable a means of conveyance.

Many Japanese themselves object to the *jinrikisha* altogether, as inflicting on the Oriental the stigma of inferiority. No white man, they point out, has ever drawn a yellow through the



IN A HOKKAIDO PORT : SAMPAN GOING
OUT TO STEAMER.

*The peak in the distance is the ancient volcano
of Usu.*



CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, NEAR NIKKO.

*Said to have been planted by a devotee too poor
to offer money at the Shogun's shrine.*



BASHA OUTSIDE INN, HOKKAIDO.

The landlord is in the right foreground.



TRAVEL BY PACK-HORSE.

Mother and son on holiday jaunt.

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public streets. Nevertheless, the profession of the *kurumaya*—to use the Japanese term—will persist. A good *rikisha*-man makes a profit of 15 to 20 *yen* a month—too lucrative a trade to be abandoned for the sake of sentiment. The introduction of electric trams dealt the *rikisha*-man a blow, but not so severe that it could not be parried by a moderate rise in the tariff. Outside of the large centres the *jinrikisha* holds its own. If anything ever kills the man-drawn vehicle it will be the extensive development of motor traffic. But this is a long way off. Phthisis remains the chief enemy of the man between the shafts. Over-exertion and subsequent exposure to cold—on a diet quite unequal to the drain upon the system—have made the death-rate from consumption and other wasting diseases higher among *jinrikisha*-men than in any other class.

The Japanese *yadoya* (native inn) has received its share of abuse at the hands of globe-trotters, but people familiar with the ways of the country prefer it to the “semi-foreign” establishment provided in resorts favoured by European visitors, where “English” (as she is Japped) is spoken, where foreign food, chairs, and beds (of sorts) are provided, and where (to the delectation and profit of the guides) the curio-shops abound. There is no better way of gaining an acquaintance with the customs and life of the people than by

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spending a few days in a well-conducted native hotel. The inconvenience arising from the absence of tables and chairs will be found to be more imaginary than real. The soft straw matting, 1 to 2 inches thick, which covers the floors of every Japanese house, makes a pleasant surface on which to live and move and have one's being. Square wadded cushions serve as seats, and thick, soft quilts as beds. Of the four walls of a room, while three consist of sliding paper screens, one as a rule has some pretensions to solidity. It contains the decorated recess, or *tokonoma*, from the character of whose fine-grained wood, *kakemono* (hanging screens) or lacquer-work, the standing of the household can at once be gauged. In one of its corners rests a little red or black lacquer stand, perhaps 2 feet square by 1 foot high, which answers in itself the dual purposes of dining-table and writing-desk. With this in front of him, a *zabuton* for a seat, and his back against the wooden upright which divides the *tokonoma* from the blank half of the one real wall of his apartment—what more can the traveller want? It may suggest a picnic, but such is life, in Japan! The queer little snacks put before him by way of food (of course he will not have forgotten to bring some "foreign" viands with him); the dainty *nesan* (waitress) in her best *obi* (girdle) kneeling before him—grave without, but hope-

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lessly gay within ; the comedy of the bath, participated in, perhaps, by half a score of highly respectable persons besides himself, or even, in hot-spring districts, *al fresco*—all these will give the same impression. The little people of Dai Nippon are wise in their generation. They turn the lighter and brighter side of life towards them, and resolutely refuse to look on any other.

A journey across Central Japan from the Pacific to the Japan Sea—taken in easy stages and without too rigid adherence to the iron road—would offer excellent opportunities for seeing the country and sampling the various modes of travel. The actual distance scarcely exceeds that from London to Plymouth. Let no one suppose, however, that it is a matter of four hours in a corridor train. Among the Japanese, at any rate, the individual who travelled without a break from one side of the country to the other would be regarded with equal admiration and curiosity, not unmingled, perhaps, with speculation as to the state of his mind. Even Europeans are wont to consider the half-way station of Karuizawa, six or seven hours from the capital, a fair day's journey. The weather, too, is at least as important a consideration in Japan as in other lands. On the occasion of my doing this trip, in the company of a young Englishman who had recently arrived in the country, the year had

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been abnormal. Without having been preceded by the *nyubai* (rainy season), the *doyo* (dog days) were upon us—and this meant trouble later on. Nevertheless, by all who could contrive the change, the former treaty ports, sweltering in the damp heat which makes the Japanese summer seem so much hotter than it is, were being forsaken for the hill districts of the interior. Thus, in our search for coolness, we found ourselves, one cloudless morning, in a crowded train, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade.

Being mere males, and thrifty, the second-class seemed to meet our case. Lady missionaries have been known—with eyes that see not—to travel “third,” but to such heights of self-sacrifice we did not feel called upon to rise. No “foreign” ladies were among the thirty-odd passengers who, with their varied impedimenta, babies included, filled the long compartment to overflowing. Perhaps it was as well. Three Japanese gentlemen at one end of the car, in anticipation of a hot journey, proceeded with much *sangfroid* to exchange their European garments for the cooler and more ample *kimono*. None of those present regarded the operation as anything but normal, and our three gentlemen, having discarded their boots for soft white *tabi*, squatted on their heels on the cushioned seats and proceeded to discuss a bottle of *saké*. In

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this they were aided by the consumption of numerous swift-burning cigarettes of a popular brand, from which, despite their modest price of ten for one penny, the Tobacco Monopoly Bureau makes an annual profit of several millions of *yen*. Voices soon became loud, faces a dull red, and the conversation animated to an alarming degree, when the arrival of the train at the tunnels served to create a welcome diversion.

The Kuwanto plain, alluvial for the most part and roughly coincident with the basin of the Tonegawa, gives place on the west to the Kofu plateau, with an elevation 1,000 feet greater. The rugged ridges of eruptive rocks which form its eastern fringe are pierced by some forty tunnels in swift succession. We fondly imagined that these tunnels would afford a respite from the intense heat, but our hopes were vain. All the shorter ones were little better than ovens charged with a particularly dry and stifling air. By the end of the hour or so occupied in covering this section of the line every woman in the carriage was in a state of collapse and every man had his head out of a window gasping for fresh air.

Once upon the plateau all was well. Cool breezes and vistas of distant mountains had a reviving influence. To the south, towering above the seaward edge of the plateau, rose the level-crested cone of Fuji, while west and north the

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rugged outlines of Kimpuzan and other "granite giants" filled the horizon. On reaching Kofu we found that the good resolutions previously formed as to reaching Lake Suwa the same day had oozed out of our boots. We had taken six hours to traverse 70 miles and forty tunnels; that seemed enough. Most of our fellow-passengers were apparently of the same mind, and it was a thinly peopled train that steamed on towards the western confines of the plateau. For ourselves, we accepted the hospitality of the principal inn, whose ample grounds and 100-mat dining-hall, usually reserved for *geisha* dinners, quite annihilated all preconceived ideas as to the diminutiveness of Japanese hostelries.

Our next day's objective lay some 60 miles to the north-west, and this we attained under more pleasant conditions. At an altitude of about 3,500 feet the railway crossed the watershed between the Fuji and Tenryu rivers, with mountains of 10,000 feet on either hand. Most striking of these was the eight-peaked Yatsuga-take, an extinct volcano whose now verdant base we skirted till a bend in the line brought us in sight of a large, almost circular sheet of water, showing blue in the lap of grassy hills. This was the far-famed Suwa-ko, source of the Tenryugawa, Japan's "thundering Spey," whose grand rapids afford to those descending them as exciting an experience as could be sought.

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On the northern shore of the lake issue some of those hot springs which in Japanese eyes are the *sine qua non* of a holiday resort. Here at an excellent *yadoya* (native inn) we lingered two days and took the waters, as expected of us. Enjoyment of this oft-repeated operation was somewhat diminished by the fact that, the bathroom being on a lower level than the adjacent street, our ablutions became a subject of absorbing interest to apparently the entire population of the village. One blazing afternoon we spared for a trip across the lake in a long and narrow dug-out to the place where the Tenryu issues unobtrusively enough, despite its considerable size. From the moment of its birth the stream is harnessed to do the work of half a dozen silk-spinning mills, where female operatives create a record in the labour world by working one hundred hours a week and—what is still more wonderful—thriving on it. In winter, Suwa presents a different scene. Silent filatures look out upon a lake sufficiently frozen to stand the test of skating championships and even of vehicular traffic, though these are never permitted till the gods decree safety by cracking the ice.

Here, next day, we took to the saddle and the road. Our route lay along the Nakasendo, that ancient "mid-mountain highway," originally constructed (if tradition may be believed)

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at the time when Agricola was making roads in Britain. The roughness of the going induced sincere sympathy for the *Daimyo* trains, which in bygone days had footed it so often along the road, all the way from Kyoto to Tokyo and back. Our scraggy stallions, however, with their unwonted burdens of weighty foreigners and much luggage, breasted the stony steepness of the Wada-togé with marvellous energy, and even found time, now and again, to snap viciously at each other, regardless of blows and curses from the *bettos* (grooms) trotting nimbly alongside.

The Japanese pack-saddle is a severely practical affair, constructed of the hardest wood imaginable and fitted with sundry excrescences from and about which impedimenta may be suspended and piled to an almost unlimited extent. Had we not had the forethought to provide ourselves with a number of *futon* (wadded cushions), with a view to mitigating the concussions inseparable from such a mode of travel, we should not have lived to tell the tale. As it was, we were able to behold from the top of the pass, with a moderate degree of comfort, the panorama of the Chikuma valley, bounded on the opposite side by the volcanic range which terminates in the colossal Asama. By nightfall we found ourselves comfortably seated in the coffee-room of a "foreign" hotel, presided over by a Japanese

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waiter in regulation evening dress, under whose majestic eye half a score of *nesans* shuffled to and fro in the duties of service. And in our hearts we blessed the missionaries who bought up land at Karuizawa and made it, first, a resting-place for themselves, and from that a popular health resort for foreigners in general. But Karuizawa has its defects. It has not enough cold water and no hot; and there is a painful dearth of shade. Still, in the season, it has lectures, prayer-meetings, tennis tournaments, and tea-parties! With many good folk these are the main things—even in a summer resort!

Another 30-mile journey by pack-horse led us next day past a silent but still impressive scene of destruction, where a dense primeval forest had been cut in two by a flood of molten rock, the work of Asama's great eruption in 1783. Thence descending, we crossed the Agatsumagawa, a stream as vivacious as the other was deadly still, and made our way northward across the uplands to a summer resort whose claims to popularity have more than an element of contradiction, for at the same time it boasts the coolest climate and the hottest mineral springs. Unlike Karuizawa, which is deserted in the winter months, Kusatsu has a permanent population, which in cold weather par-boils itself four times a day, with excellent effect, it is said, on the general health. In July and

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August, however, there is as much disease of the loathsome sort concentrated within the four corners of this village as, probably, in any other space of equal area in the world. Lepers are provided with a separate quarter, but in other public baths—little more than tanks built round with sheds—it is a common sight to see sufferers from various forms of skin disease submitting themselves to water at 120° F., with the sting of free sulphuric acid added to its torturing heat.

Kusatsu lies at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet above sea-level, but the pass above it, which has to be negotiated before the railway can be rejoined, rises 3,500 feet higher. The Shibu-togé, as it is called, ranks as one of the loftiest and finest in this land of many passes. On the eastern side the ascent is short and sharp ; on the west, terraces alternate with steep descents, giving rise to glassy lakelets on the levels and grand cascades in the gorges. Near the summit extends a weird assemblage of mountain pines, cold and ghostly looking, without a vestige of bark or foliage. They were blasted some thirty years ago by the breath of the White Mountain, a bare cone of volcanic ash, which rises a few hundred feet above the crest of the pass three miles to the south. Several times in descending we were obliged to dismount. In some places the path was dangerously steep, at others recent

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landslides had reduced it to a perilous state, and the torrent roared between gloomy rock-walls hundreds of feet below.

We were now fairly on the western slope. Through the broad valley on which we looked flowed the largest of Japan's rivers, bound for the Western Sea. Thirty miles north the imposing range which flanked the valley on the farther side sank in bold bluffs and cliffs into the same smooth sea. The soothing waters of Shibu, one of the most popular of Japanese spas, gave us of their virtue that night, assisted by the ministrations of an *amma-san* (blind shampooer). At sunset the following evening, after a short journey by *basha* and rail, we beheld from a long stretch of sandy shore the sun set red and fierce about some scattered specks of cloud against the skyline, which to fancy's eye might have been the outlines of the Liancourt Rocks, where the flying remnants of Rodjesvensky's beaten fleet fell a prey to the watchful Kamimura. It was the last we were to see of the sun for many days.

Save for a fifteen-hour ride in the train to take us back to the starting-point, our adventures seemed at an end. But we had reckoned without the weather. That night the *doyo* ended in howling winds and steadily descending rain. Once in the Tokyo "express," we affected to ignore the downpour. We even wired to friends at

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home to expect us the following morning. To the accompaniment of much shrieking and groaning from the engine, we passed Karuizawa in the gathering twilight and plunged into the first of the twenty-six Usui-togé tunnels. *Facilis descensus Avernii* it seemed, and such, in fact, it proved. Near the end of the series the train pulled up with a grinding shock—tunnel No. 23 was down. Assisted by a landslide, the front of it had collapsed, and the line was hopelessly blocked. Presently an official in oilskins, from which the rain streamed like a cataract, enlightened us as to the situation, and urbanely offered to guide us, along with the other passengers, to the nearest village. The two-mile tramp over the mountain-side in the darkness and rain was a weird experience, though our experiences at the village inn were, in their way, as weird. The accommodation proved quite unequal to the strain imposed by this nocturnal invasion of a hundred unexpected visitors, and after an unsuccessful attempt on the part of mine host to induce us to share the same room as an American professor, his wife, and daughter (the only foreign passengers besides ourselves), we were compelled to share a six-mat¹ room with double that

¹ The size of rooms in Japanese houses is indicated by the number of mats (*tatami*) covering the floor. Each of these measures 6 feet by 3 feet, so that a six-mat room would measure 12 feet by 9 feet.

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number of Japanese. Even so we were envied of many, for we succeeded in effecting our return to civilization the next day. Floods swept the country with extraordinary persistence, and it was a full fortnight before the next train could safely come down from the highlands to the plain.

CHAPTER IV

THE TYPICALLY JAPANESE LANDSCAPE

Harmonious curves—Does this mean insignificance?—Erosive agencies—The raw material of the Japanese landscape—Two types of scenery—Soft contours not necessarily “little”—The “typically Japanese” landscape—Sagami’s pine-clad hills—A rising coast—The *sankei*—Matsushima—Miyajima—Ama-no-hashidate—Other “Japanesey” scenes—Nikko, a microcosm of Japan—Granite hills—A volcanic group—Fuji’s mirrors

BEAUTY, in Nature, is a matter of harmonious curves. In most landscapes these are the result of stream-erosion. Of such Japan has her share—perhaps more than her share. Over and above, she has the harmonious curves created by volcanic force. Logarithmic, Science calls them; but their mathematical correctness in no way impairs their grace. Many a Japanese landscape has thus a double endowment, from sources distinct in nature and origin. While Beauty abounds, some of it bears, with all its smoothness, a hint of the sublime.

It is not surprising, then, that Japan has been

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called a land of "soft contours"—though, as we shall see, this is not true of the country as a whole. In consequence of the general and apparently authoritative use of the term, the "unpardonable sin" of insignificance has been laid at the door of Japanese scenery; and it is further accused of a lack of variety. These charges would seem to be based either on a confusion of ideas or on an acquaintance limited to the more frequented parts of the country. Let us hear the witnesses for the defence.

"Caledonia stern and wild" has been apostrophized as "land of the mountain and the flood." Japan is much more so. Its narrow islands are crowded with mountains of more than average height. On gradients of unusual steepness heavy and at times torrential rains descend. Snow lies over a large part of the interior during the winter months and quickly melts in spring. Thus are developed a vast number of streams of high erosive capacity. When to these agencies are added such factors as typhoons and monsoonal winds, tidal waves and destructive earthquakes—all operating in a climate of considerable extremes of heat and cold—it will be seen that here, if anywhere, Nature is mistress of the situation. Everywhere in its earth-forms the Japanese landscape bears "the marks of that which once hath been; but the scars are bravely worn."

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Soft contours are not, however, the sole product of erosive action. Agents of terrestrial wear and tear, acting on certain land surfaces, are capable of producing the boldest outlines. So much depends upon the raw materials out of which Nature has to evolve her finished product—the harmonious landscape—that we must ask what, in Japan's case, they are.

It has been the custom to compare the England of the East with the England of the West in situation. In structure the resemblance is less marked. The summit of the British anticline is in the west, and consequently such scenery as has a claim to grandeur must be sought there. The soft contours occur where strata of moderate age have been deposited over areas not subjected subsequently to any great tectonic disturbance—as in our southern Downs; and where certain foundation rocks, lying conformably, have been exposed mainly to erosive influences—as in the rolling “hog backs” of Dartmoor. In Japan the summit of the anticline occupies the centre, a belt of ruggedness on either side. The middle-aged strata, so productive of “soft” landscapes, are hardly anywhere to be seen. Over large areas they have been worn out of existence, and their meagre remains are not sufficient to affect the scenery to any appreciable extent. Practically the whole land surface of the Japanese islands consists of

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the oldest rocks—granite and schists—with a fringe (by no means continuous) along the coastal districts of Tertiary or recent formations. In many cases these are only there because they have been protected by the sea, from which they have recently risen.

Long before Tertiary times, and again during that period, wide tracts of the interior as well as stretches of the coast—amounting in all to two-fifths of the total area of the country—were overlaid by volcanic formations and ejectamenta, which have given, as it were, another face to the areas in question.

We thus have two distinct types of scenery in Japan. Where primeval strata have been subjected to violent earth-movements, there is the grand and rugged—comparable with that of North Wales or the Western Highlands, but on a larger scale. Scenery of this type is to be found in the central parts of each of the four main islands—more especially in Hondo and Yezo. Elsewhere are the soft contours—themselves the product of three different sets of circumstances. They may be due to denuded granitic formations, as over large areas in Western Japan and on both sides of the Inland Sea; or they may be the result of volcanic action—comparatively recent cones, or old ones worn down into domelike hills—in various parts of the country; or, again, they may have been

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fashioned by erosive action out of the newer formations of the coast districts. *Mutatis mutandis*, these last give rise to land-forms not unlike those of the Hampshire Basin—with this difference, that the deposits out of which the hills and bluffs have been carved often consist not of gravel and alluvial soils, but of volcanic tuff. As an example of the rapidity with which stream erosion works upon this material, I may mention the case of a rivulet in the Asama foothills which, diverted by an obstruction near its source, struck out a new course for itself and, during one week of incessant rain, carved out of deposits of volcanic lapilli a bed 50 to 100 feet in depth.

To the complexities of the Japanese landscape this brief statement—aided by the key-map—will serve as a rough-and-ready guide.

The scenery which is "soft," is it necessarily "little"? In most countries, no doubt, as natural features increase in scale, they take on a grand or rugged mien. It is, however, a characteristic of Japanese scenery that even when on a considerable scale it often remains "soft." Its very shapeliness deceives the eye. This is the case with such districts as Nikko, where the "hills" (as people will persist in calling them), though twice the height of the Grampians of North Britain, appeal to the spectator rather by their grace than by their majesty. Similarly it is difficult to realize that the grassy knolls

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which encircle the summer resort of Karuizawa, in Central Japan—hills not nearly so imposing as those about Dorking—rise from a plateau which itself stands at a greater height above sea-level than the summit of Scafell.

The scenery which is both "little" and "soft" has been called "typically Japanese." Generally speaking, it is of Tertiary age. Doubtless the association of these terms has given rise to the idea of insignificance. There is no reason, of course, why such scenery should not be beautiful. Proportion, variety and grace of form, freshness and contrast of colour may—and, in Japan, often do—combine to produce an effect of real charm. But another question arises: Is the scenery described—and often decried—as "typically Japanese" really so, or has it come to be so known because it is most frequently depicted in books and works of art, and has therefore had the attention of the world drawn specially to it?

One has not to travel far to find the "typically Japanese" landscape. It is almost invariably on or near the coast. The wooded bluffs and shores of the Sagami Peninsula, south of Yokohama, furnish numerous examples. On account of its romantic aspect this region has come to be known among foreigners as the Plains of Heaven—though plains there are none. On one of these fantastic heights, by a giant pine

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which commands a view of the coast about the tidal lagoon of Kanazawa, an old-time Japanese artist flung his pencil from him in despair, unable to do justice to the scene. Thence descent may be made by steep escarpments daintily set with pines and bamboo grass to the Pacific at Kamakura; or, eastward, to the maze of evergreen hills overlooking the naval station of Yukosuka, on Tokyo Bay. The wooded eminence known as Anjin-zuka, which bears on its crest the tomb of Will Adams, the first Englishman to set foot in Japan, is as characteristic as any. From such a point of vantage one may peer through gnarled and wind-swept pine-trunks upon deep-seamed valleys carpeted with the virid patchwork of ricefields, and flanked with a few wood-and-paper cottages, picturesque for all their flimsiness. Above the brown-thatched roofs graceful bamboo-groves give yet another distinctive note of form and colour, while beyond, a line of white, verdure-crested cliffs merges with the sea, on whose blue bosom a fleet of ruddy-sailed fishing-boats drifts homeward with the tide.

An old tradition says that the double-peaked mountain of Tsubuka, 40 miles inland from Tokyo, was once washed by the Pacific—as, indeed, its name suggests. The old tradition is probably correct, for these coastal districts of Eastern Japan have for centuries been rising



SOFT CONTOURS : "PLAINS OF HEAVEN," SAGAMI.



GRAVE OF WILL ADAMS AND HIS JAPANESE WIFE, NEAR YOKOSUKA.



MAN AND WIFE ROCKS : FUTAMI, ISE.

The straw rope symbolizes conjugal union.

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from the sea. As a result of this secular movement many of the inshore islands have been, or are being, united with the mainland. At the Yokohama Bluff and at Nojima, on the east side of Sagami Peninsula, the unifying process is complete; at Enoshima, on the west, it is still in progress. The sandbank connecting the latter with the mainland being partly submerged at high water, a frail wooden causeway (which does not seem to have been designed to support foreign *avoirdupuis*) gives access to the "island." Equinoctial gales and typhoons are wont to treat this airy structure with scant respect; but if the Japanese possess their souls in patience—a quality to them as second nature—they will ere long be able to pass to this favoured spot dryshod. With its quaint village, wealth of pines, and luxuriant undergrowth, Enoshima is picturesque enough, but to acclaim it the superior of Clovelly, as one English writer has done, is rash indeed. The southern end of the island faces the Pacific with commendable boldness, but the cliff is not half the height of Gallantry Bower. Its base is pierced by a good-sized cave, at whose inner extremity, redeemed from Cimmerian darkness by numerous wax lights, the visitor is introduced with due ceremony to a shrine dedicated to Benten, the Goddess of Luck. From behind this oratory a subterranean passage is said to lead to the sacred Fuji, whose majestic form,

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in full view from the cliff above, dominates the western horizon. Close inquiry into the course and nature of this passage is not encouraged locally.

No landscape from which water is absent finds much favour in Japanese eyes. If brawling stream or waterfall cannot be had, then let it be a wide expanse, smooth and lagoon-like for choice. Typically Japanese though the scenes just considered may be, they do not, to the native mind, attain the ideal. What that ideal is may be gathered from a consideration of the three scenes singled out by the Japanese themselves as the most admirable of all. These *sankei*, or three finest landscapes, are Matsushima, in North-eastern Japan; Miyajima, in the Inland Sea; and Ama-no-hashidate, in the west—all coastal scenes.

Matsushima ("Pine Islands") is aptly named. The shallow bay of Sendai swarms with eight hundred of them, of all shapes and sizes, varying in height from a few feet to 300; but for the most part 30 to 50 feet. Soft, white piles of volcanic tuff, each with its crown of twisted pines, rise oddly out of blue, placid waters; and great the joy of the holiday-making Japanese as he glides in and out the maze in a gaily decked *sampan*. The archipelago is considered to extend as far as, and including, Kinkwazan—a distance of nearly 50 miles. Neither geologically, however, nor from the scenic point of view, does the



GRANITE TORII AT MIYAJIMA.



AMA-NO-HASHIDATE ("LADDER OF HEAVEN").



MATSUSHIMA ("PINE ISLANDS") : SOME OF THE EIGHT HUNDRED.

These three scenes are known to the Japanese as the SANKEI, or Three Finest Landscapes.



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famous "Gold Flower" island belong to the group. A peninsula cuts it off from the bay; and its height of 1,500 feet, the ruggedness of its features, and its structure of granite and sparkling micaceous schists—whence, in fact, its name—indicate its kinship with the ancient east-coast range.

At Miyajima ("Shrine Island") the religious element predominates. The island, in fact, is too sacred for children to be born on it. Every effort is made to prevent deaths taking place, and, should such unhappy event occur, corpse and mourners are removed with all haste to the mainland. Secure amid the genial surroundings of the Inland Sea Miyajima lies, a temple garden, delightful in form and foliage. A *torii* of singular, if substantial, beauty, which at flood-tide stands out of the water, proclaims the presence of the shrine, dedicated to the three daughters of Susano-o, "the Impetuous Male." By night, for a fee which varies according to the Chief Abbot's diagnosis of his visitor, the lights may be turned on—that is to say, the tapers in the myriad paper-lanterns hung all over the island will be kindled, to the delight of the assembled multitude on the opposite shore, no less than to the satisfaction of the visiting plutocrat himself.

Ama-no-hashidate ("Ladder of Heaven") is perhaps the most characteristic and "Japanesey"

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of the *sankei*. A Buddhist shrine on an overlooking hill commemorates the story of the pious sixth-century hermit, to avert whose threatened death from starvation merciful Kwannon transformed herself into a deer. Seen from this height, a spit of golden sand, dotted with specks of green—these are the inevitable pines—all but seals the mouth of a lagoon from inroads of the sea. Breakers may thunder without; but within is the stillness of a mill-pond. The “ladder” is some 60 yards wide and nearly 2 miles in length. To walk—or, better still, to *rikisha*—along this doubly washed strand under the storm-bowed trees is to the æsthetic Japanese the keenest of delights. The coast in this vicinity is bold and granitic; there is no pettiness about Ama-no-hashidate.

Among other scenes scarcely less admired by the Japanese is Waka-no-ura, on the Kii Channel. Here a narrow pine-covered peninsula, flanked by low, grassy islands, gives character to the charms of a little bay. In a well-known stanza the poet Akahito aptly indicates the features which specially appeal to the cultured Japanese. Mr. B. H. Chamberlain's rendering is as follows:—

“On the shore of Waka
When the tide comes flowing in
There being no dry land,
Towards the reedy place
The storks fly cross-wise, crying.”

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Of a somewhat similar type is the wider expanse of the Hamana or Totomi "Sea," which a rude earthquake, by breaking down the slender spit between, transformed from a lake into a lagoon. The Man and Wife Rocks of Futami, in Isé, with a straw rope connecting them as an emblem of conjugal union, constitute a favourite scene and art motive. On bolder, but no less beautiful, lines, the Bay of Enoura shows volcanic highlands, easing off with many a shapely cove and headland into alluvial flats. In the course of a dozen miles one may pass from the deep land-locked Bay of Heda, backed by rugged andesitic hills, 2,000 feet in height, to the smooth dunes of Shizuura, where ancient contorted pines droop over golden sands and softly lapping waves.

Should water on an ample scale be wanting, Japanese taste demands by way of compensation the presence of striking and fantastic rock-forms. These are usually supplied by the products of volcanic action—basaltic columns or curiously worn agglomerate. The perpendicular pine-crowned cliffs of Shimokuzan, on the Kumano River, form a favourite subject for Japanese artists; and the extraordinarily weathered peaks and gorges of Yabakei, in Kyushu, have clearly suggested the "impossible mountains" so often depicted on Japanese screens and *kakemono*.

That the Japanese themselves are conscious

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of the deficiencies in point of scale shared by their chosen scenes is suggested by their own saying, *Nikko wo minai uchi wa, "kekko" to iu na!* (Say not "magnificent" till you have seen Nikko). According to the popular story, this famous district owes its name to the Buddhist saint, Kobo Daishi. In his day—*i.e.*, about 820 A.D.—it was known as Ni-ko-san, or "two-storm mountain"—an allusion to the biannual or equinoctial gales which were believed to issue from a cave on Nantaisan, the principal peak of the district, just as the winds in classical mythology were sent forth by Æolus from the caverns of Etna. The worthy Abbot, however, changed it to Nik-ko-san, "Mountain of the Sun's Brightness," and so it remains to this day. Both names are appropriate enough. Storm and sunshine visit Nikko with strict impartiality, though many an unsophisticated foreigner, reaching it in the depths of the *nyubai* (rainy season) or at the time of the autumnal equinox, may think otherwise. This much, at least, may be said. Nikko is terrible enough in time of rain, with its roar of "waters fast prevailing." But when its delights of form and colour are bathed in sunshine, dead indeed must be the soul that does not say, "Magnificent!"

Like the English Lake District, which in many respects it resembles, Nikko is of volcanic origin. There is, however, the difference that, in its case,

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the evidences remain almost as they were left. Time and circumstance have not yet succeeded in breaking down the soft contours into scarps and pinnacles like those of Helvellyn and Scafell. Nantaisan still sweeps elegantly skywards from the placid shores of Lake Chuzenji, an all but perfect cone; and no one would suspect the mighty dome of Shiranesan, which towers over Lake Yumoto, of holding in its depths a fearsome crater, still warm from a destructive outburst thirty years ago. But Nikko's contours, if soft, are not small. Take the English Lake District, double its vertical scale, add verdure in every conceivable shade, add the wayside Buddhas, the high-perched tea-house, the sombre touch of the groves where the Shoguns lie—more impressive even than their gorgeous shrines—add withal that eerie but indescribable air of the past—and you have Nikko.

Soft contours due to granitic formations predominate over the greater part of Western and West-Central Hondo. They also occur in North-West Kyushu, and at intervals on either side of the Inland Sea. Owing to the rapidity of the denudation, the slopes of the hills are abrupt, and the valleys narrow. The disintegration of the granite gives rise to a dry, gritty soil of a yellowish tint, which affords scant encouragement to vegetation. Scrub oak and stunted pines, with more root than branch, clothe the

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open hill-sides. From these parts of the country the vivid green of the ricefield is to a large extent absent; and all except the largest and best-watered valleys share the sterility of the uplands.

Volcanic formations on a moderate scale often give rise to scenery of the graceful order. Of such is the district of Hakoné, between the heads of the Sagami and Suruga Bays, in Eastern Japan. Viewed from the sea, it presents a group of strikingly bold, but at the same time rounded, peaks. A closer acquaintance shows the mountains to be volcanic domes of great age. Traces of craters may be seen—though not as a rule on the summits; and a solfatara has transformed the flanks of one of the peaks into what the Japanese call *jigoku* ("hell"). The highest of the group, which just falls short of 5,000 feet, is wooded to its summit. In every direction the valleys present a wealth and variety of vegetation which go far to dispose of the theory that the products of volcanic action furnish an infertile soil. The whole gorge of the Hayakawa—especially in the vicinity of Miyanoshita—is of great luxuriance and beauty. Although, a thousand feet up, it vibrates with the roar and bubble of the "hells," above the wooden eaves of "the globe-trotters' paradise" it sings the lullaby of countless brooks and waterfalls.

Suppose the traveller to be set down on the



SOFT CONTOURS IN A VOLCANIC REGION (HAKONÉ).

The road is the old Tokaido (Eastern Sea road).



THE GORGE OF YABAKEI, KYUSHU.

Where quaint formations have been carved out of deep deposits of agglomerate.

The Typically Japanese Landscape

summit of the pass between the Hakone basin proper and the valley of the Hayakawa. It is 2,800 feet above the sea, whose blue expanse, cut by the white Sagami cliffs, fills in the eastern horizon. Exposed as they are to typhoon and north-easter alike, the hill-sides on either hand can boast no better covering than bamboo-grass and mountain pine, with reeds in the moisture-holding hollows. A few yards down the ridge the road skirts the edge of a circular mere, steeply held on all sides but one. It is a filled-in crater, eloquent of other days when here was no road for mortal feet. Near by a huge rock, 30 feet high, has been fashioned (tradition says, by the hand of Kobo Daishi, in a single night) into the similitude of Jizo, the children's god. On and down winds the road with increasing gradient, till, at a bend, the eastern half of Lake Hakoné, embosomed in shapely hills, lies blue and smooth below. As one descends the picture grows, till, when the margin of the lake is reached, it receives the finishing touch. The "Sea of Reeds," as the Japanese call it, is but a mirror for the portrayal of Fuji's airs and graces. There in its sapphire depths lies the image of the world's fairest mountain—dark blue, and limned in fiery gold. Looking heavenwards, the spectator sees the mountain itself, and forthwith forgets the lake. For the splintered crest of the great cone,

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based, as it seems, on a rose-tinted sea of mist, rises 10,000 feet above those still waters, and no more than 15 miles away as the crow flies.

There is only one thing more beautiful than this vision of Fuji at sunset. It is the same vision at sunrise. For choice, let the time be early winter, when the clear air brings the mountain closer, when its streaks and furrows show in strong relief, and the snow-cap steals far down the cone. To watch, in those still waters, and then on the peak itself, the first pink flush of dawn upon those virgin snows, deepening into crimson and passing thence to gold, while all the world below lies in gloom, is to see, under the most favourable conditions, that wonderful blending of perfect form and choicest colour which makes Fuji the most beautiful of all Earth's mountains.

CHAPTER V

LAKE AND STREAM

Unruly rivers—Merriment and mischief—Some lordly streams—The *Sandai-ka*—Timber-felling—Objection to ferrying—Rapids, down and up—River scenery—Waterfalls, a question of terms—Characteristic cascades—Lakes of depression—Chuzenji—Fuji's mirrors and their problems

AN unruly and inconstant thing is the Japanese river. One week a raging torrent, scorning—to the peril of the country-side—the limits which Nature and man have set it; the next a meandering brook, scarcely visible amid the waste itself has spread, the wreckage of a hundred hills. One stream, indeed, which hurries from the highlands of Kii, has been named Otonashi, the "Quiet River"; but this, I fear, is "writ sarkastikul." There is only one really well-behaved river in Japan—the Kitakami, and it can hardly help being good. For, at bidding of the gods, it gushed out of a rock to save an army from perishing of thirst; and thereafter, being

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jealously guided by two parallel ranges of mountains, makes its way smoothly to the sea.

Nearly all the rivers of Japan are of the cross-country sort. Rising in the midst, on the dip of the backbone range, they set their course transversely for the sea. Not, indeed, as flies the crow, for they twist and turn amazingly. Now they drive a headlong gorge, now they fetch a compass, and even end sometimes by taking the opposite direction to that in which they started. That river of heroic origin, of which I spoke just now, is one among a thousand; it runs always with the set of the islands, not against. The *North River*, men call it, with due homage to its individuality, for the rest are mainly east and west. Straight from that quarter, indeed, it flows, and so with steady current to its ocean bourne. Where the seaward barrier of its basin ends, there ends it.

Most rivers, in other lands, are wont to misconduct themselves in winter. Not so the rivers of Japan. They make merry in the dog-days. For heat means the south wind; and the south wind means rain—the Black Stream and the mountains between them see to that. On those same highlands, too, the locked-up moisture of the winter is at last let loose, and the six-month snow-slope descends in boisterous flood. All of which means high water in the plain. To the swollen stream, the unnatural ramparts on either

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hand are an insult. For of what do you suppose they are made? Of huge wicker-baskets crammed with stones—the very stones the stream has brought! Forthwith it challenges their strength to hold it. Beyond, as often as not, lie ricefields, or, athwart, a railway. But the uprisen torrent is no respecter of either. So the peasants of the neighbouring *gun*, who have toiled to secure the watering of their fields in moderation, get a destroying deluge. As for the railway, it collapses. A useless thread of steel, robbed of its solid piers, is left to be mocked by the triumphant stream; trains are held up, and the Department of Communications has to come to the rescue in a hurry, and at great expense. That the Japanese river should take “a short life and a merry one” for its motto is no subject for complaint. Unfortunately, the merriment seldom stops short of mischief.

Yet there are lordly streams. The Shinano with its 300 miles is such, though a man may stand on its bar and still have his head above water. That is but the fault of its bringing more than it can carry away—or, as our American friends would say, of its biting off more than it can chew. In this regard it has numerous little assistant-streams from the Echigo Mountains, which bring down tons of alluvium with every shower. So that, while in its middle course it is a noble river with a well-filled width

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of 1,500 yards, it loses in dignity towards its mouth, and makes a tame finish amid sand-dunes on the Western Sea. Look again at the Tonegawa. When once it leaves the mountains, between the serrated peaks of Haruna and Akagi, it pursues through the wide Kuwanto a course of great respectability—its broad and comparatively placid waters busy with craft of all descriptions. True, a bad example was set its lovely but impetuous affluent, the Agatsuma, by that violent volcano Asama, whose ill-controlled eruptions have often dammed its course; but these evil communications have not corrupted the good manners of the Tonegawa. Fifty miles from its estuary it has volume enough to spare for a substantial branch, the Yedogawa, which in bygone days gave name to Tokyo Bay. Nor is this its final effort. For years innumerable, helped by the Kuroshiwo and the slowly rising coast, it has been thrusting itself seawards. There, in the teeth of the Pacific surges, it has spread the waste of Japan's widest plain and made in it a maze of meres—"broads," like those of Norfolk, on a larger scale. At some future age the wide acres about its many mouths—useless now, because so painfully new—will be enlivened by the flaming petticoats of Japanese peasant-girls, a-busy in the ricefields.

But perhaps the lordliest of all is the Ishikari, of the severer North. For this is more than a

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stream, it is a system. It has all but the whole of one of Yezo's "facets" to itself, and, with the aid of many tributaries, brings more water to the sea than any other Japanese river. Some authorities even give it precedence over the Shinanogawa in point of length. Rising high on the central buttress of the "Northern Cross," it flows first, with many a rapid, through a series of basaltic ravines with precipitous sides, then through "a park-like plain, bounded on three sides by wooded mountains," over which broods "a deep stillness broken only by the murmuring of distant rapids or the cries of birds and wild animals." On either bank "grassy tracts abounding with flowers" alternate with forests of willow, maple, oak, and walnut, the fallen timber of which often blocks the current. At Asahigawa, however, the scene is changed. The human element comes in, in the shape of the Seventh Division of the Northern Army, of which that place is the headquarters. By the time Sapporo is reached, officialdom pervades the land—this capital is of the sort that was not born, but made. Just before, the Chitosé affluent (which swarms with salmon) has swelled the volume of its parent stream with the overflow of Japan's sublimest lake — Shikotsu. Thus reinforced, Ishikari passes through ample alluvial marshlands to the sea.

In the very heart of Hondo, midway on the

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Mid-mountain road, one of Japan's most famous passes is crowned by a sacred gateway of imposing size. Men call it, therefore, the *Torii-togé*. That the pass should be thus distinguished is fitting enough, for it rises in full view of a mountain which concedes to Fuji alone the distinction of being the most sacred mountain of Japan. That the *torii* should be of granite is also as it should be; for the peak in question is one of Japan's fire-born giants. But nearer than the great mountain, at the spectator's feet, lies the cradle of the Kiso-gawa, third and most beautiful of Hondo's *Sandai-ka* (three great rivers). So vast a timber-felling industry is pursued in the forests which clothe its upper valley, that the river appears to have "more wood than water."¹ The trees, on being felled, are simply flung into the stream, branded with their owner's mark. At the mouth of the river, a hundred miles away, they are collected again. Quite a number of men find employment along the banks in thrusting stranded logs back into the current. In older times, when the forests belonged to the Daimyo of Owari, it was forbidden to touch the more valuable hard-wood trees, *hinoki* and *keyaki*, under pain of death. Chaos descended upon this region at the time of

¹ Nearly a million and a half cubic feet of timber, valued at £70,000, are felled annually, the profits ranging from 50 to 100 per cent.

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the Restoration, and wholesale deforestation took place. Now that the forests are mainly Crown property, due supervision prevails once more, though without recourse to the heroic measure of shooting trespassers on sight.

Like most Japanese rivers, the Kisogawa, ere it meets the sea, lapses into evil ways. Dikes, embankments, bridges, and what not have been devised to take the Nagoya-Nara railway across its mouth ; but the best of them is apt to succumb to the attack of the Kiso in spate. When all is said and done, however, this river is virtuous by comparison with its neighbour, the Oigawa. That ill-mannered stream has always declined to be ferried. Before railways came into existence, its passage formed the most exciting of the *Tokaido Go-ju-san Tsugi* (Fifty-three Stages of the Eastern Highway). Travellers used to be carried across on small wooden platforms supported by clothesless coolies, who, it is said, were wont to choose the deepest parts of the stream, that, by terrifying their passengers, they might obtain a larger fee. This was, of course, at ordinary times. When the 50-yard stream expanded to a mile—the full width of its stony bed—passage of any sort was out of the question.

But if most of Japan's rivers are unreliable as means of communication, and some are even too swift for ferrying, others are "just right" for rapids. By rapids I mean, of course, those

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that can be shot. And shooting, in faith, it is. I cannot believe that to be carried on planks across a river, as in the old days, was really more exciting than to be whirled down-stream in a flimsy punt, where a river nears the point when not even the coolest boatman will take a fare. In the one case, your safety depended on four men, and they, after all, within their depth, and on *terra firma* of a sort. In the other, the wholeness of your bones, your life itself, are absolutely in the hands of the man at the helm. One false stroke of his long oar, and the boat will smash, broadside on, against that outstanding wall of smooth black rock whereon the river hurls itself, and, beaten, sweeps away in a wide froth-lined curve to the remoter bank. So swift and strange is the motion set up by the swoops and flights of this "brown bird upon the river" as to give rise at one moment to the giddiness caused, by vision from its edge, of a beetling cliff; at the next, to the sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach experienced in going down a coal-mine. Then, when the river is all white and uprising rocks all black, and no sound can be heard above its roaring, and one is obviously going *downhill*, the sensation resembles that of descending a water-chute without the soothing subconsciousness that you will be landed safely at the end. Not that there are many accidents; quite the contrary. For the



RAPIDS OF THE FUJIKAWA.



RIVER SCENE, WESTERN JAPAN.



ONAMI-IKÉ, CRATER LAKE, KIRISHIMA.

The lake occupies a lateral crater $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide, from which the summit-cone may be seen rising on the left.

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sendo (boatmen) know the river to a turn ; they read its moods like a book ; and, when the danger-mark is reached, all the gold of Cræsus will not tempt them to try the watery pass.

As a medium for covering distance the Japanese rapids are not to be despised. Those of the Tenryū run for 90 miles through some of the wildest country in Central Japan. Under favourable conditions, with the aid of the current, this may be traversed in ten hours, a rate of travel which leaves the *basha* (stage-coach) far behind. However, not every river, in a land of rapid rivers, is as swift as the Tenryū. The 45-mile run down the Fujikawa and a similar distance on the Kumagawa (Kyushu) are both covered in seven to eight hours, a more normal rate. This, of course, takes the slow with the swift. While at times the boat, in pace and motion, seems indeed to have taken to itself wings, at others a certain amount of pole-work has to be put in. Still, on the whole, this downward journey—for the crew, at any rate—is a case of *facilis descensus Averni*. To return is another tale—which the traveller does not hear, but is expected to pay for. *Hic labor hic opus est*. A trip down the Tenryū means, in the end, a fortnight's work for four men. Five pounds—the usual charge for a private boat—does not, when thus distributed, seem an excessive fee.

Are Japanese rivers beautiful? From the

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scenic point of view, as we have seen, they suffer many things from flood-plains of their own making, through which they pass, with a "moaning," out to sea. Rarely do we find a deep hill-girt estuary like that, for instance, of the English Dart. True, the placid waters of the Yuragawa of Tango Province, in the West, are attended to the last by green hills 2,000 feet high. But this is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. Rather does the Japanese river resemble, in its passing, the British Yare or Humber. Where highlands adjoin the sea—in the Izu Peninsula, the North-eastern Hondo coast, and, here and there, in Western Japan—we find grand bays and fiord-like inlets; but, then, the mountains are so near, so all-pervading, as to prevent the development of streams beyond the torrent stage.

With the middle and upper courses of Japanese rivers it is another story. Forest and stream are close allies in Japan. When mountain peaks are timbered to their summits, what can we expect of the water-loaded valleys? For the quiet pastoral beauty which distinguishes so many English rivers we must substitute the deep and densely wooded ravine, whose sides can barely hold a road, where the "cry" of the river mingles not with the lowing of kine or the song of the reaper, but with the primeval noises of the forest.

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Through the interior maze of mountains the Japanese rivers have made their way in innumerable boldly chiselled valleys, where fantastic rock-forms rise out of magnificent woods which twice each year are a blaze of colour. Nothing could be finer in its way than the valley of the Azusa where it runs between the granite precipices of the Hida range and a densely wooded 8,000-foot range on the other; nothing could be more pleasing than the romantic land-forms about Ao, the Japanese Watersmeet. For soft beauty the valley of the Watarase-gawa, and, for savage grandeur, those of the Kurobe ("Dark River"), in Hida, and the Hayakawa tributary of the Fujikawa, will bear comparison with their counterparts of any country.

Some wiseacre once set about enumerating the waterfalls of Japan. Beginning with the Nikko district—a region, by the way, not easy to define—he assessed the number in that area at two hundred. When he had passed on another (wiser than he) came upon the scene, and on a similar mission. His computation was twenty. It is, of course, a matter of terms and of what amount of water falling constitutes a waterfall. Pending the settlement of this knotty point, it may be said that their name is legion. One might just as well set about numbering the sands by the seashore.

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It is almost as bad when one comes to consider their height. The Ichi-no-taki, at Nachi, is popularly reckoned the loftiest in Japan; it exceeds the famous Kegon Cascade by a score of feet. However, that of Kamba, in Western Japan, is 450 feet. On the other hand, the 'Shiro-mizu (White Water) of Hakusan and an equally slim cascade in the *Taketani*¹ (Bamboo Valley) of Yarigatake descend through four times that height. But are these waterfalls? It is surprising that the fanciful name of "thread" has not been given them by the Japanese, for threads they certainly are during most of the year. The idea is reserved for the more accessible 'Shira-ito ("White Thread") Falls, at the western base of Fuji. Over the dark and riddled edge of one of that volcano's lava-flows the stream—an affluent of the Fujikawa—spreads itself in a myriad filaments of spray across a front of 500 feet. Popular fancy has distinguished the largest as father, the next as mother, the rest their numerous progeny. Near by, as if in protest, another torrent drops in a body into a cleft 100 feet deep and half as wide. By this *Otodome* Cascade there hangs a tale. Two brothers of bygone days set out to take vengeance on the murderer of their sire. In their search they came the one to the top,

¹ *Také*, "bamboo," also "peak," must be distinguished from *taki*, waterfall.

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the other to the foot of the fall, which, respecting their pious search, ceased its roaring to enable them to hold converse. Wherefore to this day men call it the "noise-stopping" waterfall.

The same highly prized virtue, filial piety, gives name and fame to the Yoro Fall, near Gifu. This time the element of tragedy is absent. According to the story, which dates from the eighth century A.D., there lived in the neighbourhood a woodcutter, who for many weeks spent his modest earnings in ministering to his aged father's passion for strong drink. At length, in reward for his devotion, some kindly deity one day revealed to him the existence of this cascade, which consisted at that time of the purest *saké*. As this cascade of Filial Piety is about 100 feet in height, and of substantial bulk, the old man's closing years must have been happy, if brief.

While Japanese opinion favours the Nachi Fall as the most beautiful, it agrees in awarding to the Kegon-no-taki the palm for impressiveness. This vision of tons of water falling from the lip of a broken crater without hint of impediment 250 feet to its cavernous floor, while foam-mists eddy into encircling woods, has much to do with the ascription of "magnificence" to Nikko. Nor, again, can the Yuno-taki, in the same district, be dismissed as commonplace.

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Here the surplus waters of Lake Yumoto rush over the smooth surface of an ancient lava stream—now inclined at 60° and with a vertical height of 200 feet—a more fearsome water-slide than ever John Ridd climbed to see his Lorna.

But of the normal sort, the Kirifuri (“Mist-falling”) Cascade, also in the Nikko district, is as fine as any—provided you rest not at the tea-house at the top of the ravine, but follow the steep rock-path to its foot. A common trick of the popular fancy is to label the greater and lesser divisions of a fall “male” and “female” respectively—as, for example, those of the Nunobiki-no-taki, near Kobe, where the waters glide, rather than fall, over two granite rock-faces, 80 and 50 feet in height. Here the upper cascade is the “male.”

So intent are Japanese rivers on getting to the sea that they rarely condescend to dally by the way in lakes and meres. Moreover, the larger streams are wont to make short work of any obstructions that essay to block their course—witness the gorge the Yoshinogawa has made through the backbone range of Shikoku. As a consequence, nearly all Japan's lakes lie athwart the smaller streams. Even of these the majority are either craters or lakes of subsidence. Where water has not directly succeeded to the heritage of fire, it has occupied depressions

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caused by the evisceration of materials from beneath the surface—the work of dead or dying cones near by. According to tradition, Japan's largest lake, Biwa, five times the size of Windermere, owes its existence to a mighty earthquake, and is even connected in some mysterious way with the making of Fuji; but the probabilities are that its formation is due to simpler and less sensational causes.

After Lake Biwa, with "eight famous views" of peaceful beauty, Japan's three largest lakes show a curious identity of shape, size, and origin. Each of them forms roughly a circle 10 miles in diameter, and each may be called a by-product of volcanic force. The soft beauty of Toya-ko, with its delightful "sugar-loaf" islands, is merely emphasized by the towering Usu-dake, which, with a row of belching secondary cones, stands between it and the sea. One has only to remember that Inawashiro laves the foot of Bandaisan to guess how *it* came into existence. Viewed from the flank of that still trembling mountain, the wide blue lake presents so fair a scene that it is hard to believe that forces so terrible lurk about its shores. As for Towada, in the far North, no one has ever dreamed of disputing its charms, though they be of the "soft" order. Not very long ago this lake was fishless; now it swarms with *masu*, the Japanese salmon. The priest who tends its shrine makes

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his living in a somewhat precarious way. It is the custom of visiting pilgrims to fling their contributions of *sen* (coppers) into the lake. At the end of the season these are gathered by a diver, who divides the proceeds with the priest. Obviously the incumbent should learn to dive.

Two of Dai Nippon's finest mountain streams drain lakes renowned for their beauty. The Daiyagawa was but young when, by filling a lateral crater not far below the rugged summit of Shiranesan, it made that loveliest of little lakes—the pine-and-maple-ringed Yumoto. A few miles on it flings itself by the Dragon's Fall into the broader basin of Chuzenji. A considerable lake this, eight miles long, and with the remarkable depth of 590 feet—twice that of Wastwater, deepest of English lakes. To its leafy banks, under the shadow of the graceful Nantaisan, the *corps diplomatique* escapes from Tokyo's summer heat. Here, at any rate—being 4,000 feet above sea-level—its members find coolness—and (tell it not in Gath) a few mosquitoes. Worse than these, however, are the floods, which have a trick of coming when officialdom would make holiday. Not only do they threaten the summer-houses with a horrid fate, but work havoc on the zigzag road which, winding painfully up the wooded heights near the Kegon Cataract, forms the sole line of communication with the outside world.



CLIFF SCENERY, ENOSHIMA, SOUTH END.



YUMOTO SPA, NIKKO.



KEGON FALL, NIKKO.

The Daiyagawa plunges into an ancient crater.



LAKE YUMOTO AND SHIRANESAN.

The lake stands 5,000 feet above sea-level; the volcano rises nearly 4,000 feet higher.

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The Lake of Hakone occupies the lowest part of what was once a huge crater, on the eastern rim of which the present Hakone range was afterwards built up. A line of heights—probably the remnants of the opposite rim—intervenes between this basin and the plain where Fuji rises in isolated majesty. This separating wall, however, being of no great height, does not preclude the Ashi-no-Umi (“Sea of Reeds”) from sharing the reflected glory of the great volcano—though not, of course, to an equal extent with the four lakes that lie along the actual base of the mountain on the northern side. More people, I fancy, go to see the *Fuji-no-Kagami*—the reflected image of Fuji in the “Sea of Reeds”—than to see the lake itself; but in truth the mirror has a beauty of its own. As for the four lakes at Fuji’s base, they have been the subject of some speculation. To begin with, they are all at the same level—some 3,000 feet above the sea. Probably, therefore, they once formed one long narrow lake, extending along a 12-mile curve. But they rise and fall together; therefore they are still connected! Fuji’s descending rock-streams indeed divided them, but not so effectively as to prevent some very real communication underground.

In point of charm, however, no room for doubt remains. They gain in beauty as they go west, to reach, in Shoji, a little world of grace,

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in Motosu, something very like perfection. Imagine Derwentwater's "concentrated loveliness" dominated by a 12,000-foot cone of Fuji's finished beauty instead of by Skiddaw (shade of Wordsworth, forgive me!), and you have Motosu. What need of further argument?

CHAPTER VI

THE JAPANESE HIGHLANDS

“Jagged peaks”—The elements of sublimity—Eroded volcanoes—Effects of contrast—Old rocks and new—The great upheaval—A grand view—In the wilds—Queer bridges—The *togé* of Japan—A remarkable cascade—Lakes of volcanic make—Rugged coast scenery—Dammed rivers—A sample of the sublime

A REVEREND interpreter of things Japanese, surveying the “jagged peaks” of the mountain ranges, attributes them to volcanic action.¹ Another authority² ascribes the “soft contours” to the same cause. Truth and error contend in both these statements. Much of Japan’s ruggedness is quite unconnected with vulcanological processes; and the same may be said of the soft contours. Still, when Japanese scenery has so often been damned with the faint praise of littleness, it is something to have established the fact that there are mountain ranges with “jagged peaks.”

¹ Peery, in *The Gist of Japan*, p. 11.

² Brinkley, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

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The sense of sublimity, as Ruskin points out, depends more upon the form and relation of objects to one another than upon their actual magnitude. Many an impressive landscape may be found amid Britain's 3,000-foot mountains. Were the Japanese highlands of like modest dimensions they need not, therefore, be destitute of grandeur. The average height of the principal summits of the Northern Hondo anticline is, however, 6,000 to 7,000 feet; of the Kuwanto (Nikko) group, 7,000 to 8,000 feet; of the Koshu and Hida ranges, from 9,000 to 10,000 feet. True, "eternal snows," in the usual sense, do not drape the mountain-tops—the heat and torrential rains of summer see to that—but many of the remoter valleys of the interior are never entirely free of their winter's load. Hence the Japanese proverb about putting off a thing "till the snows of Hida melt"—equivalent of the Roman idea of postponement *ad Græcas calendas*. In most districts the *Yama-biraki* ("mountain opening") is not till the middle of June, and the climbing season proper does not begin till a month later.

Such of Japan's peaks as can claim the Alpine contour are not, as a rule, of volcanic origin. Though often associated with lofty volcanic cones, they themselves consist of granite, schists, and other primeval rocks. Remarkably bold effects, arising from the difference of resisting



PEAK OF HODAKAYAMA, JAPANESE ALPS.

From the summit of the Tokugo Pass (7,000 feet).



KAMIKOCHI VALLEY AND THE AZUSAGAWA.

A beautiful valley, 5,000 feet above sea-level, between two ranges of the Alps.



ONTAKE'S CRATERED RIDGE (10,600 FEET): JAPANESE ALPS.

The Japanese Highlands

power in the component materials, are nevertheless furnished by certain of the old volcanic mountains. In some instances the upper part of the cone has been steepened and the crater-summit denuded into a sharp peak. In others the softer materials forming the body of the cone have been swept away, leaving a framework of sharp and pinnacled ridges—the upper edges of lava dykes—radiating, sometimes with astonishing regularity, from the axis of the mountain. The so-called “cathedral rocks” of Myogisan, in Central Japan, are a case in point, where an ancient volcano, 5,000 feet high, has been worn into a rock-ribbed skeleton. On more solid lines, the eight-peaked Yatsugatake and the grand cratered ridge of Ontake afford striking illustrations of the effect of erosion upon mountains of volcanic build.

There is a lake in Yezo, surrounded by mountains rising precipitously to a height of 3,000 feet, whose deep-hued waters give weird glimpses of submerged crags and pinnacles—broken remnants of the vast vent to which these encircling heights, no less than the lake itself, owe their existence. Near the base of an ancient cone in Central Hondo one may emerge from the cool depths of a virgin forest upon the piled-up rocks, the wild confusion of a lava stream, by which that forest has been cut in twain. In another region half a dozen

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cinder-spitting cones have reared themselves along the margin of a lake of exquisite beauty, over whose placid water they pour a torrent of noxious ash-laden fumes. Such scenes as these are more than grand. From them we learn that Japan can show the beauty of the sun, as well as that other beauty of the moon—and show them side by side. Hers not alone the loveliness of tree-clad mountains, of rivers gliding by moss-grown banks, of cascades shimmering out of depths of foliage, and of heaven-reflecting lakes. Hers, too, the weird sublimity of the hill

“whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke,”

of mountains that are ashes, of lakes that are caldrons, of torrents that are rocks—whose fiery progress (as Coleridge would say) “a mighty voice” had in a moment stopped.

The mountain system of Japan consists of two roughly parallel foldings in the earth's crust, from which the upper and later layers have been removed, leaving the oldest rocks exposed. The inner of these two anticlines—the nearer to the continent—consists mainly of granite, and is continuous throughout the length of the main island, of which it forms the backbone. In the outer of the ridges metamorphic schists predominate. After traversing Kyushu, it forms the main axis

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of Shikoku, and reappears in the Kii Peninsula. North of Tokyo Bay, and, again, north of Kink-wazan, it forms a coast range parallel with, and close to, the sea. Of the two main upfolds, the outer or schistose has a slightly inferior elevation, but yields nothing to the backbone range in dignity of outline. The sierras of Shikoku, snow-capped in winter, afford an excellent foil to the soft beauty of the Inland Sea, and strongly resemble the bare, sharp ridges of Shantung and Eastern Korea, to which, no doubt, they are geologically akin. Except for a few sections of its length in Western Japan, the whole backbone range is associated with volcanic cones, and its structure, especially in Northern Japan, is often entirely concealed by their accumulated rocks. The seaward schist range, on the other hand, is comparatively free from volcanic formations.

In the central and broadest part of Hondo these main ranges, towards the close of the Mesozoic era, suffered rude disturbance and interruption. Attacked from the south-east by lateral thrusts, both were forced sharply back towards the north. At the same time they were subjected to violent upheaval, resulting in an increase of elevation to the extent, in all probability, of not less than 5,000 feet. Under this twofold strain the Japanese island-arc gave way. The result was a vast fracture known to geolo-

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gists as the Great Transverse Fault. A well-marked depression, known as the Fossa Magna, now indicates the course of this fault, which extends from the Pacific coast at the western base of Fuji, by way of Lake Suwa, to the Himegawa Valley, on the Japan Sea. The deflected schist ridge became the Aka-ishi ("red stone") meridional range, with the Komagatake of Koshu (10,300 feet) for its highest peak. The deflected granite ridge became the Hida-Etchu meridional range, with Yarigatake (Spear Peak), Hodakayama, and Orengayama—all over 10,000 feet—as its culminating points. These two *massifs*, so far exceeding in height and rugged grandeur any other mountains in Japan, have come to be known collectively as "the Japanese Alps." Though without glaciers and on a somewhat smaller scale, Weston puts them above the Alps of Switzerland in "the picturesqueness of their valleys and in the magnificence of the dark and silent forests that clothe their massive flanks."

On either side of this comparatively recent fissure the mightiest volcanoes in Japan have risen. Those occupying isolated positions—such as Fujiyama and the eight-peaked Yatsugatake—were probably formed after the opening of the fissure. Those associated with the Hida granitic range are more ancient. Lateral pressure threw these ridges into transverse

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folds, and in the resulting synclinal hollows the volcanoes built themselves up. This juxtapo-



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Contours 3000 ft. and 6000 ft.

--- Fossa Magna || Tone, or Pass.

A, Hida (Granitic-volcanic) Range; B, Akaishi (schist); C, Asama-Shirane (Volc) range; D, Nikko (Volc.); E, Kimpuzan (Granite); F, Fuji.

sition, on a commanding scale, of mountains of upheaval and mountains of accumulation gives

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rise to a type of scenery of which Nikko with all its diversity gives no more than a hint.

The intersection of the Great Transverse Fault with the main watershed of Hondo is marked by the Shiojiri Pass, with the relatively low elevation of 3,160 feet. From this point the serrated ridges of Hida, less than 30 miles distant, show finely against the western sky over the wooded crest of an intervening range of 7,000 to 8,000 feet. This, therefore, has first to be crossed. A *basha* takes the traveller to its foot, but thenceforward neither vehicle nor pack-horse avails. From bank to bank of a brawling torrent the rough track winds, ascending between magnificently timbered slopes of increasing height and steepness. At length, after a long morning's climb, the gorge seems to open to the sky: a last stiff pull by zigzag of 1,000 feet and the crest of the *togé* (pass) is won. Three thousand feet below the silvery thread of the Azusagawa winds through a splendidly wooded ravine away to the south. From its farther bank, out of a heavy fringe of pines, the granite precipices of Hodakayama rise full 5,000 feet, to end in a sharp pinnacled peak, recalling the familiar outlines of the Aiguille du Dru of Chamounix. Northwards the equally impressive "Spear Peak," Yarigatake, fills the head of the gorge. To the south rises the seared and rounded form of an old volcano which men had

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long considered dead. Yakegatake (" Burning Mountain ") is its name, and at times it fills this gorgeous glen with sound and fury. Dense forests drape it up to 7,000 feet; for 1,000 more it rears its bald, ash-strewn head above a fringe of blasted pines. At its foot, near the murmuring river's side, may be discerned a faint yellow speck. It is a hut built of cryptomeria logs—the only habitation of any kind in the valley. It is, however, more than an inn; it is an *onsen* (hot spring). There, after a descent scarcely less arduous than the climb, the traveller will find not only rest and refreshment, but may soak to his content in the soothing waters which well up from the heart of the old volcano.

On the farther—*i.e.*, the north-western—side of this main ridge scenery of the most sombre type is furnished by the gorge of the Kurobé. The enclosing walls are on the one hand the Hida range proper, on the other the volcanic range of Tateyama. Between the two the " Dark River " roars in a ravine, the sides of which are so precipitous that, until it debouches on the strip of plain adjoining the sea, the stream can only be crossed in two places.

While the southern or Akaishi division of the Alps consists mainly of schists, eruptive rocks are not unknown. Witness the extraordinary obelisks of granite, 50 to 60 feet high, which

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form the summits of Hoozan (Phoenix Mountain) and of the outlying Kinpuzan. These mountains yield nothing in magnificence to those of Hida. From the west the approach is by the upper valley of the Tenryugawa; from the east by the Hayakawa tributary of the Fujikawa. Buddhist temples, the houses of *ko-cho* (village headmen), and woodcutters' huts take the place of inns. Where the swift rivers cannot be forded they have to be crossed by *tsuri-bashi*—hanging bridges, composed of flimsy bamboo, and suspended from precipitous rocks by “ropes” of the same slender material. An even more primitive structure has sometimes to be used—the *mannen-bashi*, a plank affair fastened to projecting supports, and so obviously unsafe that (as the name suggests) the crossing of it seems to occupy an eternity. By the time Narada, on the Hayakawa, is reached one is literally in the wilds. Here, in the cold weather, the inhabitants clothe themselves in skins; they have all the same surnames, owing to intermarriage, and worship a wondrous reed, the leaves of which grow on only one side of the stem. There is even a hamlet where women rule the households — which, for Japan, is saying a great deal.

From the scenic point of view, the *togé* of Central Hondo are a revelation. Travellers who, after “doing” the beaten tracks, assert that there

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are "not many wide views in Japan" ¹ should climb a few of these mountain gateways. Such closer acquaintance with the interior would serve also to dispose of the generally accepted belief that Japan is a land of "lofty summits separated by low passes." The theory is that the latter rest on the foundation rocks of the original uplands, on which the peaks "have been piled by volcanic action." ² The corollary of this proposition would be that all the mountain peaks are volcanic—which, of course, they are not. One of the Central Hondo passes—Shiojiri—is certainly low; but this is simply due to the fact that it lies in the track of the Fossa Magna. Once upon a time it was, without a doubt, several thousand feet higher than it is now. This, however, is one of the exceptions which prove the rule. The principal pass leading out of the Nikko mountains westward is the Konsei-toge, so named after the god whose shrine marks the summit. Its elevation is 6,000 feet, as compared with 8,000 feet of the range over which it leads. The famous Ten-Province Pass, over the broad ridge which connects the Hakoné mountains with the highlands of Izu, is almost as high as the mountains themselves. The Usui-toge—magnificent in the days when it was crossed in a *kago* instead of a cog-rail train—is only some 1,500

¹ Cf. *Letters from the Far East* (Sir C. Eliot), p. 131.

² *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "Japan," vol. xv.

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feet below the peak from which it is named. North of this the grand Shibu-toge reaches 7,000 feet, or only a few feet below the peak on its north side, while the volcano of Shirane-san, to the south, is of the same height as the pass. Several of the Hida mountain passes, where granite peaks alternate with volcanoes, exceed 7,000 feet. In the same region we find the Harinoki-toge (Alder-tree Pass), first crossed by Sir E. Satow in '87. This is the loftiest of Japan's passes, with a height of 8,250 feet. Since the opening of the Western railway this route has been neglected. Landslides and fallen rocks have played havoc with the path, which, to all save skilled and active mountaineers, is dangerous, if not impassable.

In the heart of the Kuwanto (Nikko) mountains is a scene with an impressiveness all its own. The difference in level between Lake Chuzenji and the village of Nikko is nearly 2,000 feet, over a distance, as the crow flies, of only six miles. By far the greater part of this fall occurs immediately on leaving the lake, so that the road from Nikko has to be carried up an almost precipitous but densely wooded slope in a series of zigzags, which suffer severely after heavy rain. Down this precipitous scarp the Daiyagawa, with the outflow of two considerable lakes behind it, flings itself in one sheer fall, followed by a series of rapids and

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cascades. It is difficult to realize, as one stands on the fenced edge of the precipice opposite, solicited by a *nesan* from the adjoining tea-house to participate of the inevitable green tea, that one is looking into an ancient crater over whose further lip the river incontinently leaps. The crater is parasitic to the volcano Nantaisan, on whose flank it lies. Apparently the formation of the cone, by blocking the valley of the Daiyagawa, led to the formation of the lake. The remarkable depth of the lake at its lower end confirms this view. Soon there came a time when, by its own rising or through subsidence of the cone, the water reached the summit-level. Pouring perhaps into a vent not quite extinct, it produced an explosion which breached the crater and made a new outlet for the pent-up waters. The level strip of woodland between the lake and the waterfall has since been formed by lava and debris flows from Nantaisan itself.

The perpendicular drop of the cascade is 250 feet. Its full grandeur—and after the summer rains the volume is considerable—can only be appreciated by descending to a point almost on a level with the basaltic basin which receives it. The path is steep and tortuous; and a notice peremptorily forbids “old persons, young persons, and persons who have had too much *saké*” to descend. Of late years the police have been compelled to pay more attention to

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the other end of the chasm, which seems to have come into favour (especially among students from Tokyo) as a place of suicide.

Sublimity is the keynote of the volcanic landscape. Even when Nature has veiled with decent green the desolation wrought by subterranean force, the resulting scene retains the stamp of its origin. Such a view, for example, as that of Lake Onuma from the south contains more than meets the eye. The lake is not deep; many low inlets dot its surface and dainty copses line its shores. But what is more remarkable, stumps of trees project in places above its placid surface, and there are many others just below, which time has not yet succeeded in sweeping away. The lake, in short, is new; and there, at its northern end, sweeping skywards in magnificent curves, culminating on the western side in a spearlike pinnacle, 600 feet high, is the mountain that made it. Similarly, there is something more than beauty in the vision that greets the traveller who has struggled up the densely wooded flank of Nishi-Kirishima, in the extreme south of the Empire. One does not expect to find lakes perched on mountain-tops 5,000 feet above the sea, but here is a still, deep expanse of blue water, three-quarters of a mile in width, and circular—a mirror framed, as it were, in deep and wooded cliffs, whose columnar structure, topping the fringe of pines, tells the tale of its origin.



TOYA-KO AND THE NEW CONES OF USUDAKÉ.

Six craters were opened, in the eruption of 1190, along the margin of the lake.



SOLFATARAS ON AZUMAYAMA, NORTHERN JAPAN.

Eighty sulphur-diggers were here overwhelmed, in 1900, by a sudden eruption of the crater above.



FUJI FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Showing the "hump," or lateral crater, of Hoizan, formed in 1707. The lower course of the Fujikawa occupies the middle distance.

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Thanks to the nearness of volcanic highlands, at least four stretches of the Japanese seaboard combine grandeur with sublimity. The coast about Toyama Bay, in the west, strongly recalls that of North Devon from Lynton to Heddon's Mouth. With greater luxuriance, it is wilder and much less accessible—no considerate local authority has hewn a cliff-path midway along the heights! The *Oya-shirazu* promontory, its most striking feature, forms a fitting finale to the great Hida range, which here descends to the sea. Towering granite precipices, rising from densely wooded hills, make so awe-inspiring a scene that (as its name implies) remembrance even of wife and children is, in vision of it, impossible. In the background the mighty 10,000-foot cone of Tateyama, with "hells" about its base, dominates the land for miles around.

On the Pacific side two stretches of coast claim distinction as "the Riviera of Japan." Of these, the eastern septum of the Izu highland, in the neighbourhood of Atami, is the bolder and more rugged. South of that sequestered spot, in whose sheltered chimes the orange and the myrtle grow, stern cliffs of andesite, 1,000 feet high, now red, now black, confront a sea as wild and stormy as that which breaks upon the Bolerium of Old England. The other Riviera, in north-east Kyushu, fringes the more peaceful

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waters of the Inland Sea. Amid greener tones and softer lines the Bungo Fuji rises to give the volcanic touch.

Taken all round, the eastern coast of Hondo, north of Sendai Bay, is unsurpassed for grandeur. The longitudinal Kitakami range, a schist upfold 5,000 to 6,000 feet high, sends numerous spurs transversely to the coast. In the fiord-like openings thus created extensive granite intrusions and lava-flows have been laid bare. Jagged headlands thus alternate with coves and creeks framed in magnificent cliffs. For fully 100 miles this iron-bound coast fronts on the Tuscarora Deep, between which and the Japanese islands a nexus of submarine volcanoes lies. Sudden and disastrous "earthquake waves" from time to time sweep up the fiords and reduce to driftwood the little ports which nestle there. The great waves of 1896 was responsible for the loss of thirty thousand lives.

There is a stream of whose "soft perennial flow" the late Emperor was wont to sing, as symbolizing the unbroken succession of the Imperial line.¹ As a rule, it is not safe in Japan to write of brooks that "go on for ever." Streams, sometimes of substantial dignity, have been rudely turned aside, or stopped in their

¹ The Isuzu, which flows by the Imperial shrines of Isé, and which has never, in the hottest summer, been known to run dry.

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course and transformed, in a twinkling, into placid lakes. Nor are these things confined to the geological past. In the awe-inspiring prospect visible from the shattered summit of Bandaisan, when the spectator can tear himself from the fascination of the fearsome spectacle immediately beneath him, he will not fail to notice scores of tarns in the folds of the ruined valley—great and small gleaming together in the light of the declining sun. These are Japan's youngest lakes, made by the great eruption of 1888. The largest of them, which seems to have been born with a wonderfully developed coastline, measures 8 miles by 2. But admirable beyond words is the persistence of that river! Nothing daunted by the immensity of the barrier which had been flung across its path, it immediately addressed itself to the task of carving its way through the obstructing wilderness. And with such success, that its new bed now lies, in places, 200 feet below the surface of the devastated area.

CHAPTER VII

FUJI'S LIFE AND LORE

A matter of curves—and of similitudes—Legendary origins of Fuji—The mountain's miraculous properties—The story of Jofuku—Ceremonial for climbers—Fuji's foundations—A self-made mountain—Past history—The wound of 1707—An ascent of Fuji—Snow and lava—The crater—Rest-hut No. 10—Sunrise from the summit

LAFCADIO HEARN once likened the form of Fuji to that of a lotus-bud, and the simile has often been quoted with approval. Now the curves of a lotus-bud are anticlinal, or convex, and to assert the same of a volcano so normal and unmarred as Fuji is to fly in the face of theory as well as fact. If the slopes of the great cone really resembled those of a lotus-bud, they would be steeper towards the bottom than towards the top. As every one who has climbed the mountain knows to his cost, the reverse is the case. The authority who depicted the curve of Fujiyama as that of "an inverted catenary"—also a convex curve—cannot even plead the excuse that he was led astray by a pretty conceit. The

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intentions of these appraisers are good. Like Balaam they set out to bless, but the results of their efforts are not happy. For they rob Fuji of that glorious shapeliness of youth which is the secret of its beauty, and give it, instead, the semblance of broken, denuded age. The most beautiful thing about the most beautiful mountain in the world is its form. And that is just what the form of a young, well-developed volcano should be ; it is the perfection of normality.

Long before Lafcadio Hearn sought to wrap his adopted land in the glamour of his wizardry the lotus had been enlisted to aid the popular conception of Fuji's form. A twelfth-century writer likens the eight peaks of its summit to the eight petals of the lotus-flower, and remarks that from whatever direction the mountain is viewed, three of these peaks appear. More homely parallels are nowadays the rule. Thus the sacred mountain is frequently likened to a heap of rice ; or, again, to an inverted fan. From the structural point of view there is much to commend the first. *Fuji is a heap*, and were its component parts so smooth and even in texture as grains of rice, it might to this day be as "squat" as a heap of the favourite Japanese cereal, as flat as Mauna Loa itself. However, there is quite enough of massive framework within those graceful lines to support the steep acclivities of the summit. Professor Milne esti-

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mates the strength of the cone as equal to that of a pile of rubble and greater than that of solid masonry. Certainly, the fact that for many hundreds of years it has successfully resisted all tendencies to subsidence speaks volumes in its favour. The inverted fan simile of course ignores the glorious synclinal curves, but, in its justification, the fact may be admitted that from many points of view the sides of the cone for some distance downwards from the summit make outlines that are almost, if not perfectly, straight. Perhaps the simplest of all similes was that of the prehistoric wanderer from Korea, who, when first the vision of the mountain burst upon him—it was then, tradition says, new born—hailed it as “heaven.”

Legend has been busy with the origin of Fujisan. According to one of the old records, the mountain rose steaming out of the sea. According to others it descended from the sky, a gift of the gods to their favoured land. At the time of its descent neither sun nor moon showed its light and the very clouds stood still. This legendary Fuji, too, was of heroic proportions. It was of all earthly mountains the most lofty, rising to the verge of heaven. Impenetrable gloom enwrapped its peak, where deities innumerable disported themselves. Its height was “immeasurable,” the circumference of its base extended for thousands of *ri*, and to accomplish

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the circuit thereof took "countless days." Nor were these colossal dimensions regarded as incompatible with the oft-repeated story of its creation in a single night through the instrumentality of a great earthquake. By this means a huge depression was formed in Omi Province, 150 miles away, which in its turn was immediately made into a lordly lake. By some mysterious agency, says one writer, the earth of which Fuji consists was removed from the site of that lake (Biwa) in great baskets, the droppings from which, by the way, gave rise to sundry lesser hills resembling in form their great original. Tradition even assigns to this event a specific date—294 B.C., according to some, 286 B.C., according to others—in the reign of Emperor Korei. Later writers find fault with this theory on the score of the difficulties of transportation, and one of these authorities asserts that "the first Fuji" was a mountain 1,000 feet high, looking like "a pile of hardened sulphur overhung with mist."

These reports of the origin of the great volcano doubtless refer to some unusually violent eruption, accompanied, quite conceivably, by an earthquake whose tremors extended as far as the Biwa region. We know that in quite recent times Monte Nuova, near Naples, 440 feet high, was the product of a single eruption. It is not, therefore, beyond the range of possibility that the

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first Fuji was reared to twice that height in the course of the outburst referred to. Unfortunately for the credibility of his story, the same writer who gives the first Fuji a height of 1,000 feet gives it a base as great as it has at the present day. On the other hand, if we accept the latter as correct, it means that three hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era the dimensions of the great volcano were substantially the same as they are now.

Among many miraculous properties ascribed to the mountain is the existence of springs on its surface, the waters of which maintain their perennial character by ascending during the night to the place whence they flowed by day. A similar property is attributed to the "sand" on the mountain-side, which, carried downwards in the daytime by the tread of pilgrims' feet, returns by night whence it came, thus maintaining the mountain's perfection of form. Of course, to dream of Fuji, especially at New Year, is the best of luck for you and yours. It is also said that the last vestige of the snow which collects on the mountain's top does not melt till the full moon of the ninth month, and that on the same night snow falls afresh. Harmonious sounds are said to proceed ceaselessly from the mountain—ministrations, of course, of the good spirits who possess it; and from the "Cave of the Womb" on the north-eastern flank, with its "umbilical cord"



FUJI, FROM LAKE MOTOSU.

The parasitic cone in the left middle distance is Maruyama ("round mountain").

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(a stalactite) and rocks shaped like a woman's breasts, the god Asama is said to have been born.

An ancient chronicler tells the story of the ingenious way in which one Jofuku of Shin evaded the commands of his sovereign Shoko, King of Korea. Ordered by that potentate to put to sea in search of the "Elixir of Life," the courtier sailed far and wide, but to no purpose. On his return, fearing the wrath of his king, he fell back upon the resources of his native wit. He had met, he said, the God of the Ocean, who, after some demur, led him to "the Empyrean Mountain, a solitary peak of great beauty." There, in a vast palace presided over by a dignitary of celestial men, the secret of the Elixir was preserved. "But," declared the Ocean God, "unless you bring hither young nobles and fair women, as also workmen skilled in all the arts, none may be yours."

On hearing this, Shoko the King was glad, and made haste to collect the flower of his nobility and the fairest women in the land, together with his best artisans, to the number in all of three thousand souls. All these were sent, in a great fleet of ships under Jofuku's charge, to the land of the Empyrean Mount. They never came back. Their new surroundings seem to have appealed to them too strongly. As for their leader, he entered one of the caves at the foot of the mountain and was seen no more.

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Thus romantically wrapped up, we have doubtless the narrative of one of the several extensive migrations from the continent to the Eastern Islands which took place in early days. That these old traditions persist to modern times is suggested by the rules till recently enforced on those who ascended the mountain. Intending worshippers at the shrine which, ever since its foundation by the Emperor Korei in 808 A.D., has been maintained at its summit, are expected to undergo purification for one hundred days, but this period is reduced to seven in the case of the men of Omi Province, where (according to the story) the mountain had its birth.

A document given by the priests at this shrine to pilgrims successfully accomplishing the ascent contains the assertion that Fuji is the "source" of every mountain on the face of the earth, and that nothing in the sun or moon can compare with it in grandeur. Nowhere in Japanese literature, so far as is known, does the suggestion occur, which one foreign writer has conveyed in verse, that the creation of Fuji preceded that of the islands of Japan.

Fuji is essentially a self-made mountain—a mountain of accumulation, the geographer would call it. Not a particle of that vast, cone-shaped heap but has been shot from the funnel which now forms its core. Scorix and lava, lava and scorix—so the great heap rises to its ragged,

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black-red crest. True, for ten months out of the twelve a mantle of snow—reduced to streaks in the heat of summer—covers all the upper half of the mountain and spreads over its desolated sides a veil of peace. But to the twenty thousand toiling pilgrims who from July to September trudge upwards through the yielding ash, the snow-beds are but a pleasant signal that half their work is done. Underneath and all around are upheaved rocks, volcanic dust and ashes, the outpourings of centuries.

The pedestal of Fuji is granite. Ranges of eruptive rock, 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, and deeply overlaid with the volcano's outpourings, encircle it on the east, the west, and the north. As the valley on the last-mentioned side lies 3,000 feet, and the village of Gotemba on the east side 1,500 feet, above sea-level, it is evident that the great volcano has built itself up on a slope dipping evenly southwards and seawards. Only on this side is the full curve of the mountain developed. Here the cone descends with unbroken regular sweep from its summit-crater to the sea. The distance from the crest of the mountain to its base on this side is 15 miles in a straight line. Midway, the "angle of rest" is 20° , and, near the summit, 35° . The average width of the base of the cone may be put at 21 miles, of its apex at half a mile. If Fuji were truncated at a height of 2,000 feet—the height

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of the largest crater-ring in the world, that of Asosan—its dimensions of 16 miles by 14 would still retain for it the supremacy. Its height has been variously computed. The lowest estimate put forward is 10,712 ft. ; the highest, 14,175. However, the vast majority of the computations have ranged within a few hundred feet of 12,000, and the Japanese Geological Survey's estimate of 12,395 is commonly accepted as correct. Some good folk with a taste for mnemonics make the figure 12,365—to tally with the number of months and days in the year. In the course of time they will be right, for, like all volcanic cones, Fuji is subject to gradual diminution of height as the result of subsidence.

No summit eruption of Fujiyama has been recorded for at least 250 years. To this circumstance we owe in large measure that increased curvature of the sides of the cone which adds so much to its beauty. For the last 3,000 or 4,000 feet of its height, the lighter materials have for the most part been removed and the underlying lava-flows and dykes laid bare. In 1707, however, the mountain broke out with remarkable violence at a point on its south-eastern flank, then overgrown with forest, at a height of nearly 9,000 feet above the sea. The eruption was of the explosive type, without exudation of lava. Ashes and lapilli, which accumulated to a depth of 12 feet on the shores of Suruga Gulf and

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6 inches in the streets of Yedo, 70 miles away, were the chief products of the outburst. A deep hollow was formed, not of strictly crateral shape, whose outer lip, the "hump" of Hoeizan, destroys on that side the symmetry of the mountain. Steam still issues at times, though in insignificant quantities, from a point on the lip of the summit-crater on the east side. The heat thus indicated is purely local. Neither the summit-crater nor the outer sides of the cone above 10,000 feet are ever entirely clear of snow.

Fifteen eruptions of Fuji have been recorded since the beginning of the Christian era. The closing years of the eighth century and the opening years of the ninth marked a period of great activity, four great outbursts taking place between 781 and 802 A.D. In 937 another memorable display of energy was chronicled. Old writers describe the mountain as "burning from head to foot." Probably about this time small vents were opened far down the mountain side, resulting in the formation of the parasitic cones, Ko-Fuji, "Little Fuji," and Maruyama, "round mountain." An eruption in 1086 is said to have been accompanied by severe earthquakes which led to the fracturing of the cone for several thousand feet. Then followed a long interval of quiescence, of 550 years' duration, broken only by a slight outburst in 1331. The last two eruptions took place in 1627 and 1707 respec-

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tively. The mountain is said to have been violently shaken by "earthquakes" and its cone fractured as recently as 1854, but on this point the authorities do not agree.

Fujiyama is a standing example of the truth that great height is unfavourable to continuance of activity. The fact that the last eruption on record (1707) resulted in the formation of a parasitic cone nearly 5,000 feet below the summit is only further confirmation of the same principle. As the presence of Hoeizan on the flank of the great volcano may be taken as indicating a decline of its energy, a summit eruption of Fuji may be ruled out of the sphere of probabilities; but the volcano's perfection of form is still liable to be affected by lateral outbursts or by subsidence of the upper part of the cone. Some still distant age may see Fujiyama in form a greater Takachiho, its summit-crater denuded into a sharp peak, with such a huge lateral crater on its flank as that which now gives distinction to the terminal peak of the Kirishima range. Thanks to the strength of the cone and of its foundations, such a catastrophe as would finally destroy the beauty of its logarithmic curves will be the longer delayed, but even a Fujiyama is not for ever proof against the levelling forces of Nature.

The season for worshipping at the shrine of Sengen, on the rim of Fuji's crater, is strictly

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limited—mid-July to mid-September. To present oneself at the summit at any other time is to be lacking in respect towards the deity, who will certainly show disapproval by storms of wind or rain or snow. Such, at any rate, is the popular belief, which has not been shaken by the misfortunes which have attended such attempts. Mr. Weston tells how, in essaying the ascent in May, 1892, his party were caught in a snowstorm near the seventh station and there compelled to take refuge for three days. They were given up for lost, and on descending enjoyed the rare experience of reading their own obituary notices in the Japanese papers. In the autumn of 1895 Mr. Nonaka, an intrepid meteorologist, accompanied by his wife, took up his abode at the summit with the intention of spending the winter there. After three months a relief party, organized by friends, went to the rescue. It was just in time. The scientist and his wife had to be carried down the mountain in a state of collapse.

This is not to say that winter ascents of Fuji are impossible. It is all a matter of luck in weather. Given freedom from snowstorms, there is no great difficulty for climbers accustomed to snow work. In January, 1909, a mixed party of foreigners and Japanese addressed themselves to the task. On the first attempt they were driven back by a blizzard, encountered at about

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10,000 feet. Returning to the attack a few days later, they were favoured with clear weather, and reached the summit in good time.

“He who does not go up Fuji once is a fool,” says a Japanese saw, “but not so big a fool as he who goes up twice.” There is a certain amount of truth in the saying, but it fails to make due allowance for the conditions prevailing at the summit. Personally, I have escaped the ban of the first part of the proverb, but if (like many who have won their way to the summit) I had seen nothing, I should certainly have gone up twice. Nothing can compensate the climber for his pains save the view from the summit. If he misses that, he will indeed be dumb before the superior person (not addicted to the evil practice of climbing), who asserts that “the only way to *really* see Fuji is to walk (or be carried) round its base.”

Having accomplished both, I shall not be accused of partiality when I say that, while the circumventing of the great volcano is a thoroughly delightful trip, the achievement of its ascent under favourable conditions will always rank as one of the experiences of a lifetime.

Gotemba, the little railway town whence the ascent of Fuji is usually made, has an inn in Japanese style — the Fuji-ya — where guides, horses, etc., may be procured. Most travellers make this the stopping-place for the night and

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follow the example of the patriarchs of old by rising "a great while before day." Even then, it must not be forgotten that from Gotemba to Tarobo, where the horses are left and the actual climbing begins, is a good 10 miles—only the last two of which can be said to be in any degree interesting. The course pursued in preference by myself and a friend was to push on overnight to the foot of the mountain. It is at this point that one begins to realize that the ascent of Fuji is not all beer and skittles. The horses are broken-down hacks, whose sole ambition is to walk at a pace not exceeding 4 miles an hour, and to stop for refreshment at every wayside hut. The saddles are of prehistoric date and quaint construction. The guide is frequently behind instead of in front, and, like the horse, is not averse to stoppages. However, a soul which is resolved to rise above difficulties, and is not possessed by a consuming desire for haste, would make light of these minor tribulations. Indeed, a fine calm evening and a full moon may go far towards making this stage of the journey something approaching to pleasant, as your horse crunches methodically along the gently rising cinder-path and finally plunges into the belt of forest, which on this side skirts the mountain up to 5,000 feet. But when it comes to the time of night, and, in lieu of a bed, one has to envelop oneself in the same unwashed *futon* which has

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warmed the bodies of countless Japanese pilgrims, in all probability since the last eruption of Fuji, and when, in the hours of darkness, one has to wrestle with numerous diminutive and aggressive foes already in possession of the afore-said *futon*—well, let us draw a veil over that experience. Suffice it to say that, whether the traveller be by practice an early riser or not, it is with unmixed delight that he hails the first signs of dawn and calls aloud for *mizu* wherewith to wash and refresh himself after the conflict.

It is at the time of sunrise and sunset that the best views of Fuji are usually to be obtained. The chances are that as the traveller emerges from the hut at Tarobo (the first of the ten stations into which the ascent is divided) he will be rewarded with a magnificent view of the stately pile he has to negotiate. The first beams of the sun light up the tree-tops of the forest-belt he has traversed, the seams of the great cone before him, the streaks of snow which mark its upper surface, and the jagged edges of the crater. Poor, indeed, is the soul of the man whom this sight does not inspire to push on without delay and persevere to the end. A hasty meal is taken, and a staff purchased for ten *sen*, to be duly stamped on reaching the summit, as unimpeachable evidence of having accomplished the feat, the coolie straps your goods and chattels on to his back, and the start is made.

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The rest-huts now become a prominent feature of the journey. Rude structures they are, of stone, built into the side of the mountain at intervals of 700 to 800 feet. Within, crouching on the matting which barely covers the floor of boards spread loosely over the cinders, one may add the delicacies of rice, eggs, and Japanese tea to one's stock of provisions. The usefulness of these huts, in spite of the flea-ridden *futon*, is beyond dispute. He would be a man of super-human strength and endurance who could accomplish the ascent without having recourse to one or more of them. In stress of weather they are, of course, indispensable. There are other huts besides the "ten stations," as the traveller soon finds out. It is rather trying to his patience when, as he is congratulating himself on approaching No. 3, he is informed by the guide that it is only No. $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$. These intervening stations, however, disappear towards the top.

At 8,500 feet the lava crops out in long, black slaggy ridges. Under their shelter lies the snow which forms the "streaks" distinguishable from afar, and which, presumably, have inspired young lady-poets to sing of Fuji's "bridal veil." On passing the seventh station, at a height of about 10,000 feet, the effects of the rarefied air begin to be felt. The traveller has perforce to slacken pace and rest more frequently. Many at this point have been overtaken by mountain sickness,

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and have been compelled to turn back. As a rule, the mists which usually envelop the waist of the mountain are now left behind, and the climber, at last "above the clouds," can look down upon a mighty sea of billowy, vaporous forms. The last 2,000 feet, apart from the increased difficulty of breathing, are most exhausting, and one cannot but feel sorry for the pilgrims if (as one enthusiastic scribe asseverates) they really "pray all the way up." The climbing, now on the cone itself, is perceptibly steeper. Ashes and lapilli give place to jagged blocks of lava and erupted bombs. Fresh *waraji* have constantly to be strapped on to the feet, on which the severe exertion over a rough surface begins to tell. Ere long there comes a steeper pull than ever, amidst and over confused heaps of rocks of ever-increasing size; the air above and around seems to clear; the guide laconically exclaims "*Ju-ban*" (No. 10), and the top is won. The traveller stands, gasping but delighted, on the rim of the crater. A considerate priest hands him a cup of ice-cold water; his staff is taken to be duly stamped, and he has time to survey the scene.

And what a scene it is! A vast abyss one-third of a mile in width and 500 feet in depth, whose scarred and fire-rent sides sink sharply into a chaos of boulders red and black, yawns at his very feet. Here the walls of that



FUJI, FROM SHOJI LAKE.



PILGRIM-CLIMBERS ON FUJI.



THE SUMMIT-CRATER OF FUJI.

The peak in the right distance is Kengamine, the highest point of the mountain.

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once unapproachable vent are perpendicular cliffs of a fierce red hue, there a snow-slope; here a talus of fallen stones and cinders, there a precipice of "abrupt and perilous rocks." Across the chasm from the east, the crater-wall rises to its highest in the peak of Kengamine, on the west. Betwixt the two, from out that sealed gulf, not many generations since, what clouds of smoke, what floods of molten rock, what streams of living embers have not flowed? Such are the thoughts which instinctively inspire the traveller's mind as he gazes around him on the silent, but sacred, waste.

It is usually possible to descend into the crater—by the talus slope before referred to. The abnormal amount of snow which still remained, however, prohibited the attempt. We established ourselves in No. 10, and after completing the circuit of the crater, were glad to seek shelter from the violent and bitterly cold wind which swept across the summit. At nightfall, while the good folk in Yokohama were sweltering with the thermometer at 86°, we were shivering inside rugs and ancient *futon* with the temperature below freezing-point and a wind that threatened to blow No. 10 into the crater.

The next event of which we had any distinct recollection was the sunrise. At 3 a.m. there was a general exit to view the unwonted spectacle. We saw the sun rise. We did not see it

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rise over the land. We saw it rise over a vast rampart of massed clouds which walled the summit in on all sides round. We might have been on an island in space, and yon red orb some distant star—some other sun than ours. The impression of isolation was supreme. But our friends the pilgrims were not thus occupied. As the grey battlements below us flushed red, and yet more red, and finally the God of Day rose above them, our devout neighbours muttered prayers.¹ Soon it was all over. The band of watchers had seen a great sight: they had seen sunrise on Fuji. Every one hurried back to the hut—some to sleep, some to eat, some to descend.

This last operation we undertook at 7 a.m. Of the various routes we chose the most direct—that on the east or Subashiri side—and with liberal resort to the glissade made short work of it. Half-way down the rain came on, but we recked not. Horses helped us through the forest-belt at a respectable pace, and at noon, with a sense of satisfaction at the successful accomplishment of our journey, we were soaking in that thrice-blessed of Japanese institutions, a hot sulphur-bath.

¹ The service at sunrise includes the *Rokkon Shōjo* (Ritual of the Six Senses: sight, hearing, tasting, smelling, loving, feeling) and the *Kuji-go Shimpō* (Exorcism of the Nine Strokes—five horizontal, four vertical—symbolizing the offensive and defensive attitude of the faithful towards the powers of evil).

CHAPTER VIII

CRATERS, ALIVE AND DEAD

The old records—Volcanoes an object of veneration—
Volcanoes and the supernatural—Activity in the past
—Number of “independent” cones—Distribution of
the vents—Variety of types—Uncommon formations—
Recent activity

THE most ancient record of a volcanic eruption in Japan is to be found in the *Hirakiki Jinga Engi* (Record of the Hirakiki Temple in the Province of Satsuma, Southern Kyushu). According to this, the volcano of Hirakiki, now known as Kaimondake—one of the most beautiful of Japan's many beautiful cones—was created in the reign of the Emperor Itoku in a single night. The modern historian is wont to look askance at Japanese chronology prior to the Christian era ; but, assuming it to have some basis in fact, the “Satsuma Fuji,” as it is called, was “created” about 500 B.C. It has therefore the advantage of some two hundred years in age over its greater namesake in Eastern

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Japan, to which tradition ascribes an equally sudden and miraculous birth in the year 286 B.C. However, the geologist, who is no respecter of traditions, has little difficulty in showing that both the 3,000-foot Fuji of Satsuma and the 12,000-foot Fuji of Suruga are among the youngest of Japanese volcanoes, and that, even so, they are vastly older than the records make them.

The subsequent behaviour of these and other volcanoes, and their effect upon the country and its inhabitants from the Emperor downwards, are set forth with greater wealth of detail in chronicles dating from the sixth century A.D. Thus, it is written of the Satsuma volcano that "the Hirakiki god was promoted in rank" on several occasions during the ninth century, when "thunder roared from the top of the mountain, flames were thrown up, and smoke filled the heavens"; when "ashes fell like rain, day was turned into night," and farmers living near the mountain "lost their spirits by fright." These untoward incidents were noticed to take place "when the god was angry." Wherefore, by way of propitiation, governors "cleaned their bodies," priests "read the sacred books and presented offerings of *nusa* (cut paper) to the offended deity." Perhaps no more remarkable proof of the veneration in which volcanoes and their associated gods were held could be supplied than

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by the proclamation of the Emperor Tencho in the third month of the second year of his reign,¹ when the sacred pond on Asosan was reported to be drying up:—

“The wondrous pond in the district of Aso was never known to change the amount of its water, even in the time of drought or during rainy weather. Now, however, it has dried up about forty *jo*² without any cause. *Thinking about my faults in the government of the country, I am greatly afraid and have repented.* Now I hope to govern the people with the same kind treatment which my predecessors practised in olden times, and thus to escape the misfortunes of famine, plague, and drought. Order the priests at each Buddhist temple and at each of the Shinto shrines to pray for the happiness of the people. Show kindness to the poor, to widows, widowers, orphans, and all old persons. Do not confound the innocent with the guilty. Lay before every one my intentions.”

In comparatively recent times (1826) the temple at the base of this cone was destroyed, but no time was lost in rebuilding it. Four years later, when the mountain “continued to roar and shake and to blow up fire and stones, so that all the villages to the south had bad harvests,” the Government frequently ordered the priests of Aso “to pray for quiet.”

Superstition bulks largely in these quaint chronicles. Many of the eruptions are associated with national calamities and deliverances,

¹ 825 A.D.

² 1 *jo* = 10 feet, approximately.

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invasions, deaths of Emperors, etc. As typical of the appeals to the supernatural which characterized in those days the Japanese treatment of volcanic phenomena the following extracts will serve :—

“On the 26th day of the 12th month of the 1st year of Rekinin,¹ about 30 snakes appeared in the miraculous pond on Mount Aso, and black smoke was sent up and many stones fell down. *In the next year the Emperor Gotoba died.*”

“In the 7th month of the 4th year of Koan,² when the Mongolians came to attack us, a blue dragon appeared in the sea of Takashima³ and a divine wind destroyed them. On the day of the destruction of the Mongolian ships, the pond on Mount Aso roared and two warships appeared in it.”

Of the five peaks surrounding this pond, the most rugged and difficult of ascent is Neko-dake (“Cat Peak”), so called, according to the writer of the *Aso-san-jo reihen-ki*, because

“the king of cats lived there, and on the last day of every month all the cats in the district congregate there”—

an allusion to the belief, common in Japan from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, that the cat was an animal of darkness, in league with the powers of the lower world, and capable of changing a corpse into a terrible demon. At the present day the main approach to every Japanese volcano is marked by a *torii*, or Shinto

¹ *Circum* 1239 A.D. ² 1281 A.D. ³ Off Nagasaki, Kyushu.



VOLCANOES ARE SACRED : TEMPLE AT FOOT
OF DAISEN, WESTERN JAPAN.



TORII MARKING APPROACH TO ESAN VOLCANO, HOKKAIDO.

Beyond this point, in former times, women were not allowed to pass.

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gateway, indicating holy ground ; and, until well on in the Meiji era, the rule forbidding women to proceed beyond it was rigidly enforced. Travellers desirous of ascending the Bungo Fuji, in Kyushu, will find difficulty in obtaining native assistance, for the belief prevails locally that the ascent of the mountain provokes a tempest.

Written records apart, there is ample evidence in the visible products of volcanic action that the islands of Japan have been in the past the scene of eruptive outbursts on an enormous scale. Such cataclysms as those which produced the rings of the "telescope mountain," Ganjusan, in Northern Japan, or the mighty *caldera* of Asosan, in the South, deserve to rank with any the traces of which may still be seen on the face of this planet. Even during the historical period eruptions have taken place which might be classed as world-events. Most notable were those which signalized the close of the eighteenth century—a time of marked volcanic activity in various parts of the world. Thus the eruption, in 1779, of Sakurajima, the island-volcano which rises so grandly out of the deep waters of Kagoshima Bay, was of such a nature that people could walk from the mainland to the island, a distance of 8 to 10 miles, on the floating pumice ejected from its crater. In 1783 the eruption of Asama, contemporaneous with that of Hecla, in Iceland, dealt destruction over an immense

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area ; and, nine years later, the blowing out of the east side of the wooded cone of Unzen, near Nagasaki, caused the death of 27,000 people. Still more recently the outburst on Bandaisan, in 1888, when one of the peaks of that mountain was suddenly hurled from a height of 6,000 feet into the valley below, will always remain one of the most terrible manifestations of subterranean violence.

What is the number of the Japanese volcanoes? To answer is not easy. First, one must distinguish between the primary or independent cones and the many secondary or parasitic—a far from simple task. Next arises the question whether a mountain formed of volcanic rock should be regarded as an independent volcano or not. Finally, there is the difficulty brought about by denudation. To what extent should the rounded hill, deprived of its crater, the “basal wreck,” and the “neck” or “stump” be included in the list? Japanese geological maps show as many as 165 “independent volcanoes.” Professor Milne, in a careful enumeration made in 1886, arrived at the figure 129. This includes some twenty undescribed and, in some cases, unnamed cones, as well as eight or ten islands of volcanic origin which have neither craters nor issuing steam ; while an additional nine are classified as “volcanic nuclei.” If, on the other hand,

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one followed the principle of counting *craters*, these figures would need to be increased three-fold ; while, if every " neck " were included, the total would run into thousands.

Nor is the task of deciding the number of the *active* volcanoes any less difficult. Is a volcano to be regarded as active which has no remaining sign of that condition but a collection of solfataras and boiling springs at its base? Fujiyama has known no eruption for two hundred years, and there is nothing on the whole surface of the great cone which merits the name of a fumarole ; but, at times, a little steam issues from the outer rim of its crater. Are we, therefore, to account Fuji an active volcano? Again, the records of Japanese vulcanicity make us hesitate to describe any volcano as extinct. Cases have been known of volcanoes which had been silent for hundreds of years, and even of mountains whose origin was in dispute, breaking out suddenly and destructively. Finally, the number of volcanoes recognized as active is constantly changing. Cones which a few years ago merited inclusion in the active list no longer lend themselves to such classification ; while others, apparently extinct, have assumed the active state. However, with due allowance for these difficulties, it would not be wide of the mark to say that the Japanese islands support about forty active volcanoes—including a dozen or so in the

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Kuriles, and regarding as such only those which display activity at their main, or summit, craters.

Japan's volcanic mountains, alive and dead, are arranged, not in a haphazard fashion, but along certain well-defined "lines of weakness" in the earth's crust. Two of these have a common starting-point in the bed of the Pacific, a little to the north of the New Guinea coast. The western, passing by Celebes and the Philippines to Formosa, gives rise, in the Liu-kiu and Satsuma Islands, to the first of the three Japanese anticlinal curves, and terminates in Kyushu. The eastern line of weakness, following the submarine ridges which divide the Nares and Challenger Deeps from the still profounder Tuscarora, encounters the second, or main, Japanese island-curve at its point of maximum convexity. In its oceanic portion this fissure is indicated by the Marianne, Bonin, and Shichi-to Islands—all highly volcanic. On reaching the mainland it merges with the vast fracture known as the Fossa Magna, or Great Transverse Fault, which strikes almost at right angles across Central Japan. The third insular curve—the Chishima ("Thousand") or Kurile Islands—with numerous but less ancient vents, serve to link up the Northern Hondo zone with that of Kamchatka. At three points, therefore, converging "lines of weakness" impinge upon the main Japanese arc—(1) Southern Kyushu, (2) East-Central Hondo, (3) South-



Kurile Zone.

- Cha-cha-nobori (7,900)
- * Shiribeshi (6,500)
- * Tarumai (3,500)
- Noboribetsu (1,000)
- * Usudake (2,800)

North Hondo Zone.

- * Komagatake (3,800)
- * Esan (2,000)
- Ganjusan (6,500)
- * Azumayama (6,500)
- * Bandaisan (5,800)
- * Nasuyama (6,300)
- * Shiranesan (8,800)
(Nikko)
- * Asama (8,200)
- * Shiranesan (7,500)
(Kusatsu)

Fuji Zone.

- { Tateyama (9,600)
- * Yakegatake (8,500)
- Ontake (10,600)
- Yatsugatake (8,500)
- Fujiyama (12,400)
- Amagisan (4,800)
- * Osbima (Mihara) (2,500)
- * Miyake-sbima (2,700)

Aso Zone.

- Unzendake (4,800)
- * Asosan (5,200)

Kirishima Zone.

- Nishi Kirishima (5,600)
- * Higashi Kirishima (5,200)
(Takachiho)
- * Sakurajima (3,500)
- Kaimon-dake (3,030)

VOLCANIC ZONES, SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF PRINCIPAL VENTS.

Active Cones ○ Extinct ● Direction of Non-volcanic Ranges <—>

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Central Yezo. Where these converging lines encounter the zones of the main arc the volcanic formations are on the largest scale. Witness, in Kyushu, Asosan, with its enormous Somna ; in Central Hondo, Fuji, and several other volcanic peaks of 10,000 feet ; in Yezo, the imposing Shiribeshisan, and other great cones overlooking Volcano Bay.

In Japan proper the volcanic cones are generally associated with the main mountain ranges. Sometimes, as in the case of the Hakuzan and Chokaisan zones, they have arisen along fissures running parallel therewith. Here and there, however, they have been thrown up along fissures opened transversely from the main line of weakness. In such places the volcanic area has been extended into zones of considerable width, with groups, rather than lines, of cones. It is in these wider zones, especially where they approach the sea or any large body of water, that activity is still displayed. For in Japan, as all over the world, volcanoes are performing their natural function of "terrestrial respiration," giving back to space quantities of steam which, retained, would make disaster. Water is the immediate cause of that condition of a volcano, intermittent and paroxysmal, which we call an eruption. Water is always present in the magma of molten rock, and any marked local increase gives rise to an eruption.

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Similarly, the withdrawal of the water will in most cases put an end to the life of the volcano. Thus it comes that the still active cones in Yezo are those near the sea or near lakes; that Bandaisan and Azumayama and Shiranesan have once again assumed the paroxysmal state; and that the insular or coastal volcanoes of Japan, as a whole, show the most marked activity.

Striking confirmation of this theory is supplied by the chain of events of which the eruption of Bandaisan forms a link. Near the southern base of this mountain lies the large, nearly circular lake of Inawashiro. Like several other of Japan's finest lakes, it owes its formation to subsidence following on the evisceration of vast quantities of material from beneath the surface. The presence of this lake was doubtless the pre-disposing circumstance of the outburst of 1888, its waters having found their way to the incandescent regions below the mountain, with the consequent accumulation of superheated steam in irrepressible quantities. But, as we have seen, the explosion of Bandaisan gave rise to the formation of several lakes in the valley between it and another volcano (Azumayama), also deemed extinct. That was in 1888. Five years later Azumayama broke out in precisely similar fashion on the flank remote from that where the new lakes lay. We thus have what might be called the cycle of volcanic action.

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Eruptions give rise to evisceration ; evisceration to subsidence ; subsidence to the formation of lakes ; the formation of lakes to fresh eruptions, and so on. And the products of these processes are writ large on the Japanese landscape of to-day.

In the matter of dimensions, the principal volcanic peaks on the mainland range from 6,000 to 8,000 feet—though exception must be made in the case of several cones mentioned above. The purely insular volcanoes show a greater variation in height. Most of them range from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, though several in the Kurile chain reach 7,000 feet. Throughout the country the main, or summit, craters show a remarkable uniformity in width. Few are less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, none more than $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile, in their longest diameter. In the disposition and depth of the craters, however, and in the character of their floors, there is enough diversity to render this branch of the subject in itself a fascinating study.

Vulcanologists who have concentrated their attention on the two most observed of volcanic mountains—Vesuvius and Stromboli—are wont to classify all volcanoes by their resemblance to one or other of these. The Vesuvian type of crater has occasional great eruptions, with extrusion of lava—sufficient to overflow in streams. The Stromboli type shows an incessant but purely explosive activity, the result of the bursting of

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a constant succession of steam bubbles ascending through the lava-column. Among the active Japanese volcanoes are not a few which it would be difficult to refer to either class. The type-eruption of recent years in Japan consists of a huge, violent, and sudden explosion, unaccompanied by lava-flow, and succeeded at once by a state of more or less complete repose. In some cases the side of an ancient and apparently extinct cone has been blown away, leaving a great gaping hollow which cannot be called a crater in the true sense. It is worthy of note that in each such case large bodies of water exist in the vicinity. That the accumulated steam which provoked the outburst had been derived from them is, I think, a fair inference. The solid products of these eruptions do not consist of finely divided magma, but of fragments of the mountain itself. Very often these lateral explosions result in the breaching of an ancient crater, the resulting debris forming a vast inclined plane from the summit to the valley below. Bandaisan, Azumayama, Unzen, the Komagatake of Yezo, and Esan all exhibit this neither Vesuvian nor Strombolian type of eruption. Then there is the geyser-like activity of Shiranesan, where the main crater is occupied by a steaming lake, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in diameter. Beneath its agitated waters lies the ancient vent from which a composite cone, 7,000 feet high, has

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been built up, and from which, at irregular intervals, violent explosions still take place. How, too, shall we classify the detonatory explosions of Asama, the ceaseless but non-explosive steaming of Nasu, Takachiho, Sakurajima, and Yakegatake? As for the new vent on Asosan, that seems to require a category of its own. Here we have indeed a crater that is gradually widening itself by means of a mighty lateral blast of ash-laden steam; but though fast sapping the parent crater of its energy, it brings neither lava nor scorix to the formation of a cone.

In consequence of these varied processes the Japanese volcanoes present a remarkable variety of formations. Normality of structure is the exception. Hardly two are alike in shape or arrangement. It is a new experience to be able to walk into a still active crater and survey at short range the central vent of an ancient cone; but this the breaching explosions already mentioned have rendered possible in several cases. To be able to view from a sharp summit-peak the "daily life" of a volcano as pursued with vigour in a big lateral crater is another experience which no one who has been through it is likely to forget. The irregularity of Shiranesan's build has given us the remarkable spectacle of three lakes in a line along the top of a mountain, each in its own crater, surrounded by grey



VOLCANIC STUMP, SAMBONTAKÉ,
ISLES OF IZU.



CRATER-FLOOR OF TAKACHIHO,
KYUSHU, SHOWING THE GREAT
FUMARoles.



TRIPLE-CRATERED SHIRANESAN (RUSATSU).

The total length of the crater is half a mile. The central, and largest, of the lakes consists of boiling sulphurous water.

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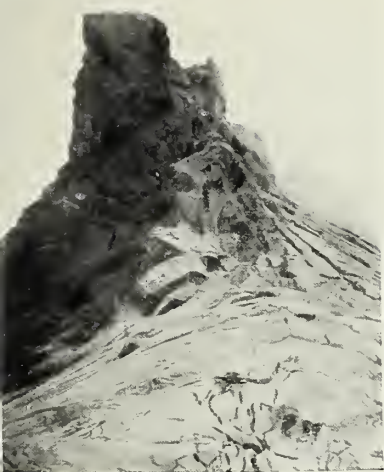
walls of mingled ash and sulphur. While the middle lake is boiling, and might be labelled dangerous, the other two are cold. Their waters have been said to consist of "hydrochloric acid with lime and alum; only needing to be diluted and sweetened in order to constitute an excellent lemonade."¹ However, some water taken by myself in 1906 from one of them was found to contain a high percentage of *sulphuric* acid, which could scarcely do for a beverage. This linear arrangement of craters on the summit of a single mountain is repeated in the case of Ontake (eight craters), Shiribeshi-yama (three craters), and several other ancient volcanoes. Other notable examples of the abnormal are Usudake, in the Hokkaido, and Yakegatake, among the Alps of Hida. The former has at its summit an ample crater, nearly half a mile wide, from rifts in which steam still issues. Not content therewith, it opened, in 1910, a series of vents 2,000 feet lower down, almost on the shores of a large lake. For several miles along the flank of the mountain there now extends an inferno of high-piled lava-and-cinder cones, of blasted trees, of asphyxiating smoke, and of ash deposits, into which one sinks a foot at every step. On the lofty Yakegatake things are very different. The whole upper surface of the cone is thickly coated with volcanic ash, which copious

¹ Cf. Murray's *Handbook* (1907), p. 187.

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rain, attending the eruption of 1909, has converted into cement. Consequently, on leaving the *col*, 7,000 feet high, from which the cone is climbed, one has to negotiate, on hands and knees, a 1,000-foot slope, with an inclination of 35° to 40°—like the face of some huge sea-wall—looking, the meanwhile, for the smallest gully, which friendly runnels may have opened through cracks in this adamantine cap. In fact, if it were not for the irregularities thus set up in the surface, I doubt if this cone could be ascended at all.

There has been no lack of activity among the Japanese volcanoes of late years. An era of renewed energy was inaugurated in the seventies by two eruptions in the insular part of the Fuji line. In the eighties three extinct or dormant cones in Northern Hondo broke out, more or less destructively. The volcanoes of the South then took up the tale, Asosan and Takachiho erupting in 1894 and 1895 respectively. This was followed, in the first decade of this century, by a series of outbreaks in Central Japan and in the Hokkaido. New vents have been opened or new craters formed in no less than seven cases, while four of the outbreaks during this period have been attended by loss of life. As a rule, the mountains have broken out on the flank, forming subsidiary craters; tuff and scoria cones have been thrown up, and showers of ashes



SUMMIT OF YAKEGATAKÉ (JAPANESE ALPS).

The peak is capped with volcanic cement; below, on the right, lies the active crater.



OPEN FOR INSPECTION : BREACHED CRATER OF ESAN.

In the middle distance is the main vent. The wall beyond slopes 2,000 feet to the sea.



BLASTED PINES ON USUDAKÉ (1910).

A nearer view of one of the cones shown in plate facing p. 118. The trees, as well as the ground, are thickly coated with volcanic ash.

Craters, Alive and Dead

laid over wide tracts of land. The only notable exudation of lava in recent years was from the summit-crater of Tarumai, in south-west Yezo, in 1909. The stark and steaming dome of andesite, a quarter of a mile in diameter, which reared itself 200 feet into the air from the crest of that ancient vent, is indeed a link with the primeval.

CHAPTER IX

SOME TYPICAL VOLCANIC ASCENTS

The island-volcano of Oshima—Difficulty of access—A grand Somna—Rival theories—The active crater—A great eruption—The build of the island—Asama-yama—The form of the volcano—Detonatory eruptions—One of the periodical puffs—A fatal outburst—A “demonstration”—The lava stream—Bandaisan—The unexpected in volcanic action—A striking view—A night on the crater’s brink—A case of possession—The Cross of Kyushu—A mighty Somna—Tradition’s explanation—How was the great ring made?—Rival theories—What are the “Five Peaks”?—The modern cone—A fiery pit—*Shinju*

THE ISLAND-VOLCANO OF OSHIMA.

PROBABLY no more perfect specimen of the insular volcano could be found than that of Oshima, largest of the Shichi-to, or Seven Isles of Izu. In shape the island is an irregularly truncated cone, 10 miles in length and 6 in width, rising to a height of 2,500 feet above the sea. Known also to foreigners as Vries Island—after

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the Dutch navigator of that name—it lies some 60 miles off the entrance of Tokyo Bay, and longitudinally—*i.e.*, in a SSE.—NNW. direction—along the main line of fissure. Stormy straits, some 20 miles wide, separate it, on the west, from the peninsula of Izu, and, on the south, from the pyramidal islet of Toshima, a denuded cone, 1,700 feet high, into whose waist the sea is eating rapidly, with the resultant formation of stupendous overhanging cliffs.

Oshima is the most accessible of the Isles of Izu, but that is not saying a great deal. The journey, which occupies two days, is conspicuously devoid of any of the ordinary amenities of travel. The traveller who essays to reach the island from Tokyo direct must face a night of horror on a Japanese “coaster”—a diminutive cargo steamer, odorous, invariably crowded, and peculiarly susceptible to the motion of the sea. When at length he is cast up, or out, it is at a point on the mainland, whence the island which is the object of pursuit can be discerned “smoking” on the horizon. Here polite officials of the steamboat company will smilingly inform him that another steamer will leave for the “honourable island” at some time within the next four days, weather and other circumstances permitting. If he prosecutes his inquiries with vigour, however, he will probably learn that a “post boat,” carrying the Imperial Japanese mail,

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is scheduled to sail for the island every day. This (according to the taste and fancy of the passenger) is a large *'sampan* or a small junk, and the hour of departure is anywhere from midnight to 6 a.m., according to wind and tide. Even when a start has been made it would be rash to count upon getting to the island the same day. This venerable post-boat has a trick of hugging the coast for half a dozen miles and as many hours, and then disgorging its passengers upon a rockbound coast to make the best of their way back on foot. Be the sky never so cloudless, if there is the least suspicion of a head wind, the crew will elect to cast anchor "in a craggy bay" and wait all night, if necessary, for the wind to veer.

Oshima has but one harbour, that of Habu—a parasitic crater at the south-eastern extremity of the island, into which the sea broke in the year 1716, to the accompaniment of an earthquake and tidal wave. While the entrance is both narrow and shallow, and the shelter afforded perfect, the harbour itself is inconveniently deep. Probably, therefore, either *jokisen*¹ or *sampan* will bring the traveller to the village of Motomura—which, as its name implies, is the principal one. From this point the ascent presents no difficulty. Nor need the traveller be surprised if a woman should offer her services as

¹ Steamer.

Some Typical Volcanic Ascents

guide. Practically the whole work of the island is done by the gentler sex—the men being, with scarce an exception, “toilers of the deep.” Straight as an arrow, and considerably taller than the average Japanese woman, the women of Vries, though not averse to carrying an occasional baby on their backs, as in other parts of Japan, carry their fagots and their vessels of water—as they will carry the *ijinsan's* chattels—on their heads.

Along the coast numerous reefs and promontories of a very dark and massive lava, approximating to basalt, project into the sea. They separate rapidly shelving beaches of clean, volcanic sand—almost black in places. On this, the less exposed side, the slopes of the mountain are beautifully wooded, up to 2,000 feet.

From Motomura the path leads through groves of cryptomeria, camellia, and boxwood trees into the denser foliage which encircles the waist of the mountain. Only a thin layer of soil covers the deposits of ashes and scoriæ, many feet in thickness, in which the track lies deep. At intervals, through openings in the woods, delightful views of the surf-fringed shores of the island meet the eye. Southwards, the lesser isles of Izu may be discerned rising sheer out of the sea, while across the channel the rugged hills of Izu are crowned by the snow-streaked cone of



OSHIMA (IZU).

Contours 500 ft, 1000 ft, 2000 ft

Δ Vapour spring π Tomi

M, Motomura N, Nomashi H, Habu.



Lava and debris flows.

Some Typical Volcanic Ascents

Fuji, triumphant over the gloom in which its sweeping base is lost.

At an elevation of about 2,000 feet the converging sides of the cone end abruptly in an almost circular amphitheatre of cliffs, enclosing—save on the east—a comparatively level plain 2 miles in diameter—the floor of a vast ancient crater. From an “abrupt and perilous” brink the traveller looks down upon this wilderness of lava, sand, and scoriæ, in the midst of which, nearly a mile away, the present active cone sends a stream of brazen-tinted vapour floating heavily to leeward.

The total length of this Somna is about four miles. Its upper section consists of stratified tuffs, agglomerates, and trachytic lava-sheets; the lower, of a talus slope of sand, scoriæ, and irregular boulders fallen from the heights. It attains its highest in the south-east and in the north-west, where the cliffs rise to 300 to 350 feet above the crater floor, suggesting greater solidity in the construction of the now vanished cone along the axial line. From this line the lava floor falls away slightly to the north-east and, to a less extent, to the south-west. It is on these two sides that the Somna has broken down. The entire north-eastern portion of the floor is covered with the crags and hummocks of a great lava-flow, which, issuing from a depression in the rim of the central cone,

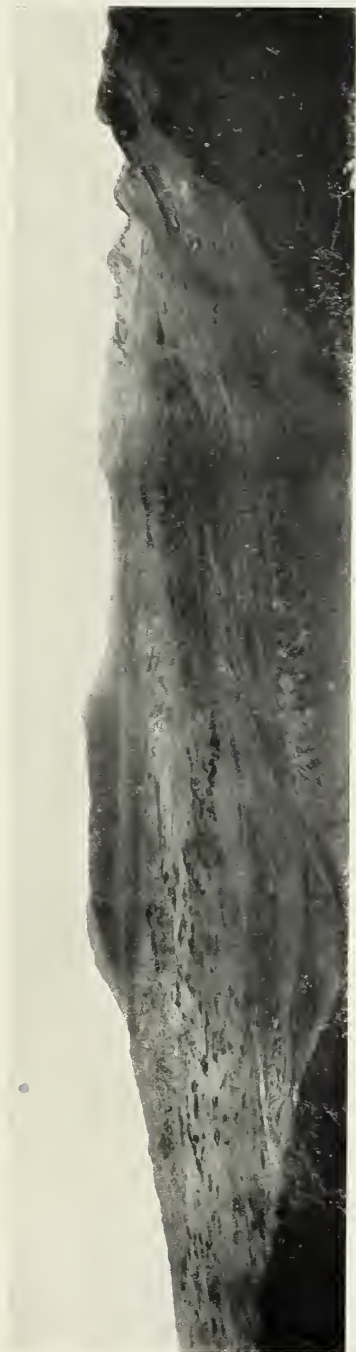
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has carried away the outer wall for a distance of a mile and a half. Subsequent flows of debris, partially burying the lava, have made their way down the steep slopes of the outer cone almost to the sea. On the south-west, the breach in the Somna is comparatively small. Here the wall appears simply to have subsided down the seaward slope, to be followed by successive streams of ash and detritus.

Speaking of this ancient crater wall, Professor Milne, who made the ascent in 1878 from the south, or Habu, side, says :—

“The rim of this old crater, though a serious obstacle on the side of our ascent, is not continuous round the mountain, and is only to be seen on the south and south-western side.”

The only explanation which suggests itself for this statement is the wet and misty weather which prevailed at the time of the ascent. Under such conditions the opposite wall of the exterior crater, some 2 miles distant, would, of course, be totally obscured. Dr. Naumann, who accompanied Professor Milne on this occasion, seems to have fallen into the same delusion, as his “ideal section” of the island, here reproduced, shows the exterior crater on one side only. The diagram also illustrates the somewhat fanciful theory that the crater at Habu was the first or original crater ; that a supposed crater (*b*), to the north of the



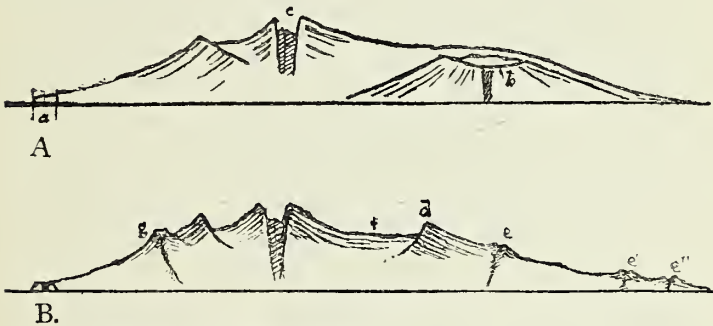
SOMNA AND CENTRAL CONE OF MIHARA (OSHIMA)

The photographs (panoramic), taken from the north-west, show the old crater-wall, the non-existence of which on this side was assumed by Nataniun (cf. diagram A, p. 157). The length of this part of the Somna is about three miles. The south-eastern portion (hidden by the intervening central cone) does not extend for more than one mile. In the right distance may be seen the south-eastern breach in the ring-wall; the great eastern breach lies a mile to the east of the portion shown in the foreground. The central cone, with its incessantly active crater, is distant about a mile from the Somna on this side. The course of the main lava flow may be seen on the left.



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present one, was the second in the history of the volcano; and that the present crater was the third. In other words, the imaginary cone (*b*) was parasitic to the cone (*a*) at Habu, and the present central cone, with its enormous dimensions, is parasitic to a smaller, and vanished, cone (*b*). This involves a reversal of the natural



A. Ideal Section of Oshima (Naumann).

Dr. Naumann supposes Habu, *a*, to have been the original crater; an imaginary cone, *b*, the second; *c*, the present, and third.

B. Section, showing, *d*, the Somna on the north side, the non-existence of which was assumed by Messrs. Miine and Naumann; *e, e', e''*, parasitic cones to which the northward elongation of the island is due; *f*, floor of ancient crater; *g*, Futago-yama.

order of things. The existence of a parasitic cone implies, as a rule, a diminution of the volcanic energies, which thereupon tend to break out at some weak spot on the flank rather than at the summit. Consequently, a parasitic cone rarely, if ever, attains to dimensions as great as those of the original cone. It is more probable that the present central vent was the

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original, and always the principal, channel of activity.

By means of a detour to the right, descent can be made to the ancient crater floor. The crossing of its firm, level surface is an agreeable and rapidly accomplished task. Here a mass of lava crops out, the jagged end of some once moving stream; there a volcanic bomb has exchanged a position of hot uncertainty in the subterranean fire-vaults for one of greater freedom on the wind-swept crater floor. But soon the scoriæ or "cinders" give place to the large angular and slaggy fragments which strew the steep sides of the cone itself. From time to time, muffled, thunderous sounds, which seem to proceed from somewhere beneath his feet, accompanied occasionally by ominous tremblings of the ground, serve to remind the traveller that he is on the threshold of the infernal world. A few minutes more—half an hour suffices for the ascent of the cone—and he is gazing into the resonant depths of one of the finest active craters in Japan. This is a fuming abyss of true crateral shape, from a quarter to a third of a mile in width, and from 300 to 400 feet deep. Its walls consist of sharp-edged, precipitous slopes, varied here and there by bold, craggy dykes, and sinking to a comparatively level, boulder-strewn space at the bottom. In the midst of this yawns the central vent or chimney—a sombre, funnel-shaped hole



A GRAND CRATER : MIHARA (EASTERN WALL).

To face p. 158.

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80 to 100 feet in diameter, within which the lava column rises and falls incessantly. In its black-red depths, at intervals varying from a few seconds to a few minutes, loud explosions take place with a bellowing noise, reverberating through the whole crater. The escaping vapours, invisible at first, take shape as clouds of steam on rising into the air, and form "a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night." At times of low atmospheric pressure, and after heavy rain, the quantity of vapour emitted from the main vent and from the numerous fumaroles in the walls is so great that nothing of the crater can be seen beyond the brink.

Such is Mihara's normal state of activity. But at times it is far otherwise. In the strangely contorted red and black lava folds heaped about the vent on its southern side may be seen the remains of an inner cone formed during the great eruption. In January, 1878, Professor Milne, who visited the scene sixteen days after the eruption began, thus describes what he saw from the rim of the main crater, after making the ascent from Habu :—

"We came suddenly upon the precipice-like edge of a huge black cauldron, roaring, shaking the ground, and ejecting a dense column of red-hot stones and ashes. . . . We were able on account of our position to look into the crater. In the intervals between the ejections the interior could be well seen. Now and then large masses of the interior side,

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which were black, would slide down towards the throat of the crater and reveal a red-hot interior, showing that the cone itself was probably red-hot throughout. . . . One side of the cone had been blown away. . . . Looking down into the crater on this side, molten lava, approximately level with the base of the cone, could be seen. At each explosion it rose in waves and swayed about heavily like a huge basin of mercury, a little of it being apparently pushed forwards through the breach to add to a small black-looking stream upon the outside. . . . The height to which the column of red-hot ashes and volcanic bombs rose after some of the explosions must have been nearly 1,000 feet."

This cone was evidently destroyed—by an explosion, or series of explosions, directed laterally—in the course of the same eruption as that which created it. A confused mass of debris and lava fragments extending along the floor of the crater for a considerable distance to the north-east, and the portion of the base still visible on the opposite side of the vent, are all that remains of it.

Vries Island is popularly supposed to be untroubled by earthquakes, and this belief has been adduced as confirmation of the theory that in the immediate neighbourhood of active volcanoes earthquakes are unknown, the reservoir of molten matter acting as a non-conductor of seismic waves. In the spring of 1905, however, when the Tokyo-Yokohama district was visited by a series of disquieting earth-tremors, the headman of Oshima reported that a hundred shocks had been felt there in the course of one week, the

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volcano at the same time showing a marked increase of activity. Evidences of subsidence are visible near the base of the cone on the south side. Where the crater floor is at its highest, there has been a vertical drop of 6 to 9 feet, the line of fracture showing for a distance of a quarter of a mile. This may be connected with that period of disturbance, or, more probably, may be due to the evisceration of the central portion of the cone.

When it is remembered that the volcano of Oshima has been built up through deep water from the ocean floor, its great bulk will be the more readily appreciated. No doubt, prior to the cataclysm which resulted in the formation of its crater ring, the mountain was from 1,000 to 1,500 feet higher than it now is. The andesitic ridge which forms the eastern flank of the island may be taken to represent the remains of the original cone on its emergence above the sea. Subsequently the present central vent was reopened, and gave rise to vast accumulations of volcanic materials, lava-flows predominating over the fragmental products. By these means the cone was built up to a height of about 4,000 feet. Then followed its truncation—in all probability by a series of tremendous explosions—and the making of the great Somna. Parasitic craters were then opened along the axial line, causing the length of the island to exceed its width.

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Meanwhile activity was renewed at the main vent, and the present central cone was built up. Finally, as the result of the activities of this cone, the ring-wall gave way on two sides, and from the gaps thus made poured those great flows of debris which form so marked a feature of the island.

ASAMA-YAMA.

Only less famous than Fuji itself is the great volcano of Asama. Its position at the intersection of two lines of volcanic activity doubtless accounts for the huge bulk of the cone, the unusual depth of the crater, and its long-continued activity. Writing at the time of the last great eruption—in 1783—a Japanese authority says:—

“The circumference of the crater is about half a *ri* ($1\frac{1}{4}$ miles). It is of unknown depth, and is filled with sulphur. About five years before the eruption it closed itself up and, in consequence, ceased to smoke.”

These particulars are of interest as showing that the eruption in question, which has been described as the most terrible in the history of volcanoes, did not affect the dimensions of the crater to any appreciable extent; and that then, as now, the cessation of apparent activity was Asama's danger-signal—the precursor of some sudden and destructive outburst.

The shape of the best-known and most dreaded of Japanese volcanoes is abnormal, in that it

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is rather that of a dome than of a cone. Its sides make convex, rather than concave, curves. Popular fancy ascribes the "smooth rounded appearance" presented by the volcano from a distance to the age-long accumulation of ashes; but the discerning eye sees in this dome-like shape eloquent proof of Asama's great age and of the numerous vicissitudes through which it has passed. At a height of about 3,000 feet above the tableland on which the volcano has reared itself—or about 6,000 feet above sea-level—may be observed the remnants of an ancient crater which, in its day, must have been 2 miles in diameter. Within this, and some thousand feet above, runs a second "ring." The present summit-cone, with its still stupendous crater, is therefore at least the third in the volcano's history. It is not the accumulation of ashes, but these successive truncations of the original cone, and the consequent subsidences of the central portion, assisted by the forces of denudation, that have given the mountain its present shape.

Asama's modern eruptions may be said to be of the detonatory order. On several occasions in recent years the people of Tokyo, nearly a hundred miles away, have felt a sensation like that of an earthquake—and yet which was not that of an earthquake—accompanied by a noise suggestive of the explosion of some powder

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magazine near by. On the morrow, news has arrived of an outburst of unusual violence from the crater of the great volcano. So frequently has this phenomenon occurred in the first week or so of December, that it may almost be regarded as Asama's way of ushering in the winter.¹ Those who subsequently ascended the mountain to behold the work of destruction have found the upper surface of the cone strewn, indeed, with fragments of a larger size than usual—but nothing more. On one occasion, however, it was found that the cone had been rent, or split, where before it was whole.

This violently spasmodic action is characteristic of Asama. So far as I know, it is not reproduced in the same manner in any other of Japan's many volcanoes. The true explanation will, I think, be found in the depth and configuration of the crater. This, instead of being normal, or bowl-shaped, resembles nothing so much as a clean-drilled hole in the mountain's top. The depth, too, is much above the average—having varied, during the past twenty years, from 700 to 400 feet.² The combined effect of these un-

¹ The latest example of this was on December 13, 1912.

² One (foreign) writer who claims to have had opportunities of looking down the crater when comparatively little steam was escaping gives it as his opinion that the crater is "at least several thousand feet in depth, and perhaps as deep as the mountain is high above the surrounding plain."

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usual conditions must be twofold: the gaseous products of the explosions are hindered from expanding, while the vents in the floor of the crater are more liable to be plugged or choked, either by the solid products of the explosions or by fragments detached from the all but perpendicular walls. The behaviour of the volcano lends weight to this theory. When it "smokes" continually, or "puffs" at very frequent intervals, it may be approached with safety. On the other hand, to make the ascent when there has been a cessation—even of a few days—from these minor symptoms of activity is to run a very serious risk.

As the old records show, the violence of Asama's outbursts has been associated, in the popular mind, with the presence of sulphur. One writer of the present day, oblivious of the fact that the deposition of sulphurous compounds indicates the decline of a volcano's energy and the closing stage of its career, describes the floor of Asama's crater as "a huge solfatara." There are many volcanoes in Japan which have reached the solfatara stage, but Asama is not one of them. In 1904 I subjected the crater floor to a close examination with a view to investigating the question of these sulphur deposits. Such an examination presents considerable difficulty, even under favourable conditions, owing to the perpendicularity of the walls, the appalling rotten-

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ness of the crater's edge, and the great depth of the crater itself. However, the sloping ash-bank which forms the rim of the crater is broken in one or two places by solid dykes which, traversing the bulk of the cone, project a few feet clear into the abyss. By lying prone upon one of these unpleasant promontories, the whole of the crater floor may be surveyed. The process, of course, is not one that can be recommended for any one subject to dizziness. My Japanese guide took the strongest exception to my availing myself of it. Fortunately, he did not pursue me down the perilous slope to drag me forcibly out of harm's way—that might indeed have ended in disaster. Instead, he contented himself with wild gesticulation on the summit, punctuated with shouts of "*Abunai!*"

The floor, as I saw it on that occasion, lying some 600 feet below me, appeared a broken, rocky expanse of ground, strewn with big boulders and steaming pools. While thus engaged, I was favoured with one of the volcano's periodical explosions. This, as it happened, took place from a fumarole on the opposite side of the floor, near its junction with the wall. The roaring noise which the crater always emits, and which resembles nothing so much as that of the sea on a wild night, was suddenly intensified, while from the aperture on the floor dense volumes of black smoke poured in a series of



ASAMA FROM KARUIZAWA: A "PUFF."
The protuberance on the left is the remnant of an ancient crater.



ONE OF ASAMA'S "UNPLEASANT PROMONTORIES": A PROJECTING DYKE.

For the most part the lip of the crater is a sloping ash-bank.



THE LAVA STREAM OF 1783.

The cone rises in the left distance.

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rapid explosions, which produced a whirring noise like that of a mighty electric fan. As the masses of smoke, which presented the characteristic "cauliflower" shape, rose into the crater, they expanded and became white, showing that the blackness which marked the discharge from the vent was due simply to the vapours being charged with volcanic ash. When they rose clear of the crater, they were swept aside, and as I had taken up my position on the windward side, I was able to watch the eruption to its conclusion, which followed in about two minutes.

Asama is not always in such quiet mood. There are times when to approach the crater, still less to attempt to study its depths, would be foolhardy in the extreme. Such an occasion was the morning of August 15, 1911, when a party of American missionaries and other foreign visitors reached the summit at dawn, after making the ascent—by night, as usual—from the summer resort of Karuizawa, some 10 miles from the foot of the mountain. The leading members of the party had topped the crater's rim, and were just about to peer into its sombre depths, when the volcano gave forth a sudden roar, flinging into the air a torrent of lava fragments, great and small. The visitors, of course, turned and fled with all speed down the steep, cinder-strewn slopes of the cone; but a number of them were struck by the falling bombs—most of which were

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at a red heat. One missionary received such terrible injuries that he expired before he could be conveyed down the mountain. As fate would have it, it was the day of the *Bon* festival, and a number of Japanese had also undertaken the ascent, not for sport, but as a devotional exercise. Several of these were likewise injured—one fatally—by this unexpected outburst. A third victim was a Japanese policeman, Tomita by name. The reason for the unfortunate officer's presence on the mountain suggests a cruel stroke of irony. He had been sent up to look for the body of a Japanese who had committed suicide the day before by throwing himself into the crater!

A few summers ago, an American professor of divinity, with a thirst for notoriety, added to the gaiety of the holiday-making people at Karuizawa. There had been several cases of suicide on the volcano on the part of Japanese students, attributed by the theologian to the spiritual darkness in which they walked. Accordingly, he announced his intention of descending into the "Hades" of Asama's crater and returning thence unscathed, as a proof of the superiority of the Christian religion over the forces of the nether world. With an elaborate equipment of apparatus, and attended by a goodly company of the faithful—and, it may be added, of the curious—the professor repaired to the summit. The

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volcano was in a quiet state, as it happened, but the professor deemed it advisable to limit his "demonstration" to walking down the sloping ash-bank, at the end of a stout rope, to within a safe distance of the point where it drops in a sheer precipice to 'the floor below. Having been there photographed, he returned victorious to the embraces of his friends.

The sequel to this incident was perhaps the most important part. It took the form of a thrilling account, in the American Press, of the professor's "Daring Descent into the Awful Crater of Asama."

Perhaps the most striking of Asama's external features is a colossal stream of andesite, whereby the great eruption of 1783 left its mark for all time upon this troubled region. From the lip of the crater on the north side to the right bank of the Agatsuma, a distance of 15 miles, the lava torrent flowed, wiping out as many villages and firing the forests through which it cut its way. Even after descending the cone itself, the stream moved at an average speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour—a high rate of motion for a stream of non-basic lava, and eloquent of the high temperature at which it must have been ejected. The lava of this stream is scoriaceous, like that of Etna, and presents a strong contrast to the slaggy Oshima lavas, which are Vesuvian. Its volume has been estimated at one-twelfth of a cubic

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mile, or some thirty times the capacity of the crater.

Of late years there has been a marked increase in the violence and frequency of Asama's eruptions. Discounting all minor explosions, seventy considerable outbursts have taken place during the past five years. Concurrently the floor of the vent has been rising at a rate which, if maintained for the next twenty-five years, will bring it level with the lip of the crater. Judging from the history and present condition of the volcano, it is quite within the range of probabilities that a really great eruption may occur before then. The mountain is under observation by the Tokyo authorities; a seismograph has been set up on its flank to measure its pulsations, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages have been warned. At any time may come news of another such outpouring of lava, ashes, and destruction as that of 1783.

BANDAISAN.

It is the reward of the climber that he sees what must be ever hidden from the dweller in the plain. But the climber of volcanoes has a recompense which the ordinary mountaineer knows not. He has not only his view, his exhilaration, his inspiration; he is greeted by a vision which rarely fails to be of awe-inspiring

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magnificence—that of the crater whence the mountain he has just ascended was born. Over and above all this, the quest of the volcano has that zest and excitement which comes from a danger which is none the less real because it is wrapped in “glorious uncertainty.” For in the history of volcanic action—especially in Japan—the unexpected has played a conspicuous part. The climber, therefore, who faces the inferno of an active crater, studies its fuming depths, and seeks to record on the photographic film some impression of its sombre grandeur, may be said, in a very real sense, to take his life in his hands.

Probably no mountain in the world has illustrated so effectively this most sinister aspect of volcanic action as did that ill-omened but withal majestic mountain, Bandaisan. Prior to 1888 men deemed it extinct. No eruption had been recorded for over a thousand years. In fact, the only reference to the volcanic nature of the mountain is to be found in an old calendar, which speaks of the “creation” of the volcano by an eruption in 807 A.D. It was of Bandaisan that Professor Milne said: “Nowhere does its shape show any curvature or outline by which its volcanic origin could be inferred.” That was in 1886. Two years later the great explosion had occurred—only less in violence than that of Krakatoa five years previously—and the name of Bandaisan had become a household word.

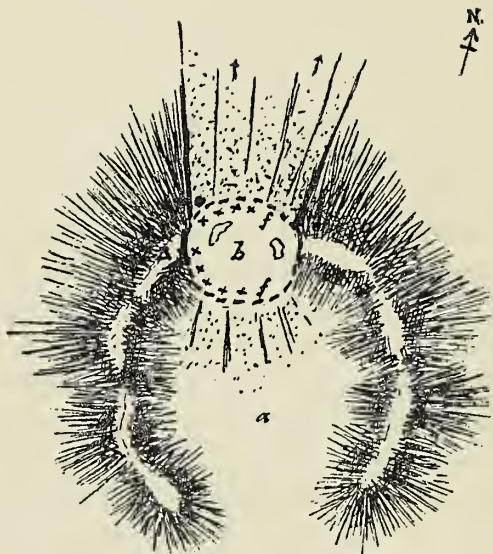
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The height of the mountain is not great—5,850 feet above sea-level, or 4,500 above Lake Inawashiro, from whose northern shore it looms so grandly. Viewed from the south, it presents an eminently pacific aspect. The form of the mountain, indeed, is bold, and the peak, which forms its summit, sharp; but its slopes, steep though they are, conceal beneath a veil of grass and pine and stunted oak the ancient lava streams of which they are composed. There is not a hint of steam, of hissing vents, or primeval heat. The mountain's frown is reserved for the other side—for the bleak, riven, devastated north. Much has been said of the striking contrast presented by the fuming gorge on one side of the ridge of Ojigoku, in Hakone, and the smiling valley on the other. But the prospect to be viewed from the broken ridge of O-Bandai transcends it immeasurably. On the one hand, the great blue lake, with its wooded islets and shapely promontories, the central feature of a smiling landscape, spread, map-like, at one's feet; on the other, the torn mountain, still reeking from its deadly wound, the long rows of stupendous cliffs, the scattered remnants of the wrecked crater spread for miles over the country-side, and, gleaming in the distance, the waters of lakes brought by that outburst into sudden being. And all this was the work of five minutes of a summer morning!

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No one can truly solve the riddle of Bandaisan unless he mounts to the summit of its loftiest peak. This will not be achieved without considerable toil, for the upper slopes of the cone present an angle of 45° ; but the results are well worth the labour. From that commanding view-point, the ragged brink of a precipice 1,000 feet high, he will see, and understand, all. Not only does there lie before him one of the most extensive—and, taken all round, most impressive—mountain prospects in Japan, but near at hand is the record of the great eruption, written in fractured rock-walls and in lines of steaming vents. At his feet sinks the gloomy abyss of an ancient crater, in the shape of a horse-shoe, its open end towards the south-east. It is half a mile in length and 1,000 feet deep. Across the gulf soars another peak, almost as high. To his right the wall is continued in a third peak; but to his left, the bend of the horse-shoe, there is a gaping void. At 7.45 a.m. on the morning of July 15, 1888, a fourth peak, little inferior in height and size to that on which the spectator stands, and adjoining it, constituted this part of the crater-wall. Five minutes later it had disappeared. Such, in brief, is the story of the great explosion.

If one could imagine the peak of Snowdon knocked away, as by some mighty battering-



THE CRATER OF BANDAISAN (DIAGRAMMATIC).

a. Ancient Crater. *b.* Modern Crater, formed by the destruction of Ko-Bandai. Δ Summit of O-Bandai. *ff.* Main lines of fracture. × × Solfataras. The arrows indicate the direction of the main flow of debris. The position of the Onsen, or Hut, is indicated by a small black circle. The village and lake of Inawashiro, near which the stream of debris stopped (after flowing round to the right), lie to the south of the crater; Lake Hibara, to the north.

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ram, from above Glaslyn, one would have a fair idea of what happened on Bandaisan on that eventful day. But Ko-Bandaisan was not merely knocked away: it was torn up by the roots. A sharp, broken ridge, but little above the level of the floor, marks the line of fracture on the inner side of the crater wall. The real seat of the explosion, however, from whence its main force was directed, lies in a deep gully 600 feet below, on the outer side. The precipitous slope between these two lines—riddled, to this day, with steaming vents—was, so to speak, the fulcrum from which the accumulated forces of imprisoned steam exerted their irresistible power. The doomed peak was lifted bodily from its foundations and flung in a myriad fragments, together with enormous quantities of dust and steam, in a torrent of mud and rocks down the steep sides of the mountain into the valley below. For 8 miles in a straight line this ghastly torrent rushed with incredible speed, damming up a considerable river, the Nagase; and forming three lakes, one of which, Lake Hibara, is at least as large as Ullswater. Then, deflected in its course by the hills opposite, it turned sharply to the right down the valley. Here its course was still more deadly. Seven villages were partly destroyed and four, with their inhabitants to the number of 461, were buried as completely as Pompeii and Herculaneum in A.D. 79.

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With all this, it must be remembered, the outburst on Bandaisan was not a normal volcanic eruption. There was no discharge of volcanic ash or scoriæ; no vent was opened to serve as the funnel or chimney of some subterranean lava-column; there was no outflow of lava; no building up of a cone. From the presence of hot springs on the western and northern flanks of the mountain, however, one of which issues at a height of nearly 5,000 feet, it might have been inferred that the original heat of the volcano still persisted, and at no great depth below the surface. To these incandescent regions, as the result of the subsidence of strata about the base of the mountain, large quantities of water, drawn, doubtless, from Inawashiro, found access. An immense accumulation of steam was thus effected, to which the solid superstructure of the ancient cone offered stubborn resistance; and to that resistance, in its turn, must be attributed the appalling violence of the final outburst. That the explosion differed in kind from the true volcanic eruption is further evidenced by its brief duration, whereas the latter is often a matter of weeks and months. The time-table of the eruption is as follows:—

July 15, 1888.

- 7 a.m. Rumblings noises, thought by the people to be
 thunder.
- 7.30 „ An earthquake of moderate severity, lasting half
 a minute.



LAKE HIBARA FROM THE SUMMIT OF BANDAISAN.

Formed by the damming of the Nagasegawa in the eruption of 1888. The lake is eight miles in length.

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July 15, 1888.

- 7.40 a.m. A violent shaking of the ground.
- 7.45 „ The eruption began, explosions following in rapid succession to the number of fifteen or twenty. Clouds of steam and dust were shot into the air to a height of 4,000 feet above the summit of the mountain, with loud thunderous noises.
- 7.46 „ The final and loudest explosion, directed laterally, dislodged the peak of Ko-Bandaisan.
- 7.50 „ Pitchy darkness in the vicinity of the mountain, accompanied by a heavy fall of warm rain. Immediately afterwards, the avalanche of rocks and mud overwhelmed the Nagase valley.
- 9.30 „ The thunderous noises, which continued to be emitted from the mountain, but with lessening intensity, were no longer heard.

As might have been expected, the several *onsens*, or bathing-huts, on the mountain were not spared. A curious fate is said to have overtaken the highest of these, the Yamanaka Onsen (Within-the-Mountain Hut), which happened to be situated precisely on the line of fracture and about on a level with the crater floor. The story goes that one of the two rooms of which the building consists was carried away by the avalanche, with, of course, its inmates, while the other room was left standing and its occupants escaped with their lives. On my first visit to the mountain, in 1907, I became acquainted with a different version of the story. My plan was

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to follow up the course of the stream of debris from its termination, near the village of Inawashiro, to its source on the breast of the main peak. The track leads up the Nagase valley, past—or, rather, over—the buried hamlets, to the point where that most energetic stream, issuing from the recently formed lakes, has made for itself a new bed in the wilderness of mud and rocks—over 100 feet deep—in which for a time it was lost. Here the path turns sharply to the left and, ascending rapidly, makes between a double line of stupendous red cliffs in the direction of the great fracture. It was still early in the season, and the upper part of the mountain, including the floor of the rift, lay deep in the winter's snow. On either hand rose the mighty rock-walls and, right ahead, the precipitous slope which marked the lip of the fracture. The lowering cloud-mists overhead completed the sense of isolation and imprisonment. One felt as if one were within, not on, a mountain. From time to time ominous movements of the ground were felt, which drew from my guide the laconic comment, "*Jisshin*" (earthquake); and in their wake large fragments of rock, dislodged from the cliffs, clattered noisily to the floor. From hundreds of steam-vents in the precipitous slopes before us and to our right there issued not only torrents of steam and sulphurous vapours, but a continual roaring as of many vast boilers work-

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ing at high pressure. The only way out of this colossal *cul de sac* was by a treacherous path which wound its uncertain way up the perilous slope on the northern face of the ridge. It was first necessary to traverse a gully at the base of the cliff, with an ugly-looking bed of snow, whose inner edges melted into greenish slime where the solfataras played upon them. With no small trepidation we did this, and then scrambled upwards, threading our way with all caution amidst the hissing vents, each with a patch of rotten-looking yellow ground about it. At length, on nearing the crest of the ridge, after a difficult and somewhat dangerous climb of twenty minutes, we found ourselves at the rough-hewn door of a little hut, which seemed literally to overhang the abyss. It was the Yamanaka Onsen, occupying the same site as its famous but ill-fated predecessor.

Beyond this my guide refused to proceed. He had a dozen reasons to advance by way of excuse, some of them, as it turned out, weighty enough. Night was coming on, the other slope of the ridge was steep, boulder-strewn, and altogether too dangerous to be attempted by the dim light of a *chochin*.¹ No course remained but to accept the hospitality of the Yamanaka Onsen. That in doing so I, at least, experienced some qualms was, perhaps, excusable. Ko-Bandai was blown

¹ Paper lantern.

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away in five minutes: so many things may happen in a night.

The tenants of this eerie dwelling-place were a man, his wife, and two sturdy sons of twelve to fourteen. Their daily fare consisted of rice, with a piece of salted fish or pickled *daikon* (radish), and *mugi-yu* (barley water). During the day, of course, it was always possible to get warm by soaking in the hot spring; by night the beds were made up to the edge of a charcoal fireplace let into the floor, over which the covering quilt was spread. This latter device certainly proved a boon. Straw had been freely used, without and within, between the loosely bound planks of the hut, "to expel the winter's flaw"; but the keen nor'-wester which swept the mountain that night found numerous weak spots in the walls of the *zasshiki*.¹ An occasional whiff of sulphur from the solfataras below, finding its way through the cracks, lent pungency to the chilly air. Physical exhaustion, however, came to our aid. Neither the earthquake waves nor the ceaseless roar from the abyss frightened from us sleep.

My host of the Yamanaka Onsen, before sending us on our way by the morning light (having exacted the sum of 85 *sen* for our accommodation), gave a categorical denial to the picturesque story of the partial destruction of

¹ Guest-room.

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the hut. The whole building, he said, was overwhelmed, and not one of its twenty inmates escaped. This version was subsequently confirmed by an old resident of Wakamatsu, the nearest large town, who, as proof of the same, pressed upon me a photograph of the spot taken as soon after the eruption as was feasible.

The only person who saw the great eruption from start to finish without feeling himself under the necessity of fleeing for his life was an old rustic, who happened to be ascending one of the neighbouring hills at the time. This good man, it seems, had chanced to see a fox that morning; and foxes, as is well known, have the power of bewitching mortals, so as to cause them to see all manner of strange things which are not really happening. The extraordinary commotion in progress on the other side of the valley, he therefore concluded, was but a vast hallucination prepared by Reynard for his annoyance, and the best way of frustrating the machinations of his wanton enemy was calmly to watch the performance to the end—which he did. It was only on descending to the foot of the mountain that he learned that Reynard, after all, was not to blame for the affair.

THE RINGED MOUNTAIN, ASOSAN.

Accumulated materials from craters still visible—whether active or extinct—as well as

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from many more that are dead and gone, overlie two-thirds of the whole area of Kyushu. Two lines of weakness traverse the island from east to west, one across the waist, the other across the northern coast. The greater of these forms a ridge parallel with, and to the north of, the ancient schist or backbone range, and extends from Unzen, in the west, to Bungo, in the east. Midway this zone is intersected by the Satsuma line, whose course is marked by the noble cones of Kaimon, Sakurajima, and the Kirishima range. At the point of intersection stands the grand volcanic mass of Asosan.

With its great Somna, 40 miles in circumference, Asosan may claim to be one of the most remarkable of terrestrial mountains. The dimensions of other rival craters or crater-rings are :—

The Caldera of Palma (Canary Islands)...	9 miles in diameter.
Pantellaria, off Sicily	8 × 6	" "
Bolsena (crater lake, Central Italy)	10 × 7½	" "
" Crater Lake," Oregon	8 × 6	" "
Papandyang (Java)	15 × 6	" "

A German explorer in East Africa has discovered, south of Kilima-Njaro, an ancient crater measuring 35 miles in circumference, for which a claim of superiority has been set up; but Asosan still remains unequalled, with its dimen-

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sions of 14 miles by 10, the longer diameter running north and south.

The slopes leading up to the brink of the exterior wall are gentle, with an average inclination of 6 to 8°, but their origin—apart from their contour—is clear. They are composed of a succession of lava-flows, several of which are of great thickness, and show the characteristic columnar structure. Where they end abruptly in the edge of the old crater their height above sea-level is from 2,000 to 2,500 feet. Indeed, the whole girdle of cliff and escarpment, considering its extent, is wonderfully uniform in height. The crater is entered by the only gap in its circuit—a rocky gorge, 600 feet deep, which forms an outlet for the river Shirakawa. Once within the crater—the lower portions of whose floor are cultivated and support a population of 4,000 to 5,000 people, distributed over a score of good-sized villages—the gentle upward slope begins again, and culminates in the centre in a rugged group of five peaks. At the base of this central mass, in a comparatively low and small cone, the life of this ancient monarch among volcanic mountains is still preserved.

According to tradition, the whole ancient crater was formerly occupied by a lake, out of which the central peaks emerged as a steep and rocky island. It then occurred to the god of the mountain that here much good land that might

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be available for cultivation was being wasted. So he kicked a breach in the containing wall and thus drained the crater.

This story has probably arisen through confusion with that of the "Wondrous Pond on Mount Aso," of which the old records have so much to say. This pond, which was given to "roaring" and ejecting stones, probably occupied the site of the modern central cone. Its dimensions are given by one authority as 4,000 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile, in length—which corresponds roughly with the aggregate length of the present crater. No doubt this pond showed a geyser-like activity like that of the central lake on Shiranesan. When the crater preceding the present active one was breached on its western side the lake, of course, was destroyed. In its place, as the result of a prolonged period of activity, the modern active cone has been built up.

By what forces and processes has the present form of the mountain been produced? Three theories have been put forward to account for the great crater-ring—first, what may be called the lunar theory; second, the eruptive theory; and, thirdly, the theory of subsidence. According to the first, the central mass represents the original volcano, from which, in a series of eruptions of approximately equal force, quantities of debris were discharged in all directions,



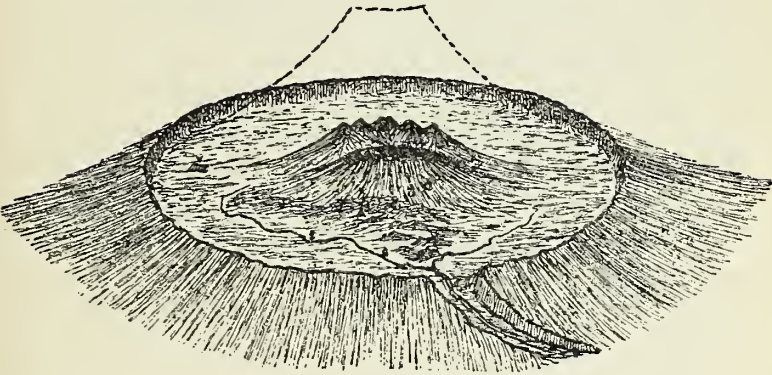
MAIN CRATER OF ASOSAN : AN EXPLOSION.

Depth of crater, 200 feet. The photograph shows well the characteristic "cauliflower" steam-clouds charged with volcanic ash.

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and their accumulations gave rise to the cratering. This theory, however, is demolished by the presence in the ring of solid lava which has cooled *in situ*, as an examination of the strata in the breach already mentioned shows. The



THE STRUCTURE OF ASO-SAN
(Diagrammatic).

△ Geyser π B Torii and Temple ◊ New Vent
s River Shirakawa v. Village of Boju.

The broken line suggests the original form of the cone. Dimensions of the crater-ring, 10 miles by 14.

gently inclined slopes which rise from all directions to the rim of the exterior crater form part of the flanks of the great original cone from which the lava flowed. What, then, has become of the original cone, which in its prime must have had a height of 10,000 feet? Either it

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has been blown away by some cataclysmic explosion, or it has been engulfed in the vast hollows produced by the removal of materials from beneath the base of the mountain. As the bulk of the part of the cone removed was not less than 28 cubic miles in volume—a mass equal to two and a half mountains like Vesuvius—it should be possible to find irregular fragmental masses or deposits of agglomerate in the vicinity of the mountain. None have as yet been found—and, on the strength of this, there is certainly a *primâ-facie* case in favour of the subsidence theory. But an explosion may be so violent as to blow a mountain into the finest dust. This actually happened in the Krakatoa outburst of 1883, when the minute particles resulting from the explosion were sent all round the world, affecting the colouring of sunsets in Europe for two or three years afterwards. Since an explosion sufficient to remove so great a mass as the upper part of Asosan—assuming that such an explosion took place—must have been much greater than even the Krakatoa outburst, is it inconceivable that a similar result was produced in the case of the great Japanese volcano, or that some of the finer-bedded tuffs in the central portion of Kyushu owe their origin to such an event? It only remains for some one to find, on or near the outer slopes of the ancient crater of Asosan, a lump or two of

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volcanic agglomerate—as Dr. Tempest Anderson did on the edge of Crater Lake, Oregon—to establish the theory that the vast Somna of Aso owes its existence to one colossal explosion.

Advocates of the subsidence theory presuppose “the escape of vast quantities of lava from points far below the summit of the cone, leaving a cavity large enough to engulf the whole of the unsupported mountain mass. . . . The completed work probably left the whole of the sunken mountain melted in a level lake within the great cauldron.”¹ If it be granted that the explosion theory as yet lacks proof, it may still be maintained that the rugged peaks which occupy the centre of the ancient crater represent a part of the original cone which sank to its present level, but was not engulfed. The lava of these peaks is, like that of the Caldera, andesitic. They are disposed, not in a straight line, but in a curve about the present active cone, which is situated at their base. From the open side of the curve—that on which the modern cone lies—a series of mounds and ridges extend in the direction of the Yuno-tani geyser and of the distant breach. These mounds are suggestive in their form of two things: (1) irregular heaps of debris, such as might have resulted from the breaching of the original cone after its subsi-

¹ Cf. a paper by Mr. Robert Anderson, of Washington, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, 1907.

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dence ; or (2) subsidiary cones and craters now overgrown. Further, all this accords with the trend of the transverse line of weakness, which passes under the gap westward towards the Shimabara Peninsula and the ancient volcano of Unzen.

The modern cone of Asosan, whose height does not exceed 300 feet, contains five craters, divided by mud and ash walls, like those of Shiranesan (Kusatsu). Of these, the two northern only are active. The average depth of the craters is 200 feet. At the base of the cone, on the opposite (south) side, a new vent was opened in 1907. This is an oval pit—at first 10 by 16, now 30 by 50 feet, and steadily increasing in size. The rocks composing its walls are wholly at red heat, and masses of lava are piled against its outer lip. From it dense volumes of smoke are discharged, laterally and incessantly, with a thunderous noise. The lower folds of smoke, or rather steam, are darkened by innumerable particles of black ash like grains of gunpowder, and appear to contain tongues of flame. This is merely the reflection from the incandescent walls of the vent. Flames are unknown in volcanic phenomena, except in the rare cases where lava charged with steam at a high temperature has been known to effect the chemical decomposition of the latter, when the liberated hydrogen, as it escapes, takes fire.



THE NEW VENT ON ASOSAN.

Opened in 1907; the sides of the vent are still at a red heat. The rugged heights in the background are part of the encircling "Five Peaks of Asosan"—see diagram on p. 185.



GORGE OF THE SHIRAKAWA, ASOSAN.

The river has made a breach—the only one—in the great crater-ring (see p. 183).

The slopes of the inner cone, cultivated in terraces, rise on the left.

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The heat from this newly opened vent is hardly bearable at a distance of 20 yards, and the roar, which can be heard two miles away, is like that of a mighty blast furnace.

The new vent is of interest as illustrating the initial stage in the formation of a parasitic cone, though the blast is at present too violent to allow of the deposition of materials near the vent. It has already had a marked effect upon the main crater. The activity of the latter has been substantially reduced, and its extinction may be expected to follow at no very distant date. This will in all probability give rise to increased activity at the vent, which will tend to widen itself upwards along the flank of the cone. This in its turn may cause obstruction of the vent, with a subsequent outburst of great violence, accompanied by the formation of a crater of substantial dimensions. Aso's career has been long and chequered; but we are not yet at the end of it.

Certain of Japan's volcanoes seem to make a dangerous appeal to that morbid and unbalanced type of mind which is found with distressing frequency among Japanese students. The most terrible of Japanese craters have frequently been chosen as a place and means of suicide. Asosan has an evil reputation in this respect. It is not the vast crater-ring, with its mighty cliffs, nor even the modern active

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crater, with its incessant clouds of steam, that appeals to the Japanese student weary of life ; it is this red-hot vent, recently opened on the flank of the cone. On the occasion of my last visit to this magnificent mountain, in 1907, after leaving the temple and *torii* at the base of the cone, I approached the new inferno. About twenty yards from its brink lay a large ejected rock, weighing, perhaps, a couple of tons. Nearer than that it was not possible to go without having the hair scorched from one's face. Behind this boulder, watching with strange intentness the billowy vapours, mixed apparently with flames, crouched a Japanese student. It was with mingled feelings that I covered as hastily as possible the intervening space, and, taking up my place behind the sheltering rock, engaged the youth in conversation. He responded courteously enough, but a few minutes later rose and retraced his steps towards the temple. He had given me no indication of his intentions, but my guide vouchsafed the opinion that the young man had been meditating *shinju* (suicide).

CHAPTER X

EARTHQUAKES

The Japanese earthquake a serious thing—Tantrums of a subterranean dragon—Earthquakes and “nerves”—Effect on the Japanese character—Earthquake superstitions—A mischievous *canard*—Quakes great and small—Historic shocks—Source of Japan’s quakes—Horizontal and vertical motion—Causes of earthquakes—Their prediction—Is the Japanese house “the offspring of the earthquake”?—Other reasons for its design—Earthquake-proof buildings

THE story is told of a European lady who, at dead of night and clad in gossamer attire, ran at incredible speed along the main road of one of Japan’s foreign settlements. Like Abraham, she went not knowing whither, and might have thus continued to this day had not a friendly Japanese policeman firmly but kindly arrested her headlong flight with the query, “*You run why? It is finished!*”

Then there was the American merchant, recently arrived in the country with the fixed

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intention of "getting rich quick," who jumped with strange precipitance from a first-floor window, broke his leg, and returned per first steamer whence he came, cursing volubly. By way of excuse for this victim, it may be mentioned that he had passed through an unpleasant experience of a somewhat similar character at 'Frisco not long since.

These two incidents should convince the incredulous stay-at-home Occidental that the Japanese earthquake is a serious thing. If not, it should suffice to mention that a Chair of Seismology has been established in the Tokyo University, and that the Japanese Education Department includes an "Earthquake Damage Prevention Committee."

The ancients of the Western world believed that earthquakes were caused by subterranean winds essaying to burst their prison doors. In the East, these phenomena have been more generally attributed to the tantrums of a subterranean dragon, whose tail, in moments of excitement, comes into more or less violent contact with the superincumbent land. At Kashima, in Eastern Japan, pilgrims are ceremoniously introduced to a pillar of stone which some considerate deity is said to have driven an immense distance into the earth with a view to restraining the monster. Japanese writers, of no very remote period, have even ventured to assign

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definite proportions to this formidable creature. His head lay beneath the centre of Northern Hondo, his tail extended midway between the two capitals—the basis for this theory being that the last-mentioned district was peculiarly subject to these destructive visitations. In more recent times the attempt has been made to lay the blame for these calamitous upheavals at the door of volcanic force. Many are the imprecations which ignorance has hurled at Fujiyama—the type-mountain of volcanic iniquity—for disasters with which that silent peak has not the remotest connection. Even a standard work of reference hazards the suggestion that the Tuscarora Deep, apparent source of most of the seismic waves that quiver through Japan, is nothing more or less than a vast subterranean crater.

According to the traveller Humboldt, the inhabitants of countries troubled by earthquakes—such as certain parts of South America—sometimes have a presentiment of their advent. The good folk of New England were on several occasions forewarned of the approach of an earthquake by an uncomfortable sensation in the pit of the stomach. In Japan it is common to speak of a sultry and oppressive state of the atmosphere as “earthquake weather.” A modern physician would probably diagnose this “premonitory sense” as “nerves.” The repeated

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occurrence of earthquake shocks undoubtedly reduces quite unneurotic persons to a very "jumpy" state. Cases have been observed of people who, having lived for some years in a country subject to earthquakes and having subsequently returned to one where such movements are unknown, have nevertheless retained the special sensitiveness to tremors implanted in them by their past experiences. The vibration caused by a passing train or by some heavy vehicle has been sufficient to reproduce the peculiar sickening sensation set up, in years gone by, by a genuine earthquake.

A study of earthquake averages shows that every inhabitant of the Japanese islands must expect to encounter at least one catastrophic earthquake in the course of his life. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that this nervous expectancy of which we have been speaking characterizes rather the stranger in Japan than the people of the country. The Japanese are too practical, and at the same time too *insouciant*, thus to meet trouble half-way. Perhaps an innate fatalism—a certain carelessness of life—contributes in their case to greater evenness of mind; or it may be this very fatalism is itself the creation of the earthquake. Cynics have represented this stoicism of the Japanese as more apparent than real, as merely the result of the superior ease with which they conceal their

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feelings, and even as due to a lower physical development; but the above is, I think, the true explanation. Nor has a modern Humboldt succeeded in discovering among them the existence of a premonitory sense, though appreciable progress has been made in the direction of scientific prediction of earthquakes. This is not to say, of course, that the advent of an obviously violent shock does not produce alarm and even panic among the whole population affected. On the occasion of the great earthquake of 1830, which destroyed a large part of Kyoto, it is on record that the inhabitants, as a whole, were completely unmanned by the catastrophe. For three days and nights they lived and slept on straw mats spread in the streets, not lifting a finger to repair the damage that had been done, but praying to the gods for mercy and relief.

Despite the educational efforts of the Seismological Society and the *Mombusho*,¹ superstition regarding earthquakes retains a place in the popular mind. Much of it finds embodiment in weather-predicting rhymes on the lines of "A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight," but with a smaller percentage of truth. Professor Chamberlain's rendering of one of these runs as follows:—

¹ Department of Education.

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At twelve o'clock it means disease,
At eight or four 'tis rain ;
At ten 'tis drought, while six and two
Of wind are tokens plain.

There is in Tokyo a certain well, said to be the deepest in the city, which has never been known to dry up save once—and that was immediately before the great earthquake of 1855. Another widespread belief is that while bad earthquakes are supposed to occur once in every twenty years, the really cataclysmic shock comes once in fifty. In the spring of 1906, when the public mind had been somewhat disturbed by several disquieting shocks, the report got abroad that the famous well had suddenly dried up! Some heartless wretch had conceived the idea of combining the two traditions into an ominous whole. If his object was to destroy public equanimity, he certainly succeeded, for never was belief in an impending calamity more widely held. Fortunately, nothing happened—save that the well theory received its quietus.

At the time of Prince Arthur of Connaught's Garter Mission to Japan, in similar circumstances of public disquietude, a cleverer miscreant got to work. Several nasty jars had occurred during the night, and it was an uneasy audience, in which official Tokyo was largely represented, that assembled for a gala performance at the Uyeno

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Park Academy. The entertainment had not long begun, when a message reached the directors that an urgent "earthquake warning" had just been issued from the Seismological Observatory. Word was passed to Sir Claude MacDonald, then British Ambassador, who, fearing a panic and a dangerous rush for the doors, quietly intimated the purport of the communication to the distinguished guests. The royal party and *corps diplomatique* left their seats with as much dignity and deliberation as the circumstances permitted, and within five minutes the theatre was empty. The "warning" — a *canard*, of course — was believed to have been engineered by a gang of thieves, who hoped in the confusion of the ensuing *sauve qui peut* to reap a rich harvest.

For the ordinary person, unblest with a seismometer, it is hard, in all conscience, to draw the line between tremors just strong enough to be felt and those severe enough to make men edge instinctively towards the door or rise hastily from their beds; between shocks which stop the clock, throw ornaments from the mantel-piece, and break bottles in the cellars, and those which open ugly cracks in walls, strip roofs of tiles, and bring brick chimneys crashing through the house-top. In other words, it is difficult to say what measure of vibration—horizontal or vertical (a little of the latter goes a long way)—and what amount of subsequent damage, con-

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stitute a "severe" earthquake. Thus, when the sceptic Occidental reads in works of reference that there have been only two "severe" shocks in the last fifty years, he is apt to conclude that a great deal too much is made of this earthquake business. An eight years' residence in the country has given me recollections of four distinct occasions when the community as a whole was for several days together in a thoroughly nervous state; and at least three on which all who could get out of their houses did so, regardless of appearances and with the least possible delay; while those who could not, made haste to bestow themselves under tables, beds, and door-lintels. Nor were they ashamed afterwards to confess it.

At such times earthquakes, and what to do when they arrive, are the sole topic of conversation. To run out of one's house is held to be a mistake, because of the danger from falling tiles, copings, and chimney-stacks. Nevertheless, to remain indoors calls for some courage. I have heard more than one man express the hope that when a bad shock did come it would find him in club or hotel, where he could take refuge under the billiard-table. I once was dining in a friend's house when an obviously bad quake commenced. The low roaring sound, and an alarming rattle of the windows in their frames, betokened an unusual amount of vertical

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motion. Every one rose from the table, and my hostess, in great distress, implored me to save her little boy, who was asleep upstairs. I performed the mission as expeditiously as jammed doors and swaying stairs permitted, and rejoined the party, to find the fond parent on a garden seat in a state of collapse and the others watching the rocking house, in doubt as to whether its downfall or my emergence would be the first to occur.

Two of these anxious times were in early spring—the early part of April seems a particularly “busy” season from the seismic point of view—one in midsummer, and the other at the beginning of winter. The earthquake of March 13, 1909, which apparently had the approach to Yokohama Harbour for its epicentrum, was unquestionably the worst. Accurate measurements of this quake are not available, as one of its earliest misdeeds was to throw the local seismograph out of gear. The maximum amplitude was, however, found from other data to have been four-fifths of an inch, while the oscillations lasted eleven minutes. Many of the foreign-style houses on the high ground of the Bluff, as well as on the low “made” ground of the settlement, suffered serious injury. Several lives were lost as the result of falling walls, and many a good man thought his last hour had come. But, as Oom Paul would have

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said, the moral and intellectual damage exceeded the material. A wilderness of shattered nerves was left in the wake of that seismic wave.

However, things are not so bad as they might be—or, if we may accept the old records, as they were. Destructive earthquakes occurred more frequently a thousand years ago. The ninth century A.D. seems to have been a particularly undesirable time for residence in Japan. After the shock which annihilated Kyoto in 797, there were quakes of scarcely less intensity in 818, 827, 830, 841, 850, 856, 857, 864, 868, 869, and 877. Several of these were accompanied by tidal waves, and two, at least, synchronized with great volcanic eruptions—at Bandaisan (841) and Fujiyama (868). One of the earliest on record, and probably the most destructive of all, so far as the surface of the country is concerned, was that which devastated Southern Shikoku in 604 A.D. On that occasion a strip of coast over a million acres in extent disappeared bodily into the sea. Among cities, Kyoto and Tokyo have suffered most. Yedo, as it was then, has twice been laid in ruins. Japanese authorities put the mortality in the one case (1703) at 200,000, in the other (1855) at 100,000; but these figures must be received with caution. On both occasions winter added its rigours to the scene. Fires starting in all parts of the city turned night into day and

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completed the work of destruction. After-shocks constituted a feature of these, as they do of all great, earthquakes. Recurring at intervals of a few hours, they continued sometimes for a month, to the number of a hundred or more, keeping alive the terror of the inhabitants. The same phenomenon characterized the very violent quake of 1891, in the Gifu district. Palpable "echoes" of the main shock continued for six weeks, and the seismograph recorded 4,000, spread over the space of ten years. While the tale of disastrous earthquakes is not what it was, shocks are still numerous enough. Since the systematic observation of seismic phenomena was commenced in the early eighties, the average of earthquakes perceptible without the aid of instruments has worked out at well over 1,000 per annum for the whole Empire. For Tokyo alone the average is two earthquakes a week. Scientists take comfort in the number of these small shocks, just as they do in the frequency of volcanic explosions on a small scale. The former imply a gradual settling of the strata into a state of equilibrium not easily upset by ordinary movements; the latter involve a gradual dissipation of subterranean energy which, if suffered to accumulate, would spell disaster.

Observation of the direction followed by the seismic waves which traverse Japan shows that the great majority of them have their origin in

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the Pacific, not far from the Japanese coast. The gradient of the slope from the crest of the Japanese anticline towards the ocean-bed, namely, 1 in 25—as compared, for example, with the 1 in 200 off the eastern coast of South America—makes it one of the steepest on the face of the globe. Its total vertical height of 40,000 feet—from the summit of the Hondo highlands to the depths of the Tuscarora—renders it at the same time one of the highest. Here we have the prime cause of Japan's multitudinous quakes. For, as Dr. Knott puts it, an earthquake is “a yielding to stress”—that is to say, a point is reached at which rock-beds subjected to enormous thrust-pressure suddenly give way. This fracture sets in motion horizontal “earth-waves”; and, if it be accompanied by much displacement or subsidence of rock-masses, vertical motion of a jolting or jarring sort is set up, adding greatly to the dangerous character of the disturbance. A shock whose amplitude—that is, say, the extent of its back-and-forth horizontal motion—attains one inch, is sufficient to bring down any but the strongest buildings, while a vertical movement of the twentieth part of an inch is equally dangerous. The great Gifu earthquake, which had its origin in a huge fault or fracture, probably at a considerable depth, extended to the actual surface, where it formed a scarp 20 feet in vertical height and 50 miles

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in length. The amplitude of the shock was estimated to have been from 9 inches to a foot. Professor Omori, of Tokyo, attributes the proportionately low mortality (7,000), as compared with that of the Messina earthquake of December, 1908—which, judged by movement, was less severe—to the fact that the Japanese buildings, being of light construction, caused less damage by their fall.

The position and conformation of the Japanese island-arc renders it a "seismically sensitive" region. The strata of its anticline, under enormous pressure, are known to be slowly rising on the one side and sinking on the other, as the result of secular movement. In them, therefore, there is liable to occur, on comparatively slight provocation, that sudden yielding to stress which means an earthquake. The causes which may constitute that slight provocation may be either: (1) tidal stresses; (2) the gravitational influence of the sun, moon, or other planetary bodies acting in conjunction with them; (3) modification of surface stresses as the result of accumulation of snow, rainfall, and of consequent denudation and transportation of material; (4) the long-period oscillation of the earth's crust due to variations of barometric pressure. Any one of these may be the "last straw" which breaks the back of the overstrained anticline. In Japan's case,

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the last two causes assume special importance. The heavy annual snowfall on one side of the Japanese ridge, and the prevalence of a high barometric pressure on the other, are sufficient in themselves to account for the winter frequency of earthquakes in Japan. Observations have proved, on the one hand, that the number of shocks actually varies with the amount of the snowfall; and, on the other, that earthquakes are usually followed by a lowering of barometric pressure, accompanied by rain. Consequently the period mid-November to end of December, when these conditions come into play, and that from the middle of March to the middle of April, when the operation is reversed, are the times when Japan as a whole is more susceptible to earthquake shocks. In practice, moreover, it has been found that certain parts of Japan are more liable to earthquakes than others. Two lines of seismic activity intersect a little to the north-west of Tokyo Bay. It will readily be understood that by precise definition of these localities, study of periodicity of earthquake movements, calculation of the dates of maximum terrestrial stress, and, finally, by the detection of preliminary shocks with the aid of instruments, a fair approach to the prediction of earthquakes can be made. Cases of successful forecasts are, indeed, on record — notably Omori's prediction of the great Formosan earth-

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quake of 1906, and the calculation by an American seismologist of December 28, 1908—the date of the Messina catastrophe—as “a probable earthquake date.” An attempt at what might be called long-period prediction has also been made by the Japanese expert. Observing that Japan forms the meeting-place of two great earthquake zones—the Eurasian, extending from the Mediterranean by way of Turkestan and the Himalaya to Formosa, and the Americo-Pacific, extending from the Aleutian Islands along the western coast of the New World—and observing also that both these zones have within recent years been simultaneously shaken by a number of great shocks, while the Japanese islands have escaped, Professor Omori infers that the earth stresses have been shifted from the North Pacific link between the two zones to the arcs of the zones themselves, and that in consequence the Japanese islands will be free from any disastrous shocks for “some dozens of years to come.” We shall see!

Some twenty years ago the Japanese house was labelled “the offspring of the earthquake.” The idea was plausible, the phrase picturesque, the manner appropriately dogmatic—so the label remained. As a little reflection will show, other considerations have had as much, or more, to do with the evolution of the Japanese house. Cheapness and the character of the materials

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available are among the chief. Soft wood and the accommodating bamboo lay ready to hand in abundance; why quarry the hills for stone? No doubt, if the rugged slopes of Shantung or Korea (where there are no earthquakes) were profusely wooded, we should there find airy structures of wood and paper instead of hovels of rock and mud. The artistic temperament of the Japanese, which prefers the light and "natty" to the solid and ponderous, as well as their proverbial passion for light and air, have also played a part in fixing the style of their domestic architecture. Certainly it is not regard for the earthquake that makes the Japanese builder put a preposterously heavy roof of tiles upon his "wicker-basket" of a house. Unless, indeed, he wishes to ensure being killed outright, when the crisis comes, instead of merely bruised or maimed! Nor would it permit him to add one or two stories to the one-floored "offspring"—which he frequently does. Then again, as a destroyer of Japanese dwelling-places, the fire-fiend is far worse than the seismic wave. Once in twenty years, perhaps, a destructive earthquake brings down 10,000 houses. But five times that number are destroyed every year by fires. If the style and pattern of the Japanese house were dictated by external dangers, this highly practical people would long ago have hit upon some better medium than paper stretched

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on wooden frames. They would, in other words, have fought the fire rather than the earthquake. Finally, large sections of the country—notably on the western slope—are unaffected by these shocks, yet there, as elsewhere, the “offspring of the earthquake” flourishes, and has from the beginning.

The fact of the matter is that the Japanese house provides no better refuge in a really severe earthquake than any other type of building. Indeed, a two-storied Japanese house with heavy tiled roof is about as bad a place as one could be in. Where the Japanese building scores is that all the varying degrees of shock, up to the really dangerous, fail to leave their mark upon it. No weakened foundations, tottering chimneys, cracked walls, or pendulous plaster remain to haunt the tenant's mind. To all the minor movements, the non-rigid, unstrutted framework of the Japanese building yields; like the reed before the wind, it bends, and so is saved from breaking. But when the visitation looks to be catastrophic, your good Japanese will take to the street and leave the offspring of the earthquake to be devoured by its own parent. And small blame to him!

In another earthquake-infested region—that of Guatemala—a primitive and inexpensive type of building has been evolved by the natives, and is thus described by Mr. W. S. Ascoli: “Stout

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wooden uprights are driven into the ground at intervals along the proposed walls. These posts are then bound together by thin laths of strong, flexible wood, running horizontally, and securely fastened by palm-fibre, thereby forming a skeleton wall. Sometimes, for greater rigidity, additional laths, running diagonally, are added. This is then filled up with slabs of 'adobe,' or baked earth. The surface can then be covered with stucco and whitewashed." While the framework of such a house has the advantage of elasticity, the great objection would be the crumbling of the walls after any severe shock. Professor Milne's recipe for a safe house in an earthquake country is "a one-storied, strongly framed timber house, with a light, flattish roof made of shingles or sheet-iron, the whole resting on a quantity of small cast-iron balls, carried on flat plates bedded in the foundations." It is to be feared that these precepts are seldom followed, even in the case of private houses, and when the visitor who has heard much of "the offspring of the earthquake" contemplates the huge brick-and-stone structures which have sprung up on the "made" ground about Hibiya Park, in the centre of Tokyo, he will be at a loss whether to admire more this defiance of the earthquake or the readiness with which the Japanese adapt themselves to the demands of modern civilization, earthquakes notwithstanding.

CHAPTER XI

THE SPAS OF JAPAN

A volcanic legacy—Composition and distribution—Legendary use and origin—A much-prized boon—Conventions at a discount—The question of temperature—Fashionable spas—Classification of the waters—Chalybeate springs—Seaside spas—Bathing *au grand sérieux*—Boiling pools for suicides—“Hells” in an Eden—A typical mountain-spa

NOT the least of the legacies bequeathed by volcanic force to the land of Yamato is the mineral spa. Hot springs enrich most of the highland districts. Without being confined to the interior, they issue, as a rule, at heights varying from 1,000 to 4,000 feet above sea-level, often amid the most romantic surroundings. Sometimes they emerge on the sea-shore—the steam of the spring mingling, literally, with the surf of the breakers. Generally speaking, these “mountain waters”—as the Japanese call them—issue from the base of extinct or quiescent cones. One of the symptoms of declining sub-

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terranean energy is the solfatara. The thermal spring is its almost invariable concomitant. It is the gift of the volcano that is marked to die.

Some writers have maintained that most of the mineral springs in Japan are indifferent in composition and show no connection with the volcanic areas. Recent research leads to the opposite conclusion. All the recognized varieties—alkaline, acid, saline, chalybeate—are represented. Over and above these a large number contain sulphur in one form or another. The presence of sulphuretted hydrogen in greater or lesser quantity is indicated by its characteristic odour; sulphur dioxide gives rise to deposition of sulphur, called by the Japanese *yu-bana*, while the trioxide gives rise to the presence of free sulphuric acid in the water. As to the distribution of the springs, the only notable ones issuing in a non-volcanic district are those of Arima, in Settsu, and two or three in the Kii Peninsula. The rest, without exception, are so obviously connected with one or other of the volcanic zones that to dissociate them from their common source would be, as it were, to put asunder those whom Nature hath joined.

Many of the Japanese spas are of great antiquity. Legend has busied itself both with their origin and their use. Judged by the test, the oldest baths in Japan are those of Dogo, in north-western Shikoku. Here Onamuji,

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who, as directly descended from Susano-o, "the Impetuous Male," ranks as one of the aboriginal deities of Idzumo, Sukuno-bikona, his diminutive coadjutor, and five of the legendary Mikados, including the famous Jimmu Tenno, disported themselves in the slightly sulphurous waters. The baths of Nasu, in Northern Japan, became famous in the Jomei era (629-641 A.D.), and those of Kinosaki, in Western Japan, date from the sixth century. The principal spring at the latter place, so the story goes, owes its discovery to the prescience of a stork. For several days in succession the bird, suffering apparently from pain in its legs, was observed by a peasant to visit the same spot and scrape a hole for itself in the ground. The malady with which it was afflicted abated, and at length the stork flew away cured. On this the peasant examined the place and found a mineral spring, over which, with the aid of his neighbours, he built a bathing-hut.

By a people with whom bathing is the *grande passion* the boon of mineral waters is highly prized. In Japanese eyes the summer resort without a hot spring is nothing worth. Holiday-making Japanese do not flock to the seaside—unless, indeed, they happen to be within easy reach of a "marine spa" like Atami, in Izu, or Beppu, in the far south. For this reason, too, resorts most popular among foreigners—such as

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Karuizawa, in Central Japan, and the village of Hakone, on the lake of the same name—are not much patronized by the Japanese. Even Nikko, with them, is less a holiday resort than a place of pilgrimage. On the other hand, the sequestered *onsen*—the hotter the better—is thronged throughout the season. The approach may be toilsome, the accommodation poor; but these are of secondary importance: the bathing is the thing. Dozens of folk of all sorts and conditions—young men and maidens, old men and children, pilgrims, students, sufferers from life's ills—will pack into a third-rate hotel, covering the musty *tatami* like leaves in Vallombrosa, rather than forego their midsummer soak. Is it not on record that a miserable hut, 5,000 feet up on the flank of Bandaisan, was harbouring a score of souls when the great eruption took place?

Recourse to a "cure" in the Western world is costly. The thermal waters, captured for exploitation by a syndicate, are encased in a pump-room, or a *kursaal*, and society flocking thereto is forced to keep up the conventions and artificialities of everyday life. In Japan the presence of the hot spring is seldom marked by anything more than a foliage-embowered collection of rough huts, above whose shingle roofs float wreaths of steam and sulphurous vapour. Usually the large wooden tanks which constitute the baths themselves—often with little more than



GENESIS OF A MOUNTAIN SPA : NOBORIBETSU.

In the foreground the crater ; beyond, the solfataras ; in the distance, the roofs of the village.



ASHINOYU SPA : HAKONÉ.

On the flank of an extinct cone (Futagoyama). Below, to the left, lies the Lake of Hakoné.

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a roof for shelter—are free to every passer-by. In remoter regions, despite the efforts of officialdom to quench it, a state of almost idyllic naturalness prevails. The degree of civilization attained at a spa may, in fact, be gauged by the customs pursued. While in more enlightened places wooden partitions have been put up, on one side of which is written “ladies,” on the other “gentlemen,” in others a bamboo-pole laid across the water answers the same purpose. In others, again, no pretence at division is made. Promiscuous bathing of the sexes proceeds as from time immemorial and without offence. Sometimes the waters are taken *al fresco*. A favourite process, after a preliminary soak, is to stand at the foot of an open bank or wall and receive from overhead—conveyed thither in bamboo-pipes—a small cascade, hot to a degree, but highly invigorating. “The great drawback to a stay at one of these places,” naïvely remarks a well-known handbook, “is the danger of meeting naked bathers.” Possibly; but any one who wishes to avoid this peril can easily do so. He has only to approach this rural Gomorrah in the company of the local *junsa* (policeman). Conceivably, he may catch glimpses of discarded garments hastily donned behind some friendly corner, and of nude figures surreptitiously betaking themselves to their proper compartments; but, beyond that, his

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Occidental sense of propriety will suffer no irreparable shock.

The temperature of the bath is an important point. Your Japanese likes not the cold tub. To him the "hot" bath, as understood in this country, would be *nuroi* (lukewarm). Medical men in Western countries discourage the taking of baths the temperature of which exceeds to any appreciable extent that of the body—a more than probable explanation of the fact that so many people take cold after a "hot" bath. With the Japanese a favourite temperature is 110° to 115° F. After a half-hour's soak in water of that heat, bathers will sally forth on a freezing night clad in a thin *kimono*, or even the spare *fundoshi* (loin-cloth), and walk scatheless to their homes.

Of the alkaline waters, the best known are those of Atami and Shuzenji—the one on the coast, the other in the interior, of the Izu Peninsula; Ikao, in Central Japan; Shiobara, on the flanks of the Hondo anticline; and Shibu, in the Shinano Valley, on the western slope. Shiobara, with numerous springs set apart for rich folk and poor respectively, is one of the most fashionable of Japanese spas, and has been patronized of late years by members of the Imperial Family. There are baths here for all grades of society, just as, at a Kyushu spa, the tanks are labelled first, second, and third

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class. At Shuzenji one of the springs emerges in the bed of a river. To reach the superstructure of a bath-house in midstream bathers have "to walk the plank." A special distinction is conferred on Atami by a powerful intermittent geyser, which discharges at intervals of four to six hours for half an hour at a time. Should it fail to explode at the proper time—which it sometimes does—there is consternation in the village. For the geyser is the making of the place, and to lose the many pulmonary patients who come hither in winter would mean disaster.

The four main islands of Japan are said to contain well over four hundred mineral springs, classified as saline, alkaline, chalybeate and indifferent, or pure. Some of the saline or chalybeate springs contain, in addition, an appreciable amount of sulphur. At Kusatsu, in Central, and at Nasu, in Northern, Japan, owing to the presence of free sulphuric acid, the waters are classed as "acid." At the point of emergence the quantity of sulphur in solution is sufficient to give them a milky colour; but, in their further progress, some of this mineral is deposited, iron and other constituents are taken up in exchange, and the temperature falls. Similarly, in the Hakone district, the highest springs—those at Ashinoyu (2,800 feet)—are stronger and hotter than those of Miyanoshta, three miles down the

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valley. By the time the waters reach Yumoto, four miles farther on, their temperature has fallen to 100°, and they are indifferent.

Of the spas which lie west of the great meridional range, Arima, in Settsu, some fifteen miles north of Kobe, is the most frequented. This is one of Japan's best chalybeate springs. Analyses of its waters show one litre to contain 14·7 grammes of sodium chloride, 1·28 of potassium oxide, 2·9 of calcium, and 0·24 of magnesium, with 0·246 of peroxide of iron. Deposits from one of the springs at the base of Hakusan are strongly impregnated with iron, and find a ready sale as *yubana* on that account. At Yumomine, in Isé, the waters gush out in the midst of the village at a temperature of 200° F., and—the presence of sulphur notwithstanding—are used by the women of the place to cook their vegetables. Visitors make a practice of leaving teapots, etc., to be encrusted with the mineral; and the principal image in the adjoining temple is fashioned from a stone thus adorned. As examples of the alkaline-chalybeate type may be mentioned the hot spring of Oshiu, near Wakamatsu, and a cold spring at Arima, the ferrous compound being associated in each case with bicarbonate of soda. All the springs of this class contain an appreciable amount of carbonic acid gas, but that of Takaradzuka, near Kobe—a cold spring—is particularly rich in this constituent, and



AN ALFRESCO "SHOWER" : NOBORIBETSU.

The hot water is conveyed from the springs in bamboo pipes.



BATH-HOUSE IN MID-STREAM : SHUZENJI, IZU.

The hot springs emerge in the river-bed, and are reached by means of a plank bridge.

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makes a most palatable table-water, known as *tansan*.

It is not always the fate of the hot springs born of Japanese volcanoes to be harnessed in bamboo-pipes or gathered into public bathing-tanks. At the base of the island-volcano of Sakurajima, which rears its seared and imposing form out of the deep waters of Kagoshima Bay to a height of 3,500 feet, the thermal waters find their way out on a sandy beach, secluded from all winds save the south. The inhabitants of the neighbouring village can therefore pass from a hot-spring bath—made by the simple process of hollowing out a place in the sand—into the more vigorous embrace of the sea, and *vice versa*. Even in mid-winter, when the sun, as a rule, shines genially from a cloudless sky, the children of Arimura may be seen disporting themselves on the steaming shore or soaking to their chins in a sand-bath within a few feet of the icy spray of the breakers.

For baths on a big scale one must go to Beppu, a seaside spa, or to Kusatsu, one of the coolest of Japanese summer resorts, nearly 4,000 feet above sea-level. At the former place the public baths accommodate eight hundred people in two huge sheds. Formalities depending upon sex are entirely dispensed with. The tanks, sunk into the ground, are arranged in strengths to suit the various diseases of the patients, who are warned “not to kill the ox

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while straightening the horns"—*i.e.*, not to sacrifice their constitutions for the sake of a local affection. On the beach are baths more public still. During the season, which is early spring, the foreshore at midday is studded with human heads, the bodies appertaining to which are being steamed below the surface. Dozens of springs, alkaline, ferruginous, and strongly charged with carbonic acid gas, percolate seawards through the sand. Nor is there any failure in point of temperature, for that varies from 110° to 132° F.

At Kusatsu, high on the flank of the venerable Shiranesan (White Mountain), in the West Central District, bathing is pursued *au grand sérieux*. Therapeutics, not pleasure, is the end in view. Here the waters, with a temperature ranging up to 128° F., are sharpened by an appreciable percentage of free sulphuric acid, and contain, in addition, traces of iron and arsenic. They possess special efficacy for gout, rheumatism, and all manner of skin diseases, including leprosy and syphilis. Such is the torture inflicted in cases of cutaneous affections that the patients submit to a species of drill, under a bath-master, who keeps time for them, and sees that each pours upon his head 250 dippers—the regulation number—of the scalding water to prevent congestion. Sufferers in an advanced stage are allowed to swathe their wounds in cotton-wool—no mean concession when it is remem-

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bered that the period of immersion lasts three or four minutes. A course at Kusatsu involves the taking of 120 of these baths, spread over a month, after which the patient proceeds to Shibu, on the farther side of the range, or to some other spa where the waters are soft.

Japan's pure or indifferent springs are found to possess a roughly uniform temperature, 100° to 105° F., which suggests that they originate in strata of similar composition—probably the fundamental schists—or from a uniform depth. On the other hand, the sulphur springs show every variety of temperature up to the boiling of the *jigoku* ("hells"). Many of them issue directly, in surface-streams, from ancient breached craters, which, despite their decrepitude, present scenes of the liveliest activity. The Ojigoku ("Big Hell") of Tateyama, on the north-western flank of the Hida-Etchu range, includes a pool, 150 feet across, in a state of violent ebullition. On its banks quantities of sulphur are continually being deposited. Some of the solfataras have received fanciful names. The boiling pools of Unzen, in Kyushu, the fiercest of which contains a geyser, is called the "Pool of Loud Wailing." In the Tonami Peninsula, which forms the northern extremity of Hondo, a group of boiling springs lies cheek-by-jowl with a placid crater-lake on the hollow breast of a peak known as "the Mountain of

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Dread." Such places as these—and, in particular, a deep green pond called the "Sea of Hell," near Beppu, which, for all its heat, preserves an uncanny stillness—have often been profaned by suicide.

Perhaps the most striking feature of these solfatara-spas is the amazing verdure which surrounds them. Roaring, bubbling, hissing cauldrons are hedged about with virgin forests. Up to these slope stark, scarred cliffs, stained red, yellow, white; into them fades the steam of innumerable geysers and fumaroles, surging from a floor in many parts of which it would be death to walk. The *tout ensemble* is startling; the effect most weird. Such a scene may be witnessed at or near the base of several of Japan's played-out volcanoes, but nowhere to better advantage than at Nobori-betsu, in the Hokkaido. There, at an elevation of 1,000 feet, the noise of the Pacific breakers might be heard, were it not for the ceaseless din near by. The source thereof is a huge double crater, each of its divisions a third of a mile in diameter. On the one side steaming water overflows out of boiling lakes into a trackless forest; on the other into the inns and bath-houses of a thrice-blessed village. The craters resound with the wild commotion of a score of "hells," fumaroles, and fountains of boiling water. But the whole inferno is girt about with richest green. The

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very ridge dividing it in twain, crowned in part with densest foliage, carries a fearsome pit, 70 feet long, filled with rolling, seething mud.

Of a very different type, the little *onsen* of Eino lies high on the flank of Kirishima, in Southern Kyushu. To reach it neither *basha* nor *jinrikisha* avails. He who would know this choicest of Japanese mountain spas must needs climb. The range which marks the route begins, continues, and ends with craters, domes, and peaks. But for the occasional glimpse of a majestic cone, with a mass of vapour swelling from its crest, the densely wooded flanks might be those of Vosges or Malverns—magnified, and with a greater wealth of foliage. A picturesque village nestles at its southern extremity; but the prudent traveller, seeing that this is one of the haunts favoured of pilgrims, will push on to the little spa whose waters come direct from the bowels of the mountain instead of from the bathroom boiler.

So on the occasion of a visit in the autumn of 1907 neither my friend (who, doing "the grand tour," was new to the country) nor myself surrendered to the blandishments of a well-favoured *nesan* (waitress) at the inn near the temple, who proffered green tea for our delectation. The deep tones of the temple bell sounding the vesper hour reached us out on the hillside as the cryptomeria groves which hid the

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village were fading into the distance. To the right, for 2,000 feet, rose the bold shoulder of the range. To the left, as many feet below, lay the outspread plain. Lava and tuff were the hillocks and ridges that diversified its surface; lava and tuff were the beds of its streams and meres. But over all, as upon the slopes above, lay a mantle of Eden-like fertility. The very craters along the summit-line were silent, cold, and lake-filled: while the beneficent waters for which we were heading issued from beneath the greatest and deadest of them all.

For two hours our *ninsoku* (coolie) stolidly led the way, looking neither to right nor left. Now some projecting spur of the range had to be negotiated, now some densely wooded rift; but always, on the whole, the path ascended. At length, on rounding a bolder bluff than any yet encountered, there came into view a stately gorge, which reached the very heart of the range. Woods that might have passed for primeval lined its steep sides. Into it, out of the west, poured the level rays of the sun, turning to flame the glassed-in fronts of a little cluster of "toy" houses daintily set upon a platform at its head. From between the shingle roofs floated tiny wreaths of vapour, showing white against the dark background of foliage before they vanished into the twilight air.

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In this sequestered gorge the *junsa* ceased from troubling. So about the open tanks, with their greenish steaming water and *yubana*, bathers of both sexes and of all ages were scrubbing themselves on the sloping floors, soaking to the neck, or taking the "shower" on a rocky ledge well supplied with descending streams.

Nightfall, following hard on the gloaming, found us established in a soft-matted, paper-walled room, which was Elysium to our way-worn frames. It had been assumed, as a matter of course, that we would take the water while sustenance was in preparation for the inner man. A few minutes later—their travel-stained garments replaced by the *yukata*¹—the "honourable foreigners" were (like the rest of the population) up to their necks in water of a temperature undreamed of at home, responding as best they could to the courteous inquiries of a venerable old man on the one hand, and a charming daughter of the soil on the other, as to their age, nationality, business, past history, and intentions for the immediate future.

This ordeal ended, we removed our parboiled bodies to the cool seclusion of the straw-and-paper *zasshiki*, where a repast had been prepared, in which raw fish, fried chicken, and egg-soup formed the major items. *Saké* and

¹ A thin crêpe *kimono* used in going to and from the bath.

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cigarettes followed, until the *nesans* invaded the apartment to prepare the beds. Had four deal planks been piled upon the *tatami* for a resting-place, instead of as many wadded quilts, we would have slumbered and slept. The "mountain water" had charmed all weariness from our limbs, and repose alone was wanted to complete the cure. Just as this much-wished-for consummation was about to be effected, a piercing cry, of feminine origin, fell from without upon our drowsy ears. My companion started to his feet, and, rushing to the nearest *amado*, unbarred and flung it wide. Now, the house across the way, it seemed, belonged to the *kocho* (village headman), who was celebrating, in an appropriate manner, the anniversary of some red-letter day in the ancestral record. To give lustre to the occasion, a *geisha* had been engaged from the prefectural town; and it was her shrill nasal voice, rising in minor key high above the strains of the accompanying *samisen*, that had aroused the chivalrous instincts of my friend. A few moments' listening convinced him of his error. Disgusted, he shot the *amado* back into its groove with quite unnecessary violence, and hied him without a word to his wadded quilts. Long did the revel last, but between the snatches of "song" could be heard the "soul-like sounds" of the encircling woods, the babbling of cold waters, the bubbling of the hot.

CHAPTER XII

THE GATEWAY OF THE SOUTH

An eventful past—Saigo's *harakiri*—Occidental influence—Kyushu and Korea—The rise of Moji—Creditable ship-building—Matsuri—The return of the spirits—Fantastic landscapes—Shimabara and its *ignis fatuus*—A great sea-loch—The Horse's Bone and the Heavenly Spear—Isolation ended—Tobacco culture on volcanic soil

KYUSHU, so Science tells us, was originally one with Hondo. An isthmus linked it to the Korean Peninsula, where now the shallow straits of Tsushima lie. Before it became one of the main islands of Japan—the most uneven in its surface, the most splintered as to its coast—it was the road by which the primitive forms of life passed eastwards from the continent. In the alluvial beds of Northern Kyushu, as well as those of Kuwanto, skeletons of elephants and other mammals of Indian origin have been discovered. Nor did insulation make an end of Kyushu's *rôle* as a half-way house. By this same road the civilization, the arts, the wisdom

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of the East travelled to Old Japan. Most notable of these invasions, and fruitful in its effects, was that which took place towards the close of the sixth century, when the arrival of many priests paved the way for Buddha's peaceful conquest of Japan. Not only did the nation as a whole turn to "the Light of Asia"—which to this day retains its hold on all but the higher classes—but with these first missionaries came Chinese institutions of various kinds—the ideographs, the study of the Confucian classics, the methods of reckoning time—and, not least, the secrets of those keramic arts and industries which, persisting to the present, have made household words of Hizen and Satsuma.

Kyushu has been associated with most of the great events of Japanese history. It was from the southern island that Jimmu Tenno set out to establish himself in Yamato. Tradition accords the little harbour of Mimitsu, in Hyuga, the distinction of being the actual point of departure. In its turn, too, the southern island was the sally-port whence warlike expeditions like those of the half-mythical Empress Jingo in the second century and of Hideyoshi in the fourteenth—not to mention quite recent excursions—were launched against the adjacent parts of Asia. It was off the north-western coast of Kyushu that Japan met and defeated her Armada—the fleet of the formidable Kublai Khan—just three

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hundred years before England repulsed a similar attack upon her liberties. The annihilation of that Mongol host—aided, it is said, by a divinely prepared storm—gave undying lustre to the name of Hojo Tokumine. In more recent times, it was from the southern port of Sasebo that the invincible Togo set out to do battle with the Russian fleet, almost within sight of the bold headlands of Hizen.

The sympathetic attitude of the people of Kyushu towards foreign influences has not deprived them of independence or of individuality. When, in the Meiji era, Eastern Japan became the main channel for external influences—Occidental now, not Asiatic—there was a tendency to leave the men of the south on one side. The resentment thus aroused led to the outbreak against the Imperial authority known as the Satsuma Rebellion. The bullet-marked walls of Kagoshima Castle, where Saigo Takamori performed *harakiri* when all was lost, are the last evidences of internecine strife in Japan.

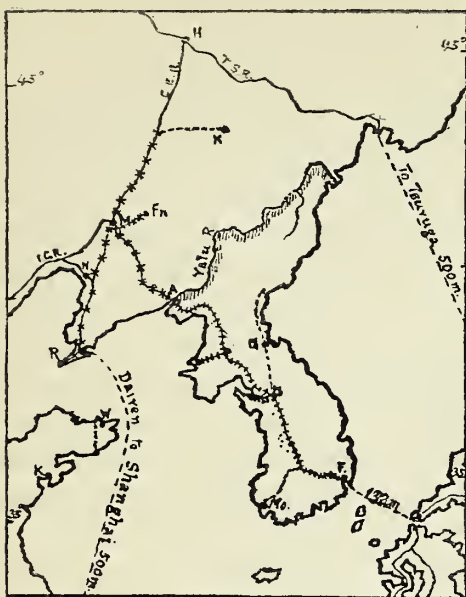
Occidental influences likewise came first to Kyushu—and never left it. Portuguese priests and traders arrived in the middle of the sixteenth century; after them, the Spaniards, and then the Dutch. Here the earliest seeds of Christianity were sown, to bear, within a century, a bitter harvest. Some imprudence on the part of the *padres*, much prejudice on the part of the

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Shogunate—and there ensued the terrible scenes at Amakusa, Shima, and Takaboko (Pappenburg), where in all a hundred thousand Japanese converts to Christianity, refusing to trample on the Cross, proved “faithful unto death.” But there were places, such as Urakami, where the Roman Catholic Church kept green the memory of St. Francis Xavier, and can show an unbroken record from 1542 to the present day. All foreigners were driven from the country, save a small colony of Dutch traders, who remained on sufferance at Deshima, Nagasaki's island-suburb, and for two and a half centuries Iyoyasu and his successors cut Japan off from the outside world.

To some extent, in her own island-story, Kyushu has shared the fortunes of the neighbouring continental States. When, in our Middle Ages, Korea reached her zenith as a civilized nation, Kyushu profited thereby. The decrepit state into which the peninsula had fallen, in recent times, undoubtedly reacted upon Kyushu. With some confidence, therefore, we may expect the resuscitation of the Hermit Kingdom under Japanese guidance to enure to the good of Nine-Province-Island. The nearness of Kyushu with respect to the continent has given it an eventful past; now that the remotest extremity of the island has been brought into touch with the current of world-travel, that position

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KOREAN (——) AND MANCHURIAN (---) RAILWAYS.

Other Railways ~ ; Projected - - -

I.C.R. Imperial Chinese Railway; C.E.R. Chinese Eastern, connecting at Harbin (H) with T.S.R., Trans-Siberian.

F, Fusan; Mo, Mokpo; □ Seoul; G, Gensan; A, Antung
M, Mukden; Fn, Fushun Mines; N, Newchwang; K, Kivsn
R, Ryojun (Port Arthur); W, Wei-hai-wei; K, Kiao-chou.

promises no less to give it a future. True, to join the Korean railway system, the steam-packet leaves Shimonoseki—and this, being on the north

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side of the tortuous channel, is not in Kyushu. But the strait is only three-quarters of a mile wide, and steam-ferries plough its waters from morn to dewy eve. So that Moji and Shimono-seki are very much the same thing! To Fusan, across the ample but shallow Tsushima Straits, is a journey comparable with that from Plymouth to Cherbourg—a matter of ten hours in modern *paquebots*. Of the three ways of reaching Harbin, on the Trans-Siberian system, from Japan, this offers the shortest sea-passage. Now that the 3,000-foot bridge over the Yalu at New Wiju is completed, one may travel without change from Fusan to Chang-chun, where Japanese control of the Manchurian railway ends. This has been rendered possible by the enterprise of the South Manchurian Railway Company in converting the narrow-gauge Antung-Mukden line, built originally for military purposes, into a substantial 4 feet 8½ inch road, at a cost of two and a half millions sterling. The policy of the Tokyo authorities is to encourage passenger traffic through Chosen, while developing freight-work on the Dairen route. With this end in view, passenger fares on the former line are kept at a moderate figure, but freight rates average four times those on the South Manchurian line. In mileage the Tsuruga-Vladivostock-Harbin route has the advantage — with, roughly, 950 miles as against 1,200; but the Fusan-

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Mukden route, thanks to the short sea-passage, has an advantage, in time, of half a day.

Recent years have witnessed a shifting of the centre of gravity from the southern to the northern end of the island. The loss of trade suffered by Nagasaki in the sequel of the Russian War and the successful working of coal-measures on the northern flank of the Tsukushi range were mainly responsible for the change. At Moji may now be witnessed scenes which used to be specially associated with Nagasaki—gangs of young women stripped to the waist doing the active part of the operation of “coal ship” by passing the light wicker-baskets from hand to hand with marvellous deftness. The record far exceeds any established in the Royal Navy—it is 1,200 tons in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Often the operation is carried out by night, with the aid of naphtha flares, when it seems weirder still.

This is not to say, of course, that the coal-measures of Takashima are played out, or that Nagasaki, depending thereon, is on the verge of extinction. The largest of Japanese ship-building yards—the Mitsubishi—is here. A port that can turn out so fine a specimen of marine architecture as the *Chiyo Maru*—a turbine steamer of 14,000 tons—is still very much alive. The predecessor and sister of the *Chiyo*—the *Tenyo Maru*—indeed came in for some criticism when she first made her bow to the Pacific trade.

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“Too much top-hamper” was the charge, and the “old hands” called her sea-worthiness in question. The criticism was treated with respect. The superstructure was lightened, a few feet taken off her funnels, and the *Tenyo*, riding more easily, is no longer the source of qualms.

At Nagasaki may be seen to the best advantage one of the most charming and characteristic features of Japanese life—the yearly festivals, or *matsuri*. Some are peculiar to the city; others are celebrated here with special elaboration, ceremonial or gusto, as the case may be. On the occasion of the Suwa-no-Matsuri, in honour of the gods of the Shinto Suwa temple, the entire population gives itself up to festivity for three days (October 7th to 9th)—the orthodox period for a “great” festival. Even the Yoshiwara wards are represented, by *geisha*, in the opening and concluding processions, when the images of the gods are borne through the city in costly lacquered palanquins. Gaily dressed children take part in dances witnessed by the municipal and prefectural officials. The final scenes of the celebration are of a Bacchanalian order. Fun, fast and furious, gives a strange aspect to the temple steps. Up and down the gilded shrines are rushed by half-crazy devotees, till sometimes night is made hideous by wild riots, which end in severely taxing the resources of the city hospitals.

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Though the Bon Matsuri is not peculiar to Nagasaki, its celebration is, or was, here conducted on the most picturesque lines. At places on the coast this festival is held in the middle of July, a month later in the interior, where the old Chinese calendar is still followed. The spirits of the dead, who at this season return to visit their loved ones, are believed to come over-sea. And when they come, they are hungry. Food is, therefore, the chief of the votive offerings placed on their last resting-place by those of the loved ones who are still in the flesh. Kind hands decorate the graves and tender hearts linger beside them in devotion. At night not only is every hill-side cemetery gay with coloured lanterns, but lights are placed along the winding way to guide the returning spirits. As midnight of the 15th approaches the spirits' time is up. With Hamlet's father they might say—

"Mine hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself,"

were it not that Japanese creeds hold out no such gruesome prospects to their votaries. At any rate, the spirits must return to their long home, and the whole city turns out to give them a pleasant send off. Thousands of little boats of straw and bamboo, containing food for the journey and lanterns to light the way, are sent

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a float from the harbour strand, to drift with their ghostly freight out to sea, while friends left behind wave farewells from the shore.

In the case of towns situated on or near estuaries, the illuminated spirit-fleet is launched upon their current, to be carried out to sea. Hence the *kawa-baraki* ("river opening") festival, which for the nonce transforms the strictly utilitarian Sumidagawa of Tokyo into a fairy scene. In the country districts dances by *geisha* take the place of the aquatic *fête*. It is a pretty idea these Matsuri embody, helping to rob death of some of the terrors with which Western civilization has enwrapped it. But it is more. It keeps alive the belief in ancestor-worship—one of the corner-stones of the Japanese polity. It will be a bad day for Japan when the iron of "rationalism" will so far have entered into her soul as to render these festivities things of the buried past. It is even a matter of regret that consideration for the safety of junks at anchor in the bay has led the authorities to interfere to some extent with the effectiveness of the spectacle by compelling the destruction of the miniature boats soon after launching. That the worship of ancestors is, for the Japanese, no empty form may be gathered from the unvarying custom of paying public homage to those who have fallen in battle. Immediately after the capture of Port Arthur, the entire army

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attended a service of this kind, in which the Commander-in-chief took a leading part. In the following lines, contributed at the time to the *Japan Mail*, I have paraphrased the substance of General Nogi's Invocation to the spirits of those who had fallen, whether by land or on water, during the siege :—

Ye spirits of the dead, whose mortal clay,
Here on the stricken field, there in the deep
And hollow breast of ocean, night and day,
Dear to its country, sleeps its endless sleep,
We give you reverence. Two hundred days
Ye fought, and, fighting for your country, fell—
The clash of steel, the storm's wild song of praise
Rising o'er battle's din, your passing bell.
But not in vain! From radiant Eastern hills
Your stirring deeds e'en to the sunny West
Have spread eternal fame—these rocks and rills
We gaze on with your blood for ever blest.
Immortal race, extolled yet not unwept,
Draw near us and our reverence accept.

Kyushu can bear comparison with any of the other main islands in point of scenery. Materials ejected from volcanic vents overlies three-fourths of its surface. While in some places, such as the Osumi Province, this has given rise to a levelling up of large areas, in others, where water-erosion has had free play, landscapes of the most fantastic character have been fashioned out of deep deposits of tuff and agglomerate. The gorges of Yabakei, on the Takasegawa in

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Buzen, present, as Chamberlain points out, those "impossible" land-forms so often depicted in Chinese and Japanese works of art. The scenery of Takeda, farther inland, is also of a most romantic type. Great sheets of lava have been broken up into the quaintest hillocks and valleys lined with basaltic shafts. Over one of these lava sills, of considerable height, rushes a waterfall, which in olden days was the scene of a species of trial by ordeal. Prisoners believed guilty of the gravest crimes used to be flung over the precipice; if they survived the test, they were pardoned.

Kyushu's two largest sea-lochs are dominated by ancient volcanic piles, which, within the past two centuries, have been scenes of colossal and destructive outbreaks. From the summit of Unzendake ("Hot-spring Peak") one looks upon a scene of extraordinary, fairy-like beauty—the island-studded bay of Shimabara. On the one flank, encircled with woods of the darkest green, are a "Hell" and a "Valley of Loud Wailing"—solfataras and boiling fountains which fling their pungent waters 10 feet or more into the air; on the other, a vast array of precipices formed in a twinkling as the result of a landslip induced by the eruption of 1783. But the bay is more than beautiful; it is mysterious. It boasts an *ignis fatuus* which so far has baffled investigation. Strange lights—"unknown fires"

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the ancients called them—play upon its surface twice every year, in July and December, in the small hours of the morning. Phosphorescence is no doubt the cause of the phenomenon; but its localization and periodicity remain to be accounted for.

In the far south, Sakurajima, rising sheer out of the land-locked Kagoshima Gulf, presides over a scene where boldness is the prevailing note. The scarred and rugged cone, equal in height to Snowdon, holds two deep craters with a shallow depression, making a third, between them. The lip of the southern vent—still steaming, despite the grass which clings in places to its precipitous sides—offers a prospect ranging from the blue Pacific, where the shapely cone of the Satsuma Fuji¹ stands sentinel-like at the entrance of the gulf, to the 10-mile ridge of volcanic piles called the Kirishima Range, and, beyond, to the rough sea of mountains which fills the centre of Kyushu. I question whether Mother Earth has anywhere a finer combination of land and sea scapes than this prospect from Sakurajima's splintered crest.

Thirty years ago Asosan was the only active volcano in Kyushu—understanding, by this term, one displaying activity in its main or summit crater. So wrote Dr. J. J. Rein, after his ascent of the peak of Higashi Kirishima, also known

¹ Kaimondake.

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as Takachiho, a mountain hardly less revered among Japanese than Fuji itself. At that date the ground on the north-western side of the mountain was "warm," and "the smell of hydrogen sulphide came from the crater," whose dimensions were estimated, by the German authority, at 250 yards in width and about 30 in depth. Things have changed since then. The crater has doubled its width and increased its depth threefold. Next to that of Asama, it is now the most active in Japan. The transformation took place in October, 1895, when a violent eruption occurred. At the present time the action of this cone resembles that of the great volcano of Central Japan—periodical "puffs" and, when these are interrupted, more or less violent outbursts. Lava in the liquid form is less in evidence. Takachiho has a preference for stones. Owing to the considerable number of jagged fragments ejected from the two roaring fumaroles in the floor, the height and steepness of the walls have been greatly increased. One particularly knife-like part of the crater's lip is locally known as the *Umankone* ("Horse's Bone"). On the occasion of my visit, in 1907, the crater was at first too full of steam to see anything beyond its clean-cut brink. A few minutes later, this cleared away, revealing a finely shaped depression, with precipitous walls, and, in the floor, two large and many small fumaroles, from



ISLAND-VOLCANO OF SAKURAJIMA (3,500 FEET), KAGOSHIMA BAY.



"THE HORSE'S BONE" : TAKACHIHO.

So called from the narrowness of its wall ; the crater has a width, from rim to rim, of 500 yards. It lies on the flank of the main peak (cf. plate facing p. 14).

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which, amid dense volumes of steam, lapilli and bombs of various sizes were frequently hurled into the air. I had difficulty in securing photographs owing to the nervousness of my guide. Finding his efforts to dissuade me useless, he retired as quickly as might be to a safe distance and left me to my fate.

This, of course, is not the original crater. It is parasitic—a final but still magnificent effort. The original vent stood—who shall say how many æons ago?—1,000 feet higher up the mountain. There may now be seen a cairn of stones which men, not Vulcan's satellites, have piled. This cairn, too, if legend be believed, must be of a ripe old age. Into it the grandson of the Sun-goddess, when he descended to earth, thrust his Heavenly Spear—in truth it resembles an old-fashioned English pike—and none durst now remove it. To hang such a legend on the peg of an historical date seems sacrilege, but Japanese Shintoists have the hardihood to do so. At any rate we know, on the strength of the story, that the peak which forms so admirable a feature in the relief of Southern Kyushu must have lost its summit crater at least seven centuries before the opening of the Christian era. And that is something to the good.

The seclusion which Southern Kyushu—that is to say, the Satsuma and Osumi Provinces—so long enjoyed, is the result of a formidable natural

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barrier. This is an ancient schist range which tectonic force has failed to break. Running across the northern end of the Kirishima ridge, it effectually cuts off these provinces from the central part of the island. Short of a sea-passage—and the Japanese “coaster” is a thing of terror—there was no way of going from Kagoshima to Kumamoto save by *basha* over a fearsome pass 2,000 feet high, and thence for some 40 miles in flat-bottomed boats down the Kumagawa rapids on to Hitoyoshi, where the railway could be joined. It is an interesting journey, once the long climb has been accomplished, causing the traveller to wonder which of the twain were keener—the thrills imparted by the wild career of the rickety stage-coach down a completely unfenced gorge, or those aroused by the whirling of a frail punt along a foaming torrent, missing by inches jagged promontories of basalt hundreds of feet in height. Now, however, the railway has crept up where erstwhile the river had things all its own way, and has pierced the dividing range in a tunnel nearly 2 miles long. Satsuma is thus at last brought into direct communication with the rest of the Empire—and the world. One may travel from one end of Kyushu to the other by the iron road.

Southwards from the schist range, the whole country is overlaid with ejectamenta and beds of tuff from the Kirishima craters. Curiously flat-

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topped hills of uniform height surround the head of the Kagoshima Gulf. Columnar structure shows their upper parts to consist of a lava-flow of unusual width from the same source. While the slopes of the range itself carry the finest timber in Japan, the hollows of the lower levels are given over to tobacco culture. Tobacco is also grown on a large scale at the foot of Nasuyama and at Nihon-matsu, at the foot of Adatarasan in Northern Japan—both active volcanoes. Soil derived from volcanic material seems to be specially adapted for the cultivation of tobacco. Thirty years ago, the German authority already quoted pointed out that dolerite disintegrates into “a fertile loam.” The infertility which marks the soil in certain districts is due, not to volcanic products, but to disintegrated granite and crystalline schists. The amazing luxuriance of Nikko, these gorgeous woods of Kirishima, the fertility of the Kuwanto Plain, the presence of ricefields within the ancient crater of Asosan, and the cultivation of tobacco at the foot of still active cones, ought to be sufficient to confirm this view. Still, the old fiction dies hard. Miss Semple, in a paper on “Agricultural Conditions in Japan,” recently read before the Geographical Society, has endeavoured to give it another lease of life—and has thereby furnished one more example of the danger of making generalizations on the strength of a hasty survey.

CHAPTER XIII

ACROSS THE STRAITS

A new land—The Japanese “Gib”—Wintry rigours—Flora and fauna—Ainus and pit-dwellers—Structure of the island—Communications—A trip in a coaster—Sulphur trade—A remarkable peak—A succulent weed—Volcano Bay—Creeping vines—The dome of Tarumai

MANY islands, many straits. The corollary, of course, applies with special force to Japan. Has not the famous Inland Sea been designated “The Sea between the Straits” (*Seto-no-Uchi-no-Umi*)? This, by the way, is quite a modern name, intended to correspond to the foreign expression “Inland Sea.” Japan’s Mediterranean was not recognized as such till travellers from the West, threading in ocean liners its island-studded “narrows,” began with one accord to sing the praises of its scenery. These, however, and the innumerable other passages within the four corners of the Empire, seem rather to serve as bonds of union—dividing

Across the Straits

only, as it were, to bind. With the straits that mark off the North Country from the rest, it is a different matter. They are straits indeed. Beyond them, Japan is another land.

Leaving Aomori, the steamer glides out the ample harbour past the Mountain of Dread.¹ Nor does it take long, as the N.Y.K. have some 20-knot turbine boats on this run for the benefit of the numerous officials who pass to and fro. Somehow or other, one feels as if an old land were being left for a new. As the vessel nears the Japanese "Gib"—the bold headland behind which Hakodaté spreads itself delightfully on a crescent bay recalls the famous Rock—one realizes that scenes unlike those of "Old" Japan lie ahead. From that headland, indeed, for thirty miles eastward to the Esan promontory, the coast recalls that of northern Ireland from Dunluce to Fair Head. Towering basaltic cliffs alternate with tiny green-backed coves, and more than one black lava tongue runs down in hexagonal columns to a stormy sea by way of reminding us that "Giant's Causeways" are no monopoly of the Antrim coast. Fair Head as a terminal point is magnificent; replace it by an active volcano 2,000 feet high, and you have, I trow, something more imposing still.

Along the deep Tsugaru Straits, with their strong cold currents running ceaselessly Pacific-

¹ Ozoresan, in Tonami.

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wards, the naturalist has drawn a line. By this he marks off Yezo from the rest of Japan. To begin with, no one would venture to call the climate of this North Sea Circuit — as its new name, Hokkaido, implies — sub-tropical.



HOKKAIDO (YEZO)

Contours
3,000 ft. and
6,000 ft. { A, Aomori ; H, Hakodaté ; E, Esan Pro-
montory ; K, Komagataké ; V, Volcano
Bay ; M, Muroran ; T, Tarumai ; S,
Shiribeshi-dake.

Hakodaté lies on the same parallel as the Isle of Wight. It would be difficult to picture the genial "Garden of England" under two feet of snow all winter long. And this is Yezo's farthest south! Six to eight feet are the figures for all the island north of the Uchi-ura (Volcano Bay).

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To such rigours does Yezo's nearness to the Siberian plains condemn it. Nor does the kindly Kuroshiwo, but, instead, the chill Naka-no-shiwo, lave its shores. It was with ready sympathy that I listened, late one summer, to the plaint of the manager of a match-factory in the Tomakomai district. He had come from some balmy sun-slope on the Inland Sea, under a three years' agreement. Not half of his term had passed, but he was counting the days to his release. It was then mid-September, and though the sun shone warm during the day, there were frosts at night; and the factory staff were busily preparing for the snow-pall to descend.

In Yezo, north of the naturalist's line, oak and ash displace pine and maple from their supremacy. The bamboo vanishes; vegetation becomes less diffuse, more concentrated; the hills wear a more open look, and creeping vines turn the woods into a nightmare of entanglement. Hands and feet do not suffice to take the traveller through an unopened Hokkaido forest, and when he succeeds in cutting his way he will see *no monkeys*. The Tsugaru channel, through ages past, has been too much for them. To dub any slender steel-bridge here a *sarubashi*¹—like the famous viaduct on the Kofu line—would be more than a misnomer. It would be to fly in the face of zoology.

¹ Monkey's bridge.

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The existence of Yezo seems to have been unknown to the Japanese of the Middle Ages. At the time when William the Norman was establishing himself in England, Japanese generals were engaged in driving the aboriginal Ainus towards the northern fastnesses of Hondo. It was in the course of one of these campaigns that the heroic Hachiman Taro Yoshiie was miraculously saved with his army from perishing of thirst. Not until the seventeenth century did Yezo come under the official ken. It then received somewhat vague recognition as part of the Shogun's dominions; and when, in 1868, the Shogunate collapsed, the northern island actually became, for nearly one year, a republic. It seems fair to conclude that Yezo was a new land even to the hairy Ainus—who now form a small and fast dwindling section of the population. To reach that haven of refuge from the advancing wave of Japanese assimilation it was worth braving the peril of the straits. The chances are, however, that when "the barbarians" reached their Canaan they found the even more primitive race of *Koropok-guru* (pit-dwellers) in possession.

There are forests in the heart of the North Country where none but Ainus have penetrated; there are streams and lakes where none but these hairy, thick-set dwarfs have fished from queer dug-outs, propelled, not by the *yulo*, as else-

Across the Straits

where in Japan, but by rudimentary oars worked, not in unison, but alternatively. In trackless woods, too, the aborigine still hunts the bear with flint-headed spear and arrows, as in the Age of Stones. At Kushiro and several places in the interior hill-sides are riddled with the cave-dwellings of the *Koropok-guru*, and the crests of isolated eminences bristle with rude earth-forts, such as the ancient Britons might have built. Even in a "modern" Ainu village the houses are of rough stone-and-mud work, with heavily thatched roofs, forming a strange contrast to the lightly framed "boxes" of the Japanese. But all these are the final symptoms of a passing age. By dint of official encouragement, Government colonization schemes, and what not, the Tokyo authorities have succeeded in raising the population of Yezo to nearly a million. Thus the Ainu folk are effectually swamped. With their 15,000 they represent a feeble—and an ever feebler—few.

As in Japan's southernmost island, so in the north land; an ancient schist range is intersected by a line of volcanic formations, of more recent date. The Saghalien and Kurile chains, crossing in the midst, give the island its diamond shape. The structure should in consequence be fairly simple—but there are complications. Vast intrusions of granite give ruggedness to the north and south uplift; equally vast effusions of

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trachyte give character to the east and west. The last-mentioned extremity has been taxed, as it were, beyond endurance. Here the Hondo volcanic zone encountered that of the Thousand Isles, and terrestrial convulsion was the result. Hence the broken, contorted shape of this part of the island; hence the grand Volcano Bay, where some thousands of square miles retired beneath the waves by way of protest—not, however, without leaving behind them a wealth of striking and uncommon landscapes.

The Hokkaido railway system is excellent, so far as it goes; but a glance at the convolutions of the south-westerly extremity of the island will suffice to show that ample scope exists for the coasting steamer. Now, a few trips in real Japanese "coasters"—I do not refer to the well-equipped N.Y.K. and Osaka S.K. boats—would be an admirable tonic for the disturbed mental condition of the *globe-trotter rabidus*, who calls upon heaven and earth to witness the rosy perfection of all things Japanese. In truth, if prolonged exposure to the sea-air is good for the system generally, such excursions would be a tonic in more ways than one, for confinement "tween decks" is out of the question. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred would rather keep company with the night, the waves, and the stars than face the horrors of the general cabin. And the hundredth, who did not so, would surely repent it.

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When the trip can be done by day—even though it may begin or be announced to begin at a startling hour—and when the weather is kind, there need be no harrowing experiences. To expect anything like adherence to a time-table, or even to the route prescribed, would, however, be vanity. I remember once booking a passage on one of these craft at Hakodaté. My intention being to explore the remarkable coast about the Esan promontory, a journey by steamer seemed more expeditious than a 30-mile up-hill, down-dale jog on a Hokkaido horse with a wooden saddle. The hour for departure was comparatively reasonable—2 p.m.—and the start punctual enough. We were well out of the harbour, and on the point of putting about to the east, when a junk near by, more or less becalmed, entered into vociferous communication with our skipper. For the fishermen two questions were at stake: that of getting across the current-cursed strait without recourse to a night of hard yuloining, and—the price. The latter involved some haggling, but after some lusty exchange of words the necessary rope was forthcoming, and the ss. *Hakata Maru* headed sou'-sou'-west instead of east, at half her previous leisurely pace, while the crew of the junk took their ease. The feelings or convenience of the half-dozen passengers caused not a thought to any one on either craft. This went on for four hours

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or so, and when at last the rope was cast off and our coaster put about, we were nearer the Tonami Peninsula than the Esan promontory. It was midnight when we reached the little port for which we had set out. The village was asleep—and seemed to have been so for hours. As the shrieking of the siren produced no apparent effect, the yells of the skipper and his crew, now singly, now in concert, were added thereto, making night hideous and awaking strange echoes in the hills. At length two drowsy fishermen put out in a *sampan*, and, after further parley, the “ mails ” and passengers were landed—the former (it must be confessed) in vastly better condition than the latter. It was past 1 a.m. when the people, of the only inn in the place were knocked up to give us bed and board, which, it must be confessed, they did with an excellent grace.

The existence of a dozen little ports along this rock-bound coast is bound up with the sulphur trade. From solfatara orifices, the beds of sulphurous streams, and the craters of old volcanoes the raw mineral is gathered with pick and spade. It is then roasted in iron cylinders over a slow fire in kilns, packed in strawbound bundles weighing 50 to 100 *kin* apiece, and stored in godowns on the beach for shipment. Such of it as does not find its way abroad is used for match-making—one of Japan's most

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successful industries ; and, to save the cost of transport, factories are often erected in the vicinity of the diggings. The arrangement is convenient, but sometimes costly in the long run. A match-factory erected on the lip of Shiranesan's crater was destroyed by a sudden eruption in 1885. Another, situated on the floor of one of the supposed extinct basins of Asosan, met, more recently, with a similar fate ; and, on Azumayama, in 1900, eighty sulphur-diggers were killed by a sudden outburst.

Not far north of Hakodate is a study in magnificent curves—Komagatake upsweeping from the still waters of Onuma Lake. In a land where splendid curves are common, what gives the mountain its distinction? Of itself, the flank-line is perfect—unbroken, logarithmic ; unexcelled even on Fuji, or on the eastward face of the Peak of the Heavenly Spear. What arrests the eye is the strong contrast of its terminal points. Landwards, it ends in the wooded fringe of a lake ; skywards, in a huge pinnacle—jagged, precipitous, and 500 feet in height, which only two intrepid men, taking it on the easiest side, have dared to climb. And what is that pinnacle? Merely the outstanding fragment of an ancient crater-wall. Beyond and below it lies a different scene. Komagatake is dying. Many, many years ago it made that pinnacle, and, in the same outburst, flung the

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rest of its summit-basin seawards in a stream of shattered rock. There to this day it lies—an inclined plane, 4 miles in length and as many thousand feet in height, straight from the simmering crater to the Pacific surf. That was the Saddle Peak's last great effort. Fifty years ago, indeed, with a blast of red-hot ashes it set the forests on its farthest slopes in a mighty blaze; but that was a detail. Komagatake has resigned itself to the inevitable—a harmless senility. Unthinking tourists may now tread its crater floor at no greater risk than that of stumbling into a crevasse (of steam and sulphur, not of ice and snow), or thrusting a careless foot through the treacherous crust of one of the many heat-blisters on its floor.

On my visit to this district in 1907 I found the inns at Onuma full, and therefore took boat across the larger lake to a little *onsen* on the shore of Junsai-numa, the smallest and most pleasing of the three sheets of water. It was a humble inn, with still more humble fare; but, by way of atonement, mine host offered me a dish of the famous *junsai*, fresh taken from the lake. This much-esteemed delicacy is as palatable as it is difficult to describe. Botanists have, of course, a name for it—*Limnanthemum peltatum*, if I am not mistaken; but how many have experienced the pleasant thrill of tasting it? The stem of the weed (if so prosaic a term



KOMAGATAKÉ, FROM ONUMA LAKE.

The margin of the lake has been made into a "landscape garden."



LAVA_DOME OF TARUMAI.

A mass of andesite, extruded to a height of 200 feet in 1909.

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be permitted) consists of a jelly-like substance, clear as crystal, succulent, delicious. As for the taste, that is beyond my capacity to describe ; but a friend of mine seemed to be pretty near the mark when he declared it to be “ something between sugar-cane and an oyster, with a hint of calves'-foot jelly thrown in.” I commend the *Limnanthemum peltatum*, from Junsai-numa, to the notice of epicures.

It is magnificent, this Uchi-ura, with imposing volcanic cones disposed sentinel-like about its shores. Most imposing of all is Shiribeshi-dake—so imposing, indeed, as to give rise to the belief that it is the highest mountain in Yezo—which it is not. Flat-topped, by reason of its three craters, it rises, Fu'ji-like, in isolated grandeur. How simple to negotiate (from a distance) seem those gentle blue slopes, despite an ever-increasing steepness summitwards ! But distance lends enchantment. Those innocent-looking slopes are virgin forests, bent on resisting your invasion. Half-way up creeping vines take possession of the mountain ; and the “ devil's punch-bowl,” at the summit, with its chaos of andesitic boulders, can only be won, literally, at the point of the sword. But the fight is worth while. South-western Yezo lies at your feet, magnificent in defeat. On every side the skyline meets the sea, save that on which you look over the bluff shoulders of Eniwadake

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at that steaming mountain Tarumai, and even so you must look across the gloomy reservoir of Shikotsu.

A weird mountain, in truth, that Tarumai. In March, 1909, it greatly alarmed the people of the villages between itself and the sea. Many fled for their lives to Murooran, so terrible became the aspect of the mountain beneath its gleaming pall of smoke, so unpleasant the ceaseless rain of lapilli. When after some weeks the commotion was over, a strange thing was seen to have happened. Some demon beneath the mountain—or, perchance, some dragon—had squeezed the mountain from below, or by the waist. For a vast mass of solidified tar (or so it seemed) stood up through the floor of a crater that, if not dead, was at least decrepit. When the great men—seers, astrologers, and what not—came up from Tokyo to “inspect” the mountain, they pronounced this squat, bristling column of infernal origin an effusion of andesitic lava, too viscous, too consistent to flow. Wherefore it had reared itself on high, and remains, stark and steaming, to this day. Had it risen higher, snapped, and toppled over into Shikotsu, 2,000 feet below, there would have been trouble.

CHAPTER XIV

COUNTRY LIFE IN JAPAN

A change of status—Is it the fault of the land?—All work and no play—The system of tenure—The capitalist owner—No live stock—The rice-harvest—Tea and silk—Where women are welcome—Travel-clubs—Their educational value—Superior physique of the country-folk—The fishing industry—Grievances of the fishermen—Men of moods

THREE-FIFTHS of the people of Japan live “on the land.” In feudal days they were, after the *samurai*, the most looked up to of the whole population. Things have changed since then—are changing still. The farmer and the *hiya-kusho* (field-worker) are now as a class either pitied or despised—for reasons we shall see. Agriculturists, as a whole, labour under great disabilities, and often their labours are economically vain. It is not surprising, therefore, that recent years should reveal the growth in Japan of a symptom which causes disquiet in so many other nations—a shifting of population from the country to the town. In the last decade

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the decrease has been 5 per cent.—from 63 to 58; but the rate of decrease shows signs of increasing rather than diminishing. This is a movement which can, and should, be checked. Japan's country-folk are physically the best of the race. She cannot afford any impoverishment of the land nor any decline of her rural population. Goldsmith's most weighty lines might well be written over the portals of every Kencho¹ and State department:—

“Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.”

Why are these things so in Japan? Is it the fault of the land, or of the people? Or must we set it down to the operation of a set of artificial conditions which have grown up about them?

There are some who blame the land. Too small a proportion of it is cultivable, they say, and that which is cultivable is not as fertile as it should be. Some twelve million acres, representing an eighth of the total area, are now, as a matter of fact, under cultivation. Much of it, too, has only been rescued from sterility at the cost of infinite toil. Still, the worst part of the work has been done. Whatever might have

¹ Prefectural office.

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been amiss with the farmer's raw material in the beginning, it has, by irrigation, manuring, and liberal use of the hoe, been brought to a fair state of productivity. The introduction of modern agricultural implements and the use of artificial manures might increase the yield to a slight extent ; but, taking things as they are, there is not much more to be got out of the land than is now actually got from it. Climatic conditions, also, are on the farmer's side. Thirty per cent. of the whole cultivated area bears a double harvest every year—a circumstance for which the kindly Kuroshiwo is mainly responsible, and which more than counterbalances the mischief wrought by floods, typhoons, and other untoward happenings.

Nor is there anything wrong with the people. No more industrious and thrifty soul exists on this planet than the Japanese peasant. " All work and no play " is his lot from one year's end to another. Soon after sundown a hush falls over street and house. A " tub," a frugal meal, a pipe, and the people are asleep. Which is not surprising, seeing that they rose with the dawn and have toiled in the fields ever since. There is no social life in the Japanese village, because there is no leisure. Wife and daughters are busy in the " paddies " with father and the boys. Squires and country magnates are institutions unknown in Japan—though now loom-

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ing, in a dim sort of way, on the horizon. On feast-days, with bell and rosary, the long-robed priest comes to the humblest door to solicit alms ; but rare indeed is the parson with a thought for the social welfare of his cure. Occasionally a *matsuri* arrives to break the monotony, when one may dance with departed spirits in the twilight ; but every labourer with a few *sen* to spare will trip it to the nearest city—if that be not far—where things are done on a larger and brighter scale than a country village could possibly contrive.

Nevertheless, this humdrum, all-work-and-no-play existence does not make the Japanese Jack a dull boy. He is, as we shall see, the reverse of a clod—and cheerful withal. But the main point is that there is no shirking, no idling, no folding of the hands. The unsatisfactory condition of agriculture in Japan—the fact that there is a land problem—cannot be attributed to indolence on the part of the peasantry.

Under the system which has prevailed since the restoration, the land belongs nominally to the Emperor, to whom it was surrendered by the great landowners, the *Daimyos*. In practice it belongs to the people. The estate of broad acres is now the exception ; small holdings are the rule. An average size is three or four acres—divided into a multitude of “ fields ” no larger than a drawing-room, and carried far up the

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hill-sides in terraces. From such a farm the annual yield usually suffices for the modest needs of a family of five or six members, all able to work. Often it has to be supplemented from other sources.

This is an ideal system, you will say. It is peasant proprietorship, it is "living on the land." Unfortunately, it does not work out well in practice. Taxation is the cause of the trouble. In the old days, when the *Daimyo* was the owner, rent was paid in kind—so many *koku* per annum of rice, barley, or millet, as the case might be. Nowadays the Government levies a special land-tax, which (1890) has risen from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 per cent., on the value of the land; and there are other burdens amounting in all to 15 or 20 per cent. of the total yield. The farmer, finding himself unequal to the demand, has recourse to a mortgage. The process is repeated, and, finally, the land passes into the possession of the money-lender. Thus the peasant proprietor becomes a tenant farmer, and sometimes even a labourer, on the farm he once owned.

In the purely agricultural, as distinct from the tea and silk-growing, districts, such cases are numbered by the thousand. There has thus come into existence a new class in the Japanese rural world—that of the capitalist owner. In course of time this may give rise to a class of landed gentry, who will be able to do more for

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the land in the way of development than the impecunious smallholder could have done, and who will play the part in the social life of the district that the squire does on the English country-side. But in the meanwhile the change is reacting unfavourably on the state of agriculture in Japan. It is undermining the health, independence, and contentment of the sons of the soil, and is causing a steady flow of the population from the country to the town.

The Japanese farmer does not keep live stock. Horses are not used for ploughing, except sometimes on wheat and barley fields. As a rule, the fields are too small. The stranger who wants to picture to himself the Japanese rural landscape must dismiss from his mind all thought of grass-grown meadows peopled with sheep and oxen. Grass there is, but it is bamboo-grass—dry and sharp and spiny. At best it is not very green, and would be death to any sheep. Cows are kept on the outskirts of large towns, but they do not graze on the meadows or hill-side. Their food is brought to them in the sheds. Experiments in stock-raising have been made, with Government aid, in the Hokkaido, and horse-breeding has been begun on some of the Crown lands in Central Japan; but in no other part of the country does the slightest inducement offer in this direction.

Five cereals constitute the Japanese farmer's

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stock-in-trade—rice, barley, millet, wheat, and beans. Of these, the first is by far the most important. The yearly national Budget turns on the success or failure of the rice-harvest, which in its turn depends to a great extent on the weather of September, the critical month. Too much rain or too little, a flood or a typhoon, at or about the 210th or 221st day (*i.e.*, from the date of planting) may mean financial ruin to many farmers and a new crop of capitalist landlords. For several years past the average yield for the whole country has exceeded 50,000,000 *koku*, which supplies the needs of the nation and leaves a substantial balance for export. Rice is not, however, the staple food of the poorer classes. To them it is a luxury, used only on festive occasions, such as New Year, and for invalids. They have to subsist on millet and the *satsuma-imo* (sweet potato)—unknown in Japan two centuries ago, but now extensively grown in all the southern parts of the Empire.

In Northern Japan and the upland districts of the south, wheat and barley take the place of rice. Sometimes in the same districts the floors of the valleys, with richer soil and more moisture, are occupied by rice, the slopes by the more hardy crops. In such regions, when the lower levels are bright with the virid patchwork of the rice-plots, the hill-sides seem bare ;

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but in early winter the latter are gay with crops, while the "paddies" present a dreary waste of mud and stubble.

A line from Fuji to Fukui on the west coast marks off roughly the tea and silk districts from one another. South and west of this line lie the tea districts; north and east, the silk.

Just west of this line, Shizuoka is the centre of the tea-trade. As most of the "black," *i.e.*, the fired, tea is sent to America, Shimizu¹ has been made a port of call for steamers bound for the Pacific Coast. The greater part of the green tea is kept in the country, and makes an excellent *passe-temps* for the visitor or customer, to whom it is always proffered as a matter of course. If, at a hotel, black tea is wanted, one must ask for *Nankin o-cha* (China tea). The first pickings of the plantations are sent for the most part to Tokyo and Kyoto, where they are sold at fancy prices to Japanese of means. Formosa (Oolong) tea, with a well-marked flavour of its own, is being pushed by "the authorities" with a view to developing the prosperity of that island colony.

Central Japan is the chief home of sericulture—the foremost and most profitable of Japanese industries. Large areas in the highland provinces of Shinshiu and Kai are given over to the rearing of the worms and the winding off of the silk

¹ The port of Shizuoka, with a somewhat shallow harbour.

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from the cocoons—either by hand or by looms worked by water-power. In the towns adjacent to these districts, the making of *habutae* and other silk fabrics occupies many hands. Mulberry-trees are grown extensively, the Government giving an annual grant of Y.80,000 for the purpose—and many of the houses have an upper story, the floors of which, strewn with freshly gathered leaves, are given up to the precious worms. Raw silk for export, when wound off from the cocoons, is made up in small bales worth Y.1,000 apiece. As such, it finds its way to the Yokohama godowns, and so to the hold of the trans-Pacific liner. That for home manufacture is sent to the filatures at Mayebashi, Nagano, Fukui, and other spinning centres. The annual value of the raw silk produced is about 170,000,000 *yen*, of which nearly 90 per cent. is exported in bales. A slight set-back due to inferior quality was noted in 1909, but the ground then lost has been recovered. Speaking generally, and of the industry as a whole, it may be said that the total production has increased in value by 30 per cent. during the past seven years, and promises to continue in that way.

The country-folk engaged in the production of tea and silk wear an air of prosperity to which the *hiyakusho* and the farmer proper cannot aspire. The houses are on a larger and more

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substantial scale ; men, women, and children are better dressed. Though women do excellent work in the ricefields throughout the country, their deftness renders them specially useful in tea-picking and silk-spinning. Consequently, while in most parts of Japan the old Chinese prejudice against female offspring still in a measure survives, daughters are welcomed as of distinct economic value in the Shinshiu and Shizuoka districts. Large families in favourably situated districts sometimes take up silk-rearing in addition to the ordinary field-work, but both of these are essentially summer industries. The winter in the highlands is a veritable night, "when no man can work."

As has already been suggested, the Japanese Hodge, for all his lack of play, is no clod. This, I think, may be attributed to the fact that he possesses a strong instinct for travel, and, when possible, obeys it. As funds do not permit of his doing all in this direction he would like, he summons the co-operative principle to his aid. Every rural district has its travel club, based partly on religious, partly on social, sentiment. Its members call themselves pilgrims, but do not debar themselves from a fair share of conviviality. Each subscribes a few *sen* a month, and when the *doyo* comes, lots are cast for a company representative of the village and commensurate in numbers with the funds. A leader



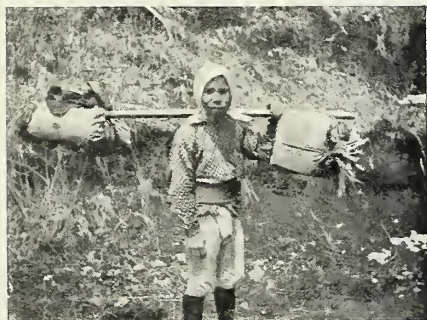
"DARBY AND JOAN."



IN THE RICE-FIELDS : PLANTING OUT.



A FISHING VILLAGE, IZU COAST.



A RURAL POSTMAN.

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(*sendachi*) familiar with the route is chosen, and, staff in hand, attired in white, easily washed cotton shirts and "breeks," with big, wide-brimmed hats and a strip of matting hung over their backs to serve both as sunshade, waterproof, and bed, they set forth to tour the holy places. Such shrines as Ise and Ikegami apart, mountains constitute most of these. Fuji is ascended by 30,000 of these pilgrims every July and August, Ontake, Oyama, Daisen, Nantaisan, and Takachiho by scarcely inferior numbers.

The educative and social effect of these tours is considerable. Rarely do we find inhabitants who, like so many Occidental rustics, have never left the neighbourhood which gave them birth. "The frog in the well," says a Japanese proverb, "knows nothing of the great world outside." These travelling clubs go far to eliminate the narrowness and parochialism which characterize rural life in other countries. They inculcate, too, a genuine love of Nature and of the beautiful in Nature, and so, the love of country. These pilgrims see things, they get new ideas, they light upon some new invention or labour-saving device. All these—the fruits of their journeys—are taken back to their sequestered village and placed at the disposal of the community.

Physically, the country-folk of Japan, taken all round, are much superior to the townsmen. Observations of the people in the various parts

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of the Empire have led me to the following conclusions: (1) the inhabitants of the mountain districts are superior to those of the lowlands; (2) the inhabitants of Northern Japan are superior to those of the south; (3) the fisher-folk in general—and especially those of the north—are the best developed of all. The deficiency of stature under which the majority of Japanese labour is the result not of smallness in the trunk but of shortness of the lower limbs. From the fact that fishermen and those who live “the open life” in the mountain districts are not thus hampered, we may attribute the deficiency to the habit of squatting on the feet for a large part of every day—a practice from which, for the bulk of the population, there is no escape under present conditions. Then the *sendo* (boatmen) do a great deal of *yulo*-ing—a far finer form of exercise than rowing, in that it brings all the muscles into play, with the body in an erect position.

A million and a half of the Japanese people are engaged in the fishing industry. This is about twice as many as are engaged in sericulture, and about a third as many as those engaged in farming. The number of boats in use averages about one for every three persons engaged, but 90 per cent. of them are of the *sampan* order, and under 30 feet in length. The number of fishermen shows in recent years

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the serious decline of 15 per cent. They do not indulge in the luxury of Royal Commissions in Japan; but here, if anywhere, is a case for inquiry. The main grievance is the same as with the agricultural labourer. The fisherman does "business in great waters"—much business, and often at peril to himself; but his return is small. The average proceeds of a year's fishing work out to no more than 5 *yen* a month per head, side by side with which hard fact must be put another—that, in a bad year, from eight hundred to a thousand of those who "go down to the sea in ships" never come back.

Another cause of the decline in the number of those engaged in the fisheries is the advent of the steam-trawler. In 1898, with a view to extending the fishing areas, the Government offered a bounty of from 30 to 40 *yen* per ton on vessels of not more than 200 tons gross. As far as deep-sea fishing went, excellent results were obtained. The tonnage thus engaged rose in ten years from 500 to 11,000, and the "catch" by some 60 per cent. The sealing industry made such headway that, in 1908, the bounty for sealers was withdrawn. Difficulties, however, arose with the in-shore men, who had been accustomed to venture well out to sea and regarded the trawlers as poaching on their preserves. Vessels in receipt of the subsidy were thereupon restricted, under

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substantial penalties, to certain areas, and steam-trawlers are no longer eligible for Government aid. The whalers, however, whose field in the summer extends from the south of Tokyo Bay northwards as far as Kinkwazan, and in winter off the Tosa and Osumi coasts of Southern Japan, continue to enjoy the bounty, and to such purpose as to have driven Russian and other competitors off the field. The zeal with which the thirty-odd sealers which yearly issue from Japanese ports have pushed their operations has more than once brought them into collision with Russian and American sealers off the Kamchatkan and Alaskan coasts.

Sardines and bonito are the most valuable of the in-shore takings, though *tai*, mackerel, and cuttlefish are not far behind. Of the pelagic catches, whales, seals, and tunny give the best returns. All together, and including shellfish, seaweed, and other marine products, the annual value of the fishermen's winnings from the great waters exceeds a hundred million *yen*. Shizuoka, Chiba, and Nagasaki prefectures lead the way in the value of their takes, while the Hokkaido itself furnishes 10 per cent. of the whole.

Though women can and do play a large part in most of Japan's rural industries, they are at a discount in the fisheries. Most of the men, however, have their little plot of ground adjoining

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the houses, which the enterprising house-wife will make the basis of a little market-gardening. In some parts of the islands, in particular, every bit of the land-work is left to the women, and even when bad weather prevents junk or *sampan* from putting out, their lords and masters lead a life of ease and pleasure.¹ Your Japanese fisherman, too, is a man of moods. He has managed to earn for himself a quarrelsome reputation. Police who endeavour to enforce the regulations of a paternal Government have a hard task with the men of the sea. Serious conflicts took place a year ago in the Osaka district. Sometimes, unfortunately, the fishermen fall out among themselves. Recently, in the Tokyo Bay district, a number of boats belonging to a neighbouring town were deemed by a rival community to have transgressed their proper limits. Protests having failed, sterner measures were resorted to. The objectors came out in force, armed with stones, sticks, and knives, and a pitched battle between fleets of twenty-odd *sampans* apiece took place upon the high seas. And in this heroic fashion the dispute was settled.

¹ The same applies—in all weathers—to the Shima province of the Kii peninsula, where the women work as divers. Proficiency in the art is here a necessary preliminary to marriage.

CHAPTER XV

CENTRES OF POPULATION

Density of population—The fortress at the “Estuary Gate” — Osaka and its atmosphere—Earthquakes and “shanties”—Foreign influences—Locomotion and “magnificent distances”—Tokyo’s parks—The “social evil”—A city uniquely planned—The former treaty ports—The typical city—Earthquakes and conflagrations —A city fire

JAPAN proper—exclusive, that is to say, of Formosa, Chosen (Korea), and South Saghaliën—is the third most densely populated country in the world, being exceeded in this respect by the British Isles and Belgium. When it is remembered that practically the whole of its population of fifty millions lives on the eighth part of the area of the country, the actual density will be seen to be far greater than the figure—340 to the square mile—implies. A Japanese requires, or at least uses, less room wherein to live and move and have his being than does the European. Houses being smaller, streets narrower, sidewalks for pedestrians virtually un-

Centres of Population

known, and open spaces few and far between, the cities of Japan cover a smaller area in relation to their population than do those of, probably, any other country.

Japan's two largest cities—Tokyo and Osaka—present an instructive contrast in this respect. The area of the Japanese metropolis is, roughly, 100 square miles, and its population at a liberal estimate two millions. Osaka, on the other hand, though its inhabitants number well over a million, covers no more than 10 square miles. The great commercial centre of the Japanese Empire is therefore four or five times more densely crowded than its capital.

It would perhaps be scarcely fair to take either Tokyo or Osaka as a typical Japanese city. Yedo (“Estuary Gate”), as it used to be called, was meant to be a fortress, not a great city. The strategic value of a place at the head of a deeply penetrating bay, where the northern and central parts of the island meet, was first recognized by a certain warrior, named Ota Dokwan, in the middle of the fifteenth century. His idea was to guard, at this point of vantage, the approaches to the wide and fertile Kuwanto Plain from the sea and from the north, just as the old feudal fortress of Odawara guarded it where the Tokaido (Eastern Highway) debouches from the mountain barrier which forms its western fringe. In this view

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Hideyoshi and, subsequently, Iyeyasu concurred ; and, when the victor of Sekigahara made himself Shogun, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the fishing village at the Estuary Gate became his capital. Ota's fortress was converted, at immense toil, into a castle on a magnificent scale ; and on the site of this castle, in happier days, stands the Emperor's palace.

Meanwhile, its adoption as the seat of the Shogunate during two and a half centuries had been the making of Yedo. For every one of the great *Daimyos* had been compelled to take up his abode, with due pomp and state, in the Shogun's capital during half of the year, or during alternate years. With them, of course, came many of their *samurai* retainers, and in their train traders and artisans. The transference hither of the Imperial Court, in 1868, gave a further impetus to the growth of the city, which, during the Meiji Era, has also shown remarkable commercial development. Tokyo still remains, however, the official and social, rather than the industrial, centre. Osaka, on the other hand, though it too can boast a fine feudal castle, has always been in the main a business centre, built and conducted on strictly utilitarian lines. Such monstrosities as factory chimneys are not unknown in Tokyo, but they are numbered by the hundred in Osaka. The atmosphere has long since lost that limpid sweet-

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ness which the divine creators of Nippon intended to be its characteristic property. It has therefore become, in more senses than one, un-Japanese—resembling rather that of the prosaic English “cottonopolis.” From this most materialistic *milieu* of swarming streets and canals, alive with trading craft, feudalism has deemed it the better part to flee. Here, if nowhere else in Japan, officialism hides its diminished head, and even the old castle has to do duty as the municipal waterworks.

Japanese cities in general have been described as “collections of shanties.” That there is justice in the reproach those of the Japanese who have travelled in the West are prepared to admit. But there is reason on their side. “The four great factors of everyday life,” says a Japanese saw, “are earthquakes, thunderbolts, fires, and fathers.” In the matter of civic and domestic architecture allowance must certainly be made for the influence of two, at any rate, of these portentous forces. The daily and hourly possibility of an earthquake has dictated the construction of flimsy wooden buildings which yield a little to the movement and thus, peradventure, escape destruction; yet which, if destroyed, can be replaced easily and at small cost. But these same flimsy buildings, forbidding alike architectural effort and effect, are veritable food for flames. Thus the factor of the earthquake puts

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the Japanese builder upon the horns of a dilemma. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the line of least resistance should be chosen, and a building made which, if it collapses, will neither utterly destroy nor be utterly destroyed, and out of which the tenant can escape at a moment's notice, with most of his chattels in his hands.

In one respect Tokyo offers a decided contrast to the provincial cities. Being the seat of a Government conducted on Western lines, it has, amid its "shanties," some stately piles of brick and stone, homes of naval, military, and other departments of State. There have also arisen, though hardly to the city's advantage, not a few specimens of a hybrid "semi-foreign" style—specially noticeable in the Ginza, the principal shopping thoroughfare in the busy commercial district which has sprung up between the Palace and the mouth of the Sumida River, where Japanese storekeepers have taken to the previously unheard-of practice of displaying their choicest goods behind capacious plate-glass windows. In some provincial centres, it is true, rectangular wooden structures in "foreign" style, but ungainly to a degree, have been erected to do duty as police-stations, local government offices, and schools. Foreign influence may also be traced in the former treaty ports, where it is not an uncommon thing to find native hotels



A TOKYO THOROUGHFARE : NEAR NIHONBASHI.



OUTSKIRTS OF YOKOHAMA, LOOKING SOUTH.

The cherry-trees in the foreground form part of a temple garden occupying the slope of the hill,

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of two or three stories in height, with, however, the Japanese style retained—the most dangerous combination of all, whether in respect of earthquake or of fire. But the strictly provincial city adheres to the native style; and the sole relief from the mean and monotonous aspect of the streets is provided by the sweeping, graceful curves of some outstanding temple-roof.

It used to be said of Tokyo that, as the result of fires, the city was renewed every twenty-five years. This somewhat picturesque statement must be taken as applying to the five wards, out of the fifteen into which the city is divided, which lie on either bank of the Sumidagawa. Built on low marshy ground, much of which has been reclaimed from the sea, this section of the city is the busiest, the poorest, and the most crowded. In the sequel of the oft-recurring conflagrations, the authorities widen and improve the streets, but as the character of the houses remains the same, the lack of dignity is not remedied. The remaining wards, disposed in a great ring about the central or Kojimachi ward, which in its turn surrounds the moated enclosure of the Palace, are mainly residential, and laid out with less economy of space. It is here, if anywhere, that the “magnificent distances” said to be characteristic of Tokyo are to be encountered. The distances, indeed, do not admit of dispute—there is no lack of mileage in Azabu,

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in the one direction, or in Hongo, in the other. Whether they are magnificent is another matter.

It is in the consideration of these distances that Tokyo's deficiencies in the matter of communications become apparent. There is, of course, the humble *jinrikisha*—and it must be admitted that the up-to-date variety of this man-drawn vehicle, with pneumatic tyres and ball-bearing bicycle-pattern wheels (improvements strenuously opposed by the men themselves, on the score of cost), marks a great advance on the original types. Of hackney carriages there are a few; and motor-cars—private, not public—begin to thread the streets, to the great peril of baby-carrying children, who from time immemorial have regarded them as their playground. For the rest, there is an electric tramway service, with a tariff so jealously guarded by its myriad patrons that efficient working is almost out of the question. The most serious riots which Tokyo has witnessed in modern times have arisen out of a proposed increase of a farthing in the fare for a 4-mile route.

Of railway communication within the city itself there is none. "Tubes" are unknown in the Japanese metropolis. In the busiest part of the city the ground, "made" as it is, as well as intersected by numerous creeks cut with a single eye to the filling of the Palace moats,

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would hardly lend itself to tunnelling. The principal line of railway in the Empire, the Tokaido, enters the capital on the south, terminating at the Shimbashi station. The Northern Railway leaves it at Uyeno, at the other end of the city. A third line, feeding the provinces due east of Tokyo Bay, leaves from the Ryogoku terminus, in Honjo-ku, on the farther bank of the Sumida. Between these several termini there is no direct connection by rail—a grave defect, for which the obvious remedy is a central station at or near the Nihonbashi—a famous spot, which is not only the heart of Tokyo, but the topographical centre of Japan, and the official starting-point for the measurement of distances in every direction. In addition to this project, now under contemplation, a scheme has been mooted for the construction of an overhead railway, linking up the principal parts of the city. When these two schemes have reached fulfilment, but not till then, Tokyo will be able to boast a system of communications worthy in some measure of its size and importance.

From the foregoing it will appear that the stream of Tokyo's life and traffic runs north and south rather than east and west. The medial position of the Imperial Palace, indeed, presents an insuperable obstacle in the latter direction. At either end of what might be termed the axial line lie the city's parks and pleasure resorts.

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These certainly present as much contrast as could be wished. Shiba, in the south, with the tombs of seven Shoguns and as many solemn temples, has a gravely beautiful aspect. Hibiya, more centrally situated, is aggressively modern, with band-stands, base-ball grounds, and—most remarkable of all—"foreign" flower-beds in place of the eternal landscape garden. It is the Trafalgar Square and the Hyde Park of Tokyo in one; Socialists would there hold demonstrations, if they dared. On the northern outskirts of the city and on rising ground commanding it is Uyeno, the largest of them all, and not many years ago the property of a Shogun. Over it hangs the air of learning and the fine arts; and, appropriately enough, it has been the home of numerous exhibitions. From its shady heights one looks due east, and downwards, upon Tokyo's real playground—Asakusa Park. Here may be seen two famous Buddhist temples—the Higashi Hongwanji, with its 140-mat nave, and the popular Asakusa Kwannon, with encircling pleasure-grounds, where people at prayers and people at play jostle one another from morn to dewy eve. Neither their pleasure nor their religion do the Japanese take sadly. One need only go to Asakusa to be convinced of the truth that "the most popular form of worship in Japan is the festival."

A little beyond Asakusa may be seen in nightly

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operation Japan's attempt at the solution of the problem, known as the social evil, which through all time has vexed humanity. Every Japanese town has its Yoshiwara, but in Tokyo that quarter constitutes in itself a town of between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants. A high wall surrounds the district, with formidable gates at intervals, where policemen stand on guard—a visible intimation of the fact that the system flourishes under municipal surveillance. The houses, many of them of palatial dimensions, are brilliantly illuminated at night. The unfortunate inmates are literally sold into slavery—often by their parents—under contract for a certain term of years, though the proprietor of the establishment usually finds some very cogent reason why the actual termination of the contract should never come. On the ground floor of the houses—three-storied buildings are here the rule rather than the exception—the inmates sit, gorgeously attired, painted and bedecked, with nothing but wooden bars between them and the stream of passers-by. While the system has the advantages, claimed for it by its defenders, of circumscription of the haunts of vice and of medical supervision of its chief victims, it may be questioned whether either of these measures is as effective as is generally supposed.

The growth of Tokyo, for reasons already stated, is not like that of London, in an east

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and west direction, but rather towards the north and south—*i.e.*, along the river and the coast. Especially is this the case towards the south, where Shinagawa and Omori, on Tokyo Bay, formerly separate townships, are now virtually suburbs of the metropolis. Enthusiastic Japanese look forward to the time when Tokyo and its ocean-port, Yokohama, 18 miles to the south, will be, to all intents and purposes, one vast aggregation of streets and houses. The railway line between the two places is already the best served in the country—express trains covering the distance without a stop in twenty-seven minutes; an electric railway also connects the outlying districts of both cities. Other projects in the same direction are a steamboat service on up-to-date lines and a ship canal.

While the Japanese are intensely proud of their capital and speak, almost with adoration, of “ascending” to it—just as Englishmen, in direct contradiction of physical realities, speak of going “up” to London—they are wont to point to Kyoto as the typically Japanese, as well as the most beautiful, of Japanese cities. In a sense, of course, Kyoto—or Saikyo (West Capital) as it was officially renamed when, in 1868, Yedo's name was changed to Tokyo—is unique among the cities of Japan, for it has been laid out with mathematical precision on a definite plan, borrowed, they say, from Peking.

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This is the work of the Emperor Kwammu, who moved hither his capital from Nara in 782 A.D. The city, rectangular in shape, measures 17,530 feet by 15,080, the longer dimension running north and south. A thoroughfare 280 feet wide divides it into an eastern and a western half, practically equal in area; each of these is divided into 9 *jo* (districts) of equal size, and each *jo* into 4 squares, 16 divisions, 64 streets, and 256 "rows," each row containing 8 house-lots measuring 100 feet by 50. In the middle of the northern face of the rectangle the Imperial Palace occupies a space equal to the one-fifteenth part of the whole. Here, for well over a thousand years, seventy-seven Mikados held their court; though the establishment of a military feudalism in the twelfth century deprived them of all real power.

Through force of circumstances, however, Kyoto has not been able to live up to the large designs of its founder. During the two and a half centuries of the Shogunate, Tokyo being the real seat of government, pelf as well as power passed from the West Capital to the East. The comparative penury of the Mikado's retainers found expression in the meanness of the houses, which the ample dimensions of the streets only served to emphasize. Kyoto's present population is but half of what it was in the days of its prime, and the shrinking pro-

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cess is not at an end. Nevertheless, though the ancient capital is out of touch with the bustling, materialistic life of the New Japan, time cannot rob it of the riches of its historical and religious associations, nor of the natural beauties of its situation. Meanwhile it remains, as it has been for centuries, the principal home of Japanese art in its most familiar forms—*cloisonné*, *netsuké*, lacquer-work, faience, and sword-making; and many are the treasures of its 1,080 temples, not the least interesting of which is the *Sanju-san-gendo*, the venerable home of the 33,333 Buddhas.

The ports opened by treaty to foreign trade and residence some fifty years ago, being favourably situated both from the commercial and from the residential point of view, have attracted a considerable population, which, moreover, is continually on the increase. Yokohama and Kobé, the two chief of these, have each an aggregate of about 400,000, included in which are the two largest foreign communities in Japan. While the first of these ports serves as the outlet for the Tokyo district, the other fulfils a similar function for Kyoto, Osaka, and the *Gokinai*, or "Five Home Provinces" of Old Japan, which lie grouped about the head of the Idzumi Nada, at the gates of the Inland Sea. Appropriately enough, both Yokohama and Kobé, disregarding the natural trend of the coastline, look towards

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their respective sources of growth, and from an equal distance. Yokohama, on a bay opening south, occupies the northern side of a projecting spur, and thus faces the capital across some 20 miles of sea and tidal foreshore. Kobé, on a bay opening westwards, looks to the east across Osaka Bay, towards the city of that name. In either case the former "concession" or "settlement" occupies the central position on the sea-front, with a "bund" and a few parallel streets, in foreign style, flanked by hotels, consulates, clubs, business premises, "godowns," and shops, while behind and about swarms the native city, relieved by a few official buildings. In Yokohama, occupying as it does a level plain—once a marsh, pure and simple—between two parallel ridges or "bluffs" running towards the sea, the demarcation of the foreign from the native part of the town is more evident than at Kobé. In the case of the northern port the entire "bluff" on the one side has been taken up by the foreign community as a residential quarter, while the whole of the other is covered by the comparatively insignificant houses of the Japanese. The situation of Kobé does not permit of any such arrangement. The city rises evenly—and with excellent effect—from the shore of a crescent-shaped harbour along the slopes of a wooded 3,000-foot range of granitic hills; no natural division between the two communities exists.

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However, the strategical advantages (as they might be called) enjoyed by the former settlement at Yokohama are, in these post-revision days, the subject of a not unnatural envy on the part of the Japanese, whose policy it is to abolish even the appearance of privilege. Accordingly, the celebration, three years ago, of the jubilee of the city's opening to foreign trade was signalized by the ejection of the foreigners from their cricket-ground—a beautiful sheet of turf in the centre of the city, which for a generation had been their pride and joy—on the score that the ground was required for municipal purposes.

Though all parts of the Japanese Empire are now open to foreigners for purposes of residence, it is not in the least likely that the future will again witness such aggregations of foreigners as those at Kobé and Yokohama. While the foreign population at these places is stationary, the number of Japanese is steadily on the increase. Nagasaki, however, furnishes an example of an all-round decline. The development of trans-continental traffic, and of Shimonoseki and Moji—the one as a steam-packet station for Korea and the other as a coal port—have left the third, and the most beautiful, of the old treaty-ports somewhat behind. On the other hand, ports which have made headway in recent years are Yokkaichi, on Owari Bay, near the busy manu-

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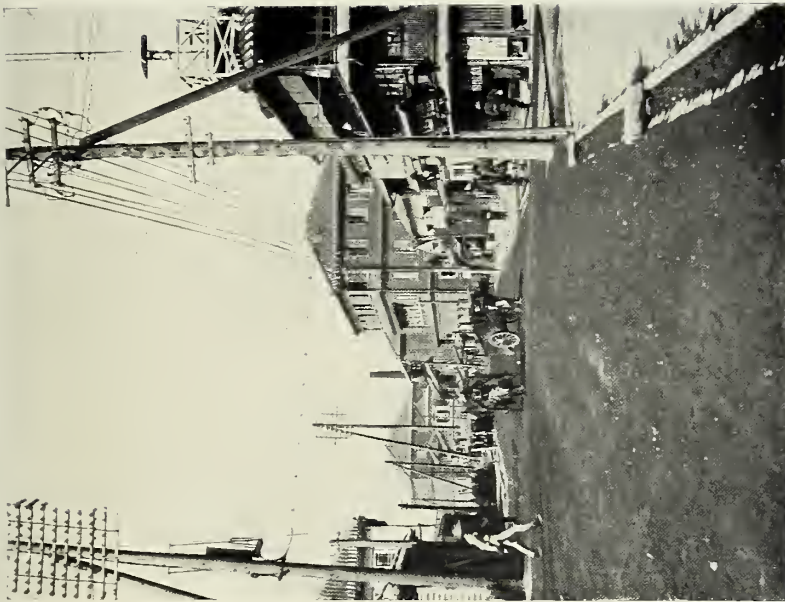
facturing centre of Nagoya; Shimizu, near Shizuoka, on the Gulf of Suruga, outlet for the chief tea-growing district of Japan; Tsuruga, on the West Coast, the point of departure for Vladivostock; and—in Yezo or Hokkaido—Otaru, near the official capital, Sapporo, and Hakodate on the strategically important Tsugaru Strait, a place which is both a port and a fortress, recalling in its physical configuration the watering-place of Llandudno, and, from another point of view, Gibraltar.

While, then, Tokyo may be said to be representative of the many-sided activity of present-day Japan—from officialism and *la haute politique* to a wrestling match at the Ekoin Temple and the viewing of the cherry-blossoms at Mukojima—nevertheless, as a city, it cannot be called typically Japanese. Neither can Kyoto, the uniquely planned, be so considered; nor, indeed, can Osaka, with its all-pervading commercialism; still less any of the open ports, which have come to a greater or less extent under foreign influence. To find the city which sets forth that large part of the national life which is neither ultra-modern nor hopelessly behind the times, which, while cognizant of up-to-date ideas, has not yet parted with the old, we must look in those provincial centres which, not many years ago, were the headquarters of some great Daimyate, or clan, and thus retain

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amid the commercial activities of their *heimin* a feudal aristocracy of their own. Of such are Kagoshima and Kumamoto, in the south; Hiroshima and Kanazawa, in the west; Kofu and Mito, in the east; Sendai and Wakamatsu, in the north. These are considerable towns, with populations ranging from 60,000 to 130,000. Each has its characteristic industry and its local colour; and over each frown the ruins of a *Daimyo's* castle, the grounds surrounding which a paternal Government has turned into public pleasure-gardens.

The fires which so frequently devastate Japanese cities are commonly set down as an after-effect of earthquakes. In point of fact, the percentage of fires indirectly attributable to earthquakes is comparatively small. When the use of the *andon*—a frail wooden stand-lamp, with paraffin-oil for the illuminant—was well-nigh universal, it was doubtless the case that even a slight earthquake sometimes gave rise to a conflagration. But a playing child or a restless sleeper constituted just as great a source of danger. Nowadays, however, hanging-lamps are nearly always used, while in all the principal cities—and even in comparatively remote villages where water-power is available—electric lighting is the rule. Among the causes of fires in Japanese cities, unfortunately, incendiarism ranks high, and the motive for the crime—despite the



STREET SCENE : KOBÉ.



A FIRE BRIGADE DISPLAY.

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fact that the law permits its punishment, in extreme cases, by death—is only too often a mercenary one. The privations of the *daikan* (cold season) have at least as much to do with the numerous conflagrations at that time of the year as has the so-called “winter frequency” of earthquakes.

The writer has vivid recollections of a serious fire in Yokohama a few years ago, which laid in ashes some five hundred houses, his own narrowly escaping inclusion in the number. Fed by a strong north-westerly wind, the flames carried all before them, and nothing but a broad creek which lay athwart their track prevented them from driving a fiery plough across the city. As is usual on these occasions—despite the hour, two in the morning—almost the entire population, and certainly all the thieves, found themselves in the vicinity. Through the crowd long lanes were kept by the police, along which hurried a stream of fugitives from the threatened houses, bearing bundles of *futon*¹ and other household goods to some place of safety. Among the onlookers on the opposite bank of the creek—the most favoured and the safest point of vantage—was the proprietor of a large three-storied hotel which fronted on the waterway, and, being clearly doomed, had long since been abandoned. Practically everything of value had been

¹ Wadded quilts used for bedding.

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removed—the building was, of course, insured; the firemen were impotent, and it only remained to watch the end. This the owner, with the characteristic nonchalance of his race, prepared to do. I have to this day a lively remembrance of the manner in which the Moloch of Japanese civilization set about devouring the choicest morsel it had encountered that night. From the roof of an adjoining house the flames literally leaped at the doomed hotel, taking it, as it were, by the waist—*i.e.*, in the first floor. To get well through the wooden outer wall was the work of, perhaps, a minute. Thereafter it became indeed a “royal progress.” From one *karakami* (paper partition) to the next, across yellow *tatami*, gleaming in the fierce red light, long tongues of fire flung themselves faster than human feet could fly. In five minutes every wall, whether of wood or paper, had vanished, and the whole building stood, a skeleton of blazing beams, bearing aloft the only solid part of a Japanese house—the heavy-tiled roof. In another five minutes this fell in with a resounding crash and a mighty shower of sparks. I turned to the proprietor, with whom I had a passing acquaintance. He was unconcernedly discussing with a neighbour the origin of the outbreak, which, it appeared, was already common knowledge. The fire had been started in the three-roomed dwelling of a *sumi-ya* (charcoal dealer)

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a little way down the street, with the aid of a few rags soaked in paraffin-oil, and in the hope of securing the princely sum of *yen* 100, for which the said shanty had been insured. Instead, however, the courts decreed him twenty years' peñal servitude.

CHAPTER XVI

EDUCATION AND RELIGION

The child and his sovereign—The child and his parent—
The child and his teacher—Education and the ideograph—
—The educational system—The teaching of English—
The missionary and the student—Are the Japanese
religious?—Religion and the State—Christianity in
Japan—Foreign irreligion—"Morals" and the Rescript—
—Morality a relative term—Different points of view—
The *yujo* and the *geisha*—Do *geisha* dance?—Womanly
women

"WHAT will you give the Emperor, the Lord of Heaven?" So runs the first question of a Japanese child's catechism. And the child makes answer, "All my possessions, and my life when he requires it." In a Christian home of the West, the child is taught to regard God as the Giver of all good. So is the Japanese child—only his God is the Emperor.

By the Confucian code of ethics, which holds sway in China, obedience to parents is given the place of honour among the virtues. Loyalty to the State comes next. In Japan this order is

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reversed. The distinction is significant. Would it be too much to attribute to this alone the difference in worldly position which now exists between the two countries? Hardly.

Now filial piety and devotion to the Sovereign rest, for their force as motives, upon the same principle—that of ancestor-worship. Hence the two may be regarded as part of one whole—and that a deep-laid, all-embracing patriotism. “My country right or wrong” is the first article in the creed of others besides Japanese citizens, but here, as in no other part of the world, that country is identified with its Imperial Head, so that the national welfare and advancement, the successes of Japanese arms in the stricken field and on the ocean wave, are all ascribed to the virtues of the Heaven-born Emperor.

Education and religion are, therefore, more closely connected in Japan than, probably, in any other country. More definitely, too, than in any other country are they used as a means to an end. That end is patriotism. One might even go further, and say that, with the Japanese, to all intents and purposes, patriotism is religion. At any rate, if their patriotism—I use the word in its widest sense—be taken from their religion the residue is a poor and thin affair.

Japan has been called “the children’s Paradise.” “The children are never punished,” says one globe-trotter ; and the next, to go one better,

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explains that "they do no wrong." Neither, I suppose, had ever heard of that mischievous twelve-year-old rascal of whom Mrs. Hugh Fraser tells, who crowned a series of practical jokes upon his paternal grandmother by nailing a dead crow to her shutter and calling her to see the beautiful procession that was passing. "*Itazura desu ne!*" is probably the most frequent expression on the lips of a Japanese mother with respect to her offspring, and, quite properly, it is often accompanied by some practical mark of disapproval. When living for some months in the interior, in a Japanese house, I was much concerned at the oft-repeated crying of a little girl of five or six in a neighbouring establishment. Her mother was given to the use—perhaps oftener than was necessary—of the *moxa*, a burning weed applied to the skin in such a manner as, sometimes, to leave a scar. This used to be the recognized form of punishment for children, though now less commonly resorted to. Sometimes a burning joss-stick is the instrument of punishment. In the case in question the little damsel had not acquired the art of bearing the pain without crying, but intercession on her behalf proved unavailing.

While, then, it is not true that Japanese children are never punished, it is probably true that they might with advantage be punished oftener than they are. If there are more children

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spoiled by over-indulgence in the United States of America than in any other country, Japan would probably come next. Solomon's dictum about sparing the rod does not pass for gospel in either country. So the American youth who went to school with a revolver in his pocket, that he might resist any visitation of discipline upon his own person, has his counterpart in the Japanese school-striker. Unpopular masters in provincial middle schools have not infrequently been made the victims of a general strike, and principals have been known to resign their posts as the simplest way out of the difficulty. Some of these affairs may be the fault of the teachers. As an educational handbook naïvely puts it, "the introduction of the Occidental system of learning and the displacing of venerable teachers of the old system with young teachers devoid of experience and virtue have undermined the laudable custom that formerly existed between masters and pupils." Unquestionably the status of the Japanese schoolmaster, social and financial, might with advantage be improved; but it would be difficult to conceive of such situations arising in, say, an English school, though the English boy is not lacking in spirit. Most people who have travelled in the interior will agree that the manners of Japanese children leave room for improvement. Curiosity in itself is natural and unobjectionable, but the widespread use of the

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expression "*ijin baka*" (foreign fool) reflects less on the children who use it than on those entrusted with their upbringing. It gives opportunity to the enemies of Japan to point the finger, and confirms the suggestion that the politeness of the Japanese people is, after all, only skin-deep. On the whole, if there were a little more correction at home and better discipline at school, the Japanese youth would be a less wayward and more agreeable person than he is at present. And those looking on in the conviction that "the boy is father to the man" would feel more at ease.

The educational system comprises the three orthodox grades, elementary, middle, and higher, the commencing age in each case being 6, 12, and 17. Elementary schooling is compulsory for all classes. From the point of attainment an average pupil of the middle and higher grades shows at least as much general knowledge and capacity as one of the same age in Occidental countries. A great deal of time, however, is lost over the laborious task of committing to memory some thousands of Chinese ideographs. A knowledge of five thousand is necessary for ordinary purposes, of ten thousand to establish a claim to scholarship. Though much current matter is published in the *hirakana* and *katakana* syllabaries — which with their two hundred comparatively simple characters represent a

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stumbling effort after the phonetic system—to all who are unversed in the Chinese word-pictures the classics and the official language remain a sealed book. To get over this difficulty school-days are increased in number and school-hours prolonged—with consequent injury to health and, especially, to the eyesight. Though inherited disease is responsible for much of the prevailing blindness and semi-blindness among the people, this poring over Chinese hieroglyphics, often by the indifferent light of the *andon*,¹ is probably responsible for more. Many of the leading Japanese papers now print a page in English, and a movement is on foot for the use of *Romaji*—the writing of Japanese in the Roman characters. This last is not making the headway it should, partly because of the difficulty of correctly representing the sounds of Japanese words, partly because the literary and official worlds look coldly on the movement. The difficulty of transliteration is not, however, insuperable. The abandonment of the Chinese script for everyday use is one of those changes which must come. For Japan's own sake, the sooner the better.

If Japanese education, regarded as a preparation for life, has one fault more than another, it is in the inculcation of undue dependence on the powers that be. One of the doubtful legacies of Confucianism, it is seen in the unquestioning

¹ An oil-lamp on a wooden stand with a tissue-paper shade.

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obedience, not to say veneration, accorded to the pettiest official. Its effect is to discourage initiative and private enterprise as being better left to "the authorities." Though the Japanese are not wanting in inventiveness, their capacity for adaptation and assimilation is greater. The idea prevails that for an enterprise to succeed it must be backed by the State, and this belief seems to be strengthened in practice. All undertakings on a large scale, if not actually inaugurated by the Government, are in receipt of official support. Conversely, enterprises not thus advantaged stand little chance of success.

English is taught in the three hundred middle schools of the Empire, and, in the higher, a second foreign language—French or German—finds a place. A few of the middle and most of the higher schools employ foreigners for the purposes of instruction, but the bulk of Young Japan learns its English from Japanese teachers whose knowledge of the language is fragmentary or, at best, of the reading-book order. In word-construction and syntactical arrangement the two languages are absolutely antipodal. So simple an English sentence as "There is a bird on that tree" appears to the Japanese mind, which knows not prepositions, articles, and indefinites, highly anomalous and idiomatic, full of snares and pitfalls. Add to this the characteristic eagerness of the Japanese student, impatient of delay and in-



STUDENTS AT WORK : KEIO UNIVERSITY, TOKYO.



A JAPANESE WEDDING.

The bride, wearing her bridal fillet, is on the right; the groom, next to her. Saké is being served in cups. The storks are emblematic of long life.

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capable of being in a hurry slowly, and you have, for a result, the amazing vagaries of "English as she is Japped"—despair of the foreign professor and perennial source of amusement for such of the foreign Press as are wont to make sport of Japanese foibles.¹

It is in the simple everyday conversational English that the student fails. Where his weakness lies none knows better than he. When, therefore, having spied a foreigner, he decides that he is neither French, Russian, nor German, he loses no time in opening the attack—often with the most startling remarks—"What you go?" "I have delight to behold your face," and so forth. In this quenchless thirst for conversational English the proselytizing missionary sees his chance, and takes it. He opens an evening school for English at a shilling a month, and by dexterous management interpolates some Gospel with his grammar. Seldom, however, does the Japanese student-fly really walk into the missionary-spider's parlour. He will join lustily in the singing of "The sweet by-and-by," "There is a fountain filled with blood," and other evan-

¹ Typical examples of Japanese-English meet the eye in the vicinity of foreign settlements. Thus a laundry displays the sign "Ladies washed four *yen* a hundred," and a butcher who desires prospective customers to know that he does not confine himself to beef and mutton announces "Hen Met" for sale. There is reason to believe that practical jokers of foreign extraction are responsible for some of these.

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gelistic gems, but, while absorbing the grammar, will leave the Gospel for the next who comes.

Are the Japanese religious? The question is more often asked than answered. This is not because there is any lack of religions. Confucianism apart—for that is out of date and receives a moiety of the contempt which your modern Japanese entertains for all things Chinese—there still remain Buddhism, Shintoism, and Christianity. Speaking generally, Shintoism is the religion of the classes, Buddhism of the masses; the one official, the other popular. “The way of the gods,” with a “cluster of picturesque myths” for its basis, has little by way of “body,” but worship of ancestors and, particularly, of the Imperial ancestors. Hence its importance in official eyes, though it leaves the average worshipper cold. Another drawback is that it involves contemplation of the dead Past, with little bearing on the ever-changing Present and still less on that glorious Future of which all Japanese live in hope. To a strictly practical people Buddhism with its theories of reincarnation makes a stronger appeal. There is more warmth, more colour, more nearness in its creed. Many a simple peasant believes that his humble *sen* dropped in at the temple money-box will through the mercy of Amida secure him all manner of material benefits in life—good harvests, deliverance from sickness, and the like.

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Nevertheless, there is a large and growing class, especially among educated folk, who, while recognizing the claims of Shintoism as a State religion, have in their hearts no use for any religion at all.

The men at the head of the Japanese polity are wise enough to know that irreligion for a State is bad. In recent years they have given indications that in their opinion a great deal of irreligion exists. In their characteristically naïve, though not wholly illogical, fashion they argue that there must be something wrong with the religion, or religions, and that it, or they, must forthwith be taken in hand, so to speak, for alterations and repairs. In this way they might be made more attractive, and at the same time more advantageous, to the nation at large. From this they proceed to inquire, after the manner which fifty years of adoption of Western institutions have almost made a habit, What is this Christian religion which the missionaries from America and England preach? Has it any desirable or useful features which may with advantage be incorporated in our own religion? Or stay, might it be possible, by a wise process of selection, to take what is best in the three religions and construct a new and excellent religion, especially suited to our needs?

So, at first, they resorted to the expedient of an edict directing the principals of all elemen-

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tary schools to march their pupils at regular intervals to the nearest Shinto shrine, there to worship the spirits of Imperial, and other, ancestors. This having raised an outcry from the adherents of Buddhism and Christianity as being a violation of that article in the Constitution which guarantees complete religious liberty, the leaders of Japanese officialdom "tried again." The Vice-Minister for Home Affairs summoned a conference of representatives of the three religions, with a view to discovering a common basis of operation which, conceivably, might serve as the foundation of a new national creed. Though nothing so far has come of this action, we have not heard the last of it, or of its effects. Meanwhile, it retains immense significance not only as a revelation of the working of the official mind, but as an expression of dissatisfaction with the present religious life of the nation.

For Christianity to be thus officially recognized was something of a compliment, and might be construed as implying progress. Some headway has undoubtedly been made—there are eight hundred missionaries in Japan, with ample funds at their disposal, and many of the finest building sites in the large centres are the property of various Mission Boards. Nevertheless, the progress made has not come up to expectations, and a conference of Mission Boards became necessary to inquire into the cause. It is to be

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feared, for reasons already suggested, that much of the progress placed on record is more apparent than real. Probably the greatest obstacle to the spread of Christianity in Japan, as in other lands, is the never-ending war, on matters of doctrinal detail, between the various sects which set out to declare to "the heathen" the one and the same Gospel. If the forces of Christianity, as presented in the mission field, could combine to show to the non-Christian world a solid and united front, their message would stand a better chance of carrying conviction.

Then there is the heavy handicap of the fact that Christianity is a foreign religion. Unless the Japanese people are satisfied that they can be Christians and loyal Japanese at the same time, missions will labour in vain. "The national spirit is closely involved with the ideas of independence and responsibility, and, so far as Japan is concerned, missionaries who ignored or violated the national spirit were only courting disaster, while any apparent denationalization on the part of Christian converts would surely bring upon them persecution." ¹ The tendency of thought among Japanese Christians is all in the direction of the autonomous church on national lines. They will not submit to be ruled by Mission Boards in London and New York; they

¹ Bishop Honda, of South Tokyo, at the World Missionary Conference, 1910.

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look for full ecclesiastical self-government. Up to that goal—even though it means his own effacement—the missionary must work. Otherwise, there is the fear that the Japanese may turn from “foreign” religion to foreign irreligion.

This, indeed, is the greatest danger of all. The nations which have roused the East are Christian nations, but the problem still remains whether Japan, as the leading Power in the Orient, “is to be swayed by materialism, agnosticism, or Christianity.”¹ The worst enemies of missionary effort in the Far East are the foreign communities, and, in particular, the foreign professors, many of whom find in the impressionable minds of their Japanese students an excellent soil for the seeds of atheism under the guise of “rationalism,” and follow this up by similar propaganda in the Press.

The subject of “Morals” occupies the first place in the curricula of all Japan's public schools. Private institutions are permitted to give instruction in religion, but all such teaching is barred in the State schools. The teaching of morality is based on the late Emperor's Rescript²—a sort of modern Decalogue for Young Japan—

¹ Dr. J. W. Davis, of the Doshisha Theological Seminary, Kyoto.

² Promulgated in 1890. This is supplemented in the class-rooms by “text-books on ethics, in which stories of famous men and women are predominating features.”

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without, however, the sternness or the particularization which characterizes the Mosaic code. Filial piety, modesty, benevolence, and sacrifice are commended for acquisition by "all our good and faithful subjects," but there are two notable omissions which seem to have escaped general attention. No specific exhortation to honesty is to be found in the Rescript, nor any reference to sexual morality. There is no "Thou shalt not steal"; there is no "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Education, everywhere, begins in the cradle. In the West, knowledge of life and sex is imparted late in life, or not at all—left, in other words, to be discovered as may be. Here lies the difference with the Japanese. The Japanese boy or girl grows up in this knowledge. It is common above-board knowledge, viewed naturally and without offence. It is thus, with them, no guilty secret, ignorance of which, even when such ignorance does not exist, must always be feigned.

The results of this distinction are important. In the West, the term "morality" does not, in common usage, carry with it the collective idea, connoting "a bundle of habits." It is used in a narrow sense, to signify the possession or absence of a particular quality, exalted above the rest. Kindness, honesty, nobility of mind, refinement, courage, sincerity—all these, comparatively

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speaking, count for little. If the man conforms to the conventions which have grown up around the subject of sexual ethics, he is moral. If not, his other virtues are but a drop in the bucket. Sexual correctness, in other words, is made the criterion of morality, and, indeed, in the popular view, the terms are synonymous.

With the Japanese a sense of proportion prevails. Continence is *a* virtue, not *the* virtue. Concubinage¹ is not in itself an immoral state nor resort to the Yoshiwara a deadly sin. A woman who for some sufficient reason has lost her honour does not become, *ipso facto*, an evil and abandoned creature. Many a father in financial straits has sold his daughter's honour for a sum of money, and the girl's submission has been a sacrifice on the high altar of filial piety. What, therefore, the West regards as woman's unpardonable sin, rendering her fit only for the gutter, becomes a positive virtue. Yet your Mrs. Grundy (with a load of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in her withered breast) will draw her skirts together in horror lest such fallen creature (all gentleness, love, and

¹ Concubinage was established under the Confucian code to ensure the Imperial succession. Twelve concubines were permitted by law for the Emperor. The present Emperor, as is generally known, is the son of one of these. Though not now recognized by law, concubinage still exists to a wide extent.

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goodness) should contaminate by her touch the personification of Occidental respectability. And your unctuous, middle-class paterfamilias, not to be behind, condemns all Japanese as vicious and immoral.

Reference has already been made to the institution of the Yoshiwara. As to the ruling motive of its inmates, confusion still exists. Even so lucid a writer as Sir Henry Norman, after vehemently maintaining that prostitution in Japan differs from what it is in other countries because (so far as the woman is concerned) it is resorted to under compulsion, not from choice (*i.e.*, filial piety compels the girl to obey the wish of her parents), proceeds to quote officials of the Department of Police as saying, "There are only two (chief determining causes) that recruit the ranks of the *yujo*: poverty and natural inclination"!

The fact is that Nature—not convention or religion—is the basis of Japanese sexual ethics. In all save the higher classes sexual irregularities are not viewed in the same light as in the West. They may constitute indiscretion, indulgence, folly—they are not sin. Consequently, recourse to them fails to produce the degrading effect upon either sex which it does elsewhere. There is no reason under the sun why "natural inclination" should lead a girl to sell herself into the bondage of the licensed quarter. Where such inclination

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exists, it can be gratified without resort to that extreme.

A somewhat similar system of proprietary service exists in the case of the *geisha*—that is to say, promising young girls are to all intents and purposes *sold* for a term of years to an entertainment agent, who often keeps a so-called “tea-house.” From an early age the girls are trained in the arts of dancing, singing, *samisen*-playing, and entertaining generally. Some writers with more book-knowledge than experience of Japanese life have maintained that the *geisha* does not dance, but merely sings.¹ The assertion, which is unwarrantable, rests on the strength of a verbal distinction between the terms *geisha* and *maiko*, the latter of which signifies, literally, “a dancer.” If any distinction can be drawn in practice, it is that the *maiko* are young *geisha* or, as a Japanese gentleman once put it to an inquiring foreigner, they are “embryonic *geisha*.” The term may be applied to girls under sixteen or seventeen years; beyond that age they are called *geisha*. The term *maiko* is more widely used in Western Japan. In Tokyo, *hang-yoku* is the expression for a *geisha* of tender years.

¹ Cf. the correspondence columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* containing, in February, 1912, a controversy on this subject in which Messrs. Diosy, Douglas Sladen, Yoshio Makino, and others took part.

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Because the *geisha*, in her capacity as entertainer, constitutes a feature of Japanese dinners and public functions, it is unfair to put her on the level of the *hetaira* of the "nightless city." There are frail *geisha*, and there are *geisha* chaste as snow. If she must be classed for comparative purposes, let her be put rather above than below the ballet-girl of the West, and credit given for a good deal more refinement in her composition than her Occidental counterpart can claim.

So much for the lower orders of Japanese womanhood. What of Japanese women in general? All agree in giving them a very high place. It has been remarked that foreign residents in Japan, with seldom a good word to say for Japanese men, have nothing but praise for the women, who (they are wont to declare) must belong to a different race. Women as a rule are sparing of praise for their own sex, but few foreign ladies who can number Japanese ladies among their friends will fail to endorse Mrs. Hugh Fraser's opinion: "Real womanliness means a high combination of sense and sweetness, valour and humility. . . . In this the Japanese lady ranks with any woman in the world and passes before most of them." If sweetness and modesty are the choicest qualities of womanhood, then, than the Japanese woman, there is none more womanly. It is not surprising that

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Japanese of the old school look askance at the "Higher Education of Women" movement, imported, in small doses, from America. But the Japanese woman will take a lot of spoiling.

Let no one think that disagreeable women are quite unknown in Japan. The mother-in-law is the source of much mischief in Western lands ; in Japan she is even worse. There is no escaping her. For when a young couple wed in Japan they do not set up housekeeping afresh on their own account ; the young wife literally enters her husband's family. Not she, but her husband's mother, is the lady of the house. And to her authority in all things she must dutifully defer. Verily the word "obey" is writ large in the life of the Japanese bride. But she is happy, nevertheless. Her perennial, infectious brightness is, indeed, her greatest charm. Woman in Japan is more than a helpmeet. She sheds about her the sunshine of a quiet but overflowing *joie de vivre*. And because of this quality, and the gladsomeness it makes, her way through life is like that of which the Hebrew prophet sang :—

"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

CHAPTER XVII

THE POLITICAL FABRIC

Fortified places—"Spionitis"—Launch of a super-Dread-nought—A nation of soldiers—Life is cheap—Militarism in Lotus-land—The great renunciation—The *samurai* and the State—The Constitution—The Throne and the *Genro*—The Diet and the franchise—The first Party Cabinet—Ito and the *Seiyukai*—Militarists and the Diet—*Vox populi* at last?

NOT very long ago an unsuspecting tourist, accompanied by a native guide and coolie, made the ascent of an old volcano in the Hokkaido, remarkable for the magnificence of the view to be obtained from the summit. Not a picture, however, was he permitted to take from the crest of the mountain, and even on descending into the hollow of the ancient crater it was only after much manœuvring that he managed to secure a few snapshots of the surrounding rampart and of the steaming pits in the centre. On returning to the foot of the mountain he was given in charge to the police. The fact

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that he was an Englishman proved to be in his favour, and the exposures, on development, were seen to be harmless. Nevertheless, there was much coming and going of officials, much examination of papers, and much general *yakamashi* (noise, fuss) before the offending visitor was allowed to depart—a lifelong enemy of all things Japanese.

The explanation of the matter lay in the fact that from the summit of the mountain the fortified port of Hakodaté could, in clear weather, be discerned some 20 miles away, and the said mountain was therefore included in the "fortified zone." No doubt, to the careless Anglo-Saxon, such excess of caution appears absurd, but the Japanese cannot see it in that light. Where the national defences are concerned, he argues, nothing must be left to chance. Consequently, while there is probably no nation that knows more about its potential enemies, there is probably no nation about which its potential enemies know less. "Spionitis" is epidemic in certain parts of the East—Manila, for choice—it is endemic in Japan. But "our little brown allies" make no attempt to stamp out the disease.

Fortified places are numerous enough in Japan. It may be that, on account of the pother that is made about them, they seem more numerous than they are. The fact of their

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existence is thrust upon the attention of the passer-by with a callous obtrusiveness that admits of no escape. A quiet country lane in some unfrequented district invites, shall we say, an early morning stroll, with promise of unconventional subjects for the photographic film. Suddenly, at the bend of the path, the visitor is confronted with a notice-board, whose very pose and whiteness compel consideration: "Four thousand three hundred and ninety-five *ken* south-east, and two thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven *ken*¹ north-west-by-north of this board," it says with solemn precision (in English and Japanese), "no photographing, sketching, or taking of observations shall be permitted. By order of the War Department." If the visitor be wise, he will retrace his steps to the little *yadoya* (inn) whence he came, and leave his photographic outfit behind him. To be the central figure in an "affair" may seem, from some points of view, an interesting experience, but it has its drawbacks.

This extensive recourse to land fortifications on the part of an insular Power suggests at first sight that Japan has not taken to heart the lesson of history as to the bearing of sea-power on the rise and fall of nations. Such is not, however, the case—there are other reasons, to which I shall refer later on. Naval develop-

¹ 1 *ken* = 6 feet.

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ment is still in the forefront of Japanese national policy. The process is not advertised, but notable exceptions occur from time to time. Such a one was the launch of the first super-Dreadnought in October, 1910. On the appointed day the central of the three inlets which form the picturesque but somewhat intricate harbour of Yokosuka, the Portsmouth of Japan, presented a scene of unusual animation. Had not the O-Tenshi-sama (literally "the Son of Heaven") honourably condescended to be present? So the thousands of Japanese spectators, well supplied with expansive umbrellas of bamboo and oil-paper, recked not of the rain that descended nor the wind that blew. Civilization in Japan has not quite reached the stage at which ladies are asked to assist with launching ceremonies. The actual task of cutting the cord which supports the "dog-shores" is usually undertaken by the admiral in charge of the dockyard. In this case the dignitary first approached the Emperor, and reverently informing his Majesty that it was proposed to name the ship *Kawachi*, that it had taken some eighteen months to build, and that it was now ready for launching, received the Imperial permission to release the vessel from its slip. As the vast hull began to move down the ways, a number of pigeons, liberated from the bows, fluttered into the air, and a great shout of "*Banzai!*" rolled round

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the harbour. Within the memory of many of the cheering spectators, Japan's maritime strength had been embodied in a fleet of junks. Their enthusiasm, therefore, was natural enough.

Behind the bulwark of her naval defences, fixed and floating, lies the real secret of Japan's position as a world-Power, which renders her own conquest to all intents and purposes impossible, and at the same time gives her a commanding voice in the fate of Asia. Every able-bodied man is a soldier, and every boy preparing to be one. Such is the result of a system of universal service more rigidly and systematically enforced than in any European country. The story is told of an old couple who, in the critical days of the Russian War, importuned the War Office to excuse from active service the son on whom they depended for support, that he might remain with them. At length, one evening, they got their answer—the dead body of their son left at their door on a hand-cart. To get to the bottom of a story like this is impossible in Japan; but, however the truth may be, there is no doubt that the Japanese soldier is trained to look upon death in the field as the natural issue of his calling, and few, indeed, are the wives and mothers who would permit themselves to shed a tear over such a circumstance.

Two other factors go to the making of the Japanese character from the military point of

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view—a certain cheapness of life and the doctrine that suicide is the penalty of failure. The latter, of course, is a survival of the custom of *harakiri* practised in feudal times. On the eve of Tsushima, Admiral Togo gave his officers more than a hint of what was expected of them in event of defeat. Nogi's self-immolation on the occasion of the Meiji obsequies bears the same construction. The grizzled, great-hearted warrior felt that his own past sacrifices, his own example, had failed to influence the nation as he had hoped. Recognizing this, and the fact that the passing of his Imperial Master marked the end of the old order of things, he felt that he could but make the *samurai's* last atonement.

One summer day I was travelling by rail from Tokyo to Yokohama when the train was brought to a standstill by an "accident" on the line. Perceiving that most of my Japanese fellow-passengers alighted from the carriages and hurried in the direction of the engine, I followed suit. To my horror I found that a suicide had been the cause of the delay, and the track and the engine-wheels were being hastily cleared of the mangled remains of what had been a human body. But more horrible still, to my mind, was the attitude of the crowd. Neither horror, nor disgust, nor pity could be traced upon a single face. If the general expression might be summed up in a phrase, it was one of amused



CALLED TO THE COLOURS : "BANZAI!"



A GEISHA DANCE.



TEMPLE OF HACHIMAN, THE JAPANESE
MARS, AT KAMAKURA.



FUNERAL OF COMMANDER HIROSÉ, WHO
LED THE BLOCKING OPERATIONS AT
PORT ARTHUR (1904).

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interest. "Only another case of *shinju!*"¹ laughed the beholders of this gruesome scene, and clattered back on their *geta* to resume their seats, while the torn fragments of humanity were trundled off on a barrow to the nearest police-station.

Militarism of this stern and uncompromising character is the foundation of the Japanese polity. On this rough basis has been reared in the course of the Meiji Era a superstructure of Constitutionalism. Nominal at first, the efforts of the popular, as distinct from the ruling, class have been directed towards making it a reality. Within certain limits they have succeeded.

Feudalism and Japan parted company when the great *Daimyos* laid their possessions at Mutsuhito's feet. In that same moment the Mikado was transformed from a sort of high-priest—an object of veneration enshrined in an old-world palace—into a monarch, vested with all spiritual and temporal power. As an act of renunciation, this self-effacement of the territorial barons has received general praise. But the sacrifice was largely a matter of form. A sovereign cannot do without Ministers, and so the great offices of State passed into the hands of the former *Daimyos*. These clan chieftains gave up their actual power over their respective districts, and received in its place a share in the

¹ Suicide.

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control of the country at large. Although, in theory, the Emperor—the title Mikado is officially disapproved—was an absolute monarch, the form of government was in practice an oligarchy.

In the course of centuries the feudal *Daimyo* and their *samurai* retainers had laid wide and deep the foundations of their class. It was their privilege to fight for, their responsibility to defend, the heaven-given land. In such exalted rights and duties the *heimin*, or Japanese *plebs*, though outnumbering their superiors by fifteen to one, had neither part nor lot. Obviously, the first step towards national reorganization on modern lines was, by abolition of the privileges of the military caste, to establish the principle of equality of citizenship. As early in the Meiji Era as 1878 the wearing of swords—the distinctive mark of the *samurai*—was forbidden by Imperial decree, and, with the adoption of military service on European lines, the right of the peasant to bear arms in defence of his country was implicitly recognized. This social revolution was not effected without a struggle, the Satsuma clansmen, in particular, offering a fierce resistance. Thirty thousand valuable lives had to be sacrificed before the peasant could say, with the two-sworded warrior, "*Civis Japonicus sum.*" But of the issue no doubt remained. The plebeian soldier had arrived. Later, as the

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world knows, he proved his mettle on the plains of Manchuria.

“Disestablished” though the *samurai* were, their superior education and social status continued to count in their favour. Military power taken from them, the civil came in its stead. The control of affairs fell, almost in the nature of things, into their hands. Japan’s first Parliament, like England’s in the thirteenth century, consisted entirely of noblemen—knights of the shire—and their erstwhile retainers. A deliberative rather than a legislative assembly, it was a failure at that. But out of the fiasco came forth light. Count Itagaki, head of the great Tosa clan, was the first to perceive that in one way only could the country be saved from domination by a military oligarchy—namely, by means of a popular elected Legislature. Seceding from the ruling clique, he gathered about him a number of young men who had returned from travel in Europe, and set himself to the task of converting his countrymen to liberal views. Not long afterwards, and influenced by similar considerations, Count Okuma began to preach the new creed of popular control. Thus came into being two political parties, working independently along the same lines, with constitutional government for the common goal. Remarkable success crowned the campaign. Within a few months of its inauguration an Imperial decree announced

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that in ten years' time a national assembly would be convened.

The keynote of the Japanese Constitution is the throne. "The Emperor combines in himself the rights of sovereignty." He "exercises the legislative power with the consent of the Diet" (Arts. iv. and v.). Ministerial responsibility is not to the Diet but to the Emperor. The appointment of Ministers vests also in the Imperial will. Particular stress is laid by the late Prince Ito, in one of his expositions of the Constitution, upon the sovereign's right to select his Ministers from whatever party he pleased or from no party at all. Finally, the Diet sits for only three months in the year (Art. xlii). During the remaining nine, in the event of "urgent necessity to maintain public safety or avert public calamities," the Emperor may issue Imperial decrees "to take the place of law."

This centralization of power, in theory, in the hands of the sovereign will be condemned by some as the weak point of the Constitution. By the framers of that instrument it was regarded as the strongest. Among the shifting sands of our environment, said they, there is, at any rate, one fixed and solid rock—the veneration of our people for their divinely descended head. But the makers of the New Japan failed to make sufficient allowance for the inevitable effect of

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modern materialistic ideas and of ever-increasing intercourse with the West upon this spirit of reverential unquestioning loyalty, resting on the slender basis of the supernatural. Moreover, the pages of Japanese history afford numerous instances of a Mikado "sacred and inviolable" indeed, but politically impotent; while the real direction of affairs rested with some military dictator or with some bureaucratic clique. There exists in Japan at the present time a small coterie of distinguished men, grown grey in the service of the State, who form a sort of supreme council, and in whose hands the real power lies. Sagacious, experienced, resolute, they have in practice, so far, been of genuine assistance to the State, and have played a definite part in the national development. It is difficult, indeed, to see how Japan, in her international swaddling-clothes, could have made shift without them. Nevertheless, unmentioned in the Constitution, they stand an irresponsible body between the Diet and the Cabinet—a factor impossible to reconcile with any theory of representative Government. Necessary as they undoubtedly were in the past, they have, in the view of their countrymen, survived their usefulness. "The law," said St. Paul, "was our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ." Just such a purpose did the *Genro* serve in Japan's progress to constitutional freedom. But with a pupil grown to

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years of discretion, the need for an escort disappears.

Under the Japanese Constitution the Diet is bi-cameral. It consists of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. Neither of these has that direct and intimate connection with the Government of the day which such bodies are usually thought to have. The former, as might be expected, is in close touch with the conservative and bureaucratic elements, and enjoys a security of position not vouchsafed to the Lower House. The hereditary, nominative, and elective principles are all followed in its composition. Some 200 out of its 370 members represent the various orders of nobility; there are 120 "men of erudition or distinguished service" nominated for life by the Emperor; and there are 43 representatives of "the highest taxpayers," elected by themselves, one for each prefecture. Unlike the Lower Chamber, the House of Peers cannot be dissolved, it can only be prorogued. So far there has been no occasion for it to come into conflict either with the Ministers or with the popular branch of the Legislature.

Almost a million and a half of the Japanese enjoy the parliamentary franchise, and some 80 per cent. avail themselves of the privilege. There are two qualifications—age of twenty-five years and the payment of 10 *yen* per annum

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in direct taxation. The rural districts return 300 out of the 379 members. For electoral purposes they are divided into constituencies with a population of 130,000, corresponding as far as possible with the prefectures. The same figures are regarded as the unit for urban districts containing over 100,000 inhabitants, though an incorporated city with 30,000 inhabitants constitutes an independent electoral body. Cabinet Ministers in Japan are not elected, nor are they made responsible to the elected representatives of the people. On the other hand, if the House of Representatives adopts an obstructive attitude towards the proposals of the Ministry, it is liable to suffer dissolution by Imperial decree—a fate which has overtaken it seven times since the first Assembly in 1890. In most constitutionally governed countries *Vox populi, vox Dei* is the accepted rule. In Japan the voice of the Emperor, adopted for the moment by the Ministry in power, is—or has hitherto been—the voice of God.

General elections in Japan, which take place every four years—assuming that the Diet escapes dissolution for that period—do not excite a great deal of popular interest. Despite elaborate regulations, a considerable amount of bribery and corruption persists. In the elections of 1912, votes were openly sold in some places—according to the Japanese Press—at 10 *yen*

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apiece ; and some sensation was caused by two ex-M.P.'s who had been convicted of corrupt practices in connection with the sugar scandals of 1910, offering themselves for re-election. As a rule, however, the Japanese elector is more concerned in such matters as the price of rice or the cost of his daily tram-ride. The addition of a *sen* (a farthing) to the Tokyo street-railway rates a few years ago gave rise to serious riots, in which a number of electric-cars were literally sacrificed to mark the popular indignation. Between the existence of such grievances and the election of parliamentary representatives the Japanese "man in the street" saw no connection. There has been reason in his attitude so far ; but things have changed considerably of late years. The political instinct of the people seems at last to have been aroused, and this must mean the gradual assertion of the principle of popular control.

Bearing in mind these conditions, we shall be in a position to follow more closely the history of its final stage—the evolution of party government. The followers of Itagaki had taken unto themselves the name of *Jiyu-to*, or Liberals, while those of Okuma styled themselves *Shimpo-to*, *i.e.*, Progressists. In 1898, that is to say just twenty years after the Japanese Rousseau, as he has been called, had inaugurated the process of political agitation, these two bodies, differing

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more in name than nature, united to form a "Constitutional Party" (*Kensei-to*). The amalgamation impressed both the official and non-official world. It was felt that the objection hitherto advanced against the formation of a Ministry on party lines—namely, that no single political association possessed sufficient talent to conduct the affairs of the country—could no longer be maintained. Accordingly, Counts Itagaki and Okuma were invited to form Japan's first Party Cabinet. They accepted the Imperial mandate: it was indeed the fulfilment of the aim for which they had laboured. Alas for human weakness! The coalition did not outlive the test of six months of office. Jealousies arose between the leading men, and the party broke up into the two sections which had composed it. The moral of the failure was evident. Unless one party or another succeeded in attaching to itself the highest personages in the land—the "clan statesmen," or, as they came to be known in later days, the "elder statesmen"—there was little hope of its making headway with the task of government.

It was in this direction that the next move took place. Throwing principles to the winds, the Liberals laid themselves at the feet of Ito, who by this time was *facile princeps* in the official world. Unconditional surrender was what the Marquis demanded, and he coupled with it the

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significant proviso that the new organization was to be known not as "party" but as an "association." Such was the genesis of the *Seiyukai* ("Friends of the Constitution"), which ever since has been the most powerful section of the Japanese Diet. It has travelled far since the day of its inception. Intended by Ito as a safeguard against the party system, it has become the champion and defender of that system. Ten years ago, on the eve of a new session, its distinguished chief solemnly admonished the association against any sort of obstructive tactics. He laid down the doctrine that, once Ministers had been appointed to office, it was the duty of politicians, as loyal subjects of the Emperor, to abstain from interfering with them. Now this association, frankly a party, does not hesitate to "hold up" the Government of Japan by way of asserting the principle that at least the majority of the Cabinet should belong to the party which can command a majority in the Diet.

In 1903 Ito, called to the Presidency of the Privy Council, resigned the leadership of the *Seiyukai* to his second-in-command, the Marquis Saionji, who, during the stormy times of the Satsuma rebellion, had learned democracy in France. Since that date the "Friends of the Constitution," comprising three-fifths of the membership of the House of Representatives,

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have acted in the main as a ministerial party. They have supported the Government of the day—not always, however, wholeheartedly. The Progressists, numbering a fourth of the House, together with two minor parties, constituted a somewhat ineffective opposition. Throughout the critical period of the Russian War, Marquis (now Prince) Katsura, who held the reins of government, deemed it advisable to make a working arrangement with the *Seiyukai*. Subsequently that statesman defined his attitude as one of “indiscriminate friendship” for all parties. When, on the death of Mutsuhito, Katsura took up the post of Grand Chamberlain in the Imperial Household—the better, from that bad eminence (so his enemies averred), to turn to his own advantage, as the power behind the throne, the course of future events—the Marquis Saionji succeeded him as Premier. It was an admirable choice, for that nobleman, as President of the *Seiyukai*, was assured of a majority in the Diet. He could therefore, as no Prime Minister in Japan had really done, administer the affairs of the nation constitutionally in the truest sense.

From the constitutional point of view, the era of Taisho had made a most auspicious start. But it was not to the liking of the “ruling caste.” Militarists, allied with bureaucrats, had hitherto succeeded in retaining in their hands all real power. In the eyes of both the Party

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Cabinet was a thing abhorred. It involved recognition of the principle of ministerial responsibility—not to the Emperor, nor to the Genro, nor to officialdom, but to the Diet; and, with the acceptance of that theory, the power would pass from their hands into those of the people. Such an issue, compromising all that bureaucracy holds most dear, was worth fighting. So, with a view to enforcing the resignation of the Saionji Ministry and the recall of Prince Katsura, General Uyehara, the Minister for War, acting for the military clique, precipitated a crisis by demanding two additional divisions for the defence of the Korean frontier. Faced by this crisis, the Diet rose to the height of its great opportunity. A "Constitution Protection Society" was formed, not from one party, nor from two, but from all; and the Diet presented a solid front to the enemy. When Prince Katsura advanced to the attack with his announcement of forming "a new party"—armed, it is said, with a million *yen* for the purpose—he found a House profoundly hostile and strangely incorruptible. Unexpected "friends of the Constitution" arose likewise in the country. The campaign of mass-meetings carried on in all the large centres under the flag of the allied parties produced remarkable results. Riots in Tokyo, Osaka, and Kobe left no doubt as to the depth and character of the

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popular feeling. In the face of such unforeseen and portentous developments, only one course remained open to the "privileged caste." Even the Japanese bureaucrat has not parted with the saving grace of common sense. Katsura, and with him the Genro, and with them officialdom at large, bowed to the storm. In the Ministry which succeeded, members of the *Seiyukai* held a majority of the portfolios.

Though it is early yet to appreciate the effects of the most momentous of Japan's political crises, three at least can scarcely be overlooked. For the first time in Japanese history, in a pitched battle with the ruling class, a popularly elected assembly has won. The establishment of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Legislature would seem to follow as a matter of course. In the second place, the political instinct of the Japanese people has been aroused. This must tend to ensure steady progress towards representative government. Finally, there can be little doubt that, as the result of certain tendencies of Japanese statecraft—among which must be included the abuse of the Imperial prerogative in the matter of decrees and of prorogation and dissolution of the Diet—the prestige of the Imperial House has suffered. In what way and to what extent these things will affect the future of the Japanese race it is not possible to foresee. There is no reason, however, to take a pessi-

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mistic view. A quarter of a century ago the Japanese people received a Constitution. Having at length made it their own, they may be trusted, in the future, to use it for the best.

CHAPTER XVIII

JAPAN AS A COLONIAL POWER

The fruits of war—A mixed population—The “smoking islands”—The far south—The subjugation of Formosa—State Socialism to some purpose—The acquisition of Korea—A gradual process, despite two wars—“Direct colonization”—Official encouragement—Japan’s handling of colonial problems—Where the Japanese administrator fails

JAPAN’S over-sea possessions are the fruits of her successful wars. In the art of territorial expansion, as in most other things, she has proved an apt pupil of the West. In 1863 and 1864 two of her ports suffered bombardment at the hands of European Powers for high-handed action on the part of the southern *Daimyos*. In 1874 a punitive expedition left those very ports to take vengeance on the barbarians of Formosa. It was the first war-like excursion from Japanese shores since the days of the Taiko Hideyoshi, who subjugated Chosen at the cost of a quarter of a million lives. Less expensive but quite as effective in

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its way was this Formosan expedition of 1874. The savages of Taiwan had butchered, and possibly eaten, some shipwrecked Japanese mariners. Thereafter they learned that the subjects of the Mikado were to be treated with respect. Which was, of course, precisely the kind of lesson that De Kuyper and his brother Admirals had sought to enforce upon the Tokugawas and their *Daimyos*.

In the following year, by way of marking the end of the era of "splendid isolation," two additions were made to the Japanese colonial list. A certain *Daimyo* of the name of Ogasawara had discovered, in the sixteenth century, a group of coral-reefed islands, 500 miles south of Tokyo Bay, and named them *Mu-nin—i.e.*, Uninhabited. In the course of time the population grew to seventy. History does not relate who first arrived, nor how and whence; but when the Japanese appeared on the scene, to make good their claim of prior discovery, they found a motley population of Hawaiians with Kanaka wives, Malays, a few retired pirates of Chinese extraction, shipwrecked mariners of half a dozen European nations, and various half-breeds. As conclusive confirmation of the claim of English to be the "universal language," it deserves to be placed on record that the speech of these islanders was Anglo-Saxon, of a sort. Now, however, the official tongue is Japanese,

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for the Bonin Islands are duly registered in the Tokyo Home Office as *Ogasawara-Ken*, the remotest of the sixty-five prefectures which in 1870 took the place of the old-fashioned but still popular *Kuni* (provinces).

It was a bad bargain by which, in the same year, Japan gave up her claim to Saghalien in exchange for the barren, fog-bound Kuriles. The former has valuable forests, oil-fields, and fisheries; the latter has—volcanoes. And volcanoes too young, for the most part, to be overgrown! In those days, alas! the word of Japan passed for little, while that of Russia was law; though more recently, in faith, through the retroceded southern half of Karafuto, Japan has got back some of her own.

It was by way of these “Thousand Islands” (as the Japanese name *Chishima* signifies) that the Ainus, the earliest inhabitants of Japan, passed thither from the mainland. After them came the Cossacks, on the hunt for fur-bearing animals, and left few to tell the tale. Albeit there are still some bears; the streams swarm with salmon, the shores are beset with miniature *sargassos*. And there is sulphur—in Kunashiri, the nearest to Yezo, a lake of it—which goes to make Japanese matches. Which might have been expected. So many of the Kuriles are active cones rising sheer out of the sea that the Russians called them the “smoking islands.”

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The next assertion of Japan's colonizing energy was in the far south. For four hundred years the people of the Lu-chu (Ryu-kyu) Islands had laboured under the disadvantage of owning allegiance—and paying tribute—to two Powers at the same time. China's claim would seem to have been the superior. It was first advanced by one of the Ming Emperors, while the Satsuma *Daimyo's* conquest of the archipelago in the seventeenth century was only partial. In 1879 the Japanese resolved to put an end to this equivocal state of affairs. The King of the Luchuans was seized and brought captive to Tokyo, while, with the minimum of delay, the name of *Okinawa* (the principal island) was added to the prefectural list.

By all these little annexations, then, there hangs a tale. But they implied no material increase in the wealth or influence of Japan. Nor did they involve any expenditure of life or treasure. With the later acquisitions it is another story. For them the island-people had to fight—with, however, the consolation that they were worth fighting for.

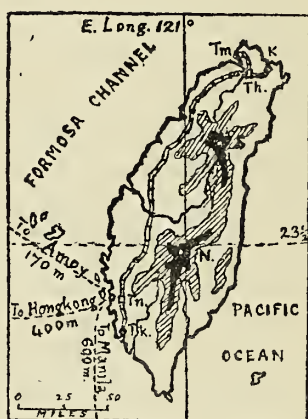
In Formosa the Western world, which has been wont to arrogate to itself a monopoly of colonizing capacity, may study the results of Japan's first experiment in that direction. The island—equal in size to Kyushu, or about half as large as Scotland—was the chief prize of the

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war with China. Though Japan got it in 1895, she had to make good her possession. The western slope of the island terminates in an alluvial plain, which was peopled by Chinese and other traders, peaceably disposed, but with little love for their new masters. With the aid, indeed, of the Chinese garrison, an attempt was made to set up a republic; but, on the whole, the civilized portion of the population gave little trouble. When it came to asserting their authority and establishing order in the interior the Japanese found their work cut out for them. The whole centre of the island is occupied by a mountain range, exceeding in elevation any peak in Japan proper. The upper slopes and spurs of this range, falling rapidly from a height of 12,000 to 13,000 feet, give rise to a rugged and densely wooded country, and terminate, on the east coast, in a magnificent array of cliffs, 5,000 to 6,000 feet high. The almost impenetrable forests of the interior—in the north of the island especially—are peopled by a race of warlike savages of Malay descent, armed with poisoned arrows and addicted to the inconvenient pursuit of head-hunting. With these aboriginal Formosans the Japanese have waged ceaseless warfare up to the present day. The *modus operandi* was that of slowly advancing expeditions, fully equipped in the ordinary sense, and carrying an ample supply of barbed-wire. When

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a village had been taken or a forest clearing made, the area was surrounded with an elaborate system of wire entanglements. The nearest approach to an engagement was in 1910, when the Japanese troops, after almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in occupying some heights



FORMOSA.

Contours 6,000 ft. and 10,000 ft. S. Setsuzan (Mt. Sylvia); N, Niitakayama (Mt. Morrison). Tm, Tamsui; Th, Taihoku; K, Keelung; Tn, Tainan; Tk, Takow.

which commanded a tableland where many of the aborigines dwelt. The capture of a head-hunter *flagrante delicto* was a rare event, but one by one the chiefs have made submission, till the area actually untraversed or unoccupied is comparatively small. Dutch, Spaniards,

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English in turn have "occupied" the Beautiful Island; for a score of years it even had a dynasty of its own, founded by one Koku-Singa, the son of a Chinese pirate by a Japanese mother; and for two hundred years it has been a Chinese province. But never has it known a fraction of the security it now enjoys.

Hard things have been said as to the severity of the Japanese methods of dealing with the Formosan aborigines. One might as well accuse the British Army of barbarity when, on the North-West Frontier, a Pathan who had "knifed" some sleeping "Tommy" in the night was blown next morning from a cannon's mouth. It would be quite impossible to kill Formosan head-hunters with kindness. Nor were the Japanese so foolish as to try. In the heavy, thankless, and long-drawn task of reducing these savages to submission the Japanese have rather shown that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which amounts to genius, and their record has not been marred by inhumanity.

They have their reward. Under the Chinese *régime* the revenue of the island stood at half a million sterling. It is now over four millions. Within the past ten years the total value of the import and export trade, which now stands at about £11,000,000 annually, has increased by 250 per cent. Formosa, with Japan proper, sup-

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plies the bulk of the 11,000,000 lb. of camphor annually consumed throughout the world. To furnish the most profitable yield a tree has to be from sixty to a hundred years old, so that, with the felling of over ten thousand trees a year, the industry was at one time threatened with extinction. In 1899, however, camphor was proclaimed a Government monopoly. Reckless cutting was stopped and extensive afforestation taken in hand. Other promising industries, such as sugar, tea (*Oolong*), oil, and cotton, were also brought under State control. Over 1,000 miles of good roads have been constructed, a railway has been built from Tamsui and Taihoku, the capital, in the north to Tainan and Takow, in the south. Important irrigation and harbour works, estimated to cost 35,000,000 *yen*, are in progress in various parts of the island. The Japanese, in short, have spared neither money nor pains in the development of their colony. If exception may be taken to their system on the ground that it is a huge piece of State Socialism, costly in the long run because subversive of private enterprise, the obvious answer is that in no other way could such results have been obtained within a reasonable time. Given the desirability of speedy development, it was the only system possible. At least the Japanese can point to the *fait accompli*—the face of this once unhappy island transformed by the work of their

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hands—and claim that the end has justified the means.

In Korea, from the first, Japan has had to face problems of a different order. She has not had to deal with barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes, but with a people whose civilization is as old as, if not older than, her own. While securing her own interests, she has had to refrain from alienating the goodwill of that people; and all this, in the teeth of the bitter hostility of at least two powerful nations and under the eye of a none too friendly world. Politically and nominally, her work is done. In reality, it is but beginning. In 1894 Japan fought China for Korea. Ten years later she fought Russia with the same object. Before her conquest of the Land of the Morning Calm is complete she will have to fight—herself.

The process by which Japan has obtained possession of the much-coveted Korean Peninsula affords an instructive study in the art of territorial expansion. It is not possible here to enter into a discussion of Japanese relations with Korea in modern times, but a brief review, chronologically arranged, will be a sufficient guide.

1876 (February 26) A Japanese Mission, escorted by several war ships, makes a treaty with Korea, recognizing the latter as a sovereign State, and ignoring the ancient Chinese claim of suzerainty.

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- 1882-4 Various Korean ports were opened to foreign trade.
- 1882 Anti-Japanese riots at Seoul : Japanese Legation burnt to the ground.
- 1885 Convention between China and Japan giving either Power the right to station troops, with due notice, in Korea. (This privilege was claimed by Japan in consequence of the attack on her Legation.)
- 1891 Russia commences the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway.
- 1894 Rebellion in South Korea. Both Powers sent troops—China in response to a Korean appeal ; but China refused Japan's invitation to co-operate. Japan thereupon declared war, on the ground of Chinese interference with her interests in Korea.
- 1895 (April 17) Peace of Shimonoseki, recognizing "the absolute independence of Korea."
- 1895 (April 22) Russia, France, and Germany advise the retrocession of Liaotung on the ground that "the Japanese occupation of that territory endangered the existence of the Chinese capital and of Korean independence."
- 1896 Russo-Japanese Convention with regard to Korea, according equal rights to both Powers in the matter of protective troops and advice to the Korean Government.
- 1898 Germany "leases" Kiaochou, Russia the Liaotung Peninsula, and Great Britain Wei-hai-wei.
- 1902 Anglo-Japanese Alliance, recognizing "the independence of China and Korea," and the special interests of Japan in Korea.
- 1903 (June) Japan opens negotiations with Russia for the settlement of the Korean and Manchurian questions.
- 1903 (October) Russia returns an unsatisfactory reply, strengthening her armaments meanwhile.
- 1904 (February 9) Japan, having broken off negotiations, attacks the Russian fleet in Port Arthur.

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- 1905 (August) Treaty of Portsmouth between Russia and Japan, by which Russia acknowledged the "paramount political, military, and economic interests" of Japan in Korea, and undertook not to interfere with any Japanese measures of "guidance, protection, and control." A few weeks previously the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had been renewed on an extended basis.
- 1905 (November) The Ito Mission to Korea leads to a Convention giving Japan complete control and direction of Korean affairs, and providing for the appointment of a Resident-General.
- 1907 (July) Intrigues against Japan, culminating in the dispatch of Korean delegates, under the Imperial seal, to the Hague Conference. The Korean Emperor voluntarily abdicates the throne. Virtual protectorate established by Japan.
- 1909 (October 26) Assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin by the Korean An.
- 1910 (August 2) Annexation of Korea.

More eloquent than words, this record of events as they occurred shows how great a danger to its neighbours and to the world the weak, ill-ordered State can be. Japan's prescience, her resolution, her military capacity have removed that danger for ever. The former Hermit Kingdom is now an integral part of the Japanese Empire in thirteen prefectures, under a military, or naval, officer, who, as Governor-General, presides over five Administrative Departments—Internal Affairs, Finance, Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, and Justice. This

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inclusion of an additional 85,000 square miles brings the area of the Japanese Empire above that of Germany, and its population to well over sixty million souls.

Every effort is made by the Japanese authorities to encourage settlers to go to Korea, or Chosen, as it was officially re-named in 1910. Land up to two acres is given to each worthy immigrant, to be paid for by moderate instalments. As a result the number of Japanese in Korea has increased from 50,000 before the war to a quarter of a million, and land to the value of thirteen million sterling is actually owned by Japanese small-holders. Most of this "direct colonization" is the work of the Oriental Development Company, a joint Korean-Japanese undertaking, established under Government auspices in 1908 with an annual subsidy, for the first eight years, of 300,000 *yen*. Apart from agriculture, which this *quasi*-official company makes its special concern, mining, forestry, and communications receive most attention from the authorities. The successful results obtained by the Oriental Consolidated Mining Company—an American concern, founded in 1897 to develop the Woonsan concession in the Pyongyang district, where there is a yearly output of gold to the value of $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 million *yen*—led, in 1910, to a Japanese-American venture on similar lines to work quartz and placer-gold at

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Chiksan, 50 miles south of Seoul. Here 2,500 Koreans find regular and, for them, remunerative employment on a tribute system. Like the Chinese, the Koreans are ruthless destroyers of tree-life, for purposes of fuel; and strong measures have been taken under the new *régime* to prevent deforestation and develop the timber industry. There has been no occasion for the Tokyo officials to nurse the fisheries. Long before the Protectorate, Japanese fishermen from Kyushu and Western Japan discovered the potentialities of the Korean fishing-grounds, which they virtually annexed. Over a thousand Japanese fishing hamlets have sprung up all along the Korean coast. The inhabitants of these unauthorized colonies enjoy comparative affluence, for they make four or five times as much out of their annual catch as they could off their native shores.

Japan feels that her international standing depends in large measure upon success or failure in Korea. Her work in Formosa was, by comparison, child's play. That being the case, it is unfortunate, from her point of view, that many unscrupulous and worthless persons—speculators and adventurers clearly actuated by greed—were permitted in early days to find their way into the Peninsula. Nor did Japan, at the outset, send of her best to aid in the work of government. These errors furnished ready material to a coterie

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of foreign intriguers, and enthusiastic but short-sighted friends of Korea, who, with the aid of secret societies and a liberationist Press, set themselves (often with the best intentions) to the impossible task of rolling uphill the heavy stone of Korean independence. That evils have arisen in connection with the Japanese administration set up in 1907 cannot be gainsaid. From such an affair as the recent Conspiracy Trial, whereby a mountain was made out of a molehill, it is evident that the minor officials, and especially the too ubiquitous police, would be all the better for a little more supervision from headquarters. But these are incidental and remediable evils, which will soon cease to disfigure the work of Japan's hands. No one will deny that the state of Korea, after three years of unrestricted Japanese control, shows a material improvement which those familiar with pre-existing conditions could scarcely have considered possible.

Reviewing in a general way Japan's colonial problems and her handling of them, it may be remarked that the Japanese have the idea of ruling for the benefit of the ruled, without the faculty of convincing them of the fact. Perhaps this is because, while the ruled have undoubtedly benefited, the rulers have, at the same time, too much of an eye for their own profit. The conduct of a colony on the lines of a State farm,

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even when no other method offers, must tend to create this impression—among the farm-hands, at any rate, if not in the world outside. The sooner, therefore, the official strings are removed the better for the tone and spirit of the colony. But the hour for that relaxation is for the rulers to decide. If there is another defect that cannot escape the impartial observer's notice, it is that the moral factor, the personal sympathetic influence which goes so far to make the Englishman the *beau idéal* of a civil servant, is lacking in the Japanese administrator. There is a certain brusqueness and, again, a calculating cold-bloodedness—often accompanied by an unnecessary parade of force—which suggests that the Japanese official is not quite sure of himself. It was evident, for example, that the annexation of Korea had been decided upon, and preparations made to the smallest detail, long before the event took place. On the very day of the promulgation the name of every station on the Korean railway system was changed—the Japanese name taking the place of the Korean; and bewildered Korean passengers might have been seen gazing “in fixt amaze” at time-tables in Japanese characters and schedules of fares in Japanese money, which were to them like so much Greek. The good-natured official, always on hand to explain, was conspicuous by his absence. This sort of thing is admirable

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as preliminary to a bloody campaign, when all must be in place "to the last button on the last gaiter." But the Japanese were not about to war. They were taking over the government of a country for that country's good.

CHAPTER XIX

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

The turning of the tide—East and West must meet—Imprints of the West—First results—Commercial integrity—The presentation of things Japanese—Is coalescence possible?—Mixed marriages and race-prejudice—The Japanese resents indignity—*La morgue anglaise*—The Japanese abroad—An unwelcome guest—The worst offenders—England's lost opportunity—The call of the blood—The Yellow Peril

IF the nineteenth century was the opportunity of the West, the twentieth is for the East. Concentrated in its eastern and south-eastern fringe, Asia holds well over half the inhabitants of the globe; and this vast population is astir. Within the past decade, and beginning with the Farthest East, a revitalizing movement has spread along the oceanic borders of the great continent—from Japan through China and India to Persia, and, beyond, to the basin of the Nile. It may be called "unrest" in one place, the "sense of nationalism" in another; it may be dubbed "sedition" here, "ambition" there, but the spirit

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and driving-power are the same. The people of the East are awakening to a new consciousness of life; the tide of civilization which for two thousand years has rolled westward now "turns again home."

In the opinion of many people, differences of race, creed, and colour have reared between East and West an insuperable barrier. An English poet tersely, if somewhat dogmatically, has given currency to the same idea:—

"O East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."

But to believe this is to ignore "the annihilation of distance" and the rapid shrinking of the world. The meeting of East and West is inevitable. All that remains to be considered is the manner of their meeting, and the result of it. The vista of circumstance here opened to the seeing eye is long indeed.

Hitherto in the intercourse between these two great divisions of humanity, the Oriental has been "under dog." Only in Japan, so far, have East and West met on equal terms. Not that it was so in the beginning. The knocking of the West at the gates of the self-secluded Island Power was rough and rude. Perry's treaty of "peace and amity" would never have received the Mikado's signature except for the threat of force. The future ally of Japan obtruded her-

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self upon the attention of the Shogunate with shot and shell. Even up to the last year of the nineteenth century foreign traders and representatives in Japan remained outside the jurisdiction of the country where they lived—an anomalous situation only to be found, at the present day, in the treaty-ports of China, and duly resented by the native inhabitants there, as it was by the Japanese. But with the opening of the twentieth century a new era dawned upon the East. Quick to perceive that the only hope of saving herself from absorption by the European Powers lay in the whole-hearted adoption of Western civilization, Japan set herself with extraordinary persistence and ability to qualify for recognition as a sovereign State. She succeeded, and now stands the type (if the paradox be permitted) of the Westernized Oriental nation. In Japan, therefore, to greater advantage than elsewhere, may be studied the results—so far as they go—of that meeting of East and West which poets and publicists have declared impossible.

As representative of modern, commercial Japan in its relations with the outside world—as imprints of the West upon the East—the former treaty-ports may be considered typical. These settlements, with their brick-built warehouses, offices, and shops on the flat, their cosy bungalows and villas on the overlooking ridge, might pass for small provincial towns in the West, but

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for the vision of little Japanese policemen of great dignity standing at the corners, or the rotund Chinese *compradore* complacently filling a *riksha* drawn by a perspiring *kurumaya* half his size. A few hundred yards off, and on all sides round, lies the native or Japanese town—non-existent fifty years ago, but now rapidly extending inland and along the coast as means of communication, in the shape of electric tramways, are improved. In narrow streets, lined with diminutive wood-and-paper houses mainly of one story, the European taking his walks abroad may experience the pleasurable sensation of hearing himself called *ijin-baka* (foreign fool) by small, naked children with babies on their backs, or may even behold schoolboys in tunic and trousers complete—with a weird imitation of the mortar-board thrown in—forsaking their home-made *jiujitsu* for the “A-mer-i-caine *shinjo*” (“American present”—a blow with the fist), a term which owes its origin to the brawls of sailors from foreign, and especially American, warships—only too frequent in former times. A decade or so ago, however, the foreign settlements, as such, ceased to exist. They were officially renamed—everything of any consequence is done “officially” in Japan—and Consular Courts have given place to Japanese tribunals, with a cumbrous and dilatory procedure which gives the foreign resident at least one genuine cause of complaint.

Where East meets West

What are the characteristics, mental and moral, which the first contact of the Japanese with the West has brought to the surface? Ah, there's the rub! Probably no nation on earth has been so much discussed, no nation so little understood. The globe-trotter sees them at play; he is frankly delighted, and says so—in a book of many pages. The foreign trader sees them at work; he is offended, and proceeds to relieve his feelings in the columns of the papers, published in English, which flourish—like the green bay-tree—in the former treaty-ports. Now, there is no species of the animal man—whatever his colour—the Japanese love more than the globe-trotter. The American variety is especially esteemed. In the mind of high and low alike he is associated with illimitable wealth. He visits their beauty-spots, makes their hotels pay, falls an easy victim to the curio-dealer, and is a perfect godsend to the licensed guide. Not satisfied with these good works, he returns to his native land and lauds Japan, and all that therein is, to the very skies. Yes, the Japanese adore the globe-trotter. But they hate the foreign middleman, and having learned from him by diligent study the secrets of the commercial world, they have no further use for him. So *he* is being squeezed out by degrees, the tariff and the competition of the Japanese merchant affording ready and efficient means for the end in view.

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One of the first effects of the opening of certain ports to foreign trade was a flocking thereto of the least desirable elements of the native population. The time-honoured prejudice against trade caused the higher classes to hold aloof. In this single circumstance we have the explanation of most of the disagreeable experiences recorded by the earlier foreign arrivals — the charges of greed, defective commercial integrity, and what not. And the results of it survive, in a measure, to the present day, though even Japanese merchants as a class have long since recognized that honesty is the best policy, and act accordingly. Nevertheless, the foreign community, not without sin itself, is in no position to cast stones. Fortunes were amassed in the old days by foreign merchants in ways that will not bear examination, but now lie naked to the knowledge of their Japanese victims. Since the abolition of extra-territoriality it has fallen to the lot of the Japanese authorities to arrest and punish foreigners for fraudulent transactions. A gross case of barratry in which some members of one of the largest foreign firms were concerned occurred some years ago. An ancient sailing-vessel with an over-insured cargo of rice was deliberately, if clumsily, sent to the bottom off the coast of the Kii Channel, the actual perpetrators of the crime being subsequently tried and sentenced to life-imprisonment. The moral of the affair was not,

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of course, lost on the Japanese, who for years past had been held up to obloquy by foreign publicists for lack of commercial probity.

The Japanese as a nation are somewhat sensitive to criticism. No doubt the consciousness that their adoption of Western ways and customs leaves much to be desired does not diminish this susceptibility ; but, be that as it may, the ill-natured aspersions on things Japanese with which the local foreign Press of anti-Japanese complexion delights to regale its *clientèle* touches them on the raw. It would surprise nobody if, some day, one of these precious issues became the subject of a disagreeable "incident." In these circumstances the due presentation to the world of the Japanese, as opposed to the local foreign, view on all matters of international concern has for some years past assumed great importance in official eyes. A point has been made of winning over to the Japanese side the most important foreign correspondents and exponents of opinion. One of their greatest hauls, in this respect, was the late correspondent of the *London Times* ; another was the representative of the American Associated Press. Not content with the unwearying defence of Japanese policy given to the world by the former writer (who was also the editor of the principal local foreign paper), the Tokyo authorities founded, some dozen years ago, another semi-official organ, published in

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English and edited by Japanese. With the same object, newspapers pledged to uphold Japanese interests have been established in Seoul, Peking, New York, and San Francisco. No one will deny that, in so doing, the Japanese are wise in their generation. They might with reason contend that their Press Bureau, with its comprehensive and widespread activities, is necessitated by the anti-Japonicism of 'the local foreign Press.

Nations differing in colour and civilization have met before, in various parts of the world, without disaster to either. Immigrants have been absorbed by the aboriginal inhabitants of an insular territory or of a continent, and *vice versâ*. In other instances the aborigines, preserving their racial characteristics to the last, though outnumbered by the new-comers, have failed to coalesce, and have suffered extinction. Is coalescence by naturalization and intermarriage possible, or practicable, between the nations of the East and those of the West? If not, their present rivalry, economic in its origin, cannot but be intensified by racial ill-will.

Since the opening of the country, some twenty thousand Europeans and Americans have resided in Japan, for the most part in the former treaty-ports. The cases in which papers of naturalization have been taken out may almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. In pre-

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revision days, when white women were very few and far between, it was not an uncommon thing for the foreign resident to take unto himself a Japanese wife, who (by way of putting the best face upon the business) was always "a *samurai's* daughter." Marriage with a Japanese woman is now exceedingly rare. In the eyes of the foreign community such a union constitutes a social blunder of the first order. Marriages between Japanese men and European women are even more rare, and, for reasons not far to seek, almost invariably end disastrously.

Irregular unions are as common now as in the early days. To be the mistress of a foreigner—if only for a brief three years—is the ambition of many a lower-class Japanese girl, to whom it spells a life of luxury. While affording an inexhaustible theme for the Anglo-Japanese novelist, these alliances lead in real life to situations the reverse of romantic. The half-caste offspring of unions contracted many years ago have a way of obtruding themselves upon the present-day family of some highly respectable leader of the community, to the embarrassment of all concerned. They are also a source of worry to the foreign Consuls, when questions of legitimisation or adoption arise—though such cases represent only the fortunate minority. These Eurasian children take after the mother rather than the European father, with black hair and eyes and

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dark complexions. Though physically superior as a rule to the purely native, they seem fated to be despised both by foreigners and Japanese—the latter of whom refer to them as *Aino-ku* (barbarians). This is probably due to the belief, which has no foundation in fact, that they inherit the vices of both races. Similar conditions obtain, in even more marked degree, in the open ports of China. The additional argument against the Chinese, from this point of view, is that they lack, both in their persons and in their homes, the scrupulous cleanliness of the Japanese. In Japan and throughout the East the tendency is for mixed marriages to decrease rather than to increase in number. Even when the natural obstacles of colour and custom are overcome, public opinion arrays itself uncompromisingly against the process.

The Japanese has the advantage of all other Orientals in courage and versatility, but there his superiority ends. He lacks, for example, the more solid qualities of the Chinaman, who has not in vain sat for centuries at the feet of Confucius and Buddha—that steadiness and reliability which are recognized in the Celestial throughout the East. Nor shares he the Chinaman's almost patriarchal conservatism—that aloofness from the petty strife of material things, derived from an age-old belief in the superiority of moral, as opposed to physical, force. I have

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seen a small English boy of ten, when compelled to dismount from his bicycle on the outskirts of a treaty-port by reason of a crowd of Chinese wayfarers to whom his advent seemed a matter of no importance, rush in a passion at his obstructors, kicking and cuffing right and left, and cursing in two languages with a volubility that would have astonished Bidly Moriarty herself. But this ebullition was received with amused, good-natured tolerance—regarded objectively, so to speak, as a strange and interesting phenomenon—even by those of its victims who bore on their shins the marks of the little “foreign devil’s” boots. In a somewhat similar spirit, no doubt, many a Chinese “boy” in a European or American household submits with strange docility to personal chastisement at the hands of his foreign employer—a method of keeping native servants “up to the mark” which has not wholly gone out of fashion in the open ports of far Cathay, but would not do at all in Japan. The last thing to which the Japanese will submit is indignity of any kind. Such high-handed treatment extended to him, if not requited at once with violence, would involve an action-at-law and a claim—usually successful—for substantial damages for physical injuries. He considers himself the equal, if not the superior, of any other species of the genus man.

The mistake of all others which the white man

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makes in his dealings with the Oriental is the assumption of superiority. Superior he may consider himself, but the consciousness of his high estate should not appear. As it is, *la morgue anglaise* has become the universal air of the foreigner in the Far East. He settles in a foreign land, draws from it a livelihood, and, at the same time, treats its inhabitants as of a lower order of creation. The foreign communities in China and Japan, as embodiments of Occidental civilizations, as microcosms of the West, might have accomplished much towards bringing East and West together. Who will say that they have lived up to their opportunities? Backed by their respective nations and the old appeal to force, they indeed aroused the East; but fifty years of intercourse have widened, rather than bridged, the gulf.

When the Oriental turns, a stranger, to the White Man's land, how is he received? To the East, wishing to return the unsolicited call of the West, the latter is "not at home." After forcing the East to open its gates and its markets, the West adopts a policy of exclusion dictated by the fear of competition, and defended on the ground of an insulting and hypocritical suggestion of racial unfitness. Thus in its dealings with the East, the West breaks the golden rule. It does not as it would be done by. The "open door" is for the West, in the East. The "bang'd, barred,

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and bolted " door is for the East, when it goes West. There it knocks in vain.

Some four hundred thousand Japanese are abroad in foreign lands—nearly half of them in Hawaii and the United States of America ; and the number of Chinese is considerably greater. Neither are welcome anywhere, partly because of their vices, but rather, I fancy, for their virtues. They are too plain-living, industrious, and thrifty. Admittedly the Chinese make excellent domestic servants. With all their competence they are submissive, and show contentment with their lot. The Japanese, on the other hand, is ambitious. His service is invariably the stepping-stone to something higher. He saves, and before long blossoms out as a tenant-farmer and even as a landlord. To some extent, therefore, economic considerations, emphasized by labour agitators, reinforce the aversion with which they are regarded. In the United States this is supplemented by suspicion of the Japanese on the score of military training, which the Yellow Press makes the basis of a periodical " scare." But the real secret of the anti-Japanese movement which has disgraced the Pacific slope since 1906 is racial prejudice. Various 'pretexts have been advanced to disguise the fact. First it was the contaminating influence of Japanese youths in the State schools. Then it was not their moral obliquity, but that there were too

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many of them. Then they are declared to be the advance-guard of a Japanese invasion. Should a Marine Products Company lease land in Mexico, it is for a naval station, and an extension of the Monroe Doctrine is demanded to cope with the new development. Any stick, in fact, is good enough. The Japanese, being yellow, carries his damnation in his face.

Although, in Oriental eyes, all Western nations are tarred with the same brush of selfish inconsistency, Germany and the United States of America are the chief offenders. However resignedly Old China may have viewed the Teutonic descent on Kiaochou in 1898, Young China will never rest till Shantung ceases to be the Far Eastern repository of the "mailed fist." That, to the republican way of thinking, would be no more than just retribution for German sympathy and assistance extended to the Imperialists during the Revolution. When the trouble was at its height the *compradore* of a well-known foreign firm in Shanghai was shot dead by a queueless Chinese, who succeeded in making his escape. The point of the affair was that the victim served a German firm which supplied machine guns and ammunition to the Imperialists at Hanyang. In Japan, the Kaiser is remembered as the creator of the "Yellow Peril," and Germany, accordingly, is held in general detestation. The part played by her in the enforced retrocession of

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Liaotung will never be forgotten, or forgiven, by the people of Japan. Strategically Germany at Kiaochou is almost as much a thorn in the side of the Island Power as Russia was at Port Arthur; and in any attempt to terminate the "lease" long before its ninety-nine years are expired, China will not need to act alone. Anti-German articles form a feature of most Tokyo papers, and I have even seen it suggested, in one of these, that the anti-Japanese legislation of the Californians is inspired by some of the many Germans who have settled in the States.

America has mortally offended the East, in the first place, by her policy of exclusion. How much of the anti-Asiatic sentiment in the United States is due to the fact that in the "black fringe" about the Gulf of Mexico she has a colour problem of her own, how much to the invidious work of the trade unions, and how much to the war-talk of the Hobsons is her affair. The Asiatic knows that he is barred from the Land of Liberty because he is not white. Many of the ugly features of the anti-Japanese agitation could, if expedient, be ignored. Acts of open interference with Japanese interests could not thus be passed by. The Manchurian proposal of Secretary Knox falls into this category. That a Power which persisted in crying "hands off" in respect of one continent should demand for itself participation in the affairs of another

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was enough ; that Japan should a second time be deprived of the fruits of a costly war was intolerable. "The race of Yamato," said a well-known Tokyo publicist—his mind evidently harking back to 1895 — "will know how to reply to these Imperialistic interferences," and, under the surface, the nation seethed. The Japanese people have long entertained a kindly, almost reverent, feeling towards America. Their disillusion is now complete. If these things be done in the green leaf—when America is more of an Atlantic than a Pacific Power—what will be done in the dry, when the Panama Canal reverses the situation and makes her two coasts and her two fleets one? Thus reasoning among themselves, the men of the East regard with growing suspicion the gathering of American naval strength in the Pacific, and in their eyes the fortifications at Hawaii, at Guam, and at Manila begin to wear a sinister look.

It still remained for the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race to repair the breach, to give the lie to the suggestion that the West looked upon the East as nothing but the happy hunting-ground of the political concessionaire. One could always point to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as an embodiment of equality and fair play between the white man and his coloured brother. In 1911, however, England threw away a great opportunity.

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The alliance, of which men had hoped that it would prove the Magna Charta of the Yellow Race, was reconstructed on a basis unfavourable to Japan. While still securing to Great Britain all the advantages of the former arrangement—including relief from the necessity of maintaining a battle-fleet in Far Eastern waters—it deprived Japan of England's assistance against any Power with whom the latter might happen to conclude a Treaty of Arbitration. Though in the end the Washington Senate threw out the Treaty in question, the mischief had been done. The Japanese, of course, understood. Being practical people, they accepted the arrangement, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread; but intelligent Japanese, if they can be persuaded to unbosom themselves, will confess that, in their view, it was the unkindest cut of all. England (the people say among themselves, while officialdom preserves the sphinx-like attitude appropriate to such occasions), called upon to choose between her friendship for America and her alliance with Japan, leaves her ally naked to the foe.

All this prejudice and cold-shouldering—not to say antagonism—can have but one effect. It will drive the two chief branches of the Yellow Race into a mutually defensive League. Such a tendency is already visible in both countries. Japanese statesmen have been wisely listening

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of late to "the call of the blood." By skilful diplomacy they have reduced to vanishing-point the differences between the two countries. The Japanese position in Manchuria does not constitute a bar to friendly relations with China. The Chinese recognize that in resisting the advance of Russia, Japan was fighting their battle as well as her own ; that were it not for the stricken field of Mukden and the unquenchable heroism of Nogi at Port Arthur, Russia would be where Japan is now. They admit that the position of Japan in South Manchuria is but a small return for her enormous sacrifice of blood and treasure and for the untold service she has rendered to the East. No bitterness therefore exists between the two peoples. On the contrary, increased intercourse is producing a better understanding, based on mutual knowledge and respect. The Japanese "man in the street," who was wont to entertain for his Celestial brother a certain measure of contempt, has begun to realize that the Chinaman, if less martially inclined, is a better man of business than himself. Since the war, upwards of eight thousand Chinese students have completed their education in the Higher Schools of Tokyo and Kyoto. Many of them, profoundly impressed by the progress made by their neighbour in the arts of peace and war, have returned to play their part in urging their own countrymen to a

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new way of life—which, in its essence, is Japan's way of life. As to the change in the form of government in China, while the Japanese authorities would have preferred for obvious reasons that even the shadow of a monarchy had been retained, popular sympathy in Japan was on the side of the Revolutionists. The Japanese, as a whole, official and unofficial, would have preferred—and still prefer—anything to the last of all calamities—the partition of China among the Powers of the West.

The real revolution that has taken place in China is the recognition of the fundamental value of material strength. Of all the lessons the East has learned from the West, this is the greatest. It is one with which Japan, taught by her own history, is in the fullest sympathy. Nations in whose eyes the profession of the soldier ever ranked the lowest have learned that, for their own security, they must call their sons to arms. In preparing herself for self-support and self-defence China will need assistance. As surely as the flower turns towards the sun, she will turn to Japan. Chinese warships are now being built in Japanese yards ; Japanese officers are engaged in the organization of the Chinese land forces, and a Japanese expert has been appointed adviser to the Department of Communications at Peking. Already Chinese papers are urging that important works of development in connection with mines

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and railways should be entrusted to Japanese, rather than to foreign, experts. And when the hour strikes for the Middle Kingdom to shuffle off the toils of Western tutelage, the opportunity for which the more virile section of the Yellow Race is waiting will have arrived.

For that supreme moment in the history of the East the Japanese, on their part, are preparing. In a sense, Japan needs China more than China needs Japan. China's immensity, her vast reserve of man-power, will render her valuable as an ally, formidable as a foe. While China's immediate needs are military rather than commercial, Japan's are commercial rather than military. The two nations will, therefore, serve as complements the one of the other. Just as the Japanese look to the development of their trade with China—and with the Yangtse Valley in particular—to furnish the sinews of economic strength, the Chinese are looking to the Japanese to lay wide and deep the foundation of their military strength and teach them the once despised, but now essential, art of war.

No doubt the bare suggestion of an offensive and defensive alliance between China and Japan as one of the probabilities of the near future will suffice to conjure up in many minds that still uninterred bogey, the "Yellow Peril." The simple fact that the two great branches of the Mongolian race muster between them a third of

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the world's population wears, on paper, a most portentous look. In the view of certain imaginative publicists—among whom history includes a Royal orator—it has bred visions of yellow hordes innumerable pouring from the East on to the plains of Europe, to launch humanity upon an Armageddon of race and colour in which sheer weight of numbers prevails. Of this, however, the world may rest assured—that if the “Yellow Peril” ever materializes in the shape, or anything like the shape, its exponents assign to it, the responsibility for the ensuing cataclysm must be laid at the door of the West, and of the representatives of its civilization in the East. Aggressiveness—the chief attribute of the West in its dealings with the East—is utterly foreign to the Chinese character; prudence is the keynote of the Japanese. The union—one might almost say, the fusion—of the two races is inevitable; but only a keen and unquenchable sense of resentment—the memory either of material wrongs inflicted or of accumulated insults endured—can ever arm the East against the West, or precipitate a war of hemispheres.

CHAPTER XX

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

Japan's mission—Nations "sunk in misery"—A momentous step—The soul of Japan—The quest of the material—Dangers of materialism, and of internal unrest—The problem of the Pacific—Its real character—Hawaii and the Philippines—Common ground for China and Japan—The demand for equality—The hope of the East—Is it peace?

THE Japanese believe that they have a mission in the world. Agreement as to the scope and character of that mission is not general, but such differences as exist amount merely to a question of degree. Some exponents of Japanese aims give the mission a wider range; others would carry it a step farther. "The Japanese," said the late Prince Ito, speaking in the first year of the present century, "are the only people in the Orient who understand the importance and significance of two civilizations"; and he went on to say that in his view it was the "noble mission" of Japan to play the part of an inter-

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mediary between the East and the West. By acting at once as "the advocate of the East and the harbinger of the West" Japan, he hoped, might bring the two civilizations into harmony, and, perhaps, evolve out of the twain a new world of thought—a philosophy that would appeal strongly and successfully to two-thirds of the human race.

This was ten years ago, or more. Since then many things have happened. There was, indeed, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to be set on the credit side; but, on the other, the war with Russia; the outbreak of anti-Japanese sentiment in the United States, British Columbia, and Australia, in the sequel of that war; the attempted intervention of the United States between China and Japan in the matter of the Manchurian railways; the annexation of Korea—undoubtedly hastened by the American proposal; the bowdlerization of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in response to American sentiment; and, last, but not least, the revolution in China.

These happenings have not been without their influence on Japanese thought and policy. As a net result there has been a narrowing of the high ideal, the noble ambition which the leaders of Japanese thought had set before themselves. No views are too long for the statesmen of the Island Empire, but they are practical men, not visionaries. There has been an awakening from

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the dream of Ito. The mediaries of the East, rebuffed by the West, despair of its fulfilment. Later, perhaps, if circumstances change for the better, they may return with a new appeal; but, for the present, they are disposed to fall back upon the lesser mission more recently set forth by "the Sage of Waseda."¹ That is to take a leading part in "the glorious work of civilizing and developing two Oriental nations deeply sunk in misery." If with this we couple a still later utterance from the same exponent of Japanese thought, the mission of Japan assumes a more definite shape: "China is the true field for Japanese expansion in the future."

One of these miserable nations has already been drawn within the pale of the Japanese polity—unquestionably, for its own ultimate good. No one who has studied the relations between Korea and the three Powers interested in its fate can have entertained any hope that the independence of the ancient Hermit Kingdom could have been much longer maintained. In their treatment of the Korean population the Japanese have erred, at times; but, unless all the omens are at fault, there will be fewer mistakes in the future. On the whole, the probabilities are that the Koreans will fare better as subjects of the Japanese Emperor than they

¹ Count Okuma, so known because of his association with the Waseda University, which he founded.

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would under Russian or Chinese rule, or under the weak and corrupt administration of the displaced dynasty.

The annexation of Korea was one of those political acts the consequences of which will reverberate through the ages. Japan's future course cannot but be profoundly affected thereby. To begin with, it has changed not only her political status, but her whole relationship both to the continent of Asia and to the Pacific area. While still an island State, she has become a continental Power, neighbour to two of the great land-empires of the world. Her position resembles that of England under the fifth Henry, when that island Power sought to hold sway over the half of France—though, as we shall see, there is an important difference. Strategically, Japan may be the weaker; she has now a land-frontier to defend. Politically and racially, it has strengthened her enormously. Nevertheless, the very deliberation with which the step was taken carries proof of its momentous character. Japan held the peninsula in the hollow of her hand for five years before annexation was resolved upon. Her triumph over Russia had brought her to the parting of the ways. That the fateful course at length was taken may be regarded as showing that Japan had finally decided upon her future rôle. Destiny called her to the leadership of the Orient,

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The better to fulfil it, she abandoned for ever the old policy of isolation, and entered the lists of Welt-politik a continental State.

Before speculating upon the future course of Japan's foreign policy it will be necessary to make an inquiry. Certain changes are now in progress within her own borders. Will these changes enhance or impair her fitness for the task of guiding the political fortunes of four hundred million souls? National character and national stability are the prime requisites of a directing Power. Will these be maintained at the necessary high level in the future?

The soul of Japan is a highly complex affair. It has been well defined as "the resultant of all the religious and moral influences of the East." That was the Japanese soul of fifty years ago. Since then its composition has been profoundly modified by the influences of the West. Allowing for the elevating but strictly limited effect of Christianity, these influences have tended, on the whole, to materialism and irreligion. Coming, as they did, at a time of social and political upheaval, they produced a state of moral flux, of spiritual darkness and confusion, in which the whole nation still walks. In what state will it emerge when the fires of shifting circumstance are passed? The answer to this question bears closely on the whole future of the East.

When, a generation ago, the soul of Japan was

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put into the melting-pot, it was in the form of *bushido*. The term, of comparatively recent coinage, signifies the creed of the *bushi*, or *samurai*. The late Emperor himself defined it as "the way of loyalty," pursuable as well by the "peaceful citizen" as by the "soldier under arms." Briefly, it embodies the principle of putting country before self in all things. The following stanza, written by a Japanese student at the time of the Russian War, is considered by Professor Lloyd "a good exemplification of *bushido* in its modern applications" :—

"When holy Peace on Eastern shores
Her mellow light once more outpours,
Then, the wise Trade-god's wand in hand,
We'll build the glories of this land.
But when upon the battlefield
Flashes the sword, to you we yield
The post of honour. Strike apace,
Brave scions of a martial race!"

At the time when the *samurai* laid down his two swords, his attitude towards commerce and all that pertained thereto was one of contempt. Already, therefore, in admitting the Trade-god's share in the glories of the land, he has travelled far. And if the *samurai*, without a pang, has exchanged the sword which was his soul for the *soroban*, how much more gross must have become the spiritual darkness of the remaining 95 per cent. of the population !

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The East has always been the home of the Ideal. Esteeming the higher things of life as of greater moment than the material, it has for ages worshipped Thought rather than Action; it has given to the world its systems of religion, philosophy, and ethics. Meanwhile the West, exalting the Material, has pursued it unremittingly, till one might almost say, in the words of the Evangel, that it has "gained the whole world and lost its own soul." The feature of the New Age is this—that the East, laying aside its quest of the Ideal, is going the way of the West. Japan was the first to take the broad road. Her youth of to-day is the most materialistic on the face of this earth, and the nation as a whole has embraced, not the Gospel according to St. Matthew or St. Mark, but the gospel of Mammon. "These are your gods, O Israel!" Such was the cry of the West to the East. Having reached Yamato, it is now being passed on to the Orient at large. Seeing that Japan has accepted the new creed, and to some purpose, the East *en masse* is flinging philosophy to the winds, and is bowing down to the same divinities of Trade, Wealth, and Material Power.

For the East, as for the West, the issue will be vast and strange. But if Japan is to maintain her place at the head of the Oriental world, she must beware. Materialism inclines to greed,

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and greed to an insensate ambition, which considers not the welfare of the subject race. Mere exploitation of the "miserable nations" will help neither Japan nor them. Even a Chinaman will fail to see that exploitation at the hands of the Japanese is any better than exploitation by a Russian, a German, or a Britisher. Unless the relation between the island people and their continental kinsmen be one of co-operation for the latter's good, the "mission" of Japan will not succeed.

Nor will Japan succeed if there be unrest within her borders. There is real danger in materialistic ideas and theories of popular control if their growth be too rapid. Unhappily, the forces of conservatism have identified themselves with those of militarism and the bureaucracy—which is hardly in their favour. We have seen how swift the spread of revolutionary ideas in China, how sudden their *dénouement*. Japan cannot afford to run such risk. The Throne is both the foundation and the crown of the Japanese polity. All that is best in Japanese national life—patriotism, self-sacrifice, courage in the field, and a disregard for death which seems to us sublime—all these spring from and are bound up with the idea of loyalty to the Throne and its sister grace of ancestor-worship. Any weakening of these fundamental motives would undermine the whole fabric of the State.

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Socialism may suit China; it would mortally hurt Japan. That this ill plant should grow is inevitable. None can wonder that the authorities should determine to make a dwarf tree of it, or blame them if they succeed.

The "problem of the Pacific" is commonly deemed a matter of ships and guns. Its scope, however, is wider than at first sight appears. We have it on the authority of Mr. Secretary Knox that "the Far East is part of the problem of the Pacific," and that the United States "views with disfavour any extension of Japanese territorial influence in the outlying portions of the Chinese Empire." But "the problem of the Pacific" is more than naval and more than territorial. It is racial. And, curiously enough, the United States has done more than any other Power to make it so. Generally speaking, the eastern and southern fringes of the Pacific area are tenanted by the white races, the western by the yellow. The regions over which the white man exercises lordship are sparsely inhabited—some, indeed, are not inhabited at all; and the birth-rate in the countries which supply this population tends to decrease. On the other hand, the Japanese and Chinese lands are densely peopled. The population of the Japanese Empire, as a whole, increases at the rate of three-quarters of a million annually. With regard to China, no reliable returns are avail-

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able ; but assuming the ratio of increase to be the same—it probably is greater—the population of China is growing at the rate of five millions annually. The disposal of this surplus Oriental population, in view of the inadequacy and hostility of the Occidental population, constitutes the real problem of the Pacific.

There is a part of the Eastern Pacific where the ascendancy of the White Race is not so pronounced. Throughout South America, where the inhabitants are of mixed descent, the colour line is drawn less hard and fast. The conditions of life, the climate, and opportunities for work are regarded as very favourable to Orientals, and the at-present absence of race-feeling is, of course, a great recommendation. Consequently emigration to several of the southern Republics proceeds at a brisk rate. In contrast with its voluntary restriction of emigration to what is commonly known as “ the Pacific slope,” the Tokyo Government gives special encouragement to the South American branch of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, whose main line runs, under a working arrangement with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, to San Francisco. Five thousand Japanese have settled in Peru alone, and many others are finding their way to Brazil, Columbia, Chili, and Argentina. In view of this movement every effort is being made in Pan-American circles to persuade the Latin Republics

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of South America to fall into line with the North in their attitude towards Oriental immigration. Even the Monroe Doctrine is enlisted for the purpose. Those members of the Washington Senate who make it their business to keep an eye on the Far East in general, and Japan in particular, introduced in June, 1912, a resolution to the effect that the United States would view with disfavour the acquisition, even by private corporations or individuals, of any land on the American continent which might serve as a base of operations, etc. Some such extension of the famous Doctrine was in the opinion of these Senators necessary because a Japanese marine products company, which had secured fishing rights for some distance along the Mexican coast, had applied for the lease of a small piece of land whereon to erect a factory. By such means as this South America is also to be dragged into the racial maelstrom.

The Pacific has been called "the Ocean of the Future." That future is already with us. On the one hand, the Panama Canal, an accomplished fact, makes the United States, in a very real sense, a Pacific Power. Australasia has also a fleet in being, with a trade and policy of her own. On the other hand, China, with a population more than double that of the two Americas, is awake. Japan, her neighbour, has reached the status of a World-Power.

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Russia, resurgent from the disasters of 1905, has not abandoned all hope of territorial and commercial development in the Far East. Her recent action in Outer Mongolia points to the intention to make of her Trans-Siberian system a pathway to Peking which for no part of its course would pass through territory dominated by another Power. Great Britain is still, on the basis of trade, the greatest of Pacific Powers, with immense possibilities before her. For all the prize is wealth, by means of commerce. With all force is the arbiter and ultimate weapon. So, unless moderation and toleration prevail, competition, sharpened by racial enmity, must end in strife.

Potentially, and on paper, the United States holds the supremacy of the Pacific. But the vastness of the area renders such supremacy relative. To assert the command of the sea in Puget Sound, and to assert it in the Far East, 5,000 miles away, are two very different things. In Hawaii and the Philippines America has given hostages to fortune. Prior to their acquisition she was practically invulnerable; the mere possession of these outlying dominions is a present source of weakness. All the fortifications of Diamond Head and Pearl Harbour cannot get over the fact that a third of the population of Hawaii consists of Japanese. The defence of the Philippines places the American fleet at a further dis-

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advantage. Manila is but two days' steam from Formosa. If a real Pacific coast "scare" kept the greater part of the fleet in that part of the theatre of operations, or it were decoyed in the direction of Hawaii, the launching of an expedition from Taiwan against the Philippines might be accomplished with comparative ease. Invasion, for either Power, presents almost insuperable difficulties. Such advantage as there is rests with the Japanese. Given the command of the sea, they could occupy various points on the seaboard of the Western States from which it would be difficult to dislodge them. On the other hand, invasion of Japan by American forces is out of the question; but there is a danger that the entanglement of Japan in a struggle with the United States might be regarded by Russia as an opportunity for a war of revenge. In that event, assuming that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance still existed, Great Britain also would be involved. This would mean the break up of the balance of power in Europe, with consequences of the gravest character to the peace of the whole world.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" All these appalling consequences may yet flow from the suspicious, illiberal and intransigent attitude of a single American State.

Si vis pacem, para bellum. The brutal doctrine on which Western politics have been built

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up is penetrating the "myriad mind" of the East. Japan, having proved its efficacy, intends to hold fast by her experience. China believes and, with all a convert's zeal, will make up for her past unbelief. With so vast a population to draw upon and Japan's example before her, the introduction of conscription, even on a narrow basis, gives immeasurable possibilities of power. In her own borders she has already had good schooling in the art of war. From a struggle between North and South—should it come to that—the Celestial millions would arise a different nation, shaken into virility—a New China on a military basis, a China prepared at last to give practical recognition of the fact that, in opposing Occidental discrimination against, and depression of, the Yellow Race, Japan is fighting a bigger battle than her own.

When the Yellow Race is in a position to enforce its claim to equality by force of arms it will be put on the same footing as the White—not before. It will be of no use for Japan to work for the uplifting of subject nations, only to find that recognition as equals is still denied herself and them. Since nothing less than material power avails in diplomacy, her task will be to bring the entire Yellow Race to such a pitch of naval and military strength as will enable it to demand equality from the West. The alternative will be the policy of "Asia for the

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Asiatics " and the expulsion of the white man from the Orient.

This, then, is the destiny of Japan—by influence, by example, by help to raise the East. In this lurks no aggression; from this need flow no strife. But with nationhood comes pride, which cannot abide contumely—and strength, which can avenge it. All therefore depends upon the West, upon its attitude towards the risen, and the rising, East. Let it abjure the lust of dominion, let it have done with racial hate; let it put forth the right hand of fellowship, that "the twain may meet"—in peace.

So may Japan press on to the fulfilment of her larger mission.

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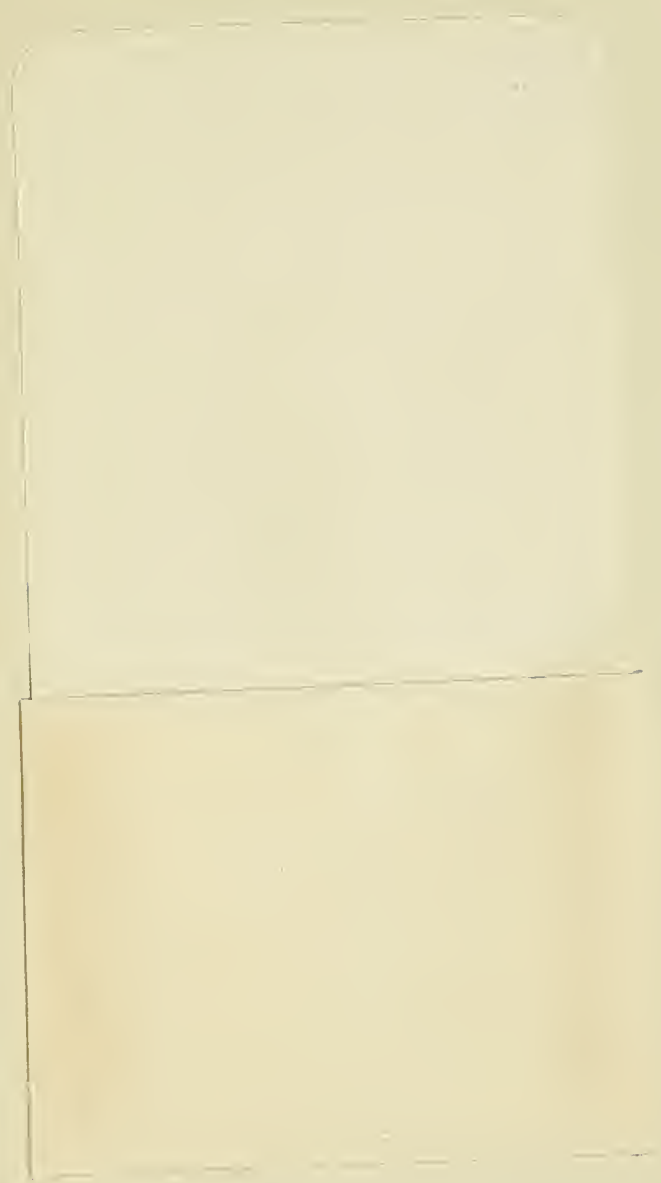
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