

all things necessary—caution in thought and speech and act, never ceasing, by night or day, during the whole of a man's life. Caution implies moderation. Moderation inevitably develops a certain habit of justice—a justice that might not extend outside of the race, but a justice that would be exercised between man and man of the same blood. Very much of English character and of English history is explained by the life that the *Havamal* portrays. Very much that is good; also very much that is bad—not bad in one sense, so far as the future of the race is concerned, but in a social way certainly not good. The judgment of the Englishman by all other European peoples is that he is the most suspicious, the most reserved, the most unreceptive, the most unfriendly, the coldest-hearted, and the most domineering of all Western peoples. Ask a Frenchman, an Italian, a German, a Spaniard, even an American, what he thinks about Englishmen; and every one of them will tell you the very same thing. This is precisely what the character of men would become who had lived for thousands of years in the conditions of northern society. But you would find upon the other hand that nearly all nations would speak highly of certain other English qualities—energy, courage, honour, justice (between themselves). They would say that although no man is so difficult to make friends with, the friendship of an Englishman once gained is more strong and true than any other. And as the

battle of life still continues, and must continue for thousands of years to come, it must be acknowledged that the English character is especially well fitted for the struggle. Its reserves, its cautions, its doubts, its suspicions, its brutality—these have been for it in the past, and are still in the present, the best social armour and panoply of war. It is not a lovable nor an amiable character; it is not even kindly. The Englishman of the best type is much more inclined to be just than he is to be kind, for kindness is an emotional impulse, and the Englishman is on his guard against every kind of emotional impulse. But with all this, the character is a grand one, and its success has been the best proof of its value.

Now you will have observed in the reading of this ancient code of social morals that, while none of the teaching is religious, some of it is absolutely immoral from any religious standpoint. No great religion permits us to speak what is not true, and to smile in the face of an enemy while pretending to be his friend. No religion teaches that we should "pay back leasing for lies." Neither does a religion tell us that we should expect a return for every kindness done; that we should regard friendship as being actuated by selfish motives; that we should never praise when praise seems to be deserved. In fact, when Sir Walter Scott long ago made a partial translation of the *Havamal*, he thought himself obliged to leave out a number of sentences which

seemed to him highly immoral, and to apologise for others. He thought that they would shock English readers too much.

We are not quite so squeamish to-day; and a thinker of our own time would scarcely deny that English society is very largely governed at this moment by the same kind of rules that Sir Walter Scott thought to be so bad. But here we need not condemn English society in particular. All European society has been for hundreds of years conducting itself upon very much the same principles; for the reason that human social experience has been the same in all Western countries. I should say that the only difference between English society and other societies is that the hardness of character is very much greater. Let us go back even to the most Christian times of Western societies in the most Christian country of Europe, and observe whether the social code was then and there so very different from the social code of the old *Havamal*. Mr. Spencer observes in his *Ethics* that, so far as the conduct of life is concerned, religion is almost nothing and practice is every thing. We find this wonderfully exemplified in a most remarkable book of social precepts written in the seventeenth century, in Spain, under the title of the *Oraculo Manual*. It was composed by a Spanish priest, named Baltasar Gracian, who was born in the year 1601 and died in 1658; and it has been translated into nearly all

languages. The best English translation, published by Macmillan, is called *The Art of Worldly Wisdom*. It is even more admired to-day than in the seventeenth century; and what it teaches as to social conduct holds as good to-day of modern society as it did of society two hundred years ago. It is one of the most unpleasant and yet interesting books ever published—unpleasant because of the malicious cunning which it often displays—interesting because of the frightful perspicacity of the author. The man who wrote that book understood the hearts of men, especially the bad side. He was a gentleman of high rank before he became a priest, and his instinctive shrewdness must have been hereditary. Religion, this man would have said, teaches the best possible morals; but the world is not governed by religion altogether, and to mix with it, we must act according to its dictates.

These dictates remind us in many ways of the cautions and the cunning of the *Havamal*. The first thing enjoined upon a man both by the Norse writer and by the Spanish author is the art of silence. Probably this has been the result of social experience in all countries. "Cautious silence is the holy of holies of worldly wisdom," says Gracian. And he gives many elaborate reasons for this statement, not the least of which is the following: "If you do not declare yourself immediately, you arouse expectation, especially when the importance of your position makes

you the object of general attention. Mix a little mystery with every thing, and the very mystery arouses veneration." A little further on he gives us exactly the same advice as did the *Havamal* writer, in regard to being frank with enemies. "Do not," he says, "show your wounded finger, for every thing will knock up against it; nor complain about it, for malice always aims where weakness can be injured. . . . Never disclose the source of mortification or of joy, if you wish the one to cease, the other to endure." About secrets the Spaniard is quite as cautious as the Norseman. He says, "Especially dangerous are secrets entrusted to friends. He that communicates his secret to another makes himself that other man's slave." But after a great many such cautions in regard to silence and secrecy, he tells us also that we must learn how to fight with the world. You remember the advice of the *Havamal* on this subject, how it condemns as a fool the man who cannot answer a reproach. The Spaniard is, however, much more malicious in his suggestions. He tells us that we must "learn to know every man's thumbscrew." I suppose you know that a thumbscrew was an instrument of torture used in old times to force confessions from criminals. This advice means nothing less than that we should learn how to be able to hurt other men's feelings, or to flatter other men's weaknesses. "First guess every man's ruling passion, appeal to it by a word, set it in motion

by temptation, and you will infallibly give checkmate to his freedom of will." The term "give checkmate" is taken from the game of chess, and must here be understood as meaning to overcome, to conquer. A kindred piece of advice is, "Keep a store of sarcasms, and know how to use them." Indeed he tells us that this is the point of greatest tact in human intercourse. "Struck by the slightest word of this kind, many fall away from the closest intimacy with superiors or inferiors, which intimacy could not be in the slightest shaken by a whole conspiracy of popular insinuation or private malevolence." In other words, you can more quickly destroy a man's friendship by one word of sarcasm than by any amount of intrigue. Does not this read very much like sheer wickedness? Certainly it does; but the author would have told you that you must fight the wicked with their own weapons. In the *Havamal* you will not find anything quite so openly wicked as that; but we must suppose that the Norsemen knew the secret, though they might not have put it into words. As for the social teaching, you will find it very subtly expressed even in the modern English novels of George Meredith, who, by the way, has written a poem in praise of sarcasm and ridicule. But let us now see what the Spanish author has to tell us about friendship and unselfishness.

The shrewd man knows that others when they seek him do not seek "him," but "their advantage in

him and by him." That is to say, a shrewd man does not believe in disinterested friendship. This is much worse than anything in the *Havamal*. And it is diabolically elaborated. What are we to say about such teaching as the following: "A wise man would rather see men needing him than thanking him. To keep them on the threshold of hope is diplomatic; to trust to their gratitude is boorish; hope has a good memory, gratitude a bad one"? There is much more of this kind; but after the assurance that only a boorish person (that is to say, an ignorant and vulgar man) can believe in gratitude, the author's opinion of human nature needs no further elucidation. The old Norseman would have been shocked at such a statement. But he might have approved the following: "When you hear anything favourable, keep a tight rein upon your credulity; if unfavourable, give it the spur." That is to say, when you hear anything good about another man, do not be ready to believe it; but if you hear anything bad about him, believe as much of it as you can.

I notice also many other points of resemblance between the northern and the Spanish teaching in regard to caution. The *Havamal* says that you must not pick a quarrel with a worse man than yourself; "because the better man often falls by the worse man's sword." The Spanish priest gives a still shrewder reason for the same policy. "Never

contend," he says, "with a man who has nothing to lose; for thereby you enter into an unequal conflict. The other enters without anxiety; having lost every thing, including shame, he has no further loss to fear." I think that this is an immoral teaching, though a very prudent one; but I need scarcely tell you that it is still a principle in modern society not to contend with a man who has no reputation to lose. I think it is immoral, because it is purely selfish, and because a good man ought not to be afraid to denounce a wrong because of making enemies. Another point, however, on which the *Havamal* and the priest agree, is more commendable and interesting. "We do not think much of a man who never contradicts us; that is no sign he loves us, but rather a sign that he loves himself. Original and out-of-the-way views are signs of superior ability."

I should not like you to suppose, however, that the whole of the book from which I have been quoting is of the same character as the quotations. There is excellent advice in it; and much kindly teaching on the subject of generous acts. It is a book both good and bad, and never stupid. The same man who tells you that friendship is seldom unselfish, also declares that life would be a desert without friends, and that there is no magic like a good turn—that is, a kind act. He teaches the importance of getting good will by honest means, although he advises us also to learn how to injure.

I am sure that nobody could read the book without benefit. And I may close these quotations from it with the following paragraph, which is the very best bit of counsel that could be given to a literary student:

Be slow and sure. Quickly done can be quickly undone. To last an eternity requires an eternity of preparation. Only excellence counts. Profound intelligence is the only foundation for immortality. Worth much costs much. The precious metals are the heaviest.

But so far as the question of human conduct is concerned, the book of Gracian is no more of a religious book than is the *Havamal* of the heathen North. You would find, were such a book published to-day and brought up to the present time by any shrewd writer, that Western morality has not improved in the least since the time before Christianity was established, so far as the rules of society go. Society is not, and cannot be, religious, because it is a state of continual warfare. Every person in it has to fight, and the battle is not less cruel now because it is not fought with swords. Indeed, I should think that the time when every man carried his sword in society was a time when men were quite as kindly and much more honest than they are now. The object of this little lecture was to show you that the principles of the ancient Norse are really the principles ruling English society to-day; but I think you

will be able to take from it a still larger meaning. It is that not only one form of society, but all forms of society, represent the warfare of man and man. That is why thinkers, poets, philosophers, in all ages, have tried to find solitude, to keep out of the contest, to devote themselves only to the study of the beautiful and the true. But the prizes of life are not to be obtained in solitude, although the prizes of thought can only there be won. After all, whatever we may think about the cruelty and treachery of the social world, it does great things in the end. It quickens judgment, deepens intelligence, enforces the acquisition of self-control, creates forms of mental and moral strength that cannot fail to be sometimes of vast importance to mankind. But if you should ask me whether it increases human happiness, I should certainly say "no." The *Havamal* said the same thing,—the truly wise man cannot be happy.

ON READING

I wish to keep my promise regarding a series of lectures relating to literary life and work, to be given independently of texts or authorities, and to represent, as far as possible, the results of practical experience among the makers of literature in different countries. The subject will be Reading—apparently, perhaps, a very simple subject, but really not so simple as it looks, and much more important than you may think it. I shall begin this lecture by saying that very few persons know how to read. Considerable experience with literature is needed before taste and discrimination can possibly be acquired; and without these, it is almost impossible to learn how to read. I say *almost* impossible; since there are some rare men who, through a natural inborn taste, through a kind of inherited literary instinct, are able to read very well even before reaching the age of twenty-five years. But these are great exceptions, and I am speaking of the average.

For, to read the characters or the letters of the text does not mean reading in the true sense. You will often find yourselves reading words or characters automatically, even pronouncing them quite correctly, while your minds are occupied with a totally different subject. This mere mechanism of reading becomes altogether automatic at an early period of life, and

can be performed irrespective of attention. Neither can I call it reading to extract the narrative portion of a text from the rest simply for one's personal amusement, or, in other words, to read a book "for the story." Yet most of the reading that is done in the world is done in exactly this way. Thousands and thousands of books are bought every year, every month, I might even say every day, by people who do not read at all. They only think that they read. They buy books just to amuse themselves, "to kill time," as they call it; in one hour or two their eyes have passed over all the pages, and there is left in their minds a vague idea or two about what they have been looking at; and this they really believe is reading. Nothing is more common than to be asked, "Have you read such a book?" or to hear somebody say, "I have read such and such a book." But these persons do not speak seriously. Out of a thousand persons who say, "I have read this," or "I have read that," there is not one perhaps who is able to express any opinion worth hearing about what he has been reading. Many and many a time I hear students say that they have read certain books; but if I ask them some questions regarding the book, I find that they are not able to make any answer, or at best, they will only repeat something that somebody else has said about what they think that they have been reading. But this is not peculiar to students; it is in all countries the way that the great

public devour books. And to conclude this introductory part of the lecture, I would say that the difference between the great critic and the common person is chiefly that the great critic knows how to read, and that the common person does not. No man is really able to read a book who is not able to express an original opinion regarding the contents of a book.

No doubt you will think that this statement of the case confuses reading with study. You might say, "When we read history or philosophy or science, then we do read very thoroughly, studying all the meanings and bearings of the text, slowly, and thinking about it. This is hard study. But when we read a story or a poem out of class-hours, we read for amusement. Amusement and study are two different things." I am not sure that you all think this; but young men generally do so think. As a matter of fact, every book worth reading ought to be read in precisely the same way that a scientific book is read—not simply for amusement; and every book worth reading should have the same amount of value in it that a scientific book has, though the value may be of a totally different kind. For, after all, the good book of fiction or romance or poetry is a scientific work; it has been composed according to the best principles of more than one science, but especially according to the principles of the great science of life, the knowledge of human nature.

In regard to foreign books, this is especially true; but the advice suggested will be harder to follow, when we read in a language which is not our own. Nevertheless, how many Englishmen do you suppose really read a good book in English? how many Frenchmen read a great book in their own tongue? Probably not more than one in two thousand of those who think that they read. What is more, although there are now published every year in London upwards of six thousand books, at no time has there been so little good reading done by the average public as to-day. Books are written, sold, and read after a fashion—or rather according to the fashion. There is a fashion in literature as well as in every thing else; and a particular kind of amusement being desired by the public, a particular kind of reading is given to supply the demand. So useless have become to this public the arts and graces of real literature, the great thoughts which should belong to a great book, that men of letters have almost ceased to produce true literature. When a man can obtain a great deal of money by writing a book without style or beauty, a mere narrative to amuse, and knows at the same time that if he should give three, five, or ten years to the production of a really good book, he would probably starve to death, he is forced to be untrue to the higher duties of his profession. Men happily situated in regard to money matters, might possibly attempt something great from time to time;

but they can hardly get a hearing. Taste is so much deteriorated within the past few years, that, as I told you before, style has practically disappeared—and style means thinking. And this state of things in England has been largely brought about by bad habits of reading, by not knowing how to read.

For the first thing which a scholar should bear in mind is that a book ought not to be read for mere amusement. Half-educated persons read for amusement, and are not to be blamed for it; they are incapable of appreciating the deeper qualities that belong to a really great literature. But a young man who has passed through a course of University training should discipline himself at an early day never to read for mere amusement. And once the habit of the discipline has been formed, he will even find it impossible to read for mere amusement. He will then impatiently throw down any book from which he cannot obtain intellectual food, any book which does not make an appeal to the higher emotions and to his intellect. But on the other hand, the habit of reading for amusement becomes with thousands of people exactly the same kind of habit as wine-drinking or opium-smoking; it is like a narcotic, something that helps to pass the time, something that keeps up a perpetual condition of dreaming, something that eventually results in destroying all capacity for thought, giving exercise only to the surface parts of the mind, and leaving the deeper springs of feeling

and the higher faculties of perception unemployed.

Let us simply state what the facts are about this kind of reading. A young clerk, for example, reads every day on the way to his office and on the way back, just to pass the time; and what does he read? A novel, of course; it is very easy work, and it enables him to forget his troubles for a moment, to dull his mind to all the little worries of his daily routine. In one or two days he finishes the novel; then he gets another. He reads quickly in these days. By the end of the year he has read between a hundred and fifty and two hundred novels; no matter how poor he is, this luxury is possible to him, because of the institution of circulating libraries. At the end of a few years he has read several thousand novels. Does he like them? No; he will tell you that they are nearly all the same, but they help him to pass away his idle time; they have become a necessity for him; he would be very unhappy if he could not continue this sort of reading. It is utterly impossible that the result can be anything but a stupefying of the faculties. He cannot even remember the names of twenty or thirty books out of thousands; much less does he remember what they contain. The result of all this reading means nothing but a cloudiness in his mind. That is the direct result. The indirect result is that the mind has been kept from developing itself. All development necessarily means some pain; and such reading as I speak of has

been employed unconsciously as a means to avoid that pain, and the consequence is atrophy.

Of course this is an extreme case; but it is the ultimate outcome of reading for amusement whenever such amusement becomes a habit, and when there are means close at hand to gratify the habit. At present in Japan there is little danger of this state of things; but I use the illustration for the sake of its ethical warning.

This does not mean that there is any sort of good literature which should be shunned. A good novel is just as good reading as even the greatest philosopher can possibly wish for. The whole matter depends upon the way of reading, even more than upon the nature of what is read. Perhaps it is too much to say, as has often been said, that there is no book which has nothing good in it; it is better simply to state that the good of a book depends incomparably more for its influence upon the habits of the reader than upon the art of the writer, no matter how great that writer may be.

In a previous lecture I tried to call your attention to the superiority of the child's methods of observation to those of the man; and the same fact may be noticed in regard to the child's method of reading. Certainly the child can read only very simple things; but he reads most thoroughly; and he thinks and thinks and thinks untiringly about what he reads; one little fairy tale will give him mental

occupation for a month after he has read it. All the energies of his little fancy are exhausted upon the tale; and if his parents be wise, they do not allow him to read a second tale, until the pleasure of the first, and its imaginative effect, has begun to die away. Later habits, habits which I shall venture to call bad, soon destroy the child's power of really attentive reading. But let us now take the case of a professional reader, a scientific reader; and we shall observe the same power, developed of course to an enormous degree. In the office of a great publishing house which I used to visit, there are received every year sixteen thousand manuscripts. All these must be looked at and judged; and such work in all publishing offices is performed by what is called professional readers. The professional reader must be a scholar, and a man of very uncommon capacity. Out of a thousand manuscripts he will read perhaps not more than one; out of two thousand he may possibly read three. The others he simply looks at for a few seconds—one glance is enough for him to decide whether the manuscript is worth reading or not. The shape of a single sentence will tell him that, from the literary point of view. As regards subject, even the title is enough for him to judge, in a large number of cases. Some manuscripts may receive a minute or even five minutes of his attention; very few receive a longer consideration. Out of sixteen thousand, we may suppose that sixteen are finally

selected for judgment. He reads these from beginning to end. Having read them, he decides that only eight can be further considered. The eight are read a second time, much more carefully. At the close of the second examination the number is perhaps reduced to seven. These seven are destined for a third reading; but the professional reader knows better than to read them immediately. He leaves them locked up in a drawer, and passes a whole week without looking at them. At the end of the week he tries to see whether he can remember distinctly each of these seven manuscripts and their qualities. Very distinctly he remembers three; the remaining four he cannot at once recall. With a little more effort, he is able to remember two more. But two he has utterly forgotten. This is a fatal defect; the work that leaves no impression upon the mind after two readings cannot have real value. He then takes the manuscripts out of the drawer, condemns two—the two he could not remember—and re-reads the five. At the third reading every thing is judged—subject, execution, thought, literary quality. Three are discovered to be first class; two are accepted by the publishers only as second class. And so the matter ends.

Something like this goes on in all great publishing houses; but unfortunately not all literary work is now judged in the same severe way. It is now judged rather by what the public likes; and the public does

not like the best. But you may be sure that in a house such as that of the Cambridge or the Oxford University publishers, the test of a manuscript is very severe indeed; it is there read much more thoroughly than it is likely ever to be read again. Now this professional reader whom we speak of, with all his knowledge and scholarship and experience, reads the book very much in the same way as the child reads a fairy-tale. He has forced his mind to exert all its powers in the same minute way that the child's mind does, to think about every thing in the book, in all its bearings, in a hundred different directions. It is not true that a child is a bad reader; the habit of bad reading is only formed much later in life, and is always unnatural. The natural and also the scholarly way of reading is the child's way. But it requires what we are apt to lose as we grow up, the golden gift of patience; and without patience nothing, not even reading, can be well done.

Important then as careful reading is, you can readily perceive that it should not be wasted. The powers of a well-trained and highly educated mind ought not to be expended upon any common book. By common I mean cheap and useless literature. Nothing is so essential to self-training as the proper choice of books to read; and nothing is so universally neglected. It is not even right that a person of ability should waste his time in "finding out" what to read. He can easily obtain a very correct idea of

the limits of the best in all departments of literature, and keep to that best. Of course, if he has to become a specialist, a critic, a professional reader, he will have to read what is bad as well as what is good, and will be able to save himself from much torment only by an exceedingly rapid exercise of judgment, formed by experience. Imagine, for example, the reading that must have been done, and thoroughly done, by such a critic as Professor Saintsbury. Leaving out of the question all his university training, and his mastery of Greek and Latin classics, which is no small reading to begin with, he must have read some five thousand books in the English of all centuries,—learned thoroughly every thing that was in them, the history of each one, and the history of its author, whenever that was accessible. He must also have mastered thoroughly the social and political history relating to all this mass of literature. But this is still less than half his work. For being an authority upon two literatures, his study of French, both old and new French, must have been even more extensive than his study of English. And all his work had to be read as a master reads; there was little mere amusement in the whole from beginning to end. The only pleasure could be in results; but these results are very great. Nothing is more difficult in this world than to read a book and then to express clearly and truly in a few lines exactly what the literary value of the book is. There are

not more than twenty people in the world that can do this, for the experience as well as the capacity required must be enormous. Very few of us can hope to become even third or fourth class critics after even a lifetime of study. But we can all learn to read; and that is not by any means a small feat. The great critics can best show us the way to do this, by their judgment.

Yet after all, the greatest of critics is the public—not the public for a day or a generation, but the public of centuries, the consensus of national opinion or of human opinion about a book that has been subjected to the awful test of time. Reputations are made not by critics, but by the accumulation of human opinion through hundreds of years. And human opinion is not sharply defined like the opinion of a trained critic; it cannot explain; it is vague, like a great emotion of which we cannot exactly describe the nature; it is based upon feeling rather than upon thinking; it only says, "we like this." Yet there is no judgment so sure as this kind of judgment, for it is the outcome of an enormous experience. The test of a good book ought always to be the test which human opinion, working for generations, applies. And this is very simple.

The test of a great book is whether we want to read it only once or more than once. Any really great book we want to read the second time even more than we wanted to read it the first time; and

every additional time that we read it we find new meanings and new beauties in it. A book that a person of education and good taste does not care to read more than once is very probably not worth much. Some time ago there was a very clever discussion going on regarding the art of the great French novelist, Zola; some people claimed that he possessed absolute genius; others claimed that he had only talent of a very remarkable kind. The battle of argument brought out some strange extravagances of opinion. But suddenly a very great critic simply put this question: "How many of you have read, or would care to read, one of Zola's books a second time?" There was no answer; the fact was settled. Probably no one would read a book by Zola more than once; and this is proof positive that there is no great genius in them, and no great mastery of the highest form of feeling. Shallow or false any book must be, that, although bought by a hundred thousand readers, is never read more than once. But we can not consider the judgment of a single individual infallible. The opinion that makes a book great must be the opinion of many. For even the greatest critics are apt to have certain dulnesses, certain in-appreciations. Carlyle, for example, could not endure Browning; Byron could not endure some of the greatest of English poets. A man must be many-sided to utter a trustworthy estimate of many books. We may doubt the judgment of the single critic at

times. But there is no doubt possible in regard to the judgment of generations. Even if we cannot at once perceive anything good in a book which has been admired and praised for hundreds of years, we may be sure that by trying, by studying it carefully, we shall at last be able to feel the reason of this admiration and praise. The best of all libraries for a poor man would be a library entirely composed of such great works only, books which have passed the test of time.

This then would be the most important guide for us in the choice of reading. We should read only the books that we want to read more than once, nor should we buy any others, unless we have some special reason for so investing money. The second fact demanding attention is the general character of the value that lies hidden within all such great books. They never become old: their youth is immortal. A great book is not apt to be comprehended by a young person at the first reading except in a superficial way. Only the surface, the narrative, is absorbed and enjoyed. No young man can possibly see at first reading the qualities of a great book. Remember that it has taken humanity in many cases hundreds of years to find out all that there is in such a book. But according to a man's experience of life, the text will unfold new meanings to him. The book that delighted us at eighteen, if it be a good book, will delight us much more at twenty-five, and

it will prove like a new book to us at thirty years of age. At forty we shall re-read it, wondering why we never saw how beautiful it was before. At fifty or sixty years of age the same facts will repeat themselves. A great book grows exactly in proportion to the growth of the reader's mind. It was the discovery of this extraordinary fact by generations of people long dead that made the greatness of such works as those of Shakespeare, of Dante, or of Goethe. Perhaps Goethe can give us at this moment the best illustration. He wrote a number of little stories in prose, which children like, because to children they have all the charm of fairy-tales. But he never intended them for fairy-tales; he wrote them for experienced minds. A young man finds very serious reading in them; a middle aged man discovers an extraordinary depth in their least utterance; and an old man will find in them all the world's philosophy, all the wisdom of life. If one is very dull, he may not see much in them, but just in proportion as he is a superior man, and in proportion as his knowledge of life has been extensive, so will he discover the greatness of the mind that conceived them.

This does not mean that the authors of such books could have preconceived the entire range and depth of that which they put into their work. Great art works unconsciously without ever suspecting that it is great; and the larger the genius of a writer, the less chance there is of his ever knowing that he has

genius; for his power is less likely to be discovered by the public until long after he is dead. The great things done in literature have not usually been done by men who thought themselves great. Many thousand years ago some wanderer in Arabia, looking at the stars of the night, and thinking about the relation of man to the unseen powers that shaped the world, uttered all his heart in certain verses that have been preserved to us in *The Book of Job*. To him the sky was a solid vault; of that which might exist beyond it, he never even dreamed. Since his time how vast has been the expansion of our astronomical knowledge! We now know thirty millions of suns, all of which are probably attended by planets, giving a probable total of three hundred millions of other worlds within sight of our astronomical instruments. Probably multitudes of these are inhabited by intelligent life; it is even possible that within a few years more we shall obtain proof positive of the existence of an older civilization than our own upon the planet Mars. How vast a difference between our conception of the universe and Job's conception of it. Yet the poem of that simple minded Arab or Jew has not lost one particle of its beauty and value because of this difference. Quite the contrary! With every new astronomical discovery the words of Job take grander meanings to us, simply because he was truly a great poet and spoke only the truth that was in his heart thousands of years ago. Very anciently also there

was a Greek story-teller who wrote a little story about a boy and a girl in the country called *Daphnis and Chloe*. It was a little story, telling in the simplest language possible how the boy and the girl fell in love with each other, and did not know why, and all the innocent things they said to each other, and how grown-up people kindly laughed at them and taught them some of the simplest laws of life. What a trifling subject, some might think. But that story, translated into every language in the world, still reads like a new story to us; and every time we re-read it, it appears still more beautiful, because it teaches a few true and tender things about innocence and the feeling of youth. It never can grow old, any more than the girl and the boy whom it describes. Or, to descend to later times, about three hundred years ago a French priest conceived the idea of writing down the history of a student who had been charmed by a wanton woman, and led by her into many scenes of disgrace and pain. This little book, called *Manon Lescaut*, describes for us the society of a vanished time, a time when people wore swords and powdered their hair, a time when every thing was as different as possible from the life of to-day. But the story is just as true of our own time as of any time in civilization; the pain and sorrow affect us just as if they were our own; and the woman, who is not really bad, but only weak and selfish, charms the reader almost as much as she charmed her victim, until the

tragedy ends. Here again is one of the world's great books, that cannot die. Or, to take one more example out of a possible hundred, consider the stories of Hans Andersen. He conceived the notion that moral truths and social philosophy could be better taught through little fairy-tales and child stories than in almost any other way; and with the help of hundreds of old-fashioned tales, he made a new series of wonderful stories that have become a part of every library and are read in all countries by grown-up people much more than by children. There is in this astonishing collection of stories, a story about a mermaid which I suppose you have all read. Of course there can be no such thing as a mermaid; from one point of view the story is quite absurd. But the emotions of unselfishness and love and loyalty which the story expresses are immortal, and so beautiful that we forget about all the unreality of the framework; we see only the eternal truth behind the fable.

You will understand now exactly what I mean by a great book. What about the choice of books? Some years ago you will remember that an English man of science, Sir John Lubbock, wrote a list of what he called the best books in the world—or at least the best hundred books. Then some publishers published the hundred books in cheap form. Following the example of Sir John, other literary men made different lists of what they thought the best hundred

books in existence; and now quite enough time has passed to show us the value of these experiments. They have proved utterly worthless, except to the publishers. Many persons may buy the hundred books; but very few read them. And this is not because Sir John Lubbock's idea was bad; it is because no one man can lay down a definite course of reading for the great mass of differently constituted minds. Sir John expressed only his opinion of what most appealed to him; another man of letters would have made a different list; probably no two men of letters would have made exactly the same one. The choice of great books must under all circumstances be an individual one. In short, you must choose for yourselves according to the light that is in you. Very few persons are so many-sided as to feel inclined to give their best attention to many different kinds of literature. In the average of cases it is better for a man to confine himself to a small class of subjects—the subjects best according with his natural powers and inclinations, the subjects that please him. And no man can decide for us without knowing our personal character and disposition perfectly well and being in sympathy with it, where our powers lie. But one thing is easy to do—that is, to decide, first, what subject in literature has already given you pleasure, to decide, secondly, what is the best that has been written upon that subject, and then to study that best to the exclusion of ephemeral and trifling

books which profess to deal with the same theme, but which have not yet obtained the approbation of great critics or of a great public opinion.

Those books which have obtained both are not so many in number as you might suppose. Each great civilization has produced only two or three of the first rank, if we except the single civilization of the Greeks. The sacred books embodying for teaching of all great religions necessarily take place in the first rank, even as literary productions; for they have been polished and repolished, and have been given the highest possible literary perfection of which the language in which they are written is capable. The great epic poems which express the ideals of races, these also deserve a first place. Thirdly, the masterpieces of drama, as reflecting life, must be considered to belong to the highest literature. But how many books are thus represented? Not very many. The best, like diamonds, will never be found in great quantities.

Besides such general indications as I thus ventured, something may be said regarding a few choice books—those which a student should wish to possess good copies of and read all his life. There are not many of these. For European students it would be necessary to name a number of Greek authors. But without a study of the classic tongues such authors could be of much less use to the students of this country; moreover, a considerable knowledge of

Greek life and Greek civilization is necessary to quicken appreciation of them. Such knowledge is best gained through engravings, pictures, coins, statues—through those artistic objects which enable the imagination to see what has existed; and as yet the artistic side of classical study is scarcely possible in Japan, for want of pictorial and other material. I shall therefore say very little regarding the great books that belong to this category. But as the whole foundation of European literature rests upon classical study, the student should certainly attempt to master the outlines of Greek mythology, and the character of the traditions which inspired the best of Greek literature and drama. You can scarcely open an English book belonging to any high class of literature, in which you will not find allusions to Greek beliefs, Greek stories, or Greek plays. The mythology is almost necessary for you; but the vast range of the subject might well deter most of you from attempting a thorough study of it. A thorough study of it, however, is not necessary. What is necessary is an outline only; and a good book, capable of giving you that outline in a vivid and attractive manner would be of inestimable service. In French and German there are many such books; in English, I know of only one, a volume in the Bohn's Library, Keightley's *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*. It is not an expensive work; and it has the exceptional quality of teaching in a philosophical spirit.

As for the famous Greek books, the value of most of them for you must be small, because the number of adequate translations is small. I should begin by saying that all verse translations are useless. No verse translation from the Greek can reproduce the Greek verse—we have only twenty or thirty lines of Homer translated by Tennyson, and a few lines of other Greek poets translated by equally able men, which are at all satisfactory. Under all circumstances take a prose translation when you wish to study a Greek or Latin author. We should of course consider Homer first. I do not think that you can afford not to read something of Homer. There are two excellent prose translations in English, one of the *Iliad* and one of the *Odyssey*. The latter is for you the more important of the two great poems. The references to it are innumerable in all branches of literature; and these references refer usually to the poetry of its theme, for the *Odyssey* is much more a romance than is the *Iliad*. The advantage of the prose translation by Lang and Butcher is that it preserves something of the rolling sound and music of the Greek verse, though it is only prose. That book I should certainly consider worth keeping constantly by you; its utility will appear to you at a later day. The great Greek tragedies have all been translated; but I should not so strongly recommend these translations to you. It would be just as well, in most cases, to familiarize yourselves with the

stories of the dramas through other sources; and there are hundreds of these. You should at least know the subject of the great dramas of Sophocles, Æschylus, and above all Euripides. Greek drama was constructed upon a plan that requires much study to understand correctly; it is not necessary that you should understand these matters as an antiquarian does, but it is necessary to know something of the stories of the great plays. As for comedy, the works of Aristophanes are quite exceptional in their value and interest. They require very little explanation; they make us laugh to-day just as heartily as they made the Athenians laugh thousands of years ago; and they belong to immortal literature. There is the Bohn translation in two volumes, which I would strongly recommend. Aristophanes is one of the great Greek dramatists whom we can read over and over again, gaining at every reading. Of the lyrical poets there is also one translation likely to become an English classic, although a modern one; that is Lang's translation of Theocritus, a tiny little book, but very precious of its kind. You see I am mentioning very few; but these few would mean a great deal for you, should you use them properly. Among later Greek work, work done in the decline of the old civilization, there is one masterpiece that the world will never become tired of—I mentioned it before, the story of *Daphnis and Chloe*. This has been translated into every

language, and I am sorry to say that the best translation is not English, but French—the version of Amyot. But there are many English translations. That book you certainly ought to read. About the Latin authors, it is not here necessary to say much. There are very good prose translations of Virgil and Horace, but the value of these to you cannot be very great without a knowledge of Latin. However, the story of the *Æneid* is necessary to know, and it were best read in the version of Conington. In the course of your general education it is impossible to avoid learning something regarding the chief Latin writers and thinkers; but there is one immortal book that you may not have often seen the name of; and it is a book everybody should read—I mean the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius. You have this in a good English translation. It is only a story of sorcery, but one of the most wonderful stories ever written, and it belongs to world literature rather than to the literature of a time.

But the Greek myths, although eternally imperishable in their beauty, are not more intimately related to English literature than are the myths of the ancient English religion, the religion of the Northern races, which has left its echoes all through our forms of speech, even in the names of the days of the week. A student of English literature ought to know something about Northern mythology. It is full of beauty also, beauty of another and stranger kind; and it

embodied one of the noblest warrior-faiths that ever existed, the religion of force and courage. You have now in the library a complete collection of Northern poetry, I mean the two volumes of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*. Unfortunately you have not as yet a good collection of the Sagas and Eddas. But, as in the case of the vaster subject of Greek mythology, there is an excellent small book in English, giving an outline of all that is important—I mean necessary for you—in regard to both the religion and the literature of the Northern races, Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*. Sir Walter Scott contributed the most valuable portion of the translations in this little book; and these translations have stood the test of time remarkably well. The introductory chapters by Bishop Percy are old-fashioned, but this fact does not in the least diminish the stirring value of the volume. I think it is one of the books that every student should try to possess.

With regard to the great modern masterpieces translated into English from other tongues, I can only say that it is better to read them in the originals, if you can. If you can read Goethe's *Faust* in German, do not read it in English; and, if you can, read Heine in German, the French translation in prose, which he superintended, and the English translations (there are many of them) in verse can be of no use to you. But if German be too difficult, then read *Faust* in the prose version of Hayward,

as revised by Dr. Buchheim. You have that in the library; and it is the best of the kind in existence. *Faust* is a book that a man should buy and keep, and read many times during his life. As for Heine, he is a world poet, but he loses a great deal in translation; and I can only recommend the French prose version of him; the English versions of Browning and Lazarus and others are often weak. Some years ago a series of extraordinary translations of Heine appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; but these have not appeared, I believe, in book form.

As for Dante, I do not know whether he can make a strong appeal to you in any language except his own; and you must understand the Middle Ages very well to feel how wonderful he was. I might say something similar about other great Italian poets. Of the French dramatists, you must study Molière; he is next in importance only to Shakespeare. But do not read him in any translation. Here I should say positively, that one who cannot read French might as well leave Molière alone; the English language cannot reproduce his delicacies of wit and allusion.

As for modern English literature, I have tried in the course of my lectures to indicate the few books deserving of a place in world-literature; and I need scarcely repeat them here. Going back a little further, however, I should like to remind you again of the extraordinary merit of Malory's book, the

Morte D'Arthur, and to say that it is one of the very few that you should buy and keep and read often. The whole spirit of chivalry is in that book; and I need scarcely tell you how deep is the relation of the spirit of chivalry to all modern English literature. I do not recommend you to read Milton, unless you intend to make certain special studies of language; the linguistic value of Milton is based upon Greek and Latin literature. As for his lyrics—that is another matter. Those ought to be studied. As there is little more to say, except by way of suggestion, I think that you ought, every one of you, to have a good copy of Shakespeare, and to read Shakespeare through once every year, not caring at first whether you can understand all the sentences or not; that knowledge can be acquired at a later day. I am sure that if you follow this advice you will find Shakespeare become larger every time that you read him, and that at last he will begin to exercise a very strong and very healthy influence upon your methods of thinking and feeling. A man does not require to be a great scholar in order to read Shakespeare. And what is true of reading Shakespeare, you will find to be true also in lesser degree of all the world's great books. You will find it true of Goethe's *Faust*. You will find it true of the best chapters in the poems of Homer. You will find it true of the best plays of Molière. You will find it true of Dante, and of those books in the English Bible about which I gave

a short lecture last year. And therefore I do not think that I can better conclude these remarks than by repeating an old but very excellent piece of advice which has been given to young readers: "Whenever you hear of a new book being published, read an old one."

FAREWELL ADDRESS

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

Europe, but even in the whole civilized world. The same can be said of French and German literature—perhaps also, though in less degree, of modern Italian. But notice that the original plant is not altered by the new sap; it is only made stronger and able to bear finer flowers. As English literature remains essentially English in spite of the riches gained from all other literatures, so should future Japanese literature remain purely Japanese, no matter how much benefit it may obtain from the ideas and the arts of the West.

If you were to ask me, however, whether I knew of any great changes so far, I fear that I should be obliged to say, "No." Up to the present I think that there has been a great deal of translation and imitation and adoption into Japanese, from western literatures, but I do not think that there has been what we call true assimilation. Literature must be creative, and borrowing, or imitating, or adapting material in the raw state—none of this is creative. Yet it is natural that things should be so. This is the period of assimilation; later on the fine result will show, when all this foreign material has been transmuted, within the crucible of literature, into purely Japanese materials. But this cannot be done quickly.

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

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

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

spirit was just as strong in England as it is now, or has been, in Japan. The reproach of the “vulgar,” I mean the reproach of vulgarity, would have been brought in Pope’s time against anybody who should have tried to write in the form which we now know to be much superior. I have told you also how the great literatures of France and Germany were obliged to pass through a revolution against classical forms, which revolution brought into existence the most glorious work, both in poetry and prose, that either country ever produced.

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

in this country must be more or less founded upon a sympathy with and a love for the common, ignorant people, the great mass of the national humanity.

Now let me try to explain how and why these things have come to pass in almost every civilized country. The natural tendency of society is to produce class distinctions, and everywhere the necessary tendency in the highest classes must be to conservatism—elegant conservatism. Conservatism and exclusiveness have their values; and I do not mean to suggest the least disrespect toward them. But conservatism invariably tends to fixity, to mannerisms, to a hard crystallization. At length refined society obliges everybody to do and say according to rule—to express or to repress thought and feeling in the same way. Of course men's hearts cannot be entirely changed by rule; but such a tyranny of custom can be made that everybody is afraid to express thought or to utter feeling in a really natural way. When life becomes intensely artificial, severely conventional, literature begins to die. Then, Western experience shows that there is one cure; nothing can bring back the failing life except a frank return to the unconventional, a frank return to the life and thought of the common people, who represent after all the soil from which every thing human springs. When a language becomes hopelessly petrified by rules, it can be softened and strengthened and vivified

by taking it back to its real source, the people, and soaking it there as in a bath. Everywhere this necessity has shown itself; everywhere it has been resisted with all the strength of pride and prejudice; but everywhere its outcome has been the same. French or German or English alike, after having exhausted all the resources of scholarship to perfect literature, have found literature beginning to dry and wither on their hands; and have been obliged to remove it from the atmosphere of the schools and to resurrect it by means of the literature of the ignorant. As this has happened everywhere else, I cannot help believing that it must happen here.

Yet do not think that I mean to speak all slightly about the value of exact learning. Quite the contrary. I hold that it is the man of exact learning who best—providing that he has a sympathetic nature—can master to good result the common speech and the unlettered poetry. A Cambridge education, for example, did not prevent Tennyson from writing astonishing ballads or dramatic poems in ballad measure in the difficult dialect of the northern English peasant. Indeed, in English literature the great Romantic reformers were all, or nearly all, well-schooled men, but they were men who had artistic spirit enough to conquer the prejudices with which they were born, and without heeding the mockery of their own class, bravely worked to extract from simple peasant lore those

fresh beauties which give such desirable qualities to Victorian poetry. Indeed, some went further—Sir Walter Scott, for example, who rode about the country, going into the homes of the poorest people, eating with them and drinking with them, and everywhere coaxing them to sing him a song or tell him a story of the past. I suppose there were many people who would then have laughed at Scott. But those little peasant songs which he picked out started the new English poetry. The whole literary tone of the eighteenth century was changed by them. Therefore I should certainly venture to hope that there yet may be a Japanese Walter Scott, whose learning will not prevent him from sympathizing with the unlearned.

Now I have said quite enough on that subject; and I have ventured it only through a sense of duty. The rest of what I have to say refers only to literary work.

I suppose that most of you, on leaving the University, will step into some profession likely to absorb a great deal of your time. Under these circumstances many a young man who loves literature resigns himself foolishly to give up his pleasures in this direction; such young scholars imagine that they have no time now for poetry or romance or drama—not even for much private study. I think that this is a very great mistake, and that it is the busy man who can best give us new literature—with the solitary exception

perhaps of poetry. Great poetry requires leisure, and much time for solitary thinking. But in other departments of literature I can assure you that the men of letters throughout the West have been, and still are, to a great extent, very busy men. Some are in the Government service, some in post offices, some in the army and navy (and you know how busy military and naval officers have to be), some are bankers, judges, consuls, governors of provinces, even merchants—though these are few. The fact is that it is almost impossible for anybody to live merely by producing fine literature, and that the literary man must have, in most cases, an occupation. Every year the necessity for this becomes greater. But the principle of literary work is really not to do much at one time, but to do a little at regular intervals. I doubt whether any of you can ever be so busy that you will not be able to spare twenty minutes or half an hour in the course of one day to literature. Even if you should give only ten minutes a day, that will mean a great deal at the end of the year. Put it in another way. Can you not write five lines of literary work daily? If you can, the question of being busy is settled at once. Multiply three hundred and sixty-five by five. That means a very respectable amount of work in twelve months. How much better if you could determine to write twenty or thirty lines every day. I hope that if any of you really love literature you will remember these few words, and never think

yourselves too busy to study a little, even though it be only for ten or fifteen minutes every day. And now good-bye.

NOTES

Nine selected out of the lectures which were dictated for the convenience of his class by Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) in his Tokyo Imperial University days.

LITERATURE AND POLITICAL OPINION (1899)

- | P. | L. |
|----|---|
| 5 | 4 English experience with Russian Troops : in the Crimean War (1854-1855). |
| „ | 23 Eugene Schuyler (ski'ler) (1840-1890), an American diplomatist and author. |
| „ | 24 Prosper Mérimée (1803-1870), a great French writer. |
| „ | 25 Nikolas Vassilievitch Gógol (1809-1852), a Russian novelist and dramatist. |
| „ | „ Alexander Púshkin (1799-1837), a celebrated Russian poet, killed in a duel. His mother was of negro descent. |
| „ | 29 Ivan Sergeyevich Turgénev (Toureneff) (1818-1883), a celebrated Russian novelist. |
| „ | „ Fedor Mikhailovitch Doštōevsky (1822-1881), a Russian novelist and journalist. |
| 6 | 15 A Russian discovery : the periodic law of the atomic weights, discovered by Dmitri Ivanovich Mendeléjeff (1834-1907), a celebrated Russian chemist. |
| „ | 18 Prince Peter Alexelvitch Kropotkin (1843-1921), a Russian anarchistic communist; author and reformer. |
| 8 | 17 This century : the 19th century. |
| 9 | 16 Thomas Huxley (1825-1895), a celebrated English biologist. |

- 9 23 **The grand Oxford undertaking**: the work of the "Sacred Books of the East" by **Max Müller** (1823-1900), a German-English Sanskrit scholar and comparative philologist.
- 12 29 **A young English writer**: Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), an English writer, imperialist; a cousin to the former British prime minister S. Baldwin.

ON THE RELATION OF LIFE AND CHARACTER
TO LITERATURE (1901)

- 17 7 Lord George Noel Gordon **Byron** (1788-1824), a celebrated English poet.
- „ 25 **Malatesta** (It., 'bad head'): an Italian family ruling in Rimini, Italy, and in other parts of the Romagna, from the 13th to the 15th century.
- 19 16 Johann Wolfgang von **Goethe** (1749-1832), a famous German poet, dramatist, and prose-writer; the greatest name in German literature.
- 21 13 William **Shakespeare** (1564-1616), a famous English poet, the greatest of dramatists.
- 22 11 William Makepeace **Thackeray** (1811-1863), a celebrated English novelist, satirist, and critic.
- „ 14 Charlotte **Brontë** (1816-1855), a famous English novelist. Her sisters: Emily Brontë (1818-1848), a novelist and poet; Anne Brontë (1820-1849), a novelist and poet.
- 25 16 **The four great Victorian poets**:—Alfred Tennyson (first Lord Tennyson) (1809-1892). Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882), an English poet and painter; his father was an Italian refugee, made professor of Italian at King's College, London in 1826. Robert Browning (1812-1889). Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909).
- „ 27 George **Meredith** (1828-1909), an English novelist

- and poet.
- 28 20 **Victor Hugo** (1802-1885), a famous French poet and novelist.
- „ 22 Björnstjerne **Björnson** [bi(j)ǫ:nʃən bi(j)ǫ:nsn] (1832-1910), a Norwegian poet, novelist, and dramatist.
- 29 9 Charles **Kingsley** (1819-1875), an English clergyman and author.
- 33 4 In one [March, 1898] of his letters to Mitchell McDonald, Hearn wrote: "... I have last week declined three dinners. It strikes me that the average university professor is circumstanced about thus:
1. Twelve to fourteen lectures a week.
 2. Average of sixty private society-dinners.
 3. Average of a hundred official banquets per year.
 4. Average of thirty to fifty invitations to charitable, musical, uncharitable, and non-musical colonial gatherings.
 5. Average of a hundred and fifty social afternoon calls.
 6. Average of thirty requests for contributions.
 7. Average of a hundred requests for pecuniary contributions from all sources.
 8. Average of four requests per month for speeches or outside lectures.
 9. Average of a hundred calls from students "wanting" things—chiefly to waste the professor's time.
- "This is only about half the list. I say "No" to *everything*—softly, of course. Otherwise how should I exist, breathe, even have time to think?—much less write books? Oh dear, oh dear!—"
- 34 28 John **Morley** (first Viscount Morley of Blackburn) (1838-1923), an English statesman and author.
- 37 9 **The custom of composing poetry in time of pain**, etc. "I have frequently known poems

to be written under the most trying circumstances of misery or suffering,—nay, even upon a bed of death . . .”—Lafcadio Hearn. *Bits of Poetry*, “In Ghostly Japan.”

- 38 1 “**In Memoriam**,” a poem in various sections, written between the years 1833 and 1850 by **Tennyson**, in memory of his friend Arthur H. Hallam, who died in 1833.
- .. 21 **The famous verses of Goethe**: found in chapt. XIII, book II of “*Wilhelm Meister*.” Thomas Carlyle translated:
- “Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.
- “To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us.
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us;
A moment’s guilt, an age of woe!”
- .. 27 **Ralph Waldo Emerson** [1803-1882], a celebrated American essayist, lecturer, and poet.

ON COMPOSITION (1898)

- 47 18 **Samuel Johnson** [1709-1784], a celebrated English lexicographer, essayist, and poet. His work “**Rasselas**” was written, it is said, in the evenings of one week in 1759 to pay for his mother’s funeral.
- .. 19 **William Beckford** [1759-1844], an English man of letters, author of “*Vathek*.”
- 48 1 **A single poem**: The “*Elegy written in a Country Church Yard*,” by Thomas Gray [1716-1771].
- .. 16 **James Anthony Froude** [1818-1894], a noted English historian.
- 73 2 **Prof. George E. B. Saintsbury** [1845-1933], an

English literary critic and historian.

- 73 10 **Sidney Lanier** [1842-1881], an American poet, critic, and littérateur.

STUDIES OF EXTRAORDINARY PROSE (1903)

- 84 4 **Sturlunga Saga**: Saga (a Scandinavian myth or heroic story) relating to Iceland, edited by Sæmund Sigfusson. (See note on ‘*Sagas and Eddas*,’ 220-6).
- 90 2 **The old Icelandic Saga of Njal** (nyal), a saga that has a historical foundation.
- 93 3 “**Synnöve Solbakken**” (Synnöve Sunnyhill)—“The first of the simple delineations of peasant life in Norway in which Björnson portrays the honest farmers and labourers, among whom he had dwelt, with a truthfulness to the life as he saw it, and a fellow-feeling that was new in Norse literature. This pastoral tells how a rough and passionate youth was refined by the influence of a pure love.”—E. A. Baker.
- 96 6 **Sir Thomas Malory** [born about 1430—died after 1470], the author of the prose romance “*Morte Arthure*.”
- .. 7 **John Lyly** [1554-1606], an English dramatist and novelist.
- .. 11 Lyly’s principal work was “*Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*” which brought into prominence the affected style full of conceits and extravagances named from it “**Euphuism**.”
- 98 4 “**Religio Medici**” (A Physician’s Religion), a religious treatise by Sir Thomas Browne [1605-1682], published in 1643.
- .. 5 “**Pseudoxia, or an Enquiry into Vulgar Errors**,” published in 1646.
- .. “**Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial**,” published in

1658. "It is a descant on the vanity of human life, based on the discovery of certain cinerary urns in Norfolk."
- 100 26 **Thales** (thā'lez) [born at Miletus, Asia Minor, about 640 B.C., died about 546 B.C.], a famous Greek philosopher, astronomer, and geometer: one of the seven wise men of Greece, and the earliest Ionian natural philosophers. He regarded water as the principle of all things.
- 101 3 **Heraclitus** [born at Ephesus, about 535 B.C., died about 475 B.C.], a celebrated Greek philosopher. His chief theories were that fire, or rather heat, is the cause and inherent principle of all existence, and that everything in the world is in a state of flux or motion.
- " 7 **The Chaldeans**: the inhabitants of Chaldea, an ancient kingdom on the Persian Gulf.
- " 13 **The Parsees**: the descendants of those Persians who settled in India about the end of the 7th and the beginning of the 8th century, in order to escape Mohammedan persecution, and who still retain their ancient religion, now called Zoroastrianism.
- " 14 **feretra**: biers for carrying corpses to the grave.
- " 27 **Pythagoras** [born in Samos, Greece, about 582 B.C., died at Metapontum, Magna Græcia, about 500 B.C.], a famous Greek philosopher and mathematician.
- " 28 **Numa Pompilius**, the second king of Rome [715-672 B.C.].
- " 30 **The Scythians**: in ancient times, the inhabitants of the whole north and northeast of Europe and Asia.
- " 33 **The Ichthyophagi**: eaters (Greek, phagi) of fish.
- 102 1 **Homer**, a Greek epic poet of about the 9th cent. B.C., traditional author of the "Iliad" and the

- "Odyssey."
- 102 7 **Ajax Oileus**: one of the heroes in the Trojan war, often called the lesser Ajax; in consequence of his insolence to Cassandra, the prophetic daughter of Priam, his ship was driven on a rock, and he perished at sea.—Homer; *Odyssey*, iv 507.
- 103 10 **Patroclus**: a Greek chief in the Trojan war, slain by Hector.
- " 12 **Pompey** (106-48 B.C.), a Roman general, statesman, and Triumvir, rival of Cæsar, murdered in Egypt.
- " " **Isaac**: a Hebrew patriarch, son of Abraham and Sarah, and father of Jacob and Essau.
- " 20 **Hades**: the abode of the dead.
- " 24 **Penelope**: the wife of Ulysses and type of wifely constancy, who, during her husband's long absence was importuned by many suitors whose advances she kept in check under pretext of completing a shroud she was weaving for her aged father-in-law. Every night she unravelled what she had woven during the day, and thus the shroud made no progress toward completion.
- " " **Mercury**: the herald and messenger of the gods; god of commerce; patron of heralds, messengers, merchants, and thieves. (Greek, Hermes).
- " 26 **Hercules**: a mythical hero of Greece; type of strength and endurance.
- " 28 **Agamemnon**: in the Iliad, king of Mycenæ; leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war; assassinated on his return.
- " 29 **Ulysses** (Greek, Odysseus), King of Ithaca; engaged in the Trojan war; his subsequent wanderings form the theme of Homer's "Odyssey."
- 104 1 **Sibylla**: one of several women that prophesied under the supposed inspiration of some deity, chiefly of Apollo, and delivered their oracles in

- a frenzied state. The Cumæan sibyl was the most famous. She was consulted by Æneas and sold the sybilline books to Tarquin the proud.
- 104 1 **Æneas**: Trojan prince; hero of the "Æneid."
- " 2 **Virgil** [70-19 B.C.], a famous Roman epic, didactic, and idyllic poet, author of the "Æneid."
- " 4 Caius Julius **Cæsar** [100-44 B.C.], a famous Roman general, statesman, orator, and writer.
- " 5 **Ajax**: son of Telamon and the bravest of all the Greeks who besieged Troy, except Achilles. In Homer, Ajax typifies brute strength and courage without reason.
- " 6 **Deiphobus**: a Trojan warrior, son of Priam and Hecuba.
- " 27 **Cambyses**: a Persian king in the sixth century B.C., son of Cyrus.
- " 29 **Mizraim** (the Hebrew name of Egypt): younger son of Ham, hence grandson of Noah.
- " 29 **Pharaoh**: anyone of the ancient monarchs in Egypt.
- 106 29 **Erasmus Darwin** [1731-1802], an English naturalist and poet, grandfather of Charles Darwin.
- 108 19 Edward **Gibbon** [1737-1794], a famous English historian.
- " 22 Baron J. B. **Macaulay** [1800-1859], a celebrated English historian, essayist, poet, and statesman.
- " 22 "**Arabian Nights**," a famous collection of Oriental tales.
- " 25 Francis **Bacon** [1561-1626], a celebrated English philosopher, jurist, and statesman.
- 110 25 "**Undine**": a tale by Baron de la Motte Fouqué [1777-1843], a German poet and author, published in 1811. Undine is a water-spirit who is endowed with a soul by her marriage with a mortal.
- 112 18 Charles **Perrault** [1628-1703], a French writer.

- "Cinderella," "Bluebeard," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Puss in Boots," etc. were probably known long before Perrault's day, but to him belongs the credit of giving them in their French form a simple and lasting expression.
- 112 18 **Madame d'Aulnoy** or Comtesse d'Aulnoy [about 1560-1705], a French writer. No doubt she did not invent those stories as "The Yellow Dwarf" and "The White Cat," but has given their permanent and well-known form.
- " 27 **Hans Christian Andersen** [1805-1875], a Danish novelist and poet, but known as a writer of fairy tales and of travels.
- 113 3 Jakob **Grimm** [1785-1863], a German philologist and writer. After 1814 he lived and labored with his brother Wilhelm **Grimm** [1786-1859] in the closest association.
- " 6 "**Robinson Crusoe**": a famous story by Daniel Defoe [1661-1731], a celebrated English novelist and political writer; published in 1719.
- " 7 "**Gulliver's Travels**": a social and political prose satire, in the form of a book of travels, written by Jonathan Swift [1667-1745], a celebrated English satirist and man of letters, and published in 1726.
- " 10 **Henry Conscience**: Hendrik Conscience [1812-1883], a Flemish novelist.
- " 13 **Sir Walter Scott** [1771-1832], a famous Scottish novelist and poet.
- " 16 **The elder Alexander Dumas** [1802-1870], known as Alexandre Dumas père, a noted French dramatic author and novelist, author of "Monte Cristo" and of "The Three Musketeers." His son known as Alexandre Dumas fils [1824-1895], also a dramatic author and novelist.
- 115 17 Francesco **Petrarch** [1304-1374], an Italian scholar

- and poet.
- 115 17 Lodovico **Ariosto** [1474-1533], an Italian poet.
- „ 18 Pedro **Calderon** de la Barca [1600-1681], a celebrated Spanish dramatist and poet.
- „ 19 Luiz de **Camoens** (1524-1580), a celebrated Portuguese poet.
- „ 21 “**Kalevala**” (The Land of Heroes): the national epic of Finland.
- „ 25, 26 “**Mahabharata**” and “**Ramayana**” are the two great epics of India. The former recites the dynastic wars of two related families over a kingdom in northern India, supposed to date from 500 B. C. The latter is in seven books, of about the 5th century.
- 116 3 “**Shah-nameh**”: an epic that sings the deeds of Iranian and Persian sovereigns and heroes from the old time down to the Arab invasion in 641, A.D., and contains many of the ancient epic traditions of the Iranians.
- Abū'l Kasin Mansur [940-1020], the great epic poet of Persia, whose poetical title was **Firdusi**.
- „ 4 **Saadi** [1190?-1291?], one of the most celebrated Persian poets. His real name was Shaikh Muslihu'd-Din, Saadi being a nom de plume. “**The Gulistan**” (the rose-garden) is a kind of moral work in verse and prose, consisting of 8 chapters on kings, dervishes, contentment, taciturnity, love and youth, decrepitude and old age, education, and the duties of society the whole intermixed with stories, maxims, philosophical sentences, and puns.
- „ 5 **The “Divan” of Hafiz**: the poetical works of Hafiz, Shams ed-Din Muhammed [born in the beginning of the 14th century and died between 1388 and 1394], an eminent Persian divine, philosopher, and poet. Divan: the collection of

- poems written by one author, Persian or Arab, and arranged with rhymes in alphabetical order.
- 116 16 Edward **Fitzgerald** [1809-1883], an English poet and translator. His translation of the “Quatrains” of Omar Khayyam (1959) is his most celebrated work.
- „ 26 Heinrich **Heine** [1799-1856], a celebrated German lyric poet and critic, of Hebrew descent.
- 120 24 Henrik **Ibsen** [1828-1906], a noted Norwegian dramatic poet.
- 121 14 Herbert **Spencer** [1820-1903], a celebrated English philosopher, founder of the system named by himself the synthetic philosophy.
- „ „ Immanuel **Kant** [1724-1804], a celebrated German philosopher, one of the most influential thinkers of modern times: founder of the “critical philosophy.”
- 123 29 William Baton **Ker** [1855-1923], professor of English literature, Oxford.
- 126 22 Pierre Charles **Baudelaire** [1821-1867], a French critic and poet of the romantic school.
- „ 28 Edgar Allan **Poe** [1809-1849], a noted American poet and writer of tales.
- 130 17 “**Eothen**” (e-ō-then) (Greek, ‘from the dawn’) by Alexander William **Kinglake** [1809-1891], an English historian of the Crimean War.
- „ 29 Louis Marie **Julien Viaud**: pseudonym **Pierre Loti** [1850-1923], a French novelist.
- 131 5 . . . **certain observations regarding Japan** . . . that are found in his “Madame Chrysanthème” (1887), “Japoneries d'Automne” (1889).
- „ 25 Kipling's “From Sea to Sea,” vol. 1. No. XX.
- 132 1 **a plateau**: 愛宕山.
- „ 7 **a park**: 上野公園

NAKED POETRY (1902)

- 140 4 **William Allingham** [1828-88], an Irish poet.
- 143 14 **Francis William Bourdillon** [1853-1921], an English poet and man of letters.
- 146 14 **Robert Burns** [1756-1796], a famous Scottish lyric poet.
- .. 17 The original third stanza of "Auld Lang Syne" runs:—
- We twa ha'e paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne!
- 147 21 **Alexander Pope** [1688-1744], a famous English poet.

THE VALUE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION AND THE ART OF WRITING GHOST-STORY (1899)

- 149 16 **Maurice Maeterlinck** [1864-], a noted Belgian poet.
- 152 23 "Lays of Ancient Rome": a volume of poems by Macaulay.
- .. 24 **Twin Brethren**: Castor and Pollux, fabled to be the Sons of Zeus and Leda, and worshipped at Sparta as patrons of travellers by sea.
- .. 25 **Lake Regillus**: in ancient geography, a small lake near Rome (perhaps near Frascati), now not to be found. It is the scene of traditional victory of the Romans over the Latins about 496 B.C.
- .. " **Tarquin** (Tarquinius Superbus), the seventh and last king of Rome, in Roman legendary history. He is represented as a despot and tyrant, and as overthrown through the crime of his son Sextus. The traditional date of his reign is 534-510 B.C.

- 152 26 **Lucretia**, wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. Raped by Sextus Tarquinius, her husband's cousin, she summoned her husband and father, and after telling her sorrow, she stabbed herself to death (509 B.C.) It led to the overthrow of the Tarquins and the establishment of the republic.
- 153 1 "The Prophecy of Capys," the third poem out of 7 poems in "Lays of Ancient Rome."
- 155 1 **Bulwer Lytton**, first Baron Lytton [1803-1873], a noted English novelist, poet, dramatist, politician and orator.
- A short story here refers to the little story called first "The House and the Brains," but afterwards called "The Haunted and the Haunters."
- .. 27 **Herbert Allen Giles** [1845-], a British orientalist, professor of Chinese at the University of Cambridge.
- 156 6 A story: 果心居士 (夜窓鬼談) which Hearn developed and rewrote in his "A Japanese Miscellany."
- .. 22, 23 "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," both written by Lewis Carroll, pseudonym of Charles L. Dodgson [1832-1898], an English clergyman and writer, mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford.
- 158 7 **Friedrich Anton Mesmer** [1733-1815], a German physician, originator of the theory of **mesmerism** or animal magnetism.
- 161 3 "The Book of Job": a book of the Old Testament named after the hero.
- 162 13 **Succuba**; pl. **succubs**: a female demon fabled to have sexual connection with men in their sleep.
- .. 14 **Incubus**; pl. **incubi**: an imaginary being, or demon, supposed to be the cause of nightmare.
- .. 20 **Théophile Gautier** [1811-1872], French poet, critic, and novelist. Hearn translated six of these stories

- and published them in a book entitled "One of Cleopatra's Nights and other Fantastic Romances." He translated "**La Morte Amoureuse**" as "Clarimonde," and "**La Pied de Momie**" as "The Mummy's Foot."
- 163 2 **The eruption** of Mount Vesuvius took place in 79 A. D. and buried Herculaneum, an ancient city, to a depth of from 70 to 112 feet, and **Pompeii**, another ancient city on the Bay of Naples, under ashes.
- 164 16 Washington **Irving** (1783-1859), an American historian, and humorist.
- " " "**The Adalantado** (military governor) **of the Seven Cities**" in Irvings "Wolfert's Roost and Miscellanies."
- " 19 "**The Seven Sleepers**" of Ephesus: Seven Christian youths who are said to have concealed themselves in a cavern near Ephesus (in Asia Minor during the persecution under the Roman Emperor Decius (249-251 A.D.)), and to have fallen asleep there not awaking till two or three hundred years later, when Christianity had become the religion of the empire. The tale is told in divers manners. The best accounts are those in the "Koran" XVIII; "The Golden Legends" by Jacques de Voragine; the "De Gloria Martyrum," i.9. by Gregory of Tours; and "Oriental Tales" by Comte de Caylus (1743).
- " " "**Rip Van Winkle**" slept twenty years in the Kaatskill mountains of North America.—W. Irving: "Sketch Book" (1820).
- " 25 **Marie de France**: a French poetess who lived probably in the first part of the 13th century.

THE HÁVA-MÁL (1900)

"Háva-mál" signifies the discourse or canticle of the

- sublime; *i.e.* deity; Odin himself being supposed to have given these precepts of wisdom to mankind.—Mallet's "Northern Antiquities."
- 168 6 Henry Wadsworth **Longfellow** (1807-1882), a distinguished American poet.
- " 15 **Professor Gudbrandur Vigfusson** (1827-1889), a noted Danish philologist.
- 171 18 "**Everybody has three enemies. . . .**" ought to be "Everyman has *seven* enemies. . . ."
- 176 1 **Lord Chesterfield** (Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield) (1694-1773), an English politician, orator, and writer: his chief work is "Letters to His Son."
- 178 24 **Matthew Arnold** (1822-1888), an English critic and poet, son of Thomas Arnold.
- " 25 **Philistine**: one of a warlike immigrant people, of disputed origin, who inhabited parts of Philistia or Palestine, and contested the possession and sovereignty of it with the Israelites, and continued to harass them with such persistency for several centuries. Hence a matter of fact, commonplace person; a satisfied person who is unaware of his own lack of culture.
- 179 30 **leasng**=lying, falsehood.

ON READING IN RELATION TO LITERATURE (1899)

- 202 21 **A previous lecture**: "On Composition," pp. 55-56.
- 208 7 Emile **Zola** (1840-1902), a noted French novelist.
- " 25 Thomas **Carlyle** (1795-1881), a celebrated Scottish essayist and historian.
- 210 9 **Dante** Alighieri (1265-1321), a celebrated Italian poet.
- 212 2 "**Daphnis and Chloe**" by Longus, a Greek romancer and sophist, probably of the 5th century.

- It recounts the loves and pastoral life of Daphnis, foster-son of Lamon, a goatherd, and Chloe, foster-daughter of Dryas, a shepherd. It has been translated and imitated in all European languages. Tasso's "Aminta," Montemayor's "Diana," d'Urfi's "Sireine," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" and Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" are founded on it. English translations: "Greek Romances," Bohn's Library; "Daphnis and Chloe," Abbey Classics No. 13.
- 212 20 "**Manon Lescaut**," a romance written by Abbé Antoine François Prevost (1677-1753), a French novelist.
- 213 24 **Sir John Lubbock** (1834-1913), an English scientist, archaeologist, and author; created Baron Avebury, 1900.
- 216 26 Thomas **Keightly** (1789-1872), an Irish writer, author of "**Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy**," "Fairy Mythology," etc.
- 217 15 **The "Iliad"**: an ancient epic poem in 24 books on the siege of Troy.; **the "Odyssey"**: on the wanderings of Odysseus after the close of the Trojan War.
- .. 21 Andrew **Lang** (1844-1912), an English critic, essayist, historian, poet, and translator.
- S.H. **Butcher**, professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, author of "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius," etc.
- 218 3 **Sophocles** (495-406 B.C.), an Athenian tragic poet.
- .. 4 **Æschylus** (525-456 B.C.), a Greek tragic poet.
- **Euripides** (480-406 B.C.) an Athenian tragic poet.
- .. 10 **Aristophanes** (444?-380? B.C.), a Greek comic poet and dramatist.
- .. 22 **Theocritus**, a Greek pastoral poet of the 3rd century B.C.

- 219 3 **Amyot**. The romance of *Daphnis and Chloe* is known principally through the French version of Jacques Amyot (1513-93), revised by Courier.
- .. 7 **Horace** (65-8 B.C.), a famous Roman lyric and satirical poet.
- .. 9 **The Æneid**: an epic poem in 12 books, by Virgil, accounting the adventures of Æneas after the fall of Troy, founded on the Roman tradition, that Æneas settled in Latium and became the ancestral hero of the Roman people.
- .. 11 John **Conington** (1825-1854), an English classical scholar.
- .. 16 **Golden Ass of Apuleius**. Lucius Apuleius, a Roman Platonic philosopher and rhetorician of the 2nd century B.C., author of the famous romance, the "Metamorphoses or the Golden Ass." Some of the adventures of "Don Quixote" and of "Gil Blas" are drawn from this source, and Boccaccio has used many of the comic episodes. English translations: Bohn's Library; Abbey Classics No. 6.
- .. 26 **The names of the days of the week** are all Norse with perhaps one exception of Saturday which is the day of Saturn. Tuesday is the day of the god Tiw, the Norse God of Courage and War; Wednesday, the day of Woden or Odin, the Chief god of the Norse, the source of wisdom and the patron of culture and of the heroes; Thursday, the day of Thor, the god of thunder, the second principal god; Friday, the day of Frigga, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, the wife of Odin and the Queen of the Gods.
- 220 4 For the subject of ancient Northern literature, Norse, Icelandic, German, English, etc.,—the greatest of all authorities in English is the splendid **Corpus Poeticum Boreali**: the Poetry of the Northern

Tongue.

- 220 6 **Eddas** (Icelandic, lit. grandfather): Two collections of old Norse or Icelandic literature, known respectively as the "Edda Snorri Sturlunsonar," otherwise the "Younger, or Prose Edda," and the "Edda Sæmundar," otherwise the "Elder, or Poetic Edda." The Younger Edda, that of Snorri Sturluson (1179-1241) was discovered in 1628, and consists of three parts. The Elder Edda, a series of thirty-three lays in alliterative verse supposed to have been written by Sæmund the Wise (1056-1133), was discovered in 1643 by Brynjulf Sveinsson. The *Havamal* is a collection of poems in the Elder Edda.
- Sagas**: ancient Scandinavian legends or traditions of considerable length, relating either mythical or historical events.
- „ 11 Paul Henri **Mallet** (1730-1807), a Swiss historian and student of Scandinavian antiquities, author of *Northern Antiquities* (1770).
- „ 16 Thomas **Perey** (1729-1831), an English poet and **bishop**, the editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* and translator of the *Northern Antiquities*.
- „ 29 Abraham **Hayward** (1801-1884), an English essayist and general writer. Among his works is a translation of *Faust*.
- 221 8 Emma **Lazarus** (1849-1887), an American poetess of Hebrew origin.
- „ 17 **Molière**: the stage name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673), a celebrated French dramatist and actor, the greatest French writer of comedies.
- 222 29 The **English Bible**. See *On Art, Literature and Philosophy*, Chapter I, "The Bible in English Literature."

FAREWELL ADDRESS (1902)

- 229 20, 21 **Tennyson** was a student at Trinity College, **Cambridge** (1828-31).

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