

Sir Edwin Arnold at Home in Japan.

The day after my arrival at Tokyo I went up to renew my acquaintance with the author of that epochal poem, "The Light of Asia." I found Sir Edwin as genial as ever and as astonishingly full of vitality. He has been fortunate enough to rent the charming little bungalow of General Palmer, that curious combination servant of the Japanese Government and correspondent of an English newspaper—the *Times* itself. He had great difficulty in obtaining it—the Japanese do not like foreigners, however distinguished and friendly, settling in Tokyo, except in the quarter reserved for foreign settlement, and they will not give permission at all except to teachers and their own employees. Sir Edwin's Japanese landlord tried to get over this objection by saying that the poet was the guest of General Palmer. The government replied that guests did not pay rent, meaning the converse. So M. Asso engaged Sir Edwin as tutor to his daughters at the nominal salary of 600 yen—not quite a £100—a year. And Sir Edwin volunteered to correct the English of the history which M. Asso is writing. His duties as tutor consist in hearing these two charming Japanese girls play the koto charmingly, and conversing, I won't say flirting, with them in English. M. Asso puts on English attire when he comes to call upon his tenant (and employee), though he relapses into his own picturesque dress for comfort in the privacy of his home. One night however, being in a hurry, he appeared *à la* Japan, and apologised profusely for the aesthetic pleasure he conferred by what he considered a breach of ceremony.

Sir Edwin is nothing, if not Japanese, while in Japan. He was out when we arrived, but Miss Arnold kept us to tiffin, and, before I noticed his presence, he was standing over me with outthrust hand. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Sladen?" He had come in with stockinged feet, and through the wall.

The unanglicized Japanese always takes his boots off before he enters a house; to use Sir Edwin's graphic expression, "he does not make a street of his home," and the door is only one of his modes of entry, for the walls of his house are sliding panels of paper stretched on wooden frames, and to enter or go out he pushes back the most convenient panel. In a tea-house, as they call Japanese inns, people think nothing of pushing back a panel of your bedroom or bathroom and improving themselves by observing your *modus vivendi*. While you are in your bath women may watch you, and you may return the compliment. The Japanese cannot see any indecency in the inevitable functions of life.

Sir Edwin sleeps in Japanese fashion on a thick quilt "of the take up thy bed and walk" pattern, spread upon the floor at night and during the day rolled up into the sliding cupboard. Other furniture the room has none, except a cheap European camp washstand and two Japanese chests of drawers made of the characteristic white wood with pretty black iron-work mountings. To assist the washstand in promoting the march of civilization, a court-sword and a "blazer" were hanging from clothes pegs. The walls of his little bedroom—a mere closet like the Iron Duke's—are made of tissue paper panels with silver maple leaves powdered upon them and a clear glass strip at a height inconducive of propriety. Miss Arnold has a large handsome room, furnished in the European style, and giving the same evidence of its occupant's exquisite taste, as the little touches that have transformed General Palmer's drawing-room.

This drawing-room is a charming place. Surrounded on two sides by glass panels from floor to ceiling, and on the other two by an effective dado of brown plaster a couple of feet high at the top, and panels of gold and crimson-flowered paper below, the woodwork being fir, left in its native beauty, like the ceiling, which is supported in the centre by an unheavened cherry trunk. The Japanese give no better instance of their good taste than by the success with which they introduce natural woodwork.

It would not be Sir Edwin if there were no blossoming dwarf plum tree in a blue and white porcelain pot—the inevitable accompaniment of a Japanese house at this season of the year. And the revolving book-case in the corner is crowned with a model junk, kept in company by the New Year battledores and shuttlecocks sent by those Misses Asso, who have such an illustrious tutor, to acknowledge the compliment of a box of San Francisco candies.

My old shipmate's (Sir Edwin's son's) residence in Australia is evidenced by a possum rug, and American civilization is represented by a stove. On one of the little occasional tables is a bunch of roses that have escaped the frost, for they have a garden and an artificial fuji commanding a view of the real fuji towering, like a huge opal under the magic of sun and snow, forty-five miles away. Appropriately by the roses is Trübner's new edition of the "Light of Asia," a charming volume, except for the portrait, in which the masterful face of the photograph standing on an easel in the corner loses its strength and vitality, though full of intellect and sweetness.

Balanced on the soft firwood framework of the dado, I notice some of the bright silk padded figures of Japanese girls, familiar in the boudoirs of San Francisco.

"Those," said Miss Arnold, tracking the direction of my glances, "are our—seismometers, do you call them? I mean, they register the seriousness of an earthquake by the promptness with which they fall."

How pretty she looked as she sat there entertaining Henry Savage Landor and myself. An unusually becoming black tailor-made dress showed off to full advantage the clear dusky complexion of the mobile face and its clear

grey eyes, and the rich dash of auburn in the dark hair. Miss Arnold is not like the Queen. Unlike that august lady, she does not make a text of "The Private Secretary's" immortal announcement, "Do you know, I don't like London!" Living in this, to say the least of it, unconventional and inconveniently airy country, she does not sigh like Lasca's lover, "I want free life and I want fresh air." In fact her father's aspirations rather appal her. Sir Edwin says he could live in Japan, in fact, he thinks he will have to live in Japan, for the rest of his life. The land of the lotus has twined its tendrils round his Buddhist soul, and he feels as if he could stay and eat the lotus here till it is time for Nirvana. It is rest, rest, rest, and he longs for rest. He has had his fighting, thirty years of it, and shot eight thousand arrows from his editorial quiver. This is natural. But it is also natural for a pretty young girl to be thirsting for the fray in London, where conquests are made. They have got thus far towards a settlement of the question that they have the house on their hands till the end of March.

"See here, Mr. Sladen," says my host, drawing my attention to a rich, dark wood plaque, supporting a marvelously finished ivory cock, fashioned out of an odd chip that a European carver would have cut up or thrown away, "like the unheavened cherry trunk which supports our ceiling and the thousand and one bamboo curios, it illustrates the curious faculty the Japanese have for utilizing every suggestion of the picturesque which Nature offers. They do not subdue her, but make an ally of her."

What a pleasant place this drawing-room was. If too sunny, there were gold silk curtains to draw round the two glass walls; and, for wintry weather, there ran round the outside a sun-gallery, such as one sees in the abbot's lodges in Clunian abbeys.

"I'm so thankful that we managed to get a furnished house," said Miss Arnold to me. "Papa's idea is to take an unfurnished house and to buy things just as one wants them. He feels hungry and goes out to buy eggs. When they come to table, he remembers that they want cups and spoons, and rushes off to get them."

"Well, how did you manage to hear of it?"

"Oh! Captain Brinkley mentioned it in the *Japan Mail* that we were anxious to get a house if we could find one to suit us, and General Palmer saw it that very day. He was anxious to leave it and we to have it. So he just walked out and we walked in. The first thing I did was nearly to kill myself by keeping the shibashi (charcoal hand-stove) in my bedroom. When my father called me in the morning, there was no answer, and he came in and found me speechless."

"How do you manage about housekeeping?"

"Oh! it's very simple. I tell our major-domo. Neither the cook, nor the cook's wife, nor my maid, nor my rikisha man, nor the gardener, can speak a word of English."

"From our little fuji," struck in Sir Edwin, "we can look over the whole of Tokyo, a city as large as London, in extent of ground, for it consists so much of little one-floored cottages and embraces so many noble parks. Should not this be a lesson to us in laying out great cities?" And he continued, "You could lose yourself in a hundred different parts of it, if you go out slumming, and be perfectly safe in all of them. Think of that compared to Paris or Vienna, though it must be confessed that this is owing partly to the utter indifference of the Japanese. I had a drive the other day from one point in the city to another—eight miles. I went to a Japanese banquet given in my honour at the Maple Club in the park at Shiba. There were eight of the Ministers there. I like the Japanese food very much. I can eat everything—raw fish, sweets and fish together—anything. I like 'saki.' I can drink any quantity of it without a headache. I'm not sure if I have a digestion; I have never had any evidence of it. I attribute part of my success in life to this, as my friend Gladstone does. I observe one precaution which Gladstone tells me he always takes. I eat very slowly and talk a good deal between. Gladstone thinks slow eating the mother of good digestion. He bites everything 25 times before he swallows it. Another thing is that in early life I carried out the Greek idea and practical *gymnastike* as well as *mousike*. You know the senses in which the Greeks used these words of physical and intellectual training. My Japanese servants amuse me a little, but I am charmed with them. Yesterday being New Year's Day, my cook's baby, who is only three years old, toddled up and made a full Japanese bow, grinding its nose on the ground, and said: 'At the beginning of the year, on the first day, I wish you great prosperity.'

"Miss Arnold's maid is a sweet little thing; she has delightful manners, only she talks no English, and the only word of Japanese my daughter knows is 'shibashi,' which she uses like a Japanese, or the poor Italians with their 'scaldini,' and then he clapped hands in the Asiatic fashion, and the pretty dusky little creature appeared, attired in a graceful kimono."

"I like Tokyo," Sir Edwin continued. "Here at Imaicho it is the true *rus in urbe*. We are in the country, though we are in one of the five greatest cities in the world. We are surrounded by bamboo groves and pleasure grounds. We have the purest rural atmosphere, though we are in a city of a million and a quarter inhabitants. We have our lotus pond, our roses, our camellias, our palm trees. Outside our gates there are Shinto temples and fortress walls, and in a month or two the whole district will be white with cherry blossoms. Here I listen to my pupils playing the koto and samisen, and re-

vise my master's (Inspector Asso's) Japanese History. I am a tutor, you know, and the bishop himself would not be permitted to reside here unless he called himself a school-master. My *ménage* consists of my major-domo and my cook, my cook's wife, his baby, my gardener and my 'rikisha' man, and my daughter's maid. The cook gives in his accounts every day with an 'abacus' in a newly washed blue coolie dress with a big red dragon on his back. He is splendid at fish. His name is Nakashima. Then come Watanabi and Shuzo. Just now they are all in their glory in their new blue New Year's clothes ornamented with storks. My gardener's name is Suzuhikanzo. I call him the Ace of Spades, because he reminds me of it with his little hoe. He makes my bath ready in a huge wooden tub on a grated floor. The Japanese parboil themselves every day. The little maid's name is Yoshidatori—a pretty smiling little thing, the daughter of a Samurai. She never comes in without a beautiful Japanese salute. She has her hair dressed twice a week with marvellous pins, and has the front part of her hair, when it is stiffened up with the composition, made into a kind of 'fuji' on her brow. She used a Makura—the funny little Japanese pillow with its two little drawers, and when she is dusting, covers her head with one of the quaint blue cotton Japanese towels. She answers everything with a respectful 'kashko marimashita' (I have assented). She is very timid of earthquakes. During that bad one we had the day before yesterday, which lasted six minutes, she ran in to my daughter. She says 'the more you know of earthquakes the less you like being left alone with them.' At 8 a.m. Otorisari wakes me drawing back the slides and pushing in early breakfast and a fire-box. The cook's wife plays ball and target.

"We have had our gates decorated for the New Year with 'Kadomatsu'—grass, paper, seaweed, a lobster, an orange, etc., for luck and goodwill, and also with Japanese flags."

And then we went off to lunch—Sir Edwin and Miss Arnold, that brilliant grandson of a brilliant grandfather, Henry Savage Landor, the artist, Mr. and Mrs. Penny and myself. The dining-room, which is also Sir Edwin's study, is a long plain room with a sun-gallery running down all one side of it, and a recess at the end containing a library table and ornamented with a "kakemono" (scroll with a figure painted on it). Lunch, with the exception of having "saki" served and Japanese biscuits on the table, was a very handsome European one. Sir Edwin does not inflict his enthusiasms on his friends. I sat next to Miss Arnold, but I am afraid she found me very poor company, for I could not help listening to the cascade of brilliant conversation which poured from her father's lips. Talking of Japanese history, he said that Hideyoshi was something more than a great hero—for to him, with his friends, the Buddhist priests, we owe that custom of solemn tea-drinking which has given to Japan her architecture and to the western world that most inestimable boon, the use of tea. Sir Edwin himself drinks 80 or 90 cups a day in Japan. As his daughter could not work up to his own concert pitch of enthusiasm about this country, he thought of writing to her a ballad in F sharp—"Ask me not to quit Japan." He had an argument with Mr. Penny, made irresistibly droll by Landor, who knew nothing of the subject, but sees the ludicrous in everything, as to how far it was a Buddhist doctrine that men send themselves to heaven and hell and used the expression "we Buddhists." Then he flew into the drawing-room for a minute and returned with a Japanese book, from which he read us a little Japanese poem of five lines. Then he championed the extraordinary doctrine that children are no relation to their parents, but that the wandering soul finds its family among the souls which suit it best; generally, however, finding the souls of its parents suitable,—and passed on to the doctrine of Pangenesis.

"I feel," said Sir Edwin, suddenly changing the subject and stretching himself with a sigh of relief, "like a bird escaped from its cage. I shall never go back. Not that I feel that I am growing old. I am three years off sixty yet, and my mother lived to be ninety-one, and climbed a five-bar gate the day she died. She only died last year—God bless her—the same day as my sweet wife. My father never knew a day's illness until, to use that fine Japanese phrase, 'he condescended to die.' We Buddhists neither hope nor fear. Earthquake or banquet is the same to us. At death we say—'Pay the bill you must. Dear Brother, it was cloudy when you were with us, but now it is all sunshine.'"

"My philosophy, Sir Edwin," I said, "is tacking. I sail on a tack with all sail crowded on until the wind dies away, and then I don't repine or wait for the wind to come back, but stand away on a new tack."

"What do you do if you miss stays?"

"Be as plucky as I can and watch for the ship to right herself."

Sir Edwin's pretty young girl pupils had been acting to him the whole range of Japanese salutes—ladies saluting their equals, their inferiors, and their superiors, and people whose relative rank to their own was doubtful, or a matter to be disputed. He asked them if, honestly, women were treated well in Japan.

"Not sufficiently well, but not brutally—with indifference," was the reply.

"You are better than men," retorted Sir Edwin gallantly. "Why should you be treated worse?"

"For two reasons, from babyhood we are taught submission and taught to conceal our feelings."

Sir Edwin then talked of the relative work of Shinto,