"Out of the East."
Reveries and studies in new Japan

Hearn Lafcadio
Title: "Out of the East." Reveries and studies in new Japan

Author: Hearn Lafcadio

This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.
Books by Lafcadio Hearn.

STRAY LEAVES FROM STRANGE LITERATURE. 16mo, $1.50.
GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN. 2 vols. crown 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.
OUT OF THE EAST. Reveries and Studies in New Japan. 16mo, $1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.
"OUT OF THE EAST"
REVERIES AND STUDIES IN NEW JAPAN

BY

LAFCADIO HEARN
AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN"

"As far as the east is from the west —"

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1895
TO
NISHIDA SENTARŌ
IN DEAR REMEMBRANCE OF
IZUMO DAYS

🎉
CONTENTS

I. THE DREAM OF A SUMMER DAY . . . . 1
II. WITH KYūSHū STUDENTS . . . . 28
III. AT HAKATA . . . . . . . . . 71
IV. OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE . . . . 85
V. BITS OF LIFE AND DEATH . . . . 126
VI. THE STONE BUDDHA . . . . . . . 157
VII. JIUJUTSU . . . . . . . . . 183
VIII. THE RED BRIDAL . . . . . . . 243
IX. A WISH FULFILLED . . . . . . . 280
X. IN YOKOHAMA . . . . . . . . . 304
XI. YUKO: A REMINISCENCE . . . . . 331

"The Dream of a Summer Day" first appeared in the "Japan Daily Mail."
tion through the blue overhead. But to behold it was worth all the trouble of the journey. It was a glory of light, a thunder of motion, a triumph of sea-wind,—all in one. It made me want to shout when I looked at it.

Between the cedarn balcony pillars I could see the course of the pretty gray town following the shore-sweep,—and yellow lazy junks asleep at anchor,—and the opening of the bay between enormous green cliffs,—and beyond it the blaze of summer to the horizon. In that horizon there were mountain shapes faint as old memories. And all things but the gray town, and the yellow junks, and the green cliffs, were blue.

Then a voice softly toned as a wind-bell began to tinkle words of courtesy into my reverie, and broke it; and I perceived that the mistress of the palace had come to thank me for the chadai,¹ and I prostrated myself before her. She was very young, and more than pleasant to look upon,—like the moth-maidens, like the butterfly-women, of Kunisada. And I thought at once of death;—for

¹ A little gift of money, always made to a hotel by the guest shortly after his arrival.