THE SUMIYOSHI MONOGATARI

TRANSLATED BY HAROLD PARLETT,

OF H. B. M. CONSULAR SERVICE JAPAN.
PREFACE.

MENTION is made by Sei Shōnagon, in the Makura-no-Sōshi, of a book called the Sumiyoshi Monogatari; but this work has not survived till modern times, and the present Sumiyoshi Monogatari is by a later writer. The date of its composition is uncertain.

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H. P.
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Once, long ago, there lived a man who was both a Chūnagon¹ and Saemon-no-Kami,² and he had two mistresses whom he visited. One was the daughter of a mighty Shodaibu,³ the other, the child of a former Mikado; and, by reason of some affinity in a previous existence, it was his wont to spend his days in the company of the latter, until at length, before the eyes of men, unabashed he took her to wife. To them in time was born a little maid of such radiant beauty, and so sweetly in accord with her father's longings, that he loved her more than life, while his solicitude for her was without limit. And as the days wore, she grew up tall and strong; but when eight years had passed, the princess her mother fell ill, and, as time went on, the sickness increased; so at last she said weeping to her husband:

¹. The sixth official in rank in the Dajōkwan or Council of state. The office was founded by Jitō Tennō in the 6th year of his reign, subsequently abolished, and restored in the 4th year of Keiun.
². Chief of the guards of the Left (Saemon-no-fu) which kept watch and ward over the palace gates.
³. Were Samurai of the 5th rank, who had the title "Kami" bestowed upon them. They corresponded to the Sōnin (貴任) of to-day.
"My heart is sorely troubled for my little daughter, lest it happen that I die. Therefore, though I be gone, do thou not treat the child with unkindness. Hold her not in less consideration than thine other daughters; but, befall what may, offer her, I pray thee, to the Emperor for his handmaiden."

To this the Chunagon, likewise weeping, made reply:
"I also am her parent. Shall I then love her less than thou dost?"

With such talk as this the days fled, and, for that this world is, alas, a place of sorrow and change, their converse became of the things which have been. And the princess died. Then the Chunagon performed carefully, and with all ceremony, the funeral rites prescribed by custom, even though his heart was the while so torn with grief that he would fain have followed her on the road of death. But, when the short days of mourning, forty and nine in number, had passed, he took to wife the other woman, leaving his little daughter, who, already sad and lonely for thinking always of her dead mother, became nigh heart-broken when her father likewise deserted her. Then the foster-mother, seeing her bowed down with grief, as the twin-buds of the tender lespedza are bent with the dew, essayed in many ways to comfort her. And so the days sped on. From time to time the Chunagon visited his daughter, and ever, as he went away, she would catch at the sleeve of his robe, weeping.
for that she knew not whither he was going; and, at the
sight of her tears and her manifest desire to go with him,
there would rise before his eyes the wraith of the dead
one, so rending his heart with pity, that scarce could he
forbear from weeping.

"Ah, little one, how bitterly thou sorrowest!"

With these words and a story of his speedy return
it was his wont to put her off and leave her, his own soul
the while a prey to despair. Yet, though he went away,
ever was he haunted by a sad wistful little figure, and he
would fain have brought the child to live with his other
daughters, but he remembered the adage, true then as
it had been in days of eld, of the step-mother and the
step-child, and for that reason let her live on with her
foster-mother, to whom it seemed that the child's beauty
shone ever brighter with the passing of the days, so that
at the sight of it she cried:

"Ah me, the pity of things! If the dead princess
could but behold thee, what joy would be hers, and, oh,
how sweetly she would love and care for thee!"

Many another fond thing she said as she stroked the
child's hair and wept, for alas, there was nought to do
but weep. At last, when the Himegimi was somewhat
more than ten years of age, the foster-mother addressed
the Chunagon in these words:

"When thy daughter was a little maid, it mattered
not; but surely thou hast seen, that, in these last two
years, she hath grown passing tall and beautiful! Therefore my heart is fearful for what may befall her in the future. What hath happened in the matter of presenting her to the Emperor, spoken of by the dead princess?"

"It pleaseth me well,"—replied the Chûnagon,—"that thou art thus careful on her behalf. The matter of the palace is likewise always near my heart, but nought hath yet fallen out according to my desire. Be that as it may, I will have the maiden brought to my house and strive my utmost for her sake."

So the time of the removal was fixed for the 10th day of the 1st month. Then the Chûnagon departed; and, when at last the day arrived and he saw her, after his servants had brought her to his dwelling, talking in friendly fashion with his other daughters, he was glad and his heart was at ease. Fair were these maidens, the Naka-no-Kimi and the San-no-Kimi, though in different ways; fairer indeed than most, yet was the Himegimi even more fair than they. So wondrous was her loveliness, that one might call it radiant.

Now the foster-mother had a daughter named Jijû, who was but two years older than the Himegimi, comely of figure and of pleasing demeanour, having, withal, such a manner of speech, that all who heard had fain been like her. This maiden had been attached to the Himegimi as a companion, and they had lived together till that time, for neither could bear separation from the
other for even a short space. So the Chūnagon busied himself in preparing the West pavilion of his mansion with intent to place them there. But, in the meanwhile, what was passing in the heart of the step-mother? To the world she said:

"Ah! it hath oft been my desire to fetch the little maid to mine own dwelling, since the time when her mother died and left her lonely, but the matter hath ever been put off from one day to another. Now, however, I am glad, for the children can, in one another's company, while away the weary hours. Ah me! with what longing must her young heart recall those earlier days. Indeed, it is pitiful!"

As for the foster-mother of the Himegimi, who, for long years had lived buried in a miserable dwelling, she wept for joy when she saw what had happened, and her heart, which had been clouded with fears, grew clear and glad once more; while again and again she cried that it was no longer hard to die.

Now, to the Naka-no-Kimi, because she was her own daughter, the step-mother had given a husband who held the office of Hyōe-no-suke,¹ and they dwelt in the West wing of the mansion. Here it was that the three prin-

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¹ The meaning given to "Hyōe" is "Guards Proper:" but it would seem in ancient times to have had a somewhat wider signification, to have embraced in fact the "army," when the army was attached to the Emperor personally. "Suke" was a title given to officials next in rank to the head of a government office. It is now a common ending to personal names.
cesses spent their days, amusing themselves in friendly guise together. But the foster-mother never for one moment forgot the charge of her dead mistress that the Himegimi should be sent to the Emperor's palace, so oftentimes she questioned the Chūnagon on the matter, and he as oft assured her that it was always in his mind but that he had not spoken of it to his wife, for the Himegimi was not her own child, and, therefore, she would not, even though he spake, bestir herself.

After this fashion the days went by, leaving the Chūnagon ill at ease and care-worn.

Now the Udaijin had a son, who was a Shōshō of the 4th rank, clever and handsome beyond most men, and in his heart there was from morn till eve but one thought, how to find in the world the lady of his desire. So his days were filled with melancholy. But there was in his father's household a menial named Chikuzen, who held the humble post of Sorasae, and this man had been Tonomono Taiyū in the service of the Chūnagon in the years while the first princess still lived, and had seen the Himegimi every day. And it chanced on a

1. Minister of the Right next in Rank to the Sadaijin (Minister of the Left) and third in rank in the Dajokwan. The post founded in the 4th year of Kōkyoku Tennō was abolished in 1885.
2. A Major-General. The third in command in the Imperial Body guard. There were two Shōshō, the Sakon-e-no-shōshō (Major-General of the Body guard of the Left) and the Ukon-e-no-shōshō (Major-General of the Body guard of the Right).
3. A kind of Jester.
4. Head of the keepers of the gate.
time, in the Western wing of the Udaijin's mansion, that, as he talked of people, saying both good and evil; he spake of this little daughter of the Chünagon's first princess, praising her youthful beauty, and saying that the sight of it recalled to men's hearts the tender buds of the young lespedza. He wondered, too, into what manner of maiden she had grown, for years four or five had passed since the day of her mother's death and the time when he had last seen her. But, while he talked, the Shōshō, who was eaves-dropping, heard him, and, rejoicing at this good news, at once summoned the man to his apartments, where he addressed him in these words:

"Thou knowest well that in the world there are many maidens passing fair; yet, for all that, are my days steeped in melancholy. Tell me hast thou ever cast eyes upon the daughter of the former consort of the Chünagon."

"Truly I have," replied Chikuzen, "for I was of the number of the princess' servants, and, for that reason, often saw her daughter. Peerless was she in loveliness, and I have heard tell that the Chünagon would fain send her to the palace, but is sorely grieved for that he hath not arrived at the fulfilment of his desire."

"Ah," cried the Shōshō, "wilt thou not make overtures to her on my behalf, and carry to her a letter from me?"

"I cannot tell," said the servant, "whether she will hear thee, nevertheless I am willing to carry thy letter."
When the Shōshō heard this, his heart was glad, and as it was the 10th month, he wrote on paper spangled with a design of red maple leaves, this poem.

The first rains of autumn Are falling to-day. I pray thee remember They only make redder The leaves of the maple.

Then he folded the missive and delivered it into the hands of his messenger, who carried it, as the shades of evening were falling, to the dwelling of the Chūnagôn. And there all were filled with wonder to see him.

"How strange! Why hast thou come hither?" cried Jījū. "Ah how thou bringest with thee pleasant memories of the past!"

To this Chikuzen made reply. "My days have been so full of trouble and care, that, though I would fain have come to see ye, it hath not till now been in my power. Nevertheless I felt that I could not for ever solace myself with regrets and wishes. Therefore am I come to explain. Ever dear to me hath been the memory of the past, but it hath grown dearer as the years have crept on, and beyond endurance is become the craving

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1. The Shōshō compares his love for the princess to the red leaves of the maple. They were red before the rain fell, so was there love in his heart for her before he knew her, and as the falling rain made the leaves redder so does the confession of his love make it burn brighter.
to behold once again the friends of former days." Such were his words, and of many other things he spake—gossip of old days and of what had befallen long ago—to all of which the Himegimi, who sat close by, listened sadly. But when Chikuzen left, he called Jijū aside and gave her the letter, saying that it came from the Shōshō the son of the Udaijin, and that, though he liked not being a party to such matters, because the sender was a person of such high estate and had moreover pressed him very hardly, it had not been in his power to say nay.

"What my mistress will think I cannot tell," replied Jijū, "but, for the sake of thy words, I will offer it to her."

Thereupon, having told the princess that such and such a letter had come, the maid opened it and laid the missive before her mistress, over whose face a deep blush quickly spread, though never a word fell from her lips.

"It is but as I should expect," thought Jijū. So she told Chikuzen, and, on the morrow, he went to the Shōshō and related to him all that had befallen.

"Indeed! Indeed!" cried the Shōshō. "And pray tell me what manner of maiden the princess is."

"She is like unto a being of another world, and such is her beauty, that all around her seems to shine. When I went to her dwelling, she was playing on the koto, and, as I spake to those about her of the things of long ago and of her dead mother, from time to time she sighed.
A fool were I indeed if I essayed to depict her form and features. Yet this much will I say, that her beauty brings to the mind a memory of the Ominaeshi,¹ hangs drooping above the fence by reason of the burden of the dew, so that straightway pity for the maiden possess those about her while of the garments of even those who are strange narrow for their tears."

Thus Chikuzen spake; and the Shōshō, he listened, was filled to overflowing with Himegimi. But his only words were:

"It is the first time, and, for that reason, what she hath done is but seemly. Nevertheless, I pray thee, speak to her again and again, for, if I attain to my desire, I shall be grateful to thee even beyond this world."

To this Chikuzen made reply: "Though the world esteem me as one overlewd, I will strive to my uttermost, if thy desire, oh my lord! be so great.

When the Shōshō heard this he was exceeding glad, and again wrote a note which Chikuzen delivered into the hands of Jijū. But the tire-maiden said that her mistress had no knowledge in these matters and that it was pitiful to see the pain which the Shōshō’s letter had given her.

"Were my lord base-born," replied the servant, "it were not possible even for me to speak of these things."

¹. Patrinia scabiosifolia.
But better is a prince, the son of a prince, than the uncertainty of the palace. If thy mistress accepted my lord’s suit, it would free thee from great anxiety, for, as I gather from thy words, her going to the palace will not be a thing easy of accomplishment; whereas my lord the Shōshō is the elder brother of the Emperor’s consort and will presently be raised to higher rank. In beauty, too, of figure and of face, as in every other attribute, he surpasses all men. Thinkest thou that I should speak of these things if they were like to cause thee anxiety for thy mistress’ sake?

"Nay! it is not that," replied Jijū. "I doubt not the honesty of thy proposals; but my lord the Chunagon’s sole desire is to send his daughter to the palace. Nay! I have no fear that thou comest harbouring ill designs."

Glad at heart was the Himegimi as she listened to their talk; but, when Chikuzen prayed her to give him some reply, were it but one single sentence, she said she had no experience in these affairs of love, and thereupon withdrew. So Chikuzen, seeing this, likewise departed and recounted to his master all that had happened.

"There is nothing strange in her answering thus," said the latter. "I pray thee ask her yet again, for I care no longer to live if I cannot by some means attain to my desire."

From that time a great melancholy fell upon him, and when Chikuzen saw this he went daily to the pavilion of
the princess; but, though he hinted often at his master's longing, it seemed to him of no greater profit than writing upon running water, so that at the last he grew weary of speaking.

In the meanwhile the Stepmother had heard a whisper of the matter, and, summoning Chikuzen, asked of him what manner of person he was who sent letters to her stepdaughter in the West pavilion. For a short space he disputed with her, denying all knowledge of the thing, but at last, being hard pressed by her questions, confessed all that had taken place, whereupon the stepmother cried:

"Ah, he is a prince and would fain be treated by folk with consideration! Far better than that motherless girl is my daughter the San-no-Kimi, a maiden of a proper age and of a likely height and figure! This is indeed a happy chance! Wherefore, lend thyself, I pray thee, to this deception, and I shall be grateful to thee even beyond this world."

And so cunningly she spake that Chikuzen could not withstand her.

"Verily!" said he, "often have I spoken to the princess, but never doth she vouchsafe an answer, and it is I alone whom my master chideth, and that so unreasonably, that I am sorely troubled. I doubt indeed whether she will even hearken to his suit, which sorely vexeth my heart. For this reason I will even do according to thy desire!"
So the step-mother was passing glad, and, taking up a set of "uchiki," 1 gave them to him, saying that they were garments belonging to the San-no-Kimi: whereupon Chikuzen, greatly pleased, cried:

"I will surely tell my lord the Shōshō that the San-nokimi is the lady of his desire!"

"Yea! Yea! I beseech thee persuade him that it is even, so," exclaimed the step-mother in her joy.

So Chikuzen went to the Shōshō and spake thus:

"The matter is very difficult of accomplishment, but, an thou wilt deign to write yet another letter, I will again approach thy lady love."

These words heartened the Shōshō so greatly that he at once wrote this poem, which Chikuzen bore to the step-mother, announcing that it came from my lord the Shōshō.

As the smoke of Fuji,
Which never dieth
While this world liveth;
So is my heart.

"Ah! how beautifully he writes!" cried the step-mother smiling, and straightway bade the San-no-kimi send a reply. Now the San-no-kimi wist not that this was a cheat, and very beautiful and lovable was her maiden modesty, for, it was only when hard pressed by

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1. A garment formerly worn by nobles immediately under the outer robes.
her mother that she took paper and brushes and ink, and, blushing deeply the while, wrote this reply:

Thou singest the smoke wreath
Up-curling from Fuji:
Bethink thee how swiftly,
In heaven's clear azure,
Fadeth thy emblem.

When it was finished she gave it to Chikuzen who laid it before the Shōshō saying that it was the reply to his letter. Then the Shōshō, all unwitting of the deceit which was being practised upon him, unfolded the paper in haste. And when he looked at the handwriting, it seemed to him to be that of a child. Nevertheless he was exceeding glad; so many more letters passed between them. But, when the people of the Himegimi's household heard in whispers what was passing, they were vastly entertained.

In this manner it came about that, before many days had fled, the Shōshō paid a visit to the San-no-kimi and returned to his dwelling without noticing the deception put upon him, for, though she seemed to him very young, there was in that nothing strange. Again later, it befell that once he stayed with her throughout the day, and, as he gazed upon her, she seemed not so beautiful as report had said, though withal more beautiful than other maidens. So he continued to visit her. In like fashion the Chūnagon was unaware of the trick which had
been played, and, when he met the Shōshō, they talked
together of a thousand and one matters. As for the step-
mother, there were no limits to her consideration for the
Shōshō, and she lodged him with her daughter in the
Eastern front of the main building of the mansion.

Now, whenever the Shōshō passed through the house
and looked at the West pavilion, it seemed to him that
some one of distinction dwelt there and he marvelled what
manner of person it might be. But the days passed leav-
ing him wondering and unsatisfied, till, at last, there fell
an autumn night, when, for very loneliness and weariness
of heart he might not close his eyes in sleep. Outside, the
world was drear and sad, and it was near the hour of mid-
night. Softly from time to time the wind went soughing
among the reed-tops near his bed-chamber, a symbol, as it
were, of himself in his nightly comings and goings; beneath
his pillow the cricket chirped without respite through the
darkness, while a bitter cold ran through his body and the
tears rushed unbidden to his eyes. At intervals the door of
the room swayed back and forth upon its hinges and then
there came floating on the empty air the plaintive notes of
a koto. Wondering where the source of this mysterious
melody might be, he lifted his head and listened. Then he
knew for a certainty that the sound came from the West
pavilion. Long had he thought that some one of rank
lived there, and now, more than ever, he pondered who it
might be. But at last, as he lay thinking, he called to
mind a story told him, how the maiden to whom he had written played the Koto.

"Dost thou hear this sound?" said he to the San-no-Kimi.

"In truth I do, for I have been listening to the sad sweet melody since it began."

When he heard this the Shōshō doubted whether there were not some hidden meaning in her words, so he asked her who it was who played.

"It is my elder sister!" was her reply.

"Is that the wife of my lord the Hyōe-no-suke?"

"Nay! it is the daughter of the princess, my father's first wife, and oft she plays in this manner for her own diversion."

Thus spake she without after-thought and in such innocence of heart, that he could not help but feel pity for her, though his own heart was full because of the ignoble manner in which he had been tricked. "Ah," thought he, "how that maiden of the West pavilion must be laughing at my lack of wit!" And so bitter was his chagrin at Chikuzen's unfaithfulness, that, though it was still dark night, he went out, and summoning the man, heaped reproaches upon him. Not one word of excuse could the penitent offer for himself and so deep was his confusion, that, had onlookers been there, they had pitied him.

"Alas! what boots it now to speak,"—cried the Shōshō. "We must e'en go on, making as though we
knew naught. But I bind thee strictly that thou refrain
from talking of this matter to the maiden yonder in the
West pavilion."

As he said these words Chikuzen reddened, and cry-
ing:—"Wherefore should I be guilty of such a deed?"—
straightway departed.

For the San-no-Kini the Shōshō felt that pity which is
kin to love; but, as he brooded on his inauspicious quest,
he called to mind that though men never lauded her,
she was exceeding fair to look upon, and with that he fell
to wondering how great then must be the loveliness of the
Himegimi, thereby increasing the bitterness of his desire.
So winter came and found him ever planning some device
to gain a sight of her. At last he bethought himself that
in some manner or other he would get speech of Jijū.
Therefore, having written down upon paper all the desires
and the feelings of his heart and thrust the missive into
the fold of his garments, he went forth upon a day of
heavy-falling snow to wander up and down near the pavi-
lion on the West, till at length, creeping up to the closed
lattice, he tried to overhear what was doing inside. And,
while he listened, the princess within moved close to the
gallery of the pavilion, and, with fingers gently straying
over the strings of the koto, sang this plaintive little
song:

"How lovely are the trees
'Neath the soft white snow!"
Parlett: Samiyoshi Monogatari,

Canst thou tell on which
The plum flowers blow?

Then in a somewhat lower tone, with fingers still idly wandering over the notes, she crooned to herself these words;

"Oh think of Shirane!
The mountain in Kai!"

"Ah, this is surely the Himegimi!" thought the Shōshō, and so quickly did his heart beat at the idea that, unable to bear it, he tapped softly at the lattice.

"This is strange!" cried Jijū, "who is it?"

But, when she looked out and saw him there, she was angered and made as though to retire; whereupon, catching at the hem of her robe, he thrust into her hand the folded letter.

"I fear the eyes of men!" was all he said, and went away, leaving Jijū astonished at the oddness of his manner. Then, wondering what the letter might contain, she opened it, and this is what she read:

"The pure white snow
Falls on the world,
And falling melts,
For fate will thus have it.
The pity of things
Is alas! that I die
For love of a maid,
And she does not know it."

1. i.e. covered with snow. Mount Shirane in Kai is 8,400 ft. above the sea-level. (v. Murray's Guide Book)
There were many things written down besides, and, when Ji jū read them to her mistress, the latter had great pity of him. Nevertheless she said:

"In the other days when he was a stranger, my heart turned not towards him; and now, if the world hear of this, shall I fall into ill-repute. Wherefore I charge thee straitly that thou speak no more with me on his behalf."

While these things were toward, the new year dawned, and, on a day a little after the 10th of the 1st month, the Naka-no-Kimi tempted her sisters with a story of the spring beauty of the Moor of Saga,¹ and beguiled them that they should fare forth privily to see it. And all their tire-maidens cried, "Yea! Yea! of a truth it is beautiful!" So, having chosen certain samurai to accompany them, they set out in three carriages drawn by oxen. In one rode the Himegimi, in another the Naka-no-Kimi and the Sanno-Kimi, while in the third were the tire-women and the serving-maids, the beautiful borders of their robes gleaming beneath the reed-blinds. Now the Shōshō, hav-

¹ In the neighbourhood of Kyōto famous for the beauty of its landscape and flowers. Cf. this well-known poem:

Sagaya
Omuro no
Hanazakari.
Uwaki na chō mo
Iro kasegu.
Kuruwa no mono ni
Tsurerarete
Soto medzurashiki
Arashiyama,
ing heard a whisper of these doings, went before them to among the pine-trees, three carriages were spied upon them as they came. The drawn up side by side and the menials and the drivers of the oxen sent off a little space, while only two or three of the samurai were called close beside the vehicles. Then the tire-women and the serving maids alighted and dispored themselves, plucking up the young shoots of the pine-trees, while the Himegimi and her sisters, raising the screens of their carriages, looked on. In this manner the Shōshō was able to discern them even though it were but indistinctly. But presently the tire-women, unwitting that he lay hidden watching them, cried to their mistresses:

"Oh, how beautiful the landscape is! Look at it, we pray! Indeed it is lovely, and all the flowers and the grasses are budding! Ah, how it calls to mind the blossoms of yester-year!"

Therupon the Naka-no-Kimi alighted from her carriage. Above an under-robe of crimson she wore a cloak of purple silk woven with a design of flowers, seeming, as she walked with long hair trailing to the borders of her garments, in truth a maid of high degree. Next appeared the San-no-Kimi wearing, over a kirtle the colour of the yellow rose, a cloak of green. Little indeed was there to choose between the beauty of them twain, though perchance the San-no-Kimi was a shade the lovelier. Then together they turned and asked the Himegimi why she did not like-
wise descend, and, as they stood, Jijū approaching said to her mistress:

"All the others have lighted down why wilt not thou?"

So, last of all, came the princess clad in robes, both inner and outer, of the colour of the cherry blossom. Over them were drawn a pair of crimson hakama, and, as she walked, stepping on their long folds, winsome and debonnaire was her mien. Words could not paint her loveliness. Beyond her garments’ hem trailed the thick tresses of her hair; graceful was her stature; dainty were her eyebrows and her mouth, and fairer by one degree was she than her fair sisters; so beautiful in truth that, when the Shōshō beheld her, a terrible fear gat hold upon him lest she should be seen of other men.

So the maidens frolicked together all unaware that any man was looking on. But presently the Himegimi espied the Shōshō where he stood, beneath a great pine-tree gazing at them in rapt admiration, and, with a face suffused with blushes, she hastily took refuge in her carriage, though at that very moment she felt in her heart the first faint tremors of love for him. In like manner did all the others hide themselves, and in truth it was a pretty sight.

Then the Shōshō said:—

"Being filled with a desire to see the moor of Saga, I came hither, and, while I took my pleasure, the wind bore to me the sound of wheels. Marvelling
who it might be, and deem 't strange that folk
should journey in such fashion to this place, I hid myself
and, spying upon you, found that by the favour of
Heaven my secret prayer had been answered. In good
sooth my heart rejoices that we have met."

Having thus spoken he recited this poem:

"Twixt me and the moor hung a veil
Of the mist of the Spring.
But I wandered this morn,
And beheld on the moor
The young shoots of the pine." 1

Thereupon the Naka-no-kimi said to the Himegimi that
the lines were addressed to her; however, after they had
whispered together, it was the Naka-no-kimi who recited
in reply the following verse in which she essayed to
ignore the meaning hidden in the Shôshô's words.

Sad am I, for I knew not,
When I came to the moor
On this morning of Spring,
That the pines were but pines
Of the hill Kataoka.2

Then the Himegimi, likewise disregarding his intent,
followed suit with this poem:

1. The Himegimi is here compared to "the young shoots of the
pine" and her lover would have her understand the difficulties he has en-
countered in his desire to set eyes on her.

2. The play in this poem is entirely on the word "matsu" which
means both "a pine" and "to wait." The Naka-no-Kimi did not know
that he lay hid in waiting on the moor, otherwise she had not come.
Let us hence for to-day,
Nor see them, nor touch them,
For we care not at all
For the pine trees, that grow
On Hitomi-no-oka.¹

Whereat the Shōshō, impatient of their slighting, drew near the carriage and cried:

"What profits it that thou shouldst hide thyself?"

To which the Naka-no-kimi jesting added:

"Were the Shōshō here alone thou wouldst without a doubt alight, but thou fearest in thy heart lest we have in some manner learnt of thy relations with him."

When the Shōshō heard this he laughed aloud and said:

"Of a truth this is a pretty dispute! As for thee, oh Naka-no-kimi, thou art so beautiful that one might discern thy loveliness however black the night! Soft are thy words and fair spoken, yet I wager that many are the lovers' quarrels twixt thee and the Hyōe-no-suke. Hast thou no fear, oh damsel, on thine own account?"

Nevertheless, though he jest ed in this light-hearted manner, it was plain to see that his thoughts were fixed the while on the Himegimi. So in this fashion he went on, reciting many poems, till at last the day darkened and they all returned. But ever was the heart of the Shōshō

¹ The play here is on the word "Hitomi" which besides being the name of a locality, also means "seeing a person" in other words "spying"
haunted by the shadow of the Himegimi, which would not be driven away. At the behest of his sorrow, that he met and recounted to her how he had been tricked by base wretches.

"Alas! it is a hopeless pass!" cried he, "yet nevertheless, I doubt not to thee a pretty enough jest. Would that I might die, but oh, the pity of it, a man cannot thus easily throw away this mortal life! There is one thing, however, that I would fain tell thy mistress. Behold this paper."

With that he showed her the letter, and would have given it into her hands then, as likewise on many later occasions, but that she refused, saying to him:

"It was no light matter in the old days to speak to the Himegimi on thy behalf, but now thy wish is well-nigh impossible of accomplishment!"

"Ah me," cried the Shōshō, "how great a solace were it if thy mistress replied to me, even though but once!"

"I wot not if she will do even that for thee!" replied the maid. But, because it was hard to deny him, full often she essayed, in conversation with her mistress, to approach the subject of his love. All her efforts were, however, unavailing; wherefore the Shōshō, unable longer to endure the obduracy of the princess, fell to beseeching the Kami and the Hotoke to assist him. His heart was too full of desire for the Himegimi or he had gone gladly back to live with the San-no-Kimi; so he sought consolation in
visiting Jijū; and, because it irked him sorely if he could
not see the West pavilion, were it even but the outside,
his habit was to call upon the San-no-Kimi, and, as he
passed the Himegimi's apartments in the evening twilight
and the early dawn, to sing in plaintive tone, while heavy-
falling tears drenched the sleeves of his robe, a sad old
song of bygone times.

After this fashion fled many days, till it befell that the
foster-mother of the Himegimi, feeling that sickness was
coming upon her, greatly longed to see her foster-daughter
once again, and, for this reason, sent and bade Jijū ask the
Himegimi to come to her bed-side. So the princess went
privily and, when she had arrived, the foster-mother, rising
on her sick-couch, addressed her thus, with bitter tears:

"Ah me! true is the saying that this is a world of
uncertainty, for I, who love thee so dearly, am dying.
Greater than all past longings hath been this craving to see
thee once again—a token, I fear me, that my eyes gaze
upon thy face for the last time. My chief sorrow till this
moment hath been that thou art a motherless child, but
now my fears are all for what may befall thee when I,
thy old nurse, am dead. Oh! glad should I be to depart,
could I but see thee married. But that I should be driven
to leave thee without this consolation and wend my
solitary way over the mountain of Shide, is in truth a
bitter sorrow. Remember, when I am gone, I beseech
thee, that Jijū is my daughter."
And, while she spake thus, weeping quietly, she stroked the long hair of her foster-daughter, who, with Jijū, both hiding their faces in the sleeves of their garments, burst into loud grief, crying:

"Take us with thee, we pray thee!" And when those who stood by saw this, their sleeves likewise were bedewed with tears.

Then the foster-mother said to the Himegimi:

"Leave Jijū here with me, I entreat thee, and dost thou return to thine own home."

So the Himegimi went her way alone; but the sick woman grew worse, till at last, on the 30th day of the 5th month, to the exceeding grief of the Himegimi, she died. And the girl sorrowed doubly, both for her own sake and for that of Jijū now motherless, while the maid, on the other hand, forgetting her own loss bemoaned the loneliness of her mistress. In the meanwhile she faithfully performed the proper funeral rites, and, on the last day of the ceremony, the Himegimi sent her a gift of a set of garments which the princess herself had worn, and, on the hem of the under-garment, was written this verse:

When this garment wanders
O'er the mountain of Shide,
It will seek for twin-sleeves
Which once were a part of it.!

1. Meaning that the foster-mother on her journey over the mountain of Shide would miss her two charges, and be anxious for their sakes. The Mountain of Shide in the Buddhist Hades is the hill over which the souls of the dead must travel.
But when Jijū received them, she lifted the robes to her forehead, and, caring not at all for the presence of others, wept bitterly. So the mourning continued till after the 7th day of the 7th month, and then the maid returned to her mistress. Now it befell on a night when the waning moon of early autumn was shining that, as the Himégimi and Jijū stood near the balcony of their pavilion, talking together tearfully of the sadness of life and the pity of things, the Shōshō listened to their conversation, and was filled with such exceeding sympathy and with such a desire to console them that he tapped gently at the lattice.

"It is the Shōshō!" cried Jijū, and with that she went out to meet him, saying:

"Ah! time was when I knew that sorrow brings pain, only because others told me. Now, alas, I learn it by hard experience."

"Ah me! alas, for the pity of things! there is truth in thy words," was his reply.

So they talked on deep into the night, till there fell upon the ears of Jijū, speaking forgetful of time and all other things, the sound of a temple bell.

"Oh!" cried she. "Listen! the bell is tolling the coming of the dawn."

"Let us make believe," he replied, as he looked out into the night," that it is the curfew, not the morning bell;" whereat the Himégimi's heart was pitiful for his sake. And presently the day opened.
But the desire of the Shōshō for the princess waxed greater and greater as time went on, and at last he said to her:

"Listen to my prayer, I beseech thee, and send me a reply, even though it be but one word. Surely that is no hard thing to do!"

Then, after having said many another thing, which showed he loved her deeply and was true to her, he recited this poem:

"Wet are the grasses with dew
On an autumn night
Ah, pity them!
But pity even more him
Whose sleeves are wet
With idle tears!"

When Jijū heard this verse, she said to the Himegimi:—

"She has no heart, who feels no pity for others!"

Having spoken thus, she pressed her mistress to write a poem in reply; whereupon the latter cried:—

"Pity for him I truly feel, but I fear lest the world learn of this!

Nevertheless she wrote the following verse:—

"Fain would I show the dew
Which from the grasses falls,
When blows the wind at dawn and eve
Upon them." ¹

¹ Comparing the tears he has shed to the dew falling from the blades of grass.
With that she laid the paper down; but Jijū took it up and added:

"Even the sleeves of others
Are wet from the moment they follow
Their friends, and walk on the dew-drenched
Moor of Musashi."

Thereafter she gave it to the Shōshō whose heart beat loud for joy, when he gazed upon the writing. It was but one word of answer, yet gone was his desire to cast off this world, while such was his gratitude to Jijū that he sent her for answer these lines:

"Oh! glad am I if, mid the grasses
That grow on the moor of Musashi,
The purple heart of the Murasaki
Beat kindly for me."

But in the meanwhile many days and months had gone by and the Shōshō had become so enamoured of the princess that he cared nought for life, forgot the duties of his office, and would, had that been in his power, have faded away and died. While these things were toward, the San-no-Kimi, all unaware, wrote the following verse in which she gently hinted at the thought in her heart that he no longer came to see her:

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1. Musashi the province of Japan in which Tokyo is situated.
2. The Murasaki (Lithospermum erythrorhizon) once a "meibutsu" of the plain of Musashi. The Shōshō takes it as an emblem of Jijū.
"I think it sad
The tide so rarely full
Should quickly ebb."

So, because he could not entirely cast her off, the Shōshō replied with these words:

"I know not what it meaneth, but weary am I of this world, and a desire taketh me to retire into the depths of the mountains. Should this befall, would'st thou ever think on me?"

"How canst thou imagine," said she, "that I should forget thee? Sad is my heart, for, though always I await thee, rarely thou comest; what then will be my grief if thou returnest nevermore! With these words she fell a weeping so that the Shōshō, pitying her, said:—

"Nay! nay! what I tell thee is not true!"

And that night he stayed with her; but, as he returned to his own house in the morning, he stood awhile before the West pavilion to sing with plaintive voice this song:

"Oh mistress mine! Come out and see
Who passeth near thee
Then wilt thou know what love hath done
To one who loves thee."

Now it befell that Jijū heard him; whereupon she opened the lattice and asked him why he sang that song; to which he made reply, that the world was growing more and more distasteful to him and that he therefore meditated retiring into the depths of the mountains.
Then replied Jijū in jest: "Ah! if this be so, I also will come with thee in accordance with the precept of the Holy Law which saith "following joyfully with the whole heart," the more so as there is between thee and me that affinity of the grasses of the moor of Musashi. So at the last shall we sit together in paradise upon one flower of the lotus."

"Ah! glad am I to hear this," cried the Shōshō. "Meseemeth as though I had met some learned eremite!"

Nevertheless though they often spake thus in jest, the Shōshō could not drive from his mind the face of the princess, so that he would say to Jijū:

"Ah maiden! thou laughest at me yet know I that at times there is pity in thy heart for me."

Then it befell in the 9th month of that year, that the Chunagon said to his wife:

"We know not what the future hath in store. Two of our daughters are married, and now my intent is to offer the Himegimi to the Emperor at the festival of the 11th month; but I see 'thou carest little in this matter.' And with that he sighed. Now his wife was jealous because he thought more of the Himegimi than of her own daughters, so she replied:

"It were better that thou gavest thy daughter in

1. Ichiren-takashō (一蓮託 生) of the Buddhists, where a man and a woman vow to sit together on the same lotus flower in paradise.
marriage to some great noble, for small are the chances of her finding favour in the eyes of the Emperor!"

"Indeed and it were a pity," cried her husband, "to give her to wife to some ordinary man."

So the step-mother promised to do her best, though in her secret heart she was casting about how she might besmirch the maiden's fair fame, and thus estrange from the daughter her father's love. In the meanwhile the month of frost had come and the Chūnagon thought of nothing but the preparations for sending his daughter to the Palace, while the step-mother, though she made a fine show of busying herself to the same intent, was searching the while for some way to make her the laughing-stock of all the world. For this reason, when none were by, she said to the Chūnagon:

"There is a thing I would fain speak of to thee, for it were matter indeed of sorrow to me if, being aware of it, I hold my peace. My desire is that the Himēgimi should rise higher in this world than even mine own daughters; nevertheless, since the 8th month of this year, there hath been happening that of which, till this moment, I knew naught." And with these words she burst into false tears.

"What is the matter?" cried the Chūnagon, filled with astonishment.

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1. The 11th month (O. C.)
Parlett: Sumiyoshi Monogatari.

“...It concerneth the priest who is steward of the Shrine of the Six Gables, a villainous fellow in truth. He is wont to visit the Himegimi, but it would seem that he slept over heavily this morn, for, as he left, he broke open the door of thy daughter's apartments, and in this manner betook himself off, not knowing that he was seen of others. That is why my heart is heavy!"

With that she called upon the Kami and the Hotoke\(^2\) to witness to the truth of her story. But her husband replied:

"That can scarce be true! It might perchance happen to one of her tire-maidens!"

"Nay," said she, "for he came through the middle door. Dost thou think that I would repeat this story to thee on mere hearsay? Nay, indeed, for I have thoroughly enquired into the matter."

Nevertheless he would not believe her though she said many another thing beside this. Wherefore she took counsel with the foster-mother of the San-no-kimi, a tire-woman wicked and devoid of scruple, saying to her:

"The Chunagon loveth better the Himegimi than my own daughters, so for jealousy's sake I have told him many ill tales of her, but in vain, for he will not believe them. And now, what shall we do?" To this the wicked woman made reply:

1. The gods of the Shinto faith.
2. The saints of the Buddhist calendar.
"I likewise have been greatly exercised in this matter but hitherto have held my peace; now, however, I am glad because of thy words."

So they whispered together, and, when three days had passed, advised with an ill-looking priest. Not long after that the step-mother said to the Chūnagon:

"Thou thinkest that what I told thee was a lie; but see for thyself how that priest is at this moment coming out of thy daughter's apartments."

And truly, even as the Chūnagon looked, the man appeared. But his only words, when he saw the fellow, were, "Ah! the foulness of the deed," though in his heart he communed with himself thus:

"Alas for this dolorous thing! When she was but a little child, her mother died, and, after that, her foster-mother. Ah! the pity of her evil fortune!"

Then he retired to his own apartments, and thus was there an end to his design of sending the Himégi to the Palace. Later he went to his daughter's pavilion; and, looking at her who wist not what had passed, spake thus:

"Nothing happeneth but that which is very evil. Alas! it is bitter, very bitter to my heart!"

When the Himégi heard his words she wondered what had befallen. But the Chūnagon, as he rose to depart, called Jijū and told her that, because a story had come to his ears of a wicked and disgraceful thing which
had occurred, he had abandoned his intention of sending his daughter to the Palace. Then, without further speech, he departed, while Jijū perforce held her peace for she knew not to what he referred and could therefore make no answer. Nevertheless she marvelled what the matter might be, and, ere long, meeting a woman named Shikibu, an attendant of the step-mother, who was friendly with the people of the Himegimi, said to her:

"Thus and thus hath the Chūnagon spoken. Hast thou heard what this thing is?"

Therewith Shikibu told her after what manner the Chūnagon had been deceived; and when Jijū heard, she was sore afraid and told her mistress the Himegimi. So they communed together on the matter.

"Alas," cried Jijū, "what shall it profit a child to live if she have no mother?"

From that time they brooded so deeply over their misfortune, that they twain quickly fell ill and took to their beds.

"Of what avail is it to tell our people to keep silence in the matter" sighed the Himegimi "for, as often as we forbid them to speak, so often will my father's name and mine be bandied here and there and ourselves covered with shame!"

While this was toward, the step-mother, rejoicing over

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1. In reality the name of an office, not a person.
the success of her scheme, laughed in secret with the wicked woman. But the Chūnagon, though he had abandoned his design to send his daughter to the Palace, still hoped to give her in marriage to some proper person.

Now the Naidaijin had a son who was a Saishō and also Sahyōe-no-Kami, close on six and twenty years of age, surpassingly handsome, moreover, and pre-eminent in learning. This man having hinted at his desire to marry the Himegimi, the Chūnagon gladly gave his consent. So the wedding was fixed for the 11th month, and the Chūnagon, ignorant of the dire wickedness of his wife’s heart, took counsel with her about it.

"The union is an excellent one!" said she; nevertheless in her heart she was sorely disappointed. So the Chūnagon went to his daughter’s apartments and said to Jijū:

"Truly I am grieved that I have been constrained to forego my plan of sending thy mistress to the Palace; but, because I may not leave matters in this pass, it is my intention to give her in marriage to the Sahyōe-no-Kami in the 11th month. Bear this in mind."

Thereafter he bade repair the mansion of the Himegimi’s mother in Sanjō Horikawa¹ and had all preparations made with intent to have his daughter live there. But the Himegimi was abashed that he should thus take thought

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¹ A quarter in Kyōto.
Parlett: Sumiyoshi Monogatari.

for her, even though he were her own father, and she desired greatly to become a nun and live in some far-away secluded spot; though Jiin endeavoured to console her, pointing out how great a sin it were to disobey a father who cared so tenderly for his daughter.—Better by far that she should unburden herself of all to him, maugre its being little to the liking of her step-mother.

As for the latter she was more than ever jealous over the turn of events, and took counsel in secret with the wicked woman, saying:

"Let us so compass it that she is kidnapped by the lowest scoundrel that lives."

Thereat the wicked woman smiled and made reply:

"I have a brother who is called Kadzue-no-sukey, an old man of seventy years, with eyes which are red and sore. Only a little while past the wife of his youth died and he is desirous to find another; but no woman will listen to his suit, wherefore he makes great dole. I will tell him of this."

Then the step-mother said: "I am indeed glad that our counselling together hath been of profit. Hasten, however, I beg thee, in the matter."

So the woman went to the place where her brother dwelt and told him all that had befallen, whereupon his wicked ugly face wrinkled with smiles and he said:

"Ha! I am glad at this good news! Nevertheless my lord the Chünagon is not like to give his consent."
To this his sister replied:—"The Kita-no-Kata will take care that matters fall out properly."

"Oh, the good news! How fortunate!" cried he. "Let us make all haste!"

So, when they had come to an understanding together, the sister departed and reported to the step-mother what she had done, in such wise that the latter laughed for very joy, saying: "Let us fix it for the 20th day of the month when the gods leave the land!"

"Nay," replied the other, "but let it be on a day close after the 10th."

Now the friendly Shikibu overheard them as they whispered together and was so aghast at their wickedness that she went at once to Jijū and revealed to her all the step-mother's scheme to deceive them.

"Shame is mine," said she, "to be thus disloyal to my mistress; but this is a terrible thing and a black crime; and my pity for ye is such that I may not keep silence."

Then the Himegimi spake to Jijū:

"Weary is my heart that I have lived till this day. Twas thou that in the past withstood me when I would fain have become a nun, and thus hast thou brought it about that my ears listen to this shameful tale."

"Thou art right," replied the maid, "but never did I think that matters would come to such a pass as this."

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1. Kaminashidzuki, the 10th month (o. c.) when the gods were supposed to depart for Ida no there to meet in council.
"Now, however, thou must no longer hold thy peace," said the Shikibu, "but report the matter to my lord the Chūnagon."

"In that case," replied the princess, "I must needs tell my step-mother that her words are untrue. Nor is that all; for, even though this affair be cleared up, other and worse things will again and again happen. Who can say what manner of deceit she will next devise? Nay, I will flee into the unknown hills and there, a nun, drive from my heart all memory of this world."

"So let it be," cried Jijū. "And I too will become a nun and pray for my mother's soul, that its transmigration may be blessed. Alas, the pity of it for us twain!"

With that they fell a weeping so bitterly that the tears might be wrung from their sleeves; and, though they spake bravely of what they would do, both were too young and inexperienced to know whither to go or how to set about it.

"Ah," cried the Himegimi, "were my foster-mother but here, she would, in some manner or other, discover a way for us; but now, thou art my only help in all things, and lo! the month is near its end. Therefore must thou arrange the matter as best thou canst."

Whereupon Jijū replied:—"I know not at all what to do."

However, after long meditation, she bethought herself of the foster-mother of the late princess, who, when the latter passed away, became a nun, dwelling at Sumiyoshi.
"Dost thou remember her?"—said Jijū, as she described the woman to her mistress.

"Yea! I remember there was one such," replied the Himegimi. "How shall we let her know?"

At these words Jijū summoned a serving woman whom she knew well, for the wench had served in her mother's house, and to her entrusted this letter:—

"Long, yea, very long it is since I have seen thee! While the Himegimi was but a child, my lady, her mother, departed this life. Yet for all this, hath the daughter grown up a very gentle maiden. Later, my own mother died; so that now we are lonely and without friends, for which reason our hearts go out in longing toward thee, and we take it unkindly that, even though thou hast put aside the things of this world, thou never givest us news of thyself. Nevertheless we have bethought ourselves of thee, as a man bethinks him of his friend when he sees the way-mark of the 'grass of forgetfulness.' Now there is a matter of which I would fain speak to thee other than by a messenger. Put on one side therefore all thy many duties and come hither with what speed thou mayest. Respectfully! Respectfully! This is a matter of grave import."

Having received the letter, the woman went to Sumiyoshi and told the nun why she was come. Then

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1. The Day Lily (Ilemrocallis) a plant which was supposed to possess the doable gift of both causing forgetfulness and preventing it.
in haste the latter tore open the missive and with tears read what Jijū had written. And this was her reply:—

"In very truth I have put behind me the things of this world and now am sojourning close by Sumiyoshi. Yet morn and eve my heart goes out to my old friends, and thus I pass my days. When I departed from the capital ye were but as the tender twin buds on a tree-branch, and so great hath been my longing, since that time to know into what manner of maidens ye have grown that oft have I been sorely hindered in my religious duties. Thus is nepenthe but a name to me, who can never for one moment forget. Ah me! sorrow and dole are common enough in life! Time and again I said "I will go now," yet went not; till at last your young hearts turned towards me and great is my joy that ye have broken the silence. Behold I come quickly in accordance with your desire. Respectfully! Respectfully!"

When the Himegimi and Jijū received this letter their hearts were a little lightened and they took counsel together how they should secretly leave their home. But all the while the daughter's heart was heavy with the foreknowledge of the depth of her father's grief when she had fled; for, though he had heard the evil tale of his daughter's unchastity, so far from treating her with coldness, he had been very pitiful towards her. So they bowed their heads beneath the burden of their trouble;
though, whenever the Chunagon came to visit them, they feigned that nought was amiss.

In the meanwhile the Himegimi grew pale and thin and her eyes were tearful, so that her father spake of it to the step-mother, saying:

"The day draweth near for my daughter to go to Sanjo; nevertheless her head droopeth very wearily and she hath become grievously worn and sad."

To this the step-mother, grumbling, made reply:—

"Of what can she be thinking? Who is this man for love of whom her heart is sick?"

But the father would not believe the evil story of the priest, and sent many presents to Jiju for her mistress, at the sight of which the Himegimi, burst into tears, crying:

"Oh, how great is my wickedness! How deep will be the grief of my father who cares thus constantly for me, when I desert him and flee!"

Now it was about this time that the Naka-no-Kimi and the San-no-Kimi came to her and asked why her head always drooped so sadly.

"I cannot tell," she replied, with sleeves all drenched with tears, "but of late the world hath seemed to me so sad and tired a place that gladly would I die. Will ye ever think of me if this befall?"

"Alas! Alas!" they cried—"the words of ill-omen! Wherefore should such a thing happen? Ah Jiju! When
thy mistress speaketh thus of dying so young, surely thy heart surgeth with tender love for her?"

"Meseemeth there is none but would remember my mistress even beyond this life. Doubtless ye speak in jest, yet alas, the pity of it! I shall never be able to drive away from my heart the words ye have spoken!"

Thus the maid replied, and, holding back the tears which rushed to her eyes at the thought that they were soon to part, she recited this poem:—

"In the forests of Ikuta¹ sad
Will I live,
In the province of Tsu.
But if life still be mine
We shall meet
Once again."

And those who heard her marvelled at the strangeness of her bearing; while the Sannokimi, whose heart was soft and full of sympathy, brushed away the tears which dropped unbidden from her lashes.

Then the Himegimi said:—"Like the dew on the grass is our fleeting life. We are talking together now, but how soon shall we die?"

To this the Naka-no-kimi made reply:

"At night together rest
By some affinity

¹. Here was the once famous Ikuta-bayashi.
On one green blade of grass
Two crystal drops of dew.
Together they will fade
When daylight comes again!"

As the Himegimi and Jijū listened, the bitterness of the parting came upon them so vividly that they wept; while the hearts of the Nakanokimi and the Sannokimi were filled with a vague and groundless sorrow because life is fleeting and full of adversity. Looking on the Himegimi, it seemed to them that there was a strange quiet about her, and yet, when they mused upon it, this tranquility appeared after all not a matter to marvel at, for she was by nature pensive and silent. So they departed.

In the meanwhile the friendly Shikibu, whenever she had leisure, came to visit the Himegimi and Jijū, and, on a time, she said to the latter:

"The day is at hand when the Kita-no-kata will carry out her wicked design. What will thy mistress do? — Of a truth I am deeply grieved for her sake!"

Then Jijū told her what was in the mind of the Himegimi and how she, for love of her mistress, would follow her to the world's end.

"Ah," continued the maid, in tears, "truly it is a pitiful story! We have asked the help of the nun of Sumiyoshi. I wonder what hath happened to her."

However, in a short while, the nun sent to tell them that she was at hand, and later that same day, when the
sun was set, a cart came from her to fetch them. So, when a message of reply had been despatched to her, they set to work with heavy hearts to gather together all their old and useless possessions. While they were thus engaged the Chūnagon came to pay them a visit, but they kept set faces as though nought unusual were toward. At last, however, the Himegimi, remembering that she was looking on her father for the last time, could bear it no longer. In her cheeks, from which all colour had fled, and in the tears which glistened beneath the thick tresses falling about her face was her grief made so manifest that her father, perceiving it, said:

"Surely thy thoughts are full of thy dead mother! Or perchance thou art heart-sick for thy foster mother, or, mayhap, thou favourest not the Hyoe-no-suke. But, whatever be the cause of thy sorrow, thy duty is to confide to me all thy thoughts, for the child can never fathom the depths of the parent's solicitude. Ah! my love for thee is not to be measured by words, and for thy sake I should not hold it a task overhard to count every hair upon thy head!"

"Oh, my father! neither of my mother, nor yet of my foster-mother was I thinking, but of the weary days when I shall no longer see thee. Therefore am I sad!"

Thus, tearfully, replied his daughter in a voice so low that it could scarce be heard.

At these words the Chūnagon, likewise weeping, said:—
"Even though thou art at Sanjō, yet will I never, so long as life endures, forsake thee. Oh! why should-est thou dream such things?"

Having thus spoken he departed, and, as he went, his daughter lifted up her eyes to look once more upon him; but a blinding mist came over them and her heart for sorrow near stopped beating. So she and Jijū wept together the long day through, till, close upon the hour of midnight, there arrived for their service a cart drawn of oxen. But nothing did the Himegimi take with her save only a box of combs and a Koto. At the back part of the carriage rode Jijū. The time of the year was after the 20th day of the long moon,¹ and it was beneath its cold wan beams shining till the morning that, with hearts immeasurably sad, they fared forth upon their way. Across the wind swept sky in never ending skeins flew the wild geese with melancholy cry, and to the wayfarers it seemed that even these birds knew what had befallen. The moon, too, gleaming through the cloud rifts, appeared to shine upon them more pitifully than was her wont. At last they came to the place where the nun waited, and there they talked to one another of all that had happened, repeating their stories again and again.

"Of a truth thou wert right in thy decision," said the nun, as she wrung the tears from the sleeves of her

¹. The 9th Month (o. c.).
black robe, "for the lot of a step-child is now, as it was of old, an unlucky one. And yet, what could even a step-mother find in thee to hate? Ah, the heartless creature! It is because this world is so vile that I have put it from me."

So they journeyed on as far as Yodo; and on that same night in the capital the Shōshō came to the Himegimi's pavilion and bade one of her women named Hyōenosuke make enquiry for Jiju. But in Jiju's room there was no sound, so the maid, thinking that she might be sleeping near her mistress, pushed aside the wooden screen in the Himegimi's apartment and looked in only, however, to find the chamber deserted. When she saw this a great fear seized her and she bade them question every one; but nowhere could the princess be found. There is some mystery here, thought the maid. Then someone suggested that perchance the princess was with the Naka-no-kimi or the San-no-kimi.

"Nay!" cried Hyōenosuke, "that cannot be, for it is not my mistress' wont to go lightly and without reason to the apartments of others."

So they all marvelled, asking one another what had become of the princess, and when the day broke they sought her in the places she most frequented and in her bedchamber. But there no sleeping quilts were spread; wherefore, when they saw this and how everything was folded up in order, all were filled with sorrow and began
to weep softly. In the meanwhile the whole matter was reported to the Chūnagon who was seized with such a terrible dread when he heard the story that, with a loud cry, he burst into tears of grief the like of which had never before been seen. Then it was that the Nakā-no-kimi and the San-no-kimi called to mind the strange melancholy which had of late overshadowed their half sister, though they had thought it at the time a matter of small import. So the whole household was filled with such dole that even the step-mother made a semblance of sorrow and anxiety, and bade people go to the house of Jijū, for peradventure the Himegimi might be there.

Having given this order she took her place by the side of the Chūnagon, weeping false tears and composing her face to a set expression of grief. As for the Shōshō, he thought it was because the Himegimi had determined to run away that she sent him the gentle letter of reply; so, seating himself upon the wooden gallery of the pavilion of his ladye-love, he wept bitterly. While these things were happening, the San-no-Kimi, who had been wandering high and low in search of the Himegimi, espied at last a thin sheet of paper tied to a sun-screen of reeds. Nothing thinking, she took it and, looking, saw written in her half-sister's hand this poem:
"Ah! ill do men speak of the pale maple leaves
On Tatsuta's hill;
Yet who among men will not pity their fate
When withered they fall?"

There was nothing save these few words; yet, as she read them, she was filled with pity. Then she showed the writing to the Chūnagon, and when he saw it he cried:

"Ah me, sorrow is mine! Surely never shall a child fathom the depths of a parent's solicitude!"

With these words he hid his face with the writing and bowed his head. Thereupon the step-mother remarked:

"She is probably hiding with her lover, wherefore there is small fear of her being dead. Oh, my lord, thou sighest deeply, yet my grief is not one whit less bitter than thine!"

"Ah," cried the Chūnagon, "I loved her more dearly than my other children! Who in the wide world was like unto her? Gladly indeed would I exchange my lot for hers, but alas, this is a world in which a man never wins to his desire!"

In this manner he kept repeating again and again

1. Tatsuta near Nara, famous since time immemorial for the beauty of its maple-trees. The play in this poem is on the word "nakina," which means "of bad reputation" and also on the syllable "Tatsa" which, in connection with the word "nakina" quoted above, means "to be falsely accused of a crime."
the same thing, till at last the step-mother reproved him angrily and said:

"Thou knowest not the many evil things she did, enticed by Jijū!"

"Ill indeed are thy words," replied her husband. "I marvel how thou canst utter them." And with that he sighed more deeply than ever.

In the meanwhile under the guidance of the nun the fugitives had come to the crossing of the river and, as they were ferried over, the rowers, plying their oars in the boats which floated gaily up and down the stream, sang with pleasing voices this song:

"Mateless and lonely,
On a sad sea-beach,
Stands a fair pine tree."

To the travellers the whole scene was new and strange and for that reason full of interest. Away towards the capital nothing could be seen for the driving mist, save in the far distance the dim shape of the mountain Hi-ei.1

Such a landscape it was as would fill with melancholy even the heart free from care. How dark then the gloom in that of the Himegimi, who, torn from a father to whom she owed so much and self-exiled from her tender—

1. In the neighbourhood of Kyōto, famous in Japanese history as the site of the temples which were the strongholds of the turbulent priests who were the terror of Kyōto in the 15th and 16th centuries, Cf. Murray's Guide Book.
Parlett: Sumiyoshi Monogatari.

hearted sisters, knew not whither she should turn her footsteps! Looking at her thus bowed down, the nun recited this verse:

"Many the years I have lived
A nun at lone Sumiyoshi;
Yet ne'er have I wept tears so bitter
As the tears I am weeping to-day.

At last however they reached the end of their journey. Before them lay the bay of Suminoe on whose shore houses had once stood. Of the torn ruins of these the nun had built her a dwelling overhanging the incoming flood in such wise that, through the spaces between the boards of the floor, the fish might be seen disporting in the water below. Far away to the south was the dim prospect of a village, before the houses of which the mirume, a weed of the sea, lay drying; while from the reed-thatched roofs thin tired wreaths of smoke rose sadly, looking, so far away they were, like the irregular lines of a poem written in faded ink. To the east was the fence of the garden, all interlaced with the tendrils of the morning-glory and its sister blossoms; on the sea-shore grew a wild profusion of flowers and maple-trees, and on the west stretched the boundless spaces of the sea. Through the long aisles of the pine-trees could be seen the ships plying to and from the island of Awaji; the torch-lights of the fishing-boats floating on the waves glimmered with a fitful melancholy, and the sun, as it set, seemed to sink beneath
the sea. To such a place as this in truth would no man come save he were driven by hard necessity. Lonely too and retired was the dwelling of the nun herself. Inside there stood three small images of the three Lords Amida, and before them at the rising and the setting of the sun, with face turned towards the west, it was her wont to offer up this prayer.

“Oh, Holy Lord Amida, Teacher of the Faith, Thou that dwellest in the Paradise of the West, succour me, I beseech Thee, in the life which is to come!”

As they watched the nun thus praying, a feeling of sadness filled the hearts of the Himegimi and Jijū that ever they had been born into this weary world, and they cried to her:

“Oh, let us become nuns as speedily as we may, and live as thou livest!”

But to this she replied:

“It importeth not whether the head be shaven or the hair grow long; only the heart availeth. Harken therefore to the words of an old woman, for, an ye do not, she will leave ye and hide herself from your sight.”

So they acquiesced, for it was hard to do other than they were bid. On the days that followed they read the book of the Holy Law before the shrines of the Hōkō, and made offerings of flowers. But in the capital the Chūnagon, with a heart full of his lost daughter, prayed that he might see her once again in this life; and the
Naka-no-Kimi and the San-no-Kimi talked together recalling all the doings of their half-sister and the thousand and one amusing ways of Jiju, wondering the while, pityingly, in what manner of place the fugitives sojourned and whether they ever thought of the capital and of their friends. Thus they kept the wanderers always in mind while in secret they wept.

But when the step-mother spied the traces of tears upon their faces she was an angered and said:

"What is this? Why are ye for ever weeping in this miserable manner? Were it I to whom ought had happened, think ye that ye would grieve thus deeply?"

When her daughters heard these words, even though she who spoke was their mother, they could not help but feel that she was a woman cruel and hard.

In the meanwhile, at Sumiyoshi winter had set in; the dreary loneliness had grown drearier; the fierce winds howled; and to the dwellers in the house on the sea-beach it seemed as if each overhanging wave were rushing to engulf them. On the boats which came driving shoreward from out of the deep sea the sailors with hoarse cries were piling in the bows reed-shelters to keep out the spray. A wild and picturesque scene it was. At Suminoe the reeds withered by the rime were all matted fast together, and among them the waterfowl in pairs were preening the frost from the coverts of their wings. As the Himégimi gazed on the scene the memory of her father and her
sisters rushed to her mind and she understood how deeply 
he and those about him were mourning for her. From 
that she fell to reproaching herself for the heinous sin 
of which she had been guilty in causing him such sorrow. 
Surely it was her bounden duty at the least to say that she 
still lived!

Now there was in the household a boy whom the nun 
had brought with her from the capital. Him the princess 
summoned and told that he should bear a letter for her to 
Kyōto, instructing him carefully at the same time whither 
he should take it, and charging him straitly to say not 
whence the letter came, but, as soon as he had carried 
it to its destination, to run off and return straightway to 
Sumiyoshi. Having thus admonished him, she gave the 
missive into his hands. So the messenger made all haste 
to the city and would have delivered the letter at the 
mansion of the Chunagon, but the servant who appeared 
asked of him his name and whence he came. To this 
the boy replied never a word, and when presently the man 
came out again the messenger had vanished. Then the 
people in the Chunagon's household, wondering what this 
letter might mean, opened it and read written in the 
Himegimi's hand:

"Truly this is a sad and weary world and heavy is 
my heart with thinking that there are those who mourn 
for me thus vanished none knows whither. I'll have 
I acted in this matter, yet would I pray ye believe that
there were not lacking good reasons for my setting forth on this journey. I strive to console myself with the thought that ye pass your days in happiness and concord, and my prayer is that ye be one and all in health. Ah me, how dearly would I welcome back those happy days of old, and alas, how I fear lest my lord the Chūnagon grieve too bitterly for me his daughter! Verily against him hath my offence been greatest! For myself, I drag along a forlorn existence and that is all. There is no more to say."

Nevertheless, carried away apparently by what she had already written, the Himegimi had added these verses:

"Evanescent are the dew-drops
Powdered o'er the morning-glory.
Evanescent is the heat-haze
Steaming from the earth in springtime.
What are these things? Thus men wonder.
Are they real, or a vision?"

* * * * *

Oh! the howling wind of autumn
Rushing fiercely o'er the empty
Spaces of the world and bending
All the grasses and the flowers!
See! it scatters ev'ry gath'ring
Of the mournful crying tsuru.

* * * * *
Oh! the diver standing lonely
On a sea-beach wild and dreary
Close beside the waste of waters,
With the hoar foam of the ocean
Dripping from her meagre raiment,
Spends her days, as I am spending
Mine, and ah, alas, how vainly,
Seeking aye to dry her garments!
Thus my sorrow groweth ever.

* * * * *

No one draws the trailing tendrils
Of the floating water grasses.
No one comes to seek my dwelling
On this bare and lonely hill side!

* * * * *

Where the mountain joins the valley
Shallow glides the running water;
Ne'er a thought hath it of flowing
Homeward to its mother fountain.

* * * * *

Fast the bonds I forged of friendship
Erstwhile round about my being;
Yet who knows where now I sojourn

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1. The Himigimi compares herself to a diver, one of those women, who, in certain parts of Japan, earn a livelihood by diving for fish: and, alluding to the story which had driven her from her home, gives her friends to understand that it were as hard for her to clear herself from the suspicion of having been guilty of unchastity, as for the diver to dry her garments.
Hidden, like a fallen tree-trunk
Buried deep in earth and grasses,
Or the fledgeling from the crane's nest
Soaring viewless in the heavens.
Yea! ye know no more my dwelling
Than ye know the distant bourne of
All the clouds of smoky spindrift.

They who fain would meet the loved one
In a vision of the night time,
Inside out must turn their garments! ¹
They who fain would meet the loved one
In the flesh, must cross the river
Flowing hard by Michinoku,²
In the distant land of Mutsu;
Okuma³ the river's name is.

Vain it were to turn your garments;
Vain for ye to cross that river

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1. The thought is borrowed from a poem of Ono-no-Komachi which is as follows:—

   Ito semete
   Koishiki toki wa
   Ubatama no
   Yoru no
   Koromo wo
   Kaeshite zo
   Neru.

2. Michinoku (Michi no oku) the modern Ōshū.

3. Okuma. There is a play on the first syllable of this word, which, written in Kana, means also "to meet."
Parlett: Suniyosha Monogatari.

Seeking for me, who have banished
From my sight your friendly faces.
Yet my yearnings they are many,
And my musings they are many,
Many as the silken meshes
Woven in the spider's dwelling.

*   *   *   *   *

In this deep and gloomy valley
Buried mid the ancient mountains
E'en the bird's clear pipe is silent.
Here it is that through the courses
Of the slowly circling seasons
I will spend my days in exile,
Till the spirit leaves the body,
Far away from human voices."

Then followed this short poem:

"If the plover on the sea beach
Tell me never
Whither it hath flown or wandered,
I will follow
When the tide hath ebbed, and closely
Track its footprints."

It was indeed not hard for them to gather, as they read these verses, the evil straits of the writer. So they showed the letter to the Chūnagon, and, ah me! no words

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1. The original text of this poem has been so badly mutilated that it is not possible to make an absolutely correct translation.
can picture his grief. With a loud cry he burst into bitter tears, bewailing most that the messenger had been allowed to depart; then covering his face with his daughter's letter, he bowed his head in a sorrow which was even more bitter now than when her fate was uncertain.

"What manner of place is it to which, unaccustomed to travel, she has wandered and in which she now spends her days?"

Thus he spake, while his grief waxed ever greater, so that at the last he vowed he would retire from the world and become a priest. But they who were about his person withheld him, putting forward as a plea the great joy it would be, both for his daughter and for himself, if he met her once again and still wore the garments with which she was familiar.

While these things were toward, the Shōshō, being very anxious to learn what had befallen, came to the apartments of the step-mother, where the San-no-Kimi, the sleeves of her garments all drenched with tears, told him the whole story. And when he heard her he said to himself:

"It is for pity's sake that she speaks thus to me."

So time sped, till presently, when with the first month of the year the season for promotion came round, the Udaijin was raised to the post of Kwampaku¹ while the Shōshō became a Chūshō² of the 3rd rank. Yet for this

¹. Regent for the Emperor.
². Lieutenant-General: there were two Chūshō, the Sakon-e-no-Chūshō and Ukon-e-no-Chūshō.
he cared nothing, but stood always before the shrines of the Kami and the Hotoke, praying them to reveal to him the place where his ladye-love lay hidden. Nevertheless the months fled by and there was no sign. But at last it befell that in the ninth month he retired to worship at the temple of Hatsuse. It was the seventh night of his seclusion there and he had passed it in vigil, when towards the dawn, having fallen into a gentle slumber, he dreamt that there appeared of a sudden at his side, one, a woman, who seemed of high degree. With half averted face she stood; but he caught her by the hand and turning her towards him gazed upon her face, and behold, it was the maid of his desire!

"Ah!" cried he, as joy immeasurable filled his heart, "where, oh where is it, maiden, that thou dwellest? Why hast thou been so cruel to me? Knowest thou how thou hast ever been in my thoughts and how I have sighed for thee?"

"Oh!"—whispered she in reply with tear-dimmed eyes,—"I wist not that thou lovedst me so dearly. Alas! I am grieved that thou shouldst have suffered thus. Yet must I bid thee farewell, for I may not stay with thee."

At these words, however, the Chūshō caught her by the sleeve and withheld her. Thereupon she recited this verse:

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1. Modern Hase on the banks of the Hasegawa in the neighbourhood of Nara; the site of the famous Hasedera.—v. Murray's Guide Book.
stated, "I know not the name, nor where I dwell."

As I know not the sea's depth, nor where I dwell,
Of the place where I dwell,

By the gray dreary sea,

Though 'tis called Sumiyoshi, and meaneth

By the nun, and that meaneth

A place fair to dwell in." 

With that she made to depart, and, when the Chūshō would have stayed her, suddenly vanished, while he at the same moment awoke with a start to find that it was nothing but a dream. Then made he great dole, for he thought that had he wist this to be a vision he might have detained it longer. Nevertheless he took what he had seen for a sure sign from the gods and straightway went out into the darkness determined to search for this place Sumiyoshi. But to his attendants he gave out that it was his intent to take advantage of his pilgrimage of religious purification to visit the shrines of Ten-no, Sumiyoshi, and other places, and bade them return to his father and acquaint him of this decision.

"Nay, lord," cried his people, hearing his words, "thou canst not go without attendants. Indeed it were not seemly on our part to desert thee, in this fashion and return to Kyōto!"

So they would all fain have gone with him; but he restrained them, saying:

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*A famous shrine outside Osaka.*
"I have received a revelation from the gods. For this reason do as I bid ye. Moreover there is another matter on my mind into which I would fain enquire. Therefore once again I charge ye: follow my behest, for it may not be that ye come with me!"

With these words the Chūshō, having for his sole attendant one foot-soldier, set forth upon his journey. And these were the garments in which he was clad: a ceremonial robe of white, much frayed with long wear; above it a silken vest of pale purple colour; and over all a thin white cloak reaching to his knees. His feet were shod with sandals of straw, and about his legs were gaiters. In this guise he departed and, presently passed from their sight behind the slope of the mountain of Tatsuta. Then at last his suite, weary of crying, to deaf ears, turned them about on their road to Kyōto.

On that very day at dawn, the Himogami said to Jijū, who lay on a bed behind her mistress:

"As I lay betwixt sleeping and waking, methought I saw in a dream the Shōshō lying at rest, with the bare grass for his pillow, alone in the midst of the silent hills, and, as I came upon him, his eyes opened and, beholding me, he seized me by the long sleeve of my garment uttering these words:

"Mid the deep hills
Am I lost,

Having none to guide me."
Thus, very pitifully, the Himegimi told her story to Jiju. Then the maid cried:

"Ah, full deeply in truth must he have mourned for thy sake! Hast thou no compassion on him; for thy dream is surely true?"

"I am neither a tree nor a stone," replied her mistress, "why then should I not feel pity?"

And in truth her heart was full of compassion for her lover.

Now the Chūshō was unaccustomed to travel, so that presently the blood began to trickle from his feet where the straw sandals chafed them. Scarce could he endure to drag one leg after the other, and even the wayfarers and the rustics on the road-side noticed him and exchanged glances with one another. At last, however, towards the hour of the bird,¹ after long and weary wandering, he was ware of a long line of pine-trees standing close together, with reed-thatched huts scattered here and there beneath them, and between the tree-trunks patches of shining sea. What the place was called he knew not, but being very heart-weary he sat himself down to rest in the shadow of a pine-tree and beckoning to his side a boy of some ten summers, who was

¹ About 6 o'clock in the evening.
gathering the fallen pine-needles hard by, asked him where he dwelt and the name of that country side.

"It is called Sumiyoshi and this is Sumiyoshi itself," was the child's reply.

When the Chūsho heard the boy's words, he was near beside himself with joy and at once went on to enquire whether in that neighbourhood there dwelt any people of quality.

"Yea, there is the abbot of the temple!"

"Well, but among them that sojourn here are there any folk from Kyōto?"

"There is the big house at Suminoe, the dwelling of the dame who is called the nun from Kyōto!"

Then the Chūsho, having questioned the child more closely, went on his way and so ere long came to the place. There it stood, a house on the verge of an inlet of the sea, very lonely and still in the light of the rising moon whose beams filtered dimly through the spaces of the trees. No sound was there of any life within its walls, and all the landscape round lay dreary and deserted. The night was falling, and beneath the pines stood the Chūsho gazing at their trunks and wishing vainly that these trees were but living men of whom he might enquire the names of the dwellers in that house. By the side of the evening sea the plovers, with plaintive call, were flying; in the pine-trees at the water's rim the wind soughed mournfully, and out of the empty
spaces of the airy there came slowly floating to his ears the sweet, sad notes of the Koto. Valmikī were it to attempt to describe his feelings as he listened to the heavenly music.

"Oh, the wonder of it! Surely this harp is played by no mortal hands!"

Thus musing he wandered on as one in an enchanted dream in the direction whence the melody came, and as he drew near to the house he could faintly hear in the apartments on the western face, which overhung the sea, the sound of one or two young voices, and among them that of one who sang as she played upon the Koto. Then he heard these words:

"At last I have grown used to winter, and am sad if I hear not the moaning of the wind among the pines and the lapping of the waves upon the shore. Ah me! Ah me! would that I could but show this place to my absent friends, for nowhere in the region of the capital is there aught like unto it!"

With that another voice, in recitative, took up the strain:

"Ah! 'tis the twilight, 'tis the twilight of the year. The twilight of autumn; the twilight of the sea. "But saddest of all" the twilight of life." To them that are exiles.

The voice sounded strangely like that of Jīta, but he reproved himself for such a thought, and ashamed said..."
"Nay, it cannot be; it is but the vain imagining of my mind, which for ever harps on the princess."

So he stills his wildly beating heart and, as again he listened, this is what he heard another sing:

"On the beach
Of Suminoc
Blows the wind
Among the pine-trees.
And it bideth;
Ever bideth;
For one coming
To this sea-beach,
Whither never
Cometh man."

And he knew the voice for that of the Himigimi.
Filled with wonder was he at this strange happening; yet, to the Hotoko, for this sign they had vouchsafed him, was he grateful beyond words. Thus in the fullness of his joy he approached the portal of the dwelling, and knocked.

"Who is there?" cried Jijū, as she peered over a low fence close beside the wall. But in a moment she recognized the figure even in the darkness.

"Alas, the pity of it! my lord the Shōshō it is who stands outside. What shall I say to him?"

"Ah me," replied her mistress, "kind is the heart that thinks thus much on me! But inasmuch as I fear..."
lest people learn of this and speak ill of me, tell him, I pray thee, that I am not here."

So Jijū went out to meet him and said:

"O, my lord! Sorry is the place to which thou hast come! Ah, how sick with longing for the past doth the sight of thy face make me! My mistress is lost, and so wild was I with grief when she vanished, that I wandered hither and thither, all distraught, until I chanced upon this dreary shore. Greater than ever grows my desire for those bygone days, now that I have set eyes upon thee again."

Thus with fair words she strove to put him off; though her heart was the while so sad for his sake that a mist of tears quickly dimmed her eyes; whilst by the side hand, as he listened to her words, was overcome with despair.

"Ah! Jijū! Jijū!" he cried, "it was for the sake of thy mistress alone that I came to this place, and thou art cruel enough, even though I have spared her voice, to tell me that she is not here!"

With that he hid his face in the sleeve of his white cloak, knowing not whether to be more sorry or glad. Thereupon the maid, feeling in her heart that there was reason in his words, went to take counsel with the nun who, when she had heard the story, cried:

"Blessed indeed is the fate that hath brought him to this place. Bid him at once to come hither, for I would have thee know that it is the bounden duty of
every being in this world to cherish a pitiful heart."

So Jijū went to the Chūshō and addressed him thus:

"My lord! Though it be unmaidenly of thy servant and lacking in courtesy, enter, I pray thee, this mean dwelling. For, in the first place, thou hast heard a voice, which recalls to thy memory one thou knewest in days long past. And if that be not reason sufficient, surely then is thy weariness after long journeying!"

With these words she stretched forth her hand and, catching the sleeve of his robe, drew him into an adjacent chamber in which there stood a single screen whereon was a painting done in the manner of the old Yainato school. Beyond this room stretched another containing likewise a screen of fine strips of bamboo plaited together, and on it there hung a white robe bearing a broidered design of leafless branches. Over all reigned an air of exquisite taste. Here it was that the nun awaited her guest; but, when she caught sight of his graceful limbs all bespattered with mud, of the blood trickling here and there from his feet, of his face all burnt by the sun, and saw his altogether pitiable plight, she came forward quickly, crying:

"Ah! my lord! Though Jijū hath told thee that thy princess doth not dwell here, it is not true; for she bides with me even as Jijū doth. The maid spake but as she was bidden; for though she pitied thee, she is but young and knoweth nothing of the world. As for her, far be it from
me to treat thee coldly or slightly. I have tasted both sorrow and joy on my path through this world and for that reason esteem thy coming as a fortunate falling out, and would have thee believe that I am very grateful for thy condescension."

With that she went to the Himegimi and told her what she had said, to which the princess made reply:

"Neither is it my desire to treat the Shōshō coldly or slightly; but I fear greatly what may be said if this story reach the capital."

"There is truth in thy words," said the nun, "but it were meet on this occasion to take many other things into consideration. Even the rocks and the trees, things without souls, would be moved, saw they such constancy as this. If thou hast aught of regard for a poor nun, follow, I beseech thee, my counsel. But if thou preferrest to remain obdurate then will I cast myself into the river or the sea."

Having in this manner essayed by threats to frighten the princess, the nun turned to Jijū and bade her usher the Shōshō into the presence of the Himegimi. So the maid straightway reported to the Chūshō the mandate she had received; whereat he was exceeding glad and begged her to comply with the bidding of the nun and bring him at once to her mistress. Quickly then the maid led the way to the apartment of the princess. By that time black night had fallen; but for none of them was there rest or sleep. The long night through, with bitter tears in their eyes, they
told their adventures over and over again, till at last the darkness faded and the sun rose. Then the Chūshō could see the face of his lady-love clearly, and it seemed to him that her beauty had ripened since the day on the moor of Saga; while wild longing seized him as his eyes drank in the misty loveliness of her long tresses all disarrayed.

So two or three days passed. But it happened that in the province round about were many who had known the Chūshō in the capital and, when the rumour of his arrival in that country side spread itself abroad, they all came to see him. And, lonely though the place of his dwelling was, they sat beneath the pines taking their wine together in pleasant converse, to the unfeigned astonishment of the gaping country-folk.

In the meanwhile, my lord the Kwampaku in Kyōto, having heard that his son had gone unattended to Sumiyoshi, dismissed to their guardhouses; the attendants, who had returned, while his son’s intimate friends, the Saemon-no-suke,¹ the Kurando-no-shōshō,² and the Hyōe-no-suke, followed by others of the 4th and 5th ranks, set forth in a body for Suminoké to gain tidings of their missing companion. And when they had found him they said jestingly:

1. Second in command of the Guards of the Left. Of the three bodies of troops comprising the Imperial guard, that divided into the Sakone and the Ukoné had the highest prestige.

2. A Chamberlain of the court, who in ancient times had charge of the important records.
"What dost thou expect to find that thou art come to such a hopeless place as this?"

"I came," replied he, "because of a vision vouchsafed me by the gods; but I remain because in this neighbourhood have I made a very dear friend."

At these words they all fell a-laughing, crying out at the same time:

"When a man journeys to the shrines of the Kami and the Hotoke he is circumspect in his behaviour. But thine indeed is a strange fashion of pilgrimage, for thou camest to worship and now we find thee in the pursuit of some maiden.

"I am much beholden to ye my friends," replied the Chūshō, "that ye should have journeyed thus far to seek for tidings of me, though in truth, were it not for such a chance as this, never would your eyes have gazed upon this fair countryside of Naniwa." ¹

So they sat and talked together, till slowly the day darkened and the moon shone down on Suminoe so brightly that it seemed to float upon the waters of the bay; while the murmur of the wind crooning among the pines, and of the sea moaning along the shore was heard as far away as Awaji's isle. Such a paradise was this, that the Chūshō's friends one and all tarried on, whiling away the hours in jests and pleasant conceits. The Chūshō of the 3rd rank played upon the Koto, the Ku-

¹ Another name for Osaka.
rando-no-Shōshō on the flute, the Hyōe-no-suke on the
Shō-no-fue and the Saemon-no-suke sang, all to the delight of the Himegimi, Jijū, and the nun, whose heavy hearts were lightened as they listened to the melody.

Then on the morrow when the sun rose, they called divers and bade them dive for pastime. But on that day great was the bustle and hurry in the place, for all were returning to the capital and the Chūshō was to take the Himegimi back with him as his wife, giving out that she was some country maiden. Glad was the nun as she looked at the princess thus returning with her lover; but bitter too was her grief when she turned to think of the parting so near at hand; and, when the Chūshō gave to her as a fief the place called Idzumo, all she said in reply were these words repeated time and again:

"Not for my future was I solicitous, but for that of the maiden, the Himegimi. Wherefore now may I depart in peace. Great joy is mine thus to speed ye on your journey to Kyōto; but sharp too is my sorrow that we should have to say farew., Truly, whate'er befall, my tears must flow, never alas! to dry, till that day when I am gathered to my place among the Hotoke."

Bitter likewise was the dole which the princess made when she left this countryside where two years of her life had passed, though both she and Jijū, as they talked together, pitied most the nun, for that having grown accustomed to their presence she would surely miss them
and long for their companionship. And as they conversed they turned their heads and gazed backward at the pines whose tops could be dimly discerned in the far distance peering between the gaps of the roofs of the village houses, while the Himegimi recited this poem:

"Oh! why are the sleeves
Of my garments wet;
Though I stand so far
From the gray pine-trees
Of Sumiyoshi."

So they journeyed on, the princess brooding always on the place she had left, till they came to the crossing of the river where were many folk taking their pleasure's in boats, who, when they saw the Chûshô and the Himegimi, fell to singing this song:

"Light hearted they embark
In lightly floating craft,
For fickle pleasure's sake.
Ah! well we know no day
Will pass but that some wave
Shall stain their gay attire."

Thence the travellers wended their way to Yodo, and from Yodo to Kyôto to the mansion of the Kwampaku who was wood wroth with his son by reason of his escapade. Nevertheless, because the thing was beyond remedy, he built a pavilion for the bride and there he established them together. Soon, however, the story came to the ears of
the step-mother; whereupon she and the wicked woman were both exceeding angry and jealous, sneering at the folly of the Chūshō in taking to wife the daughter of a low-born rustic. But while they talked together in this fashion the Chūnagon sat brooding over his lost child more and more sadly as the days fled.

"Ah me," he cried, "my heart is foreworn and sad! Oh, that I might behold her but once again as she was in the olden days!

So it came to pass that by reason of this bitter and ever-increasing longing he grew to look aged and worn beyond the measure of his years, and at last the step-mother, marking it, said to him:

"I know from a sure source that the Himegimi ran away in the 11th month with a villainous priest."

But he replied:

"Though in thy story there were never a shadow of doubt, of my daughter alone could I not believe this. Yet what would it matter, even if the tale were true, compared with my joy to know that she were still alive and well. Ah, tell me who brought these tidings to thee! For I will set out and seek for her as long as life is in me, and when I have seen her once again, no more will the path seem hard across the mountain of Shide. Oh, in truth this is are glad news thou bringest me!"

When she heard him speak thus the step-mother was covered with confusion, and hardly could she stam-
mer out that she had forgotten who had told her. With that the wicked woman, hoping to help her mistress, said:

"Was it not such and such a person, or perchance that other?"

But the Chūnagon was so overcome by their unfeeling conduct that he broke out into loud exclamations of grief calling many times on the Holy Lord Buddha for succour.

While these things were happening, the Himegimi was pleading with her husband to allow her to inform her father that she had become the Chūshō's wife and was living in Kyoto. To this however he would not agree, saying:

"Even though I were to take careful counsel with him that thy presence here should not be revealed, yet would these women of a certainty discover our secret and invoke the Kami and the Hotoke to send us evil. Bethink thee that a curse, on whomsoever it fall, is a dread thing, and do thou rather make believe that thou art still at Sumiyoshi, where it was not possible to apprise thy father of thy whereabouts. I pray thee be not cast down, for in the end all shall be revealed to him."

Notwithstanding this, so deep was the sorrow of the Himegimi, at the thought of her father thus left to mourn, that she said she cared not if she died.

"Of a truth thou hast good cause to be sad," replied
her husband, "yet for all that let matters stay as they are, and do thou keep silence I entreat thee!

After this they removed their dwelling to Nijo-Kyō-goku,1 and so time passed till in the 7th month the Hime-gimi, who in the 10th month of the year before had conceived, gave birth to a beautiful man child, the joy and pride of his father's heart. It likewise befell that the Chūshō, without having solicited the post, was made Chūnagon, and very presently, Udaishō;2 while the Chūnagon,3 became Dainagon4 uniting with that post the office of Azechi.5 Then, on a day, it happened that the Udaishō met the Dainagon in the palace and remarked, as they conversed together, that the latter was grown very old and feeble; to which the Dainagon with tears in his eyes replied:

"Thou sayest I am grown old and feeble; but consider, I pray thee, the sorrow dwelling in my heart. Life is, alas, not a thing of which a man may lightly divest himself, for then were I dead; whereas I am still among the living!

And when he had finished speaking the old man wept before them all. At the sight of the Dainagon's grief the Taishō6 would have straightway revealed every-

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1. A quarter of Kyōto.
2. Commander of the Ukon-e the second highest military post.
3. A Minister of state, 5th in rank from the Dajo Daijin.
4. An office corresponding to that of chief commissioner of police.
5. Abbreviated from "Udaishō."
thing; but, as he pondered over it, silence seemed to him the wiser course. Nevertheless he could not refrain from tears, and on his return home told the Himegimi and Jijū all that had happened, who, when they heard his story cried:

"Ah, it is as he always said! The parent never ceases to think of the child; while the child never once thinks of its parent."

Then the princess in the bitterness of her heart went on:

"Alas, what grief and solicitude are his! To think, moreover, that never during these months and years have I told him where I dwell. The Kami and the Hotoke will surely hate me for an unfilial child. Ah me, a luckless creature, in all truth is woman!"

"Thou art right," said her husband. "Full oft, since this feeble little creature was born to us, have I longed to show it to thy father but have refrained, fearing lest some calamity should fall upon the child. Yet be of good heart, I beseech thee, and wait but a little longer, for the time is at hand when all shall be made plain."

Thus was it his wont to soothe her with fair words. In the meanwhile the desires of them twain in the matter of children were fulfilled, for the Himegimi was delivered of a little princess of radiant beauty. So the parents doted fondly on their children, and mid mingled tears and laughter the years rolled by till the boy prince was seven and his little sister five years old. Then the Taishō
and the princess agreed that they would divulge the whole matter to the Dainagon in the 8th month of that year on the occasion of the boy's ceremonial donning of the *hakama*. And at that very season, it having happened that the Taishō and the Dainagon met in the Palace, the former said to the latter in the course of conversation:

"We have fixed upon the 16th day of the 8th month for the ceremonial donning of the *hakama* by our children, and we hope that thou wilt be present. However, I shall speak to thee again more particularly on the subject."

"Ah, indeed, is that thy intention?" replied the Dainagon. "Alas! I am an ill-omened body for such a scene of rejoicing."

"But I have a special reason for asking thee to come. Therefore, I pray thee, fail me not!"

"If that be so, then surely will I be present."

So the day arrived and many Kandachime¹ and Den-shōbito,² friends of the Taishō, assembled at his mansion, whither, as the sun was setting, the Dainagon likewise took his way. Full and seemly were the preparations made, with nothing lacking; and, as all the officials of the Kurando³ came, great indeed was the number of the guests. Then, at the fit moment, the Taishō, catching

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¹ Nobles: the term was generally applied to Taishō, Dainagon, Chūnagon, Sammi, Chūjō.
² People of the upper classes who had the entree of the palace.
³ The Imperial Treasury. An office founded by Saga Tennō. To its charge were confided all the Imperial treasures and secret documents.
the Dainagon by the sleeve of his robe, drew him into an inner room and bade him be seated on a small cushion which the Taishō took up and placed before the reed-screen which separated them from the women's apartments. But behind this screen stood the Himegimi and Jijū peering at the guest. Who could fathom the depths of the daughter's grief and pity as she gazed? Still full of youth and strength her father had seemed when she last saw him, but now he sat there old and worn, his hair white as though snow were fallen on it, his forehead wrinkled like the waves of the four seas, and his eyes dull by reason of the many tears which had washed the brightness from them.

"Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it!" cried the Himegimi. And with that she fell with her face to the ground.

So they led forth the little prince and his sister that the Dainagon might bind the girdles of their hakama; but, when he gazed upon them, he lifted the sleeve of his robe to his face and bowed himself with grief, remaining thus for a great while. At last, lifting his head, he cried in a voice choked with tears:

"Very humbly I crave the forgiveness of ye all for speaking at a season of rejoicing like this of so ill-omened a thing. For this little maid is the image of the long-lost daughter for whose sake I mourn, and at the sight of her such a flood of memories of the past surges to my heart that I cannot keep silence."
Hardly could the Himégini and Jijü refrain from crying aloud as they listened to these words, while the tears falling on the red sleeves of their garments seemed tears of blood; and even the Taishō, at the sight of the old man's grief could not restrain himself, but wept aloud in company with all the bystanders, both heartless and kind-hearted.

At length the feast was ended, and they gave to the departing guests suitable gifts, to each according to his degree; but, to the Dainagon, the robe very soft and smooth of a little maid, which to him seemed in sooth a strange gift as he cast it over his shoulder and went his way to his own home, where, on his arrival, he praised the beauty of the little princess to the step-mother, telling her of the kindly courtesy of the Taishō who had treated him as though he were an intimate friend:

"Ah," cried he, "how great my joy, were I but able to call those two little things grandchildren of mine! Happy indeed is their mother, country maiden though she may have been! Ah! and the little princess! Surely she is the image of my lost Himégini when she was a child! Often will I go to visit them for they are very gentle and lovable!"

To this the step-mother made reply:

"He treats thee with such friendliness because of the relationship which once was between him and the San-no-Kimi. Oh, the pity of it! What a joy it had been
both for him and for us if those children were born of the San-no-Kimi! Ah me, the folly of his conduct!"

Then the wicked woman took up the tale, saying that the Kwampaku would have nought to do with the children, for that their mother was base-born.

Now it seemed to the Dainagon, as he pondered over the matter, exceeding strange that they should have given to him a little maid's robe, old and frayed, moreover, with long wear. So he bade his servants bring it and lay it before him, and, as he looked again, he bethought himself that the garment greatly resembled the first which his lost daughter had worn; but, inasmuch as his dim old eyes might be playing him false, he turned the robe over and over again, examining it carefully the while. Then at last he knew that there was no mistake but that it was surely his daughter's; whereupon his heart beat fast and he fell a wondering how the garment had come into the hands of the Taishō and why the latter had given him so strange a gift. With that he hurriedly set forth for the mansion of the Taishō, having in his company no more than two or three attendants. But when he came to the gallery which encircled the outer apartments of the house the Taishō himself ran out hurriedly to meet him and begged him to enter.

"I crave forgiveness," replied the Dainagon, "for what I am about to say, which is both foolish and discourteous. I confess, however, that a continual longing
possesses me to be in thy house, and this is the cause of my now being here. But nay, there is more than that! Perchance my aged eyes deceive me; yet the garment thou didst give me yesterday seems the very same as that which my daughter first wore when she was a little maid. And so filled was my head with this hope that, caring not at all for what men might think, I came running hither."

Thus he spake while the Himegimi, listening to his words, waited with impatience; for surely now, she thought, would the signal be given for her to appear. But ere ever the Taishö said the word, both she and Jijū, choking with tears so that neither could speak, burst into the room to the unutterable astonishment of the Dainagon who at sight of them came near falling in a swoon.

"What! is it thou? is it thou? How comest thou here?" was all he could stammer out at first. But, presently, having somewhat recovered himself, he turned his back upon his daughter and facing Jijū addressed his words to her alone, saying:

"Perchance my daughter thought that it mattered not how she treated an unnatural parent, and for that reason never sent me tidings of her whereabouts. But what hast thou to say for thyself that thou didst not once give me news. Did I not treat thee with the greatest condescension and kindness? Oft hath it been my desire to die, for trouble and pain have been my weary lot; yet never hath my desire been granted me, and thus it befalls that
now by chance I see ye both again after long years. Ah! had I died before this day, still anxious for the sake of ye twain, I should have borne my burden with me into the next world and never might I have crossed the mountain of Shide. Behold me thus bent with years and sorrow; for ye are not rocks or trees that ye should not understand. Ah, cruel are the hearts of men! Yet am I glad that I have lived to see this day. Consider, for pity's sake, what a hard thing life hath been for me! Consider how I have wondered when the weary months and years would cease to pile themselves one on another! Nevertheless, oh joy of joys! the desire of my soul hath at length been gained."

With these words he burst into tears. Then the Taishō, the Himegimi, and Jijū told him all that had happened from beginning to end, and made clear to him that neither was it ingratitude nor yet forgetfulness which had kept them silent.

Rarely indeed hath there been such a tale as this either in days of old or yet in later times.

So the day darkened and the Dainagon returned to his dwelling. And when he had reached it he spake to the step-mother after this manner:

"At last have I seen my daughter, and it is as thou saidst; for of a truth she lived with that base priest on Higashi-yama. But I fear me that she is not much longer for this world, for her grief and trouble have been great."
"Ah! I am glad, exceeding glad," cried the stepmother, "that she is found at last. In what condition of life is she, and what is her mien? I pray thee tell me the story fully, for my heart is ill at ease for the sake of her."

"Someone," replied her husband, "who it is I know not, having falsely besmirched her fair fame, she fled and wandered away as far as Sumiyoshi where she was discovered by the Taishō who had sought for her when on a pilgrimage. He took her to wife, and they have lived together for many years; but for fear of the wickedness of this evil world have kept silence in the matter. Hearken well to my words, then wilt thou understand whether or no she fled with that low-born priest."

When he had said this the wicked step-mother could only stammer "Oh! oh!"; while her eyes blinked, her face reddened, and she was plunged into such confusion and speechless shame that not one word of excuse could she find for herself. But the Naka-no-Kimi cried:

"Oh, how thankful I am to hear the joyful news that the Himegimi is well and safe! Oh, the glad tidings! I will go to see her at once." And, though this bad woman was her own mother, yet was she filled with anger against her.

So the Dainagon unburdened himself of all he had thought and felt and of the bitter grief which had grown and grown upon him. Then, exclaiming against this weary world and the sorrow of having to dwell therein, he depart-
ed to live at a place called Sanjō Horikawa, which once belonged to the dead princess, taking with him nothing, save the bare necessaries of life. But when this came to the knowledge of the Taishō he said to the old man:

"Thou shalt not do this thing, for it is thy bounden duty to live in thine own house as heretofore!"

To this the Dainagon replied: "Such is my gratitude to thee, for that thou didst first rescue and take under thy care my daughter so sadly and helplessly wandering and then later reveal her to me once again, that I would not esteem it a hard thing to offer thee my head. Nevertheless, whatever thou mayest say, this one thing I cannot do."

Then the Himegimi, likewise, very quietly and gently essayed to keep him in his old home; but he would not hearken to her words and removed to Sanjō Horikawa. So the Taishō and the princess furnished him with all things necessary, and many of his old servants and others entered his household. The Taishō, however, exclaiming that it was not possible for him to sojourn there all alone, made his own aunt, a lady named the "Tai no on Kata," live with the Dainagon as his wife. At that season likewise came all those who had been the Himegimi's attendants in her father's house and took service with the Taishō, and among them was the friendly Shikibu, whose peer the Himegimi thought the world held not. So, in the talk of all that had befallen in by-
gone days, and with mingled laughter and tears, time passed on. Till that moment my lord the Kwampaku and all other folk had treated the Himegimi as the daughter of some boor, but quickly spread the news that she was the daughter of the princess, the some-time wife of the Azechi-Dainagon, and then every one began to praise the marriage as an excellent one. Thus the story runs.

But when the Hyōe-no-suke and the Naka-no-Kimi heard the story they were abashed, while the latter was greatly wroth, notwithstanding that the culprit was her own mother.

"Ah, it is right," cried she, "that people should shun me now, for my own parent was guilty of the deed!"

So the two, husband and wife, wept all the days through; while in addition their influence waned. All this presently came to the ears of the Himegimi who no sooner heard it than, crying out that the Naka-no-Kimi was a dear friend of hers, she sent for her straightway and they conversed together of the extraordinary things which had befallen them. This was greatly to the liking of the Taishō who said that it was an excellent thing that sisters should live together in friendship. So the months and years passed and the world went well with the Taishō; for the Kwampaku presently resigned his office to him; while the young prince, the Himegimi's
son, was made a Chūshō of the third rank on the occasion of his ceremonial donning of the Gembuku, and the young princess became in her eighteenth year a lady in the palace. As for Jijū, she was the head of the attendants in the Taishō’s mansion and came to be considered a person of such importance that they made her a Naishi. All who saw that household were filled with admiration and envy. So the Taishō and the Himegimi lived in happiness and health through the long years of their life, but the step-mother was hated of all who saw her or heard her story. Night and morning she wept, and the tale runs that having fallen thus on evil days she presently died. As for her accomplice, she wandered about in miserable guise, a beggar. Thus was it in olden days with the wicked, and now still is, for which reason let all who read this story or hear it told bear in mind that they must, what e’er befall, be good and true.

1. The occasion when a youth donned for the first time a man’s clothes and changed his name. This took place at the age of 15. The ceremony varied at different periods, the most modern consisting solely in the shaving of the forelock and the changing of the name.

2. A female attendant on the Emperor.