

## My Friends in the School.

A large school such as ours, is nothing but a vast ~~notion~~

exhibition of human beings where we can easily form a fair

<sup>human nature</sup> conception of our fellow-creatures. It is indeed full of remarkable

young men whose careers and adventures <sup>are well</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>study</sup> ~~not~~

~~novelists' money to hear.~~ Even the least observing <sup>and</sup> reader

~~of human nature, of which I am the best specimen,~~ can

not fail to single out a few whose whims and eccentricities

~~have constantly put <sup>him</sup> me in mind of some odd animals~~

~~we have met with ~~met~~ in English novels.~~

The first of my friends is a robust, sturdy fellow, ~~scar-~~

<sup>nick</sup> named the 'Duck', <sup>from</sup> after his gait which <sup>is an exact counterpart</sup> exhibits that of a

stately bird to perfection. He has large owlish eyes,

always goggling deep in their sockets; a heavy ill-cut

mouth, with a set of big, <sup>sharp</sup> edged teeth, almost <sup>viewing with</sup> ~~defying~~

those of a horse; a short flat nose, turned up a little, render-

ing his expression somewhat comical. He is well known as



the staunchest patron of all the ale-houses in the neighbour-

hood of the school: nor does he ever fail to signalize <sup>his</sup> to

omnivorous prowess, whenever he visits a so called 'beef-

shop', often to the astonishment of his friends. Immense

<sup>great</sup> physical strength and sound health with which he was

favoured by nature, have ~~an~~ enabled him to become one of

the most expert oarsmen that have ever rowed on the

Smida. This circumstance, aided not a little by his re-

markable features, has made him a very notable figure

in the school. It is <sup>that only will be of any good to him</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>the only</sup> good, for he has nothing else

to boast of. To speak the truth, ~~the~~ rowing is the only <sup>accomplish-  
ment</sup> thing.

on which he can pride himself. Of all the other athletic

sports, he knows <sup>little or</sup> ~~nothing as at least next to nothing~~. Nor

does he ever endeavour to distinguish himself in any

of them. ~~The~~ Lawn-tennis he <sup>regards with contempt</sup> looks down upon, as too

effeminate for young folk <sup>an</sup> to take interest in; ~~the~~ base-  
men



ball <sup>he</sup> gives up on account of his having bandy-legs. As  
to his school career, he is little given to study, as <sup>may</sup> naturally  
be expected from such a man of spirit, as he calls himself. Once  
there was a time, however, when he took it into his head to  
<sup>study</sup> cultivate English and <sup>make</sup> give ~~him~~ a figure in the eyes of his  
schoolmates. The first book which he attempted to read through,  
at the outset of his task, was the magnificent essays of Lord  
Macaulay. I still remember, he read the book with con-  
stant frowns and scowls, as if the author were his bitterest  
enemy. I should not <sup>have</sup> certainly noticed such a trifling  
circumstance, had not curiosity made me <sup>on that occasion</sup> so <sup>apt</sup> observing  
that I could not help stealing, now and then, a glance at  
him. At last, the book was sentenced to perpetual imprison-  
ment in his closet, on the flimsy charge of being too elaborate.  
The unfortunate essays are perhaps still lying, amidst  
the dust, at the bottom of his closet, beside an empty



bottle or two of Sakurada Beer. In short, he is the Buckthorn  
of the school, with more extravagance <sup>in</sup> ~~about~~ monetary <sup>matters</sup> ~~affairs~~  
and far less courtesy towards the fairer sex. But with  
all his foibles, he is still a generous, harmless fellow  
whom you can easily move into a flood of tears or a trans-  
port of joy by a little act of kindness or sympathy. As  
'beauty lies on the top of terror'; so <sup>a</sup> sweet temper is often  
concealed under ~~the~~ outward bearishness. When I first  
entered the school and felt as if I were a boy, <sup>cast adrift</sup> ~~flung upon~~  
in a strange  
~~strangest~~ land, it was he that first smiled upon me, tapped  
~~on~~ my shoulder and spoke kindly to me. Since then,  
we have <sup>well</sup> been intimate friends, much to the astonish-  
ment of others. In fact, <sup>am myself unable</sup> ~~I myself am at a loss to account~~  
for the intimacy which, in spite of our opposite natures  
and widely different dispositions, has grown to such  
a warmth. (Not Finished)

S. C. Natsume  
1<sup>st</sup> year. Lit.

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## My Friends in the School (continued)

Amongst other schoolmates of mine, I should not omit to

X describe a tall portly person of buxom countenance, radiant

X with pepticity and ruddy with good humour. He seldom

opens his mouth, but never looks grave, he is always calm,

always cheerful, and always taciturn. This extraordinary

humor excited my curiosity and I secretly resolved to ~~study~~ <sup>study</sup>

him, heart and soul. At first, however, I could make neither

head nor tail of him. But six years' friendship, has enabled

me to look into the innermost <sup>recesses</sup> part of his mind as clearly

as my own. In fact, I have found him to be a youth,

with a countenance as innocent as a child's and a

heart as old as any philosopher's:— a man of deep thought

and contemplative nature. He loves learning for its own

sake, sees things in a truer light and larger relations

than others, and always keeps himself at a distance from

all the prejudices of the age. Envy, fame, worldly ambition



for which we live and die, are alike strangers to him. The sole object of his life is to discover the secrets of Nature. For this object and for this object alone, he thinks, reads, and works. Since chance threw me in his way, a peculiar interest has ever attracted me towards him; and it has become my great pleasure to hear his conversation, though he can, by no means, pretend to have any charming power <sup>over</sup> it.

It happened one day, many months ago, when we took

a walk together and our conversation turned upon ~~the~~ human happiness, that he began the following harangue, in his usual tardy but impressive manner:

"Our happiness is central, and therefore must grow out of our own hearts. Look around, and you will see that Nature is ever busy in her revolutions, and every revolution brings the ups and downs of ~~our~~ fortune. A bright hope, a crushing blow, a broken heart, and death. ~~these are the~~ <sup>this is</sup>



X  
 -common fate which befalls ~~of~~ mortal beings. If we  
 wish to be happy, therefore, we must not be <sup>too</sup> susceptible <sup>to</sup>  
 the external world. Rasselas was a great prince, with all ~~the~~  
 luxuries at his command. But was he happy? Dr Primrose  
 was a poor parson: he saw his daughter seduced, his  
 house burnt, and even found himself in ~~the~~ prison. Yet  
 he was always happy. Let us then learn to become <sup>like the</sup> ~~the~~ Vicar  
 of Wakefield." He would have gone further, had I not told him  
 that I had <sup>always been</sup> ~~ever~~ of the same opinion and that I would endeavour  
 to become Dr. Primrose, instead of Rasselas. As it was, he stopped  
 short and cited, with a look of satisfaction, the following  
<sup>spoken</sup> words, ~~said~~ by Confucius, in praise of Yan Kai, his first disciple:  
 'He has only a piece of bread to eat, a cup of water to drink,  
 sleeps in <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ dark garret with his elbow for <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ pillow:  
 yet for all that, he is happy. Wise Yan Kai!' Like ~~the~~  
 most philosophers, his mind early turned upon the



question: 'What is the best conduct of man?' This inquisitive-  
ness  
mind resulted in converting him <sup>into</sup> a Christian; but he  
soon got dissatisfied with the doctrine and when he was  
asked, by an American missionary, what was the cause of  
his dissatisfaction, he replied that it was because he  
could not believe in Christianity. "Is it possible" said  
the astonished American, "for a man to doubt the orthodoxy  
of such an enlightened doctrine as Christianity?" "Yes, Sir,"  
was the cool reply, "doubt is the dawn of truth." Ever  
since then, he has turned free-thinker, his philosophy  
and conscience being the sole guide of his conduct. Fortu-  
nately,  
X ~~unately~~ he is possessed of such strong mind that he never  
fails to act as his philosophy directs, and his conscience  
persuades  
X persuades, him: so that in proportion to the development  
of his thoughts, his conduct becomes nobler and purer.  
Here I must remark something in his behalf. As



Emerson says, 'man is that noble endogenous plant  
~~which~~ which grows, like the palm, from within outward, and  
as the growth of the palm, like any other plant, consists  
in converting mineral into vegetable substance, so man  
must grow, ~~likewise~~, <sup>any</sup> by assimilating ~~whatever~~ knowledge  
imparted to him, for his own use. Without this, no intellectual  
growth can take place. Without this, a man who has  
read ten thousand volumes and has committed every  
page of them to memory, must find himself as ignorant  
as his original self, not a bit nobler or richer intrinsically.  
In fact, he has grown to be a dictionary or an encyclo-  
pedia, <sup>which may be had for asking at any book-seller's.</sup>  
Yet how many people endeavour to become a dic-  
tionary or an encyclopedia! But my friend is free  
from this petty ambition. As his thought rises into a  
higher sphere, his conduct also rises ~~into~~ the same level.  
This is what commands my esteem and what I call truly  
noble.



24/5/89

Compositor.

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Natsume.  
H. Natsume.  
1st Year Lit. C

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June 11. 89

Much more by the printer than a simple  
copy from the main of stem, consisting  
incomplete report, which is a specimen form of  
A well shown, good, broken composition, rational  
with pleasing, good humor and manifold attractiveness  
in part two.

1889



## My Friends in the School. (continued)

Last night, I sat at the writing table in my study to finish my composition exercise. I was much fatigued by an exami-

nation on mathematics, I had <sup>had</sup> that afternoon. Being

originally a man of little imagination, I now felt ten-

~~fold difficulty in disposing of that task~~ <sup>done by</sup> in any way.

I sat dull and heavy, with a white sheet of paper,

spread before me, and a quill pen in hand. There

~~I could think of no way of beginning my~~  
~~composition, however, no idea with which I was able to~~

~~open my piece.~~ Now and then, I dipped the pen in the

inkstand: but every fresh drop was <sup>used</sup> not to write

any sentence, but to draw some meaningless pictures,

such as, a chimney-pot hat, a tramway-car, a deep-

mouthed dog, in delineating which I had, of course,

no special purpose, so that when I became conscious

of the folly of my doings, I took up the paper and tore



X it to pieces, with a mixture of anger and impatience. After many fruitless attempts to write, my eyes became gradually heavy and my head grew dull and dull, until I was unconsciously transported into the region of Slumber.

I had enjoyed but a few minutes' repose, when I was suddenly aroused by a knock at the door. I started up, ran to it, turned <sup>his</sup> ~~its~~ handle, and <sup>to my great surprise I saw</sup> whom I should see but

a tall, gaunt figure with a 'cliff-like' brow, sliding into the room. 'Who are you?' cried I, alarmed at this unexpected guest. Without any answer, he sat down in a chair beside the table, and beckoned me to resume my seat. I could not but obey him, for he had something grand in his mien, which forced my consent. After a few minutes' silence, I raised my eyes, so as to look at him, like one brought into the presence of a superior being. His features were stern, but a certain affability



which was discernible in his countenance, erased all his hard expression, just as the warm sunlight gives a delightful aspect to the dreary winter. He sat cool <sup>and</sup> mute, with ~~such~~ a look as if it were I and not he that should first break the silence.

"I - I should like to know your name," I began, at last, being

extremely anxious to get <sup>end</sup> rid of the awkward <sup>silence</sup> suspense, "and

to what <sup>purpose</sup> ~~purpose~~ did I owe this most <sup>unlooked-for</sup> ~~unlooked-for~~ visit?" "Don't you

recognize an old friend of yours?" said he, with ~~an~~ evident

surprise, "Have you not always been pleased to hear me?

Have you not often praised my profound discourse? Nay, you

have even gone so far as to imitate me, though you have

failed in your attempt. And how can you pretend <sup>not</sup> to know me?"

"Pretend not to know you?" said I, "I have not the faintest <sup>of</sup> recollection ~~that I have ever had~~ <sup>having had</sup> the pleasure of seeing you."

"You must not conceal anything from me," said he gravely,

"A few days ago, your teacher of English gave you ~~the~~ warning



not to imitate me." "Not to imitate you!" interrupted I, "Why, he  
who are you?"

only advised me not to imitate Carlyle. But, you are - you are +

pray, who are you, not that great essayist <sup>surely</sup> ~~by all means~~!"

"<sup>Yes</sup> By all means I am." replied he. "Humbug!" retorted I, "Don't

be an ass, sir; Carlyle has been dead these eight years."

"Man of shallow learning," said he with an effort, "whose

thoughts have never travelled beyond the narrow limits of this

world! And not to ~~know~~ believe in the soul that flourishes

forever,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds!"

"Then, what hast thou to do with with an earthly being like

me?" asked I feebly, collapsing in the chair. "It is

only for your sake." replied he, "It is to inform you of the

danger of imitating me, to save you from falling into

caricature. My style which is so un-English, is almost

impossible to imitate incapable of being imitated, though

it is always deemed ~~as~~ excellent. If you attempt to draw



a tiger, you will produce nothing but a shabby cat."

With these words, he rose from his chair and lo! <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ eyes suddenly began to swell ~~into~~ an immense bulk, while it seemed to recede into infinite space, until it was all blank before my eyes. An involuntary shudder, a fearful cry, and I was awake. In fact, the fatigue of the day and some disorder of the stomach played a trick upon me and disturbed my sleep. When I was awake, it was late at night and stillness reigned over all. Only the dark foliage outside, fluttered to and fro, as the cool summer breeze passed softly over it. The silver beams of the moon, after making their way through <sup>the</sup> intricacies of boughs, fell aslant upon the floor, through the window. Repushed by this scene, I returned to myself. ~~I recovered the vigour of my~~ ~~head.~~ A bright idea, too, flashed across me. "Is not anyone" said I clapping my hands, "who reads a



great man's works, loves his good sense, admires his talent, a friend of his? Well then, let Carlyle be my friend, let him also be the hero of my piece." Now I took the pen, wrote line after line without any pause, and roughly finished my piece, in less than an hour. Then I threw the pen upon the table and said:

"But who was he that I dreamt? Was it really Carlyle or was it only an undigested bit of beef or an underdone potato? Humbug!"



15/6/89.

Composition

Composition

Compo

K. Natsume.

Comp  
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Composit

I must do the justice to open the work with my own history.

Mummilitic

There I think the form of the table and so on.

But who was the first I don't know, was it really English?

It was it only an experiment but of that I am sure.

How better? "How long?"