Special Correspondence THE NEW YORK TIMES.

TOKIO, Sept. 17.—A graphic and picturesque account of "The Funeral Ceremonies of Meiji Tenno" (the late Mikado) is printed in The Japan Advertiser to-day. From the story, which is a very long one, the following excerpts are taken:

Though the extensive preparations for the imperial obsequies had led us all to expect the last journey of the Emperor Meiji through his capital to be done on a worthy and complete scale—indeed many of us have had glimpses the last day or two at the all but completed arrangements in the palace precincts—the actual meaning of the great event seemed to strike one at a few moments before the boom of the signal gun announcing the start of the procession.

Once among the chosen, it was to become at first confused, then dazzled, and then elevated at the splendid order and magnificence of the setting, the impressiveness of the scene being further enhanced by the stillness of the vast audience. The splendid vista of the drive from Babasaki up to the Double Bridge surely has never contained so vast yet so immobile a concourse. The rows of tall decorated poles surmounted by blue arc lights seemed mere colored lights by the side of the barbaric flaming yellow beacons perched on huge tripods, and these together with a huge sextuple incandescent cast a saffron light on the innumerable khaki legs of the double row of soldiers stretching into the dim distance. At regular intervals were huge sasaki (funeral trees) hung with streamers of white paper. On the wide grassy mounds were gathered the students of the various Tokio schools and institutions standing so closely as to resemble fields of maize. The intervening spaces were filled with companies of soldiers, marines, and bluejackets, the two last companies being from the British warships at Yokohama. Adjacent to Nijubashi itself were all the officials and private individuals—over two thousand—gathered in readiness to take their places in the rear of the procession.

The gun in the palace grounds boomed the first signal, which was echoed from Yotsuya and Aoyama. The procession proper had begun to leave the Double Bridge.

By this time the Toyama Band was passing Babasaki, but not playing. They were in white uniforms with instruments draped in mourning. Then came the Navy Band, also silent, followed by a company of bluejackets. The silence was still intense, broken only by the intermittent tolling of temple bells and distant booming of guns. Now are passing the gorgeously decorated drums flanked by Shinto mirrors and in the distance is heard the weird shrilling and wailing as of bagpipes. They are the shoshiehiriki (native pipes.) Passing now are twenty silken banners preceded by stiff and muslin-clad torchbearers. Then follow the bearers of stools and ladders, bows and quivers, twenty halberds with appropriately dressed bearers, more torches, two gigantic sasaki (funeral trees,) the only two carried in the procession; priests, more torches—and all the time the weird and fateful lament played on the native reeds.

Nothing can describe the effect of this music, it is so strangely beautiful. The theme is taken up in turns by three sets of players, the overlaying bars harmonizing and then trailing off into the void. The nearer they come they have the sound of first and second violins, which gradually in the distance changes into the bagpipes' lament.

And so in turn come more drums, mirrors, torches, and other paraphernalia of this mighty pageant, when suddenly staccato military commands ring out; the entire guard of soldiers present arms (not reversed, however), and a company of buglers commence a fanfare. Half way through this, another section begins, then several more, until the night air is ringing with portentous sounds, and we know the centre of the procession approaches—the mighty and magnificent car containing all that is mortal of a great ruler. The soldiers stiffen, the crowd bows, and the fanfare keeps on incessantly. There is a vision of black and gold, the flapping of the golden curtains scintillating in the yellow light, and here is the object that countless thousands have their thoughts fixed upon, and what thousands have been waiting since early morning to see and do obeisance to.

The five sacred oxen are closely surrounded by Admirals and Generals resplendent in gold lace and feathers, so close, indeed, that one can hardly distinguish the oxen. The cavalcade moves slowly, but too quickly for one to distinguish notable features ere one's attention is taken up by the Imperial sandals carried by a chamberlain in a white gown and carrying a sword. Then come many official dignitaries, torches, then Prince Fushimi in old-time ceremonial dress, aids de camp to the Princes of the Blood, funeral commissioners, torch bearers and priests, and then officials according to rank. There seemed to be a never ending stream of gold lace and plumed cocked hats, followed by thousands of frock-coated and silk-hatted gentlemen, and then commenced several regiments of khaki-clad soldiers headed by an another military band playing Beethoven's funeral march.

Aoyama looked from a distance like a fairyland of lights. A long avenue of lofty blue arc lamps led to the sacred inclosure, which itself was brilliantly illuminated by electricity and gas torches. The roofs of the long spacious pavilions on either side of the main roadway were sown thick with electric lights, while in front of the shrine itself was a curtain suffused with a dull yellow glow. From a distance the sight suggested an illumined city. The dark intervening spaces of bare ground served to increase the brilliance beyond, and the whole was a spectacle to which the eye returned with delight again and again.

All was silence. Then from far, far away as it seemed, came a strange moving, faint wail. It grew louder until one recognized the note of the reed pipes, than which no more mournful dirge was ever heard. It thrilled every one of us with a queer, unearthly feeling; it seemed indeed to be the very note of death.

There were some twenty of these mournful green-clad pipers, and they heralded the coming of the funeral car. The tall structure had passed between the white smooth shafts of the Torii almost ere we knew it. We could scarce see the laboring oxen, so thickly beset with attendants were they. But the car—or wagon rather, for such it was—was visible in all its black and gold and red. The lights were reflected in the black lacquer of its great wheels and in the metal work above. It seemed to tower some dozen feet above us and to dwarf the whole procession. It was the one big thing there, a clumsy, heavy, laboring thing with creaking wheels—creaking purposely—but it was rich in its depth of color.

It was gone, moving toward the dull yellow glow of the shrine, and then followed hundreds and hundreds of men in peaked hats and gold laced uniforms; and then hundreds of officers, and another column in conventional dress, and then more and more officers, naval and military.

The contrast between that which preceded the funeral car and that which followed it was striking indeed. Before it went old Japan; after it came new Japan. New Japan quickly separated to left and right and seated itself in the pavilions on either side. But old Japan had passed by and disappeared, and we could only hear now and again the distant wail of the reed pipes. After that the long rites began.

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