To say that we had fresh peas and celery daily, and ice-cream twice a week throughout the voyage, may convey some idea of the ship's capacity to carry fresh supplies of all kinds. We had some quite rough weather, but less than was to be expected at this time of the year. We doubtless avoided much rough sailing by going so far south, although it made our voyage much longer. When we reach Yokohama in the morning we shall have run five thousand one hundred and twenty-one miles from San Francisco.

We were seasick once or twice—long enough to know what it is, and to be satisfied as to the cause of it. It doubtless comes from a sort of vertigo, or dizziness, produced by the rolling of the vessel. This interferes with the circulation of the blood and produces nausea. If the head can be supported and kept stationary by the back of a chair, or in a reclining posture, there is no difficulty. When one gets accustomed to the motion of the vessel there is less danger of vertigo; hence seasickness is most usual at the beginning of the voyage. We are still not so fond of the sea as to reciprocate the sentiments of the song of "A life on the ocean wave." A lady passenger says that its author must have had neither brains nor nerves, but the stomach of a shark.

With profoundest thanksgiving to our Father in heaven for his watchful care during the voyage, we close these notes to-night, expecting with the morning light to look upon Japan, "the land of the rising sun."

On the "Alaska," Nov 29, 1876.

LETTER VII.

OUR FIRST DAYS IN JAPAN.

WE did not sleep as well as usual on Wednesday night, November 29. Sleep is a principal thing in a sea voyage, and hence, because one has to sleep so much, physicians often recommend crossing the ocean for one's health. The motion of the vessel puts you to sleep, and if you waken after a good night's rest it is apt to woo you to slumber again, if not immediately, at least before more than four or five hours. But not so on the morning of November 30. We had been promised sight of land by daylight, and we were on the lookout for it. More than once during the night we tried to get a glimpse of Japan in the clear moonlight, but without success. But at length with the early dawn we were rejoiced on looking out of our window to see Breese Island faintly outlined on the horizon. Hurriedly dressing to see Cape King on the other side of the ship, we found several of our late risers already on deck drinking in the glad sight of the main-land stretching away for miles. We absolutely envied some of our Japanese passengers as they stood silently looking on their native shores once more. There were genuine thanksgivings at our worship that morning for the sight of land again after four weeks of gazing upon the wide waste of the Pacific.

We were now fifty miles from Yokohama, which is some distance up the bay. Perhaps seventy-five miles away stood Mount Fuji, the great mountain of Japan. It is an extinct volcano, twelve thousand four hundred and fifty feet high, with a crater three miles in circumference and two hundred feet deep. Its lofty head, covered with snow, was surpassingly beautiful in the early morning sunlight as it first burst upon our delighted vision. The Japanese call it Fuji-Yama, which means, "No two mountains," or "Peerless," or "None such." They are very proud of it. It enters into all their art. In their pictures on fans and lacquer-work, and even in inlaid work, Fuji-Yama is always present. In fact, it is visible to so much of Japan that we shall keep it in sight until we leave this part of the main island. Japan consists of four large islands and several thousand smaller ones. The largest one is called Nippon. By the natives "Dai Nippon," or Great Nippon, is regarded as the proper name for Japan itself. The Japanese now use the term as corresponding to Great Britain. They delight to think of themselves as the Englishmen of Asia, albeit many regard them as the French.

We steamed rapidly up the bay, despite the head-winds and heavy sea which had delayed us some hours. The water was full of Japanese craft of all kinds, from the revenue-cutter, to which we showed our colors, to the junk and fish-boat. As soon as we were sighted, the firing of two guns in quick succession in Yokohama announced our approach to the people there. Passing the fishing towns and light-houses along the coast, we were, by one o'clock, amid the men-of-war and the steamships anchored in the harbor. Firing our gun, the Japanese colors were run up on our foremast, while the American flag had taken the place of the pennant on our mainmast, and floated also from the flagstaff at the stern of the ship. American, French, German, and Japanese men-of-war, gayly decked with flags, were filled with officers and crews watching us as the native boats crowded around to take the passengers ashore. The Confederate ram "Stonewall," purchased by the Japanese government, was pointed out in the harbor.

But we soon lost sight of every thing but ourselves and the boats filled with natives clamorous for places nearest the ship's ladder. A shrill whistle bade them all look out as the steam-tug which came to take off the mail scattered them on every side, and threatened to really capsize several. The mail-bags were carried down by Japanese coolies, who had come aboard for that purpose, while yet others were distributing advertisements among the passengers, who were commenting on their strange costumes. Their trousers fit so tightly that some inquired how the Japanese ever got their trousers on. Others answered, "They never take them off." "But how did they get them on originally?" "They were melted and poured into them." We were soon not troubled with that difficulty, for we found some that did not wear any trousers at all, but simply a cloth about their loins. Looking out upon these unpainted boats sculled by native boatmen, we saw in them many anxious faces scanning the features of the passengers, looking for friends and relatives, and many were the greetings of recognition exchanged. We began to feel lonely amid such warm displays of love and joy until the Rev. Dr. McClay, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Japan, accompanied by three or four other missionaries, came on board inquiring for Bishop Marvin and ourself, and assured us that a warm Thanksgiving dinner was awaiting our presence to be disposed of, and that we were expected to share the hospitalities of his home during our stay. Bidding our fellow-voyagers and the officers of the ship farewell, we followed the Japanese coolies who carried our baggage, and were soon in one of the native boats pulling for the shore. We take a final look at our noble ship, and remember the advice, "Never abuse the bridge that has carried you safely over." Farewell, "Alaska!" there are few ships surer *or* slower, and none more comfortable. While the coal-barges are hurrying to replenish her well-nigh emptied coal-bunkers, we can study the peculiarities of the bareheaded boatmen. Listen to their evident abuse of each other as they are struggling for the best places near the ship. Yonder old man is so full of *sake* that he can hardly manage his boat, and he is fearful that he will have to go back without a passenger, and he is swearing at every boatman within sound of his voice. Our boatman has had his head freshly shaved from the forehead back to the crown and his back hair nicely folded over the bare spot. His legs are inclosed in tights, while he wears the usual coat, something like a loose dressing-gown. His oars are worked like the fins of a fish, and his boat is built after the model of a fish's body. He blows as he sculls, and the boy at the other oar also has a sort of escape-pipe for his steam.

But here we are at the wharf, and Japanese greenbacks pay the bill. Our baggage is placed in a jinriksha drawn by a man, and we walk on to the custom-house to open it for inspection. An American official accompanies the Japanese clerk, and after simply looking into a trunk, permits it to pass without objection. The baggage goes off in one jinriksha and each of us summons one from the adjoining square, where they stand thicker than carriages about the St. Louis court-house. The jinriksha means "man-power carriage." The man stands between the shafts, which have a cross-piece in front against which he can lean his whole weight,

to assist him in drawing his load. The vehicle is playfully called a "Pull-man car." We are scarcely seated before our cooly is off, trotting like a horse and looking like an ostrich. Such legs! The calves stand out in huge hard lumps of muscle. Away he goes at the rate of six miles an hour. We see clean streets and fine business houses on all sides as we hurry along, but we are wondering whether our cooly won't fall down and "spill" us on the street. We meet a buggy drawn by a horse at full trot, and we seem to be going the faster of the two. Passing through the native markets, we come to the foot of the "bluff" on which stand the foreign residences. Dr. McClay and we walk up the hill, while our jinriksha men help push Bishop Marvin's vehicle to the top, when we all get in again and whirl along as before until we reach the residence of the Rev. Mr. Ballagh, missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church. Our coolies are dismissed with greenbacks, as our boatmen were, and in a few minutes we forget that we are in Japan.

The Chinaman brings his home with him to America, and the American to China or Japan. The house we are in is foreign-built; the faces that smile welcome upon us are all American, and the Thanksgiving turkey on the table is just such as to-morrow will grace many a table in our native land. The talk is of the United States. "Is this really Thanksgiving day?" "The President's proclamation has not been received, and the American Minister at Tokio celebrated last Thursday." "Who is elected President? The dispatches are contradictory, and we suppose the result is doubtful." So the talk runs on for awhile, but the presence of the Japanese waiter and the strange tongue in which he is addressed, and those persimmons and peculiar oranges, recall to us the fact that we are on the other side of the world. The talk now is of a threatened insurrection among the Samurai, just quelled a week or two before by the prompt action of the government, rendered possible by the telegraph wires, and of the wonderful changes in Japan that have disarmed this soldier class and that are making them useful citizens and controlling them, despite an occasional mania for carrying the two swords again. The rise in the price of swords confirmed the suspicion on the part of the government that something was wrong. Then we talked of the hopeful attitude of Japan toward the Christian religion; and of the great work being accomplished in some parts of the empire, inaugurated, and in some places largely carried on, by natives who have been brought to Christ. But we reserve for narration what has come under our own observation while in Japan. The impression of these first few hours of intercourse is, that these faithful missionaries are men who would command the leading pulpits in our American Churches, and that the work they are doing will abide the tests of time and trial, and command the admiration of men and the approbation of God.

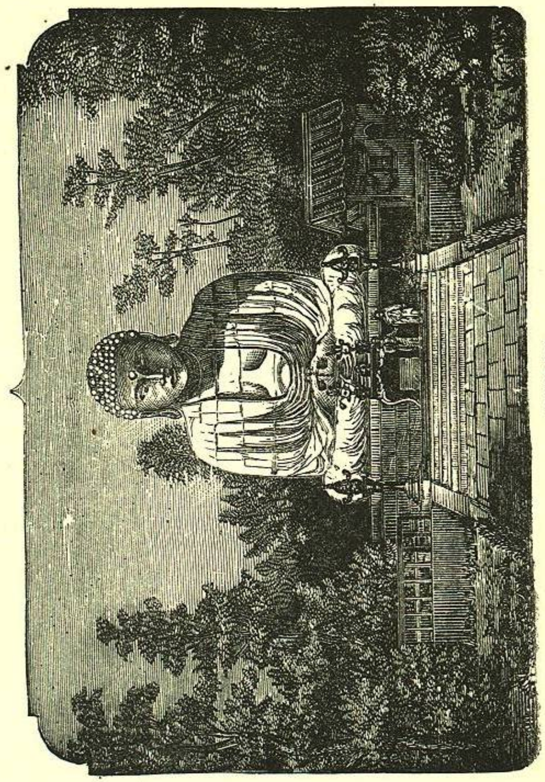
We were only a few minutes at Dr. McClay's when one of the converts called, and on being introduced and informed that we were Americans, he appeared greatly rejoiced, and remarked: "The Japanese were ignorant of the truth until Americans brought them the knowledge of it. We are therefore always glad to see American ministers and missionaries." This was said with a grace and an earnestness that were unmistakably genuine, and we responded through Dr. McClay, our interpreter, that we had equal joy in meeting a native Christian who less than a year ago was a heathen. He was a Samurai, or member of the military class, but on becoming a Christian he left the government employ, and is devoting himself to the study of the

Bible that he may preach the gospel among his heathen countrymen. He is perhaps nearly thirty years of age, and with the air of an intelligent gentleman, such as he doubtless is. We were informed that irreligious foreign teachers in the employ of the government say that Christianity is dying out in America, and because preachers can get no one to come to hear them there they come to Japan. These statements and many similar ones are published in the native papers, and the converts come to the missionaries, and, getting the statistics to show the proportion of missionaries to home preachers and the number of Christians in America, publish a reply to those falsehoods. Thus the whole public mind is agitated, and the chapels are well filled with attentive hearers who are full of intelligent questions. Foreign merchants and others often assail missionaries through the prints, angered by the presence of men whose faithful preaching is a constant reproof of their irreligious lives, and who would gladly go beyond the range of Christian influences, but cannot. When missionaries first came to Asia these men were angry because their countrymen lived in native houses imperiling their health. They are now angry because they have foreign-built houses, and evidently mean to take care of their health and spend long lives of usefulness among the heathen. "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! But Wisdom is justified of all her children."

After the lesson of the five loaves and two small fishes, and an earnest prayer by Bishop Marvin for God to multiply them, to feed the multitude of Japan, we all join in singing "Rock of Ages." Dr.

McClay and family then sung it to the same tune in Japanese; also, to our familiar tunes, but with Japanese words, "Arise, my soul, arise," and "Nearer, my God, to thee." We retire to rest, but not to sleep. Not only is the motion of the vessel absent, but visions of Japanese junks, tiled roofs, straw shoes, clogs, jinrikshas, tight trousers, shaved heads, crows, dwarfed trees, and many other strange things, are fearfully present. Thus ended our first day in Japan. It was a memorable Thanksgiving day! But as yet we had seen but little more than the foreign part of Yokohama. The next day we were to spend among the natives.

Early on Friday morning, December 1, we started in company with Dr. McClay and Bishop Marvin to Kamakura, distant some eighteen miles, and formerly the Shogun's capital of Japan. It became thus a place of great political importance as early as 1196 A.D., and is now interesting mostly for its venerable buildings and its historic associations. We each took a jinriksha with two coolies apiece, one to pull and the other to push, paying two dollars and a half for each vehicle. We took a shorter road going, and went in two hours. We returned by the tokaido, or great road of Japan, and it required three hours and a half. Thus we averaged about five miles and a half an hour during the day. Our men would always stop when it was too difficult to draw us uphill, and would turn in the shafts to see that our wheels got in no bad ruts at dangerous places. The one in front would always announce any bad place and "slow up" in crossing it. We never had so intelligent a team. The prospect of good pay kept them in fine humor, and they were very considerate of our wants. They carried their Japanese lanterns with them, and stopped to light them on our way home after night, as the law is very strict on that subject. Sometimes these jinrikshas collide,



BUDDHA.

and sometimes they lose a wheel, but the accidents are not numerous. While it seems hard to be drawn by men, it is the only way of travel here, save by a buggy with a betto or man to run side by side with the horse. We saw some of this, but, very happily, less than we expected.

The country along our route was quite fertile and every available square foot in cultivation, growing rice, or cotton, or vegetables. We passed through some fifty places with from one hundred to fifteen thousand inhabitants each. We saw all trades represented—the carpenter *pulling*, not pushing, his plane; and saw the farmer winnowing rice with his fan in his hand; women shaving their eyebrows, and (tell it not in Gath!) hair-dressers putting up their hair—using false hair, or switches. Little Japanese children would bow, and cry "Ohayo!" or "Good-morning." Women with blackened teeth would invite us into their hotels to take a cup of tea. Once we stopped and drank tea, with no sugar or milk, out of their tiny cups, and found it both palatable and refreshing.

Heathen temples abounded all along the road, and we occasionally saw worshipers at them. They always ring a bell to let the gods know that they have come to pray. One bell was seven feet high and fourteen feet in circumference, and was rung by means of a huge log suspended by chains and worked like a battering-ram. It was surrounded by straw shoes left as offerings by the pilgrims. We visited the great bronze image of Dai Butsu. It is forty-four feet high, and will hold several hundred people inside. We found on entering that a stair-way led up to a gallery near his head. We measured the space on the inside between his elbows and found it to be twenty-five feet. Getting a ladder from a priest in attendance, we climbed up the outside and measured his arm from elbow to wrist and found it to be eight feet, and from wrist to end of thumb to be five and a half feet more. The length of the thumb is three feet, while his thumbnail is eight inches long by ten wide. Dr. McClay sat on the thumb and ate an orange as we made the measurements. His face has the inevitable wart in the forehead and wears Buddha's usual serene look. Doubtless millions have worshiped before it, while now it excites but little interest save as a work of art. A large temple probably once covered it, but was destroyed by an earthquake or tidal-wave. The image was cast in sections and put together afterward, the whole weighing about six hundred thousand pounds. Its age is very great, probably dating from the time when Kamakura had half a million of people. Only a few temples now remain, so perishable is the ordinary Japanese house. This was the old capital of the Shoguns, afterward moved to Yeddo. Yeddo was subsequently made the mikado's capital, and its name changed to Tokio, or "Eastern capital." We shall visit it to-morrow.

The change of the capital was an essential part of the great revolution of 1868. The military emperor permitted himself to be recognized by Commodore Perry as the real and only Emperor of Japan. When the fact became known it was determined to dethrone him, to place the mikado, or proper ruler, in full possession of the government, to change the capital from quiet Kioto to the more important Yeddo, and to drive all foreigners from the country. All was successfully accomplished but the last, which was never really attempted, their presence being found desirable for the development of new Japan. The military class were generally disarmed and then pensioned by the government. But many are still restless, and threaten trouble. The sword-market is an accurate barometer.

Yokohama, Japan, Dec 1, 1876.

LETTER VIII.

IN THE MODERN CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

THE quarterly-meeting of the Methodist Mission being held at Yokohama on Saturday and Sabbath, we were very anxious to remain and witness a native Quarterly Conference session and love-feast, as well as to see some nine converts baptized, and to join with them in partaking of the Lord's Supper. But the missionaries of Tokio had sent down for one of us to preach in the English Church there on Sabbath, and as Bishop Marvin was already engaged for that service in Yokohama, it was deemed best that we should go to Tokio on Saturday. Accompanied by our friend the Rev. Julius Soper, our jinrikshas soon bore us to the splendid railroad depot where we were to take the cars. The English style prevails, of not being permitted to enter the gate that opens on the platform until just before the train leaves, and we dropped into the Japanese *restaurant* to use the few spare minutes at the lunch-table. The food was boiled eggs, tea, cakes, and some other articles which we ate by faith, an ample lunch for fifteen cents each. Our tickets were punched as we entered the gates, and were taken up as we passed out of the gates at Tokio, no conductor or guard appearing during the run of eighteen miles. The cars are narrow-guage, with seats along the sides like those of a street-car, and are of three classes. The first class, English compartment