

The Japan Travel Journals of Bishop Henry Evington, his daughter Emily Evington, and his wife Patience Evington

Edited by Susannah Margaret Coates

Collated and transcribed from Evington family diaries by Susannah Coates (née Evington), great-grandaughter of Bishop Evington. The diaries and associated material are held by Dr Dorothy Evington, Susannah's mother, and are used with her permission.

The content of this article is identical to, and is published concurrent with, the book entitled *Three Journeys from London to Japan 1874-1908*, printed for private circulation by Susannah Coates and reproduced here with her permission. The present article retains the format and font of the book.

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Bishop Henry Evington with Mrs Patience Evington and Miss Emily Christine Evington in the early 1900s.

Biographical note

Henry Evington was born in Manchester on 7 October 1848 and attended Manchester Grammar School from 1861 to 1865. In 1870 he decided to take Holy Orders and proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford, graduating in 1873 and being ordained on 1 March 1874. He immediately offered his services to the Church Missionary Society and accepted a position in Japan. On 22 October 1874 he took the first of seven journeys he was to make to Japan during his lifetime.

Henry was back in Manchester between April and October 1881 and whilst there married Patience Bedford on 1 September at St Peter's Church, Barton-on-Humber. Henry and Patience had three children whilst in Osaka: Emily Christine Evington (1882–1966), Henry Bedford Evington (1884–1966), and Cyril Bedford Evington (1886–1972).

Summary of journeys

'Journey 1': 22 October – 19 December 1874

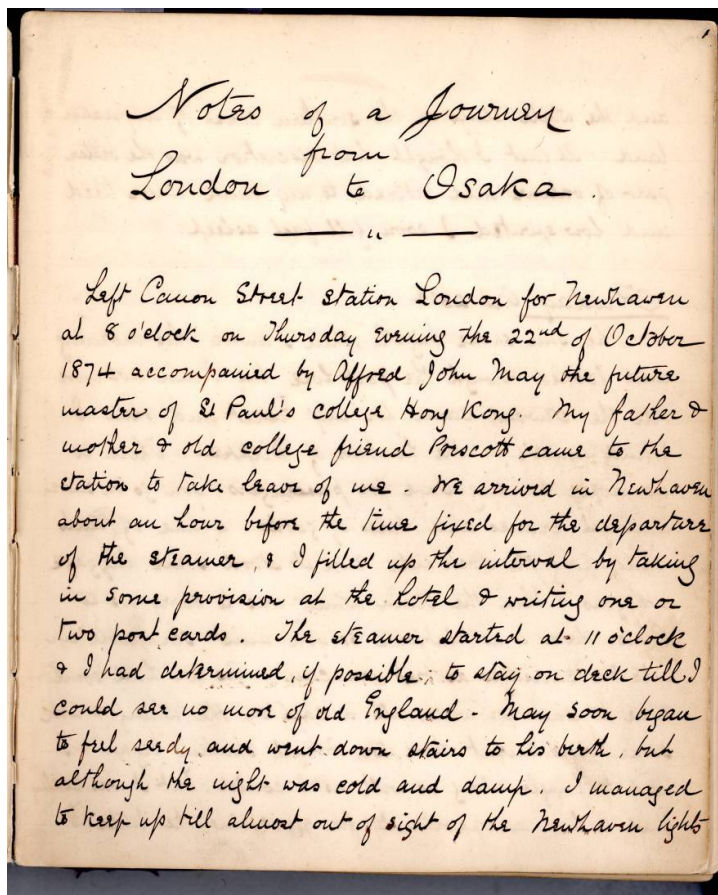
Henry wrote a full account of this first journey to Japan in his own hand, and it is presented here with the pictures he had pasted into it. The journey took eight and a half weeks. He travelled from London to Dieppe, Paris and then Marseilles where he boarded the mail steamer MM *Sindh*. The sea journey took him to Naples and Port Said, then passing through the recently opened Suez Canal to Aden and on to Galle in Ceylon, Singapore, Saigon and Hong Kong. Here he changed ship to the MM *Menzaleh* for Yokohama, Japan. After visiting Tokyo he took the SS *Oregonian* for Kobe, and finally a train to Osaka.

'Journey 6': 31 January – March 1902

Emily (Milly) wrote an account of this journey which took around six weeks. Henry and Emily travelled from London to Newhaven and took the ferry to Dieppe. They continued by train to Paris, Rome, and Naples where they boarded SS *Bayern* for Japan. The SS *Bayern* stopped at Port Said and then passed through the Suez Canal to Aden and on to Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai. Here the diary ends but one can guess they sailed onwards to Japan and were back in Nagasaki by 15 March 1902.

'Journey 7': 6 - 27 October 1908

Patience records this journey which took three weeks. Henry, Patience and Emily travelled eastwards taking a ferry from Queenborough on the Isle of Sheppey for Flushing. They then took the train to Berlin and onwards through Alexandrovo and Warsaw. Their third train took them to Moscow where they boarded the Trans-Siberian Express, passing Cheliabinsk, Omsk, Ochinsk and Lake Baikal and changing at Irkutsk for the train to Vladivostok via Chita, Harbin and Mukden. At Vladivostok they boarded the ship *Hōzan Maru* for Tsuruga, Japan. Patience and family then took the train to Kobe where they boarded a ship for Nagasaki, arriving on 27 October 1908.



Henry Evington: Notes of a Journey from London to Osaka 1874

Left Canon Street Station London for Newhaven at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening the 22nd of October 1874 accompanied by Alfred John May the future master of St Paul's College Hong Kong. My father and mother and old college friend Prescott came to the station to take leave of me. We arrived in Newhaven about an hour before the time fixed for the departure of the steamer, and I filled up the interval by taking in some provision at the hotel and writing one or two postcards. The steamer started at 11 o'clock and I had determined, if possible to stay on deck till I could see no more of old England – May soon began to feel seedy and went down stairs to his berth, but although the night was cold and damp, I managed to keep up till almost out of sight of the Newhaven lights and the white cliffs on the southern coast of my native land. At last I thought that discretion was the better part of valour and retired to my bunk where tired and low-spirited I soon fell fast asleep.

Friday Oct 23rd

The sun shone brightly when I awoke this morning and looked through the port-hole, but I did not move till the steward came for my ticket and then I found myself in the harbour of Dieppe. There is no proper landing-stage for passengers, you go on shore amongst cranes and bales of goods; a line of rails runs along the dock side, and on it stood some luggage wagons and then the train which was to carry us to Paris, there is no platform so you must scramble up into the carriages as best you can. As we had some time to wait we went into a café on the wharf and took some refreshment, here, too, French speaking began and I had to bungle along as well as I could, but I was really glad to have an opportunity for exercising the little I know and learning a little more. We did not go into the town at all but left by the train at about 7 o'clock and arrived in Paris just after mid-day. The country along the line is very pretty, thickly wooded and well cultivated, and on account of the brightness of the day showed off to advantage, but the villages had not the nice cleanly appearance of our own country hamlets. I wanted very much to have stopped for a short time at Rouen, to have seen its famous cathedral, but I thought we should have no time to see anything of Paris if we did. The city looked very pretty as we passed through, situated as it is on the banks of what appeared to be a noble river. A gentleman in the carriage lent me a copy of one of the reviews and in it I read Mr Gladstone's paper on the ornamenting and decorating of churches.

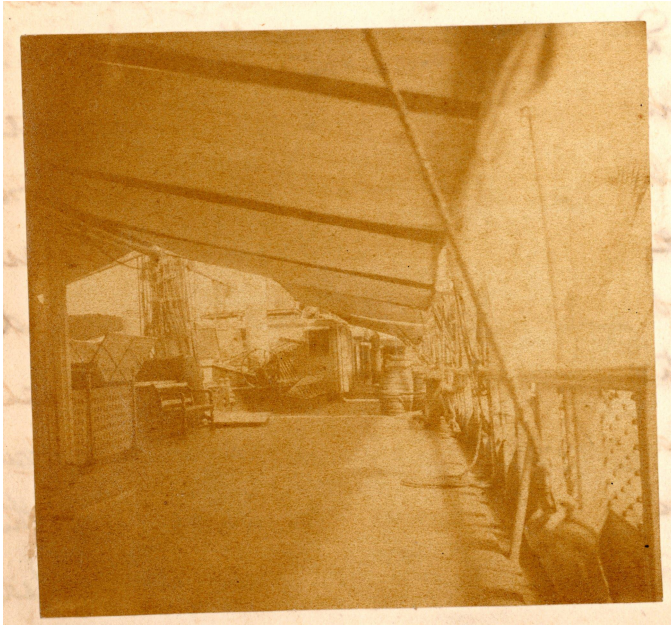
Our boxes were examined at the Paris railway station and when we had satisfied them that we were not smugglers, we were driven in a cab to the Grand Hotel du Louvre, and after taking a little luncheon we went out to see a little of this great city. I cannot attempt to write down anything like a description of the place, I must content myself with noting a few of the principal things that I saw. The streets are indeed very beautiful and clean and many of the shops very fine, but the boulevards are a grand ornament to the city and must be especially so, when the trees are in full leaf, their only drawback is that they must intercept the view of the buildings. We, of course, looked into Notre Dame; it is a splendid cathedral built of dark brown stone, with flying buttresses to support the east end and two fine towers forming the west front. It has three clear aisles in the nave which is nearly all furnished with seats, but along each side there is under every window a little oratory with small altar and places for confession, with the confessors name printed over the door. The roof seems a little higher than in our own cathedrals, but I do not think that the building itself covers so much ground as York or Lincoln. We peeped into one or two other churches but I do not know their names. On the outside of one were the words 'Liberté, égalité, fraternité', and inside there was a beautiful shrine. We looked into the quadrangle of the Academie Française, it is a dingy looking old place and not half so handsome as the colleges in Oxford. We made a sad mistake in not seeing the Tuileries, it is quite close to the hotel, and there we should have certainly seen some of the effects of the late war, but this was the result of our ignorance and we tried to console ourselves with the thought that it was impossible to see Paris in half a day. We saw one or two of the columns, but I did not get their names; I felt inclined to wish that these cities were arranged like a well-ordered laboratory, where every bottle is properly labelled and there is no mistake as to what it contains. Some traces of the siege in the shape of debris and the rebuilding of some of the large public offices, such as the Hotel de Ville were to be seen, and had we had a guide, doubtless many other things would have been pointed out to us. We went through the buildings belonging to the police department, and into one of the public gardens, probably those of the Luxembourg. After going into a glover's shop and buying some gloves which the girl very kindly came round the counter to put on my hands for me and calling at another shop to have a ferrule put on my walking stick and learning the French word for the same, we returned rather weary to the hotel and took some dinner. The rest of the evening was spent in the public reading room along with the Bishop, and in our own room writing a few short letters.

Saturday Oct 24th

Met together in the Bishop of Victoria's room with Mrs Burdon, her brother-in-law Mr Stubbs of Islington, Sedgwick who is to sail with us for Foochow (Fuzhou) and May my fellow-traveller for the early part of the journey, for the celebration of Holy Communion. After breakfasting with the Bishop, we packed our baggage together, paid our bills and being well fitted into a small omnibus were driven to the railway station of the Chemin de fer de Lyon by no means relishing the idea of a 20 hours ride in a railway carriage and in this our expectations were not disappointed. We left Paris at 11 a.m. taking leave of Mr Stubbs at the station. Our journey lay through very fine scenery and the vintages on the hillsides were very pretty: all the land was cultivated but the fields were not divided off with hedges and walls as in England, till we got towards the south where with some Derbyshire stone walls. I saw the aqueduct which supplies Paris with water, a fine long row of white stone arches near to the station of Pont sur Yourie. At Dijon we had half an hour allowed for dinner and at Lyons we turned out for about quarter of an hour and took a drink of hot coffee. At both of these places we had some fuss with the waiters and the paying on account of the hurry and bustle and at the last place we succeeded in paying twice or three times over. We had very pleasant company all through the journey. I succeeded in keeping one quarter of a first-class carriage to myself and so secured a little sleep rolled up on the seat like a snail. Every time we awoke the watches came out to see how the time passed for it was very wearying and the first glimmer of daylight was very welcome

Sunday Oct 25th

Arrived at Marseille about 6.30, very pleased to end the journey, we drove down to the docks at once and went on board the French mail steamer 'Sindh'. The photo gives a view from the companionway forward, about two thirds or three quarters of the ship's length. When we had deposited our portmanteaus in the cabins we turned back into the city to get some breakfast, we certainly succeeded but it was after a long time for everyone seemed to be only half awake, and when the breakfast did make its appearance we could scarcely take it. We had not time to examine the place but we looked into one or two of the churches and I went to one of the exchange offices to supply myself with some French money.



Deck view of MM Sindh

At 10 o'clock we left the harbour: the day was beautifully fine and warm and the harbour as beautifully blue, the view of the city was very pleasing, it certainly looked much better from the sea than when we were in it. We had our first meal on board soon after leaving and we did ample justice to what was provided for our former meal had been very unsatisfactory and we thought it well to take in some food whilst we were able for that might not be long. I spent most of my time on deck watching the coast and enjoying the air immensely. We kept the southern coast of France in sight the whole day; it is skirted for the most part by dark brown cliffs almost destitute of foliage but looking very pretty in the bright sunlight. We passed by two or three islands at about three in the afternoon, but having neither chart nor atlas I cannot note their names. A little reading and a service in the Bishop's cabin make up for the events of the day.

Monday Oct 26th

The weather had continued fine and I had slept well so that I was able to rise in good time. Sedgwick and I share one cabin, I take the lower berth which lies lengthwise with the ship and he has the upper one which

crosses above my feet and his head is close to the porthole. Under the port there is a cane seat hung from the cabin by iron bars and in the other corner are the two basins and other lavatory necessities.

Our ports are left open as the weather is favourable and the ship stands a great height out of the water. In addition to the iron door with its small round window of thick glass there is a large glass one about 15 inches square which lets down from the roof of the cabin and a venetian that slides up from below for the hot weather.

I suppose I ought to write down one or two remarks descriptive of the ship itself. As I have said before her name is the 'Sindh', she belongs to Compagnie Messagerie Maritime de la France, one of a line of steamers named after the great rivers. I believe the sister ship is the 'Amazon'. Her length is 117 metres, the widest part of the deck 12 metres, the depth of her hull 10 metres and she draws 23 feet of water, her engines have 500 horse power and consume 35 tons of coal per day. She carries fore, main, and mizzen masts with their topmasts and about 8 sails; but my nautical knowledge is too scanty to describe them; she has a screw propeller, and her engines consist of three large cylinders working downwards in a perpendicular direction they are not oscillating; her average pace is 10 or 11 knots an hour: 172 men are employed on board and when we left Marseilles the passengers were 137 in number, she is however capable of accommodating 70 first class, 85 second and 35 third class passengers; she is built of iron and is of 3000 tons burden. The fore part of the deck as far as the engines is apportioned to the third class and deck passengers, the livestock consisting of six oxen, sheep, pigs, fowls, turkeys, pigeons, rabbits and many small birds; the kitchen is also on this part of the deck immediately above the four boilers. From the engines to the stern is almost clear, with the exception of the cabin lights - and is reserved to the first and second-class passengers, there is also the captain's cabin and two others just over the descent to the first class saloon and this point forms the limit to smokers. The whole of this stern deck is covered with an awning. The second-class saloon is in front of the engines and is painted maple, the cabins at the sides and two tables in the centre; then follows a place for baggage with an entrance to the lower hold, a square place where the funnels rise and the top of the engine room, the closed ends of the cylinders are just on a level with this deck. On one side of this part are the bathrooms and on the other the cabins of the commissaire, doctor etc. then follows a small saloon with a table along the centre where the children take their meals, on one side of the saloon are passengers cabins and on the other the store rooms for crockery, glass, plate etc., the entrance to the hold for passengers luggage is here and

then comes the first class saloon with its two rows of long tables; the first class cabins are along either side and are of polished mahogany outside but painted a light lavender and white inside, there are fixed seats along both sides of the tables and a few moveable chairs; the end of the saloon is furnished with a piano and cushioned seats on either side. It may be interesting to know that she carries with her 2000 table napkins and 3000 pairs of sheets. Our meal times are breakfast at half past nine, a rather late hour, but tea and coffee with bread and butter are on the table from 7 to 8; luncheon is at half past twelve and dinner at 6, tea and biscuits at 8.

I rather think that we passed through the Straits of Borneo [Strait of Bonifacio] last night but there seems to be some doubt about it. We began this morning to have morning prayers with the Bishop after breakfast; this is to be carried on regularly during the rest of the voyage. Today the weather has continued to be most favourable and I have as yet felt nothing of those horrible sensations, which some travellers so graphically describe to induce others to try their luck on the briny ocean. There has been little to interest today but we hope if all be well that we shall reach Naples to-morrow morning.

Tuesday Oct 27th

I was aroused from a very comfortable sleep about 4 o'clock this morning by the snorting's of the little engines that let down the mooring ropes as we came to a stand in the beautiful bay of Naples. I just jumped from my berth and looking out at my port saw the lights of the city running round nearly three quarters of the bay, but being too tired to rise I lay down again till about 6.30. I and my cabin mate then went ashore in a small boat. The bay is truly lovely, it seems to form an almost perfect semicircle, round three quarters of which the city extends backed by high hills and on the summed of one is the Castle of St. Martins: like Marseilles the city looked much prettier from the ship than when we had really entered its streets. On the opposite side of the bay and directly facing the city are more high mountains and towering above the rest the famous Vesuvius: there was a little smoke rising from the crater of the volcano, but it rolled down the mountainside and for some time we were uncertain whether it was smoke of snow. Our guide led us along the north-west side of the bay to the arsenal, where the work-people were just turning in to work, and then through the market to the post office. This is a large quadrangular building surrounding a courtyard around which are the various offices, all had their names clearly marked over them and were easy to understand, fortunately some of the officials spoke French, for although our guide

could speak a little English, he was by no means fluent and there is a certain amount of satisfaction in being able to do one's business without an interpreter, his description of the places was sometimes scarcely intelligent. In Naples as in Paris the houses are built very high six and seven stories is the general rule and many of the streets being rather narrow they are consequently somewhat dark. These houses, so far as I am able to judge and gather from our guide are built in large blocks, the front of the ground story is let off for shops whilst the inner is used for the coach houses and stables of the wealthier inhabitants. In the centre is a large stair case leading to the upper stories which are let off as dwelling houses to private individuals; in what way these are arranged I am unable to say. There are some very fine shops but the greater number have a very second-rate appearance. The streets are paved with large oblong blocks of granite about 2 feet long and one foot wide, there is no footpath as in our English streets, people, carriages, carts and mules all move together in one motley crowd and though the streets are being continually swept they do not impress one with a great idea of their cleanliness: in the Via Roma by the bye I do remember a footpath on one side like an English country lane. As our visit to Naples was in the early part of the day we met the milk vendors in great numbers, not driving milk-cart or even donkeys with the cans strung over their backs, but the cows themselves accompanied by their calves, and some men with three or four goats. The people are thus sure of getting their milk pure for they bring out their own vessels and receive the milk direct from its source. I saw one man milking into a glass tumbler and the poor calf very indignant at loosing what it considered to be its food kept putting its mouth near to the glass to the annoyance of the milkman. The animals give notice of their coming by the bells which hang round their necks: almost all the horses and mules, too, are furnished with these bells; the continual tinkling is very monotonous and wearying. The time we were allowed in the city was so short that I cannot do more than note down a few impressions that were formed as we hurried through its streets. I was astonished at the number of priests we met, almost every 20 or 30 yards either a priest or a monk, some of them old haggard, others fine fat fellows looking as hale as anyone could wish to be. We passed through the Piazza Plebiscito. On its north side stands the beautiful church of St Francis, on the South the palace of the King of Naples, the west is faced by a large dwelling of noblemen and on the east, is the Grand Café de l'Europe where we took breakfast. The church of St Francis is a sort of chapel royal, in front of its entrance standing a little way into the square are two life-size bronze statues of Neapolitan Kings on horseback, a

Charles and a Francis. The front of the church is built almost in a semicircle with a sort of cloister, the roof of which is supported in front by pillars. The church itself is composed of three domes, a large one in the centre and a smaller one on either side: it is built, I believe, exclusively of marble the steps the floors, the walls, the pillars, all. On entering the large dome, we found that all the draperies were taken down and the seats removed, but it contained some fine white marble statues; St Chrysostom, St Ambrose, St Matthew, St Mark, St John, St Luke, St Augustine and St Althanasius, all life size and with a suitable Latin sentence carved on the pedestal. The pillars supporting the large dome were formed of a dark mottled red marble on large bases of polished Sicilian granite which greatly resembles the Aberdeen granite used in our own country. There was a magnificent silver bust of our Saviour, presented by some person of note: the height of the dome was 237 feet and all the light came in from the top: between each of the pillars there were pictures representing the deaths of various saints. The Exchange is a large building of plain architecture with two entrances on each of its four sides. We saw the monument of the martyrs, a marble pillar on marble pedestal with a bronze figure at the top, and four life-sized lions, each cut out of a solid block of white marble, at the four corners of the base. It stands in a square, surrounded by large dwelling houses such as I have described before. We were unable to go into the museum which is a splendid building of considerable extent and contains a great quantity of the curiosities from Pompeii, though we much wished to see them time obliged us to refrain. On our way to the museum we passed through the Piazza Danté, in the middle of it stands the statue of Danté and facing that an old building now used as a place of education for the higher classes. We then passed by an old church and one or two monasteries and entered the Piazza where the 'Church of Jesus' is. Its outside appearance is rather remarkable, we could see no windows and the walls had very much the appearance of the side of a pineapple (I mean knotty), though of course the colour was that of the stone a dark grey. The inside of the church was very fine, the frescoes on the walls and ceiling were indeed splendid; if I remember rightly the height of the centre dome was greater than that of the church of St Francis. Anyone who visits these foreign churches cannot but be struck with the intense formality of their worship, most of the people seemed to have plenty of time for looking about them whilst their knees were bent for prayer. I saw in front of one figure of the Virgin a box and a little notice stating the number of indulgences which would be granted upon the performance of a certain number of prayers. And again, the disgusting manner in which the men spit upon the floors of

their churches is something horrible. I can only compare it with what I saw in a Jewish Synagogue in Manchester. We secured a few photos in reminiscence of the place and then made our way back to the landing stage and were rowed about half a mile to our vessel; our worthy Bishop was anxiously waiting our arrival and not without cause for we had hardly set foot upon deck before the ladder was drawn up and preparations made for starting. We missed some amusement by being on shore so long, the deck had meanwhile been invaded by pedlars selling all sorts of trinkets etc., still I think no one will dispute that we took the wiser course. The beautiful bay of Naples did not show off to advantage for although the early morning was fine, the sky clouded over and became dull and heavy and in consequence of this the water wanted that pretty shade of blue for which it is so famous.

We left Naples amid a heavy shower of rain at 11.30 a.m., very few changes had been made in the passengers, one or two had left and one or two fresh ones came on board. The weather became gradually rougher towards evening and the fickle Mediterranean began to make me feel very uncomfortable, although I was not sick. I sat up late and had the pleasure of seeing Stromboli which was smoking at the time, one or two who watched very carefully saw some fire at about 11 in the evening. We passed Sicily before morning. I was disappointed not to have seen Scylla and Charybdis the fearful monsters one so often hears about.

Monday Oct 28th

The weather has continued rough all today and I have been obliged to keep quite still and quiet on the deck feeling wretchedly uncomfortable, and the weather got worse rather than better towards evening both wind and heavy rain. I retired early and awoke during the night when quite dark, to see the lightening flash into my cabin window and hear the thunder roar and the chairs dancing about on the deck over my head. It is a wonder that with a complication of noises caused by the thunder, the dancing chairs, the roar of the waves and the screw of the vessel, anyone could sleep at all. Use, however, is second nature.

Thursday Oct 29th

I got up this morning just in time to get my breakfast for I felt most comfortable in bed, but alas! alas! The weather was still rough and I was obliged to keep sat down the whole day suffering from a nasty headache. I forced myself to eat some lunch. Towards evening the weather became considerably calmer. I went up from dinner with a gentleman who was bound for Batavia; we had some little chat together and I was persuaded

to do what would horribly disquiet some of my friends – I smoked a cigarette – I thought that it would perhaps make me ill, but I hoped that if it did so, it would make things come to a climax and I should be able to start fair again. We continued talking and walking up and down the deck and instead of feeling, I felt much better. Mr Gray, for that was the gentleman's name, shewed me some photographs which he had taken himself and some that he had bought, I soon got interested and forgot my discomfort.

Friday Oct 30th

I find that I omitted to state last night that at 12 o'clock noon yesterday we were in Lat. N 35°.45' Long. East of Paris 18°.38'. Since Wednesday at 12 we had run 230 miles and had 610 to run before reaching Port Said our next stopping place.

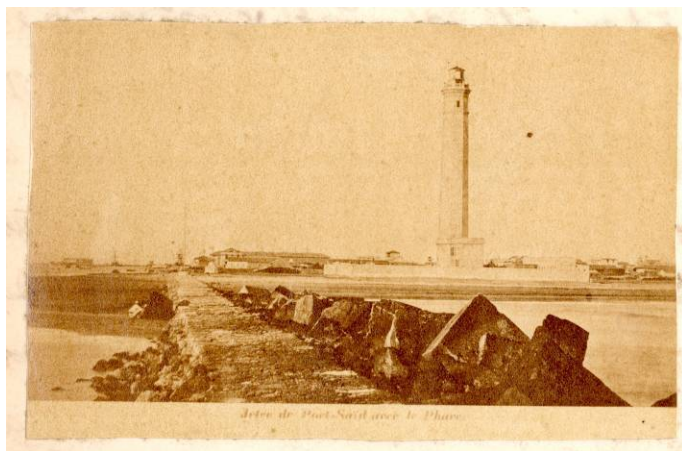
I got up this morning at about 6.30 and had a warm bath followed by a cold shower both of sea-water, felt very much better for the weather was beautifully fine and the sea almost as smooth as a lake. I took a cup of coffee after my bath and paced the deck till breakfast. This morning I was able to commence a little reading, some Heb. Gram and Greek Text. In the afternoon I struck up an acquaintance with a gentleman who was going to Yokohama and had been studying Japanese for 10 years. He advised me to commence with Chinese. We were able to hold a little service with the Bishop in my cabin and were thankful to find that the captain had granted permission for a service in the saloon on Sunday morning. Oh, for an English Sunday! One may well say after the last. The weather continued fine all day and once more the sea assumed a pretty blue. I very much enjoyed looking out on the moonlit sea in the quiet evening and watching its silvery light upon the ripple of the waters, it was about 11 o'clock by our ship's time, that would be about 9.30 at home and as I thought of them all gathered for family prayer I knew that many a petition would go up on my behalf.

Our position today at 12 in Lat. N 33° 39' Long. E of Paris 23°.29'. We had run 250 miles during the 24 hours and had 360 to Port Said. These tables are set up at 12 o'clock every day so that the distance run always means between 12 of one day and 12 of the next – We passed Crete very early but I did not see it.

Saturday Oct 31st

I rose this morning rather late, had my bath, enjoyed my breakfast moderately and felt wonderfully better. I got very little reading done, meals take up so much time that space between seems to be gone

directly. I read a little Hebrew Grammar. At about 3 in the afternoon we came in sight of Port Said lighthouse, at 12 o'clock we had 55 miles before us having made 305 since the day before. The sight of land was very cheering for I had not seen any since leaving Naples with the exception of Stromboli.



Port Said Lighthouse

The accompanying photograph gives a view of Port Said lighthouse and the breakwater which stretches out into the Mediterranean to protect the entrance to the canal. The afternoon was lovely, the sea as calm as one could wish, after a sail of another hour and a half we entered the port and anchored for the night in front of the French mail office: one of our little boats was let down and the 'Commissaire de la Porte' went on shore with the mails. Only those who have seen these Eastern ports can understand the scene which took place even before the ship had properly come to anchor. No less than 17 boats many of them painted the most gaudy colours were at once alongside of us Arabs in costumes of varied colour and shape shouted and chattered in Arabic English and French, a perfect Babylon of voices, all waiting to conduct passengers ashore and escort them round the town, if it be worthy of the name. We could not go on shore at once, because it was just our dinner time so we waited till that was over and then it was dark, the night was starlight but there was no moon, we were obliged to be satisfied with seeing as much as the light of paraffin lamps would permit of. The word 'baksheesh' which was so familiar in books of Eastern travel was become a reality, we had to be very careful that we were not swindled, for in

making a bargain we could usually secure what we wanted at less than half what was originally asked. We paid about 6 sous (3d) each to be rowed to land and after making a call at the post office we engaged a man for one shilling who was to take us to certain shops and return with us to the ship. I was really astonished to find how fluently these natives spoke both English and French, in most of the shops there was quite a choice of languages. We bought some photos of the canal first and then went in search of some sponges, we were told they could be bought remarkably cheap here: they were cheap but I think we expected more than we ought to have done and therefore could not find such great bargains as we had looked for. We passed up a few streets, they were very dirty and consisted almost entirely of sand. We walked round the great garden belonging to the hotel and stopped for a moment or two in front of the café du Louvre where some of my friends took a cup of coffee. An Arab was trying to earn a few coppers by making some attempts at conjuring and carrying a snake in his hand. We then made for the ship passing the custom house and a Casino on our way; right glad I was to get on board again for I really did not feel comfortable among a lot of men noted for their courteous and thieving propensities and especially when they had might in their favour. I had taken the precaution to lock up my watch and the greater part of my money in my cabin before starting. I bought a pith hat and a sponge, the former to prepare for the great heat of the Red Sea.



Port Said

Port Said is not only built by man, but the ground upon which it is built has been brought together by collecting the mud and sand dredged up in making the canal, the greater part of the streets are soft sand, sometimes a harder place may be found in the centre of the road, that might possibly do for a vehicle to drive upon but it must not carry any very great weight or I imagine it would soon be a case of stick in the sand. The streets are laid out at right angles, some wider, some narrower. The houses or shops are apparently nearly all wooden erections of one story and often just one step or two from the sandy street: they contain a great variety of wares from different countries intended to tempt travellers; the value of the various articles is often decided by the generosity of the purchaser. I saw French pipes, Otto of roses from Constantinople, Chinese umbrellas and etc. In some of the shops great quantities of fruit were to be seen, melons piled up in great heaps like vegetable in. A few of the shopkeepers are French and some of the waiters at the café du Louvre but by far the greater number were Arabs dressed exactly as we see them in the pictures no shoes or stockings upon their feet their heads protected by the red cap and some wrapped around with what should be a white turban, their pantaloons are red and blue and sometimes they have a white jacket, sometimes a long loose robe.

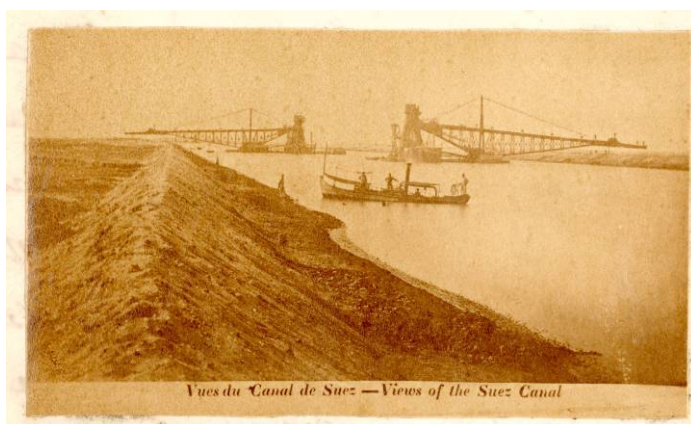
Sunday Nov 1st



Map of Suez Canal

I was aroused this morning by the noisy preparations of our men for departure and jumped from my bunk at about 6.30. I saw the vessel moving off from my port. I should like to have been on deck to see the entrance to the canal of which this is a photo. Whilst I was in the bathroom I saw the sun rise, it was a glorious sight, there was not a cloud in the sky and the horizon was marked with varying tints of red and yellow looking eastward there was nothing to see but sand and water below the sky.

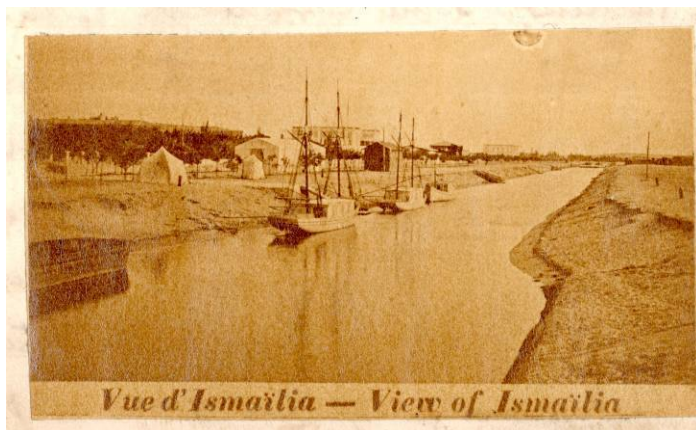
When the sun first appeared, it was a deep scarlet but it rose almost with a bound and to gain at once his full brilliancy, there was every sign of a hot day. I had a cup of coffee and then went on deck till breakfast, but few minutes were left before our service in the saloon at 11 o'clock: we were about 15, the Bishop took the entire service, AN UNADORNED English service, the morning prayer only, Mr Gray played for the canticles the Gloria and one hymn and we had for the lessons Exod. XIV and Hebrews II.33 – 12.7.



View of the Suez Canal

The Bishop gave an address from Hosea 11.1 'When Israel was a child then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt', as suited to our position. The address had a threefold division, its primary application, its New Test application to our Lord and its universal application to everyone who is brought out of the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the gospel of Christ. After service I went on deck and I sat on the stern of the vessel that I might be quiet and yet see what was to be seen of the canal and its banks. I am rather sorry that we have passed down on the Sunday, I should like to have spent my time with the map noting the

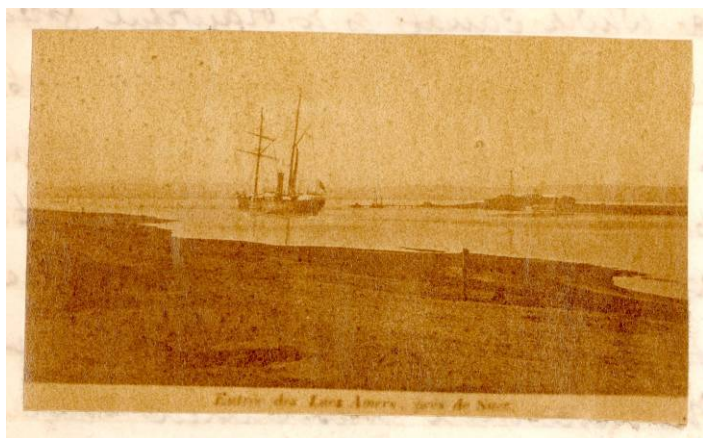
various stations as we went past. The banks are indeed barren for it passes through a sandy desert, we scarcely saw what might be called an oasis the whole of the way, now and then there is a wooden hut and a few low sheds around it which serve as a signal place for the steamers; once I saw a company of men and camels at the water's edge waiting to cross the ferry. The banks vary in height, sometimes we were unable to see over them, they are all sand scarcely relieved by a shrub and on our right where we could see for any distance there appeared cliffs of sand rising to a considerable height.



We did not stop at any of the stations till we came to Ismailia where we changed our pilot it is a sort of halfway halting place. No pilot is allowed to go more than half the distance, the narrowness of the canal requires such an unflinching attention on his part that the strain would be too great if he went further. Ismailia is about 45 miles from Port Said and is situated on the north bank of Lake Timsah and has a branch of the canal



going up to it which is seen in the photo. The vessel only halted for a very short time in the middle of the lake so that we could not see the place. We could see two buildings, one the palace of some great man and one hotel, both evidently surrounded with gardens of some considerable extent and containing larger trees than any I had seen since leaving Naples. Fred Lesseps the engineer who constructed the canal has a house here. A steam launch brought the new pilot and took the other away. A Turkish steamer which had followed us up the canal turned off here and went towards the quay. The water of this like that of the whole canal is a beautiful green and contrasts very favourably with the desert banks. We arrived here at 2.30 and set-off again at about 3 though with some little difficulty for we had to be helped off the sand by a launch that had come down with us from Port Said to be ready in case of danger. My attention was called to the fact that as the ship moved along she seemed to suck the water from the edge of the canal, on a level with each side of us as you might see a long strip of ground that the water had left and immediately we had passed, that was rush from behind covering it up again. The explanation of this may be simple but I could not find anyone who could give a satisfactory one. We had a little service in the Bishop's cabin at half-past three and I employed my other time in reading some of Dean Goulburn's 'Thoughts on Personal Religion'. An excellent work and evidently written by a man who has a true devotional spirit and knows Christianity not as a science only but as a living power.



The Bitter Lakes

Just before dinner we entered the Bitter Lakes, where we halted for the night; no vessel is allowed to travel in the canal during the night, except

some of the mail steamers when there is a very bright moon. We were now not far from Suez. After dinner we had some sacred music, a few hymns and a sacred song by Mr Gray 'Consider the Lilies of the Field'. The day had been very hot, and would have been much hotter but for a pleasant breeze, and for the first time the punkahs were used during dinner. They hand from the top of the cabin along the centre of each table and are kept in motion by two Chinese who sat at the side of the saloon and although it is the middle of November they are a great boon. I closed the day by a quick cool exit upon the stern of the vessel, with a cloudless sky spangled with stars overhead and the gentle rippling of the water below. This had been a far more enjoyable Sunday than the last, marked by an acknowledged service and though I should not choose shipboard for a quiet and profitable Sunday I cannot feel that the day has passed without pleasure and profit. But one could not but mourn over the great want of anything like an attention to the needs of the soul the greater number of the passengers marked the day by no difference but work and light novels and noisy joking were going on as usual.

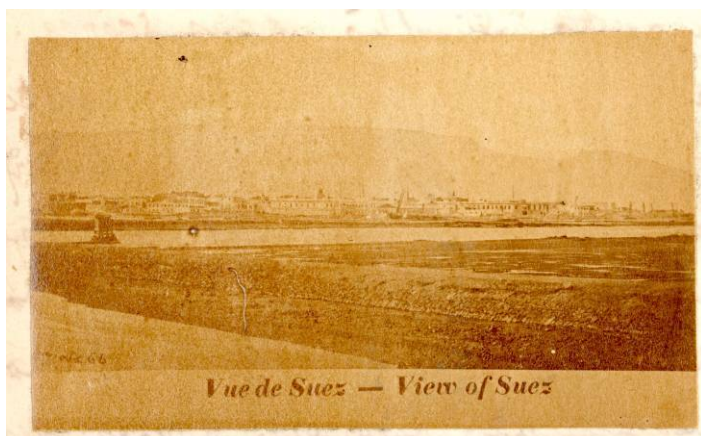
Monday Nov 2nd

Rose this morning at 7. We had started on our way from the Bitter Lakes to Suez, there was little of any interest to see on the way, the banks were still the same dry sand and the same cliffs in the distance. There are telegraph stations here and there to provide against accident, but as I have heard before there is nothing attractive in them, a cabin, an outhouse or two and a signal post, a few steps down to the water's edge and a mooring post for the ships form the list of objects to be seen, now and then a human being is visible and once I saw a donkey. We were a little excited before breakfast time by the cry of a vessel ahead and when we arrived at the next station both they and we were stopped to wait for the 'Amazon' the homeward bound French mail a vessel exactly corresponding to the 'Sindh'. Whilst we were watching her pass by the breakfast bell rang but with the exception of one or two, all stayed on deck till she had gone. The French sailors exchanged a few friendly greetings but I longed to hear and join in a good English cheer. It was a pleasure to meet even a French vessel it relieved the monotony of the canal scenery and in this particular case reminded us of home for it was to take on our letters from Port Said to Marseilles and for their sakes I am glad that she was six days before her time so that the letters would be a week earlier than we expected. After breakfast we had our little service in the Bishop's cabin which now that we are all quite well has become a regular thing. It consists of the psalms for the morning, some part of the

morning prayers or the litany, a lesson in regular order and a short exposition of some text which the Bishop reads from a book of meditations.

Just before arriving at Suez we passed another ship, an English one this time, but here I was to be disappointed again, instead of being manned with jolly English Jack Tars, nearly all the sailors were dark men. The captain was stood upon the bridge to watch us pass. It was one of Pacific and Oriental Co.'s. Steamers, a very fine vessel but not quite as large as the 'Sindh'.

As we came near to Suez two young Arabs almost without clothing ran along the bank calling 'baksheesh' and when something was thrown to them there was a struggle and the bigger proved the victor. We arrived in Suez about 12 but the port is some distance from the town so that we could only just see that there were houses. There are, I am told, a fine hotel and some stone houses and of course the railway from Alexandria and Cairo the route taken before the canal was made. Here we lost our pilot, the captain went on shore with him and consequently we were detained till nearly four. We had some hundred and twenty miles to go before reaching the Red Sea proper and were just at the head of the Gulf of Suez. On the Arabian side the ground is flat and sandy and there is just the outline of the hills to be seen in the distance. The Egyptian side is bounded by high cliffs of what nature I cannot say, it made me wish for Dean Stanley's 'Sinai and Pakistan' that I might consult him. The cliffs may be seen in the photo of Suez forming a sort of background.



View of Suez

There were several vessels in the harbour of different size. A Turkish frigate and among the rest one of Holt's little steamers by which I was told I should have had to come out if I had not come by the Messagerie. I am thankful that it was not so, for if I felt so uncomfortable on the Mediterranean on the large steamer how should I have been on the small one?? Whilst the vessel was standing I thought it a good opportunity to do some writing, in the midst of it I was frightened by a tremendous shouting on deck above my head and all the people rushing to the stern of the vessel I jumped up with another gentlemen and we looked out of the ports over the rudder and saw something just visible above the surface of the water, I heard the cry of 'there she is' and concluded that someone had fallen overboard perhaps one of the children, who are by no means scarce. I ran up on deck to see what was really the cause of the disturbance and found that the cry was one of joy rather than of distress. I was much relieved by learning that a shark had swam around the ship and returned to my work sorry that I had not got a better view of the monster.

Today Sedgwick May and I commenced a little meeting in our cabin for reading of Scriptures and prayers which we hope to continue every afternoon at 4 o'clock for a short time. May it prove a source of eternal blessing to each of us and result in our growth in grace and holiness.

We got away from Suez just before dinner and so there was very little more to be seen of the country through which we were passing. It is too dark to dine without candles and there is no moon now. We had some music in the Saloon in the evening and some songs. I spent the rest of my time writing and walking the deck. I have formed a habit of getting a quick sit on the stern in the cool of the evening and tonight I was struck with the great phosphorescence of the water. There was quite a line of blue light in the wake of the vessel and brighter still where the water is agitated by the screw. One extra fold was added to the awning over the deck today and we were glad to be armed with our pith helmets the heat was so great.

Tuesday Nov 3rd

Rose this morning at a quarter before seven and managed to get on deck just in time to see the last of the Gulf of Suez. I could discern faintly the range of mountains of which Sinai is said to be a peak; we were steering almost down the middle of the gulf so that the land on either side was a long way off and very indistinct the Egyptian coast was if anything the clearer of the two both coasts were evidently rocky and the cliffs very

high. On the Peninsula side there was one rock to be seen considerably further south than the range to which it would seem to belong and all was so distant that we could not see the lowland that connected them: little more than the dark blue outline was visible: some of my friends said they had seen the peak which is supposed to be the 'Mount of the Lord'. I was too late in getting up on deck to see it myself. The Egyptian coast was in sight but a little longer.

Sedgwick and I have been several times somewhat diverted by the happy couple whose lot it has been to sit opposite to us at meal times. The husband is a Frenchman, the wife Spanish, they have with them two little girls Virginie and Marie, a little boy Achille and a baby, a Spanish manservant and a Negress. Such is the family, but it is the man himself who affords us the amusement; he is by no means bad looking, a full round face with a dark brown moustache, dressed in dark clothes with flannel shirt front, white collars and cuffs and the little red rosette – the mark of the Legion d'Honneur in his coat button hole. It is doubtless rude to make remarks about others food but sometimes one cannot help it. At breakfast the waiters come round first with a tray bearing four small dishes, containing, usually, butter, radishes, slices of sausage and cockles our friend generally, indeed I may say always takes some of the latter as they are handed round and then asks for the dish with what is left in it after the rest have partaken and clears them all, now and then handing one to his wife in the open shell: another of his habits is to spit behind the four during meals but the persistent eating up of the cockles makes one feel inclined to laugh out, when I see it return for his special benefit: with all his oddities he is a very good-hearted fellow and a thoroughly good and kind father, he spends more time watching over his children than in any other way and often secures some dessert for them before leaving the dinner table. We have christened him Cockles. I am sorry that we shall lose him at Aden where he changes for the Mauritius. From what he tells us he must have been a great traveller, his little daughter Virginie who is only 10 years of age has made several voyages between America, France, Mexico, Brazil and now they are bound for the Mauritius. So much for Cockles.

This afternoon has been exceedingly calm, in fact I could scarcely believe that we were on the sea, there were no waves, no more ripple than the wind would cause on a reservoir chiefly caused by the vessel displacing the water. The weather had been very hot indeed and most of the gentlemen have adopted either white or very light clothing. After dinner I went on deck to get a little fresh air and watched the lightening playing most vividly and incessantly from behind some black clouds in

the north west, and I was still more struck with the phosphorescence of the water or rather I should say any foam on the crest of a rolling wave, for a little wind had risen, it caused a pale blue light and along the sides of the ship little stars might be seen playing in the water as it was rushing out from the condensors at the side of course as we left a trail of light behind us from the screw. After tea a small party consisting of the Bishop and his wife Mr and Mrs Vanderpar, Mr Gray Sedgwick and myself had a game at anagrams. I did a little more writing and so completed the tenth day of my sea voyage.

Wednesday Nov 4th

Rose at 6.30 and had a little advice from an old gentleman who professes to be well up in hygienic principles but some of his advice I should certainly be sorry to follow. We had our little service after breakfast in the Bishop's cabin and then I proceeded to the writing of my diary for I must confess that with feeling unwell after leaving Naples, it got sadly behind. I was startled in the midst of my writing by the falling of a small locomotive from above which struck my back. I also commenced my letters to be ready for Aden. The day has not been a very eventful one, no land to be seen nothing but the wide sea which still has a never changing charm (always charm...-) in its beautiful blue waves and the pretty white foam that tips them lit up by the bright hot sun.

The piano was taken onto the deck this afternoon, and in the evening additional lights were fixed to the awning and dancing kept up till bedtime. Many slept on deck instead of going to their cabins, the heat was so great. I am glad to feel that my diary is now written up to the day before and hope it will be kept so.

Our position today at 12 o'clock was 21°.48' N Lat. 34°.55' Long E of Paris. We had run 265 miles in the 24 hours and had 801 miles between us and Aden.

Thursday Nov 5th

Rose at 6 and took a walk on deck after my bath. Just to think that this is the 5th of November how apparently absurd, no snow, no rain, no fog, no overcoat, on the contrary a fearfully hot sun and pith hats to prevent sunstroke. One could really have enjoyed to make preparations for a good fire and some fireworks, but there was not so much as a gunshot to be heard or a rocket to be seen the whole evening. The only diversion was dancing and whilst that went on I read a little Greek and then had a game at anagrams with the Bishop and party. The weather got somewhat rougher during the afternoon and although I had been writing letters and

praising myself as a good sailor I began to feel very uncomfortable and bolted off to bed much more quickly than I intended. I managed to get a little reading done during the day and determined to commence Chinese on the morrow. The old gentleman whom we have christened the 'lecturer on health' gave us some advice that I find I can scarcely follow and perhaps I had better omit.

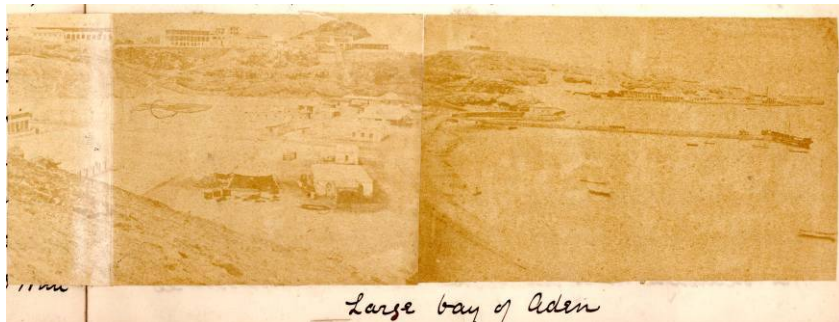
Friday Nov 6th

Rose at 6 again this morning and went boldly to the bathroom had my cup of coffee and went on deck but feeling very queer for the weather had continued rough during the night; when I came down again to dress I found it very difficult lasting nearly an hour, but it was completed in time to get another sit upon the deck before breakfast and have a little chat with a French admiral who is going to Hong Kong. Whilst I was here we passed Gabel Iser a large island of bare rock without any inhabitants but large birds like the cormorant, one of these flew round the ship. I went down when the breakfast bell rang determined to try and eat some breakfast, though the thought of it was almost too much. I sat down to the table but after eating two radishes I had to retire for a few moments solitude in my cabin. I need not describe what took place behind the curtain. Before leaving the table I put an apple in my pocket, this I ate as I lay on the bunk and after a few moments summoned up courage to return and took a moderate breakfast. I retired again to my cabin had some tea with a little brandy and lay still there and the seats at the end of the saloon till 12.30 when Mr Gray roused me to see if I would not take any lunch and I went on deck: during the morning I had a visit from the 'Lecturer on Health' who gave me some pillules of homeopathic petroleum and now after sitting quietly on deck and eating a good dinner I am well enough to write my diary. At about 12.30 when I went on deck we were passing Gebel Zebayer with several other rocky islands like Gebel Iser. Just before tea I left my writing to see another island Gebel Zongur to which we passed very close and on the other side of the vessel there was another rock rising up out of the water. We are now in about the most dangerous part of the Red Sea the captain is to be on deck all night, there are so many rocks and shallows round Mocha and again at Perim, which we expect to pass about 4 in the morning, the strait is very narrow. I must not forget that we saw two steamers during the early part of the afternoon, one with all sails set going north, the other one we overtook and passed by.

Our position at 12 today was Lat. N.15°.12' and Long E of Paris 36°.40' 252 miles run 267 yet to run before reaching Aden.

Saturday Nov 7th

Rose about 6 and although I had intended to be up at 4 to see Perim, I was not disappointed for we had only just left the straits when I went upon deck. Nevertheless I should like to have been nearer for I understand there are some sights of inhabitants and a lighthouse. We passed a steamer before breakfast I am not quite sure what it was. After breakfast all was alive with preparation for Aden where we expected to arrive in the afternoon. The notice about letters was put up and a good part of the morning was spent in completing our correspondence. We followed the Arabian coast, though at some considerable distance, all morning: we could see beyond the sandy beach lofty cliffs rising and distinguishable by their dark blue outline. At 12 o'clock we were in Lat. N. $12^{\circ}.20'$ and $42^{\circ}.06'$ Long E of Paris had passed 225 miles of dangerous sailing since Friday at noon and were 41 miles distant from Aden. We cannot be too thankful to Him who measures the waters in the hollow of His hand for His kind protection when but a very small blunder might have sunk us all in a watery grave, but we are so apt to think only of what we call great mercies and to forget those with which we are every moment surrounded. We have passed over a part of the sea where there are many treacherous rocks hidden beneath its surface.

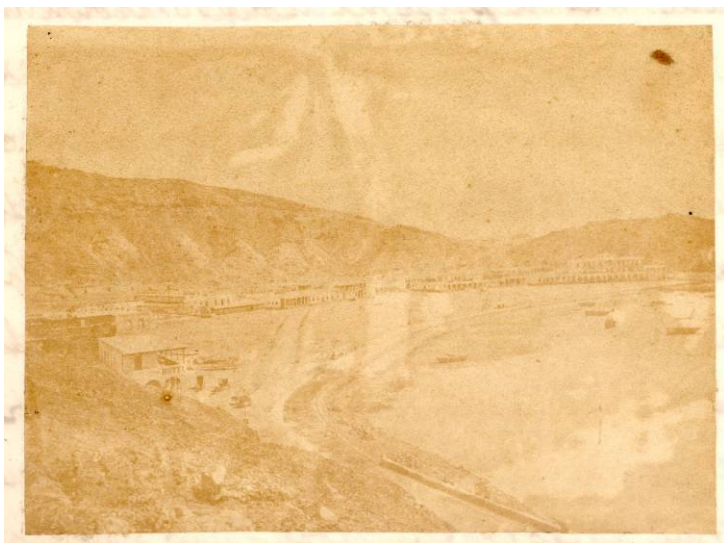


Large Bay of Aden

We gradually got nearer to the Arabian coast during the afternoon. At about 2 o'clock we passed by some very bold rocks, skirting the shore, barren and rugged and not a sign of vegetation upon them, at last the rock of Aden began to peep above the horizon. At 3.30 we sailed round a great mass of rock into the harbour and a few moments later the gun fired and the anchors dropped. This is not the town of Aden, that lies some 5 miles away and is built in the crater of a volcano: the native town and the cantonments where the troops are stationed, I am told, contain

some 26,000 inhabitants but I am sorry that we arrived too late to get so far and it is no use concealing the fact, that however unnecessary. I do not like to be amongst a lot of these darkies in the dark without a substantial protection.

The first thing that strikes you on entering the bay of Aden is the uninviting appearance of its rocks as a place to fix a dwelling; you can see nothing but sand and cold grey or brown stone; the rocks are indeed fine bold masses and as such are most imposing but not one speck of vegetation is to be seen and the dwellings, shops etc. are very few in number: they call this place 'Steamer Point'. The picture of the bay that I have bought was taken from the house of the manager or agent of the P and P Co. and embraces the whole of the larger part of the bay. This is divided from another small portion by an immense piece of rock that stands out by itself from the rocky background and behind which you must pass to get into the square where the hotels and shops are.



Small Bay and Aden

This is a view of the smaller bay along the north coast of this lies the way to the town of Aden where the greater part of the soldiers is stationed. But before I go on to describe the place itself of which I did not learn till later I ought to note what took place immediately upon our vessel coming to a standstill.

There was a scene not entirely unlike the one at Port Said, but before the coal lighters and passenger boats could arrive we were met by canoes paddled by boys of a dark copper colour, most probably, natives of Africa and in addition to the crews one or two layer boats containing a larger number. The one cry which rose from the whole of this nigger crew was 'à la mer', 'one shilling and I dive' and no sooner was a piece of money thrown into the water than the canoes were abandoned and 10 or 12 plunged for the prize. It was really marvellous to see how these little fellows, 12 or 15 years of age played about in the water with no other clothing than a piece of cloth round the loins, Some of them must have been swimming and diving for nearly an hour. They would sit in the water and call out for money and 'baksheesh' or swim races; then those who had canoes jumped in and moved themselves along with their hands after the missing paddle. I saw one fellow empty his canoe while he himself was standing in water sufficiently deep to float our great ship which looks like a small village when seen from the shore at night. The coolies who get in the coal are the same colour and clad in the same scanty manner as the boys. There were not nearly so many boats for the conveyance of passengers as at Port Said and I must give the people credit for not being so noisy though quite noisy enough. Before my friend and I went on shore the number of swimming boys numbered about 24. I should like immediately to have a photograph of this busy scene. May and I went on shore before dinner, rather than be there in the dark. We got into a boat and were rowed by four copper coloured fellows, with either curly or shaven heads who chattered away but it sounded like one word: we landed in front of some canons placed above the stone landing stage and above to the right is the office of the Pacific and Oriental Company and Agent.

Our first aim was the Post Office to post our letters for home. The Post Office is to the right of the landing stage, a plain white washed building with a verandah projecting from the roof all round. There was one Englishman in it with a Parsee or two as assistants, on our way we passed the Police Court a building with still less pretension to beauty than even the Post Office. We were terribly annoyed by the natives who followed us driving their one and two horsed carriages of various shapes but all very seedy looking, they call them Gharries. These men seemed as if they could not understand our negatives either by word or sign but surrounded us some three or four at once each praising his own vehicle or animal whether horse or mule. After posting our letters we returned as far as the landing stage and then turned to the right behind the piece of rock that separates the bays and passing by the great coal heaps we came

into the crescent where all the hotels and shops are, facing the smaller bay.



We had received some hand bills inviting us to the Hotels 'de l'Europe' and 'de l'Universe' and we called at the first to buy some photographs but could not obtain any. Going on a little further to a sign with the words 'photographic company' met our eye and we entered the shop, kept by some Parsees who speak English well, one had been for some time with a Rev Mr Heath in Liverpool and also with the Rev Dr Summers Smith of Birkenhead, for Education. He seemed to find a likeness between me and the former gentleman but I could not verify it: I hoped to find that he was a Christian but was disappointed, when I asked him he said that he felt he was right in adhering to his own faith which I think was Mahomedan. After buying some photographs we went on to the Hotel de l'Universe to get some dinner hurried it as well as we could that we might get back to the landing stage and steamer before dark. At the landing stage we met Gray and Sedgwick coming to the Post office and thinking that together we should make a strong enough party I turned back with them made another pilgrimage to the post office, then to the telegraph office and again to the photographers where I bought some dry plates to expose on the voyage and then we all returned to the ship. When

we got on board all was noise and bustle coals were still being taken in and luggage taken out. We carried a large quantity of French toys for the Mauritius to be ready for New Year's Day besides passenger's baggage and other goods. I could scarcely have believed there was so much merchandise in the vessel and this must have been but a small portion of the whole. I could not settle to work but spent some time watching the men moving the cargo to be carried in immense lighters to the other ship which lay in the harbour.

Sunday Nov 8th

Rose at 20 minutes before six and finding that boats were to be had Sedgwick and I dressed with all haste were rowed to shore and walked to the little church for service, it lies a little further to the right than the post office but is not so visible in any of the photos on account of a projecting rock. We were glad to find that the service instead of beginning at six began at half-past so that we were in good time. The church is a plain building of stone without any spire or tower, standing in a yard without any grave-stones and only one or two shrubs growing out of the sand. Instead of glass windows it has Venetians to be closed when the sun shines and still admit of air passing through to keep the place cool, there is a door about the centre of each side and one at the west end; the inner floor of the church is raised about 3 steps from the sand upon which it is built and there is a vestry cut off one side of the east end and a sort of porch on the other forming a kind of chancel. The pulpit of varnished wood on a stone base stands out from this on the north side, the lectern further forward in the centre and the reading desk on the south side. The harmonium and choir seats are ranged between the pulpit and the wall. I suppose it would accommodate 500 comfortably. No one can imagine, who has not been for some time from home, what a thrill went through me when I heard the first stroke of the church bell not the sweetness of its tone was the cause but the associations which it at once called up: it reminded me of one of our old Sunday-school hymns, I cannot remember the exact words but they are something like "I love to hear the Sabbath-bell" and I thought too of that pretty place 'The Belfry Tower'. It was then about 0 o'clock a.m. in England and all at home would be fast asleep. We commenced with a voluntary on the harmonium, the Rev Mr Jones began the service with the Litany followed by a hymn, the Ante Communion service another hymn and sermon from Philipp. 3. The sermon was extempore and practical, after the sermon a collection, the prayer for the church militant and then those who did not communicate left the church. The worshippers consisted of two companies of soldiers dressed in white,

one infantry the other cavalry, there were two gentlemen in private clothes five females including the Bishop's wife and some children: the choir made up three females, a few little boys and some of the soldiers. There were only two (a lady and gentleman) besides our own party who remained for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Before leaving we had a word or two with the Chaplain who has been 12 months in Aden and came there from Bombay.

We walked quietly back to the ship the sun had already become exceedingly hot, though only 8 o'clock and we should have been glad of our pith helmets and umbrellas. We passed two lots of laden camels on our way to the landing stage and arrived on board long before breakfast time. The same bustle and noise was going on as on the previous night. They had commenced before I was awake and continued almost without intermission until the afternoon. Whether on account of the Mahomedan Sabbath being on Saturday or no, I cannot tell but we had no one on board exposing articles for sale till Sunday morning when Cashmere shawls, some very beautiful, and ostrich feathers were brought by the natives. I feared that we should have another very strange Sunday but things turned out better than I expected; we had our little service at 11 consisting of the Litany and a sermon from 1 Kings 6.7 on the building of the temple. He compared it with the building of the spiritual temple, whose stores must be prepared that in the final erection of the heavenly temple there may not be the sound of any tool, so too in the individual Xtian (*Christian*) who is the temple of God the work of the Spirit is carried on imperceptibly.

In the afternoon I read 2 or 3 chapters of Dean Goulburn's book. We had our little meeting about 4 and during dinner which commenced at 5 they heaved anchor and the ship steamed out of the harbour. The number of passengers was considerably reduced. All who were bound for the Mauritius left us in the morning, Sir Arthur Hayer and his aide-de-camp and wife and French family and from our table two French gentlemen one who sat next to me and had been a pleasant neighbour, he spoke English well, had passed through the Temple as a barrister and was willing to assist me in speaking French. He is tall, with dark hair and long thundery whiskers and was remarkable for his variety in coloured cuffs and collars.

After dinner I watched the coast as we sailed from Aden, we had to sail quite round one point of rough dark rock, its highest point was a considerable height from the water at the extreme end of this enormous mass of rock there is a lighthouse and beyond we could just see the hazy blue outline of the south east coast of Arabia leading up to the Persian

Gulf, but night was coming on and we were leaving the coast every hour so that we were soon out of sight of land again and the third week of our journey began. I am now over 6000 miles from home and I must confess that the best medicine for home-sickness is the thought of a sea voyage and sea-sickness, but I ought to be thankful that amid so many changes I have been preserved from harm and permitted to see so many of the wonderful works of God.

Monday Nov 9th

I was lazy this morning and did not get up till breakfast time. The whole day seems to have been marked by no great event. There were our usual service with the Bishop and our own in the afternoon but we did not come in sight of land and nothing out of the ordinary routine occurred on board. I managed to do a little reading and perhaps the event of the day was the writing out of some Chinese characters which ought to have been done the week before. I made an attempt to photograph part of the ships deck on a dry plate I had bought at Aden but failed. I also opened a wooden packing case and extracted some thin clothing for by the Bishop's permission I had been strutting about in Episcopal white trousers down the Red Sea. I wished often that I possessed a cassock like the Romish priests on board, for then I could have reduced my attire considerably.

Tuesday Nov 10th

This morning we left the African coast about 9 o'clock but were too far away to see Cape Guardafui the most easterly part of the African continent. The monotony of the day was however relieved by passing some islands, the last we were to see before the Socotrives and Maldives. At noon we passed Abdul Koory or Little Socotra. It has the appearance of an immense rock standing out of the sea and would seem to have no other inhabitants than birds, though I am told that further inland there are probably human beings. All the rocks we have seen from Aden outward are of a very dark brown colour. I do know what the stone of which they are composed is called. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon we passed two splendid rocks called 'The 2 brothers' the first Samha and the second Darsa, they are about 2 miles apart and look beautiful as the sun shines first on one part and then on another. In the distance we could just discern Great Socotra a long narrow island. I had hoped to have seen more of it as the last sight of land for several days. The daily register of our position gave today Lat. N 12° Long E of Paris 90°.06'. Distance run 241 and 1693 to run before arriving at Galle.

Wednesday Nov 11th

By some means or other my opinion of myself as a good sailor has almost all vanished. We lost some 2000 packages from the hold at Aden, the natural result of this is that the ship is very much lighter and without any great amount of sea she rolls much more. I feel a continual sort of headache and uncomfortable sensation which makes me disinclined to turn out of bed in the morning and yet I am not at ease in it, this morning I was just up in time for breakfast. The Bishop who had been unwell the previous afternoon was really no better and I was asked to conduct our morning prayer in his cabin, towards evening he improved.

At midday we were in Lat. N 10°.59' Lon E of Paris 54°.51' 284 miles run since the day before and 1409 to run.

After dinner we saw some lovely tints in the sky varying from orange and red through different shades of violet to blue. The reflection on the water was charming, the new moon was visible for the second time and although only one quarter was directly illumined by the sun yet all the rest of the orb was visible of a very dark silvery grey the result I suppose of reflected light.

Thursday Nov 12th

Up late again this morning, this really must not continue. I always thought that sea sickness or the discomfort of travelling on the water was a thing one gradually overcame and surely, I have been on water long enough by this to become accustomed to it and the more especially considering the fair passage we have had. The fact however remains that I and Neptune cannot agree as companions he will toss my dwelling about and I cannot be happy in a shaky house though it be as big as a village and perfectly safe. After a good deal of pressing I have succeeded in obtaining a cabin to myself from the Commissaire and to-night is to be my first night. There has been very little work done today. The evening is dull and heavy looking and many are complaining of the shaking.

Position today Lat. N. 9°.37' Long E of Paris 59°.41' distance run 296, 1113 left.

Friday Nov 13th

I have passed my first night in my new cabin and there is no mistake about it being a very hot one, whether on account of my proximity to the engine or no, I cannot be sure, but I shall certainly have the window open tonight or else to quote the words of a friend all that will remain of me will be a large 'grease spot' on the sheets: there is much less movement and that is a consideration for a bad sailor. The Bishop was much better

this morning so that matters went on as usual. In the afternoon I felt quite upset with the heat of the tropical winter and was quite unable to do anything. After dinner I had a promenade on deck and was then able to get some writing done and read a little Greek Text. I went on deck again about 10.30 to sit quietly in the cool air but met Mr Gray and we walked and sat talking till 12.15. There was a water spout some distance from the ship this morning.

Our position today Lat. N $8^{\circ}.45'$ Long E of Paris $64^{\circ}45'$. 266 miles passed. 847 between us and Galle.

Saturday Nov 14th

Really: another week is nearly gone! This has seemed to pass more quickly than any of the preceding perhaps this is due to our not having made any stoppages. I was too lazy to get up this morning before 8.30 and then I had to hasten my dressing because Sedgwick and I had commenced to learn some Greek Text every day and we repeat it when the first breakfast bell rings. We had our little service in the Bishop's cabin and then I read some Greek text. The heat makes me feel very weak, I hope I shall be able to fight against it. After breakfast I saw a steamer which some thought to be the English steamer Leinoon sailing to Pont de Galle; there was also another vessel to be seen just on the horizon. I went down to the saloon before lunch to do some writing, wrote my diary for Friday and part of today, commenced my letters for home and learnt some Chinese radicals, which including luncheon took till 4 o'clock and I read the life of Captain Charles Parry till dinner. We came very near to another steamer just before going down to dinner, called the William ----- probably bound for Calcutta, when we returned from dinner we had got some miles ahead of it: we have never been passed by any vessel all the way out but have passed everyone that we have come in sight of.

At about 4 o'clock no waves whatever were to be seen on the sea it had the smooth appearance of the rapid part of a river but there was a tremendous swell so that the boat rolled from side to side. In a few moments it would change to a ripple and then to small waves: but the effect was very pretty at night when the moon was gone down, every little star shed its reflection upon the water and made it seem much lighter than usual.

Our position at 12 Lat. N. $8^{\circ}.06'$ Long E of Paris $68^{\circ}46'$. Distance run 283 miles, 564 left.

Sunday Nov 15th

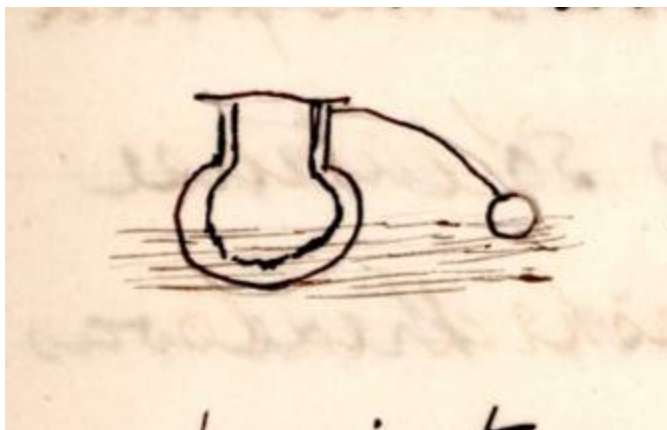
This had been an undoubtedly happier Sunday than any since I left home. We had our usual service at 11, there were 20 present, and some of the Dutch passengers joined us. Our service consisted of the morning prayer and a sermon from the Bishop on Rom.1.16 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Xst (*Christ*)' he spoke of how the gospel was a stumbling block to the Jews, to the Sadducees as requiring faith in the resurrection and the Pharisees humility and trust in a suffering messiah; it was a stumbling block of the Romans because it would tolerate no other though they would have allowed Xst (*Christ*) a statue among the Gods and we too are often ashamed of it whilst the Romanist openly counts his beads and the Mahomedan says his prayers. In the afternoon we had service in the Bishop's cabin at 3 and in addition to our own party there were Mr and Mrs Vanderpar and Mrs Eidenberg who are to leave us at Ceylon, the latter to be married on 12th of December. We had the psalms and part of the Litany and the Bishop read one of Dr Vaughan's sermons on Matth.5.6 Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled though the thirsting after righteousness will not be completely satisfied in this life yet there will be sufficient to keep cheerful the believer and make him still desire more . . . I sat in my Cabin nearly all afternoon and after service read some of Dean Goulburn's Thoughts on Personal Religion.

We are nearly a degree nearer the Equator today and on 275 miles from Ceylon having made 289 miles yesterday.

Monday Nov 16th

I got my first sight of Ceylon at about 8 o'clock this morning. The hills which are some distance from the shore were first visible and above the rest Adams Peak was visible. We passed through the Laccadives and Maldives without seeing them so that this is the first land since Socotra. After prayers the morning was spent in preparing letters for the mail and soon after lunch we sailed into the harbour of Galle. What a lovely view after all that we have passed, instead of bare rocks hillsides covered with palm trees and verdure down to the very shore. The sun shone brightly on the waves as they dashed into foam against the rocky shore. All ships enter the harbour on the left side and sail round taking their stand ready to go out again on the right. Whilst we were there, there were some sailing vessels at anchor, one an English barque with a cargo of coals for the use of steamers. As at other ports the coal lighters were soon alongside of us and I hope they will give us a little ballast and make us steadier, surely enough to supply 35 tons a day should do something. As

soon as we were really at anchor the native boats made their appearance, there were about 30 of different kinds. The Ceylon canoes are certainly



the most peculiarly shaped boats I have ever seen. I scarcely know how to describe them. There is a long narrow canoe just wide enough to admit of the rowers legs bulging out however at the bottom along the whole length: if cut in the middle the section would present something of this appearance for the convenience of passengers or the carrying of luggage there is at one end a projecting seal on either side.

The rowers who sit on cross bars row all on the right side: projecting from the right side of the canoe are two curved pieces of wood, their further ends fixed to a log which floats on the surface of the water and steadies the whole, the whole is bound together with ropes and the oars work in between the canoe and the log. The steering is done with an oar at one end. A few natives came on board trying to make us purchase some of the rings which they said were set with the various precious stones found in the island, but there is very little doubt that most of them are imported from Birmingham. One young fellow, son of the new Governor of Macao gave a silver watch for a diamond ring. I think the bargain was a bad one though the watch only cost £2.10 and would not go. Some few other articles such as fans, baskets, and lace were offered but I think not much trade done. We did not go ashore immediately the heat was so intense but having heard that within a nice drive there was a mission school to be seen we soon got impatient and after knocking about amongst the bustle on deck for a little time Sedgwick May and I got into a boat together with Mrs Eidenberg her escort and her boxes and were

rowed to shore by the copper coloured natives making a sort of grunting song to keep time as they row.

We arrived at the side of the long low jetty or landing stage and having bid farewell to Mrs E and wishing her every happiness, we walked on a few yards and then got into a carriage for Buona Vista. It was a light open vehicle fitted with an awning. May and I sat in front and Sedgwick and a dark boy behind. Our horse was rather high in bone and low in flesh but he went along pretty well. We followed the side of the bay for some distance going between the fort and the coal wharfs and then passing by a large open common in front of the fort, the Portuguese burial ground and through the markets which we left till our return, then we came into the road which is cut through a wood composed of coconut trees with their long bare trunks topped by a tuft of leaves palm shaped that form a sort of shade for the fruit which is now nearly ripe, bananas loaded with their immense bunches of luscious fruit some green and some ripe and yellow, the leaves measure four or five feet in length and one foot in width. Then

there are plantations whose fruit closely resembles the banana in shape but is much longer, and the bread-fruit tree. I am unable to remember the names and to describe half of what I saw, both on account of passing them so quickly and my bad sight preventing me from picking out those that were mentioned. We passed a goodly number of native dwellings on the road and several stray shops.

As a rule, the dress of the natives is very scanty; some few have the whole body covered, the lower part of the dress being a piece of woven material secured round the waist by its own folds and reaching down to the feet (this forms all the covering worn by some men) the upper part is an ordinary jacket of white



Singalese Coolie



generally and a variegated cap for a head-dress. Many of the men however have nothing more than a cloth wrapped round the waist.

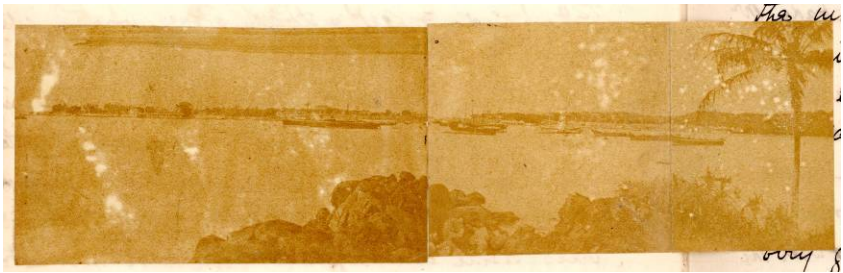
The women have invariably in addition to the lower garment a short jacket with sleeves and just covering the breasts. They have all fine black eyes and many of them splendid hair – the boy who accompanied us had long hair as black as jet – and some of the countenances are very interesting and pleasing.

Many of the people were sat cross-legged upon the ground, taking their meals when we passed, but also the odours that arose from some of their dwellings were almost more than I could stand I do not know how they live amongst them.

We crossed two very small streams which drain the interior and looked decidedly muddy; just before mounting the hill we came in sight of the bay again and here after a ride of about half an hour we got down from the carriage and were glad to put up our umbrellas with their white covers although we were armed with pith helmets on account of the heat and leaving the carriages to wait for us we commenced by a winding path to ascend the hill to Mr Mark's school and house: there were some very pretty wild flowers on either side and every here and there a piece of dark granite like rock juts out from the green banks. We were followed here by two additional boys who wanted to pick flowers for us and looked for some pecuniary reward in return, indeed everywhere the people seem to have been educated to beg and all know the value of money. The boy's school we soon reached; it is a white stuccoed building of one story, nearly square in shape, with a verandah reaching out to some distance from the roof, quite in bungalow style: there are large places where in England we should put windows, but which are never

glazed, some blinds made of thin bamboos or pine leaves are hung in front to keep out the heat of the sun's rays and rolled up when it ceases to shine in that direction. The schoolmaster's house joins on to one end and the whole stand upon a terrace is backed *by* many trees of different kinds and has a view of the bay in front over the trees. We went into the school which numbers about 90 boys who speak English and were many of them at the time busy writing; I took up one boy's copy book, he was writing in very large hand the word 'Rod', (we must hope that this was not suggestive). Finding that Mr Mark was not there we went still further up the hill and passing the girl's school came to the bungalow; it stands on the top of the hill which is really an immense rock but only bare in places the greater part is covered with grass and large and small trees: we walked up to the front door of the house it opens directly into a large room, this into another room and this again into another so that we were able to see right through from front to back. After some little time we succeeded in attracting the attention of a domestic who ushered us into the large room which had quite the appearance of an English parlour and in its comfortable easy-chairs we awaited Mr Mark's arrival. He is a missionary sent out by the Propagation Society and has been out from home nearly nine years, a little man with black hair, whiskers and beard and neither stout nor spare. He received us most cordially and after some little conversation in which we found that he was very well acquainted with Mr Unwin a CMS missionary living about 15 miles distance and a great friend of Sedgwick, he went to fetch in Mrs Marks; she too was extremely nice. After a cup of tea and some biscuits Mr M took us into his garden or orchard behind the house where cocoanut and other trees were growing. I find it impossible to remember the names of them, they are so many and so strange. We were very curious to know how they got the fruit from the coconut palms, for many of them must be nearly one hundred feet in height and there is nothing but the bare trunk to mount the tree by. One of the coolies was called to go up and send down some fruit and we were astonished to see the man almost walk up like going up a ladder. He put a piece of cord round his ankles, this served to keep the feet firmly together and being naked they supplied him with a wonderful leverage so that he could stand at any part of the tree pulling himself up by his hands and then rising from the feet, he threw down for us two or three nuts and then came down sliding with hands and feet and looking very warm after his climb. One or two were opened and we enjoyed the cooling water which was poured out of them. We examined a few curios in the house, chatted with Nellie a little girl about 6 years of age and then went into the front garden to see the flowers and trees, beside native

plants there were a rose tree and some other European flowers, but I was most struck with the abundance of the sensitive plant which grows wild amongst the grass. Another curiosity (not a flower) was a little musk-deer which had been caught before we arrived and was caged up almost out of sight under a large frangipani tree. Many of these trees were in full bloom the flower is small formed of four petals white at the edge and shading off gradually into the middle to a bright orange; this is one of the trees sacred to Buddha. Behind the house were two very farm-yard like creatures intended no doubt to supply the family with bacon.



There is a splendid view of the bay from one of the large pieces of rock in front of the house when it is not interrupted with trees.

Our next visit was to the girls' school which consists of a boarding and a day school, the sleeping and feeding apartments are separate from the rest of the schoolrooms and had just been undergoing repairs so that we did not see into them. The day-scholars had left when we arrived, the others were making lace by hand, some of the patterns were extremely pretty and elaborate being worked with as many as 200 bobbins and for this lace they have more orders than they can execute. All the movements of the school are regulated by numbers instead of words; at a given number the work was laid down and they stood up to sing: they sang 'Once in Royal David's' City' in English, 'There is a happy land' in Senegalese and 'The Advent of our King' in English. Their pronunciation was very good and they kept good time. I enjoyed the singing very much, it reminded me of happy hours in Sunday school at home. The Marks walked down with us to the carriage which was waiting for us at the foot of the hill and on our way pointed out the foundations of his church also the little burial ground where some interments had already been made: the church is to be in the shape of a cross of equal length each way. I forget now what the name of this cross is. It stands on the very edge of one part of the hill and almost directly opposite to the boys' school. At the end of this school is a drinking fountain for travellers containing a large

stone bottle of waters which is placed there fresh every morning. We bade Mr Marks farewell at the bottom of the hill and were driven off again towards the fort, but we let the man and his vehicle go when we got to the market place that we might have a look around. This part of the town is all outside of the fort. The streets of the market are at right angles and with the exception of the main road are very narrow.

Many of the shops are rows of houses built upon a terrace and standing some distance back from the edge, with a large verandah projecting over the top of the terrace, this forms the shop here dried fish (Oh the horrible smell) fruits of all kinds, bananas, cocoa-nuts, plantains, marrows, green oranges and etc. Then there was a quantity of rice but not white as we see at home, and shops of trinkets, and really one would scarcely expect to find a box of Bryant and May's matches which 'will ignite only on the box'. There is a large covered place raised a couple of steps from the road in the middle of three rows of shops, this is occupied entirely by fruit stalls and on the other side of the main street up a short passage is a fresh fish market where I saw many fishes that I had not seen before and among them a sword fish wh. Looked very inviting food. A little nearer the fort on the same side of the main street is the meat market, but it was empty when we passed. This place was literally crowded with natives who were talking. Transacting business and wandering about.



From the market we passed the burial grounds and crossed the common to the entrance of the fort. Mr Gray was just driving in to dine at the Oriental Hotel so we mounted his carriage and went in with him. It

was then 6. o'clock and just an hour before dinner time so we left our umbrellas lie and went round the side to the large English store to make some purchases, but it was too dark to see anything and as I intend to go on shore in the morning again I must try to see these places then. We returned to the Hotel and looked at some English papers, chatted a little and then sat down to a really good English dinner, though the waiters were nearly all Parsees. Most of the first-class passengers had come to dine and there were a few other English people, some of the passengers intended to spend the night in the hotel and enjoy the luxury of a large bed. Directly opposite to me as I sat at dinner there was hung on the wall the same engraving that hangs over the mantelpiece at home 'The Queen of England visiting the wounded soldiers in the Greenwich Hospital'. I have really enjoyed my dinner today and although I am not an Irishman I must confess it was a treat to see a boiled potato again. Shortly after dinner we returned to the ship arriving about nine after a little disturbance with the boatman who never seem contented with their pay. I succeeded in getting both my feet and ankles wet in leaving the boat, although I stepped on to a dry part of the ladder before I could mount higher the steamer rolled and immersed them. I retired to rest with the intention of rising at 4.30 in order to make another trip to the island before our departure in the morning.

Tuesday Nov 17th

Called by my garcon at 4.30 awoke Sedgwick, dressed and went on deck till six watching them load bags of raisins for Hong Kong, then after a cup of cocoa I went on shore with the Bishop, Mrs Burdon, Mrs Little (of Shanghai) and Sedgwick. The Bishop and party took a trap for Buona Vista and Sedgwick and I for Wak Walla to see the beautiful drive and a fine inland view and were not disappointed. Along the drive we saw numbers of bungalows, some large and some small, many of them hidden far back from the road amongst the trees. There were the wells built by the government and a number of barrel carts being filled with water probably to supply the ships for we took in some before we left. We passed by several rice fields which according to the mode of cultivation were all under water, the blade was just peeping above the surface, the reaping time is January. We passed also a few cotton trees, at least the guide told us so, but guides are not always to be relied upon and unfortunately, I am too easily deceived, not knowing when I am misled. We passed several of the native carts which are all drawn by the small humped oxen almost without exception in pairs, a long pole from the centre of the cart separates then and another pole across their necks

forms a kind of yoke. The driver generally walks against the pole behind the oxen, the carts are two wheeled and very small and their sides only like a framework. As it was rather early in the morning we saw many of the natives leading out their oxen to water.

The vegetation on either side was something marvellous, trees, flowers and fruits in great profusion. After a drive of about three quarters of an hour we reached the bottom of the hill and leaving our cars we walked up to the top. We were soon joined by two or three natives wanting to obtain money either by gathering flowers or selling walking sticks or precious stones (glass). There we saw the cinnamon, nutmeg and other trees. I secured a nutmeg in its husk as a memento of the place, the leaves of the tree which are very much like Laurel smell like the nut when they are crushed or rubbed together. The wood of the cinnamon tree has the same scent as the cinnamon when it is scraped. Wherever we trod we put our feet on the little sensitive plants which closed up their fronds as we touched them. When we arrived at the top of the hill after about 15 minutes' walk we were so pestered with would-be-sellers of precious stones that we could scarcely get a look at the beautiful view over the valley. The top of this hill is a great height from the sea but has no real sea view, it looks over a beautiful valley surrounded with densely wooded hills on every side and rice fields and streams of water below. Everything was beautifully green it was hard to believe that we were half through November and that at home they were surrounded with fog and rain and cold. We returned to the town and took another round in the market to buy some fruit then to the post office with our letters and looked into All Saints Church, both the latter are inside the fort. The Post Office and barracks are both very poor looking whitewashed buildings: the church is a rather fine one capable of seating 300 or 400 people it consists of 3 aisles and a chancel and has a tower at the west end. Our next move was to the vessel to be in time for our breakfast at 9.30. The deck of the ship was busy with natives trying to dispose of their wares, ebony inkstands, jewellery, lace, boxes, porcupine quills, fans etc. Mr Marks returned with the Bishop to breakfast and when that was over the vessel once more moved forward, we said 'good bye' to Mr Marks and Ceylon and were on our way to Singapore. For the rest of the day I was idle or rather unable to do anything the heat of their cold season was too much for me and made my head-ache terribly till dinner time: a game or two at draughts in the evening closed the day.

Wednesday Nov 18th

Unwell and bad headache until dinner time today. The sunset this evening was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen for variety of tints in cloud and water. At one time the water assumed a rich deep purple hue caused by the sun's bright orange rays shining upon some dense black clouds.

Our position today at 12 was Lat. N $5^{\circ}.36'$ Long E of Paris $32^{\circ}.14'$. 264 miles from Galle and 1236 to Singapore.

Thursday Nov 19th

No land in sight at all today and I think that at last I have got accustomed to the roll which we have had since Aden, tomorrow however we hoped to enter the Malacca straits. I photographed the deck of the vessel and got what appeared to be a fair negative, the printing must wait till I reach Osaka.

We have made 255 miles since 12 yesterday.

Friday Nov 20th

This morning commenced with heavy rain at 8 o'clock and just before breakfast we came up to two rocks off the coast of Sumatra Poulo (*Pulau*) Rondo and Poulo (*Pulau*) Way and beyond them we could just discern Acheen (*Aceh*) Head where the war with the Dutch and natives is now going on. We followed the Sumatra coast all the day. So far as I could see the island is hilly or mountainous in the interior but the coastline is flat.

Our latitude today was N $6^{\circ}.13'$ Long E of Paris $91^{\circ}.10'$. We had run 275 miles, leaving 705 to Singapore.

Saturday Nov 21st

In sight of Sumatra till evening, the coast of the island is well wooded with very tall trees. It has been a beautiful day and nice and cool though we are so near the Equator the rolling too of the Bay of Bengal is all passed over. A ship passed about 11 o'clock.

We only made 246 miles in the 24 hours leaving still 459 before reaching Singapore.

Sunday Nov 22nd

Our fourth Sunday on board ship not including the day we left Marseilles and the last Sunday of the church's year; another week then Advent begins and how soon it will be Christmas day I cannot help looking back to the corresponding Sunday last year. Father was with me at 35 Pembroke St and I was all excitement and anxiety about my degree

examination which was to begin the next day: then there was the possibility of ordination in a month and of leaving home for Japan a month after that.

We crossed the Malacca straits during the night from somewhere near Cape Diamond to the mouth of the River Perak. The early morning was wet and misty and by some accident or other our pilot took us slightly out of our course. I was aroused at about half past six by hearing the signal to the engines to stop and going on deck found that they were sounding; we had plenty of water but were very much too near the Sumatra coast. The signal tower that is placed in the middle of the straits was invisible on account of the mist and this made it more difficult. We were about 5 degrees N Lat. and near to the Island of Aroa [Aruah?]. There were several things floating past the vessel, pieces of wood etc. Some said that the body of some great animal like a hippopotamus, with some gulls upon it had passed by but I was not in time to see it: we trusted that it was not the sign of any sad mishap. There was a vessel some distance to our right at the time but after we had got back into our proper course we soon left her behind. I really feared that the delay and divergence together would deduct considerably from my distance.

We had our usual little service at 11 and we mustered pretty well although we had lost three of our regular attendants at Ceylon; four Dutch friends joined us. The Bishop preached on Neh. 5 .15 'So did not I, because of the fear of God'. He shewed how wonderfully Nehemiah was helped because of the fear of the Lord and how that fear kept him from the sin into which his people had fallen and then he most aptly applied it to the conduct of professing Xtians (*Christians*) living in these eastern countries, who so often for the want of it forget the position in which they stand to the heathen and treat them as if they had no immortal soul.

In the afternoon we had a little service in the Bishop's cabin, Mr Gray joined us, he is to leave us tomorrow. The Bishop read one of Dr Vaughan's sermons on Matth. 5. Before dinner I read a little of that excellent book of Dean Goulburn's, I am sorry that I had not seen it long before I did.

For the rest of the day we followed the Malacca coast with its well wooded hills and at sunset we passed a lighthouse and some vessels near the lighthouse; there was evidently a small town but too far to distinguish anything even with the glass.

259 miles since Saturday at noon left us only 200 miles from Singapore at noon today and full of expectation of reaching the harbour early in the morning.

Monday Nov 23rd

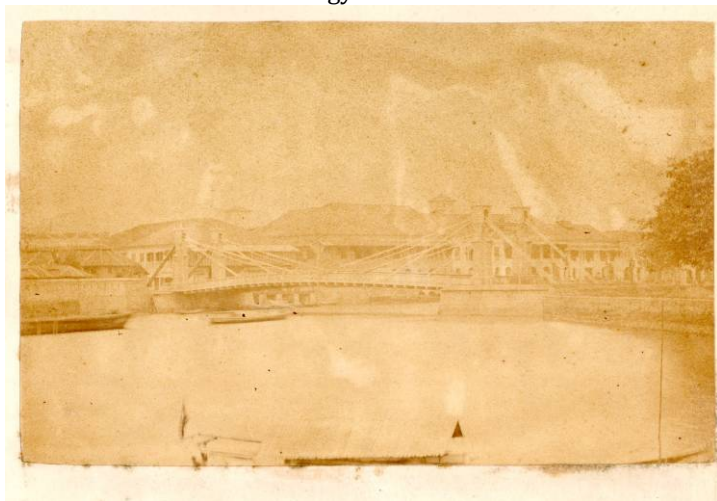
The day began favourably and in the middle of the forenoon through some of the most lovely scenery of islands, rocks and trees we sailed into Singapore harbour. This is the new harbour and is some three miles from the town but is far prettier and very much more sheltered than the old one. The cliffs rise to a considerable height at a short distance from the shore and opposite to the landing place there is a large island forming a double entrance to the bay.



Sedgwick and I first took half an hour's walk and then together with May we hired a buggy pulled by a strong little pony to take us into the town the heat was too great to walk. This vehicle took us as far as the centre of the town and when we had wandered through one or two of the business streets which are irregular and narrow, we went towards the old harbour into which a river (whose name I cannot tell) empties itself: at a short distance from the bay, not more than a 100 yards, it is spanned by a suspension bridge and under it there were any quantity of fishing boats and boats of merchandise passing up and down the stream. I saw them throw the net most dexterously several times.

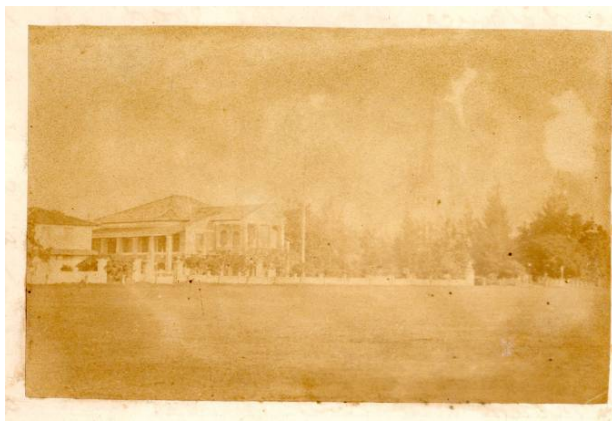
On the north side of the bay there is a splendid green with a road along either side of it, and built back some distance from the road are one or two large hotels almost hidden by the rich shrubbery of the gardens in front. Just past these and still facing the water is the cathedral, a rather

neat white building and having quite the appearance of an English church. We went inside and made some inquiries about the times of services and the names of the clergy etc..



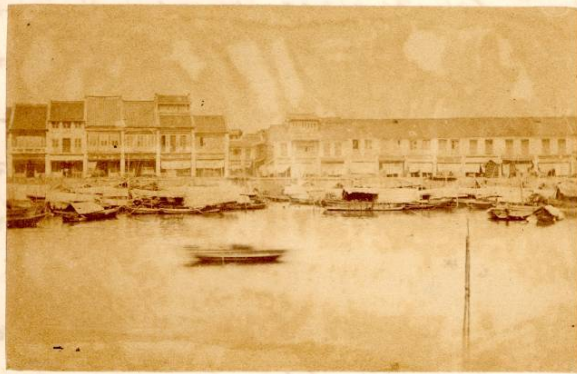
Suspension bridge across Singapore harbour.

I was struck with the large punkahs ranged along each side of the church, they are quite a necessary institution in these hot countries. There are three aisles formed by two rows of high pointed arches and pillars of the early English type; the chancel is a moderate length and has 3 camaelson windows narrow but very long.



Cathedral (probably St Andrews's)

There are two organs one at the side of the chancel and one at the west end in a gallery, the church is seated with large ecclesiastical chairs with the exception of the stalls for the choir. The west entrance is through a large porch in the steeple, there is also a large porch over both north and south doorways. The windows are chiefly of the perpendicular style. The church stands some distance from the road in the centre of a very large piece of ground, but the trees in front of it are not yet much grown. Our next turn was back over the suspension bridge to a restaurant to get some 'tiffin' (as the noon meal is called here) and sat till three o'clock: we then went into the regular Chinese town which though very busy is very dirty and has nothing more to charm than people who have been before would have led me to expect. Low two-storied shops of every description with a preponderance of bad smelling fish or untidy fruit stalls, very loose sandy roads which must be simply delightful in wet weather, and large ugly gutters very different from the well-drained streets at home. We then got back to some of the more respectable looking streets nearer to the foreign residents (though the Chinese are not natives) here the Chinese shops are much cleaner and you can purchase almost any kind of foreign articles you may wish. We came back to the suspension bridge and turned down by the river side where were a great many Chinese stores and an abundance of tin lined cases which had just been emptied of their contents. From the bridge and I had



View of Singapore from the suspension bridge

Here Sedgwick decided to return to the ship but May and I wandered about till time for service at the Cathedral. I was very glad to sit down for I was tired and the weather oppressively hot. The congregation consisted of Mrs Hose the wife of the Chaplain who said service, Mr Gomes S.P.G. Missionary, an officer, the organist, May and myself. After service May struck up an acquaintance with the organist and whilst he was examining the west end organ Mr Hose came to me and asked about our party and promised to call upon the Bishop, he also invited us all to dinner for the following evening. After a little fighting about the price we entered a buggy and were driven back to the ship just in time to get some tea. The evening was lovely, the cool air is such a treat after the hot day, Sedgwick and I turned out for a walk to the bottom of the cliffs and then amused ourselves with throwing large stones at an old glass bottle that we found. Close to this place there was a grand chorus of frogs. I never heard such a croaking in my life round one small sheet of water, there must have been both grandfathers and grandsons for their voices were both hoarse and shrill. The bottle broken, as the Shah of Persia said we went home and went to sleep.

Tuesday Nov 24th

Sedgwick and I did not go into the town till after lunchtime but wandered about the ship, bought some pine apples for three half pence each, and delivered a message from the Bishop to Mr Hose when he called. After tiffin we went down together called with Sedgwick to buy a new pith hat at one of the English drapery establishments, bought some photographs and then S. and I went to visit Monsieur du Courthial at the Hotel de l'Europe to say farewell to the family who were to change steamers here for Manilla and did not as I had previously thought go on from Aden to Mauritius ('Cockles'). We then all went to service at the Cathedral where the Bishop and Mrs Burdon joined us and after service we walked home

with Mr Hose to dinner. Mrs Hose had arrived from England by the P&O steamer the day before and was full of home news. Mr Gomes the S.P.G. missionary was invited to meet us and I enjoyed my first evening in an Eastern house very much.

We sat in the verandah after dinner listening to the buzz of insects and with lizards creeping after the flies on the ceiling. The moon was nearly full and shone through the branches and leaves of the various trees, with their strangely shaped forms and the cool air was a pleasant change after the heat.

There was some difficulty about getting back to the ship when the time came: the one buggy would only hold four and there were five of us and we fear that if we attempted to walk: we might lose our way, so I volunteered to do the footman and ride on the piece of wood that united the springs behind and S said he would join me, so May got inside with Mr and Mrs Bishop and we gave it something of the appearance of an Episcopal escort. We outriders certainly had the best of it for we could see all that was to be seen and the road was a fresh one. But didn't the natives stand and stare!



Singapore is a much larger place than Galle and has many more good buildings. It has more stores too and many large shipping warehouses on the old harbour; one or two of its public buildings are very substantial looking. There seems to be almost more Chinese than Malays among the shopkeepers but the streets are very dirty and disagreeable.

I finished the day sitting on the wharf enjoying the air (the cabins are close) and the bright stars. To-morrow we set sail for Saigon.

Wednesday Nov 25th

Left Singapore this morning at 6.30 passing out of the new harbour and along through the old by several islands and round the Malacca peninsula to steer N.E. for Saigon and to meet the N.E. Monsoon which blows generally between October and March. A fearful headache, doubtless the result of the great heat of Singapore prevented me from seeing the homeward French Mail 'The Hooghly' about 11 o'clock. The rain was very heavy in the afternoon about 3 and there was a dense mist and every appearance of rough weather, we were sailing in the teeth of the monsoon.

Thursday and Friday may be well put together as days upon which I realized what I had read in books but never seen before. When the weather gets rough I am forced to be quiet and sit perfectly still or else feed the fishes. Our vessel pitched and rolled and I saw something of the meaning of the 107 Ps. 'For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof, they mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths, they reel to and fro like a drunken man and are at their wits end' I should like to have enjoyed this tossing and was glad to have seen it but I cannot say that I did enjoy it and I should not like to see it repeated though I probably shall have to before long as all the rest of my journey till Dec 13 is against this same monsoon. I managed to take all my meals till Friday's dinner and then I sat down to the table but found it was no use and left before I had tasted anything, taking an apple with me to eat as I lay on deck. I terminated the day very sadly rushing to bed at 8 o'clock. I had tried to read a little of Shakespeare's 'Tempest' during the day and am fully prepared to say with Gonzalo (Scene 1) 'Now would I give 100 furlongs of sea for one acre of barren ground, long heath, broom, furze, anything'. Between 2 and 3 o'clock today we passed several rocky islands densely wooded.

On Monday we ran 240 miles and today 198 leaving 120 before we reach Cape St Jacques at the mouth of the River Gamboj [River Saigon]. The distance made today shows the opposition we have had from wind and sea never before having run less than 200 miles in 24 hours.

Saturday Nov 28th

Last night had been the worst night that I have spent on board, rolling, pitching, cups and glasses everything rattling and scarcely any sleep and when we got out of the heavy sea the ship continued to roll until we came

quite alongside of the Cape at about 6.30 this morning. The morning was very fine and had everything to cheer us after the bad weather we had experienced. Here we took in our pilot who was to guide us up the Gamboj river but we were obliged to wait for the tide, a sad detention for it was nearly two o'clock before there was water enough to float us up and then we had to proceed very slowly along 50 miles of twistings and windings, so that we seemed to get first in front of the mountains at the cape and then again to be behind them. I believe the distance is only about 25 miles as the crow flies. I was too weak to enjoy the sail as much as I should like to have done though the absence of all movement on the part of the vessel was very acceptable. The banks of the river are flat the whole way up and covered for the most part with thick jungle. So far as I was able to see by the chart there are many mouths, we passed several large openings which would seem to indicate that we were making our way amongst islands. It was splendid to see how our large ship turned round some of the sharp courses as safely as if she had been a small canoe. A vessel passed us as we turned the last corner into Saigon and we got alongside the wharf about 5.30 as the sun was going down. And now I am in Cochin China. But I must not forget that here we have lost one of our most distinguished passengers Admiral du P__ [Admiral Duperré] the new French Governor of Saigon, the civilian's clothes were laid aside for the coat with bright buttons, gold lace and epaulettes and the Aide de Camp and staff Major also donned their official costume. They were received by an officer with cocked hat and gold hilted sword and then descended to a man of war's boat pulled by 12 men and as they rowed to shore the man of war in the harbour fired a salute of 15 guns. A carriage attended by a small company of horse bore the party from the landing stage to the governor's house.

After dinner Sedgwick and I went – on shore although it was dark, so far as we could see the Chinese shops were much the same as at Singapore and the boats were all supplied with wickerwork awnings. Here too any amount of pieces of sugar cane were being sold which the men grind with their teeth as they walk along. It was impossible to see much of the town but we were attracted by the number of gambling places but we could not understand the process. They distributed coins by means of a small cane whilst the host sang a strange song likewise unintelligible. At another shop we bought a Chinese pen each and had a great fight to prevent the grasping Chinaman charging us twice over for one of them. Most of the shops were closed with the exception of a store and a chemist's, I went into the latter to buy a bottle of scent to counteract the bad smells both on shore and on board, my other bottle

had been broken by the bad behaviour of the ship, and I learnt for the first time that a French Chemist does not deal in perfumery he leaves that branch to the hairdresser.

The photographer had gone to his dinner and so I was unable to buy any pictures of the bay and town. The place is so intersected by canals that even the wharf at which we were moored was separated from all the places of business but the Messageries' own offices. We returned in time to take a cup of tea with Mrs Burdon and I finished a letter for home.

Sunday Nov 29th

As we were at a French Colony and therefore there is no Protestant church we remained on board the whole day. We had our usual service in the saloon at 11 with a sermon by the Bishop from Dr Vaughn our company was much less this morning because many left us at Singapore, we had however the advantage of using the piano to help the singings brought down during the heavy weather. We had no afternoon service but met as on week days in Sedgwick's cabin. The rest of the day was spent in reading and a walk on the quay at dusk where I witnessed an amazing native dance which consisted of stooping rising and hissing to the sound of a tin whistle, the only variation being a momentary seat on the ground at intervals.

Monday Nov 30th

I retired to rest last night at 8 o'clock to make up for what I had lost during the week and with the expectation of being roused by the little engine above my head at 4 o'clock in the morning when we were to start. After laying there for two hours attempting to sleep with my head under the sheet to keep off the mosquitoes I gave up in despair partly dressed, put my dressing gown on and took my rug up on deck and settled down in a very easy chair with the intention of passing the night there. It was nothing short of torture to go into my cabin and hear the things buzzing about me knowing that they were ready on the first opportunity to suck my blood. The Bishop had been turned out of his cabin the night before and had sought in vain for a resting place and Sedgwick's face and hands looked as if he had the small pox, you could scarcely have put a pin's head between the spots. I managed to sleep till 12 when I was aroused by a Chinaman beating his wife and I changed my position to get out of the moon's rays and then slept on till a quarter past three disturbed this time by the preparations for leaving. I then moved to one of the hard wooden seats and slept till nearly six and rose in time to see the sun rise and find that we were gently winding our way down the river to Cape St Jacques

where we arrived about 9: a little boat took the pilot ashore and we were once more on the open sea where rolling and tossing soon began again and 915 miles to Hong Kong.

During the day we passed several mountainous parts of the land which seemed to mark the other mouths of the Gautoj River [Saigon River] but I soon found myself on my back again wishing for land.

Tuesday Dec 1st

Laid down and seedy the whole day and worse if possible towards evening I lost my dinner again. The only note worth making is that we had run 246 miles by 12.

Wednesday Dec 2nd

Still only so so but sufficiently better to read some more of 'The Tempest'. Still we had made very little progress by 12 o'clock today and this was almost disheartening enough to make one seedy; we had a north wind against us and a strong current and our speed fell down to 137 miles not quite $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour Lat. $14^{\circ}.39'$ Long E of Paris $107^{\circ}.46'$

In the evening the sea calmed considerably and the captain said he would be outside Hong Kong harbour on Friday evening and go in early on Saturday morning.

Thursday Dec 3rd

Today we came in sight of Hainau at 10.30, there was little or nothing to see but the rocks in the distance some stray Chinese fishing boats and a few other bare rocks peeping up above the water and making the necessity for careful steering great.

Our position today was Lat. N. $18^{\circ}.27'$. Long E of Paris $108^{\circ}.07'$ the distance run 217 miles leaving 315 before reaching Hong Kong.

Friday Dec 4th

Before breakfast this morning we sailed through quite a float of Chinese junks: these are the pirate vessels I am told which are to be so much dreaded when any vessel runs aground or is disabled. There may appear to be 3 or 4 only at the time but they seem to immediately to rise from the water and the vessel is soon surrounded and unless well-armed is soon stripped of all her valuables, nothing being left sometimes but the bare hull and the passengers and men left nearly naked and wounded. There were about 30 of them in sight this morning; most curious looking boats with very high stern and rudders big enough to guide an iron-clad. There are two masts with oddly shaped sails often standing out from the ship

one on one side and another on another. Like the wings of a butterfly. I was astonished that they would dare to sail such small boats in so rough a sea.

The day was beautifully bright and at 12 we were in Lat. N. $21^{\circ}.16'$ Long E of Paris $111^{\circ}.03'$ and 234 miles ahead of yesterday only 81 to run and likely for Hong Kong in the evening. In this we were not disappointed about 7. We began to get in amongst the rocks which surround the approach to the harbour and the mouth of the Canton River. I raised a false alarm in the saloon by telling them that we were in sight of Hong Kong lights, they proved to be some lights on the bottom of the rocks. However, I and the Bishop went on the prow so that we might get the first possible peep and watched our great ship wind its way amongst the various rocks which rise out of the water in quite a cluster, until one of the sailors told us they were going to cast anchor and we must go down. Our view of Hong Kong was then just hidden by a corner of the rock upon which the town is built and we feared that we should have to wait there till daylight but happily she went forward into the bay. Hong Kong is built on the side of a steep rock and is laid out in terraces and lit up with gas; the effect from the harbour at night is really very pretty, rose of light rising one above the other. Here we cast anchor and the gun fired at 8 o'clock and although we could not see we knew how the people on the shore would be looking for their letters. In a little while the governor's boat rowed by 12 Chinese came to take the Bishop to shore so he packed up and went, Sedgwick and May remained behind. I watched the people leaving and the boats going and coming till 11 o'clock and then began to pack ready for changing to the 'Menzaleh', the Yokohama steamer. The 'Sindh' goes on to Shanghai.

Saturday Dec 5th

Before breakfast we had a visit from Mr Hutchinson (C.M.S.) missionary who immediately asked for Mrs Evington and was about to tell me that he had secured a comfortable nights lodging for her, some imaginative person having inserted in the paper that Mr and Mrs E. were among the passengers by the 'Sindh'. He invited us to meet the Bishop at his house for tiffin (the name for the midday meal eastward of Singapore).

May and I then took a boat to the 'Challenger' for the purpose of photographing the Sindh. She is one of English cruisers sailing round the world to take deep sea soundings and make scientific observations. After I had finished my photography the Commanding officer sent a quartermaster to show us over the vessel. She only carries two large rifle guns and 200 men, we saw the long sounding lines and instruments for

bringing up water from the bottom of the sea and also for raising the gravel or whatever may form the bed, the laboratory etc., but as she was undergoing some repairs she was not so trim as she might otherwise have been, she had four main and mizzen masts, with their top masts and top gallant masts, and also a screw propeller.

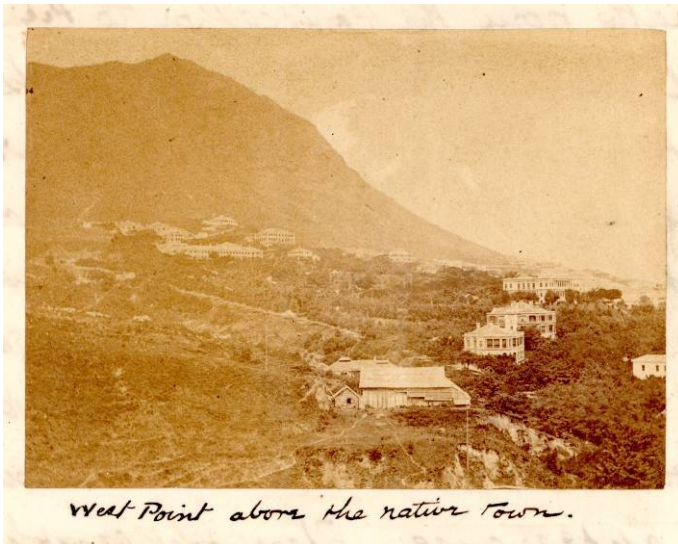
Breakfast over the Bishop and Mr Hutchinson came on board and with them and a boatload of luggage belonging to Br Burdon, Sedgwick and May we went ashore and to St Paul's College, the Episcopal residence. At present it looks a big desolate place though not really large a great deal of the space being taken up by verandah: the college proper with its library, chapel etc. form the west end of the building but they possess no collegiate appearance: the whole place seemed to be in a tumble-down state, it had partly suffered from the typhoon. Here we were introduced to Mrs Oxlad and Mrs Johnston who are engaged in school work amongst the Chinese, we all then mounted chairs and were born upon the shoulders of Chinamen to Mr Hutchinson's house. Mrs H had presented him with either a son or a daughter but 3 or 4 days before so we did not see her. After tiffin we visited the native town, returned to the college, did some shopping and to Mrs H's again for dinner where we again met the two young ladies and spent a pleasant evening. Sedgwick remained as Mr H's guest till the departure of the Foo Chow steamer and May and I accompanied the ladies home and then returned to the college for the night.



Hong Kong waterfront

I was very much pleased with Hong Kong on first entering the town as we did from the landing-stage which runs out from what they call the ----- [Bund]. The frontage is all large shipping offices and warehouses as in the

photograph but these do not come to the water's edge, a wide road runs between. It seemed to me more like an English town than anything I had seen since I left Europe. The houses are nearly all white and the streets beautifully clean, then Englishmen were to be seen in numbers moving about, there were the names on plates of brass and zinc at the doors of the offices. This refers of course to the English settlement which is at the east side and upper part of the town. As I have said the houses are built in terraces and these run almost parallel one above the other and thus keep moderately level but the ascent from one to the other is by no means gradual on the contrary sometimes unusually steep. This accounts for the fact that I only saw one carriage drawn by a pony in the whole of the town: luggage is carried by coolies who string it to a pole and carry it between two men on their shoulders and the carriages are a kind of box chair on two long bamboo poles, in this you sit and are born on the shoulders of two Chinese swinging almost as much as on board ship. It seemed at first rather cruel to make beasts of burden of one's fellowmen. They march along with you at a splendid pace, up or down hill, it seems all the same as if they were on a level plain.



West Point above Native Town

I was simply astounded when they took me up the steep winding path from the college on to the Robinson road which leads to West Point where Mr H lives and then march on for half an hour without showing any signs of fatigue. The houses are very deceptive looking much larger

than they really are on account of their being lofty and surrounded with verandas. The little photo of West Point above the Chinese town gives some idea of their appearance. There are several large English stores and shops but I did not go into any of them. The Chinese shops are the same as those in Singapore having no fronts, the goods are ranged round in shelves and in glass cases and on stands in the centre and you may purchase anything you wish from them, Bass's pale ale, Huntley and Palmers biscuits, Nabob's pickles etc. etc.. I bought a splendid lounging chair as a comforter for the rest of my voyage which I anticipate being very rough and to make a sort of couch for my room when my journey is over. It is a splendid article made of bamboo and with a moveable back so that I can have my back straight up for reading or nearly low enough for a bed. The same must be said of the Chinese here as everywhere else I have seen them, that as a rule they are an industrious people, doubtless their object is to make money but the fact remains the same. I saw them boat building, joinering, forging and at various other employments and always ready to do business with you if possible and to ask a good profit on their goods.

I must not forget that I paid a visit to the Chinese church St Stephen's which has now been built some seven years and has in the morning a congregation of about 40 native Xtians; in the evening there are often large numbers consisting of those who are curious to see and hear what is going on or wish to enquire into the Xtian (*Christian*) religion. The native pastor Lo Sam was present and I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him, he wears no distinctive dress when not taking service, of course in the church he wears the white surplice entirely, it would be rather difficult to design a clerical costume for a Chinaman and I do not think that we should try to obliterate any traces of their nationality for that is not the object of Xtianity (*Christianity*). The Church is not very large but it is neat and so designed that an aisle may be thrown out on either side when needed. It is paved with marble tiles of two colours and seated with benches of dark wood. The pulpit and reading desk are placed on a sort of platform raised one good step from the floor of the church and the communion table stands in a small apse lighted by four small windows glazed with blue glass which gives a soft and pretty effect to that part of the building. The creed, Lord's Prayer and commandments are set up on boards and are written in Chinese characters. They have also a lectern, but this I did not see. The Church has suffered from the typhoon and the repairs had just been about completed and cleaning for Sunday's service was going on: they however escaped much better than the Romish Xtians (*Christians*) whose church was blown

down all but the east and west end walls. Mr H's house lost part of its roof at the same time but was not nearly so much damaged as many others both European and Chinese, some houses having been almost shattered to pieces and lives lost in the downfall. I saw some traces of this horrible disaster in the harbour; ships sunk and only their masts to be seen and many other pieces of wreck: I was told that only 3 vessels remained unhurt in the morning following the typhoon which blew from 11 in the evening till 5 in the morning. Ships coming into the harbour met the dead bodies floating out and there were so many on the wharf that it was at times quite difficult to walk by; they had to be buried in large pits as after a plague. At Macau, the Portuguese settlement they were unable to bury them and about 1000 bodies were burnt, together with the fires and the plundering the whole place was nearly in ruins; it is thought that it will scarcely recover. The new Portuguese governor, Signor de Avilla has been one of our passengers from Marseilles and together with his wife, family (2 sons and 4 daughters) and suite left the vessel during breakfast.

Although scarcely arrived in their new home, the Bishop and Mrs Barron fixed up a bed for me that I might have a night on shore and Mr Baines the assistant Chaplain to whom I had been introduced during the afternoon and who has two rooms in the college supplied me with sleeping garments and allowed me the use of his room for toilet purposes. After writing a note to Mr H about my chair which had not turned up, and a few lines home to let them know where I was at about one o'clock I tumbled into bed quite worn out and soon fell asleep.

Sunday 6th Dec

Turned out of bed this morning at 6.25 feeling only half-rested but I had promised Mr Baines that I would preach to the soldiers for him at the eight o'clock service and having dressed and borrowed some dollars from the Bishop to carry me to Yokohama (I had only English money) I had a cup of tea and an egg, took leave of the Bishop and Mrs Bardon, took a coolie to carry my chair and parcels to the landing stage, put them in a boat and set off at 7.15 for the Sindh to change my luggage, got my boxes into the boat, settled my affairs and took all on board the Menzaleh. I then returned as quickly as possible with a sermon in my pocket and ran to the cathedral and got into the chancel a moment or two after the service had commenced. Instead of the organ the military band sat on one side of the choir and the bandmaster with his wand on the other, the music was nevertheless beautifully soft and sweet: then the responses from about 500 soldiers sounded very fine as they repeated them with military precision. I preached to them on the forgiveness of Christ from Matth 9.6

and then assisted Mr Baines at the Holy Communion. Service was over at 9.20 and the steamer was to leave at 10.00 so that I had to hasten to the landing stage and make for the ship. My time was so short that I am sorry to say I really could not stay to examine the cathedral. A chancel has been added I think since the first building of the church.



Cathedral – St John's.

It is large, white both outside and inside, contains chancel, nave, north and south aisles and transept and will hold about 900 people. The acoustic arrangements, however, are bad; it is the most difficult church to preach in that I know. I got to the Menzaleh in time for breakfast and when that was over I walked about on the deck with Baron von Siebold who was the only first-class passenger beside myself (He is connected with the Austrian legation).

It was cold but beautifully clear and fine and the cliffs and inlets on either side looked very beautiful as we sailed out of this magnificent harbour. When we had got fairly out to sea I went to my cabin, feeling very tired, to make up for my short night and slept till six o'clock when the waiter aroused me for dinner. Our party was very small. The Captain at the head of the table, the mail agent on his right, the Baron on his left, next to the Baron the doctor, I sat opposite him and next to me the commissaire. The table was not anything like as cheerful as the Sindh had been and they made me tremble by telling me they would be fourteen days on the way.

I read till nine o'clock and then went off to bed.

Monday Dec 7th

This morning I got up just in time for breakfast. We followed the coastline all day and as usual passed crowds of Chinese fishing boats. The Sindh which was to leave Hong Kong about 5 hours after us passed us at about 2 o'clock on its way to Shanghai.

Our bearings today at 12 were Lat. N. $23^{\circ}.01'$ and Long E of Paris $114^{\circ}.33'$. We ran 168 miles and had 1452 to Yokohama.

Tuesday Dec 8th

We still keep land in sight, but the wind and sea have got up a little; I have felt the effects of getting into a higher latitude and am glad to wrap up. Until this evening I have borne the sea splendidly and thought I was going to thoroughly enjoy the passage, but although the sickness has kept off, I have suffered in another way.

Lat. N. $24^{\circ}.57'$. Long $116^{\circ}.28'$. Distance run 162, left 1290.

Wednesday Dec 9th

I saw very little beyond the walls of my cabin today being very seedy and weak and feeling most comfortable when laid down. We turned rather more eastward crossing the north of Formosa and made an attempt to sail but the sails only flapped about and finally had to be furled: the sea continued heavy and my cabin window was continually under water. In the evening I managed just a little writing.

Lat. N. $28^{\circ}.54'$. Long $119^{\circ}.8'$ distance run 190 miles to run 1100.

Thursday Dec 10th

Today we have been really crossing the Pacific but fortunately the wind has been in our favour and we have sailed along finely with 5 sails set: although this made the vessel roll considerably. I was glad for it made some knots an hour difference in our speed and there was a haven where I would be> I found lying down either in my chair or in my cabin the most comfortable but it was fearfully cold on deck and again the vessel rolled so terribly that wedge myself as I would with my knees and back into the sides of my berth I could not keep still. The extra speed was cheering for up to 12 the time table shewed very badly.

Lat. N. $26^{\circ}.27'$ Long E of Paris $122^{\circ}.28'$ and had only made 120 miles leaving still 880 before reaching Yokohama.

Friday Dec 11th

Thursday's rolling continued through the night and it was almost impossible to get to sleep. I was sliding up and down the berth first against my head and then against my feet until I thought I should be shaken to a jelly. Happily, a good dose or two of Turner's (Manchester) Homeopathic Camphor had made me feel much better and although the things would scarcely keep on the table at meal times, I managed to eat. It was most ludicrous to see the oranges roll off the plates and the waiter holding the soup-tureen first to one side and then to the other to keep the briny (quite true) liquid within its proper limits: and then each one had to hold his soup plate in his hand or the table would have been inundated: the table was covered with cords to hold the things in their places and once or twice my knife went racing across nearly into the doctor's lap. All the waiters looked as sour as possible for they could not hold the dishes steady whilst we assisted ourselves to what we wanted. In fact the whole table soon became a melee. Towards evening the weather became much smoother again. I began to enjoy walking on deck and before night we arrived opposite to Bungo Straits. At half-past one we had a pelting shower and in the absence of awning we were obliged to seek the saloon. At about three we passed between Japan and Janega Sima (*Tanegashima* or *Tokushima*?) there was however nothing to be seen but the cliffs of the island.

Happily, the time table shewed something to make up for the shaking. Lat N. 30°.94 Long E of Paris 127°.92 distance run 300 miles.

Saturday Dec 12th

The improvement in the weather resulted in my getting a good night's rest and rising somewhat earlier than I had done since I left Hong Kong. Once or twice during the week I thought the waiter would have bitten my head off when he announced breakfast. 'Monsieur Monsieur, le déjeuner est salué'. I thought if he would ring the bell for going on shore at Yokohama it had been much better. At one o'clock when we came in sight of land again the wind changed and three of our sails had to be reefed. All that we could see of the land were just dark cliffs which marked the sea-coast: unlike Ceylon they were not covered with rich green foliage but had a bare clay like appearance. During the afternoon we crossed the mouth of the inland sea, the straits however do not bear that name till you get as far as Hiojo on the Bay of Osaka. Baron von Siebold has been doing his best to extract from me a eulogy on the atmosphere of Japan, but I scarcely feel that I am there yet and fear that I have not been sufficiently enthusiastic in listening to his descriptions. Tomorrow all well we are to be there.

At 12 o'clock our position was Lat. N. 32°.47' Long E of Paris 128°.20'. We had made a good run of 283 miles in 24 hours and had only 286 left.

Sunday Dec 13th

This morning the Baron knocked at my cabin door and told me that I ought to be up, it was the 9 o'clock and I was sorry that I had not turned out sooner to see the snow-capped Fusi-yama (*Fujiyama*). It was a proud picture and for me a novel one; the sun shone brightly the atmosphere was clear and bracing and the white snow stood out in bold relief against the dark brown cliffs below. We kept pretty near to the coast all morning and at about 12.10 came in sight of Yokohama. The Bay of Yeddo is very fine and we can see both shores nearly all the way up: just before coming upon Yokohama itself we saw some of the houses and the barracks on what is called the English bluff and at the corner a light house. A long sand bank runs out from the shore and at the end of it there is a light ship: around this we had to steer and then we came in amongst the gunboats of different nations. There was a glorious old Union Jack flying though one is 10,000 miles away from home. At one o'clock the gun fired as we anchored at the buoy which is specially appropriated to the French mail.

I was not favourably impressed with Yokohama at first sight; the houses that faced the sea looked clean and nice, but the greater part of the town looked low and black and anything but prepossessing. The mail bags soon began to leave the ship and the Baron's luggage was being prepared for departure and I began to feel some anxiety as to what I should do, it was Sunday and I knew Mr Piper was 20 miles away at Yeddo. I had just determined to call on the Chaplain and then seek an hotel when I received a note from Mr Piper directing me to go to Mr Syle's (the acting Chaplain) house and he would direct me what to do; my luggage was to remain with him until I went forward to Osaka I accordingly went on shore with all my baggage, but a case which was in the hold, and now for the custom house officers, they must have all opened so I produced my keys opened those that were locked and the paper parcel they ripped open to see that I was not smuggling. At last I got all but my big tin box on a jinrikshaw and that two coolies carried by a pole resting on their shoulders to No 101. I rang the bell and presently a fatherly old gentleman with a head of white hair came to the door. I told him who I was and how I had got there and before he took me in he wanted to know where Mrs E was. I was obliged to tell him, she was not; he at once expressed his sorrow for me and led me inside; my baggage

was taken, the men dismissed and I began to think that I really was in Japan. He was obliged to leave me having first made me promise to preach for him in the evening and so I employed my time by reading over my sermon that I might be ready. Mr Syle and his daughter came in at different times and again left me and lastly Mr Syle's son came in and took me into the church, which was only separated from the house by a small garden, that I might see the arrangements of the building. Mr Cope the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank called in and after a cup of tea we went to church at 5.30.

The Church is by no means pretty either inside or out but it seemed comfortable had a good organ and a small congregation. After service we had supper and then I consented to go with Mr Syle to a prayer meeting held in connection with an American female mission at the house of Mrs Pujuin. The meeting was conducted by a Mr Stuart A.B.F.M. who was on his way with his newly married wife to China. After reading a chapter in one of the gospels which referred to the attendance of women upon our Lord towards the close of his life, he told us how he had been trying to stir up the ladies in the states to engage themselves in the support and carrying on of missions; one or two prayers were offered up and then a lady ventured to hold forth (I was considerably relieved when I saw that she did not stand up) The early part of her remarks with reference to the death of a Japanese Xtian who had lived as servant in the family and the proof it gave of the power of the gospel to support in tribulation. So far they were suitable enough but then she had one other remark to make and that was with reference to the active work for Christ on the part of woman: she said, women can do something more than raise money for the spread of the gospel, rule their own households and working quietly, that the church has been working with one arm in a sling but now it is beginning to see its folly and women are going forth to preach which she challenged anyone to prove contrary to Holy Scripture. Mr Syle made a few appropriate remarks on the Advent season. I declined the invitation to say anything both because I was too tired, having scarcely had sufficient voice for my sermon and also because I was not quite settled in my opinion about Mr Pearsall Smith's work in England, of which they asked me to speak. We returned home having walked about four miles and I retired, so ended my first day in Japan. I must add that today I have made my first acquaintance with Americans and was very much amused and annoyed at the 'guessings' and nasal pronunciation of my mother tongue.

Monday Dec 14th

After breakfast went along with Mr Syle to call upon Sir Harry Parks. On our way we passed the English and French camps and the houses of the English merchants whose places of business are down in the town. I met Mr Dickens, too, to whom I had an introduction by a card from his father who has a house on Kersal Moor, Manchester. After waiting a few moments we had a pleasant reception by Sir Harry and I left Mr Syle to talk over the affairs of the church in connection with Bishop Burdon taking Japan into his diocese. I then went with young Syle to the Menzaleh, to try and get my other case but it could not be found and I was obliged to leave it till Wednesday when I hoped to return, then to the telegraph office to let Mr Piper know by what train I was to go on to Yeddo and home to Mr Syle's to luncheon. I then set off for the railway posting a letter that I had written for home on the way. There is a very pretty approach to the Yokohama station, it is laid out in shrubs and the building itself is of fair dimensions.

When I had purchased my ticket young Syle was obliged to leave me, none but passengers are admitted on to the platform and the tickets are clipped as you enter, the number of the class is printed upon them in Chinese characters, English, French and German. I took my seat in a second-class car with seats down either side like an omnibus and just about as much room between.



Yokohama Station

I shall never forget the delight that this railway ride gave I had not seen a railway for seven weeks and I felt quite as excited as I could imagine a child would at riding for the first time, and it reminded me so much of home. There were the signal posts with their outspread arms of white

and red, the men holding coloured flags, the guard's whistle followed by one from the engine and the bustle at the stations. I had my head out of the window the greater part of the way and was smiling all the time. Added to what was familiar, there was the novelty of the natives, with their small stature, their long robes and the pattering of their wooden shoes: the whole thing seemed like a toy. Two trains run one each way and because there is only a single line for the greater part of the way, they pass one another at the middle station Tsurumi I think: it was amusing to see the guards take off their hats and make profound bows as the trains came alongside.

Two Japanese women got in and sat in front of me, they left their wooden shoes on the floor of the carriage and doubled their feet under them on the seat. I suppose for them it was more comfortable. Their dress was very bright in colour and their head dress most elaborate. Their socks have a division between their great and other toes, like the gloves of very little children, one place for the thumb and one more for the rest of the fingers and in this division the strap of the shoe goes that holds it to the foot.



One little thing greatly took my fancy: one of them carried some little sweets in a paper which was not tied up, so she tore a strip from the paper and screwed it up like a piece of thread and used it for string, tying a knot with the greatest ease and making it very firm at the same time. The fourth station brought me to Yeddo and Mr Piper awaited me at the end of the platform. The journey was through rice fields and along the coast or almost in sight of it nearly the whole way. Just before arriving in

Yeddo I saw the forts which had been built in the bay, in front of the city to oppose the coming of the allied powers in 1858 and 9. They are built of an octagon shape a short distance from the land and not far from the mouth of the River of Yeddo (Yedo-gawa). The station building is a very fair structure but the arrival platform is only protected from the weather by a common wooden shed.

On my way from the station to Mr Piper's house I passed the old castle of one of the daimyos' which was appropriated to Prince Albert when he visited Japan some little time ago: the various military institutions which are superintended by Europeans, the Marines by English, the soldiers by French. I was just too late to see the men at their drill. We passed over numerous bridges crossing canals and branches of the river and arrived at last in Tsukiji the district conceded to foreigners. The land here all belongs to foreigners and no Japanese is allowed by treaty to purchase any of it. Mr Piper lives on the opposite side of one of the canals from the concession. His house and Mr Tyson's stand in a little compound; they are both Japanese built houses but with European doors and windows, they stand some 3 feet from the ground on piles and are one story high. Mr Piper's house has I think 8 rooms and nearly everyone an outside door, there are at least six; one room is occupied by the servant and wife and another by the teacher. Mr Tyson (C.M.S missionary) has a more substantial looking house but only four rooms and I think, as draughty as Mr Pipers, these houses are all built for the summer and not the winter. I received a hearty welcome from Mrs Piper and afterwards went in to see the Tysons and my thoughts were then directly thrown home to old England. Mr Tyson had been curate at Drypool, Hull, where my dear Grandfather spent his last years and died 17 years ago and Mrs Tyson is a native of Gainsborough and had been amongst the congregation of St Stephen's Hall, a church which stands directly behind the house of one of my uncles. After telling Mr Tyson that I had called on his late vicar, and comparing our acquaintance with places, we arranged to take a walk into the city to see the great Tokaido, or royal road of Japan. After tea we set off across canals etc. to that part of the Tokaido which is in the city it has been greatly enlarged and improved by the government: it is a good broad street, somewhat wider than Market St Manchester and is a strong contrast to the greater number of streets which in respect of width remind one of old Deansgate. Being night the greater number of the shops were shut and when we had past the widened part of the street we saw in front of the closed shops little stalls set up by men selling brushes of various kinds, pens and ink, ornaments for women's hair and other small articles and here and there a

singing man or singing woman, but I must confess that I do not admire native music, it bears some resemblance to a Gregorian chant with very little variation in its ending and a tremolo sharp pitched in at regular intervals. The rest of the evening after my return was spent in chatting with Mr P.

No Longitude and latitude to note today.

Tuesday Dec 15

I was late in getting to sleep last night partly because I was in a strange room and did not feel to be very well protected by the plaster walls and slim doors. I could hear the moving of the servant in the next room and now and then the rats having a steeple chase above the ceiling and always suspicious of foreigners, I pricked up my ears and held my breath at every sound. All this resulted in my being late for breakfast> Mr Piper came to see if I were up a little after nine and told me he had breakfasted. At 10 o'clock Piper, Tyson and I started for Asakusa (pronounced °Asak'sa): for some little distance we walked up the left bank of the main river and passed the first bridge which crosses it and on the third the bank of the river from the mouth for some distance is backed by large godowns or storehouses built of mud two or three feet thick and with iron shutters to the windows as a protection from fire; we had just passed an immense open space which some months before had been the scene of one of those great fires so prevalent in Japan. Mr Piper had turned out to see this one and said that he believed about 1000 houses were utterly destroyed. We passed over this third bridge which was under repair the old one partly taken away and the new one being built by its side; here I had an opportunity of seeing Japanese carpenters at work and much astonished I was to find that they handled their tools just the opposite way to what we do pulling their planes and saws towards them instead of working from themselves. The names of the bridges I cannot attempt to remember nor yet the number of the canals and streams which we crossed. After a walk of about 4 miles along the river side we came opposit

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This they call the gate of heaven. This was my first visit to a heathen temple, I am sorry to say that I was too much worn out with the walk to take half the interest and attention that I ought to have done, I could think only of wishing myself on a sofa at home. But this is what I felt not what I saw. The little street leading to the temple is lined with shops on either side, principally toy shops, and depositories of little images, shrines and things to offer to the Gods. At the entrance to the temple grounds proper there is a massive gateway with its curved roof, and a sort of cage on either side; in these cages are two immense images, I should think considerably above 10 feet high they are guardians of the temple and are as ugly as sin. If they could be properly seen they would be nearly enough to frighten any one from going any further. The temple itself is built on something like a stone terrace, though that is scarcely the right term to use, it is reached by a splendid broad flight of steps, the building itself is constructed of wood with a ponderous roof covered with tiles of baked earth and moulded into various patterns. Both the temple and gateway are of deep crimson colour and the tiles of a dark grey; at the top of the steps over the entrance to the building hang some large lanterns made of paper and just inside these are some of still larger dimensions, measuring sometimes as much as five feet in height and three in width, these hang from the ceiling which is adorned with pictures of Gods and women coloured and gilded in true Japanese style. Directly opposite the doorway is the principal shrine which is almost hidden from view by a dusty wire grating and in front of this is an immense receptacle, (I can scarcely call it a box) about 15 feet long and 8 or ten wide and perhaps two deep, to receive the offerings to the deity. We succeeded in getting behind the wire and seeing the shrine, the image itself however is quite hidden from view. In front of it there are candles burning and several brass vases and vessels standing. I did not however hear any

service performed or prayers said. Behind the shrine there were some more sacred places and on one of the walls I saw some figures in gilt and colours reminding me very much of some of the European church decorations. There was a continual stream of people coming and going, they walked in clapped their hands in front of the image, threw some money into the 'receptacle', bowed their heads with their hands placed together and having offered their prayer departed. I saw one man go round to the different shrines, throw money and say a prayer before each. A woman, too, came in with her child and approaching one of the shrines began to rub different parts of the idol and then to rub the same part of the child with the hope I suppose of procuring some relief for its pain. This image had lost nearly all its features and shone with the friction that it had undergone, probably like St Peter's toe it will want renewing someday.



Ankusa Pagoda

After seeing the temple we went down into the grounds which are full of tea-houses and stalls under the lofty trees now in their winter dress, or undress. There is also an exhibition of life sized figures representing different customs and legends, they are carved in wood and generally known as wax works they were very numerous and represent many of the more ancient customs. I was too tired to remember them well and of course missed a great deal by not being able to understand the descriptions given by the different men who all closed their story by begging money for the benefit of the temple. I shall have to read what Sir Rutherford Alcock says. I am told that he gives a very fair description of

them in his book on Japan 'The Capital of the Tycoon'. We next visited the Pagoda from which there is a good view of the city, Asak'sa the temple of the goddess of Mercy stands at the north-east corner. I did not go up it was rather too much of a mount. I sat on the steps at the bottom whilst the others went up and some Japanese who came down pointed to the stairs, but I rubbed my knees and shook my head, so they laughed and went on.

From Asak'sa we took jinrikshaws to Uysuo (*Ueno*) which lies a little to the west of Asak'sa. I was glad to get a proper sit down and a miles rest made me feel much more like enjoying the sight-seeing. The temple at Uysuo was burnt down in the last struggle with the Shogun party, on this very spot the struggle ended and they were obliged to yield. The tombs of the Shoguns fortunately, were not destroyed. Far back from the noise and bustle of the city in the midst of lofty trees the resting place for the remains of the great leaders has been chosen: the place is surrounded by a sort of cloistered enclosure and within this enclosure a beautiful building, scarcely a temple for there is no idol or shrine, where the funeral and commemorative services are read; the illuminating and carving both of the interior of the building and of the surrounding court are very fine: the figures of course are strange to an English eye, but the work and effect are exquisite. The fixed walls and ceilings are illuminated in squares with figures of animals etc., the light is admitted through the usual paper sliding windows and the floors are covered with a dark chocolate coloured lacquer giving them very much the appearance of French polish: after passing through one or two courts we came to the tombs themselves; each tomb is marked off by stone walls furnished with heavy gates of cast bronze almost as much as one can move. The tomb itself is a sort of stone monument with a top formed exactly after the pattern of the roofs of the temples. There is a bronze door in the side, a sort of entrance to the tomb but not large enough for a man to go in at. Six of the Shoguns, I believe, are buried here; the rest at Shiba.

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Drawing of stone lantern

The names of those who gave them are carved in stone and gilded. On our return to the jinrikshaw we went to the edge of the elevated ground upon which these tombs are built (a natural elevation) and looked out over a great part of the city, the appearance was very different from that of an English town low roofs and no chimneys and though no smoke still the old few wooden houses, with their dark tiled roofs, had a very dingy look; we passed several tea stalls and the women all clapped their hands for us to go in, this is the way the Japanese adopt for calling either friend or servant, when we found there was nothing to eat and only tea we bid then 'sayonara' and went on. From Utsuo (Ueno) we hastened home only stopping on the way to call upon Bishop Williams and we took tiffin with Mr and Mrs Tyson at 3 o'clock. I enjoyed my dinner after the morning's work, one quarter of which I cannot write down, and after a little chat and a cup of tea at Mr Piper's we went to a meeting of missionaries close by respecting some difficulty about the burial of a Christian woman and the government authorities and I was asked to relate the facts to the missionary conference in Osaka and Kobe when I arrived.

Wednesday Dec 16th

This morning we walked to Shiba to see the remaining tombs of the great Shoguns: on our way we stopped a few moments to see the soldiers drill and I was much amused to find that some of the calls were in the language of the foreigners and not of the natives.

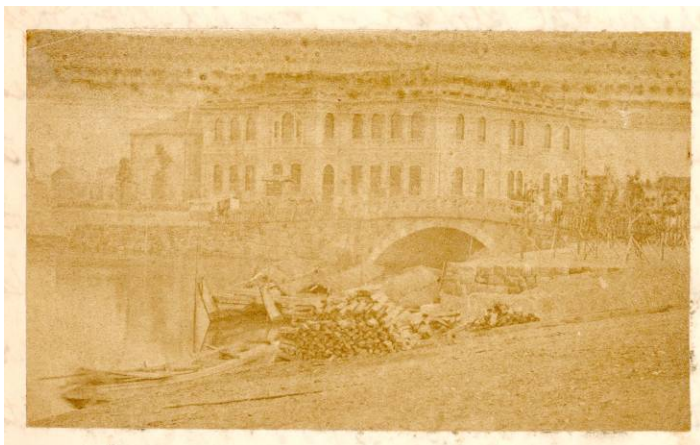
Shiba is only about 2 miles from Mr Piper's house so we managed without jinrikshaw. The large temple which formerly stood in the foreground was destroyed by fire but a very short time back and has not been re-built, this is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary it was one of the largest in Tokio (Yedo) (Tokyo). Both the ruins of the

temple and also the shrines of the Shoguns are surrounded by a little forest of tall trees. Here as at Uysuo (Ueno) there is a beautiful building for the performance of services which are annually said for the benefit of the departed, lanterns and cloisters, carving and painting and the most grotesque figures mark the place as thoroughly Japanese. The tombs are more handsome than those of Uysuo (Ueno) being constructed entirely of bronze, the shape nevertheless exactly corresponds. We made an attempt to verify the statement that there was yet another at the top of the hill but when we reached the place we could find no one to open the doors for us and were obliged to return no wiser than when we set out.



There is one more curiosity at Shiba in the shape of a large bell which, so well as our appliances would serve, we measured to be 10 feet high, 6 feet in diameter and about 24 inches thick at the lip. A Japanese bell differs in shape from an English one, not having a curved lip: there is an old fable about this bell, saying that some man had lifted it down from its hanging place and put it against the door of the temple, so preventing the priests from entering, the next night however he replaced it. I do not know what the weight of the bell is but so much bronze must be far beyond the power of one man or even 6 men to move from place to place.

We called on one or two people as we went home and after tiffin I made once more for the railway station. Close to the Japanese Imperial bank, I really cannot remember its name. The railway station is on the right-hand side of the bridge and the way to Mr Piper's house passes along the right hand side of the bank.



Horaibashi Bridge & Shinbashi Station, Tokyo

Another hour's ride brought me to Yokohama. I made my way in a jinrikshaw to Mr Syle's house and after a cup of tea we went together to Mr Dickens house to dinner. Mrs Dickens is a Manchester lady so that we had some very pleasant chat about places near home and I was glad to be the bearer of some little scraps of news. I have forgotten Mrs D's maiden name, she is a native of Chatham Hill.

Thursday Dec 17th

I felt very unwell before going to Mr Dicken's last night and was really seedy during the night. Mr Piper turned up between eleven and twelve and although I felt very weak and it was pouring with rain I was obliged to turn out and look after my passage and my baggage. After dinner I bid farewell to the Syle's and embarked upon the Pacific Mail steamer 'Oregonian' for Kobe. I felt very seedy but managed to eat some dinner and spent most of the evening on the saloon against the warming pipes for it was cold and damp.

Friday Dec 18th

Although not seasick I was yet very poorly all night and never took off my clothes and got very little sleep. The greater part of the day I spent in my cabin but managed to come out for my meals. Towards evening I felt somewhat better and had some talk with my neighbour at dinner who

was a Japanese. He had been to England and spoke English very fairly. He knew Mr Wright of the C.M.S. and from what I could gather was seeking the truth, but he said he could not become a Romanist, he felt that it would only be changing one superstition for another.

Saturday Dec 19th

We arrived in Kobe harbour very early, but it was too misty and dull to see much at first. I stayed on board till after breakfast then after some little bother with a custom house officer who wanted to know if I had permission to bring my box from Yokohama I got my luggage on shore, crowbars were produced and my wooden case broken open to satisfy their curiosity and when they had fastened it up again I went to the telegraph office to let Mr Warren know that I intended going to Osaka by the 10+ train and when I returned to the harbour to take my things to the station he turned up and assisted me.



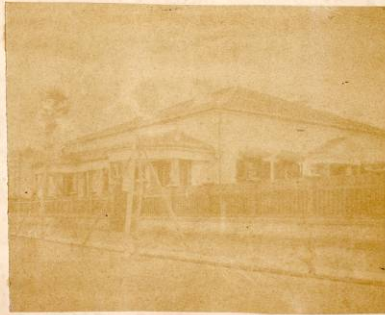
Japanese Lady in a jinrikshaw

We just arrived at the station in time to see the train go out so we booked the luggage and turned back to see the little Kobe church in which I was to read prayers for him on Xmas day. Kobe stands on the narrow strip of land between the hills and the bay of Osaka and contains about 200 foreign residents. At half past ten we got into the train and after an hour's ride we reached Osaka: the station is about a mile and a half from Mr Warren's house which is on the foreign concession. Three jinrikshaws carried us and the luggage at a nice sound pace and after crossing the Ajikawa Bridge we were put down at the door of my future home. Mrs

Warren and the little ones met us in the hall: thus with a warm greeting my journey is ended and my sojourning in Japan begins.

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Friday, January 31st 1902.

Started from Old Trafford by
the 1-53 train for London Rd.
There we found Aunt Fanny,
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all come to see me off. Uncle
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journey ~~down~~ up to London
(Marylebone). We then took a
hansom and drove to Victoria
Station; but as we had more
than an hour to wait before
the train for Newhaven started,
we took a walk down Victoria
St. past Westminster Abbey &
the Houses of Parliament, into
Trafalgar Square & back again.
We found Father waiting for us,
and Mrs Pole & Lily come to see

Emily Christine Evington: Diary of my Journey to Japan

[Emily Evington travelled with her father Henry Evington, Bishop of Kiushiu and the Loo Choo Islands.]

Friday January 31st, 1902

Started from Old Trafford by the 1.53 train for London Rd. There we found Aunt Fanny, Uncle Bunn and Cousin Fanny, all come to see me off. Uncle Will and I had a very comfortable journey up to London (Marylebone). We then took a hansom and drove to Victoria Station; but as we had more than an hour to wait before the train for Newhaven started, we took a walk down Victoria St, past Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament into Trafalgar Square and back again. We found Father waiting for us, and Mrs Pole and Lily came to see the last of us. Father hunted about for Miss Brooks (a lady who was to go across the continent with us) but could not find her. The journey down to Newhaven seemed rather long and very shaky (the northern trains are much better). We found we had not much time, for the boat was ready to go as soon as the passengers and their luggage should be on board. Gentlemen and Ladies had separate rooms so Father and I had to separate. I don't think I fully realized that I was leaving England till we said Goodbye to Uncle Will and the boat began to move off. But then it dawned on me, and I did feel miserable at the thought of not seeing any of you again for so many years, how many it will be I don't know.

The wind was blowing rather hard and I began to experience fears that we should have rough crossing; but Father tried to cheer me up and said it might not affect it. But he knew it would be rough, only, as he has told me since, he did not want to frighten me by telling me. For a little while as we were going out of Newhaven harbour it was quite smooth, so I began to think perhaps it was not going to be so bad after all. But it soon began, and we had such a tossing, first it began to pitch and when the screw got out of the water it made the boat shake and shiver dreadfully. Then it began to roll! Oh! It was dreadful. I have never felt so near being seasick before, and of course there was no sleep to be had. How the hours dragged along, it seemed as though we were never going to reach Dieppe! But at last about half past three, we got in. The train which was to take us to Paris was already waiting for us, so we hurried to the customs office, where we had no trouble whatever and did not even have to open one of our bags. Then we got into the train and began our journey to Paris. I don't know what happened after that till we were getting near Paris,

about 7 o'clock. We passed so many stations before we got into the city, and at most of them, there were crowds of people, evidently going to business. When we at last arrived in Paris we had to pass the customs again, and then we got a porter to take our luggage and we walked to the Hotel de Londres et New York, which was quite close to the station (St. Lazarre).

After having had a good wash and breakfast, we set out sightseeing. We walked past the Madeleine and on to the Place de la Concorde. The latter is a tremendous square in the centre of which is an obelisk, and all round are statues bearing the names of the different places which France has taken in war. The one which represents Alsace and Lorraine is draped in mourning, and covered with wreaths, to show that it has been lost again. We did not walk across the square but turned to the left and walked into the Tuileries gardens. It was a very cold day and the wind was piercing so we did not linger in the gardens but walked straight to the Louvre. This is another huge place, and would have taken some hours to go through properly, so we walked hurriedly through most of it. We saw the pictures and some of the statuary, and ancient Greek and Roman and other curiosities. When we thought we had spent enough time there, we walked out, and walked along the banks of the Seine till we came to the bridge which led us to Notre Dame. It is a very fine church but I must confess I like Westminster Abbey very much better. We were both rather tired with walking about so we sat down and had a rest. And while we were there some priests and perhaps some cardinals came in and had a service of some sort. I never heard such a service in my life, it did not seem at all like one to me. They sang some Gregorian chants, and said some prayers, but all at such a rate, it looked as if they were doing something that had to be done and as if they wanted to get through it as quickly as they could. It gave me the impression that there was no reverence. All around the interior of Notre Dame there are side chapels, and we saw people praying before several of them. Two things we admired in this church were the enormous rose windows in the transept.

From Notre Dame we walked to the Palais de Justice, and saw the chapel where the Kings of France attended. It is a beautiful little place, and has the most magnificent stained-glass windows. At the east end there is a little canopy under which the altar was placed; and all-round the walls there are little pictures of martyrs worked in enamel. Under this chapel there is another very low one, which, we were told, was used by the Kings before the upper one was built, and after that was used for their servants.

It was about two o'clock when we left the Palais de Justice so we walked on till we came to a restaurant which looked as if it would do, and there we had something to eat.

After spending some time in this manner, we stepped into a tram which took us most of the way to the Hotel des Invalides. But unfortunately, just as we arrived at the gates a man was taking down the notice that it was open; we were just too late to go in. So, we had to turn away disappointed. Then we crossed the Seine by a very handsome bridge, and passing some very handsome buildings found ourselves in the Champs Elysees. We did not walk up to the Arc de Triumphe but looked at it from the distance. Then we turned towards the Place de la Concorde and walked back to the Hotel.

After dinner we sat in the drawing room and looked at some French illustrated papers; and took the opportunity of going to bed fairly early. We had very nice rooms; mine opened into Father's, and I had to go through his to get to mine.


The next day being Sunday we went to the embassy church. We had to hunt for it, so arrived rather late. The church was very full, and a good many stayed to the service after. On our way back from the church we went into the Madeleine. They were just finishing service as we went in. Like all the other fine buildings in Paris it is an enormous size, with beautiful columns on every side. After lunch we went up to our rooms, and after a little talk with Father, I went and lay down and slept till Father woke me and said it was nearly dinner time. I found it had been snowing while I was asleep and it looked very slushy outside. After dinner we went up into the drawing room and Father had quite a long talk with two Canadian gentlemen, and particularly with one who had lived in Manchester when he was young. We decided not to go to church again as we were going to travel during the night and did not want to sleep in wet boots. So, we stayed in and prepared to start on our journey.

We had a cab and drove to the Gare de Lyons, and though we had started early on account of the snow, we had a long time to wait before the train went. We were fortunate in getting a carriage to ourselves, so that we could put our feet up and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The next morning (Monday) we reached Modane about 10 o'clock. While we were walking about the station, and wondering about the customs we encountered Miss Brooks, the lady who was to have travelled with us. So, we invited her into our carriage. We had no trouble over the customs. The officers came onto the train, and when they came to us, we proceeded to open our bags etc., but they asked us whether we had anything dutiable, and on being told that we had nothing, they did

not inspect our things. The ground was covered in snow in this part, in fact all the way to Turin and even beyond that. Of course, it had been cleared off the line but it was piled up quite three feet high all along. The mountains looked grand covered with snow. We reached Turin about 3 o'clock in the afternoon; and saw Miss Brooks into her train for Genoa. Then we had a little lunch in the refreshment room and went out for a walk. We did not enjoy our stay at Turin very much, as there was so much snow about and all the streets were so slushy. So, we kept near to the shops, which are mostly built in a colonnade and managed to keep pretty dry. We found that most of the traffic had had to be stopped, at any rate all the trams, electric and otherwise. We wandered down one street till we came to the statue of Victor Emmanuel standing on the top of a high column. We also tried to get into a museum but found it was closed. So, we simply walked about till it began to get dusk and then we went back to the station and had tea and waited for our train.

This time we were not so fortunate as the last, but managed to find a fairly respectable carriage with three Italians in it (2 men and a woman). These people all got out at Genoa, and there two Frenchmen came in, but we all managed to get our feet up for the night, as the carriage was pretty wide. As we began to get near to Rome the next morning we found that a great part of the district was flooded. There had been very heavy rains, we heard afterwards. We arrived in the Eternal City somewhere about 10 O'clock and were met by Mr Seaver the chaplain. He procured a carriage for us, and we drove to the house of a Miss Winter Jones with whom we were to stay. Mr Seaver had offered to take us himself round Rome, but as he was engaged that afternoon he very kindly sent his elder daughter to take his place. She came and had lunch with us and we started soon after. At first, we were afraid it might rain, but fortunately it cleared up and we had quite a nice afternoon. We drove down past the Colosseum and the arch of Titus, and the baths of Caracalla and through the city gates onto the Appian Way. We drove out about two miles along this road and saw the ruins of the old tombs and bits of the ancient paving of the road, which shook the carriage dreadfully when we drove over them. I am sure driving in the ancient Roman days must have been anything but pleasant for they would have no springs as we have; they must have been nearly shaken to pieces.

Coming back we stopped at the Catacombs of St. Callisto and Father and I were taken down by a monk, while Miss Seaver stayed outside. We each had a taper given us and the monk went first with a candle walking backwards. He explained to us in broken English all about the shelves in which the bodies were laid, of which some have been

opened and some are still closed and the chapels in which the Christians worshipped. We saw some skylights of red stained glass which I believe we were told dated from the 4th century. It was all very interesting, but I must confess I was glad to get out again, it was rather depressing and from here we drove to the place where the heathen's ashes were placed, for they went in for cremation, and the Christians did not. Here there were shelves cut in the rock as in the catacombs, but in the catacomb they were long shelves reaching a good way in, these were arched and only went in about a foot shaped something like this . On these shelves they put bowls containing the ashes. We only just looked in at these as we were told that they were all the same. From here we drove back to the Colosseum where we alighted and had a good look around. Part of the underground portion had been disclosed so we could see parts of the subterranean passages, and the place where the lifts were which brought up the victims for the arena. We also saw the way they let the water in for their naval battles. We could not go anywhere else as we had promised Miss Winter Jones to be back at 5 o'clock, because she was having some friends to afternoon tea. In the evening we went to dinner with Mr and Mrs Seaver at the Hotel Beau Site where they had rooms. They had several people there, and altogether it was a very pleasant evening.

The next morning we had breakfast early (8 o'clock) and Mr Seaver came at 9 o'clock, by arrangement to take us round the city. He had brought a carriage so we soon got off. We were first driven to the Ghetto, where we saw the house which is generally agreed to as the house in which St Paul stayed two years. It was rather a dirty quarter and the house looked quite an ordinary dwelling house but we saw some of the ancient pillars in the walls. I have made a mistake in saying that the house was in the Ghetto, it is on the opposite side of the river to the Ghetto.

After that we drove through the Ghetto, which seemed to have nothing peculiar about it, being just like all the rest of modern Rome; and up the Janiculum, on the top of which there are public gardens and in them a statue of Garibaldi. From the top of this hill we had a good view of Rome, though we could not see much of the hills beyond, as there was a little mist. We had a great deal to see in the morning so we did not stay long anywhere. After admiring the view we drove down the other side of the hill and passed the tree under which Sasso wrote a certain poem (I did not hear which it was), and the monastery in which he died. On arriving at the bottom of the hill we passed through a rather poor quarter and drove into the Piazza in front of St. Peter's. This is a magnificent place with two beautiful fountains, one on each side, and an obelisk in the centre. We walked up the steps into St. Peter's. But first I must mention

that nearly all round the Piazza there is a beautiful colonnade and all along the top of the colonnade there are statues, of a very miscellaneous character. Going into St. Peter's there is one large door which is the general entrance, and on the right is a door which is blocked up and on which is a cross. This is called the Sacred Door and is used by the Popes every fifty years. I must say, I was rather disappointed in St. Peter's. It does not look at all like a church inside, according to my ideas, but more like a splendid hall. It is a very handsome place indeed, there are beautiful pictures over some of the side chapel altars, and there is some magnificent statuary. On each side of the nave there were enormous statues of the twelve apostles. We saw the figure of St. Peter, and a man actually kissed his big toe. I noticed that his big toe seemed to extend over two or three others, by which I mean that they were all worn down. The altar at which the Pope officiates stands over the so-called tomb of St. Peter, which stand under the dome, and to which you go down some steps. It is a peculiar fact that the steps of the altar are behind it and that the Pope takes the westward position, and not the eastward. There are a great many confessional boxes in St. Peter's, for different languages, so that people of all nationalities can go and confess. When we had had a good look around, we went out into the Piazza. We had not sufficient time to go into the Vatican, so we only went to the Sistine Chapel. They did not want to let us in at first, as they were preparing it for some special occasion, but afterwards the man at the door changed his mind and we were allowed to walk in. I was rather disappointed here too, for it was not at all like how I had imagined it to be as I had heard it described. The picture of the last judgement was very fine, but the colours had lost their brilliance, and it looked as if it had been tampered with, I thought. The frescoes on the ceiling were beautiful, but we had not time to inspect them minutely.

On leaving the Sistine Chapel we drove towards the forum and looked in at the Mamertine Prison, over which there is a church built now. We saw the hole through which the prisoners were let down into the dungeons, and then went down into the dungeons by some steps, put in, I believe, at a later date. It is an awful hole, and no light can get in; we took candles with us when we went down. On leaving here we drove round the Forum, as we could not go into it, it being under water; but we saw pieces of pillars etc. standing out of the water. From here we passed on to the Palatine Hill, where the palaces of the emperors were built. We went up into the ruins of one of these and looked over the Forum and across to the Capitol. We saw only the sub-structure, or basement so to speak, of the palaces. They were awfully dark places with no windows.

Then we went up a steep stairway up to what was the ground floor, but which now looks something like a garden. Coming down from here, we drove to the Lateran. But first we went into the Scala Sacra, where the stairs are up which Luther was climbing on his knees, when that text came to him, 'the just shall live by faith'. We saw several people going up in the same way.

Then we went into the Church of St. John Lateran which looked very like a smaller edition of St. Peter's. This was the end of our sightseeing in Rome. We drove back again to Miss Winter Jones' from where we went to the Hotel Beau Site, to lunch before the meeting at which Father was to speak. There was a very large company invited to lunch. The meeting began at 3 o'clock and there were some very interesting addresses given, by a lady and gentleman, both from Palestine; the lady's name was Miss Bar Lee (I don't know whether this is the right way to spell it but it is phonetic) and she is a cousin of Miss Lawrence of Japan. Tea was handed around after the meeting and then we met Mrs Charles Bardsley and had a little chat with her. Then we were driven back to Miss Winter Jones' in another lady's private carriage. At dinner we met Mr and Mrs Seaver again and a Presbyterian minister, a Dr Grey.

When they had all left we packed up our things and said Goodbye to Rome by the 11.55 train. We managed to get a carriage with only one old man in it. The next morning Thursday we arrived in Naples somewhere about 7 o'clock, and as we began to get near we saw old Vesuvius puffing away with a long tail of smoke behind it. We had breakfast in the refreshment rooms and then took tickets for Pompeii and went off by a train about 9 o'clock. We were a tremendous time getting there but at last we did get to Pompeii Station. Then we walked up towards the city. It was a free day so a man outside who was a guide very much wanted to take us around and after some consideration Father took him, thinking we should walk about aimlessly and not see the things we really ought to see. The entrance to the city has all the appearance of an arch cut out of the rock. Halfway through the arch is a door leading into the little museum which contains a few examples of things dug out of the ashes. There are a few plaster casts but they are so crusty that they do not look as if they are casts of people. They have some loaves of bread and different kinds of fruit, but they are all black. I don't know exactly how to describe the city. The streets are awfully narrow, they would only allow of one cart passing at a time, and they are paved with huge stones which are not always quite even, and in some places there are some very deep wheel ruts. At the corner of nearly every street, and sometimes in the

middle, there are wells and fountains. In the wine shops there were great jars to hold the wine. We saw the remains of the Basilica or judgement hall, and the Forum and temples opening out of it, but we saw little else but pieces of pillars, and in one temple we saw a beautiful white marble altar with the carving on it. We could not go into the best houses as they are closed on free days, but we saw some very nice ones. It is really wonderful how some of the frescoes are preserved, and the beautiful white marble. Everything seems to have been made of white marble there. After our tour round Pompeii we went and had lunch at the Hotel Suisse and returned to Naples by the 12.49 train. When we reached Naples we took a carriage and drove to the museum to see the frescoes from Pompeii and the statuary. We had to go through it rather hurriedly, as we wanted to be on board before dark and there was plenty to be done. We had to drive back to the station and get our luggage and then drive to Cook's office, where Father was kept waiting a long time and then back again to the Steamer's office, where he was also kept waiting a very long time. Then we drove to the landing stage, where Father had a fight with the coachman about the fare, and then we got into a boat and were rowed to the ship. I never saw such beggars as the Italians, they are never satisfied with what you give them.

We found that Miss Elwin the lady whom I was to share my cabin had gone ashore with several other missionary ladies and had not yet returned. However, they came back soon after dinner. The ship was timed to sail at 9 o'clock but it was getting on for 10 o'clock before started. We had to wait for the mail to come on board, and when it did come there were over 350 bags and parcels. I stood by the gangway and watched them come up, and thought they were never going to stop.

Father had two other gentlemen in his cabin, both of whom were going to Shanghai; and I found that besides Miss Elwin there was a German lady in my cabin, but the latter was only going to Port Said whereof we were rather glad. The next day Friday we passed through the Straits of Messina just about lunchtime, which is 12 o'clock, and saw the last of land for a few days.

One day is pretty much the same as another on board ship so that if I say what we did one day, the account will be fairly correct for the next too.

The first bell went at 7.30 to tell us to get up, and I am not certain whether it was for the children's breakfast. Then the second bell for our breakfast, went at 8 o'clock. Father has sent you some samples of our menu cards so I need not say anything about them. Then we had lunch consisting of beef tea and bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, at

about 10.30 or 11 o'clock. At 11.30 another bell went for the children's dinner, and at 12 o'clock we had our proper lunch. At three o'clock we had tea, at which most people brought out their own as the ships tea was very poor stuff. With the tea they gave us rusks. The first bell for dinner, and the one for the children's tea went at about quarter past five, and dinner was at 6 o'clock. Then again at 9 o'clock we had supper, likewise tea and rusks. So we seemed to do little else but eat all day.

On Friday, the first day on board, as I said before, we passed through the Straits of Messina and saw the last of Italy. We did nothing particular that I remember; I read 'The Manchester man'. Saturday, we went to the baggage room to get out boxes which had not been put into the cabins as labelled. The missionary ladies had a Bible reading so I joined them. The rest of the day I read a little more of 'The Manchester man'. We discovered that there was an English clergyman on board, in the first class, who was going out to Yokohama as chaplain to the community. His name was Mr Field. He and his wife came and had afternoon tea with us, and they (I mean Father and Mr Field) arranged that Mr Field should take the service the next morning, as he had done the week before, and as Father was not prepared for it. So the next morning we had service at 10.30, but only Morning Prayer and no sermon. The saloon was by no means full, I don't think half a dozen people came from the first class, and certainly not more than half the second class; a great many of them are Germans. In the evening we had a little Bible class, just the missionary ladies and ourselves, and which Father took.

We used to have treats in the way of eatables on certain days. On Sunday we had chocolate if we liked instead of tea at afternoon tea, and instead of rusks we had a sort of sweet bread with what Father said Lancashire boys would call 'sugarbotts' on the tops. Then we had ice cream on certain days of which Thursday and Sunday were two, I believe Tuesday was one.

On Monday we were due in Port Said, so of course everybody was anxious to see the first signs of land. We arrived in Port Said at about 12 o'clock, and had lunch earlier so that we could get on shore in good time. I am afraid my recollections of Port Said are not of the pleasantest. It was a very hot day, which I felt very much as I had not changed any of my winter things. The people there were dreadful; a whole lot of boys and men kept coming and bringing things to sell and wanting to direct us to different places; they were a perfect pest and we could not get rid of them. It was quite a joke to hear Father bargaining with the shop keepers. One man wanted 9/- for a lot of olive wood articles and Father brought him down to 6/- and he thinks he ought to have got them at 5/-. Father

bought me some more coral to add to my necklace; a bottle of attar of roses, which he got for 2/- instead of 4/-; and a fan. He also bought a teapot for our afternoon tea; we had not been able to have our own so far, having nothing to put it in.

I will try to describe the dress of the people in Port Said that is the men, for we saw no women. To begin, at the top, they wear the usual fezzes, some being shorter than others; then they wear a very long sort of shirt which comes a little below their knees, and under that there is a tight skirt coming about 2 or 3 inches above the ankles. This completes their attire as far as I could make out, for they wear nothing on their feet; that is to say the majority of them.

Port Said is a most uninviting place to look at, there is nothing pretty about it; there is no vegetation to speak of which is accounted for by the fact that it is so sandy.

English and French money pass at Port Said. There are a large number of shops where they sell little trinkets and foreign things. We coaled at Port Said so we were all the better on shore. Everything seemed so dirty when we went back to the ship. The ship was timed to sail at 5 o'clock and this time we were pretty punctual getting off. There was a very strong electric light fastened onto the bow of the ship, so as to light up the canal as we went through it. There were two ships following us through the canal, and the lights they carried were so bright that they looked much nearer than they really were. The Suez Canal is very narrow; in the greater part it is so narrow that it looks as though two ships if they tried to pass, would touch each other and the banks too. But at certain distances all along the canal there are stations where it is wider, and there the ships pass each other. If there is a mail steamer going one way, and the steamer coming the other way is not a mail boat, the latter has to be tied up and let the mail boat pass it. The mail boats are not stopped unless the vessel coming the other way is also a mail boat, in which case they have to take their turn. The scenery around the canal is most cheerless. You can see absolutely nothing but miles and miles of sand, and far away in the distance, the mountains rising up out of the plain. Passing some of the stations you see a few trees planted round the house where the station master so to speak, lives. I was told that we should be sure to stick somewhere in the canal, that they always did, but somehow or other we managed to get through without sticking at all. Early the next morning (Tuesday) we were obliged to pull up as the steamer which had started before us, had stuck and got right across the canal. But before I got upstairs it was right again. I did not know what had happened till I went on deck, or else I might have hurried. As we reached the end of the canal

we saw Suez in the distance but we did not go anywhere near it. We only saw the port of Suez at the entrance of the canal, consisting chiefly of ship offices, I believe. We only stayed an hour to let the pilot off, and to pay the dues for the canal, and to take the mails on board, so we should not have had time to go to Suez itself if we had wanted. The colours of the sea and the sky here was magnificent, such a bright blue, and the sandy mountains standing out against them. I did wish I could take a photo in colours. But as that was impossible I took two photos, one of a little boat with a pretty sail and the other of the mountains I believe. I did not take one of the port of Suez as we were moving along all the time and did not stop till we had got right out into open water. For some time after we left Suez we could see the peninsular of Sinai, but it was so indistinct I could not describe it as I could hardly see it.

We had a very pleasant voyage from Suez to Aden which we reached the following Saturday, it was very smooth all the way. One day, (I don't remember which now) it was fearfully hot, there was not a breath of air; everybody felt it very much, it gave me a headache.

We did nothing particular. Father and I studied Japanese in the morning, and read in the afternoon, and slept a bit too. In the afternoons I nursed Mrs Field's baby. A boy of 6 months old; he was a splendid baby, so good tempered, but very heavy.

Not many of us went on shore at Aden. I did not want to go at all, because it seemed very hot, and besides it did not look as if it would be at all interesting. I don't know whether Father wanted to go very much. Of course, it would have been nice to have been able to say I had seen Aden, but I think I saw about as much as I wanted to from the ship.

We coaled again here, and I thought afterwards that by going ashore I might have escaped that amount of dirt, but still it did not make much difference.

There were such crowds of boats round the ship, and black (or brown would be more correct) men selling all kinds of things, tobacco, cigars, Turkish delight, baskets of a peculiar shape with peaked lids, ostrich eggs and feathers and fish's back bones and shark's jaws. Oh! What a row they did make. Everyone trying his utmost to get someone to buy something. Father bought me two of the baskets at 6d each, though I believe they wanted something like 2/- each for them at first.

We went on pretty much as usual after we left Aden. It was of course very hot still but we never had such a hot day as that one in the Red Sea. I don't think I mentioned before that we had a sort of bible reading every morning at 9.15, when Father read a commentary on the Book of Leviticus. We missed this one morning, because most of the ladies were

feeling rather upset by the motion of the boat. During the greater part of the voyage from Aden to Colombo, the sea was wonderfully smooth on the surface, but there was a heavy swell on all the time, and we rolled a good deal. But I got so used to it, that I did not feel it at all when I did not think about it. The last day but one we made an extra good run and so managed to arrive in Colombo earlier than we were expected. We were not expected till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and we got in about 10 o'clock in the morning.

We did not go on shore at once as Father thought the C.M.S. missionary would be sure to come on board to look for us. But after we had waited some time and nobody appeared, Father thought we might as well get ashore, so we went in a steam launch. It was a fearfully hot day. We first walked up to the Post Office and sent off one letter, which took some time to do. After that we got a garry and the three C.M.S. ladies and I got into it and drove to Galle Fall where the C.M.S. mission house is, about a mile out of Colombo, while Father went to Lipton's and bought some tea to bring home. None of us knew the gentleman at the mission house so we had to introduce ourselves. Father was not very long after us, and we spent a very pleasant time there. Two of the ladies, Miss Elwin and Miss Brooks went to see some other C.M.S. ladies they knew and stayed to lunch with them. We did not get our lunch till half past two so you may imagine we were rather hungry by the time it came. And it was one of the queerest lunches I have ever had. We had banana fritters and a kind of pudding that looked something like Yorkshire pudding and a rice pudding and fruit. After lunch we sat for a while looking at pictures of Ceylon. The other two ladies came back and then at 4 o'clock we took jinrikshaws and drove to the Colombo museum where we saw specimens of animals, birds, fish, butterflies and ancient sculpture found in Ceylon. We had to hurry over this place as it was a long way back to the landing stage and the ship was timed to sail at 6 o'clock. We found the water was rather choppy so I for one was very glad to get back into the ship. Colombo was a very pleasant change after the barrenness of Aden. The vegetation was so luxuriant. We saw a banyan tree of a tremendous size.

The people too were so different from the Africans. They had so much finer faces. I noticed that the men seemed to be of three classes; some had long hair which they did up in a bun; others had their hair done in the same way but they wore a sort of round comb standing up on the top of their heads, the two ends of which did not quite meet in the front; some others wore their hair short in the European fashion. I was told afterwards that those who wore the comb were Singhalese and those who

wore the long hair but no comb were Tamil. I cannot remember what the third were.

As we sailed out of Colombo harbour the wind was rather strong and we rolled a good deal, but I am glad to say it did not keep on for very long. We had a very smooth voyage from Colombo to Penang, at first it was not quite as nice as some of us would have liked, but as soon as we got into shelter of Sumatra the sea became like a pond, it looked quite oily, and continued so till we reached Penang late on Wednesday evening, or what would be more correct very early on Thursday morning. I believe it was about 2.30 that we got into Penang harbour. I do not remember going in for I believe I was asleep, but I was soon wakened by the noise. A great tug boat had drawn up just outside our port hole and the men were jabbering away in some unintelligible language. This was kept up all night and the consequence was we did not get much rest. I got up and dresses at about 6 o'clock, for one thing I knew I should not get any more sleep, and for another I knew that we should not be stopping very long, so I thought I would see as much as I could. When I got up on deck I found nearly everyone was up, and all round the ship were funny little boats containing Malays and a great many Chinese. Some of the ladies went ashore after breakfast, but Father and I did not go, as Father thought we had not time to see anything, the ship being timed to sail at 10 o'clock.

There was a 'Warning' put up that no-one was allowed to photograph at Penang and Singapore, and that anyone doing so would be heavily fined. While I was waiting on deck before we started, I suddenly bethought myself that it would be rather nice to have a little picture to send home, so accordingly ran down to my cabin and fetched my Little Nipper all oblivious of the wretched 'Warning', and took a snapshot. Father saw me with it a few minutes after and reminded me, and lent me his cap to hide it as I took it downstairs.

I cannot tell you what Penang itself is like as I did not go ashore, but what we could see from the ship was very pretty. All round the harbour there were islands, beautifully green, and behind Penang itself, the hills were very pretty. We were told that the waterfall had been seen when very full, from the harbour, so we looked for it; but we could not see it, though we saw something that looked as if it might be a waterfall. We could see nothing much of Penang, but some large square buildings one of which we were told was the Post Office. As we were going out of the harbour we saw the spire of the English church, and several private houses with gardens slanting down to the beach.

We had a lovely passage from Penang to Singapore which we reached about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon. The entrance to Singapore

harbour is perfectly lovely. There are numberless beautifully green islands with little houses on some of them. I don't know really how to describe it. Unfortunately I remembered the 'Warning' here so could not take a photograph, thought I should have very much liked to do so.

The wharf at which we stopped was a good way out of the town of Singapore. There were such crowds of people waiting there, for there was a great exodus of passengers. I did not go ashore that day as it was rather late and I knew we should have plenty of time the next day. So I took care of Mrs Field's baby for her while she and Mr Field went ashore with their other little boy. Father went to the Post Office with our letters, and also to the tailors to order himself some white trousers. That night we slept on deck as we were obliged to keep out portholes shut, being so close up against the wharf; which of course made the cabins uncomfortably warm. I cannot say it was the best night I ever had, for deckchairs are not like a bed, and I never got comfortable. We had mosquitos too for the first time on the whole journey. It was a very noisy night, for they went on working all the time. We got up at 6 o'clock next morning, redressed and had breakfast and started out at 7 o'clock. Can you imagine me out at such an early hour? Father had ordered the carriage the day before, so we had no difficulty about getting one, and then we drove straight to the Botanical Gardens. There we saw some beautiful flowers and palms; a great many of the flowers were of the most brilliant shades of red and purple. We went into the orchid houses, but it was evidently not the flowering season for we saw very few, and they were mostly those peculiar pitcher plants. After wandering round for some time we stepped into the carriage again and drove to the Museum. Here Father left us to go and see the Bishop of Singapore, and Miss Beckingsale and Miss Sifton (two of the Chinese missionaries) and I walked quickly round. We saw some beautiful butterflies, and birds with bright plumage. There were also some lovely pieces of coral. We had barely looked all round when Father arrived and told us we must be going, as we wanted to do a little shopping before going back to the ship.

Next we drove to the Cathedral and just had a look inside. All the shutters are kept closed which of course makes it beautifully cool. It is quite a large church for of course there are a great many English in Singapore.

Our next stoppage was at the Post Office to post some more letters; then we drove to the tailors to get Father's trousers, and then to a fruit shop where we bought some bananas and mangustines. We had now finished all we wanted to do, and as it was time we were getting back to the ship. We turned our backs on the town. When we arrived at the wharf

there was still a little time to spare; so, we walked about. I must first explain that on the wharf there were a great many Chinese and Malays who had little stalls on which they sold all kinds of things calculated to attract the eyes of strangers. Father bought two big shells which he thought would do for weights to keep doors open; and I went in for a piece of extravagance and bought a beautifully thin silk blouse which I got for a third of what I should have had to pay in England.

Thus, ended our day at Singapore, which we enjoyed very much, though the sun was baking, and made us feel as though we should soon melt.

We left Singapore on Saturday soon after 12 O'clock and reached Hong Kong the following Wednesday morning just at breakfast time. Everything went on as usual except that it began to be not quite so hot, and we had beautiful weather till Tuesday morning. When we got up it was slightly bouncy and rather difficult to walk; for one moment one would feel quite light as if one were almost walking in mid-air, and the next moment it would feel just the opposite as if one were very heavy and could hardly lift one's feet up. As time went on it became worse and we pitched a good deal, which afterwards changed to rolling. Of course, most people retired; but I need not say any more about it I think. It was not really very rough, only there was a very heavy swell on. The next morning, we were in smooth water. It was quite cold going into Hong Kong, though we found it very warm in the middle of the day.

Hong Kong harbour is a beautiful and large one. We passed several islands before we entered it. On one side is the island of Hong Kong with the Peak rising up high, and on the sides of which the town is built. On the other side is Kowloon on the mainland – the pier to which we drew up was at Kowloon. We got letters from Mother before we were alongside of the pier, and while we were at breakfast, a messenger from Bishop Hoare came with a note to ask us to go to St Paul's College, which is his house. So, we took the ferry from Kowloon to Hong Kong, and walked up to the Bishop's. We sat down here for a little while and then as Bishop Hoare was obliged to attend a meeting, Father and I went out for a walk up to the Gardens; we enjoyed that very much, it was so nice seeing so many familiar English flowers. We did not go up the peak; I think Father was afraid we should not have time to do it then. We walked back again in time for lunch, at which there was quite a large party. One of them was a Mr Good, the chaplain on the 'Edgar', whom we used to know when we were out before. After lunch I went and had a game of bagatelle with the three little girls and their governess. Then Bishop Hoare and Father and I walked to Archdeacon Bannister's (a C.M.S. missionary), which was quite a good way off, and then a little further to the C.M.S.

ladies house. From here we took jinrikshaws back to the Bishop's. On our way back we passed through the native part of the town. I don't think I have ever seen so many people walking about the streets before, they absolutely swarmed. We stopped and bought quite a bouquet of flowers, consisting of three bunches of roses, red and yellow, and a bunch of heliotropes and one of mignonette, all for 25cents, which is about 8d I think. We walked up the hill to the Bishop's house where we had tea hurriedly and then walked down to the landing stage and crossed over to Kowloon by the ferry. The Bishop crossed over with us and went as far as the ship.

We were timed to start at five o'clock but it was a little past that, by the time we began to move. I wondered whether we should have a repetition of the previous day's experiences, but Father said he had heard that there was only a very light monsoon blowing, so he did not think it would be rough. And I am glad to say it was not rough, in fact it was beautifully smooth all the way to Shanghai.

We left Hong Kong on Wednesday, and were to arrive in Shanghai on Sunday.

Everything went on as usual of course and nothing extraordinary happened. One-day Father and a German lady and gentleman, and I went down into the engine room and were shown over it by one of the engineers.

On Sunday morning when we got up, we found that the water had changed colour, and instead of being blue or green, it was awfully muddy. This was the Yellow Sea.

[Milly's diary ends here. Milly has not dated her diary but it is probable that she reached Shanghai on 9 March. The sea journey to Kobe, near Osaka, would have taken three days – a distance of 808 nautical miles. Milly and her father would have been home by Friday 15 March 1902.]

Photo: Japanese Train Timetable for between 1874 and 1909. Property of Dr John RN Evington and his descendants.

JOURNEY TO JAPAN VIA SIBERIA.

-----Oct., 1908.

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- Oct. 6th. We began our journey from the Holborn Viaduct Station where several kind friends came to see us off - and at Queenboro' found it rather foggy, but after leaving the harbour it was quite clear and we crossed to Flushing in brilliant moonlight. The steamer was crowded and the tiny little berths stuffy-- we were awaked at four by the stewardess, and had just time to get a cup of coffee and bread and butter before stopping at Stuski.
- Oct. 7th. The customs exam. was soon over, and we set off in a crowded train at 5.30 a.m. In our coupé were three very nice ladies, all with much hand-luggage like ourselves - and we passed through generally flat farming land most of the way, reaching Berlin soon after dark. From the station we crossed the square to our hotel - The Elite - where we found excellent rooms but the prices, of course, were high, and the food indifferent. Nilly and I went out to see Unter den Linden by gaslight, and found a fine boulevard brilliantly lighted and very handsome shops.
- Oct. 8th. A fine morning again - and after breakfast we went for a drive, going first down Unter den Linden to the Imperial Palace, in front of which is a large open square with a fine group of colossal statuary in memory of the Emperor William, and the unity of Germany under the Prussian Dynasty. Four lions are guarding weapons and cannon at the base of the Emperor's statue, and colossal figures of War and Peace are placed on either side. Round these is a colonade (semicircular) filling up the space between the street and the river.

Then we went to the Dom - which is rather a curious church - shaped like a Greek cross - and only built about ten years ago - but there are monuments to the Prussian kings and emperors, also to Prinz Bismark in a chapel at the side. The centre window is finely painted in three panels The Nativity, The Crucifixion, and The Ascension. Under it is a crucifix on the Holy Table, and on both sides elevated reading desks or pulpits - the wall decorations are elaborately painted, with pictures of the Evangelists and statues of saints. The dome is filled with paintings illustrating the Beatitudes - the words of Scripture in Latin under each. The body of the church is filled with old-fashioned pews, and over the entrance is a gallery

Mrs Patience Evington [née Bedford]: Journey to Japan via Siberia, October 1908

[Mrs Patience Evington travelled with her husband Henry Evington and their daughter Emily Christine Evington.]

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the Evangelists and statues of Saints. The dome is filled with paintings illustrating the Beatitudes – the words of Scripture in Latin under each. The body of the church is filled with old-fashioned pews, and over the entrance is a gallery for the Emperor.

Afterwards we drove round the city to the Their Garten and Avenue of Victory, with the great statue of Victory looking down it – made out of cannons taken in the war with France. In the Avenue are statues of all the Prussian kings and the famous men of the reign of each in marble alcoves, at intervals on both sides of the drive which leads through the pretty trees of the Their Garten, and is the Hyde Park of Berlin. Going back to Unter den Linden we had lunch in a restaurant and then went back to the hotel to arrange our baggage for the long railway journey.

We left at 7, pm. after a great scuffle over the luggage of our party, now increased to twenty! – and at last found all bundled indiscriminately into the carriage allotted to us, and had to sort it after the train started. We found our sleeping berths very comfortable, but did not undress, as we had to get up at 1, am. on reaching the Russian frontier.

Oct 9th

We were all turned out of the train by an army of porters on arrival at Alexandrovo, and had some difficulty in finding our scattered hand baggage in the great hall of the Customs bureau. Everything was opened, but ours not much disturbed, though some people had to pay dearly on lace and dress pieces, as well as for cigars. The passports had to be viséd and permits made out for the small things, all which took up much time – but by 3 o'clock we were off again in the same train, which was more than we expected. At 8, am. We had reached Warsaw, and crossed the city in a cab to the line for Moscow, on which we found the superior cars of the International Wagon-Lit's Co. – and went on about 10 o'clock to Moscow – all day travelling across flat country, with only small villages here and there stopping for a few minutes about every hour or so.

They give very good meals on the train – lunch at noon for one rouble, dinner at 6 – one and a half roubles; soup, fish, chicken, pudding: the coffee is not very good.

Oct 10th

After 800 miles more, we arrived at Moscow about 3 this afternoon – but it took some time to get our luggage together, and to arrange rooms for our party at the Hotel Billo, which has good rooms, but not as handsome as the Hotel Elite – and like all things Russian seems inclined to be dirty –

I must say, however, the beds were clean and comfortable. The little carriage in which we went out to make a few purchases was also dirty with an uncouth fierce-looking driver – and we raced through the stony hilly streets to a huge grocery store, a magnificent marble hall with two enormous chandeliers of about 100 electric lights, where they condescend to sell pots of Keiller's marmalade at 3/- each. All the goods were tastefully set out on tables all-round the marble floor and decorated walls, making it seem more like a fancy fête than a common place grocery store. Only one or two persons speak French but we got our wants supplied at last, and found the prices of Russian goods more moderate than the imports. This, however, and the business of changing money, buying tickets etc. filled up the few hours of daylight, so we could only see what was in our way along the streets.

Oct 11th

A fine day again. Breakfast was, however, very late and we were only just in time for service at the English Church, St Andrew, a long walk from our hotel – to which a friend of one of our party conducted us. An attendant took our cloaks in an ante-chapel but the church was not too warm – only a small congregation – an elderly clergyman (Mr Wyberg) to whom we spoke afterwards. The singing was very nice with good old tunes, led by the choir and organ in a gallery at the west end. The interior of the church is very neatly decorated in tints of brown with a little wood carving – all the windows filled with stained glass – style Gothic – a proper English tower.

After lunch we packed, and Milly and I rushed off to the Kremlin with Mrs Buncombe and Hilda while Harry rested (by repacking and re-cording the bulk of the baggage. Edd!). It was not very far away, and we soon found our little droshky passing under the great gateway, and we were in a very large court, on one side of which is the Arsenal, and piles and piles of cannon taken from the French in 1812. Going on to the end, we passed through a small gate and entered another court, round which were three or four churches with fresco walls and gilt cupolas. We entered one in which are the tombs of many of the early Tsars – notably Ivan the Terrible, who killed his own son, and rivalled even Nero in his atrocities.

Going out at another gate we were on a broad promenade above the ramparts, looking over the river and giving fine views of the city. People were sitting on garden seats or walking. At one end of the promenade is the Imperial palace, and further on the modern memorial to Alexander the second who liberated the serfs, something in the style of

the Albert Memorial. Round this is a colonnade with recessed seats, overlooking the river and the gardens below. The ceiling of the colonnade is decorated with portraits of the Tsars from early times in mosaic.

Going on past the great belfry of Ivan the Terrible, and the enormous broken bell which was never suspended, we crossed another large square and came to a second immense gateway, surmounted by a fine tower, and passing through it came out on the Place Rouge, at one end of which is the Cathedral Vassili Blajenny. A most picturesque building with six cupolas of varying heights, each one a different design. We went in and were much interested in the quaint chapels, all beautifully decorated in fresco work but miserably dark and dirty. From the windows one looks over a broad Place, along the wall of the Kremlin to some Government buildings at the end, and some fine arcades of shops; but being Sunday, all were closed. And we had only just time to walk back to the Hotel Billo and finish our preparations for departure.

We had again a tremendous struggle over our luggage at the railway station, where we stood guarding it afterwards for nearly an hour in an enormous hall, painted white but crowded with dirty people and dirtier porters. When at last all was ready we passed through another large waiting hall of better appearance, where no doubt we might have waited if we had dared to part from our luggage, and at last reached our train where there was another struggle for our places and luggage. Finally, we settled down for the night – Milly and I with two C.M.S. ladies going to China and Japan, Harry with two Russian officers and an American. The train is very full and not nearly as well fitted up as the one in which we came to Moscow. There are no two berth second class coupés on this train and the passages are narrow and everything more cramped.

Oct 12th

Moscow with its brilliant lights, its mixture of wealth and squalor, palaces and huts, soon faded from view, and we turned towards the flat plains along which we have been slowly bumping ever since. It is very much like crossing the prairies, only that all we see looks poor and mean, squat little houses and dirty unkempt peasants, bony horses dragging ramshackle carts, then miles and miles of desolate grass land stretching to the horizon – sometimes patches of forest, chiefly pine and silver birches now all golden in autumn foliage.

Every hour or so we stop at a station in this wilderness – passing many smaller ones – and find a little group of idlers who seem to take very little interest in us or in anything. Sometimes we stop at a bigger station, with a waiting room full of dirty people sitting on the floor with

their bundles and boxes, waiting for the train which is not the Siberian express ... We crossed an immense river, a tributary of the Volga, about 10p.m., near Tula, taking 6 minutes to do so, as we crawled over at a snail's pace. It was a pity that it was too dark to see much; though moonlight the clouds were heavy and rain fell at intervals.

Oct 13th

We woke this morning to find snow on the ground, though not very thick, but the train is well heated so it is not so difficult to wash in cold water as one might think – but the lavatory arrangements are to speak mildly bad. There are only two small dens for each second class car of about 32 berths. The first class are no better in this respect in any but the 'International' carriages which have one between each two coupés – and the only advantage they have is a little side space and greater cleanliness. Meals are very good in the restaurant car, which is wide enough to move about in and has arm-chairs and a piano.

We are nearing the slopes leading up to the Ural Mountains and still go on slowly plodding across the plains, much the same as yesterday, but the carriage rocks very much making it difficult to write.

Oct 14th

We crossed the Volga last night about sunset, and it was disappointing to miss the views as we crept up the slopes of the Urals which we crossed during the night, and this morning were at Cheliabinsk, the first big town in Siberia. The weather is much colder, snow everywhere but not very thick yet – the windows of the carriage were frosted this morning, though they are double, and the carriage is heated – too much for comfort. H. had a very bad night with violent rheumatic pains and was really ill all day. In the evening we managed to get a change made and he came into our coupé, the two other ladies going into another to oblige us.

The country is now more wooded and picturesque, and villages more frequent but very small.

Oct 15th

We passed Omsk early this morning and today it is not so cold – the wind seems to have changed to south or south-west, and the snow is nearly gone. H. is better today, but still in pain, relieved by hot water bags which our neighbours have kindly lent. One of them, Miss Harris, is a medical missionary of The Friend' Soc. And gave both medicine and advice yesterday which we were very glad of. We are much more comfortable with only three in the coupé and only one set of baggage. The days go

quickly for we are always having to open our bags for one thing or another, as everything has to be packed away when finished with, and so one is always needing something else which has to be looked for. It is nice to think that in nine days more we may hope to have left the railway and be only two days from home.

We still get good food, but different from the first Russian car – breakfast now at 8, coffee or tea with rolls and butter for 40 kopecks and lunch at one thirty for 75 kopecks – very good soup, a dish of meat and sweet – quite as much as we can eat. We make tea for ourselves at night, buying bread and milk at the stations – we can also buy from the dining car but at higher prices. H. had a good omelette today for 40 kopecks and another time a very good beef steak for 90 kopecks – (100 kop. = 1 rouble – 1 rouble is 2/-). We have to pay for hot water unless we can get it from the samovar which is boiling at every station for general use, but there is a great rush to get it, as we only stay 10 or 15 minutes – about five or six times during the day.

Oct 16th

Today has been dull and inclined to rain, and we have gradually left all traces of snow, and this afternoon can see a low range of mountains to the south. This must be an offshoot of the Altai range. At 8p.m. we were at Ochinsk and on about the 100th meridian of longitude. The country over which we are travelling is still chiefly level grass land, with occasional patches of thin forest, a low growth of pine and silver birches chiefly. Hour after hour the same, and scarcely a living creature between the little stations.

Oct 17th

All today we have been ascending the slopes towards Lake Baikal – 1500ft above the sea. We began last night after crossing the Yenisei and the motion of the train has been very unpleasant, jerking and struggling up hill, and then a rattling pace down alternately. The scenery has been very pretty with forests of birch and fir, not too thick, and occasional open tracts of hill and valley: very few villages now, and no farming is visible. H. got up this afternoon, much better but still very weak and rather feverish, but we have to change trains tomorrow, so it seemed necessary to try his powers.

Oct 18th Sunday

We rose early to pack for our change at Irkutsk, very thankful to find H. with a normal temperature – a lovely sunny morning, too, enabled us to

make the move as easy as possible – On arriving at our station we found the train close alongside, but we had to go to the booking office to get the plataskarte changed. Fortunately I was the last to apply, and so got an order for three berths in first class, as the second were all appropriated.

The new train is very inferior to the one we have left in size and convenience – the second class berths are very cramped – even in the first class we have less space than before, and the racks are so high that we cannot reach our luggage without steps, but the fittings are clean and neat, which is almost more than one can say of the second class – excepting the sheets, which are always large and clean.

All afternoon we have been skirting Lake Baikal by the southern shore and seen in the distance the snow-capped mountains. The train is now running more smoothly than for some time past, when we have been constantly going over steep gradients with much struggling and bumping.

Oct 19th

This morning the sun is shining beautifully and we are going through valleys with mountains in the distance and small patches of woodland here and there. Food is now dearer, and instead of paying 5 kopecks for bread at the stations, it is 8 – the restaurant car is also higher this being the Manchurian branch of the line – though, we do not enter Manchuria till tomorrow. We stopped at Chita, a large town, about 5 p.m. and then followed the river for a long distance, making sharp curves round the hills – the scenery began to remind us of Japan.

Oct 20th

After a very jolting night we woke up to find ourselves at Manchuria station, and to see our big boxes being taken into the Customs hall – so I dressed hastily and went out to see what was going on, as we had been told our registered baggage would not be touched until Vladivostok. An English Customs officer was there, who said it was alright, and only the people going into China were having their baggage inspected. The officers peeped into our coupé but did not touch anything. Again a lovely day and we are now passing through bare sandy plains with thin coarse grass, and in the distance are low mountains all round. We have had another second class carriage put on, and have had to move out of our first into it - the change is unpleasant, but it will be only one more day after this, as we are due in Vladivostok on Thursday morning. We are so thankful to have had a nicer place while H. was so unwell, but to-day he was able to go into the dining car with the rest of us and has been walking about in the sun.

Oct 21st

At 7 this morning we stopped at Harbin, quite an important looking town with a large station. Here we stopped one hour, and our China party with Bishop Cassel's left us to wait for their train to Mukden. By 8 we were off again, and crossing the Manchurian plains, with farms and cultivated land. In the afternoon we got near mountains again, and about 4 o'clock began to ascend with two engines; at one time the line crept up the mountain side like an S and reminded one of the C.P.R. in crossing the Selkirk's. We remained on the top of the range some time, and were surprised to find quite a large station and a town there – about sunset we began to descend gradually down sweeping valleys: the sunset glow on the hills was very fine. About 7.30 we again put on two engines and began another steep ascent with sharp curves.

Oct 22nd

We were crossing mountains very uncomfortably all night – but at 6 this morning were rolling gently down to the sea over Chinese farming land – and reached Vladivostok at 10.30 in bright sunlight. The city climbs up a hill from the station, which is close to the steamer wharf. We then settled down in the Grand Hotel – which is certainly a large place, but the arrangements are less comfortable than any we have seen yet, and we had some difficulty in getting rooms for our little party of eight – Mr Buncombe and his family, Miss Preston and ourselves.

As soon as possible we began enquiring about ships, and found one going to Tsuruga tomorrow – but nothing for Nagasaki until a week hence – as the regular steamer left yesterday.

Then we went in one of the little droshkys at a tearing pace to the Russo-Chinese Bank and Nippon Yusen Kwaisha, and afterwards settled down to rest after the shaking of the last fortnight, but one night will no doubt set us up for the coming voyage.

Oct 23rd

A cold wind blew all night, but it is again a fine frosty morning. After breakfast we finished up accounts and then the baggage was carried by a procession of dirty Chinese to the wharf – and we followed to our nice little ship the 'Hōzan Maru' where it was a treat to see nice white paint and roomy clean cabins, after our experiences of Russian railways and hotels.

Punctually at 12 we were off, and soon out of the passages between the islands guarding the entrance to the harbour, and now are fairly out at sea with only a gentle ripple. The sun has set in a golden

green sky, and we are grateful to feel that we shall probably have a fine day tomorrow.

Oct 24th

Still fine and only a gentle roll on the sea – the NE wind blowing across our way. I spent the day in bed with a bad cold.

Oct 25th Sunday

Reached Tsuruga at 6 a.m. and landed after breakfast. Customs over, we went on to the Mori Naka Hotel an old fashioned Japanese Inn, fitted up with beds and chairs to suit foreign visitors. We hear the German Mail leaves Kobe tomorrow night, so have decided to stay here till the morning, and then go by the first train, 8 hours to Kobe, and meet the steamer which will take us direct to Nagasaki, to land on Wednesday 28th.

It is lovely autumn weather here and the mountains look charming with their evergreen woods coming down to the shore. We seem to be coming home once more, to a people whose tongue we can understand!

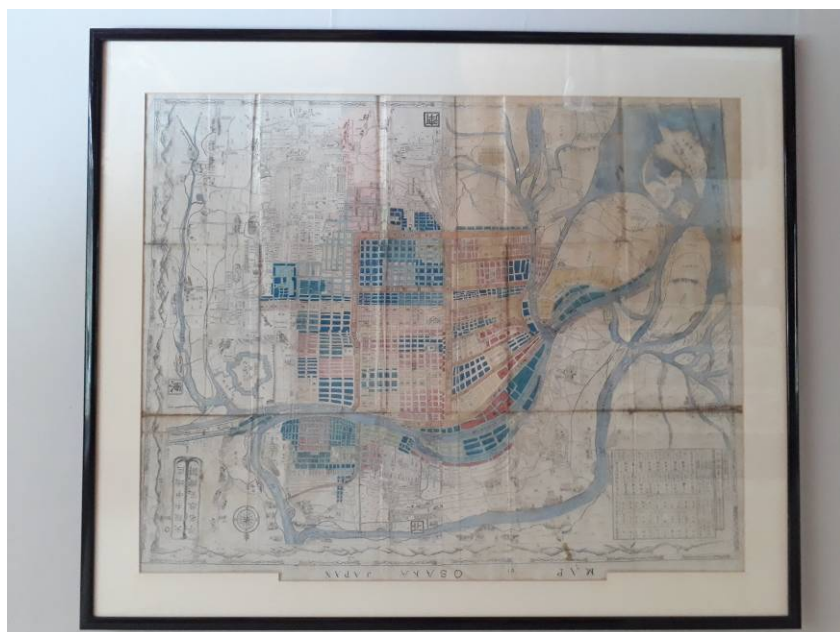
Oct 26th

We have come one stage further on our way, having left Tsuruga by the 7.40 a.m. train and for the first time we have a thoroughly wet day but the mountain scenery between Tsuruga and Lake Biwa is too lovely to be spoilt even by rain. We have seen nothing so romantic in all our journey. It was a long weary 8 hours to Kobe – only stopping for half an hour to change at Maibara – and on arriving we went at once to the North German Lloyd office to secure berths for Nagasaki, and now we are on one of the largest ships of this line and are I hope within 36 hours of home.

The Buncombes and Miss Preston parted from us at Maibara and turned northwards to Tokyo where they would arrive late to-night.

Oct 27th

A lovely day again as we steam slowly down the Inland Sea. It is exactly three weeks since we left London to-night, and we hope to land at Nagasaki in the morning.



Map of Osaka from between 1874 and 1909. Property of Susannah Margaret Coates, née Evington.