THE honorable gentleman is fond of beautiful scenery."

"Very fond of such scenery as this."

"Ah! He will find it much better as we go forward."

"Indeed!"

"Truly, among the mountains it is surprising. May I ask where the gentleman will stop tonight?"

"It does not matter; anywhere in this neighborhood."

"Has he (danna san) heard of Sakanoshita?"

"Never."

"Clearly not. Nobody — no foreigner — has ever visited it. At least, none has ever stopped there."

"Is it remarkable?"

"Noblest sir, it is wonderful. Not because I
live there; no, in truth. It is the universal re-
port. Everybody will say the same of Sakano-
shita."

"Then, how far are we now from it?"

"One ri and eighteen cho."

"That is about an hour and a half in time.
Very well: we will stay there, I suppose."

"Thanks! Really many thanks! It will not
be possible to regret it. There is nothing like
Sakanoshita."

This conversation took place at three o'clock
in the afternoon,—a brilliant August afternoon,—
in a pretty village on the road from Kuwana, the
north-western port of the Bay of Ise, to Oōtsu,
at the south-western extremity of Lake Biwa;
which ancient thoroughfare anybody may easily
find upon a good-sized map of Japan. My in-
formant and adviser was one of the lads who
drew my jin-riki-sha (man-power-carriage),—a
species of vehicle, which, first seen in Tokio in
the fall of 1870, had in less than two years come
into universal use in every part of the country
where the roads were sufficiently level to render
it practicable. It was little better than a cush-
ioned chair upon a pair of wheels, but, compared
with the old-fashioned kago which it displaced,
was a triumph of luxury and convenience. By