

The Religious and Antislavery Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XI.—No. 8.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1864.

Whole No. 528.

The Intelligencer.

WHO IS LOUIS HARMS?

To this question our answer is: a genuine apostle, a true Christian hero, Louis Harms is a plain Lutheran clergyman. In 1848 he was installed as pastor of the parish of Hermsburg, on the Lunenburg Heath, in the kingdom of Hannover. He is a man, according to the reports of simple, direct nature, full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

His parish, in which his father had been pastor before him, is made up of simple country people, and among them, as in most other parts of Germany, a dead orthodox had for the most part held sway. Under the new pastor and his earnest and faithful labors the parish soon began to assume a new aspect. The Christian life began to quicken, and in a short time the reformation became thorough, to a degree unknown, perhaps, in any other similar population in the world. In Hermsburg there are no beggars, no rough street loungers, no drunkards, no ragged stragglers, and no paupers. In every house in the village there is family prayer, morning and evening; no one is absent from church except in case of sickness; the services in the week are as well attended as those of the Sabbath; the workmen have prayers in the fields, and throughout the parish the songs heard are not the common country ditties, but sweet, sacred melodies, which joyfully express its Christian life. During the year there are eleven thousand communicants, which must embrace nearly the whole of the adult population. The people live in great harmony, and are good farmers and good laborers. All this has come of the blessing of God inspiring and giving fruit to the labors of a single man.

As was natural, when the parish of Hermsburg was brought to such a state of Christian completeness and efficiency, when it seemed by its character to invite the Divine hand to use it for the benefit of the world, it came into the mind of the people to do something for others. A mission to the heathen was suggested. The simple people wanted to be missionaries themselves, and the suggestion at once took the form of a solemn purpose, and speedily grew into a plan. Twelve persons offered themselves as candidates for the missionary work, and were accepted. A separate house was assigned them as a Missionary Institute, and Harms prescribed a course of training which was to occupy four years. This course embraced much and hard work, especially for persons without any previous preparation. Besides studying introduction, exegesis, dogmatics, history of doctrines and church history, history of missions, homiletics and ecclesiastics, they were required to perform a daily task of manual labor.

This work with their hands, as Harms told them, "was to keep them healthy; to enable them, in part, to earn their bread, and to keep them humble, that they might never be ashamed of their work any more than Peter was of his fishing or Paul of his tentmaking."

Like true Christian knights they chose the hardest field they could think of. They selected the tribes of the Gallas, on the east coast of Africa, who were said to be "men without being human." True, they have not yet reached these people, but still they are among the heathen doing a good and great work.

When the pupils in the Institute were nearly through their preparatory training, the question necessarily arose as to how they were to be sent out. Where was the money to come from? Harms "knocked," as he says, "diligently on the dear Lord in prayer." But he well understood that the man who prays dare not stand still. Hence he wrote to this and the other great man, but nothing came of it. At last it was said, "Build a ship! Good, thought Harms, but the money? He prayed on. He remembered when Duke George, on his death-bed, doubted whether he should go directly to Jesus Christ with his dear merits, or to the Pope with his good works, a trusty courier said: "Our grace, straight forward makes the best runner." That word stuck fast in his soul. He arose at midnight and said: "For-ward now, in God's name!" He was assured, the big water built and paid for; she was supplied for the long voyage with all the necessary comforts from Hermsburg, and fitted her anchor and floated away on her holy, unselfish errand amidst exulting songs and earnest, loving prayers.

And what now? Tell us of the fruit. The results are as wonderful as the means. Harms, it seems, is not a dreamer. His life and his faith are both real. The brig still continues her voyages back and forth between Hamburg and Africa. A hundred candidates are knocking for admission into the Institute; a new Institute building is about to be erected; a new school accommodates forty-eight persons; more than a hundred missionaries are already in the field; nine stations have been established, and the results, in the way of converts among the heathen, are larger than usual for the time devoted to the work. And all this, humbly speaking, is the work of one man, without money, without earthly power; of one man, quickening, but a great city, but only an inconsiderable village, and animating its simple population with his own unwavering and all-conquering faith. But we have not yet answered the question as to where the money came from. The answer is a purely spiritual one; he asked God for the money, and God gave it. He asked no one but God. He would neither beg himself nor allow his people to do "dear Lord." He prayed to God in secret, and men sent him the money. It came from Australia, from America, from England, and from many parts of Germany; it came, in many cases, in the very nick of time, but never, never came too late.

We have here a problem. What will men of the world do with it? Upon their principles it is wholly insoluble. They must confess their ignorance or attempt to explain it as a series of accidents, strangely persisted in through a series of years, until chance itself became a law. But then, where do things of this sort occur outside of the sphere of religion? Why, nowhere. Christianity has a better answer. The work of God through Louis Harms, without being a miracle in the nature of a miracle. It is a divine intervention, or a series of divine interventions, lying between the ordinary form in which God answers the prayers of his people and the more startling form characterized as miracles. It is a nearly miraculous that only ignorant and stupid folk refuse to see God in it, and yet it is not precisely like restoring dead bones to their natural condition.

attended its weekly ministrations, and I have a better right to speak about it than you have, because I know more about it. I tell you that I have received during these ten years more intellectual nourishment and stimulus from the pulpit than from all other sources combined; yet my everyday pursuits are literary, while yours are not.

There are something in the pursuits of working men—I mean of men who follow handicraft—which renders some intellectual feeding on Sunday peculiarly necessary. You work all day, and when you get home at night, you can do nothing but read the news and indulge in neighborhood gossip. You are obliged to rise early in the morning, and that makes it necessary that you should go to bed early at night. You really have no time for intellectual culture, except on Sunday, and then you are too dull and tired to sit down to a book. You always go to sleep over any book that taxes your brain at all. You know that there is nothing but the living voice which can hold your attention, and you know that voice can only be heard in the pulpit. The working man, who sits the pulpit on the Sabbath voluntarily relinquishes his only regularly available intellectual nourishment of his life. You need not tell me that the pulpit has no intellectual nourishment for you. I know better. Philosophy, casuistry, history, metaphysics, science, poetry—these all are at home in the pulpit. All high moralities are brought there. There are more argument and illustration brought to the support and enforcement of religious truths, than all the other intellectual magazines of the world have at command; and, quarrel with the fact as you may, you must go to church on Sunday, and hear the preaching, or be an intellectual starveling. Your brain is just as certain to degenerate, your intellect is just as certain to grow dull—under this habit of staying at home from church, as a plant is to grow pale when hidden away from the sun.

But you respond that you will not attend church because you do not believe in the doctrines that are preached there. Do you refuse to attend a political meeting, which a gifted speaker is to address, because you are not of his way of thinking? Do you stay away from the lecture of a man who has brains, because you can not endure his sentiments? Why you are behind the age, man. The most popular lecturers of America have for years been those who have represented the principles and sentiments of a small minority. Intellectual men have maintained their place upon the platform, when their persons and their principles were held in abhorrence by the masses whom they addressed. It is not necessary for me to mention names to prove this statement, for the facts are too fresh and too notorious. Do you decline to attend a circus because the performers differ with you as to the number of horses it is proper for a man to ride at one time? Is it possible that you, who have been charging bigotry upon the church and its representatives so long, are a bigoted man? Is it possible that you, who have denounced the American Christian ministry for intolerance, are intolerant yourself? It looks like it.

My friend, you are lame in this matter. Your position is a very weak one. It is not based on any principle—it is based in prejudice. Besides, you are not truthful when you say that the utterances of the pulpit generally are incredible. I have been a constant attendant at church all my life, and I declare, without hesitation, that three quarters of the sermons I have heard have been other than doctrinal sermons. The majority of the sermons preached had their foundation in the eternal principles of right—in the broad moralities to which you and every other decent man subscribe. You know that, as a system of morals, Christianity is faultless. You know that, if the world should live up to the morals of Christianity, we will say nothing about it as a system of religion, there would be no murder, no war, no slavery, no drunkenness, no licentiousness, no lying, no stealing, no cheating, no wrong,—that everywhere men would walk in peace, and concord, and fraternal affection, and that the golden rule would be the universal rule of life. The pulpit is the spot of all others in the world where, through the wonderful agency of the human voice, these morals are taught; and do you tell me that you will not go to church because you do not believe in what is taught there? You do believe in at least three quarters of the teachings of the pulpit. You do yourself great wrong by holding yourself aloof from an institution which would not only nourish your intellect, but instruct and confirm you in those moralities which are the only safeguard of that society which numbers among its members your wife and children.

Perhaps you can afford, or feel that you can afford, to teach your children that Christianity, as a system of religion, is a cheat; but you can not afford to confound with it, and condemn with it, the moralities of Christianity. You cannot afford to teach your children, by words or deeds, that the greatness of the teachings of the pulpit is unworthy of consideration; for their safety, their respectability, their prosperity, their happiness, all depend upon the adoption and practice of Christian morals. Do you teach them Christian morals. Are you careful to sit down on the Sabbath, or at any other time, and instruct them in those moralities that are essential to the right and happy issue of their lives? My friend, you have not the face to do any such thing, for your position will not permit you to do it without your own ruin. Well, if you refuse to do it, who will? Unhappily, your wife is quite as much under your influence as your children, and unless those children go to church on Sunday, they will get no instruction in Christian morals whatever, except such as they may pick up at the public schools.

These children of yours are not to blame for being in the world. You are responsible to them, at least, for their right training. You are in personal honor bound to give them such instruction in morals as will tend to preserve to them health of body and mind, and honorable relations with society. How will you do it? By telling them that church-going is foolishness, and Sabbath-keeping nonsense, and the teachings of the pulpit only the tricks of priestcraft and the amusement of blockheads? No, sir. You must take these children by the hand, and lead them to church, and show that there are, at least, some things that come from the pulpit which you respect. It will not be enough that you send them and their mother. You must go with them; for if you do not, they will soon learn the realities of the pulpit, and in learning them, learn to pity you, and to hold you in intolerance in contempt. You must stand by the pulpit as the great teacher of private

and public morality, or do an awful injustice to the children for whose life and healthy education you are responsible.

THE UNWORLDLY MAN.

"They are not of the world.—John xvii. 14.

A wide difference exists between the righteous and the wicked. The godly were once "of the world" as well as in it, but now grace has made them to differ. They were the children of darkness, sin, pollution, shame, wrath, and ruin—"even as others," but their gracious and covenant God has delivered them from their lost estate, and changed them into his own image of righteousness and holiness. He has "set their feet upon a rock" from which they can never be removed, and effectually "established their goings." At one time they hated righteousness and loved iniquity, avoided all that was good, and sought all that was evil. Now holiness is their chief delight and sin the object of their greatest abhorrence. They studiously avoid every appearance of evil, and earnestly follow after peace and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. "They are not of the world" though for a season they are and must be in it. They are left in it that by their principles and lives they may sternly rebuke sin, and that their presence may prove that God has a people whom he can and does "keep from the evil" by which they are surrounded and threatened. They are kept in the world in order that God may work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure, that by passing through many furnaces their graces may be tried, purified and strengthened, and their souls prepared by the loss of their lust and dress to enter into the joy of their Lord. But "they are not of the world" in their nature, which is changed into the glorious image of Christ. They have been "born again" and their hearts and affections constantly have an upward and heavenward tendency. They are "new creatures in Christ Jesus, old things are passed away and all things are become new." They are not of the world with regard to their tastes and pursuits. They once gave the preference to temporal and carnal things, but now they prefer those things which are spiritual and Christ-like. Being, as the patriarchs of old, "strangers and pilgrims upon earth," they "abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." They run and struggle and fight, not for that which is earthly and carnal, transient, and worthless, but for that which is holy, heavenly, spiritual, precious and enduring, even for the mark of the prize of their high calling, and for the crown of glory which fadeth not away. In their spirit and disposition they are not of the world. They "have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that they might know the things that are freely given to them of God." There is no longer a spirit of sensuality, rebellion, malice and sin, but a spirit of love, peace, meekness, humility, patience and grace. The spirit of the world they do not desire, watch, pray, and strive against because the Lord "hath sent the spirit of His son into their hearts." No man can be a Christian who is a stranger to this spirit, for it is written, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." Dear reader, can you stand this test? The Christian is not of this world in his will, judgment, conscience, affections, feelings, sentiments, objects, allegiance, obedience, pleasures, and practice. He is "chosen out of the world," called out of the world, separated from the world, and preserved from its love, power, malice, and destructive influence. The same power which brought him out will keep him out. Underneath are the everlasting arms. He may sometimes stumble and fall through his weakness, but he shall never be bound by its claims or bewitched by its charms. He can never become a citizen of his conversation and citizenship are and ever must be in heaven.

He is opposed to the world, and the world is opposed to him. It hates him, according to the words of Jesus, "I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." He is a speckled bird among the magdoly. If we are not of the world, let us live above it, flee from it, die to it, and yet to go in it. Let us not fear the world nor court, nor justify it by any inconsistency of ours. We should beware of its wisdom, which is foolishness; of its love, which is hatred; of its pleasure, which is poison; of its honours, which are unsubstantial; and of its power, which is infectious. Let us pray for protection from its snares, and guidance through it, that we may not miss the end of our faith. And let us constantly say—

Arise, my thoughts, my heart arise,
And bow yourself back to the skies.
There joys for ever, ever last,
When seasons, days and hours are past.

A GOOD HOPE THROUGH GRACE.

Such is the language of the apostle of the Gentiles. And O how it may be ours! With what emphasis would the apostle utter these words: He could, by experience, enter into the very depth of their meaning, "a good hope through grace." He could not look back upon his past life, and say, "I have a good hope, a sure hope, an everlasting hope apart from grace." O no, he would rather say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." There are many so-called hopes; but it is like crying, Peace, peace! when there is no peace. We read in the book of Job of the hypocrite's hope, and there is the self-righteous man's hope. But when the time comes for their departure what will such a hope avail them? It will avail them nothing; they will have to hear with the vilest of the vile that dreadful sentence, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." What those, on the other hand, who can say,

My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But Jesus' merits have I claimed,
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

such a soul will hear the blessed Saviour's welcome, "Come, ye blessed!" Dear reader, have you this hope? Examine yourself; can you say, "I love the Lord?" If you can it is through grace, and grace alone. O, how sweet it is to know that our salvation is all of grace. Believe; study well the fact that you are found as grace, has made you, and this shall cause your heart to rejoice in the God of all grace. But, my reader, if you cannot say, "I am saved!" at all, much more by grace, look unto Jesus, the giver of the bread of life, and unto him who bestoweth the waters of salvation, and by looking you will find and experience it is "by grace you are saved."

There is no way under heaven to be interceded

in Christ, but by believing. He that believeth shall be saved, let his sins be ever so great; and he that believeth not shall be damned, let his sins be ever so little.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

The Rev. Achilles Dannt, in a lecture on the English Bible delivered in Cork gives the following extremely interesting statement, regarding the labors and end of this most eminent Saxon divine. The earliest of all vernacular translations of the New Testament made its appearance in the eighth century. It was the work of Bede—the Venerable Bede—with whose exalted reputation for piety and learning we are all doubtless familiar. Of Bede's dying moments a very beautiful and affecting anecdote is related.

It was his happy distinction to die in the very act of translating the Word of God. The rays of the setting sun are still lingering on the Monastery of Jarrow, and there, in his last hour, lies the venerable man, dictating feebly to his amanuensis. "There remains now but one chapter," said the anxious scribe, "but it seems very hard for you to speak." "Nay, it is very easy," Bede replied; "take your pen, write quickly." "And now, father," says the monk, eagerly penning the words from his quivering lips, "now one sentence is wanting." Bede dictates it. "It is finished," exclaims the scribe. "It is finished," echoes the departing saint. "raise my head, let me sit in the place where I have been wont to pray. Now, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and while thus speaking he fell asleep.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE STATE PRISON.

"Here!" said a clear manly, though I thought hurried voice behind me. I was sitting in the court-room with my face toward the judge. I instantly turned round to see whose voice said, "Here!" Yes, he was "here!" He stood up, a fine, manly youth of about twenty years of age, as one would naturally judge. His face was pale, and his large black eyes saw nobody but the clerk of the court, who stood with a paper in his hand. I then understood it. The young man was in the criminal box, and the paper in the hand of the clerk contained the sentence of the judge. Slowly the clerk opened the paper and read:

"Three days of solitary confinement and twenty years in the State prison."

"No other word was heard. The officer turned and the young man followed him—to his long imprisonment. I saw him go out at the door, and knew that I should never see him again. He had killed a fellow soldier, but some mitigating circumstances softened his sentence. My thoughts follow the poor young man.

Has he a father to bend and fall under the blow? Has he a mother to weep over his doom? How long will they live? They will die and leave their child in prison! "Twenty years!" Suppose he should live through the sentence and come out, his youth gone, his friends all gone, the world changed, he will feel like a piece of drift-wood on the great waters! Old horses will be pulled down and new ones built. Old people now will all be dead. The little boy to-day will then be a man. The little girl will be a woman then. How many graves will be dug before that day! The proud ships that now spread their sails will all have disappeared, some broken up because worn out, and many lost in the dark, deep waters. All the horses and cattle now living will be dead. The judge who held the court, the jurors who tried him, the clerk who read his sentence, the officer who led him out, and the warden of the prison who received him, will all very likely be dead! The carriage and the cars that carry him to prison will be worn out. The birds that sing to-day will all be dead then.

"Twenty years!" He will have gray hairs then. He cannot then begin life for this world. He may live to come out; but the blood of his fellow soldier will still be on him. He cannot leave his guilt in the prison. Nothing but the blood of Christ can remove sin and take away guilt. Poor fellow! What if he say, "I am young—too young for such a doom?" But was he too young to kill a strong man? What if he say, "it's too hard to be condemned for twenty long years just for what I did an instant! It took me but an instant to stab him?" Ah! human law and divine law don't ask how long it took you to commit the sin. Some people try to think that God will not punish the wicked in eternity, because the life here is so short. But here was a very mild punishment for what was done in the flash of an eye!

Was that poor fellow ever in a Sabbath school? Did he ever have a teacher who loved him, and taught him to love God? Alas! I understand not! Was there no teacher who might have led him to the school? Was there no little boy who might have invited him in?

"Twenty years!" Before he comes out the hand that writes these lines will most likely be still in the grave. So may the hand that holds the paper and the eye that reads these words! Shall we be with Jesus then, or in a prison out of which there is no coming in "twenty years!"—S. S. Times.

JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

The following extracts from a private letter dated Yokohama, 14th of June, from an English medical naval officer now on service in the Japanese waters, will be read with interest:—

Nagasaki is beautifully situated at the head of a deep bay and at the foot of green hills, backed by lofty mountains. The scenery is most beautiful, and is most fertile, and almost every available spot is cultivated with rice, barley, etc., somewhat in the torrid manner of the Chinese. The approach and the passage to Yokohama is among innumerable islands, all clothed with cultivation or forest of every shade of green, with the white sandstone peeping out here and there. Each island is a gem in itself—the brilliant green of the young rice was beautifully contrasted with the many coloured forests, and the whole was set in a broad frame of the purest blue water, dotted in every direction, as far as the eye could see, with island or cape. The whole scene recalled to me the travels of Sinbad the Sailor, and was more like a dream than a fairy tale than an actual reality. The shores were very populous, we passed numerous large towns, and with their typical temples and southerly-coloured roofs, houses, and neat as those in China, are dirty and untidy; innumerable junks of all sizes, whose

captains threw up their arms as we passed in token of friendship; innumerable fishing boats, with two men or a man, or perhaps a single urchin, who grinned a good-lunoured smile; innumerable pretty villages and houses to the water's edge—one I well remember, where we passed within a cable of a sort of balcony, which was crowded with Japanese girls who greeted us with waving their fans and chattering in a way that women only can.

THE DAIMIOS.

The people at Yokohama do not appear so hostile as at Nagasaki, probably because there are here no daimios. The trading classes are, indeed everywhere for us, and some of the daimios; but the majority of the daimios are decidedly against us, and they hold all the power in their hands. One thing is quite certain, if we wish to extend, or even to preserve our trade with Japan, the power of the daimios must be broken, and a war of a very bloody and expensive kind ensue sooner or later. No one of the fleet wishes war; the coolies and common classes are so civil and good that we should be sorry to fire a single shot at them, for they, and not the daimios, would suffer. All we can possibly do is to bombard their towns, of which, indeed, they are now so afraid, that Jeddo is nearly deserted. We cannot march into the interior, or force Miako, without a very large army. The Japanese fight desperately, and with such respect totally unlike the Chinese, for whom they entertain a profound contempt. These daimios, or princes, some of whom, at Satsuma, are enormously rich and powerful, with their proud swaggering retainers, resemble much the old feudal barons of the middle ages. They resemble them further in having continual feuds among themselves, which are handed down from generation to generation. They are very cruel and exacting in their conduct to the lower classes. A day or two ago, before we entered Nagasaki, a daimio was passing with his suite along the road, when two little girls ran across in front of the procession. Now, this to a Japanese is the greatest insult you could offer; but those children were too young to know it. They were immediately seized and decapitated, and their bodies left on the road with the daimio's horse.

JAPANESE HOUSES.

Yokohama is a considerable town of 80,000 inhabitants. The Japanese houses are rarely more than one storey, and mostly consist of two rooms, a front and a back. Built of bamboo and mud, and rarely of stone, they are always painted nicely outside or varnished, and generally kept very clean. All ornamentation is eschewed on the roof, which is generally edged with echequered tiles. Wherever it can be afforded a small garden with dwarfed trees, is sure to be in good condition; and almost in every room you see vases with flowers or dwarfed trees growing in them. The floors are carpeted with a very fine kind of matting, laid in strips a yard wide, the edges bound in black so as to make an agreeable parquetry, and it is always kept very clean, even by the poorest classes. They take off their shoes before entering a house leaving them outside the entrance, and look as jealous at your boots when you enter as an English lady could, proud of a new drawing-room carpet. They never sit on chairs or stools, but squat down on the floor with their feet underneath, so that they appear to sit on their heels. And as you pass through the street you see them round a kind of square trough in the front room, in which there is always clear cold running water. They are either smoking or eating, or smoking a very fragrant tobacco out of a small smoking pipe, or enjoying immensely, and pulling it out slowly through the nostrils; women, even girls, smoke as much as the men, and with equal pleasure; or they are chattering with great earnestness and volubility in a language much softer and more liquid, less wrangling and more harmonious, than Chinese; or they are singing, accompanying themselves to an instrument like a banjo, which they play with great dexterity; they enjoy their own music immensely, and turn up their eyes and beat time and look wisely critical, all to the most approved style. I cannot see much, or rather hear much beauty in their music, though some of the airs are very nice; but, on the other hand, they can see none in ours, and say it is too loud and fit only for deaf people.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

A Japanese lady appears to spend all her talent on her hair. Her hair is black, glossy, thick and long, and is inclosed up in a most imposing superstructure, with the aid of cushions, false hair, combs and daggers, or cross bars of tortoise shell. I cannot describe it exactly, but there appears to be this plan: Brushed back to two lateral and one central mass from the forehead, it meets with the back hair brushed straight up, and the consequence is a series of rolls intertwined with gold thread and silk stuff, and curiously fastened up with coral-needle pins, gills combs, and tortoise shell bars. It really has a very pretty effect. The married ladies further adorn themselves by pulling out their eyebrows and blackening their teeth, though I believe the origin of this was with the husbands, who always were themselves, wished to make their wives unattractive to others. Their faces are very fond of powder themselves, (which they are very fond of doing, and painting their lips with red) are pretty when you have become a little accustomed to the true Mongolian type. Their figures are absolute perfection, and their hands and feet smaller and better shaped than any I ever saw in Europe. This is owing to their dress, which is never tight, and to their never wearing boots, but only straw sandals, or a kind of patten in wet weather.

DRESS.

The dress of men and women is almost the same. A long "kee-mono," descending to the ankles in men and to the ground with women, though tucked up any height in walking out, is like a night-gown open in front right down, folded over the breast, and secured at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are very large, and hang down nearly to the knee. In addition, the women have a long piece of figured silk, and than hang up behind so as to drape in kind of a rectangular fasten down to the back of the knees. Colours are generally sombre, and, as well as the patterns, which are commonly checks, are regulated by the laws of the different classes. No cap is worn, but the coolie class generally bind round their head a piece of coarse stuff. The Yokonins wear a closer kind of kee-mono, and over this a kind of mantle, generally of gauze or crepe, and marked with the devices of the daimio to whom they belong. They wear various shaped huts, and always carry two swords at the belt side, one longer than the other, and both generally in admirable working