

in Yokohama.

Osan no Meija. (The Shrine of Osan)

which is dedicated to the memory of a damsel named Osan. In olden times when the large part of the present Yokohama was marsh and quagmire, several persons undertook to convert it into cultivable land, but all failed till there appeared a man named Yoshida Kambei, a native of Yoshida in the province of Mikawa, and a dealer in timber. He planned a strong dike 21,300 feet in length, to inclose the marsh and to fill in the inclosure with earth brought from the hill in the neighbourhood. He first attempt failed, and the second also, but he did not give up the work. He tried and failed over and over till the eighth time when he resolved to complete the work on a beggar, for the former failures brought on him great ruin. He called together his friends and employes and had a long consultation on the matter. At last they came to the conclusion that the spirits of the earth and the sea were wroth at the audacious attempt of Kambei, and to appease them it was necessary to erect a Hitobashira (human post), that is say, to put a human being in to an air-tight box, and bury him alive, deep in the marsh and erect a post over him. "But who will be the victim?" it was asked. The whole assembly were dumb, and shook their heads. Kambei was willing to offer himself, but if he were buried, there would be none to undertake the work, and his death would be no better than the death of a hungry dog, (Imujini, a dogs death as they call it.) He was sorely grieved. At this juncture, a damsel, Osan by name, aged eighteen, stepped into the assembly to the surprise of all, and walking to Kambei's seat, bowed down before him and said "My lord, I have been at the back of the assembly and heard all your consultation. I can not bear to see you in sorrow, so I offer myself, make me the victim. I was an orphan child when you were in Mikawa. It is you that saved me, and have brought me up as your servant. The life I have

in Yorkshire

Chloe and Miss (the daughter of)

This is dedicated to the memory of a daughter named Chloe, in other times
 when the large part of the present Yorkshire was marsh and peat-mire, several
 persons undertook to convert it into arable land, but all failed till
 there appeared a man named Joshua Kintler, a native of Yorkshire in the
 province of York, and a dealer in timber. He planned a strong dyke
 2,300 feet in length, to enclose the marsh, and to fill in the recesses with
 earth brought from the hills in the neighbourhood. The first attempt failed,
 but he became bold, and he did not give up the work. He tried and failed
 four and over till the eighth time when he succeeded to complete the work, or
 a dyke, for the former failure was on some first run. He called together
 his friends and neighbours and had a long consultation on the matter.
 At last they came to the conclusion that the spirits of the earth and the sea
 were wroth at the audacious attempt of Kintler, and to appease them it
 was necessary to erect a *Hiltschorn* (turret), that is, to put
 a human being in to see and fight the spirits, but they had their
 quarrel and erect a post over him, but who will be the victim? it was settled.
 The words *hilschorn* were chosen, and about their heads, Kintler was willing
 to offer himself, but if he were buried, there would be more to undertake
 the work, and the spirit would be no better than the best of a hungry dog.
 (Inquire, a dog that is the case.) He was ~~not~~ buried at the juncture
 a distance of four or more, after eighteen, pitched into the assembly to the
 surprise of all, and willing to Kintler's part, would have done him
 the same "My lord, of how long at the base of the chimney and that all you
 conversation. I cannot bear to see you in sorrow, so I offer myself.
 There was the victim, I was an orphan child when you were in York, but in
 you that raised me, and have brought me up in your honour. The life of your

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lived since has been your gift. You are my second father. My own parents gave me birth, and you my life. I am glad to offer it for your sake, and for the good of all. Your sorrow is more painful to me than death, and your joy my heaven. Do not hesitate to bury me, but complete your work. Kambui, full of tears, lifted her up by the hand and tried to express his sorrowful thanks, but could not, his heart being too much moved. He worshipped her. The his friends and employes thanked and praised her, and told her that name should be sacred to them and their children forever. The human post made. From that time the sea was gentle, and the earth obedient. The work was completed in 1659. Kambui erected a shrine in the damsel's honour and named it O-San-no-Miya, which is bears to this day, and called the newly made land Yoshida Shinden, or the New Field of Yoshida. On the 15th of September every year a festival is celebrated in O-San's honour by all who live in that part of the town.

A curious story is told in connection with O-San-no-Miya. One day when O-San was a child, in Mikawa, she was playing under a peach tree in a flax field. She saw a fallen peach, and as she stooped to pick it up, a spear of flax pierced one of her eyes and made it blind. Hence, not a single flax nor peach tree grows, even if planted, upon the ground for which she sacrificed herself, and the heir of the Yoshida Kambui family is always single eyed, the present maet being an example of the case.

The annual festival is held on the every 15th of Sept.

