Chiyoko's Fuji:
Selected excerpts from the English translation of *Fuyō-Nikki* (1896)

How a Noh-master's daughter helped her husband
to survive 82 days on Mt Fuji in mid-winter

Harumi YAMADA
Faculty of Human Studies, Jin-ai University

Fuyō-Nikki, The Fuji Diary, is the true account of how Nonaka Chiyoko climbed Mt Fuji to join her husband on the summit in the winter of 1895 and helped him make meteorological observations for a period of almost three months. The diary was first published in a series of 17 episodes in *Hōchi-shinbun Newspaper* between January 7th and February 1st, 1896. The whole text was then republished in "Shōkokumin" in 1899. These translated excerpts are based on the text published in *Fuyō-nikki* in *Fuji An-nai/Fuyō-nikki Heibonsha Library 563*, compiled by Ōmori Hisao and published in 2006. The diary was written in a traditional literary style that is best appreciated in the original. Yet it describes an adventure that was completely unprecedented in Meiji Japan or, for that matter, anywhere else in the world up to that time.

Keywords: winter on Mt. Fuji, a travel diary, a Meiji woman

Introduction

The first record of life on winter Fuji

Fuyō-Nikki, The Fuji Diary, was first published in a series of 17 episodes in *Hōchi-shinbun Newspaper* between January 7th and February 1st, 1896, in the same month (January) and year that Higuchi Ichiyō[1] published the last episode of her renowned story *Takekurabe* (*Growing Up* in the Edward Seidensticker translation). The whole text was then republished in "Shōkokumin" in 1899.

This mountain diary was written towards the end of the nineteenth century, when people in Japan had just started 'to climb mountains not for religious purposes, botanising or hunting, but for the climb itself' (Ōmori, 2008: 94). But mountaineering in its modern form did not start until 1902, when Kojima Usui and Okano Kinjirō reached the summit of Yari-ga-take (Ōmori, ibid: 95). Thus, a winter ascent of Mt Fuji for scientific purposes was unprecedented in 1895. As for the achievement of surviving on the summit for almost three months in mid-winter, no private persons have ever again attempted such a feat.

Chiyoko's husband Nonaka Itaru also published accounts of their stay on Mt Fuji, which variously appeared in the *Journal of the Meteorological Society of Japan,* the *Journal of Geography*, and certain newspapers. Ōmori Hisao later compiled these articles together with *Fuyō-Nikki* into a single volume that was published by Heibonsha Library in 2006; it is on this text that this translation is based. Whereas Chiyoko's *Fuyō-Nikki* is a diary in which Chiyoko describes her personal accounts and emotions with metaphors and classical allusions, Itaru's articles were intended to inform future meteorological studies and observations, and thus make suggestions as to how scientists could profit from the Nonakas' experience in building a better summit observatory and so on. He also gives details of the instruments they used and the weather data collected during his own summit stay.

The story

The first person ever to reach the summit of Mt Fuji in

mid-winter was Nonaka Itaru, succeeding on his second attempt on February 16th, 1895. His aim was to see if it would be feasible to construct a weather station on the summit so that weather observations could be made throughout the year. In the summer after his climb, he constructed a small summit hut and provisioned it for several months. On October 1st, he started making weather observations and collecting data every two hours, night and day, aiming to continue this work through the winter.

Meanwhile, Chiyoko had been instructed to stay at home and look after her daughter and Itaru's parents. But Chiyoko had ideas of her own. Fearing that, left to his own devices, Itaru would not survive the winter, she made secret preparations to join him on the summit. And then, after leaving her baby daughter with her own parents, she climbed the snowbound mountain to join Itaru on October 12th.

Life on Fuji was hard. Chiyoko immediately fell victim to altitude sickness and, after a while, to what might well have been scurvy or a similar deficiency disease. Soon, Itaru was suffering from the same symptoms. The couple lost their appetites, subsisting on two helpings of thin porridge a day. But they somehow struggled on and kept up the meteorological observations night and day. Yet Chiyoko was not overmastered by these hardships. Her diary communicates to us that she appreciated and even enjoyed the harsh landscape and the novel experiences that came her way.

In the end, the winter storms and their failing health were too much for Itaru and Chiyoko. Shocked at their physical deterioration, members of a visiting party made their concerns known to the authorities, who organized a rescue at the beginning of December. The ordeal ended when Itaru and Chiyoko were brought down to a hero's welcome at the mountain's foot. As on many a previous occasion in Japanese history and literature, defeat had been transmuted into triumph.

A travel diary

Fuyō-Nikki is a travel diary. The tradition of writing travel diaries in Japan goes back to *Tosa-Nikki (The Tosa Diary)*, which Ki no Tsurayuki wrote in the early tenth century, using the literary persona of a woman. Keene (1989: 1) says, "… only in Japan did the diary acquire the status of a literary genre comparable in importance to novels, essays, and other branches of literature that elsewhere are esteemed more highly than diaries." As in other traditional travel diaries, *Fuyō-Nikki* has many waka that enrich the descriptive passages.

Chiyoko begins *Fuyō-Nikki* with a protestation of her lack of qualifications to be a writer:

> … How deeply I now regret never having roamed through the groves of literature and poetry. For me, writing is as hard as diving to get a pearl deep down on the sea floor. Yet, in my present elated state of mind, I feel that I can somehow slip these bonds of earth and write. …

Yet this disclaimer is soon contradicted by her elegant turns of phrase and masterly descriptions of events and scenes. In this light, her wording seems to echo the introduction to one of the travel diaries of Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694), in which he protests:

> ... my shallow knowledge and inadequate talent … Nevertheless, the scenery of different places lingers in my mind, and even my unpleasant experiences at huts in the mountains and fields can become subjects of conversation or material for poetry. With this in mind, I have scribbled down, without any semblance of order, the unforgettable moments of my journey, and gathered them together in one work. …
> (In *Oi no Kobumi, Manuscript on My Knapsack*, quoted by Keene, 1989:3-4)

Chiyoko may or may not have been aware of Bashō's *Oi no Kobumi*. What is certain, on the evidence of *Fuyō-Nikki,* is that she was well-read. She was, after all, the daughter of the Noh-master Umezu Shien and, as this travel diary proves, she was very much her father's daughter. So *Fuyō-Nikki* was no random set of jottings; it is a conscious work of literature.

The Meiji woman

As Iwabuchi et al. (2005: 2) describe, the Meiji Restoration (1868) brought about a drastic change in women's positions in society and their self-esteem. The announcement

of the "Gakusei (Educational System)" in 1872, which proclaimed that every child would receive a school education, had an epoch-making significance. At the time of the announcement, only 40% of boys were attending elementary schools and less than 20% of girls. By the 1900s, 90% of all girls were at elementary schools. In 1871, Tsuda Umeko and four other girls joined the Iwakura Mission to the West as the first girl students to study abroad. In the 1870s, schools for girls were founded one after another.

Being the daughter of a Noh master, Chiyoko was an educated Meiji woman, who felt able to act on her own initiative. As Nitta Jirō wrote in the postscript to *Fuyō-no-hito*, a novel that reprises the Mt Fuji adventure from Chiyoko's viewpoint:

> Nonaka Chiyoko was a representative of Meiji women. She was a spirited woman on whose shoulders rested the destinies of new Japan. Wasn't it Nonaka Chiyoko who let the world know what Japan's women were made of – "This is a Japanese woman" – thus shrugging off the husk of the feudal age. This record winter sojourn at 3,776m, a feat never before achieved by a woman, was nothing that she set out to achieve. Yet that very lack of record-seeking makes her feat all the more illustrious.

Before climbing Fuji, Chiyoko wrote to Itaru's 'honoured sponsor and patron' Wada Yūji, a staff member of the Tōkyō Meteorological Observatory, asking if she could be allowed to join the Japanese Meteorological Society – which, almost needless to say, had never yet admitted a woman to its membership. And on the summit, as Itaru's physical condition deteriorated, Chiyoko took over his task of recording weather data (Bernstein, 2013: 163). Chiyoko's actions were reported favourably in newspapers: "Such is a husband, such is a wife. We should call them a pair of gems" (Tokyo Asahi newspaper, September 11, 1985.) "An ideal couple" (Hochi newspaper, September 17, 1985) (Ōmori, 2006: 251).

Since then, the tale of Nonaka Itaru and Chiyoko has been retold several times, both in novels and as a movie. Frequently, the story seems to resurface during moments of national stress, as if readers are looking for examples of fortitude in the face of crisis. The first novel based on the couple, *Takane-no-yuki,* was published by Ochiai Naobumi in September, 1896, in the same year that *Fuyō-Nikki* came out. At this time, Japan was dealing with the aftermaths of the Sino-Japanese war and a disastrous earthquake in the Sanriku region. Then, in 1948, Hashimoto Eikichi wrote *Fuji Sanchō,* which Bernstein (ibid: 169) describes as "a novelistic version of the Nonakas' tale clearly meant to inspire a defeated people by celebrating a Japanese man and woman who had endured the unendurable." In 1971, Nitta Jirō published *Fuyō-no-hito,* when the end of Japan's high-growth period had ushered in a mood of national introspection. Since then, the story seems to have been half forgotten. Yet, when we look around at contemporary Japan – recovering slowly from a natural disaster[3] and facing a moribund economy[4] while trying to create, with only mixed success 'a society in which women shine' [5,6] – it may well strike us as the right moment to take another look at Chiyoko and her *Fuyō-Nikki.*

Fuyō-nikki[7] - selected excerpts -

1.

In this Emperor's flourishing reign, I was fortunate enough to take part in an expedition, humble though I am. Feeling happy to have come through, I now struggle whenever I can to set down my impressions. How deeply I regret never having roamed through the groves of literature and poetry. For me, to write is as hard as diving to get a pearl deep down on the sea floor. Yet, in my present elated state of mind, I feel that I can somehow slip these bonds of earth and write. My husband too is wound up to such a pitch that he stays up all the dreamless night, jostled by one strong emotion after another. Whenever he gets the chance, he jots down what happened to us in thirty or so syllables (*waka*)[8] and then he throws away the drafts. But these I have collected and I too have kept noting down what happened to us every day. All these records have gradually turned into a mountain diary, which might happen to amuse somebody. And so, to occupy myself in old age, I put these notes aside in a box.

--- (the rest omitted) ---

published on 7 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

2.

--- (the beginning omitted) ---

As I recall, it all started at the end of December the year before last. My husband said that everything was settled and that he would now start his journey to the mid-winter summit. On January 2nd, having made his preparations, he set out to walk down the Tōkaidō alone, without a porter, to get his legs into condition. But we'd never heard of anybody in the whole of history having climbed Mt Fuji in the snow season, and so my husband may have lacked the resolve to succeed on this occasion. At about the fifth station, when his firehook broke and the nails he'd hammered into his boot soles started bending, he could go no further and had to give up. After devising some better gear, he set out to climb the mountain again on February 16th this year. This time, he didn't waver but climbed all the way to the summit, although the weather was again stormy and the wind blew hard. Before he came down, he made a survey of the snow conditions and water supply and scouted out a place to build our hut. Dr Terao of our home town had already introduced my husband to Mr Wada of the Tōkyō Meteorological Observatory, who invited him to join the Meteorological Society of Japan. You will find all the details in the Society's Journal so I need not repeat them here.

At the summit, my husband jotted down this poem:

Attained, as never before
The summit of Mt Fuji
Smothered in fresh snow

At the end of July, my mother-in-law started to wring her hands, thinking of the hardships in store for Itaru in his sojourn on the mountaintop. I took the chance to say, "But this is no whim of Itaru's. It's the dream he has cherished for seven long years, so I'd like to see him succeed. My worry, though, is that if he tries to do everything himself up there, he'll find no time to sleep, even at night. So, useless as I am, won't you let me go with him? At the least, I could cook for him, but if I'm away, you would have to cook in my stead, which pains me to think about. Though, if I come back safely, I would make it up to you. There is little Kotoko to think about too. Asking you to take care of Sonoko as well would be too much, so I will ask my mother in Fukuoka to take care of her." My mother-in-law started to wring her hands and said, "When I think about Itaru on the mountain, I would indeed wish you to be with him. But Itaru's purpose is quite out of the ordinary, so that it would be no trespass if you decided not to go with him. Also, if anything should happen to you, how could I ever face your parents in Fukuoka, having let you climb the mountain. As for Sonoko, it would be pitiful how she would cry and seek your breast. So, really, you should stay here and keep house." This is what she said, with tears in her eyes. Since my mother-in-law is always kind-hearted, I knew that, however long I asked, she'd never give me leave to make the climb. So I said nothing, and went back to my room.

published on 8 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

3.

My husband, always acting on the spur of the moment and cutting a very poor figure in a straw rain coat, went back and forth to Satō's house to make preparations for building the summit hut. "Now the timbers are pegged together," he said, "it's time to carry them up to the summit and set up the hut. I'll go to Satō's on August 5th." At which, my mother-in-law explained to me what I should do: "A good many people will have to get together to carry loads up from the foot of the mountain and build the summit hut. You should go to Satō's house with Sonoko, and help as much as you can." For my part, I couldn't help thinking that, in this lower world, we can always call on doctors and other helpers, so that there's not much to worry about, even if parents and children do have to stay apart for a while. But on top of Mt Fuji, there would be nobody to call on and no way of sending a message – so that my husband would starve, if he fell ill and I were not with him. And it's all for our country, so I want to make the climb

even if it means disobeying my parents. How can I not help my husband achieve the thing he's been dreaming of for ten years? Though I'm loth to do it, I'll tell a lie and say that I'll go to Satō's house and come back soon. Then, when the hut is finished, I'll go to Fukuoka and leave Sonoko with my mother in Fukuoka, and then follow my husband. Thus it was that I made my plans. When the day came that I thought my journey should start, I had to make my farewells to my parents-in-law without letting them see the sadness in my heart and so I hid my tears in Sonoko's sleeve. There was no time even to say, "Good bye. Please take care of yourselves" before the carriage rolled on its way. Although I willed everything so, it was a sin to lie to my parents-in-law, and they might resent it. So, in my heart, I pleaded with them for forgiveness over and over again. Then there was little Kotoko, whom I'd been nursing before I left, since her mother had little milk. One last time, I held her. Knowing nothing of my plans, Kotoko happily drank her fill and, when she said in her childish way "Auntie, please feed me again later," I felt as if my heart would break, and shed my tears on Kotoko's upturned face. Pondering on my sins like this, I felt downcast. I hid my face behind the carriage's awning, and now with nobody watching me, I shed my endless tears like a waterfall and thus, all too quickly, I arrived at the station in Shinbashi.

Soon the train stopped at Gotemba. From there, I went up to Satō's house at Takigahara, where the elderly master and his wife were busy looking after this matter and that. My husband was already up on the summit with a good number of carpenters and stonemasons. As he sent down his orders for materials, things were purchased here and there, and the timbers that had been stacked up here were carried up to the summit. Just to carry up a couple of wooden pillars took several days since the winds were so strong. Although I don't mean to exaggerate, not everything went our way; indeed, this was no easy work. But the carpenters, stonemasons, porters, and hut owners set to with a will to help my husband. And so, without incident, the observatory was built. As I remember, it was around September 27th or 28th that Itaru came down the mountain with several others. To celebrate, we had cakes of pounded rice, given to us by some wardens of pilgrims' huts on the mountain. It was a joyous occasion.

published on 9 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

4.

You'll find a description of the hut's construction in the Journal of the Meteorological Society of Japan, so I have omitted it here. Suffice it to say that on fine days the workers suffered headaches, and in bad weather their hands and feet were frozen, and they couldn't work as they wanted to. Of the twenty or so people who were supposed to wield picks and shovels, sometimes only three could carry on their work. It is easy to imagine how things were up there.

At last, the hut was ready for my husband's use. The days had flown past, and we started to worry that my mother-in-law would get anxious about us. There was no longer any need to stay. "Today, since the weather's fine, why not go back to Tōkyō," my husband suggested to me on September 4th, and early in the morning he left for Suyama, a league or so distant, to buy stores to take up the mountain. In the meantime, I readied myself to leave. When I reckoned up the time, I had already stayed a month here. We had become so close to each other by now that the elderly couple grieved to part from Sonoko, bestowing on her all their fondest wishes. As for me, I was sad to part from my husband even for a short while, thinking that if I were a man, I would not feel downcast like this. And now I did as I had planned, taking Sonoko to my parent's home. First, I rode down to Gotemba Station on a horse with the child in my arms. Then I scribbled a letter to my father-in-law in Tōkyō:

September 4

To Mother and Father

> I write in haste. Itaru is now going to go up the mountain. If he tries to take care of himself for eight or nine months, cooking for himself day and night, no matter how healthy he might be, if anything happened, all his efforts would be in vain, which I couldn't bear. So I can't hold back from joining him; this is no time for me to stand idly by. When I consider how the wives of sam-

urai comported themselves in the old days, as I've heard from you, I feel that now is the time for me to act. Also, there is your kind concern about my parents in Fukuoka. You have made sure that I am fully provided with fashionable clothes, and now I'd like to show my parents all these good things. And, I suppose Kotoko might ask for milk. And I'm sorry that Mother will have to take charge of the kitchen. Please forgive me for troubling you. I haven't told Itaru that I would go down to Fukuoka, so he will be very surprised when he gets back to Tōkyō. And, as I am presently going to make the climb myself, I have asked Mr Satō to prepare food and other things for me, so please do not worry yourselves. As I have made up my mind, I won't give up my plan whatever you or Itaru might say. With this resolve, I am first going down to Fukuoka. Please forgive me. I wish you well with all my heart.

In front of Gotemba Station

Chiyoko

Thus I blundered about in my letter, scribbling away just as my heart prompted me to, and sent it off. The moment for departure had come. As we stepped up into the train, tears came into the eyes of Yoheiji's daughter, who had come to see us off, and even into those of the horse-driver who had accompanied us. Nobody else had come to see us off as I had stolen quietly away, and so with my child and no other companion, I journeyed sadly toward the western horizon.

Only a little late
Will I be to the country
That he left for in such haste

We arrived in Nagoya late that evening and stayed there for the night. Neither on land nor sea was there anything special to write about. Off the coast of Nagato, though, the wind got up so strongly that our ship almost foundered. The captain had the life-buoys brought up on deck, but we managed to take shelter in Kaminoseki, where we lay at anchor another day and night. Compared with the hardships to come on Mt Fuji, I didn't think this was very alarming.

published on 10 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

5.

On September 8th, Sonoko and I arrived at my parents' home in the village of Keigo in Fukuoka. Of course, they hadn't expected us, so both my parents were surprised, and we greeted each other cheerfully although in some confusion. A little later, my mother came forward on her knees and asked me entreatingly, "But why have you come down here so suddenly; is it because you disappointed your parents in Tōkyō, or is Itaru somehow unhappy with you? Whatever the cause, please tell us the whole truth." To which I replied, "No, matters are quite different. As it happens, my husband plans to sojourn on the summit of Mt Fuji and I mean to accompany him." And so I confided my plans in every detail. Yet my parents were undismayed: "That is a brave thing that you are thinking of doing. For a woman to help her husband at the peril of her life is the teaching of the sages. If you can work together in harmony and support your husband, that is the mark of a true woman. Now, do not worry about Sonoko. We will surely take good care of her." These words reassured me. From then on, I took care to keep Sonoko at a certain distance, as if she were no longer my own child, thinking of the time when she would no longer have me to look after her. But my mother treated her with wholehearted affection, easing my fears.

Sometime in the middle of this month, as I remember, a letter came from my mother-in-law in Tōkyō. I quickly opened it and read:

I hope this letter finds everybody well, and I hope both you and Sonoko are doing all right. Now, although I previously spoke out against your climbing Mt Fuji, I have heard that your parents have given their approval. So, if this is what you really want to do, I wouldn't presume to stand in your way. But I would be very happy to take care of Sonoko myself. Truly I would like to look after her here, so please bring Sonoko back. Even though there is Kotoko too, we will manage very well. If Sonoko is there, she will be friends with Kotoko and that will comfort her. So do bring Sonoko back home as quickly as you can. Yours ever,

August 15

Your mother in Tōkyō

To Chiyoko

Thus, my mother-in-law's letter, but once we were back in Tōkyō, things would not go that easily, I thought. On the top of that, I would cause my parents-in-law additional

sorrow by parting from them in Tōkyō a second time. Also, Sonoko seemed to have become attached to my mother at home here, so I thought I would leave things as they were. As I intended in this way to go against my mother-in-law's request, I couldn't imagine how to reply to her and spent every day tormenting myself as to what I should write.

published on 11 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

6.

Time passed. It was already October 6th. Though reluctant to part, I was finally ready to leave and bid farewell to everybody. My mother helped Sonoko present me with a "sanpō" (a small wooden table for offerings) to mark my departure. My hand trembled as I took it and I accepted it as if in a dream. My mother wanted me to nurse Sonoko one last time, and so I held her to me. But she didn't want to suckle, but just gazed up at me. She was too little to understand that I was parting from her. Not understanding that I was leaving now, she just said "No" and ran outside. I did not dare to go after her. Best make haste now and go, I thought: Somehow I scrambled into the carriage. I couldn't even find the words for the proper farewells. The carriage rolled quickly along the main thoroughfare and soon we arrived at Hakata Station.

Here, waiting to see me off, among some other people, was my father, who was 79 years old that year. Although he was of sound constitution, I expected that he would somehow resemble an aged crane parting from his young offspring, longing for the old days that were no longer there. So I was surprised when he looked me straight in the face and spoke out firmly, "We will take good care of Sonoko and look forward to seeing you next spring." This reassured my weak womanly heart. There was no more to say; I felt as if I had somehow stepped out along a road of dreams.

--- (the rest omitted) ---

published on 12 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

7.

On October 9th, I arrived at Gotemba Station in Suruga. Forthwith I sent a telegram to my father-in-law in Tōkyō, letting him know of my safe arrival. He arrived here late that same night. Then I wrote a letter to my mother-in-law, bidding her farewell; the very memory brings tears to my eyes, so I won't say anything more about it here.

Also, I wrote to Mr Wada Yūji, a member of the Meteorological Society, whom I look to as my husband's honoured sponsor and patron:

October 8th

Dear Professor Wada,

I have not had the honour of meeting you yet, but I trust this finds you in good health. I would like to apologise for my lack of courtesy in failing until now to thank you for all the support you have given to this project of Itaru. Even though my husband is quite strong in constitution, I am worried about him being alone up there. Yet he has always turned a deaf ear to my entreaties that I should join him up there. However, it would be terrible if he should fall ill or by some other mischance fail to achieve his purpose. For this reason, I will venture to climb up and join him. And although this is a sudden decision, I have already arranged for food and clothes for one extra person to be kept at Nakahata, so please have no concerns about these matters. Naturally, I'm grateful for your advice that I should refrain from climbing the mountain, but I can't change my plans as there is no other way but to do my duty. I know that I won't escape criticism for being forward, for I'm well aware that a woman should stay at home and keep house. Anyway, I am prepared to accept the blame for this lack of respect. Still, I would like to ask a favour of you, and that is to be allowed to join the Meteorological Society. Such is my request, and if they will accept a woman as a member, I enclose the membership fee here. Tomorrow, I intend to climb the mountain, so please forgive the suddenness of this request and excuse me for my bold address. Next year, when we return from Mt Fuji, I would like to pay my respects and express my gratitude to you.

From Gotemba Station

Sincerely yours,
Mrs Itaru Nonaka Chiyo

I talked with my father-in-law all through the night. The eastern sky started to lighten. Since he had no free day, my father-in-law said he would have to return to Tōkyō at once. Meanwhile, I made ready to leave for Takigawara. When it was time to say good-bye, my heart ached and I could find no words, and I just wept and wept. Father consoled me, and said, "As for Sonoko and your family in Fukuoka, we will take good care of them. Do not worry about us, but go up the mountain in good heart. All you need to think about

is to take good care of yourselves. And never forget the obligation to our country." He told me this and that in great detail, so I had nothing to regret. I said to him to take good care of himself and my mother-in-law, yet my feet were somehow reluctant to go forward. My father-in-law set off for the station, and I turned towards the mountain. But I looked back often, gazing as far as my eyes could reach, and I chided myself for being too emotional and so I wound up my resolve. Choking back my tears, I eventually turned my back on Gotemba Station.

Now I have no regrets
For I have seen you
As I wished to see you

When I arrived at Satō's house, I felt abashed at the idea of climbing the mountain, a truly unheard-of feat for a woman of good standing, so I asked the family never to tell anybody about this, and we made our preparations quite secretly, so that I would be ready for the climb on the 12th. Late on the night of the 11th, my husband's brother Kiyoshi came over to see me off. He gave me a lot of kind advice. The next day, on the 12th, I made my departure, together with Kiyoshi, Gorō of the Satō's head family, and Jūzaburō, the warden of a pilgrims' hut. Mr and Mrs Yosheiji and Tsuruko saw us off at the door. Sadly, shedding tears, and calling out to each other until our voices couldn't be heard any longer, we set out on our way and started climbing towards the summit.

published on 15 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

8.

On a woman's weak legs and with the help of several companions, I managed to reach my husband's observatory around sunset. He was astounded to see me. After a while, he found the words to say, "I asked you to take care of the family in my stead, and to look after our parents. Why on earth have you come here? How are our people at home doing?" "Please don't worry," I replied. "Everybody is well." "Then," he said, "there's no need for you to be here. You can start down the mountain the moment it's light tomorrow." To which I rejoined, "That I shall not, as I will explain in due course. And as I have made up my mind, it doesn't matter how much you scold. I'll not leave this mountain for my life." Thus I set out my position. That night in the hut, we huddled almost knee to knee with the villagers who'd brought me up here and we all had to stay awake till morning. From time to time my husband went out to make his weather observations. He was reading his instruments twelve times a day and night. The next day, only Kiyoshi stayed; the others said farewell and left.

The following day, on the 13th, Kiyoshi, reluctant to part, told us to take care of ourselves, and told us many things about this and that. As he was about to take his leave, he said to Itaru, "Let me take care of the family in your absence, so that you can devote yourself completely to your work. And now, farewell." The two looked at each other for a while and, on my part, sensing their mood, I couldn't help shedding a tear. All the while, the wind blew great gusts and then Kiyoshi's figure faded into the enveloping clouds. It was all extremely sad.

On October 28th, we had a visit from Messrs Matsui and Mejika, members of the famed Hōkōgikai who had sent an expeditionary party to the Chishima islands. They were sent by Mr Gunji. Accompanied by porters carrying letters and a good many gifts, they braved the ice and snow. Around noon, I think, there was a knocking outside. I thought it was just the wind again and took no notice, but soon I heard an unfamiliar voice that said, "Open up; you have visitors who'd like to pay their respects." Greatly surprised, I rushed to the door, only to find it frozen shut. There being no other way, we took hold of the inner and outer window-shutters and removed them. As the opening was small, our guests had to come in backwards. "Careful now; easily does it," I said. "As you see, for seven days or so now, we have been shut in by the icy snow, and haven't been able to get outside, so we never expected to have any more contact from the world below this year," we explained. "Indeed, this is such an unexpected visit, we're quite overwhelmed. After that never-ending climb, you must be exhausted. Though it's a bit cramped, you'll stay the night, won't you,"

we said. All that night, we wrote one letter after another for our people at home. It was such a joy to get their letters, so unexpectedly. There was no other way to express my feelings. What a surprise for the people at home, too! Needless to say, our two visitors were exhausted after their long journey but, in such circumstances, we could scarcely entertain them as we would have wished. They left us before noon the next day. I wrote in a postscript to Mr Gunji:

You brought them for us all the way
Thinking of your kindness,
I can only weep

--- (middle section omitted) ---

Up on the mountain, even though nothing much had yet happened, the blood rushed to my head, which ached all the time. Probably because I had stayed up all night writing letters, I now had a swelling in my throat and I couldn't get any food down, or even speak. The pain was unbearable and I stayed in my bunk for a week or more. My husband worried a great deal, and I worried that my illness was causing him such care. How could I go on like this, I wondered. Left alone, everything tended to go to rack and ruin here. I was so overwhelmed that I started to reflect that I would have to die anyway one of these days. In this frame of mind, I resolved to cure myself with a single blow. So I had my husband sharpen up a gimlet and made him thrust it into the swelling. The relief was like a blessing from heaven. To my joy, the pain then gradually eased off as the days passed.

published on 16 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

9.

Before dawn, a surprisingly bright light filtered in from the cracks of the window and when I lifted my head from the pillow, I realised it was November 3rd. Indeed, on this national holiday, even on this lifeless mountaintop, under the winter sky, the landscape looked naturally at peace in all directions. Though by now I was halfway to becoming a mountain spirit, I had not freed myself of all earthly concerns. Quickly getting up and giving the room a morning cleaning, I arranged things for the ceremony. To celebrate the Emperor's reign, I washed mochi rice in a little pot and then pounded it with a bamboo blowpipe. Finally I pounded it again and again with the handle of a screwdriver, but ended up with such an unappetising and inedible mess that I pushed it aside, and we ended up sipping at our porridge dejectedly. My husband took out the Emperor's national flag;

Today is the day
that marks the Emperor's reign
Now fly his flag on high

The pillar supporting the anemometer behind our hut, which was level with the ridge of the roof, seemed to be the highest point in this entire storied Land of the Rising Sun. Even from our stance in the heavens, we wished somehow to offer our felicitations, and so we wrenched open the window and crawled out. Our intention was to fly the Emperor's flag from the anemometer mast, but the raging and relentless wind almost tore it away, so that we couldn't even let it out of our grasp. We gave in, rolled up the flag and stowed it in inside one of our jackets, and then we both knelt down towards the east and paid our respects to the Imperial palace, excusing ourselves for making our obeisances as if from a higher place to a lower one. We also prayed for our parents in the east and the west, and while we were looking at the sky, a sudden gust came with a group of clouds, and the gusty wind redoubled its force, so that the blizzard flung stones through the air and, on top of that, the very roots of the rocks seemed to tremble as the snow blew low over the ridges. Then the wild melee turned into an unexpected fall of flowers, accompanied by a roaring noise that was quite indescribable. Suddenly, a gust sent me bowling along the ground for several meters, and my husband indited a poem;

The God of Wind today,
why did he blow over
the Mountain's Goddess?

I'd fallen on my front and was speechless. I tried to stand up, staggering, grasped the stone steps, and crawled through the window into the hut, harried by the wind. My husband made some additional verses;

No rice-cakes in this holiday repast
Instead we sipped our porridge,
On top of all, we had a blast [9]

Even on a fine clear day, the wind blew incessantly across the summit, whirling up lumps of snow and whistling through the stovepipe like a train. The sound of the gale as it tore past the rocky edges was like the crash of waves on a beach. The noise was ferocious, even terrifying, when we took the midnight observations. So we stuffed our ears with cotton, but our nostrils ended up so torn and bleeding that they hurt us every morning. We thought this might be caused by altitude sickness, and that they would heal as we got used to life up here, but they never did until we came down the mountain.

--- (the rest omitted) ---

published on January 17, 1896 (Meiji 29).

10.

--- (omitted) ---

Published on January 18, 1896 (Meiji 29).

11.

The inner panelling of the hut and the ceiling boards had been frosted up since the end of October. In fact, everything froze that had moisture in it. Sugar became crumbly and lost its sweet taste, pickled plums (umeboshi) dried out and kept little of their sourness. The stove no longer put out much heat, and its casing wasn't even warm to the touch. The rice we put beside the stove to make porridge soon congealed to such a solidity that you couldn't even stick a pair of tongs (hibashi) into it. And you had to break your way into any liquid before you could drink it, which I found rather amusing. Such was the state of affairs, and we used more charcoal, firewood, sugar, pickled plums and so on than we expected. As time passed, I started to worry about this, but if we did not use charcoal and firewood as we needed to, we couldn't have survived very long. Things were certainly getting difficult. Meaning to moisten the bulb of the wet-bulb thermometer, my husband melted ice and dipped a brush in it, only to mistakenly touch the brush on an iron tool beside him. The brush froze fast onto the iron and no amount of pulling would free it. My husband could do nothing about it. Tearing the hair of the brush, he came up with the following verse:

Desiring too much
The geezer with a bald kettle-shaped head
Put a brush to the iron and it stuck

For drinking water, we needed to get ice from outside, but the front door was firmly frozen shut. I thought to pour boiling water on it and, after heating some for several hours, poured it onto the threshold. But before I could finish pouring it all out, the water froze into ice and sealed the door even more firmly shut. This was the kind of thing that happened up there. Realising there was no other way, I pulled the window open from the inside with all my strength. I had just managed to crawl outside when, all of a sudden, the hem of my kimono was blown up around my head. This was the mischief that the wind always made and my figure must have looked most undignified. As a woman, I felt especially shocked and embarrassed, grateful only that nobody was there to see me. The icicles at the cliff's edge did not hang down, as they usually do, but grew at the wind's behest, some jutting horizontally from the rock, and some thrusting in serried ranks at the sky. They looked to me like a mountain of swords, a terrifying sight. Yet the winds often blow heavenwards on mountain summits, and it was no different here. No matter how clear the weather, there was no day when the wind did not blow with main force. Even when it was not snowing, spindrift was always blowing upwards so that a blizzard would blow into the hut from gaps as small as a nail-hole. Drifting snow turned the floor of the instrument room and the bare ground of the storeroom into a uniform sheet of white. We tried somehow to stop the snow forcing its way in day and night, but

finally we gave up the struggle; there seemed to be no way to do it. We tried hanging up a sheet of paper, and weighted its lower edge with some heavy tins. But the breeze filled the paper like a sail and the cans rolled off. Then we tried hanging blankets around the inside of the hut, but still the piercing wind came through. It seemed to flay my skin rather than chill it. With the blankets hung all around, it was dark even during the day, so we never let the candle go out. Indeed, the world of darkness will be like this, I thought. Athough it is somewhat self-aggrandising to make a comparison with Prince Morinaga Shinnō confined in his cave at Kamakura, our trial was nothing to his, as we had our hut to live in, although we were of low degree.

published on 21 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

12.

Around November 5th, my limbs started to swell. Around the 20th, my eyes gummed up. My husband was full of solicitude. We gave up eating rice, and instead had kudzu starch and adzuki bean gruel seasoned with sugar at every meal, and by the end of the month, I had finally recovered. My husband and I had started by eating three meals a day, but from around the end of October, our digestions weakened and we couldn't get the food down any longer. Now we chose to have a bowl of gruel twice a day, morning and night. We couldn't face the tinned meat.

On December 12th, probably in the morning, somebody called from outside in a high voice, "Nonaka-san, are you alive or dead? Nonaka-san, Nonaka-san." My husband had dug out and set aside the threshold beam, since it got in the way when we wanted to collect ice, and so fortunately we could now pull the door open and invite our guests in. One was Mr Katsumata Kumakichi of Nakahata. The other was somebody I didn't know. At once, we welcomed them to our earthen-floored room. The stranger was introduced as Mr Tatsumata Keizō, a member of the village council. After chatting about this and that, Keizō turned to my husband and said, "When we held our farewell party for you, I promised that I would climb up and pay you a visit in winter. I could hardly forget my promise, and the other day, on November 30th, I made the attempt with Captain Tsukushi, chief of the Mikuriya Police Station, Police Officer Hiraoka Shōjirō, Hishimoto Yokichirō, and the porters Saitō Tsurukichi, and Katsumata Kumakichi here. Unfortunately, we did not have the proper gear and had to turn back from the fifth station. Still, it was a pity to leave matters like that, so we made up our mind to try again, this time just the two of us together with your brother Kiyoshi, Mr Hiraoka, and Tsurukichi. But the wind was so wild that the other three have stayed down at the eighth station; we two have only just barely managed to get here. There were many presents waiting for you at the foot of the mountain, but there was no way we could carry them all with us. We brought only the letters and presents from your father in Tōkyō and Kiyoshi staying at the eighth station, and a few other letters. Then Kumakichi took his coat off and gave it to my husband, saying that it was a present from Yoheiji's daughter Tsuruko. Now, the two, with tears in their eyes, said dolefully, "It's been hard enough for us, coming up to visit you just once. But you've been up here for so long that you must be really suffering. Isn't it getting you down?" To which my husband replied, "I was ready to undertake any hardship, but I can't deny that at times I feel just about at the end of my tether. However, I tell myself that it is for the good of our country and I am determined to see it out somehow. As for my health, my face may look swollen, but I'm now feeling better, so please don't worry." After a pause, Keizō said, "In your state, you'd do better to come down off the mountain and get your strength back." My husband replied, "I thank you for your concern, but if I stop my work now, who would continue it? I was ready to risk my life from the start. So how can I leave the mountain just because I'm ill? I have pledged both my life and my money. I have no regrets. If I'm unlucky enough to die, I'll just give in and accept it as my lot." But Keizō again urged my husband to go down: "Surely you don't mean to die a quick death because of your illness." And again my husband persisted in his protestations, "Of course, I don't want to die but I don't think I'm in such a bad state that I'm going to die right now." The two other men could say no more, and wept unashamedly.

published on 24 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

13.

Our guests were reluctant to part, but the wind was blowing more and more wildly and the way down would become ever less certain the longer they tarried. As they urged us to write just a few lines in reply to the letters they'd brought up, my husband opened those from his father and Kiyoshi and took up a pencil to write a brief note: "We were ready for hardship at the summit. We have been safe and sound so far, so please tell everyone at home not to worry about us." Also, enclosing some tanka that he had made in imitation of Kagekiyo's noh songs, he wrote, "I live from day to day by writing such songs and singing them from time to time, so please take comfort from this." My husband passed the note to Keizō and said: "Please don't give them the wrong impression, I beg of you. When you get down, don't tell our family and friends that I'm ill. If you break this promise, you'll alarm our family and others, and things will go hard for us. So I implore you to keep this a secret." So said my husband, and the two guests, vainly trying to hold back their tears, gave him their solemn oath. Keizō now faced me and said, "As of old, it has gone without saying that any man who undertakes a great project needs enormous patience, and the wholehearted support of their wives too, and we have often found many such examples in books here and there. Now I see the truth of this with my own eyes. I ask you only to keep taking good care of yourselves." Thus they encouraged us, bid us farewell, and went on their way. Left alone, my husband said nothing and closed his eyes as if deeply moved by the kindness of our visitors. As for myself, I found myself suffused with happiness, as if a deep red peony of kind thoughts had bloomed within me. Later, we opened and read the other letters.

--- (the rest omitted) ---

published on 25 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

14.

From around the beginning of December, my husband's condition gradually worsened and his limbs swelled like mine. However, he kept up his observations twelve times a day as if his life depended on it. But by the middle of the month, he was finding it difficult to get even as far as the instrument room without resting every ten steps or so. As we'd eaten all our adzuki beans by now, I gave him only kudzu starch gruel. This gradually brought down the swellings, but now we had only a day's supply of kudzu starch and sugar, and there was no way to get more. If I could not feed him gruel, his swelling would worsen again and then what should I do, I asked myself. As we had read in Mr Wada's letter that they might climb up there toward the end of the year, my husband said to me, "When they do climb up here, then, let's ask them to have Mr and Mrs Satō in Nakahata send us what we need. Let's write down a full list of everything." So I warmed the ink at the hearth, and made up a list for adzuki beans, sugar, pickled plums, dried oranges, noodles, and other many things. However, placed as we were, it was far from certain that Mr Wada would be able to pay us a visit. All we could do was to draw strength from our hopes, faint as they were, and by making jokes about our plight: "Even if we starve ourselves to death..." we used to say. Time passed by and it was already the 21st of the month. This day was the anniversary of our grandfather's death, so we were moved to hold a small memorial service. My husband wrote our grandfather's posthumous Buddhist name, Sanyūkenkanyadaikoji, on a sheet of paper, put it up on the front wall, and dedicated a piece of ice to him. I placed a bowl of soup there with a scrap of flatbread. Then the two of us bowed low before the deity. Being in such a place, we had nothing much to offer. Just as we were saying our prayers and asking the deity to accept our thoughts, we heard voices outside the window, over the sound of the wind. We strained our ears, wondering if it was a dream, listening intently. Four people were standing at the door, it seemed, saying they'd come up from Gotemba. They told us that Mr Wada and many others had climbed with them. Mr Wada and the others had remained at the eighth station, leaving the four others to make a dash for the summit. Then they'd dug a way down to the hut, which they'd found buried in snow. "As we have prepared rice and

warmed up at the hearth, there's no need for you to feed us here," they told us, saying they'd return to the eighth station immediately and come back again tomorrow with Mr Wada and the others. With that, they all went down, heedless of my protestations.

The next day, on the 22nd, my husband, wanting to prepare himself before Mr Wada arrived, hurriedly cleared away his sick-bed and waited. Some time just after noon, Mr Wada, Mr Tsukushi, and Mr Hiraoka came up with the porters Katsumata Kumakichi and Nishifuji Tsurukichi. As Mr Wada, Mr Tsukushi, and Mr Hiraoka were there on the gracious instructions of His Imperial Majesty himself, it would be disrespectful of me to record everything they said with my clumsy pen, and so I omit it here. Mr Wada and my husband spoke together, both with tears in their eyes, sometimes they lowered their voices, sometimes they raised them, or they widened their eyes. My husband was concerned that, if he retreated from the mountain too easily, meteorological observations would suffer from now on. On the other hand, Mr Wada, taking his cue from earlier visitors, said, "I can see that your state of health is completely out of balance. I can hardly recognise you; indeed, I feel as if I'm looking at a different man altogether. If you want to live, it's time to go down. When we last parted, you said to me, 'If I should feel my life was in danger, I'd do my utmost to go down the mountain before something fatal happened. This would be for my future projects. Please never accuse me of faint-heartedness.' Surely that was what you said?" My husband said, "What you say is true, but I don't think I'm yet so ill that I could die today or tomorrow. However, I really appreciate your kind intentions. I do wish that you would give me medicine to carry out my mission."

published on 26 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

15.

Mr Wada said, "Since your spirit is so strong, I'm tempted to do as you wish. However, an indomitable spirit is not necessarily allied to a strong constitution. When I see your state of health, I'm not convinced that you can hold out. Please understand that, on this occasion, I haven't climbed up here as Wada the private person but as Wada the engineer, acting on the authority of His Imperial Majesty himself. Captain Tsukushi and Officer Hiraoka are also here under the mandate of His Imperial Majesty. So, whatever you may say to the contrary, we must insist that you come down with us. I have brought with me letters from your father Katsuyoshi and your brother Kiyoshi, but it will depend on your answer whether I decide to show them to you or not." My husband said, "Now that I've heard that you're acting on the instructions of His Imperial Majesty, it would be unthinkable for me to hold out. Now I have no choice. One thing, though; if you have really climbed up here on Imperial authority, surely you would have some proof." This caused Mr Tsukushi and Mr Hiraoka some consternation and they admitted that it was careless of them not to have brought any proof. But Mr Wada looked outraged, and said, "Itaru, in your lamentable condition, do you still doubt me? When things come to this pass, there's no need to show any proof. How dare you doubt me!" Thus he chided him. My husband replied, "No, I do not doubt your word, but please calm down, and do try to understand my position. To go down right now would not be easy because I vowed that I would spend the winter up here. If I descend because of some trivial indisposition, I will feel very awkward towards the public and the experts in this science. That was the thinking behind my intemperate words, which I now regret. No, I don't need to see any evidence from you. However, my wish is one day to build a large Imperial Observatory. And if I can't make sure of this, I would not be sorry to give up my life right here and now. If I go down, the public will wrongly conclude that surviving the winter on Mt Fuji is some sort of impossible feat or dream, and this will prevent me from building another observatory. Such are my concerns. What would your advice be? What would you do in my place?" Thus my husband sought to ensure that a large observatory would one day be built, but at last he humbly submitted to the Imperial will. Mr Wada and my husband spoke so cogently and were so full of sympathy for each other's position that everybody who listened to their words had tears in their eyes, both the Captain and the

Police Officer, Kumakichi and Tsurukichi, the porters, and myself too. At last, my husband made up his mind to leave the mountain, at least for a time, and Mr Wada gave a sigh of relief, and walked into the instrument room. I followed him and said, “For seven years, my husband has devoted himself totally to this venture. So it would crush him to give up now. Won’t you let him stay here a while, so that he can realise his dream.” At this, Mr Wada raised his voice and said, “Even for a woman, you can’t be that unreasonable. I am impressed by your boldness, but can’t you see that, the state your husband’s in, he’ll die if he stays up here. By now, there should be enough observations, anyway. And, if any mishaps should occur, his loyalty would turn into disloyalty.” When he said this, I fell to the ground and cried my eyes out. Oh, my husband was so sick. Surely there was no God or Buddha in this world. Thus I grieved in my heart.

published on 29 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

16.

Meanwhile, time flew by. “Hurry, hurry, while the weather holds,” Mr Wada and the others urged. But my husband and I were feeble, weakened by our present and past illnesses, and so the porters hoisted us onto their backs, and made ready to leave the hut. In all, we had held out here for three months, defying the wind and snow. As would be expected, being so sorry to leave, my husband composed a verse;

Like a bow of cherry birch
I will soon spring back
So, do not think
That I go for long

Kumakichi, who was willing to lay down his life for my husband and had served him wholeheartedly, carried my husband. I was carried by Tsurukichi, snugly wrapped in a blanket. And we started to look for the descent path. The blizzard that sometimes blew from inside the crater was so rumbustious that the two porters had to stand as firm as the two Deva kings against the blast, with four or five people supported them on either side. Shoring each other up like this, our party finally reached the Ginmeisui pond. Below us, the steepest part of the descent awaited, as did a huge waterfall, both places of great peril. Even in summer, these were dangerous passages to cross, much more so now that they were buried under snow and ice, and we couldn’t see where to go. Somebody said, “This way, since the snow is soft, we could avoid slipping. Let’s go this way.” Another person said, “No, no. Climbing down that rock would be better.” With such-and-such advice, everybody did their best, and words cannot express the gratitude we felt.

Just as we were poised half-way down the steepest passage, my husband, who had been bed-ridden until that morning, suddenly seemed to give up the ghost and clutched at his chest. Gusting from in front, the cold blizzard almost seemed to cut through him as it blew. Totally exhausted as he was, he could hardly breathe. When the crushing weight on his chest made him writhe in pain, his supporters sent a desperate message for help down to the people at the eighth station, and with their help somehow got him into the hut. By then, my husband was totally frozen, his eyes were tight shut, and he was barely breathing. Mr Wada, Captain Tsukushi, Officer Hiraoka and others spent the whole evening trying to revive my husband with charcoal pocket warmers. Sometime in the middle of the night, my husband started to show some slight signs of life and, for the first time, our companions allowed themselves a sigh of relief. Since I had been carried down about sixty yards ahead of my husband, I didn’t know what had happened to him on the way down as I lay inside the hut. Soon, though, I heard the people bustling around me fall silent and the mood turned sombre. Then I heard my husband being set down close to the hearth, and I heard somebody crash down behind me and start sobbing. Startled, I looked up, and saw Kumakichi, who was usually brave enough to crush ogres. That terrified me, as I surmised that my husband had succumbed, and even now, when I recall that moment, I can feel my hair stand on end. Afterwards, my husband said that he thought, at this moment, that he’d become some kind of wandering spirit of Mt Fuji.

Mr Wada gave me a hat and gloves and took great care of us. If the porters were to slip on the ice or the wind were to

blow us over, then the hat and the gloves would help protect us, he said. Again, he organised a carrying party for each of us. It was admirable, the way he did everything for us with such care and attention.

published on 30 January, 1896 (Meiji 29).

17.

The next day, on the 23rd, Mr Wada gave us the milk that he carried all the way for us two. When we'd sipped it down, we truly felt as if we were coming back to life. When we left the hut shortly afterwards, people were concerned about the crushing sensation on our chests, so they joined two wooden load-carrying frames together and made chairs, so that my husband and I could sit on them, and thus arrayed we continued on our way down the mountain. Mr Wada, Captain Tsukushi and Officer Hiraoka walked always beside us, and took good care of us. In a while, we arrived at the third station, and found that a willing crowd of villagers from the foot of the mountain had been preparing food for us. Dr Uryū was there too, from the village of Fukara, and he gave us an examination and some cordial. Then, as we went down past the upper second station, Tarōbō, and Umagaeshi, Mr Murai, the village head and others welcomed us, giving us more food and all necessary attention. There were a great many people waiting. At the upper second station, they put us on a cart and people eagerly vied to grab hold of its long shafts, and I felt extremely happy and reassured. That night, probably around nine o'clock, we arrived at Yoheiji's house in Takigawara. Here, my father-in-law was waiting. Mr Wada and others also dropped by, and helped to lift us out of the cart and set us on the ground. My husband could not open his frost-bitten eyelids. But he put his hand up to his father's face and said, "I'm sorry that I fell ill. But don't worry about me." Though at first I could only see tears, I added, "It is a great joy to see you, Father, but I am so sorry that we were forced to come down because of illness." Later we heard that this costly rescue had been launched with full official approval.

Ocean and mountains
As far as the eye can see
This is only possible in this Emperor's prosperous reign

An endless stream of people from near and far, visited and consoled us, one after another, friends and strangers alike. Some gave us favourite paper charms, which piled up into a big heap. Before dawn of the next day, Dr Miura paid us a visit as an emissary of the Imperial University, and gave us a careful examination, to everybody's relief. My husband and his father, to say nothing of myself, were overwhelmed by the unparalleled honour of a visit from a member of the university. As Mr Wada left for Ōiso, leaving us in the care of Dr Yoshizuru, he beamed at us: "Now I can relax," he said, as he bade us take care of ourselves.

The hut owner Yoheiji, his wife and Shigeko nursed us devotedly day and night at the hut, so that we could rest thoroughly and recover from our exhaustion.

Meanwhile, my husband had been setting down not only his observation results but also notes on a suitable location for a larger observatory in the future, how it should be built and laid out, as well as the kind of fuel, food and clothing its occupants would need. Our ordeal had revealed a great many things that needed to be written up in detail, he said. Given a sufficiently sturdy hut, it should not be difficult to survive the cold and the storms, he thought. Neither would pose a threat if a hut could be built from brick. Also, if the rooms were large enough for the occupants to take exercise, there would be no danger of weakening one's constitution. One would need to take exercise indoors, of course, because the dangers of going for a stroll outside were unthinkable in such a place. Also, depending on where the hut was built, it should be easy enough to equip it with a bath. A brick building would keep the wind out, so that one could take off one's clothes and wash properly. With facilities such as these, and three or four people taking turns to read the instruments day and night, it should not be difficult to make observations continuously, throughout the year. Compared with our own experience, this would be as easy as riding on the back of an ox; the task should be completely without difficulty.

"Would it not be wonderful if, in this way, the learning of this Emperor's reign could be widely disseminated, so that even people in other countries could enjoy the benefits. But this will no doubt cost a great deal of money, so my purpose now is to dedicate myself wholeheartedly to raising the necessary funds." Thus my husband.

Now it is the time to end my tale. For his part, Captain Higuchi from Higashi-Kusabuka in the city of Shizuoka, composed the following poem:

On hearing that Mr Nonaka had returned to Tōkyō after his long sojourn on the summit of Mt Fuji.

No matter how deep
The winter snows pile on Mt Fuji
Never will they bury
The fame of this great feat.

published on 1 February, 1896 (Meiji 29).

Acknowledgement

I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to Mr Michio Masunaga, who helped me with the interpretation of the original text by Chiyoko, and to Mr Martin Hood, who kindly edited the draft. Any remaining defects in the translation are entirely mine.

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Summary in Japanese (和文抄録)

野中千代子著『芙蓉日記』は，1896 年，報知新聞に 17 回のシリーズで掲載され，2006 年，復刻版が平凡社ライブラリーより野中至の『富士案内』と共に『富士案内・芙蓉日記』として大森久雄の編集で出版された．前代未聞の冬季富士山滞在による高層気象観測を夫妻で敢行した顛末が，妻である野中千代子の目を通して語られる．苦難の生活さえ明るく前向きに生きる強い意志・忍耐力・実行力を持つ明治女性の姿は，自然災害からの復興と経済の再生を目指す現代において，我々にひとつのあるべき姿を示している．今回の拙稿では，イントロダクションと共に抜粋英訳を試みた．

キーワード：富士山越冬記録、紀行文、明治の女性

1 Higuchi Ichiyō (May 2, 1872 – November 23, 1896)

2 *waka*, a Japanese classic poem consisting of 31 syllables

3 The Great Tōhoku earthquake and other natural disasters in recent years

4 Recession and deflation

5 From Prime Minister Abe's speech at the U.N. General Assembly on September 26th, 2013.

6 In a letter delivered on Oct. 1, Clinton expressed her support for Abe's initiative to create "a society in which women shine," which he announced in a speech at the U.N. (Yomiuri Shimbun, October 26, 2013)

7 This translation excerpts is based on *Fuyō-nikki* in *Fuji An-nai / Fuyō-nikki Heibonsha Library 563,* published in 2006. pp 175-225. Tōkyō: Heibonsha. First published in a series of 17 episodes in Hōchi-shinbun Newspaper between January 7th and February 1st, 1896. The whole text was published in "Shōkokumin" in 1899.

8 thirty or so syllables: *waka*, a Japanese classic poem consisting of 31 letters

9 The original uses a pun "kurai-keri" with double meanings "ate" and "was hit by."