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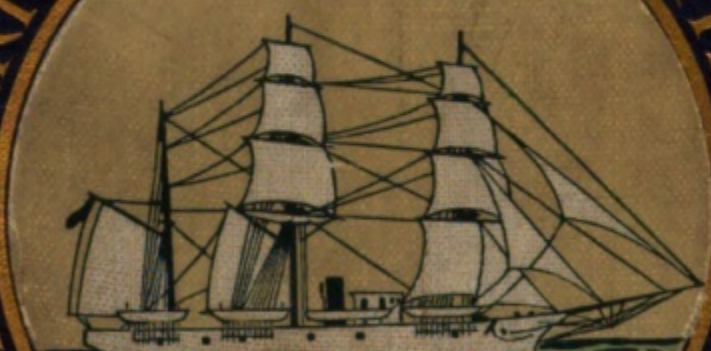
AN AMERICAN CRUISER IN THE EAST



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Yours truly
John D. Ford

UNIV.

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and steamers are feeling their way through the winding channels. Yonder, the forest-covered Olympics, and in the far-off distance the snow-capped mountains of the Pacific hold up their heads in solemn grandeur.

As the "day-god" sank into the bosom of "Balboa's ocean," the tints changed from blue to silver, to gold, to fiery vermilion, the outlines of the mountains were tipped with old rose, and finally all melted into one streak of rosy red, when the heavens and the earth seemed to meet each other, and we realized that it was night, and the stars were on guard.

The guns having been fired, the lights were extinguished, and our ride back to the hotel was dismal. The lonely watchman threw the rays of his dark lantern upon us, peered at us through the darkness, and cried out: "Ten — o' — clock, — a — clear — bright — night!" Then all was dark and still.

At Sea

On the 30th, we said good-bye to our new-made friends and made another start for Behring Sea. When we had cleared the land, and the vessel's course was set, we found ourselves confronted by head winds and seas that caused the ship to pitch and roll to such a degree as to make life miserable. On the night of the 3d, the wind and sea increased, and the 4th opened with a gale, with a smooth sea and as bright a sun as ever shone. The crew had not sufficiently recovered from the effects of sea-sickness to make any attempt at celebrating the day, and the "glorious Fourth" came and went with only the "storm flag" flying.

During the night of the 4th, the fa[illegible] and by daylight we had strong head w[illegible] cold, gloomy weather. The 6th brough[illegible] able weather, — a [illegible] mist

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the Empire of Japan, and the fantastic shapes and colors presented to our view would make an artist famous if he could but reproduce their beautiful effects upon his canvas.

Our half-ill servants were soon on deck, to take a look at the outlines of the country which was their home, and while they did not indulge in the old songs of "Home, Sweet Home," or "Home Again," we could easily see that they felt all the sentiments of those songs, and more. Their mobile, jaundice-like faces lighted up with almost

THE POINT OF TOMIOKA, JAPAN.

sickly smiles as they bowed low towards their country, and to each other, and congratulated themselves upon their good fortune, or joined in animated conversation about their past disappointments and their new-found hopes.

We soon rounded Nasima light, on Cape King, and stood up Yeddo Bay towards Yokohama. From the dreary waters of old ocean, with their gloomy background, to the westward, we now turned towards a beautiful panorama. Terraced hills, of beautiful green, crowned and combed with bamboo, lined the broad bay on each side.

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Here and there were towns, villages, and hamlets of native houses, and huts surrounded by neat little farms, gardens, or groves. Scarlet or unpainted wooden torii marked the temple path, which ends in a grove of fine old trees. The great towering chimney of modern bricks sent its curling black smoke like clouds over the little hamlet, while the hum of machines announced the fabrication of beautiful silks and satins. Great steamers ploughed through the waters, and little ones rushed up or down like mad, as

A Japanese Torii and Lanterns.

they sent a deafening whoop from their tiny steam-whistles. Unpainted junks, with bright-bronze fastenings, and square white sails streaked half-way down with black, stood across the swift running waters; and all about little fishing-boats, with picturesque people managing sails or oars, caused us to slow, to port, to starboard our helm, or speed the ship to avoid collision. As we approached the city, the scene became still more animated. The houses were more pretentious and closer together. The hum and din of ma-

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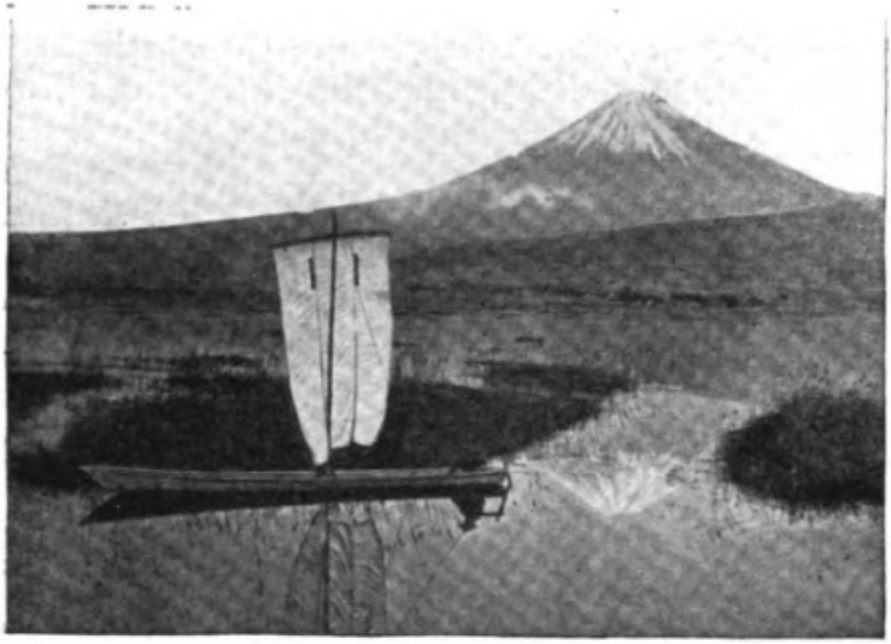

FUJIYAMA.

CHAPTER VI

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

IN the afternoon we moored the vessel inside of the breakwater at Yokohama, and before the first anchor was on the bottom, we were besieged by a long line of "sampans," or native boats, made of pine boards, propelled by two long stern oars, worked by the little brown boatmen. These boats contained representatives of nearly all the business houses in the town, and their occupants ranged from washermen to the business managers of great commercial houses. Americans, Britons, Germans, Japanese, Parsees, Chinese, and natives of India and Africa helped to swell the cosmopolitan mob, for mob it was, until our master-at-arms took charge of the ship's gangway, and

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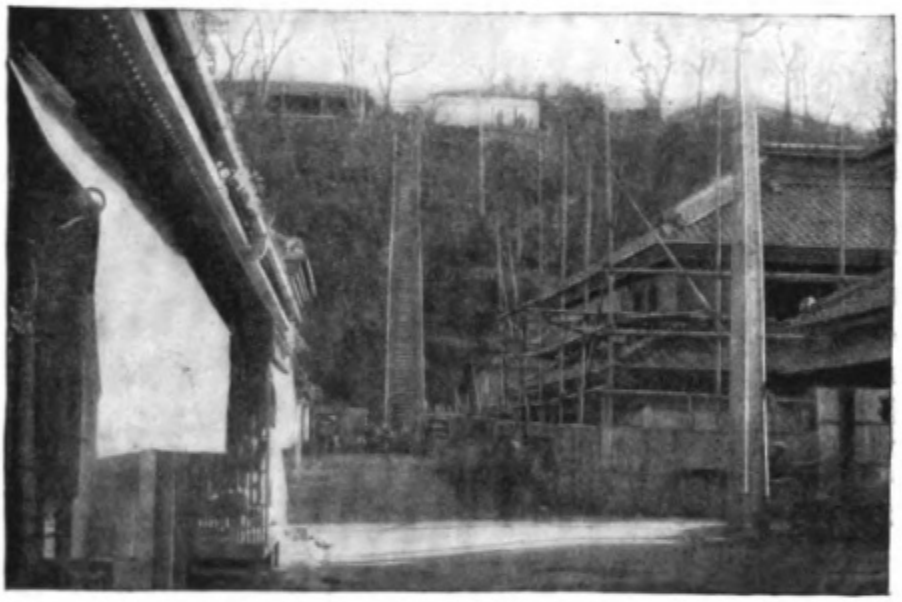
arranged for the people to come on board in an orderly manner. Some of these people were old acquaintances. Many, soliciting trade, presented their cards and recommendations, whilst others brought samples and specimens of their wares. In most cases, the wares were beautiful, the offers tempting, and the merchants and their assistants courteous and graceful.

Loath to leave this bazaar-like scene upon our decks, we turn from these interesting merchants to look over and



THE 101 STEPS AT THE BLUFF, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, WITH THE CELEBRATED ZENABA TEA-HOUSE ON THE LEFT.

beyond the rail, to see the bay well filled with merchant steamers, sailing-vessels, native craft, our old "Monocacy," and several Japanese war-vessels, whose gay ensigns flutter in the breezes.

On low, undulating ground, between two ranges of low hills, lies the town, studded with neat little Japanese houses and gay shops. The hills, called "the Bluffs," are about one hundred and fifty feet high, semi-circular in trend, and stretch inland for a mile or more. Far away, and over

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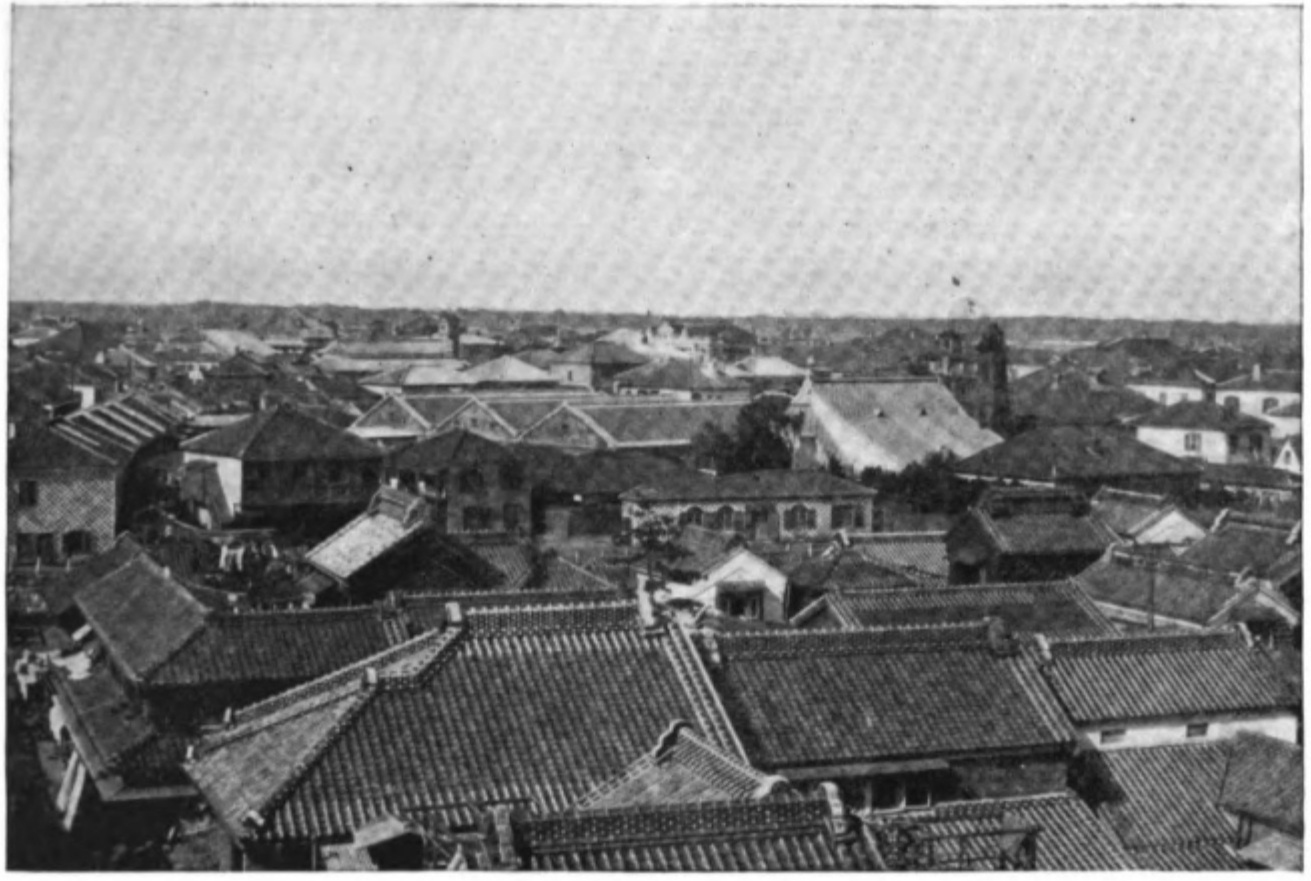

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

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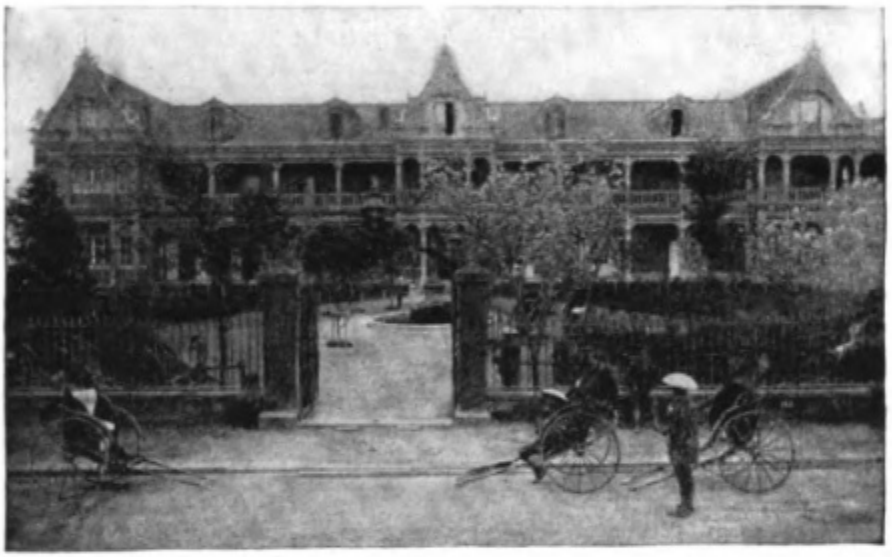
one hundred and one granite steps. The views from the top of these hills are fine, and the location is the healthiest in this section of country. The tea-house at the top of the steps is one of the most celebrated in Japan. There is a fine Public Garden at "the Bluffs," and the race-course, which has a good track and is well enclosed, is situated about a mile beyond. The semi-annual meets are well patronized, and attract crowds of people from the open ports. Chinese and Japanese ponies are usually run, and



THE GRAND HOTEL, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

the sport is thoroughly enjoyed. A public hall, combining theatre and assembly-room, is also located on "the Bluffs."

The Bund is a fine hard roadway, extending along the entire water-front of Yokohama, and upon this many of the principal houses and hotels front. There are churches, mission-houses, and schools of many Christian denominations in the settlement, and near the centre is a very dilapidated recreation-ground. The public water-supply is excellent in quality and quantity. The hotels of Yoko-

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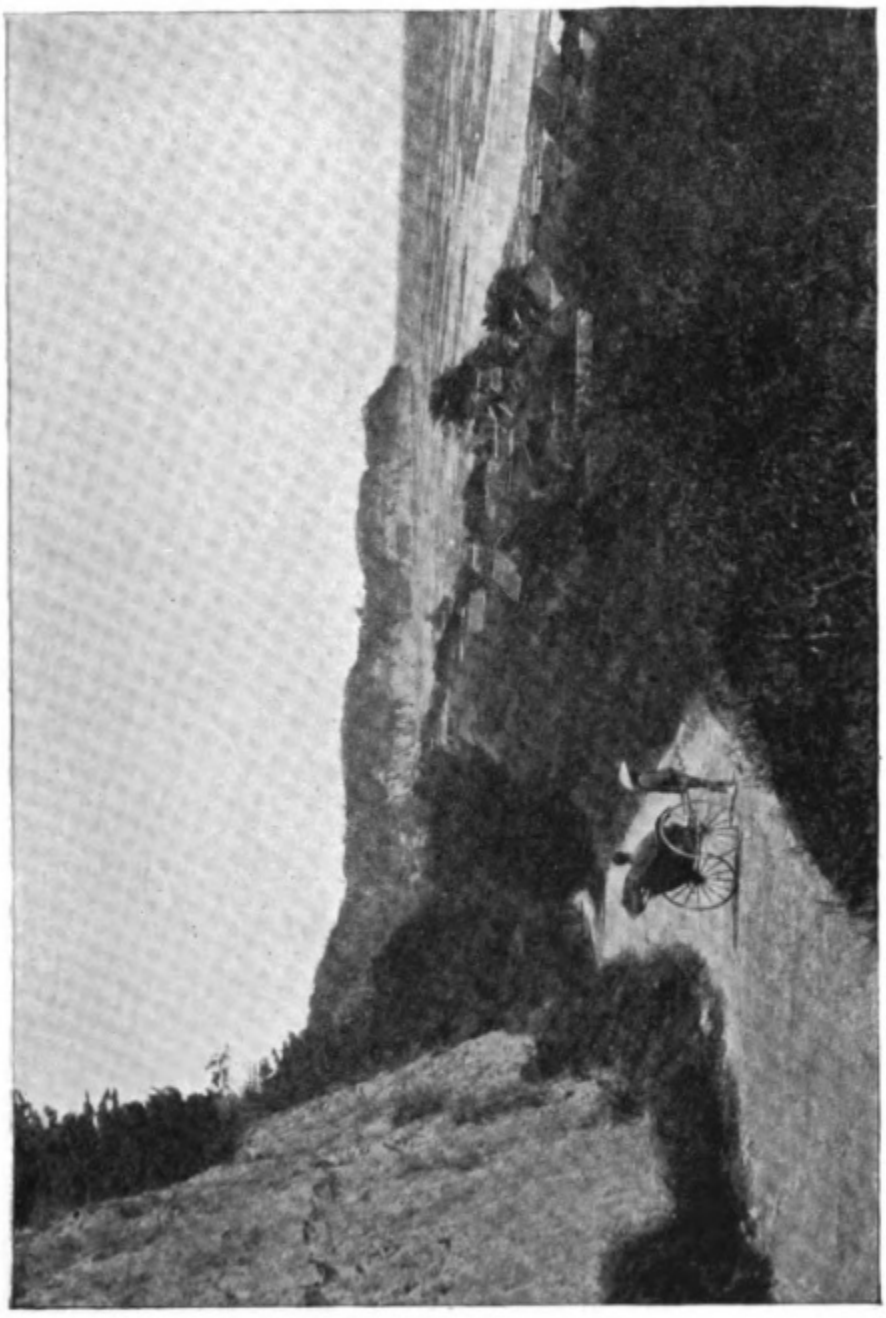

YOKOHAMA BLUFFS, JAPAN.

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hama afford excellent accommodations. The Grand Hotel, for example, situated at the southern end of the settlement, and facing Bund and bay, is one of the finest in the East. It has all the modern conveniences and appliances, and, under the management of "Fussy little Louis," who haunts the markets for delicacies, its menu is second to none in the world.

Several daily and weekly newspapers, in the English language, are published here, and the latest news from all parts of the world is obtained.

JINRIKISHA IN JAPAN.

At Yokohama, the visitor from the United States has the first glimpse of beautiful Japan, and of its wonderful people. Whether you land at the canal or at the "Hataba," you are met by a crowd of jolly, laughing jinrikisha men, each offering his vehicle, and soliciting your patronage. If you except the customs officials, the jinrikisha men are about the first acquaintances one makes in Japan. Each of these worthies is clad in a close-fitting white-knit shirt, dark-blue,

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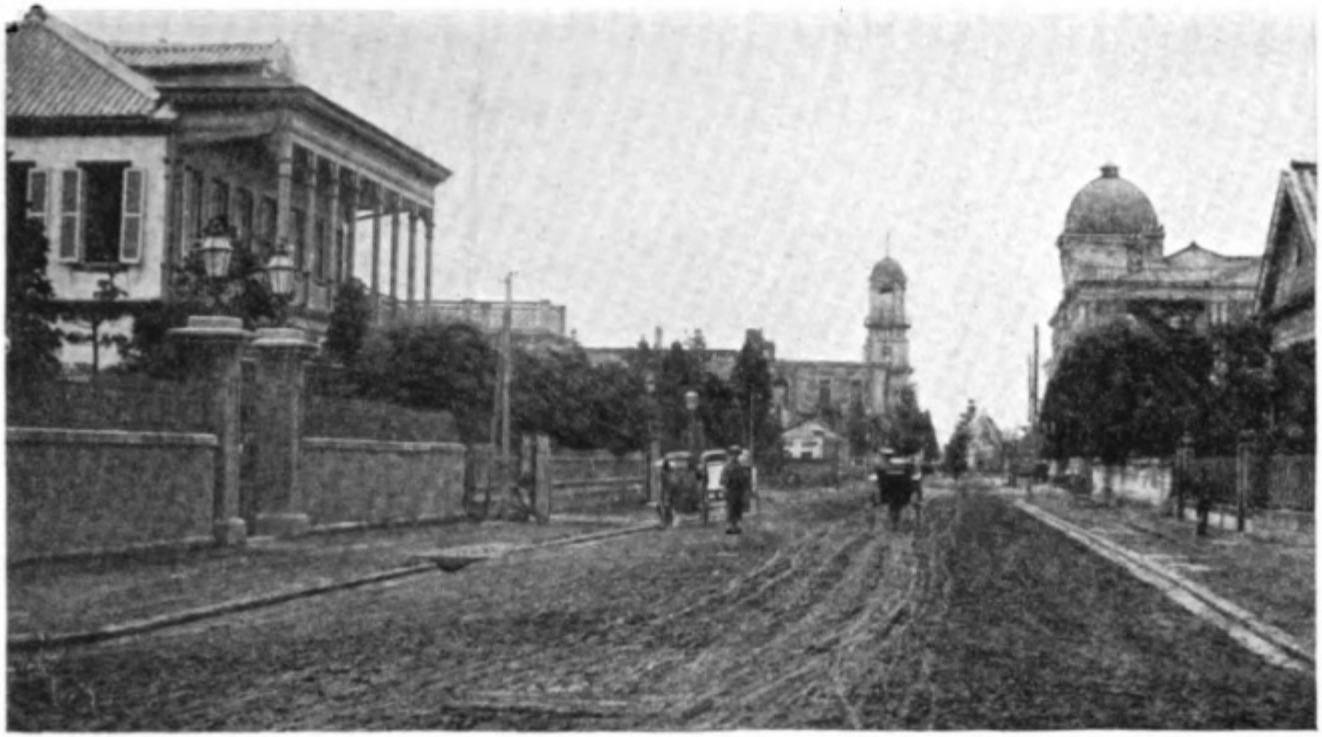

THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

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that the native houses, as a rule, are not equal to those in other towns. The roads are unmended, and in the rainy season almost impassable.

On the Bund, one sees all sorts and conditions of natives. The man yonder, in the gray suit, like our letter-carriers, is in the Imperial Customs service; the little fellow in blue-cloth sack suit, with the great goggles on his nose, and sword by his side, is a policeman, and the little box on the corner is the place in which he takes his rest and finds shel-

A Japanese Sampan.

ter from sun and rain. The man who is coming down the middle of the road, at a dog-trot, is a mail runner; the tiny parcel, suspended from the bamboo rod over his shoulder, is the mail. These men, by relays, go all over the Empire, conveying packages over mountains and through valleys to the most remote places, and they are said to make remarkably quick time.

We meet representatives of every nationality in cosmopolitan Yokohama: the sight-seeing American, who landed

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Tokio, where they could remain on exhibition for all time.

The Benton Dori is not all made up of arms and armor. Brocades, silks, porcelains, masks, and portraits, and beautiful embroideries, old bronzes, ivory, and wood carvings, — much of it marvellously fine, — is to be seen in almost every shop. The very fronts have been removed from the little shops, and the whole interiors are exposed to view. How artistic is the arrangement of the beautiful and odd

JAPANESE GREEN-GROCER'S SHOP.

wares! What temptation there is to empty one's pockets, and say, "Give me anything; all is so charming!" Thus it is, shop after shop, on both sides of the road, for the mile or more of its length, crowds of bright little men, women, and children thronging its thoroughfare, and peals of merry laughter ringing out in unison with the sounds of the clogs upon its walk. One is always dissatisfied in this great bazaar, where the more that is seen, the greater is the desire to see more and to examine closer. Hours are instruc-

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tively and entertainingly spent in roaming from shop to shop, inspecting the beautiful wares, while chatting about their manufacture and history with the bright little shop-keepers or manufacturers.

A Japanese Actor.

Retracing our steps to the end of the road, where we entered, we make a sharp turn to the right, and find ourselves on the gay Isszakicho; and a little further on we are among the theatres, museums, booths, tea-shops, and bazaars which line its road. Here all is noise and gayety. Banners and streamers float on the breezes, bright lanterns add to the

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DAI BUTSU, THE "GREAT BUDDHA," NEAR KAMAKMA, JAPAN.

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temple has great altars and shrines, and contains many specimens of beautiful armor, swords, spears, and banners, ancient trappings of war, and many trophies which have been committed to the custody of the god; for this is the temple of Hachiman, the war god. Hachiman was not born until after his mother, Jingu, had subdued the Koreans, and placed her arrow over the palace gate at Seoul. After examining the beauties of the temple and the old swords and armor, we rode on another mile, which brought us into

ENOSHEMA, JAPAN.

the grove of old trees, through which, in the distance, we could see the great image.

Buddha sits alone upon his granite base, surrounded and shaded by old forest trees. Tradition says: "He was the altar-piece of a great temple which flourished centuries ago, and fell into decay; and these great old trees now shade the form of the 'Dai Butsu.'"

The statue is fifty feet high, and is made of bright bronze which is now greened with age. It was made in sections

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pedo vessels, such as any nation would be proud to fly its ensign upon, were in process of construction or undergoing repairs.

On leaving the dockyards, we strolled over to the hill where poor Will Adams lies buried. Adams was an Englishman who came here in 1607 on a Dutch trader. The natives soon discovered that he was able to instruct them in the art of shipbuilding, and they detained him in the country. Spiritless and broken-hearted, without hope,

JAPANESE JUNKS.

with a consuming longing for his far-off island home and loved ones, he went about his task as best he could, until finally he drooped and died of a broken heart, and was buried in this lovely spot.

THE RIDE TO TOKIO

The railroad travel from Yokohama to Tokio, the capital, partly along the bay shore, is through a country of varying scenery, and is full of interest. The roadway is

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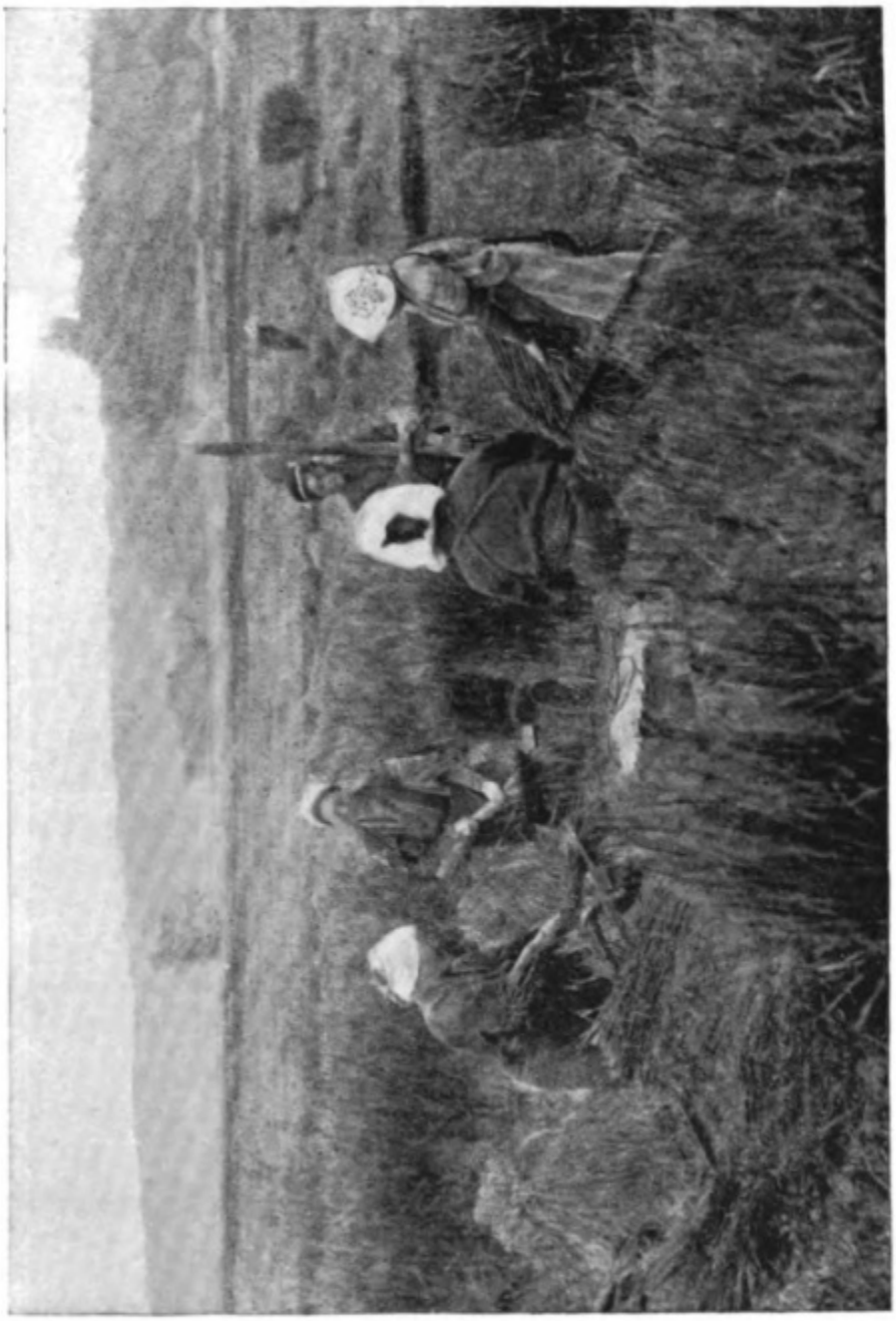

HARVESTING THE RICE IN JAPAN.

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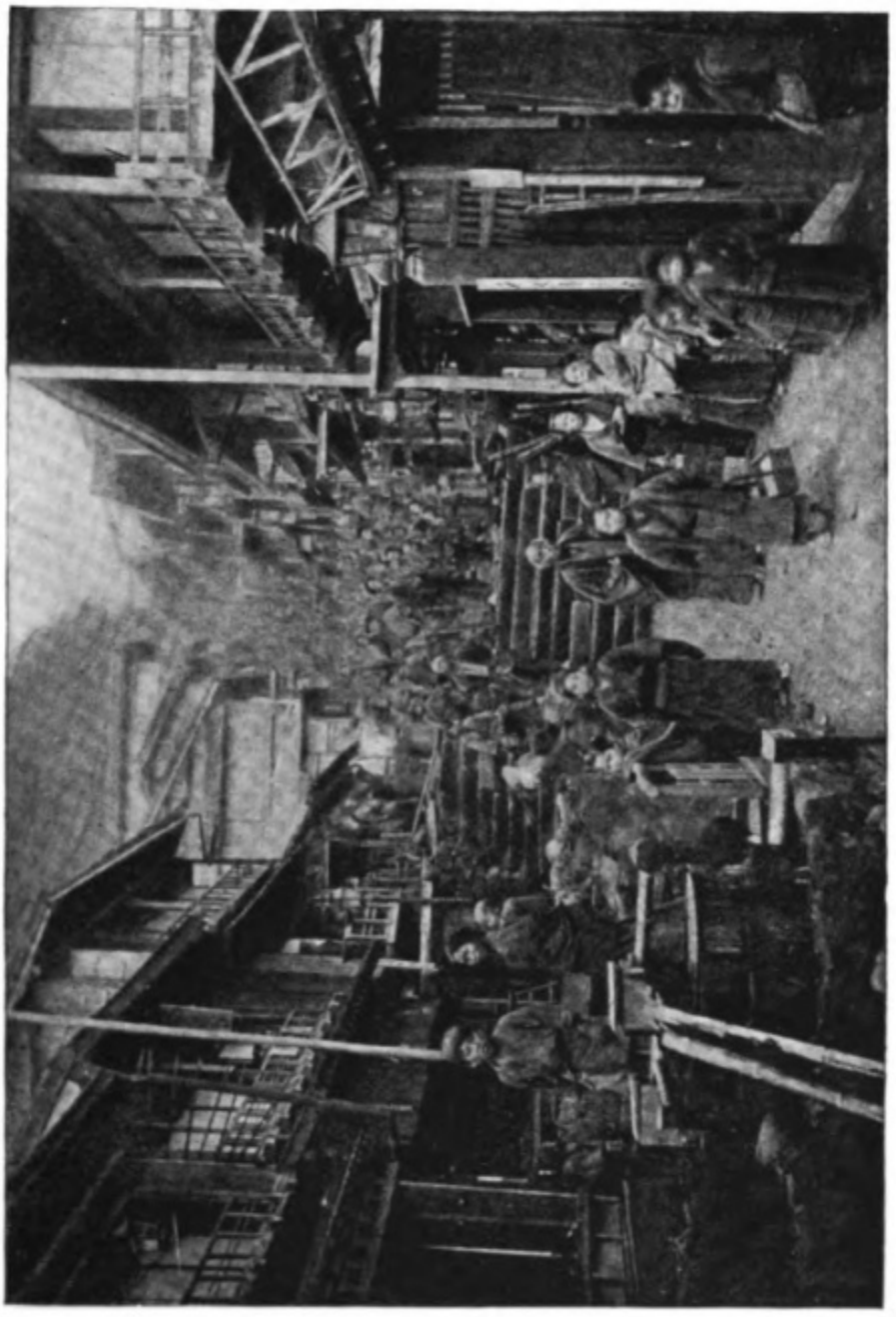

A Street Scene, Tokio, Japan.

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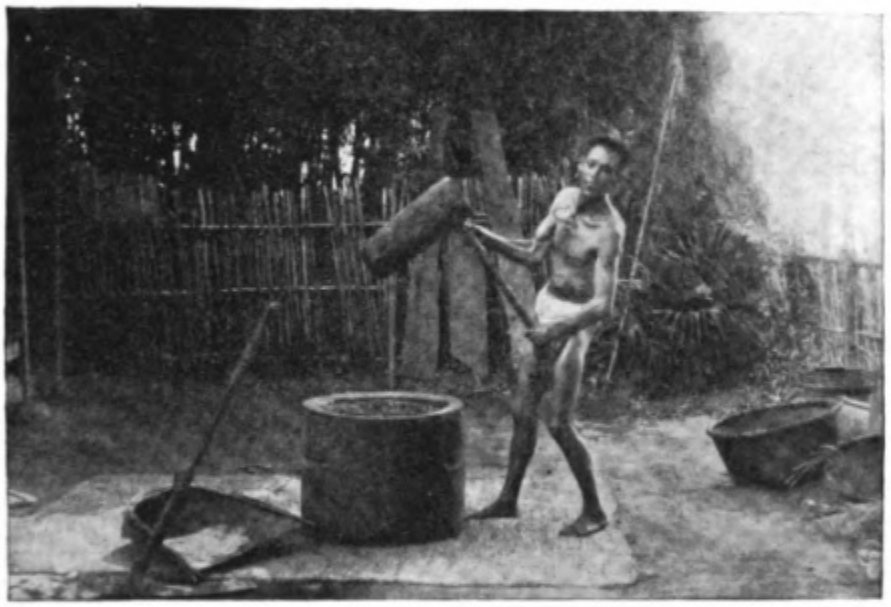
musŭme, in bright kimono and handsome coiffure, trips merrily by the side of her sister who is gowned in American fashion. Men with bared heads, in dark-blue coats and tight pantaloons, and little women in demure kimonos; men in full-dress, wearing high silk hats, greeting others whose only covering is a coarse shirt; little soldiers in black uniforms and burnished helmets; the business-like policeman with sword by his side; the hurrying postman and the clatter of the clogs upon the walks; the shuffling of the



Making Rice Flour, Japan.

throng, and the prattle and laughter of the merry children, who are playing along the streets; the quaint little shops, with their dark-blue awnings and patient attendants; the little white-and-black houses in almost endless lines, like rows of fireproof safes; the thousands of odd, ugly, and pretty things that we see in shops or streets; the chatting, smiling people; the lowly bows and happy, flowery salutations and greetings amongst the people; and the nobleman's carriage at his poor friend's door, — all help to make

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up the bustle and noises, and the contradictions and extremes of this great city of the Mikado.

The Japanese have great appreciation and admiration of the beautiful in nature. They wander about the country in little bands, visiting some mountain, waterfall, or other beautiful scenery. They are great lovers of flowers, from the blossoms of the early spring and the roses to the imperial chrysanthemum. In the season, groups and

WISTARIA.

crowds of old, middle-aged, and young can be seen strolling through the gardens, or on the roads, admiring the blossoms of the wistaria or the chrysanthemum.

Even the poor coolie decorates his person, or his surroundings, with blossoms, buds, or flowers. From plants growing in a handful of soil, in pot or box, to those of the garden, all are cared for and nurtured. The Japanese will devote years to training vines and growing flowers, shrubs, and trees. The patience displayed is wonderful, and the results of their efforts and skill are the crosses and new

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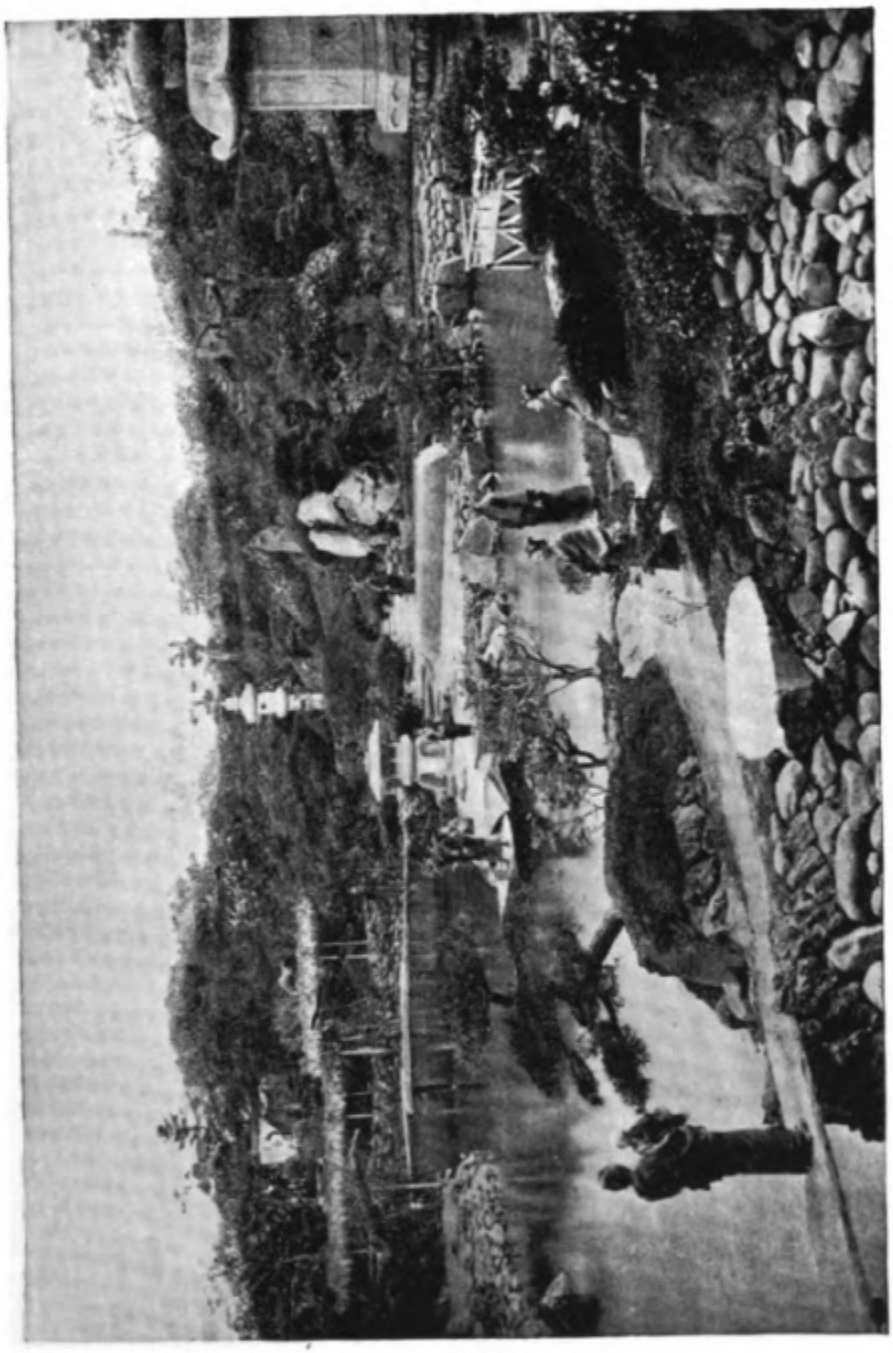

A Garden, Tokio, Japan.

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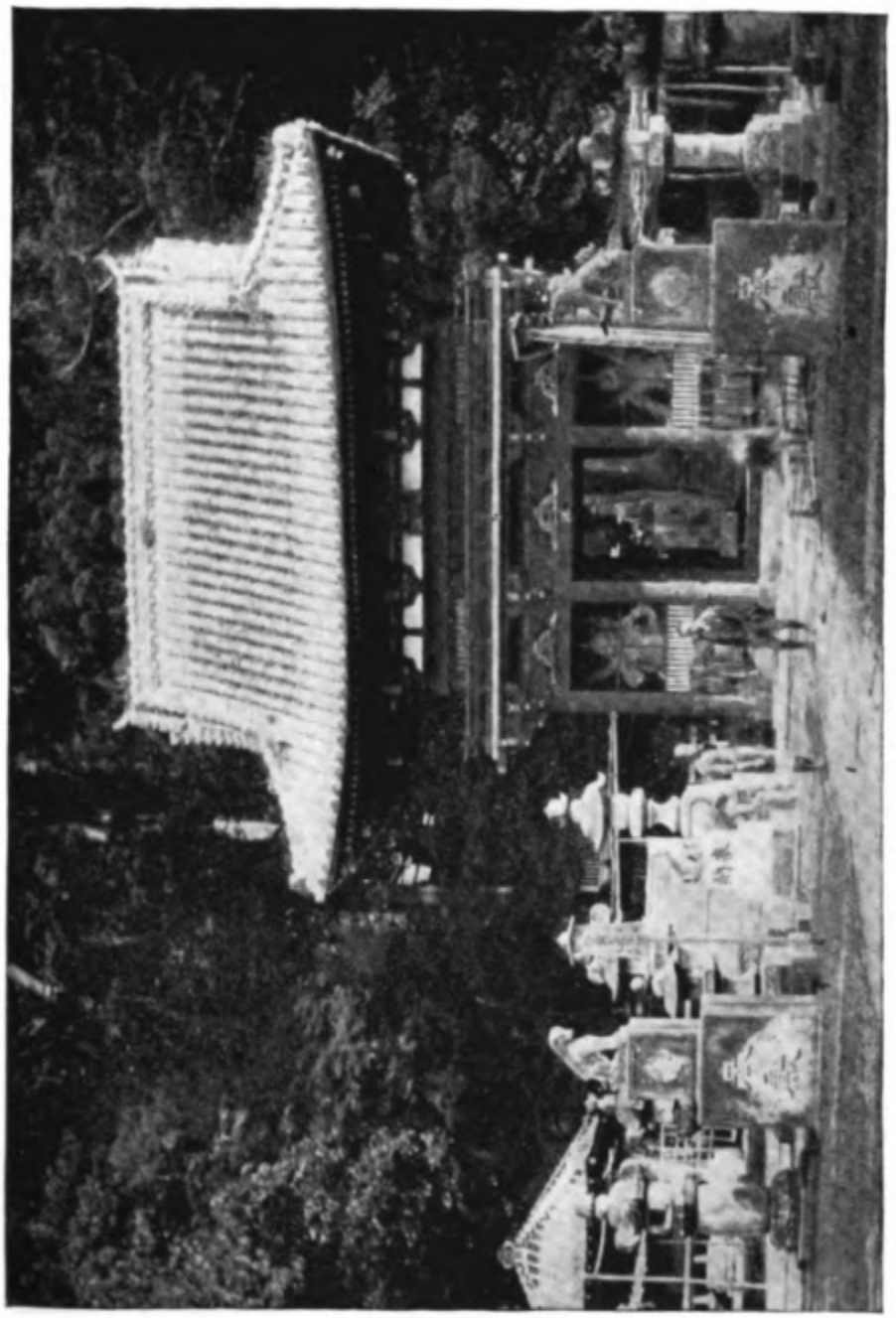

ENTRANCE TO KWANIN TEMPLE, NEAR TOKIO, JAPAN.

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flags, and grotesque kites add to the merriment and enjoyment of the young Japanese and his mother.

All Japan is a paradise for the aged and the children. Gray hairs are eminently respectable, and great deference is paid to age. Old age and a clean, honorable life are honored by all. Old people are saluted in the most respectful language; a mother's heart rejoices if an aged person speaks kindly to her babe, and the words are treas-

VEGETABLES IN JAPAN.

ured as good omens for the child. Children with shaven heads, bright black eyes, rosy brown cheeks, clad in gowns which almost reach to their feet, play and frolic where they will, in the highways or quiet places, with ball or kite or at catches. They are never interfered with or molested. There are no displays of ill-temper, or bad words, — all is hearty fun and frolic. Even the poor coolie, with his heavy burden, will go a long way round rather than disturb the children's play.

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Little companies of juvenile acrobats travel about and give exhibitions of their skill, wherever they meet children at play. The little acrobats are clad in dark-blue tights, with great red turbans, and just enough bright tint to relieve the monotony of the blue. They tumble, cross, pile, and roll, and perform a number of very clever feats to the sound of a gourd-like drum. At the climax of each feat they call out "Hic!" — "See!" — as they extend their tiny arms in graceful acknowledgment of the applause; and when

JAPANESE ACROBATS.

they have finished their programme, a small contribution is gratifying, and they move on in quest of other audiences.

With all their love for the young, and their beautiful wares, the Japanese are far behind the rest of the world in the use of common toys amongst their own children. Within the exception of some very poor specimens of monstrous cats, fishes, flowers, and rattles, I have not seen anything that was worthy of the name of toy for children's use.

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