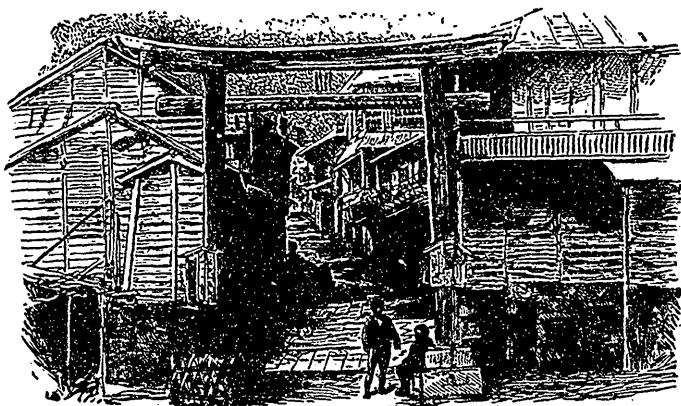


passed through fragrant avenues of peach, cherry, and plum trees in full bloom, over-arched bridges spanning the bright blue river that flows through the heart of the city; getting here and there glimpses of the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages along the roadside. No model estate in England can produce structures in any way comparable with those which adorn the suburbs of Yedo. These charming little *châteaux*, raising their thatched roofs amid numberless fruit-trees and creepers, were usually surrounded by flowerbeds and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. All the people seemed happy, talking, laughing, and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailed us wherever we went.



STREET IN A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

Here and there, at the close of long avenues, were to be seen gorgeous temples embosomed amongst giant camphor and cedar trees; standing about at their entrances were lazy-looking priests with shaven crowns, in robes of silk and transparent material. Sauntering up the shady walk, we ascend the steps and enter the sacred edifice dedicated to Buddha. The priest, for a few *tempós*, shows us all that is of interest.

The floors are matted, the pillars lacquered and richly gilded. A large shrine, with a gilt image in its recess, gold and porcelain vases, lighted candles and tapers, surrounded by a forest of artificial flowers, at once attract our attention. In the rear are the imperial mausoleums, where lay the remains of Tycoons of centuries past. Before leaving we are reminded of the collecting