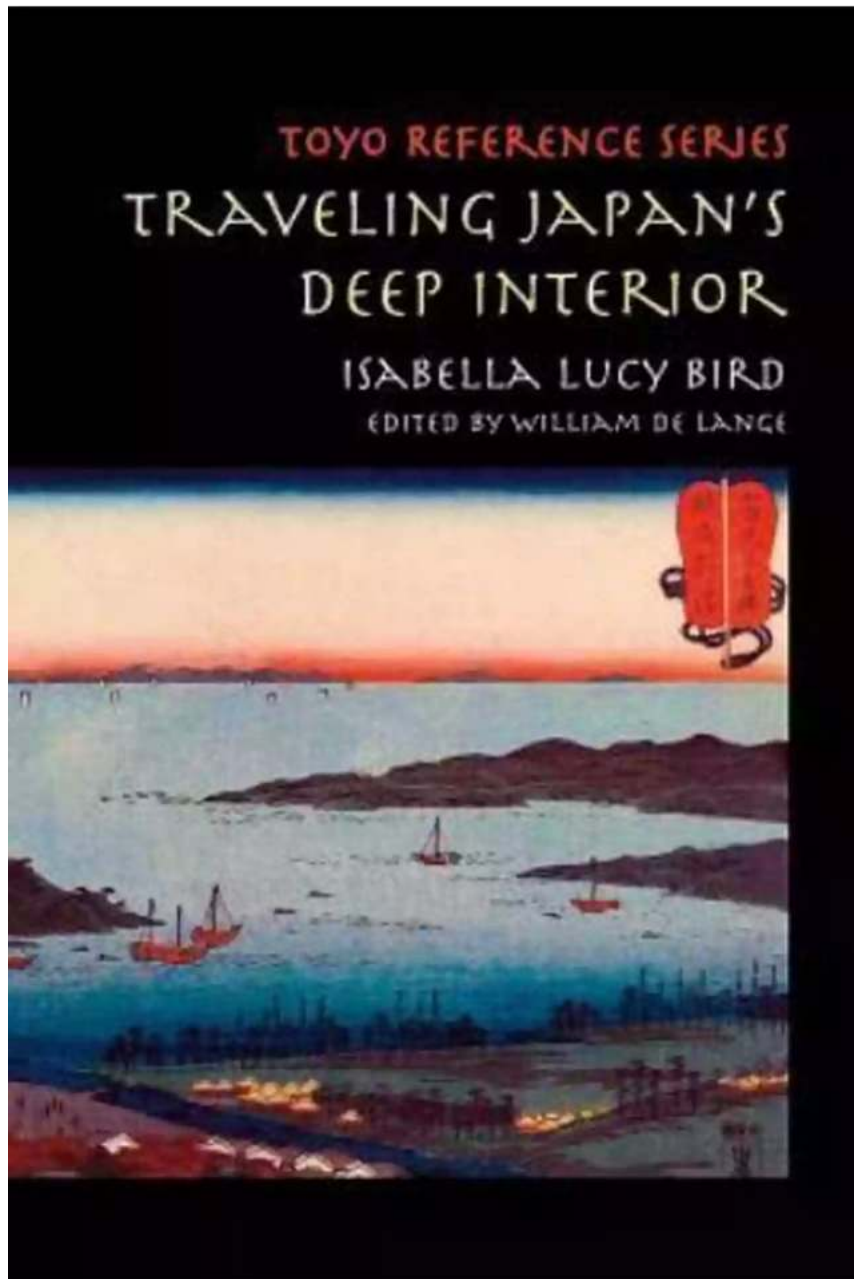


# Discover the Hidden Wonders of Japan's Deep Interior: Toyo Reference Series



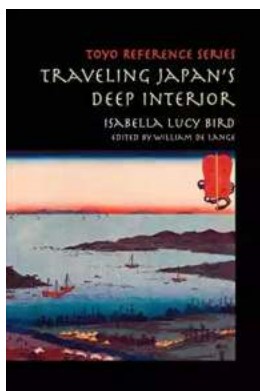
## The Allure of Japan's Lesser-Known Gems

When most people think of traveling to Japan, their minds are often filled with images of bustling cities, iconic landmarks, and popular tourist destinations like

Tokyo, Kyoto, and Osaka. However, those who seek a truly immersive experience should venture into the lesser-explored regions of Japan's deep interior. One such series that captures the essence of these hidden gems is the Toyo Reference Series.

## Unveiling the Toyo Reference Series

The Toyo Reference Series is a collection of comprehensive travel guides that go beyond the typical tourist spots to delve into the lesser-known regions of Japan. Created by a team of passionate explorers who have dedicated their lives to uncovering the country's hidden wonders, this series takes you on an unforgettable journey through Japan's deep interior.



### Traveling Japan's Deep Interior (TOYO Reference Series) by Michael Besack([Print Replica] Kindle Edition)

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language : English

File size : 4676 KB

Screen Reader : Supported

Print length : 294 pages

Lending : Enabled



TOYO REFERENCE SERIES  
CAPTIVE IN JAPAN

VASILY GOLOVNIN  
EDITED BY WILLIAM DE LANGE



## Traveling Japan's Deep Interior

As you embark on your journey through Japan's deep interior with the Toyo Reference Series, you will be guided through picturesque landscapes, ancient temples, stunning mountains, and charming rural towns. You will discover a side of Japan that is untouched by mass tourism, allowing you to immerse yourself in authentic Japanese culture.

## The Splendor of Tohoku

One of the regions featured in the Toyo Reference Series is Tohoku, a northeastern region of Japan known for its breathtaking natural beauty. With its snow-covered peaks, serene hot springs, and vibrant festivals, Tohoku offers a glimpse into the traditional and mystical side of Japan.

### A Noisy Matsuri

*Shimane, July 19*

Two foreign ladies, two fair-haired foreign infants, a long-haired foreign dog, and a foreign gentleman, who, without these accompaniments, might have escaped notice, attracted a large but kindly crowd to the canal side when I left Niigata. The natives bore away the children on their shoulders, the *Fyoma* walked to the extremity of the canal to bid me good-bye, the sampan shot out upon the broad, swirling flood of the *Shimano*, and an awful sense of loneliness fell upon me.

We crossed the *Shivano*, poled up the narrow, embanked *Shinkawa*, had a desperate struggle with the flooded *Aganokawa*, were much impeded by strings of narrow maize boats on the narrow, discolored *Kajikawa*, waded at the interminable melon and cucumber fields, and at the odd river life, and, after hard poling for six hours, reached *Kivaki*, having accomplished exactly ten miles. Then three *haruma* with trotting runners took us twenty miles at the low rate of four and a half *me* per *ri*. In one place a board closed the road, but, on representing to the chief man of the village that the traveller was a *foreigner*, he courteously allowed me to pass, the express agent having accompanied me thus far to see that I got through.

The road was tolerably populous throughout the day's journey, and the farming villages which extended much of the way—*Tsuyi*, *Kasayanagi*, *Mono*, and *Mari*—were neat, and many of the farms had bamboo fences to screen them from the road. It was, on the whole, a pleasant country, and the people, though little clothed, did not look either poor or very dirty. The soil was very light and sandy. There were, in fact, "pine barrens," sandy

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A Noisy Matsuri

ridges with nothing on them but spindly firs and fir scrub. The sandy levels between them, being heavily manured and cultivated like gardens, bore splendid crops of cucumbers trained like peas, melons, vegetable marrow, *tau*, sweet potatoes, maize, tea, tiger-lilies, beans, and *misu*. Extensive orchards with apples and pears trained laterally on trelliswork eight feet high, were a novelty in the landscape.

Though we were all day drawing nearer to mountains wooded to their summits on the east, the amount of vegetation was not burdensome, the rice swamps were few, and the air felt drier and less relaxing. As my runners were trotting merrily over one of the pine barrens, I met Dr. Palm returning from one of his medico-religious expeditions, with a tandem of two naked *haruma*. They were going over the ground at a great pace, and I wished that some of the most stout directors of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society could have the shock of seeing him! I shall not see a European again for some weeks. From *Tsuji*, a very neat village, where we changed *haruma*, we were joined along over a shingly road to *Nakajo*, a considerable town just within treaty limits. The Japanese doctors there, as in some other places, are Dr. Palm's cordial helpers, and five or six of them, whom he regards as possessing the rare virtues of candor, earnestness, and single-mindedness, and who have studied English medical works, have clubbed together to establish a dispensary. Under Dr. Palm's instructions, they are even carrying out the antiseptic treatment successfully, after some Indian failures!

We dashed through *Nakajo* as *haruma* always dash through towns and villages, got out of it in a drizzle upon an avenue of firs, three or four deep, which extends from *Nakajo* to *Kurokawa*, and for some miles beyond were joined over a damp valley on which tea and rice alternated, crossed two branches of the shingly *Kuro* River on precarious bridges, rattled into the town of *Kumikawa*, much decorated with flags and lanterns, where the people were all congregated at a shrine where there was much drumming. A few girls, much painted and bedizened, were dancing or posturing on a raised and covered platform, in honor of the god of the place, whose name or festival it was. Then we were out again, to be mercilessly jolted under the firs in the twilight in a solitary house where the owner made some difficulty about receiving us, as his burner did not begin till the next day. Eventually he succumbed, and gave me his one upstairs room, exactly five

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## The Tranquility of Shikoku

Shikoku, the smallest of Japan's four main islands, is another destination waiting to be explored. With its lush greenery, spiritual temples, and peaceful countryside, Shikoku is a paradise for nature lovers and seekers of inner peace.

## A Noisy Matsuri

Shimano, July '19

Two foreign ladies, two fair-haired foreign infants, a long-haired foreign dog, and a foreign gentleman, who, without these accompaniments, might have escaped notice, attracted a large but kindly crowd to the canal side when I left Niigata. The natives bore away the children on their shoulders, the Iyama walked to the extremity of the canal to bid me good-bye, the sampan shot out upon the broad, swirling flood of the Shinano, and an awful sense of loneliness fell upon me.

We crossed the Shinano, poled up the narrow, embanked Shinkawa, had a desperate struggle with the flooded Aganokawa, were much impeded by strings of narrow measure boats on the narrow, discolored Kajikawa, waded at the interminable melon and cucumber fields, and at the odd river life, and, after hard poling for six hours, reached Kivaki, having accomplished exactly ten miles. Then three *humsu* with trotting runners took us twenty miles at the low rate of four and a half *sen* per *ri*. In one place a board closed the road, but, on representing to the chief man of the village that the traveller was a *finsinger*, he courteously allowed me to pass, the express agent having accompanied me thus far to see that I got through.

The road was tolerably populous throughout the day's journey, and the farming villages which extended much of the way—Tsujii, Kasayanagi, Momo, and Maru—were neat, and many of the farms had bamboo fences to screen them from the road. It was, on the whole, a pleasant country, and the people, though little clothed, did not look either poor or very dirty. The soil was very light and sandy. There were, in fact, "pine barrens," sandy

ridges with nothing on them but spindly firs and fir scrub. The sandy levels between them, being heavily manured and cultivated like gardens, bore splendid crops of cucumbers trained like peas, melons, vegetable marrow, turn, sweet potatoes, maize, tea, tiger-lilies, beans, and onions. Extensive orchards with apples and pears trained laterally on trelliswork eight feet high, were a novelty in the landscape.

Though we were all day drawing nearer to mountain wooded to their summits on the east, the amount of vegetation was not burdensome, the rice swamps were low, and the air felt drier and less relaxing. As my runners were trotting merrily over one of the pine barrens, I met Dr. Palm returning from one of his medico-religious expeditions, with a tandem of two naked *humsu*. They were going over the ground at a great pace, and I wished that some of the most stout directors of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society could have the shock of seeing him! I shall not see a European again for some weeks. From Tsujii, a very neat village, where we changed *humsu*, we were joined along over a shingly road to Nakajo, a considerable town just within treaty limits. The Japanese doctors there, as in some other places, are Dr. Palm's cordial helpers, and for or six of them, whom he regards as possessing the rare virtues of candor, earnestness, and single-mindedness, and who have studied English medical works, have clubbed together to establish a dispensary. Under Dr. Palm's instructions, they are even carrying out the antiseptic treatment successfully, after some Indian failures!

We dashed through Nakajo as *karenga* always dash through towns and villages, got out of it in a drizzle upon an avenue of firs, three or four deep, which extends from Nakajo to Kurikawa, and for some miles beyond were joined over a damp valley on which tea and rice alternated, crossed two branches of the shingly Kuro River on precarious bridges, rattled into the town of Kurikawa, much decorated with flags and lanterns, where the people were all congregated at a shrine where there was much drumming. A few girls, much painted and bedressed, were dancing or posturing on a raised and covered platform, in honor of the god of the place, whose *matsuri* or festival it was. Then we were out again, to be mercilessly joined under the firs in the twilight in a solitary house where the owner made some difficulty about receiving us, as his license did not begin till the next day. Eventually he succumbed, and gave me his one upstairs room, exactly five

## The Timeless Beauty of Hokkaido

For those yearning for a taste of the great outdoors, Hokkaido offers vast landscapes, stunning national parks, and unique wildlife. The Toyo Reference Series will guide you through the untamed wilderness of this northernmost island, where you can witness firsthand the rugged beauty of Japan's deep interior.

## A Noisy Matsuri

*Shimono, July '19*

Two foreign ladies, two fair-haired foreign infants, a long-haired foreign dog, and a foreign gentleman, who, without these accompaniments, might have escaped notice, attracted a large but kindly crowd to the canal side when I left Niigata. The natives bore away the children on their shoulders, the Iyama walked to the extremity of the canal to bid me good-bye, the sampan shot out upon the broad, swirling flood of the Shinano, and an awful sense of loneliness fell upon me.

We crossed the Shinano, poled up the narrow, embanked Shinkawa, had a desperate struggle with the flooded Aganokawa, were much impeded by strings of numerous narrow boats on the narrow, discolored Kajikawa, waded at the interminable melon and cucumber fields, and at the odd river life, and, after hard poling for six hours, reached Kivaki, having accomplished exactly ten miles. Then three *furans* with trotting runners took us twenty miles at the low rate of four and a half an hour. In one place a board closed the road, but, on representing to the chief man of the village that the traveller was a foreigner, he courteously allowed me to pass, the express agent having accompanied me thus far to see that I got through.

The road was tolerably populous throughout the day's journey, and the farming villages which extended much of the way—Tsujii, Kasayanagi, Momo, and Maru—were neat, and many of the farms had bamboo fences to screen them from the road. It was, on the whole, a pleasant country, and the people, though little clothed, did not look either poor or very dirty. The soil was very light and sandy. There were, in fact, "pine barrens," sandy

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## Embark on a Journey of a Lifetime

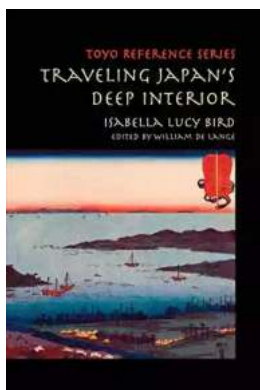
The Toyo Reference Series opens the door to a Japan that is often overlooked, allowing travelers to embrace the spirit of adventure and embark on a journey that transcends the ordinary. With detailed itineraries, insider tips, and captivating storytelling, this series serves as an invaluable resource for those seeking a truly immersive travel experience.

Traveling through Japan's deep interior with the Toyo Reference Series is like stepping into a different world. It is an opportunity to escape the crowds and explore hidden wonders that are often missed by the average tourist. So, if you



are ready to embark on a journey of a lifetime, let the Toyo Reference Series be your trusted companion.

**Remember, there's a whole new Japan waiting for you.**



## Traveling Japan's Deep Interior (TOYO Reference Series) by Michael Besack([Print Replica] Kindle Edition)

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

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Lending : Enabled



“Finally the treatment these true classics deserve: thoroughly re-edited and modernized texts, with notes, glossary, index—and a beautiful layout to boot.”

Isabella Lucy Bird (1831–1904), the English author, photographer, and explorer, is one of the most intrepid foreigners to have traveled Japan's interior during the late nineteenth seventies, not long after Japan's forced opening to the Western powers. Overcoming her initial fears Bird sets out on a journey that lasts the better part of a year. The result is more than impressive. Enduring considerable hardships, she puts behind her a stunning twelve hundred miles in her pursuit of “the unbeaten track,” much of it through Japan's unexplored northern regions. On the final leg of her journey Bird crosses over to the northern island of Hokkaido, where she stays with the native Ainu, recording their ancient customs.

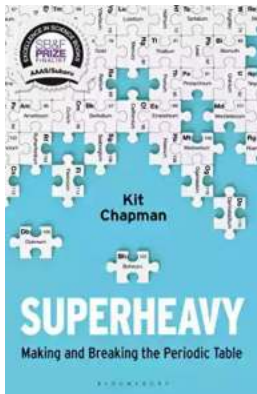
On her long journey Bird witnesses landslides, a bridge being swept away by swollen rivers, a boatmen being drowned in a rapid's swirling waters. Though not all is drama. She observes a matsuri in Kurokawa, joins a school class in Nikkō,

attends a wedding in Kubota, and ends up in a mixed-sex bathhouse in Nakano. While Western in her attitude, Bird is always curious, always learning, always willing to take the Asian perspective. Among Japan's early Western visitors, Bird's account now stands out as perhaps the most insightful, the most understanding, and the most comprehensive record of a Japan that has all but vanished.



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