

displayed in open stalls; the traveller is importuned, and not in vain, to stop and purchase. In a deep ravine close to the road, nearly all the way flows a large stream, that in dashing cascades, hurrying on to the sea, fills the mountain with the echoes of its ceaseless music. Like Tennyson's brook, "Men may come and men may go, but it goes on forever." Reaching the summit we descend a little, and the bright waters of Hakone lake flash in the sunlight at our feet. Rounding a little bay, we are soon at the village of Hakone—a village of hotels, the Saratoga of Japan. Here stood the old guard-house that in the days of feudalism no woman coming from Yedo might pass. The Shogun detained the wives and children of his retainers, the Diamios in the capital, as hostages—guarantees of the good behaviour and loyalty of these powerful barons. Nothing remains of the once formidable gate save the stone foundations, covered with rubbish and overgrown with weeds. Hakone is the sanitarium of Yokohama. During the summer the hotels are filled with foreigners, who spend from four to six weeks by the side of these bright waters, enjoying perfect immunity from the debilitating heat and the mosquito plague that rages in the plains below. The lake is about seven miles in length and from one to two miles in breadth; it fills the crater of an extinct volcano 3,500 feet above the level of the ocean, which dashes at the foot of the mountain just nine miles below. Environed by a circle of evergreen hills, some of them rising to a considerable height, that together with the ever-changing clouds are mirrored in its crystal depths, Hakone lake is an object of rare beauty. At the further end of it the mountain was pierced by a tunnel some two hundred years ago, and the outflowing waters irrigate the rice fields of seventeen villages on the slopes below. There are many charming walks around this neighbourhood, and at several places the natural phenomena have a high scientific interest. There are intermittent saliferas, hot sulphur springs, deposits of sulphur crystals, and, to crown the whole, a fine view of the peerless Fujisan, outlined behind the mountain wall which fronts it, is obtained from the village.

In the summer of 1874, in company with a few friends, I made a visit to Fuji. We started from Hakone by boat, crossed the pass at the foot of the lake, and came out on the wide plain from which Fuji sweeps with graceful curve up to the imperial elevation of 13,000 feet. The whole plain is covered with