

its cone-shaped volcano, 2,600 feet high, emitting volumes of smoke and flame. It was overhung by a cloud of white vapour, on the under side of which shone the lurid glare of the fires of the crater. Sometimes this cloud simply floated over the top of the mountain, from which it was quite detached; then there would be a fresh eruption; and after a few moments' quiet, great tongues of flame would shoot up and pierce through the overhanging cloud to the heavens above, while the molten lava rose like a fountain for a short distance, and then ran down the sides



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of the mountain. It was wondrously beautiful, and we stayed on deck watching the scene, until the sun rose glorious from the sea, and shone upon the snow-covered sides of Fujiyama, called by the Japanese "the matchless mountain." It is an extinct crater, of the most perfect form, rising abruptly from a chain of very low mountains, so that it stands in unrivalled magnificence. This morning, covered with the fresh-fallen snow, there was not a spot nor a fleck to be seen upon it, from top to bottom. It is said to be

the youngest mountain in the world, the enormous mass having been thrown up in the course of a few days only 862 years B.C.

We reached the entrance of the Gulf of Yeddo about nine o'clock, and passed between its shores through hundreds of junks and fishing boats. I never saw anything like it before. The water was simply covered with them; and at a distance it looked as though it would be impossible to force a passage. As it was, we could not proceed very fast, so constantly were the orders to "slow," "stop," "port," "starboard," given; and I began at last to