

*April 11th.*—Early this morning the light on Kawanon Saki, at the entrance of Yedo Bay, was seen shining brilliantly, and as the day advanced, wind fell light, steam was got up, and we proceeded on towards the anchorage. Island after island comes in view as the bay is entered; many of most picturesque form, with numerous fishing villages scattered along the coast. As we move on, places of great interest are passed: Yokosuka, and soon Kanagawa, then Treaty Point, and Mandarin Bluff, &c., each place having a little history of its own in connection with the early days of the Europeans in Japan.

Yokohama is now before us, with the sacred mountain Fuji-yama, the snow on its high peak looking like frosted silver as it stretches away in the distance, pointing, cone-like, high into the clouds, and far above the elevation of the blue mountains that surround it. On reaching the harbour, and at anchor, the reward begins. It happened to be a fine day on our arrival, the sun was shining brightly, and the few passing clouds cast fleeting shadows on the fine panorama of hills which form the background, producing one of the most pleasing landscapes possible to see. Even to ordinary observers of the picturesque, there was much to compensate for the long, wearisome, monotonous voyage. Many ranges of hills, in graceful lines, carry the eye far into the distance; while the beauty of the shore, with its luxuriant foliage, is aided by cloud and sunshine, which give a most