

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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A SUMMONS.

Rise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storm forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, it is lifeless ever
Cast its pantom arms away,
Nor look back but to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day
The future has deeds of Glory,
Of honour God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

THE YACHT SUNBEAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

To go cruising over the historic waters of the Mediterranean in one's own steam yacht, and to visit the many places of interest on its memory-haunted shores, under the most distinguished auspices, is surely the very perfection of travel. Yet this is the luxurious mode of touring enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Brassey and their children, and a select company of friends, in 1874-5 and 1878—the account of which, by the graceful pen of Mrs. Brassey, forms the substance of the handsome volume, entitled, "Sunshine and Storm in the East." Mr. Thomas Brassey is the son of the great railway king, whose firm constructed our Canadian Grand Trunk, and who is himself now negotiating with the Canadian Government for the purchase of a large tract of land in our North-West Territory. He is a gentleman of nautical tastes, and with abundant means of gratifying them. In 1876-77, with his accomplished wife, he circumnavigated the globe in his own steam yacht. The *Sunbeam* is a staunch three-masted steam yacht, of 531 tons, 157 feet long, 27 feet 6 inches beam, and with engines of 850 horse-power. It is elegantly fitted up with every appliance of comfort and luxury—even to

open coal grates in the cabins. Except for the arched ceiling and objects hanging therefrom, the dining-saloon, shown in our large engraving, with its pictures, flowers, and air of elegance, offers no suggestion of the "cabined, cribbed, confined" quarters we expect to find on ship-board. The cosy saloon on deck, also, has quite the appearance of a lady's boudoir. But when you step outside of the door, everything is ship-shaps—the deck clear as holly-stone can make it, the brass work brightly burnished, and the sails neatly stowed. (See cuts on pages 108 and 109.) The yacht was so constructed

opportunities of seeing everything that was to be seen in the various places they visited.

On September 11th, 1874, Mrs. Brassey went on board the *Sunbeam*, which was riding at anchor off Ryde. She had been belated, so that it was pitch dark, a heavy gale was blowing, it was pouring rain, and the gig shipped seas which kept three men tailing. Such was the unpropitious beginning of what proved a very pleasant and prosperous voyage.

Sailing across the Bay of Biscay, they skirted the coast of Spain. They were glad to find themselves at the

pathetic interest was her visit to the little cemetery, to see the grave of a very dear friend. Here, side by side, were sleeping Jews, Mohammedans, Catholics, and Protestants, only a light iron railing dividing their graves, while overhead loomed the grand old Rock, "as if keeping watch over her children sleeping at her feet." We have in our possession a letter for Mrs. Brassey, dated "On board the *Sunbeam*, Gibraltar."

Leaving Gibraltar with a fair wind, the *Sunbeam* soon reached the island of Sicily, and skirting its magnificent north coast, reached the harbour of

Palermo. Running the gauntlet of the once terrible Scylla and Charybdis—rendered now harmless enough by the aid of steam—they left behind Mount *Ætna* towering 11,000 feet in air, and visible at a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, across the Adriatic to the classic shores of Greece. Crossing the bay of Navarino, where in 1827 the Turco-Egyptian fleet was destroyed by the combined power of England, France, and Russia, they soon reached the historic Bay of Salamis, where, 480 years B.C., Themistocles gained a more famous victory



DINING SALOON OF THE "SUNBEAM."

that with a favouring wind the funnel could be lowered, and sails alone be used; but when necessary steam could be used as an auxiliary, or indeed as the sole motive power.

The chapters of Mrs. Brassey's book consist of familiar journal letters, written to friends at home, and present vividly the result of the author's keen observation and picturesque description, and many of the pictures are from her own photographs. She everywhere received the most distinguished courtesies from British and foreign consuls, governors, and persons of influence, and enjoyed very exceptional

famous Rock of Gibraltar. Here they met an old friend, not unknown to us in Canada, Sir Fenwick Williams, a native of Nova Scotia, who won immortal fame by his heroic defence of Kara. The famous galleries in the rock were duly visited. These are between two and three miles long, wide enough for a carriage, and pierced every twelve yards for heavy guns. The views through these embrasures are described by Mrs. Brassey as singularly beautiful—"each like a picture in a dark frame—a bright bit of sunlight, blue sky and sea, with distant country views." Of more

over the Persians. A delightful visit was made to Athens, "the eye of Greece" and mother of arts and eloquence," with a minute inspection of its mouldering but still magnificent ruins. Mr. Brassey, who was his own pilot, skilfully steered his yacht through the intricate passage between the island and the mainland.

After a pleasant visit to the island of Corsica, Mrs. Brassey's first voyage ended at Nice, where she took train for Paris and Calais. Mr. Brassey in the meantime returned with the *Sunbeam* through the Straits to Gravesend. Thus happily ended a voyage of 13,