

men to hunt boars, and the ladies to study the picturesque. They suffered a good deal of fatigue, heat, and discomfort, and were glad to find themselves once more in civilized quarters, at the 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 Kars. 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 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."

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, with its strange blending of Norman, Byzantine, and Gothic architecture, and its tragic memories of the "Sicilian Vespers." 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 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. The author praises, like another Anacreon, the Chian wine and honey of Hymettus.

Mr. Brassey, who was his own pilot, skilfully steered his yacht through the intricate passage between the island of Negropont and the mainland. This whole region is rife with memories of