

day tossing about in the stormy Bay of Biscay, sounding, dredging, and the landsmen acquiring their sea legs. After a call at Cintra and Lisbon they visited Gibraltar for coal and stores. The fortifications mount 1,800 guns, and every night, with military ceremonial, the gates of the town are locked, drawbridges raised, and the ponderous keys consigned to the keeping of the Governor.

Leaving Gibraltar they sailed for Madeira and Teneriffe. The semi-tropical luxuriance of these sunny islands was a delightful contrast to the wintry weather they had left behind. After climbing the famous Peak, and sliding down the mountain side on wooden sledges, they sailed for the West Indies. Now began the regular work of the expedition. Stoppages were made every hundred miles for sounding and dredging, taking the temperature, etc., steam being used only to supplement the sails, for the sake of economy of fuel. Successful hauls from the bottom were made at depths varying from one to three miles—and subsequently from the depth of *five* miles. Dredging and sounding at these depths is a work of great difficulty and of considerable danger. Indeed, one of the seamen was subsequently killed during this operation. The utmost enthusiasm was manifested by the *servants* on the landing of the trawl or dredge, and the strange forms of life which "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear" were eagerly captured and examined.

The island of St. Thomas was reached on March 16th, and after a month's imprisonment on shipboard, everyone was eager for a run on shore. A pleasant week was spent in exploring and inshore dredging, with the capture of many new and strange forms of life. The tropic palms, and sunny skies, and emerald hills, and crystal waters, were a vision of delight. St. Thomas, as shown in our frontispiece, is a pretty town, with a fine background of hills, and is a calling-place for ten or twelve steamship lines.

The coral-built islands of Bermuda, lying low in the waves, were soon reached. The snowy limestone houses, gleaming amid the rich foliage, looked singularly attractive. The islands are one of the oldest British colonies. They are called in Shakespeare's "Tempest," the "still vexed Bermoothes." Much money has been spent on fortifications. One of the most conspicuous objects