

How often have we heard manufacturers complain, and say "they have had to give valuable time to acquire even a little knowledge of design which should have been taught them when young." And let me ask the question, in all earnestness, why the principles of ornamental art, as applied to manufactures, do not form a part in our educational system?

It is just as necessary, and will prove more beneficial in after-years, than much imparted to the young at present in our schools, for do they not enter into every occupation of life? This is not only a question of utility, but affords us pleasure; it strengthens the arm of the mechanic, and it imparts taste, as well as skill, lifting his labour out of the common-place, gives more interest to his work, and not only the mechanic, but the public generally, and the country at large are benefited by it. And how are we to raise the standard of taste but by educating the youths of the country in a correct knowledge of the true elements of ornamental design and their application to the necessities of life.

J. W. Gray.

A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS.

An Eastern sunrise in a clear sky is always beautiful, but in the midst of the Cyclades it is something not soon to be forgotten. The deep blue of the water, the quaint fishing craft with their deep red sails, the first rays catching the island-tops in the far distance—all combine to make a scene of fairy-like beauty. Nothing could have been more delightful than our passage to Tenos, where we landed about 11 a.m., on Saturday and proceeded at once inland. Strangers are extremely rare in this part of the world, and the islanders could not have exhibited signs of greater astonishment had a phoenix appeared among them. An immense crowd collected to watch us disembark, and when we were on *terra firma* and walked through the little town, we were still followed by a large troop of wonder-struck gazers. With some difficulty our interpreter found a room in which to prepare our breakfast, but before the meal was over he had managed to pick a quarrel with the proprietor, the consequences of which threatened to be serious; and but for the timely interference of the police, represented by a single native in the white petticoat and bare legs of the country, we were like to have been roughly handled. At length we were safely lodged in the police station, whence, after resting a little while to collect our thoughts, we emerged to visit the famous monastery of the island. To this thousands of pilgrims are wont to resort, containing as it does, a gorgeous image of the Virgin, resplendent with silver and gold, and presumed to possess miraculous powers of healing. Indeed, the dragoman assured us "on his honour," with a modern Greek perhaps a rather questionable guarantee, that several of his own personal friends suffering from divers incurable maladies, had, on presenting themselves before the image, been immediately restored to health. *Credat Judeus.* We found it difficult to procure food, but some things were very cheap, especially wine and lemons; of the latter we bought six as big as cocoa-nuts for a penny. It was not thought advisable to pass the night in the island, as the inhabitants had already evinced symptoms of barbarism, so after dinner we went on board, and at 9 p.m., weighed anchor and made for Delos, sleeping as best we might at the bottom of the boat, and taking away with us no very favourable impression of the dwellers in "long and lofty Tenos."

Early on the following morning we arrived at the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, once famous as the treasure-house of Greece, but now uninhabited, save for a few goats and cattle, which are conveyed thither from the neighbouring islands to feed on the aromatic shrubs. From the top of Mount Cynthus, the highest point in the island, a magnificent view of almost all the Cyclades is gained. Strange indeed is it from this lofty standpoint to look round and contemplate the wilderness of broken columns, where not a sound is heard but the shriek of the sea-fowl or the bleating of the goat. Our captain, however, was not of a sentimental turn of mind; he had his eye on a promising litter of small pigs, which were running wild among the rocks, and after a very exciting chase, in which we all joined *con amore*, he succeeded in making an important addition to our larder. There are numbers of wild flowers, chiefly anemones, which carpet the soil of Delos; and the beauty and wonderful stillness of the sacred island won for it the first place in my estimation. We spent the whole day there wandering about and picking up odds and ends of antiquity, charmed to find ourselves in a place where we were so entirely free from importunate crowds. At Naxos, bearing in mind our melancholy experience at Tenos, we thought it well to make no attempt to get a lodging in the town, and accordingly slept soundly on board *sub Jove frigido*.

Next morning we procured mules and rode far into the island to a village called Melanis, where we found many ruins, and a primitive race of inhabitants much more to our taste than the dwellers in the town. A most lovely ride was that, through fruitful valleys and over vine-clad hills; and there, and almost there only, did we come upon any trace of Greek personal beauty. Meantime, the weather still continuing boisterous, we rather shrank from another night on the waves, and cordially fell in with the dragoman's suggestion that he should find some sleeping accommodation for us on dry land. He departed accordingly on this humane errand, and after some hours' absence returned exuberant with delight, having discovered a distant cousin in a remote part of the town,

who (for adequate remuneration) was willing to put us up. He warned us, however, that this outlying relative of his was not quite right in his head, and adjured us to keep our eyes open and avoid exasperating him. Then, conducting us to a decent-looking house, with the staircase outside, as is the fashion with most of the island dwellings, he bade us enter, and forthwith introduced us to his cousin, an aged man with a moist eye, a diffident manner, and uncertain gait, who with his wife Arethusa promised us hospitality. We were all put into a single large room, our host occupying an apartment which led directly into it, whence he could command a good view of our movements, and yet be himself invisible. My companions were soon snoring; for myself I thought it well to remain awake as long as possible in order to counteract any playful eccentricities on the part of our lunatic entertainer. In the dead of the night I heard a door opened, and soon by the sound of stealthy steps, was convinced that there was another in the room beside ourselves. In the dim starlight I was ere long able to distinguish Arethusa's wayward husband groping about and fingering the various items of our property. He then contemplated the snoring dragoman for some minutes, muttering to himself the while and gesticulating in an idiotic manner. Then he came to me, and stared at me for a long time with an expression of such utter inanity, that for the life of me I could not help laughing, whereat he muttered more vehemently than before, and made a number of unintelligible signs. I remonstrated with him in my best Greek, and begged to know his business. He smiled vaguely, and in an absent manner proceeded to fill his pipe from my tobacco pouch. The pipe has been regarded as an emblem of peace from the days of the Red Indians downwards, so that I was no longer apprehensive of any dangerous result from this midnight visit, and indeed he soon afterward took his departure, muttering and gesticulating as before. He made, however, several similar raids in the course of the night, and when we came to look over our property next day, we detected a considerable number of small peculations. Still I should be sorry to think worse of the old man than that he was suffering from kleptomania, though the enthusiastic manner in which he embraced us on our departure (bearing in mind, no doubt, the good thing he had made of us), and the readiness with which he accepted some tobacco and drachmas, quite reassured me as to his sanity, on some points at least. And so we said good-bye to Naxos, perhaps the most beautiful, as it certainly is the most fertile, of all the group. Though the island abounds in fruit, the inhabitants themselves seem to live by preference on dried starfish, which looks a most unpalatable dish, but doubtless suits the native digestion. We started in a furious gale for Paros, but were unable to enter the harbour, and were obliged to land on a rocky coast about three miles from the fishing village of Santa Maria. We spent the next day in visiting a famous grotto among the mountains, which contains many stalactites and some ancient statues carved in the marble. I thought nothing could equal the brightness and whiteness of the marble from Pentelicus, of which the Parthenon and other temples at Athens are built, but my eyes were fairly dazzled by the fields of glistening Parian over which we rode. The mules, of which we availed ourselves on this occasion, are quite a race by themselves, and walk steadily on the brink of yawning precipices and over enormous blocks of marble and stone, where on foot one would never venture to tread.

Leaving Paros at sunrise, we sailed with a fair wind to Antiparos, noted for the finest natural grotto in Europe, which is larger and grander than even Adelsberg. Beyond the grotto, however, there is not much of interest in this island; and seeing that it was now Tuesday night, and that the steamer from Syra for the Piræus sailed on the Wednesday, we intended to make the best of our way to our old prison. But the windy weather, the wind, too, being in quite the wrong quarter for us, effectually balked this little plan, and we found ourselves, therefore, on the wild coast of Antiparos, without a prospect of return to Syra, and a good hundred miles from Athens. We had to choose between two evils: we must either stay on the coast indefinitely, or else abandon the idea of returning *via* Syra, and make the best of our way in our little ship to the Piræus, for which the wind was favourable. We chose the latter, though not without some misgivings, for the sudden storms of the Ægean are proverbial. Howbeit, hoping for the best, we laid in what stores we could get, such as live fowls, and eggs and bread, and at sunrise on Thursday morning left Antiparos, bound for the north. Fortunately the wind, though strong, was in the right direction, and our skipper was quite at home in this part of the Archipelago. The *Euaggelistria*, tiny fishing boat though she was, behaved admirably, and covered herself with waves and glory, weathering a large amount of heavy sea in a manner which did credit to her name. We rounded Sunium (Cape Kolonos) on Saturday morning, but there the wind left us, and we spent the whole day and half the following night in getting up the Saronic Gulf to the Piræus, being rewarded, however, with a glorious sunset and magnificent views of Athens. The rays of the setting sun, lighting up the columns of the Parthenon, and kindling Hymettus beyond with a flood of purple light, the dead calm of the dark blue sea, the intense silence broken only by the occasional goat-bell, the sight of so many islands of historical interest around, such as Salamis, Ægina, and others, all these circumstances combined to make that slow progress up the Saronic Gulf a memorable one.