

the sages and heroes and poets of the glorious days of Greece. Here was the sublime scene where

The mountains looked on Marathon,
And Marathon looked on the sea ;

there the marble mass of Pentellicus ; anon they pass the Straits of Ancient Chalceis, and now they traverse the Grecian Archipelago, studded with sunny isles "where burning Sappho loved and sung," and where heroes and demigods, nymphs and nereids—"the fair humanities of old religions"—haunted each grove and grot, and cast over every vine-clad crag and cliff and vale, a potent and abiding spell—

The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Then they ran up the coast of Asia Minor, past fair Tenedos, and the once resounding but now silent Plains of Troy, and threading the Dardanelles, reached the world-famous city of Constantine. The account of the visit to this city of mosques and palaces we defer to a second paper, and we will combine with it the incidents of the subsequent visit in 1878, when the author notes the melancholy change from the sunshine of prosperity to the storm and gloom of political downfall and adversity.

The return voyage was full of incident and adventure. Threading the archipelago of sunny Cyclades, which gem, like emeralds, the surface of the fair *Ægean* Sea, our tourists stopped at Chios,—the reputed birthplace of the blind old bard who sang the siege of Troy, and far wanderings of Ulysses—at Milo, Zante, Ithaca, Cephalonia, Corfu, and Paxos—all of them haunted with mythologic and legendary associations of the utmost interest. Off Milo the *Sunbeam* was caught in a gale, which put to the test her admirable sea-going qualities. In the little land-locked bay she found a shelter, while the party went ashore to visit its ruins of classic times. Here was found the famous *Venus de Milo*, now the chief treasure of the *Louvre* at Paris—the grandest specimen of ancient sculpture extant. At "craggy Ithaca," the home of Ulysses, they visited the famous grotto of the nymphs described by Homer 2800 years ago, and sailed over the famous naval battle-scene of Actium, where Antony lost the empire of the world for a woman's smile. Landing on the Albanian shore,