

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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A LADY'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

OF all the circumnavigators of the world since Magellan first ploughed with adventurous keel the lonely waters of the Pacific, few have made the voyage in such a luxurious style as the little company of the yacht *Sunbeam*. Sir Thomas Brassey, a son of the great Railway King, whose firm constructed our Canadian Grand Trunk and many other great railways, is an English

narrative of travel and adventure, is gotten up in a very sumptuous style. Its hundred and eighteen illustrations, of which specimens are herewith given, are of the finest execution. The whole of these engravings, and the substance of the entire book will be given in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1884, running through the year.

The book is written in a very familiar style from a journal regularly kept day by day. It has thus a sparkling freshness. We are quite taken "into the family." We share the sports of the children, down to the

The outlook was superb, but the fatigue of the ascent was very great, and, to make matters worse, in descending they became lost in the darkness.

A long stretch across the Atlantic brought the party to Rio de Janeiro. In crossing the line they had the usual visit from Father Neptune and his train. We get an interesting glimpse of life in Brazil, but our author was painfully impressed with the institution of slavery, and the sale, like cattle, of human flesh and blood. The tropical forest, with its wonderful fauna and flora, butterflies ten inches across,

been smouldering for a week, during which time the crew had been living on deck, with hatches battened down and a volcano slumbering beneath them. Immediately after the providential rescue the flames burst out, illuminating the midnight heavens as the *Sunbeam* sailed away. The tax of fifteen hungry mouths upon the ship's stores put all hands on half-allowance. But, fortunately, in a few days the rescued crew were transferred to a Pacific mail steamer and sent to England.

Sir Thomas Brassey guided his vessel



A NATIVE PICNIC AT TAHITI.

Specimen of 118 cuts which will appear in the "Methodist Magazine" during 1884.

Member of Parliament, of nautical tastes, and with abundant means for gratifying them. With his accomplished wife, his four children, a select party of friends, a tried crew, and a staunch ship, he set sail for a pleasure cruise around the world. The *Sunbeam* was a luxuriously fitted three-masted steam yacht of 350 horse power. The company consisted of forty-three persons, including crew. Lady Brassey is the graceful historian of the expedition. The Hon. A. I. Dingham, one of the guests, an accomplished amateur, was its artist, although Lady Brassey took a great many photographic pictures herself. The record of the cruise, which is a fascinating

baby, we join the adventures of their elders, and see the world through the intelligent eyes of the fair narrator.

Sir Thomas Brassey is referred to colloquially throughout the book as "Tom," as, for instance, "Poor Tom was up most of the night managing the vessel," "Tom read the Litany and Communion service, and preached a good sermon," a practice which, we are happy to say, he observed throughout the voyage.

The first land made was Madeira, where they ascended the mountain and glided down its side on steel-shod sleds, steered down the zig-zag road, with great skill, by native guides. At Tenerife the party climbed the Peak

and humming birds like living jewels, awoke her enthusiastic admiration.

At Monte Video and Buenos Ayres they remained some time, sailing up the River Platte in a steamboat, thence to the heart of the Pampas by the Argentine Railway. Here they found an English settlement, with neat iron church, sent from England, a Sunday school, and that British institution, a horse-race. Everybody almost lives on horseback on the Pampas. Even beggars ride about with a certificate of mendicancy tied about their necks.

While making for Magellan Straits, the *Sunbeam* was fortunately able to rescue the crew of a Norwegian ship, laden with coal, in which a fire had

with great skill through the intricate navigation of Magellan Straits, stopping awhile at the dreary Chilean penal colony of Sandy Point. They met a few Patagonian and Fuegian natives in crazy boats of planks, tied together with sinews, with a fire smouldering on some green boughs in the bottom. For some tobacco and beads they purchased from them five or six blaks, worth £40 each in London. The glaciers were the finest they ever saw, even those of Norway and Switzerland being insignificant beside them. It added to the charm of travel amid these sublime scenes that, at the wish of the fair mistress of the yacht, the screw would be stopped to permit her