

forming the centre of a scene Oriental in its wealth of palms, orange groves, flowers, and orchards. Just time enough was allowed for a scamper on shore, through the narrow, steep, and winding streets of the town, and only a glimpse could be had of its old walls and gates, its churches and quaint-looking houses, of all shapes, sizes, and colours, in white, red, or green, according to the taste of the owners. All this, with a charming bright and sunny sky, and the pretty and picturesque dress of the peasants, made up a picture delightful to the artist as well as the ordinary observer.

By midnight sufficient coal had been taken in, and early the next day we were again at sea. The weather was still squally and unpleasant, yet we managed to get round Cape Finisterre; and now, with the wind somewhat fairer, a capital run was made across the dreaded Bay of Biscay. The evening of the 23rd, the bright light on Cape Ushant was seen; and the next morning, amidst haze and fog, we had our first sight of the English coast, as we passed up Channel, amidst a very maze of shipping outward and homeward bound.

Onward we go, sighting the old familiar headlands and landmarks—the Eddystone, the Start, the white cliffs at Portland and St. Alban's Head—until at last the Needles are in sight. After a few hours' steaming through the Solent, we reach Spithead (Portsmouth); and late on the evening of the 24th