

land was auriferous,—it was esteemed a high feat of travel to have touched at Tristan d'Acunha, or seen the white water of the Crozets. He that weathered Kerguelen had bound the laurel on his brow, while to have sighted Diego Ramirez was to have conferred lustre on his race forever. All which state of things has absolutely passed away. Men traverse the Southern Ocean much as they run down to Margate, while from Indus to the Pole is considerably less trouble than from Brighton to Killarney. Nor is anybody importuned upon his return for details of maritime discovery. There is another and more vital touchstone by which he shall be tried, and by the strength of his bills on Broad Street, or by the tale of his ounces in the gold-locker, he very early discovers that he is to stand or fall.

And, after all, one voyage is very like another. Sea and sky, dolphin and shark, flying-fish and albatross. It was not until running up St. Vincent Gulf, where we saw an industrious family of pelicans thoughtfully fishing for their breakfasts, that the monotony was broken by anything in the least worth remembering.

Nelly and I settled quietly down in a dainty little broad-verandah cottage between Mitcham and Glen Osmond, under the shadow of the everlasting hills, and within sound of the sighing sea. There she found occupation with her geraniums and vines, even to the extent of producing some of the most atrocious wine with which ever politeness was poisoned; while her husband went daily into the city to pick up the fortune of which he was so sure. Thence they both made joyous little holiday excursions together, to Glenelg, to Mount Lofty, to the reservoirs or to the cataracts,—anywhere and everywhere, by the murmur of glancing waters, and amid the sweep of gorgeous wings. Burrane Cottage, and the park it stood in, are not easily to be forgotten. The splendour of its orchids; the stateliness of its gums; the deep shelter of its daturas and magnolias; the yielding verdure of its turf; the endless flicker of the myriad shell-parrots, flashing in green and gold from tree to tree, or flinging down a dazzling net-work over the longer grasses; the solemn merriment of the giant kingfisher answered by the sweet, low, ravishing strain of the wangd;—with these, and other such music and pictures, the senses which are once filled will not easily permit oblivion. Or if they could with others, Nelly, say, is it so with us? It is one of the two sacred gardens of the world to which memory has momentarily restored me. And ah! who should have told us that the eyes that first opened amid that bright, cloudless beauty, should close in the gloom of the murky city! or that the cradle, rocked there to the deep murmur of the woods, should be exchanged, while the years were yet so young, for a stiller bed beneath a cypress shadow! Between both pillows how vast an ocean flows, and between both how little a life has ebbed! When either of which slips from the recollection of those who have