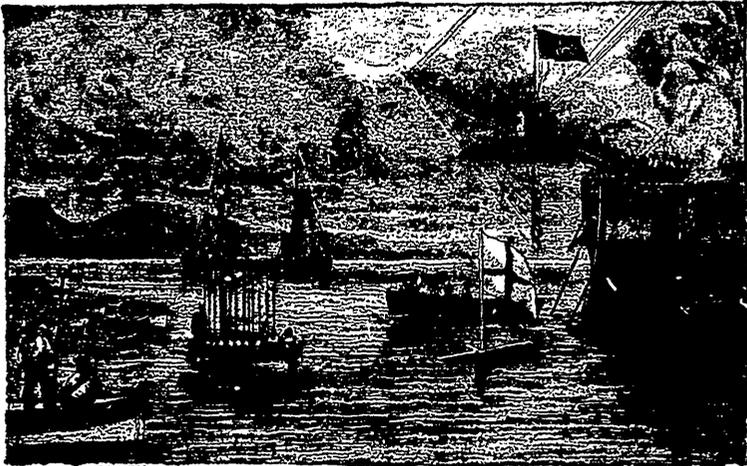


*May 15th.*—At nine a.m. sighted Mount Gardner, a peak in Western Australia, and afterwards Bald Head, at the entrance of King George's Sound. Had a short service on the main deck at 10.30 a.m., the men in their damp working dress. At one p.m. we passed under the west side of Breaksea Island, with a lighthouse on top of its red rocky, precipitous sides, weather-worn from the westerlies that have beaten on it for ages. The only way of landing is by means of a rope ladder on the east or lee side. We steamed right on and up to the entrance of Princess Royal Harbour. Here we anchored at three p.m. for the night. Had Sunday afternoon prayers at four p.m.



BACCHANTE AT ANCHOR—BOAT DRILL.

*May 17th.*—Went ashore to shoot quail. The hillside here abounds in "black boys," curious black resinous stems, three feet high, and one in diameter, with a small green tuft on top, and which make a splendid fire in the bush when one is required. Of gum-trees there are also no end, and we were told that so dry is the climate that if any one catches a cold in the head here, he only has to take his blanket and sleep out in the open air, and he comes home cured; such effect have the eucalyptus leaves. The wood was full of paroquets, who were shrieking and laughing; and from tree to tree were hanging all sorts of creepers and parasitic orchids; and the dry calm air was filled with an aromatic or resinous odour; while