

at 5.30 a.m., anchoring just off the railway pier, and quite taking the good people of Newcastle by surprise.

Everybody was most kindly anxious to show us everything there was to be seen, but Tom thought the lengthy programme would be too much for my strength. At half-past ten the Mayor and Corporation came on board to give us a cordial welcome and present an address. At 11.15 we embarked in two steam launches and went up the harbour, which looked gay and beautiful, the port being crowded with shipping.

Our first visit was to the hydraulic cranes, by which a ship can take in a thousand tons of coal in ten hours. From the cranes we went a little farther up the harbour, to the landing-place, where a dense crowd eagerly awaited us. Carriages were in readiness, but Tom rather upset the plans by his usual wish to walk instead of going in state in a coach. I fear he severely tried the lungs and legs of his entertainers by taking them at a brisk pace up a steep hill to the high-level reservoir. As soon as I got into the carriage a basket of fragrant violets was given to me by the school children of Lampton, one of the collier townships in the neighbourhood. We drove past the reserve and up to the reservoir, from which there is a fine view of the town and surrounding country.

After leaving the reservoir we drove through another quarter of the town. Every house had at its door a smiling group of people, who greeted us warmly. Leaving the town, we went on to Nobby Head. The position is fortified and garrisoned with a company of the Permanent force. Though it was comparatively calm to-day, the waves rolled in with great force; and it is said that in bad weather the sea is perfectly frightful. Just inside the Heads, not thirty yards from the shore, a small black buoy marks the spot where a steamer went down with every soul on board, not only in sight of land, but actually in port.

On leaving the fort we drove to Mr. Black's wool-shed, where the various processes of dumping and preparing the wool for shipment were explained to us. It is wonderful to see how the bulk of a bale can be reduced by hydraulic pressure. Having partaken of their hospitable entertainment, we were conducted by our kind hosts into a train which was waiting, literally, at the door of the shed, and were taken off to the Newcastle Colliery Company's Works.

As soon as we cleared the suburbs the country became very pretty, and the place where we left the train, to descend the coal-mine, was really quite romantic, and entirely different to what one sees in the Black Country at home. There were several