



RUNNING DOWN. EASTING.

*Sunday, May 22nd.*—From midnight until six a.m. the state of things was wretched in the extreme. Sails flapping, the cry of the sailors continually heard above the howling of the wind, and much water on deck. We had service at 11.15, and again at four o'clock. Tom had a very anxious time of it, literally flying along a strange coast, with on one hand the danger of being driven ashore if the weather should become at all thick, and on the other the risk of getting pooped by the powerful following sea if sail were shortened.

*Monday, May 23rd.*—Precisely at 7 a.m. we made the lights of Cape Borda, on Kangaroo Island, about twelve miles ahead, exactly where Tom expected to find it, which was a great relief to everybody on board, after our two days of discomfort and anxiety.

*Tuesday, May 24th.*—Having come to an anchor off Glenelg, Tom and Tab went up to Adelaide to attend the Birthday *levée*, and I landed later with the rest of the party at the long wooden pier. Glenelg is essentially a fashionable sea-side place; and though there are a few excellent shops, most of the supplies must come from Adelaide, seven miles off, to which a steam tram runs every half-hour. We saw the suburb of Goodwood a little way off, and soon afterwards the tall spires of the churches and the