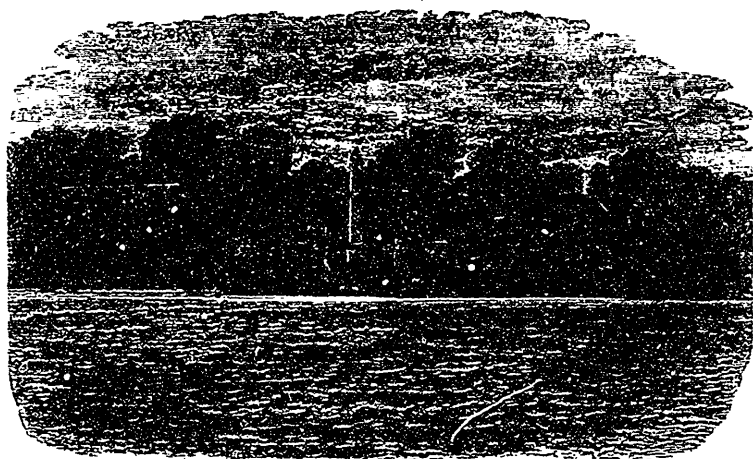


again at seven, in order to appear at our last dinner at this charming house, where we have spent so many happy days and received so much kindness. After dinner we had a long talk over new and old times, and all felt quite sad at the prospect of the inevitable parting which must come to-morrow.

*Monday, July 18th.*—Lovely sunrise—the last we shall see, alas! in this beautiful place. Very busy; rather a worrying morning; so much to settle and arrange. Went off to the *Sunbeam*, feeling quite sad that the moment of departure had at last arrived. The Admiral came on board the *Sunbeam* at the last moment, bringing some violets as a farewell offering. Sailed slowly away, and gradually lost sight of the Heads in the darkness.



COOK'S MONUMENT, BOTANY BAY.

*Tuesday, July 19th.*—At half-past twelve Tom came below to announce our arrival off the port of Newcastle. Our head was then put off the land, and we hove to, to wait for the tug. It was a change from pleasantly gliding along through the water at a speed of nine or ten knots an hour to a nasty pitching motion which made us all very wretched. Everything began to roll and tumble about in a most tiresome manner; doors commenced to bang, glasses to smash, books to tumble out of their shelves, and there was a general upset of the usually peaceful equilibrium of the yacht. So unpleasant was this, that I suggested to Tom that, instead of waiting outside for the reception tug, that we should get up steam and go into harbour at daylight so as to have a few hours' rest. This we did, and glided into the harbour precisely