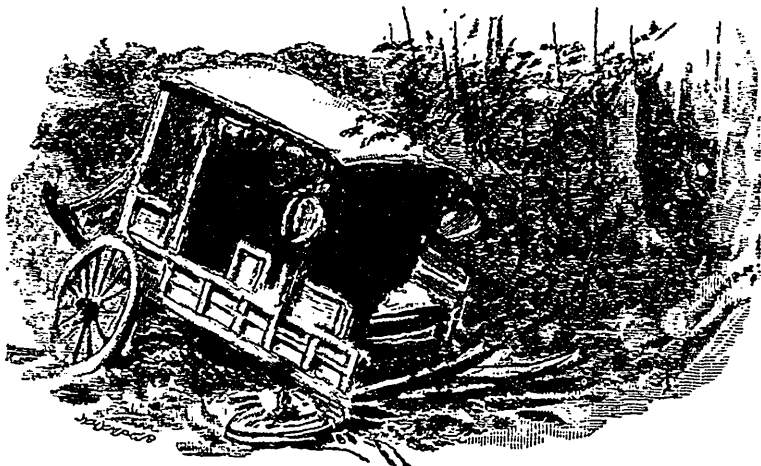


"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



A BREAK-DOWN IN THE BUSH.

Monday, May 9th.—At 10 a.m. we made West Cape Howe, Western Australia, our first land since leaving the Allas Strait. It was with great joy and relief, as well as with, I think, pardonable pride in Tom's skill as a navigator, that I went on deck to see these rock-bound shores. It was certainly a good landfall, especially considering the difficulties which we had met with on account of the chronometers. Tom's estimated average run of 1,000 knots per week under sail has come out pretty well, and my own daily estimates of the run have been also surprisingly near the mark. In fact, Tom thinks them rather wonderful, considering that they have been arrived at simply by watching and thinking of the vessel's ways all day and part of the night, and often without asking any questions.

The coast seemed fine and bold, the granite rocks looking like snow on the summit of the cliffs, at the foot of which the fleecy rollers were breaking in a fringe of pale green sea, whilst on the other side the water remained of a magnificent deep ultramarine