

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XI.

QUEENSLAND AND THE EAST COAST.



Sunday, July 31st.—I stayed on board all day. The others all went to church. We had service at six o'clock, after which I was very glad to go to rest.

Monday, August 1st.—Busy morning, as usual, before start-

THE FORD.

ing. We left at 10 a.m. in three waggonettes for Mount Morgan, each vehicle being drawn by four horses. The hospital is a fine building on the top of the hill; the grammar-school and several other good-sized public buildings give the whole place a well-to-do air. We passed several mine, or rather reefs, with queer names, such as the "Hit or Miss," the "Chandler," and the "Hopeless," arriving in due time at the Razor-Back Hill. It is, indeed, well-named; for, steep as we had found the little pitches hitherto, this ascent was much more abrupt, and might well be likened to the side of a house. Everybody was turned out of the carriages except me, and even with the lightest buggies and four good strong horses, it seemed as if the leaders *must* tumble back into the carriage, so perpendicular was the ascent in some places. On one side of the road a deep precipice fell away, and when we