

*Saturday, May 28th.*—We had several visitors in the morning, among whom was Brigadier-General Owen, who brought plans for the defences of Adelaide for Tom to examine. We proceeded by train to Adelaide and attended the Governor's reception, which was attended by several hundred people.

*Sunday, May 29th.*—This morning we went to the Anglican cathedral at half-past ten, and heard a most beautiful choral service, including a *Te Deum* by Gounod.

*Wednesday, June 1st.*—By train to Cockburn to visit the celebrated Broken-Hill Silver Mine at Silverton.

*Thursday, June 2nd.*—We went down what is called M'Culloch's Shaft, at a point where the mine is 216 feet deep, and were greatly interested in seeing the process of extracting the ore. The latest weekly returns from this mine show a production of 46,000 ounces of silver.

*Friday, June 3rd.*—This morning we descended another shaft and inspected another part of the mine, in which the ores differ greatly from those we saw yesterday, and consist chiefly of kaolin. After reaching the surface we visited the assaying offices, and watched the experiments for testing the richness of ores.

*Saturday, June 4th.*—On the return journey from Silverton to Adelaide I stopped during the early hours of this morning at Terowie to see my cousin Herbert Woodgate, and thoroughly enjoyed, in spite of sleepiness and fatigue, the sight at his house of so many objects which brought back memories of old days. The walls were covered with pictures of Swayslands, the dear old place in Kent of Herbert's father—where I spent many happy hours of childhood. There was also many pictures of Penshurst Place, and of the old village church, whose beautiful chime of bells I so well remember, and where I have "assisted" at more than one pretty wedding. It all brought back many mingled memories of joy and sorrow. Nothing could have been kinder than our welcome. I was quite sorry when we had to turn out again and trundle down to the train and be off once more to Adelaide, where we arrived at half-past twelve p.m.

I am not sure that I should enjoy my time in Australia so much if I had not a certain belief in *kismet*; for travelling out here is certainly very full of risk. What with unbroken horses, rickety carts, inexperienced drivers, rotten and ill-made harness put on the wrong way, bad roads, reckless driving, and a general total indifference to the safety of life and limb, a journey is always an exciting, and sometimes a risky, experience. A little excitement is all very well; but when it becomes absolutely dangerous, a little of it goes a long way. I dislike seeing horse's hoofs close