

Gallery in the new University Buildings, to which the Queen has lent some pictures from Windsor. South Australia evidently considers itself a real and living portion of the British Empire, and is quite willing to share the burdens of citizenship with the mother-country.

*June 19th.*—In the afternoon drove to the Hospital for Incurables, where there are about forty-eight patients. There were several poor boys with spinal affections, one very bright little chap chatted with us some time and gave us some carving of his own doing. There were also some poor paralyzed old men who were sunning themselves in front. We had a quiet dinner at Government House, and afterwards some music and hymns with Lady and Miss Jervois in the drawing-room.

*June 21st.*—Breakfast at 7.30 a.m., and started immediately for the kangaroo hunt. They are in such large numbers here that, although their skins make capital fur, it is customary to cut off only their thick tails, which make excellent soup, and leave their carcasses on the ground. The kangaroo are very destructive to the sheep runs by eating the grass, and multiply at a great rate; faster than they can be kept down. On this estate, which consists of 50,000 acres, there were 4,000 kangaroo killed last year; each tail, which is worth about sixpence, is given to the keepers.

The sound of a lamb's bleat reminded one also of England, where to-day is the longest day, though here it is the shortest in the year. The sky is leaden, and though there is no frost, there is a feel about the clear air like a black winter.

*June 22nd.*—It was nearly 10 p.m. before we arrived at Kingston at the end of our ninety-eight miles drive from Meningie, having made altogether 108 miles to-day, which is more than the *Bacchante's* average for twenty-four hours. Here the inhabitants had illuminated their houses, and some of them even came out in a cavalcade to welcome us. There is also something original about the decorations here, and it is touching to see strong hearty men as well as women really affected by the remembrances of the old country which our coming seems to awaken in their breasts; for of course we know well enough that all this is not got up for us, but is merely a sign of their warm attachment to England over the seas, and of all that name awakens and recalls in every British breast.

The Scotch are the best and most successful of emigrants.