

to tell him of the alterations going on at Normanhurst, where he had worked for a long time. He had been out here four years, and did very well until last year, when times became so bad. He consulted me about taking the advice of his relations and going home. I told him I thought it would be a great pity to do so at present. Working-men in the colonies have a good time if they can only keep sober and are honest and industrious. Indeed, those in the Old Country can scarcely form an idea of how superior the working-man's condition is out here. Of course, there are quite as many ne'er-do-weels here as in the Old Country, and I fear that the policy of the Government rather encourages this class, and that there is trouble in store in the near future. The so-called unemployed are mostly utter loafers, who will not give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. They refuse to work for less than eight shillings a day, and many of them if offered work at that price only dawdle about for a few hours and do really nothing.

At Warrangarra Station we left the train and stepped through the rail fence which divides New South Wales from Queensland. A walk of about two hundred yards brought us to the Queensland train, where we found a comfortable carriage prepared for our reception. We went on climbing up till we reached Thulunbah, upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. This extensive table-land looks something like the prairies of South America, only with more trees and fewer undulations. The occasional fires we met with on our way heightened the resemblance.

From Tawoomba the railway rapidly descends, dropping as much as 1300 feet in ten miles. The scenery somewhat resembles that of the Blue Mountains, and is even more beautiful. The exquisite effects produced by the waning daylight lent a peculiar charm to this landscape. I caught a severe cold on my arrival at Brisbane, and have been in bed for three days. I have, therefore, nothing to chronicle.

*Monday, July 25th.*—In the afternoon drove to "One-tree Hill," a richly-wooded height, commanding a splendid view of Brisbane, and of the far-extending range of mountains running parallel with the coast. On our return to Government House the horses bolted, the carriage was smashed to pieces, one of the horses was fearfully injured, and we had a narrow escape from a fatal accident.

*Wednesday, July 27th.*—We all rose early and started by the 9.30 train through a pretty country for about an hour, to Ipswich, an important town. On reaching the station we were received by a number of school children, who sang "God save the Queen,"