

*Tuesday, August 9th.*—At daybreak Tom moved the yacht out to the shelter of Magnetic Island, where the coal-hulks lie, some six miles off Townsville. Meanwhile some supplies were taken on board; but as I was not well enough to undertake the long expeditions which had been planned, and the rest of the party declared that it would not be possible to go without me, they were given up. After landing and taking a walk through Townsville, the shore-going people pronounced it to be quite as clean-looking and prosperous as Bowen. The town has a population of 12,000. It owes its prosperity to its railway, which is already opened to a distance of two hundred miles into the interior, and which has made it the port for a wide area of pastoral country and for several promising gold-fields.

We anchored in Challenger Bay, under shelter of Palm Island, shortly after sunset. Soon after we had dropped anchor aboriginal blacks were reported alongside, and on going on deck I saw two miserable-looking objects in the frailest of boats. Indeed, the craft looked like the pictures of an ancient British coracle, and was so light and unseaworthy that every wave washed into it. They had nothing for sale except some commonplace and evil-smelling shells, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco and biscuits, evidently preferring these commodities to money. We bought all the shells they had, and they were so well satisfied with their bargain that they returned a little later on with another bucketful of conchological curiosities, which were also purchased.

*Wednesday, August 10th.*—We weighed anchor at eleven, and proceeded towards Dungeness under sail. We found some difficulty in making our way, owing to the new buoys not having yet been entered on the Admiralty chart. Fortunately, the officers of the *Myrmidon* had warned Tom of this fact, made more dangerous by the thick mist and fog. We ultimately arrived at Dungeness in safety, taking everybody by surprise, as no ship had ever been known to go through the southern entrance of Hinchinbrook Channel before without a pilot.

*Thursday, August 11th.*—At noon we set forth on an excursion up the Herbert River. Tom had caused a comfortable bed to be rigged up in the gig, so that I was not obliged to dress, but simply go out of one bed into another. After the first little fluster of moving was over it was a great pleasure to me to be once more in the open air after being shut up for what seems so long a time. The view so reminded me of Scotland that I felt inclined to take up my glasses to look for deer among the craggy peaks and corries. We passed several tidy-looking settlements on the banks,