

ness, such as usually in similar cases sullies the purity of the country air, greeted us as we drove up to Captain Hancock's office. There we dressed in flannel shirts and trousers, changed our hats and boots, and walking to the head of one of the shafts got four at a time into cages, by which we were lowered into



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the rich copper mine below. All here, "one and all," are true Cornishmen, fine stalwart fellows; most of those we see young, tall, and broad, with a slight South Australian drawl, but of the real English bone and sinew and straightforward look about their faces.

*June 18th.*—We went to the opening of the National Art