

the whole affair, which render a visit, however interesting, somewhat of an undertaking. Thousands, not to say millions, of cockroaches of portentous size enlivened if they did not add to the pleasure of the walk. We passed a great many horses, in good condition, going back to their stables for the night. They are, it is said, very happy down in the pit; so much so, that when during the Jubilee they were taken up for three days' holiday, there was the greatest difficulty in preventing them from returning to the pit's mouth, at which men had to be stationed to drive them back, for fear they might try to put themselves into the cage and so tumble down the shaft. Horses very quickly adapt themselves to circumstances; and I dare say the garish light of day was painful to their eyes, and that they were anxious to return from the cold on the surface of the ground to the even temperature of 80° in the pit.

Our walk was a long and weary one, and I felt thankful when we approached the pit's mouth and could breathe cooler and purer air. Our hosts were anxious that I should go a little farther; but I could not do so, and sank down in a chair to rest. At the pit's mouth crowds of women and children had assembled to see us, and a little farther off a train was drawn up, filled by ladies and gentlemen who had preferred to wander about park-like glades, while their more energetic friends had made the descent into the coal-mine. The united party—numbering, I should think, nearly one hundred—next proceeded on board the *Sunbeam*, for a very late five o'clock tea and a hasty inspection of the vessel. At an early hour I retired to rest, utterly worn out.

*Wednesday, July 20th.*—Contrary to my usual habit of awaking between four and five o'clock, I was sound asleep when tea was brought at five a.m.; and I should dearly have liked to have slept for two or three hours longer, so completely was I exhausted by yesterday's hard work. But it could not be; and after a cup of tea, and a little chat over future plans, I set to work sorting papers, and putting names in books, to be given to our kind hosts of yesterday, in remembrance of our visit. At 7.15 we entered the boat which was waiting alongside, and proceeded to the shore, Tom, as usual, pulling an oar. The line from Armadale to Tenterfield is the highest in Australia, and is considered a good piece of engineering work.

*Thursday, July 21st.*—The train reached Tenterfield about one o'clock this morning, and we drove straight to the Commercial Hotel, where we found comfortable rooms and blazing fires. Soon after eleven came Mr. Walker, of Tenterfield, who had kindly called to show us everything worth seeing in the township near