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for Australia—Trawling—The weather—The last iceberg—Passage to Australia—Land in sight—Arrive and anchor in Hobson's Bay, Victoria.

THERE can scarcely be a landscape more gloomy and desolate than the sterile rocky mountain and white sandy plains which inclose Simon's Bay. Coming from the coast of Brazil, and the beautiful garden scenery of St. Michael's, with its luxuriant verdure, the contrast becomes doubly unpleasing and cheerless. The town consists of about a couple of hundred of square white-washed houses, which are scattered along the beach, with scarcely a single tree in the neighbourhood for shelter, backed up with lofty, steep, bare hills of sandstone. The Naval Yard occupies a prominent position, and is of great service to the vessels employed on this station; here repairs are efficiently performed, and stores of all descriptions are to be obtained.

The Naval Hospital is a capital airy and well-ventilated establishment; this, together with the residence of the Commodore, and two or three churches and chapels, constitutes all the buildings with any pretensions to size.

Shortly after our arrival, parties were made up for visiting Cape Town, and having secured seats in the car which runs daily to Wynberg, we started one fine morning from Simon's Town. The road ran along the seashore for some distance, which, before reaching, appeared to consist of nothing but sand