

told there existed an opening in this wall, leading into a beautiful, commodious, and, in fact, the most perfect harbour in the world; but were it not for the fact of the vessel heading direct for this seeming barrier no one would have believed it contained such an opening. Passing each successive bay, we began to get a closer view of the land; and as we drew nearer the houses and villa residences on the cliffs showed our proximity to some large town. And now the Sydney Heads, with the entrance between them, were clearly discernible, through which we passed soon after mid-day. The South Head, on our left hand, bears on its top a square tower, built by the late Benjamin Boyd when he founded a township, at the end of the bay; and on a mast near flags were being hoisted signalling our arrival, which was speedily flashed by telegraph to Sydney. The North Head, on the right, is a bold precipitous rock rising perpendicularly from the sea more than 300 feet. After progressing for about a mile, another lighthouse was passed, named the Hornby Light, which was erected on the inner South Head after the wreck of the emigrant ship *Dunbar*; this light marks unmistakably the true entrance into the harbour. We rounded the point and entered the waters of Port Jackson. The lovely view presented, with the handsome villas standing amongst trees and gardens along the shore, was enchanting, while the number of yachts,