

boats, and steamers cruising about (for it was Easter Monday and high holiday), and the weather being beautifully fine, combined to make it one of the prettiest scenes possible to imagine. We were now seven miles up the harbour, and had passed Fort Macquarie, Darling Point, and Garden Island. A short distance farther, and we are reminded that our voyage is ended—the anchor is let go in Farm Cove. Bumboats, shore-boats, washerwomen, dealers in all sorts of wares are swarming off soliciting orders. Here we found H.M.S. *Dido* and the German frigate *Arcona*. The fine view afforded from the anchorage, with its charming surroundings, was very enjoyable. Away to our left is a pretty little bay, its shores surmounted by a rough-hewn seat known as Lady Macquarie's Chair; while, stretching to the right, are the beautiful park-like reserves of the Botanical Gardens; still farther is the inclosure, at the top of which stands Government House, with grounds sloping down to the sea, in a position of great beauty. This castellated building of freestone has an air of magnificence about it such as should belong to the residence of the governor of so important a colony. \* \* \*

On first landing in Sydney Cove, one cannot help being struck with the many fine buildings rising in all directions, including wool stores of five and six stories, the Custom House, and numerous hotels. Stretching round here is Circular Quay, having an