

the settlers around. It is also a record of his sporting successes and his love affairs, whilst his self-denials and self-indulgences are also faithfully recorded, thus forming a most entertaining volume.

It is no breach of confidence on my part to publish a few extracts from the annals of by-gone years when the coast was not as dry as now, for "Billy" gave me full permission to do so, and also to draw upon my imagination to the fullest extent. Our friend candidly

May 1st.—Had two shots at McCarthy's bull. Billy, you are no good!

May 8th.—Received a pound of butter from Mr Powell; found a pot of jam upset in cupboard.

May 14th.—Went to Charleston; jolly, as usual.

May 15th.—Sea calm; bad headache; no work. Oh, may I be forgiven for my sins!

May 16th.—Red cow had bull calf on Paddy's terrace; lot of trouble getting her in.



Archway in Conglomerate.

admits that in past years it was just possible he sampled his stock-in-trade a trifle too freely, and in his diary certain years are recorded as sober ones, whilst some again he describes as quite otherwise. On certain days, news being scarce, quite trivial matters had to do duty, and on the day following an admission of jollification, the inevitable reaction was invariably in evidence. The entries selected were made in the early eighties.

July 1st.—Sowed carrots; sea rough; putting palings on fence; came home, got jolly; Mac, ditto; Paddy, ditto, ditto.

July 2nd.—Not feeling too well; put up one panel of fence to the rocks; two crawfish; going to the devil as fast as I can.

August 1st.—Showery from S.W.; saw stranger travelling north; stranger drank one bottle of gin, and sneaked another.

August 2nd.—Set speckled hen on