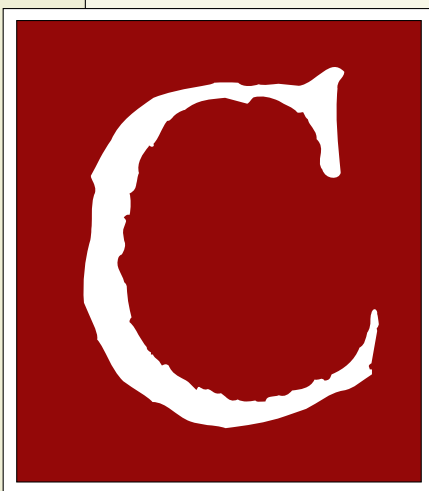


Caslon Manuscript

It is but four o'clock in the morning when the vessel slowly steams into the bay, her deep whistle awaking the echoes for miles all around. The sun has not yet risen; the first faint traces of dawn struggle with the fast fleeting night. We enter cove after cove, and that most beautiful of sights, Sydney Harbor, is brought to our mind. Presently a ray of sunlight falls across the deck, and we gaze in amazement at the revelation. Luxuriant tropical verdure and foliage and vegetation, of every shade of brown and green, are here, mingling with orange and lemon trees, the graceful palm, and the spreading leaves of the banana tree. From numerous native huts jotted here and there smoke begins to ascend. A dog slinks past and disappears; men and women are discernible as they prepare the morning meal.



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