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GUIDE TO EXCURSIONISTS

BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

Dedicated to all in search of Health, Recreation, and Pleasure.

“Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.”

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA: ACT 1, SCENE 1.

SECOND EDITION. PRICE, HALF-A-CROWN.

MELBOURNE:
H. THOMAS, 75 CHANCERY LANE.
1870.

In the Press, and will be ready shortly, uniform with the other
Handbooks (see opinions of the Press),

A GUIDE TO NEW ARRIVALS IN AUSTRALIA.

Containing the information required by strangers in each Colony.

To advertisers issuing announcements to Australians generally, this Handbook must be an advertising medium of great value, from its being the only Guide to New Arrivals published for the Colonies.

It being desired by the Publisher to make the work as complete as possible, suggestions are respectfully invited.

MELBOURNE :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. THOMAS, 75 CHANCERY LANE.

1870.

PREFACE.

IN issuing a second edition of this Handbook, the publisher begs to tender his thanks to the public for the patronage accorded to the first edition. He attributes the rapid sale more to the fact of its being the first issued Handbook of Tasmania for visitors than to any other cause.

Laurence Sterne, in that charming Excursion Book of his, *The Sentimental Journey*, says :—

“What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everthing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing that he can fairly lay his hands on!”

In such a spirit is this book compiled. It has had many contributors, who, in Sterne's words, had eyes to see as they journeyed ; many of them who are of the best in penning descriptions of what time, place, and chance have offered both to the outward and to the mental vision. To them the publisher tenders his grateful thanks.

The account contained in this edition of what may be seen in the Island colony will, it is expected, be greatly improved in future editions. To this end, those who may be led by its pages to go and see for themselves will render great assistance by taking advantage of the few blank pages at the end of the volume, and becoming thereby like contributors with those by whose labors they will probably profit in pleasure and benefit in knowledge. Such communications—critical, corrective, and additional—will, it is hoped, be forwarded to 75 Chancery Lane, Melbourne.

Having begun with a quotation from an author of the past, the end shall be one from an author of the present—Monckton Milnes—who teaches tourists that, to get an agreeable holiday, it is not necessary to go always as far as Europe :—

“A man's best things are nearest him,—
Lie close around his feet ;
But 'tis the distant and the dim
That he ever strives to meet.”

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Return tickets are only issued between Sydney and Hobart Town, ten guineas each.

OFFICES :

Hobart Town.—Franklin Wharf ; C. Lovett, manager.

Launceston.—Wharf ; George Fisher, agent.

Melbourne.—8 Elizabeth St. ; Hudson & Watkins, agents.

Sydney.—Pitt Street ; Willis, Merry and Lloyd, agents.

These are the only steamers running between Australia and Tasmania. For further particulars, see newspapers.

PRELIMINARY.—Excursionists from Australia to Tasmania, previous to starting, should read page 37 ; Invalids, most of the book ; Sportsmen, page 10 ; and those who intend to visit the Goldfields, pages 25 and 61.

NEWSPAPERS IN TASMANIA.—At Hobart Town, the *Mercury* and the *Tasmanian Times* are both published daily ; at Launceston, the *Cornwall Chronicle* is published on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and the *Launceston Examiner* on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Newspapers posted in Tasmania require no stamp, they travel free to Australia and England. Surely in some things the little colony is ahead of the larger ones.

NOTA BENE.—This Guide to Excursionists from Australia to Tasmania is a second edition of the only publication of the kind. To those who assisted in its production, the publisher tenders his grateful thanks. He will feel obliged to tourists and residents of Tasmania who may make suggestions tending to improve the book ; some blank pages will be found at the end of it which may be used for memoranda, torn out, and forwarded to the office of Australian Handbooks, 75 Chancery Lane, Melbourne.

SHOOTING SEASONS.—In Tasmania the shooting season commences January 11th and ends August 1st, for wild duck, teal, widgeon, plover, emu, black swan, ground dove, and Cape Barren goose. On February 11th pigeon-shooting commences, ending August 1st. On March 1st the oyster season commences, and ends October 31st. On April 21st quail shooting commences, and terminates August 1st.

CHARGES FOR TELEGRAMS of ten words : between Victoria and Tasmania, 6s. ; between New South Wales and Tasmania, 11s. ; between Queensland and Tasmania, 14s. ; between South Australia and Tasmania, 11s.

THE INDEX on page 8 will be useful in facilitating reference.

WE were shown some samples of alluvial gold taken from prospecting ground on the Piper River, near the claim of the Back Creek Company. The gold was fine and very bright in color, resembling very closely the alluvial gold obtained in the Beechworth district. In each instance the sample was from a single dish of washdirt, obtained in every case at or near the surface, the lowest depth out of four washings being 4ft. 6in. The results obtained from these washings are considered to be very encouraging, and the prospectors have taken care to mark out their claims. With regard to the quartz reefs at the Waterhouse, the Pioneer and Welshman's are making most progress. At Fingal the Union Company is just beginning to crush.—*Argus*.

EXCURSIONISTS' REQUISITES.—The following establishments give especial attention to the requirements of tourists. In Melbourne: Messrs. Pausacker and Evans, Lonsdale Street West, Portmanteaus and Travelling Apparatus; Mr. Mason, Collins Street East, Felt Hats; Messrs. Wenzel and Enes, Bourke Street East, Marine and Field Glasses; Mr. Rosier, Little Collins Street East, Guns, etc., etc.; Mr. Case, Little Collins Street West, Fishing Tackle; Mr. King, 22 Collins Street East, pocket Filters; and, Mr. Evans, Bourke Street West, Tents. In Hobart Town: Mr. Ivey, near Town Hall, provides Residences, etc.; Mr. Fletcher, 87 Liverpool Street, Fancy Stationery, Wools, etc.; and, Mr. Wintle, Collins Street, Geological Specimens and Minerals. In Launceston: Mr. Pattison, Patterson Street, Guns; and, Messrs. Hudson and Hopwood, Brisbane Street, Books and Fancy Goods.

HOBART TOWN, Hobartown, Hobarton, Hobart, and the City of Hobart: all these names are of one place, and mean Hobart Town, the capital of Tasmania; this variety is said to have been caused by attempting to get over the absurdity of having to say the *City of Hobart Town*. According to Chief Justice Sir John Pedder, the only *legal* name of the capital of Tasmania is "Hobart Town."

THE goldfields and railways of Tasmania are progressing satisfactorily, and host Simmons of the "Brisbane," Launceston, can tell visitors all about them.

GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and
Admiral, His Excellency Charles
DuCane, Esq.
Private Secretary, C. M. S. Chichester.

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The Hon. William Robert Giblin.
Clerk to Council: E. C. Nowell.

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The Hon. Thomas Daniel Chapman,
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The Hon. William Robert Giblin,
Attorney-General.
The Hon. Henry Butler, Minister of
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The Hon. James Alfred Dunn.

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Usher of the Black Rod, W. G. Elliston
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Librarian, H. M. Hull.
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Director-General of Works and Tele-
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unteer Artillery, Alfred Harrap.
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land Robert Davies, B.A.
Archdeacon, Launceston, Ven. Thos.
Reibey, M.A.
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The Right Rev. Daniel Murphy,
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Puisne Judge, His Honor W. L. Dob-
son.
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Vice-Admiralty Court, of Births,
Deaths, and Marriages, and Cura-
tor of Intestate Estates, Henry
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Solicitor-General, Robert P. Adams.
Clerk of the Supreme Court and Mar-
shal of Vice-Admiralty Court,
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Sheriff, John Forster.
Recorder, Launceston, and Commis-
sioner of Insolvent Estates and
Court of Requests, J. Whitefoord.
Clerk of the Peace, Hobart Town,
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Clerk of the Peace, Under Sheriff,
and Registrar of Court of Re-
quests and Insolvent Estates,
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Under Sheriff, Hobart Town, J. Roth-
well.
Recorder of Titles and Registrar of
Deeds, W. Tarleton.
Deputy Recorder of Titles, Deputy
Commissioner of Crown Lands,
and Deputy Registrar of Births,
Deaths, and Marriages, Launces-
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Lands' Titles Commissioners, William
Tarleton, H. J. Buckland, Justin
M'C. Browne.
Solicitor to Lands' Titles Commis-
sioners, G. P. Adams.

FROM CAMPBELL TOWN TO AVOCA, FINGAL,
AND THE EAST COAST OF TASMANIA.

THE excursionist from Australia to the Island across Bass's Straits is so apt to take a run right through from Launceston to Hobart Town, or *vice versa*, without even a glimpse at the beauties of scenery that lie to the right and to the left of him on his journey thither, that any attempt to counteract this tendency, and to save travelling at any one stage to such an extent as to tire and weary, should meet with no faint response. It will, I am sure, be admitted, however reluctantly, that it is simply ignorance and a know-nothingness of what might be enjoyed which play so important a part in this apparent indifference. That being granted, I will, to the best of my ability, endeavour to point out some of the more noteworthy features of the drive to Avoca, Fingal, and the East Coast, and to render an account of my excursion in that direction, undertaken in the month of January, when on the mainland hot winds most do rage and dust does blow.

Running from the attractive township of Campbell Town, to Fingal and the Coast, is a coach every Wednesday and Saturday morning, at five o'clock, all the year round; it returns Thursdays and Mondays, starting about the same hour from Falmouth, the terminus. The fares are regulated thus—Campbell Town to Avoca (23 miles), 6s. 6d.; to Fingal (18 miles further on), 12s. 6d.; to Cullenswood (about 10 miles on), 15s.; and to Falmouth (60 miles in all), £1. Having rested at Campbell Town, my slumbers were abruptly brought to a close by the knock of the waiter,—a signal to hold myself in readiness to start, the coach leaving, as previously stated, at five a.m., which is shortly after Page's Hobart Town night mail coach has passed through, *en route* for Launceston. Inwardly refreshed with a cup of coffee, I secure a seat on the driver's box, as enabling me the better to obtain a view of the country through which I am about to pass. And speaking of that country, truth to tell, I did not see much except that the road was lined with fair pastoral land and with rabbits, which latter the rumbling of the coach sent skeltering and scampering in all directions, until I arrived at the first stopping place, familiarly and topographically known as "Smith's Corners" (late Willis's), eight miles or so on the main road from the "Caledonian Hotel." Here is Smith's Epping Hotel, a very well furnished house for these parts, from which are taken the district mails for Fingal. Should travellers desire, they

are here provided with vehicles, at all hours, day or night, whether it be to make a raid upon the unfortunate "bunnies," or for the purpose of doing the "select." Making a second start, the coach goes a mile beyond, Paxton, where is a relay of horses. From here, in the distance, towers the mighty and noble mount of Ben Lomond, in all its majesty, with its rugged escarpment rearing itself in bold relief against high heaven, to an altitude of 5,010 feet above the level of the sea. Hence to Avoca, there is an excellent roadway; indeed all the way to Falmouth it is admirable, and but little inferior to the "main." Next on the list after quitting Paxton is Stony Creek, at which is a single house, the "Wheat Sheaf," and then the estates of Selma, Eastbourne, and Benham, are passed, and driving over the bridge spanning St. Paul's River, and into the yard of "Foster's," Avoca township is reached. It being now eight o'clock I dismounted for breakfast, to which, it need scarcely be said, I did ample justice, my appetite being sharpened by the keen air of early morn.

An hour having elapsed I resume my seat, and pass by Paice's Wool Pack Inn, on the side opposite to Foster's, and then looms in sight St. Paul's Dome, lying to the right, and 1,200 feet high; from this, St. Paul's River takes its source of supply; from its summit is to be had a splendid view of the surrounding country, and the ocean on the East. Leaving Avoca behind, the coach proceeds onward to Fingal, of mining celebrity, through a picturesque country, with the South Esk, which takes its rise in Ben Lomond, flowing almost parallel to the road. A short distance from Avoca, to the left, is Henbury, the locale of the renowned Storey's cheese. The road now cuts through forest pasture lands, traversing the estates of Garth and Eastwood, on to Tullochgorum, the property of Mr. Grant, the oldest resident of the district. That passed, Tower Hill Rivulet next; and then, on the right, comes into view Ossian's Throne, otherwise known as the Bare Rock, a perpendicular face of rock, some four hundred feet in height and extent. Another bridge is passed, as well as Vinegar Hill, and the township of Fingal is reached at half-past eleven. At noon dinner is announced at Duncan's Tasmanian Hotel, a superior house, with first-class entertainment, and a balcony stocked with the choicest flowers. Nearer Avoca is Gatty's Talbot Arms, the proprietor of which runs the mail conveyance to Mangana Gold-fields, four times a week, carrying those electing to go no further coastwise at two shillings

per head. Vehicles and saddle-horses are likewise provided, should they be required. Mangana lies some six miles in a northerly direction from Fingal, and is worthy a visit. But I postpone mine, and keep on the main road to Falmouth, *via* Cullenswood, where another change of horses is required. But long before I get there may be seen Tower Hill and Saddle Back, and Mount Nicholas and Break-o'Day Range to the front and extending coastwards. Here is a grand scene indeed, for "Alps on Alps arise," capped by the ever-gigantic Ben Lomond, towering high above all intervening hills. It is here, perhaps, that Ben Lomond appears to the greatest advantage, and in its more extensive proportions, and it is near here, too, that the easiest ascent may be accomplished. However difficult the approach may be in some parts, need I say that the climber is well and truly repaid, for he sees at his feet, or rather far, far below them, a panorama of mightiest magnitude. But the coach and the horses stop not, so on I go through the richly-landed estates of Killymoon, Millbrook, Londavra, Storth, and Harefield, and through dairy-farms and meadow-lands forming the Break-o'Day Plains.

Cullenswood passed, we next come to St. Mary's, at which is a licensed house of accommodation. And now it is that, going along beneath the shady avenue of forest trees leading to St. Mary's Pass, the traveller feels requited and rewarded well for all his labor; but 'tis the prelude only to a scene as romantic as is to be found in the whole of this beautiful isle of the Southern Seas. From this drive, sight is caught of St. Patrick's Head, not far from the base of which you enter St. Mary's Pass. This peak serves as a beacon to mariners on the passage between New Zealand and Victoria. But to the Pass; the road winds round the side of the mountain most tortuously at times; fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, at this point a glimpse of its horizon is obtained. On the right, the mountain walls run steep and high, but immeasurably steeper in another direction is the Pass on the left, a chasm, hundreds of feet deep, but relieved from a desolate aspect by a growth of vegetation truly tropical in luxuriance. Richly stocked with sassafras, gum, wattle, myrtle, box, and fern trees, some of the former springing to a height of several hundred feet, from the deep, shadowy, and all but unfathomable depths below, this surely is no common scene, nor one to be surpassed by anything terrene. All but unfathomable, said I, for difficult and spiced with something of the dangerous as it may be, Mr. Dunn, landlord of the Falmouth Hotel, is always happy to proffer his services and aid in the

descent, by means of ropes and other appliances. Out of this weird, wild glen rises, on the side opposite to the road, mountain sides densely covered with native vegetation; but nought to the beautiful scene so far below, where the taller trees stand relieved by the delicate fronds of the fern tree, so brightly verdant and rich, yet cool, in their shady recesses. As if to intensify and complete what is around, glimpses are ever and anon gained, in the dim, dim distance, of the Great Southern Ocean, with its white foam and borders of sand. Near the entrance to the Pass is St. Mary's Well, into which trickles from the springs above a tiny, purling stream of deliciously cool water. To those who have travelled the Huon Road, to and from Hobart Town, there may appear some similitude between the two; but in the writer's opinion St. Mary's Pass stands as the acme of all that is magnificence and perfection,—a very vestibule to Paradise itself. Out of the Pass and on to Falmouth. The hotel in this delightfully salubrious spot has accommodation for visitors during the summer and at any other times they should select for an outing. Seabathing can be enjoyed, as well as shooting and fishing, there being the free use of a whale-boat available, and a sufficiency of shrimps, trumpeter and other fish peculiar to Tasmanian waters. Here, of a sunny eve, you may walk the sea shore, gathering specimens of all that is beautiful in ocean vegetation, the kelp of this port bearing a peculiar and vesicular appearance; or you may pace the verandah surrounding the house, and gaze upon

“The bridegroom sea
Toying with the shore, his wedded bride,”

and hearken to the waves lashing and lapping the beach, the breakers curling and curving round the barriers of the sea, and murmuring ever in the same sad, wild strain.

About seventeen miles north of Falmouth is George's Bay, into which flows the George's River. Crossing the barway at Falmouth, which during easterly gales is blocked up, and going three or four miles north, you come to the township of Yarmouth, at the mouth of Scamander River, better known, perhaps, as Anson's Creek, in which oysters flourish, but they are somewhat tenacious of their hold on the rocks.

Beyond this are Paddy's and Rabbit Islands and George's Bay, noted for its extreme beauty, as well as

being a refuge from the storm and the gale. Near to the beach and to Falmouth is Diana's Basin, a delightful lake, dotted here and there with swan, pelican and other water-fowl. [Regarding George's Bay, see page 33.]

THE *Bendigo Independent* states that with the residents of Sandhurst "Hobart Town is a place which is, just now, a standing theme of conversation. There is a tolerably numerous circle of moderately and immoderately wealthy Bendigonians, with whom the talk is of Tasmania—its comfortable climate, its beautiful scenery, its good-looking ladies, and the expenses of the pleasure of paying the island a visit. Acting upon the notion which a chance excursion steamer put into their heads, a few of them went over last year, and they brought back such an excellent account of the land which they went to spy out that, were a similar opportunity afforded, many more would be induced to go and see for themselves. As we have already said, we suppose there are other places like Sandhurst, and it is almost certain that but for the indifference of those who are interested in increasing the passenger traffic between the two colonies, Hobart Town and Launceston would be transformed into places where many Victorians would annually congregate. The Tasmanian Steam Navigation Company stops the way with its monopoly, and consequently high fares." It is suggested that much larger and more powerful steamers should be put upon the line, and that the fares should be reduced one-half.

"*On Seats and Saddles, Bits and Bitting, Draught and Harness, &c.*, by Francis Dwyer, Major of Hussars in the Imperial Austrian service (Blackwood & Sons).—Major Dwyer is the standard authority in all that relates to horse-furniture, and a new and enlarged edition of his book cannot but be most useful to all who use horses. Major Dwyer's maxims bear the impress of long and wide experience and of sound common sense, and even the most accomplished of horsemen may learn something from them. How many men, for instance, can give the true theory of the relation of a rider to his saddle? Yet, here we have it in a few plain and pithy sentences:—'Nothing can be more certain than this, that it is the saddler, and not the instructor of equitation, that can most effectually and certainly produce the uniformity of seat which is so desirable; but, unfortunately, few people ever think of this. The sum of the whole matter is this:—The larger the surfaces of the rider and saddle brought into permanent contact the firmer will be the seat, and the less will it depend on the stirrups or the reins.' The sum of our author's teaching he himself expresses as follows:—'The saddle in the centre of the horse's back; the girth, stirrups, and rider in the centre of the saddle.' The theory of the bit and curb is equally well given and illustrated; and, indeed, as a 'handy-book' for those who either can ride, or want to ride, we know no better work than Major Dwyer's."—*Argus*.

A GLANCE ON THE PLANTS OF TASMANIA.

Communicated by Ferd. von Mueller, C.M.G., M.D., F.R.S.

IN offering some brief notes on the vegetation of Tasmania, for the benefit of tourists, we cannot be expected to touch even on all the salient points which present themselves in a vegetation so beautiful and so varied. Suffice it to explain, in a few words, some of the prominent peculiarities or remarkable forms of Tasmanian plants, as far as they may have interest to passing travellers. The lowlands' vegetation, as a rule, participates to such an extent in the physiognomy of that of Victoria and the southern parts of New South Wales, that in the mountain tracts, and particularly in Alpine elevations, the attractive peculiarities of the Tasmanian flora must be mainly sought. However magnificent the fern-tree gullies, and however grand the forests of the evergreen beech (*Fagus Cunninghami*), these pictures of nature are analagous to those of Gippsland and other parts of the opposite coast, though the ravines with tree ferns, and the dense shady forests are, in Tasmania, far more generally accessible than in the S. E. part of the Australian continent. Hence invalids, unable to perform difficult or distant excursions, will, even in the lowlands of the island, derive very great enjoyments on clear fern-lined brooks, which meander through depressed vallies in all directions, or find invigoration and delight even in the park-like Eucalyptus ridges, or amidst the meadow, or heath, or shore vegetation, which, although all but identical with that of the adjacent colonies, maintains in the humid and equable climate of Tasmania, a freshness throughout the year not readily found elsewhere. Those in quest of more startling objects can easily gratify their wishes by penetrating no distance into the vallies to measure the ancient denizens of the forests—trees which in their undisturbed growth through past centuries attained such colossal dimensions, as to rank among the most gigantic of forest trees of the globe. To have run the measuring-tape along and around a sunken blue-gum tree stem, or to have measured the angle of an Eucalyptus *amygdalina* from its shadow to its crown, will gain records for a tourist's diary, likely to be received by most people with scepticism.

The walks need not be extended far into the forest glens to fall in with the Waratah peculiar to the island (*Telopea truncata*), or with the equally endemic *Aristotelia peduncularis* and *Anopterus glandulosus*, both among the grandest plants of Tasmania, and generally companions of the singular celery-pine (*Phyllocladus rhomboidalis*). In

these forest vallies, on musk trees (*Asterargophyllus*), sassafras (*Atherosperma moschatum*), or on *Plagianthus sidoides*, for the most southern of all orchideous Epiphytes (*Sarcophilus Gunnii*) may be searched, while the rocks may be overgrown by a species of the epiphytal genus *Dendrobium* (*D. Striatum*), which attains in this (and a New Zealand species) its most southern limit. Mosses, lichens and fungi abound in the moist recesses of the mountains, and many a hidden form of these plants awaits still the elucidation of a phytographer. But the researches of local residents, among whom, R. Gunn, Esq., F.R.S., Dr. Milligan, F.L.S., and the Hon. W. Archer, F.L.S. are most prominent, have left scarcely an opportunity of adding actually novel forms to the known phanerogamic vegetation, the scientific investigations of these gentlemen having extended over the last 30 years, while those of Mr. Gunn simultaneously embraced the forms of the animal kingdom of the island. Nevertheless an observer, who may penetrate into new mountain recesses, or may follow the recent tracks of miners, may largely yet augment our knowledge of the localities over which the rarer species are distributed, and thus even now any one of enlightened genius may yet stamp his name as a discoverer permanently on the vegetation of Tasmania.

Considering the comparatively inextensive area of the island, the vegetation, which with its ever verdant mantle envelops it, must be regarded as rich and extremely varied. About 90 orders of cotyledonar plants are represented, embracing approximately, when reduced to exact limits, 930 species. Of these, 77 are trees, the smallest of which attain at least 30 feet in height; among the trees, the eucalypts, numbering nine, are prevalent, and often gregarious, three or four of them Alpine. Of the whole of the cotyledonar plants, 130 are exclusively restricted to the island, and of these again approximately, 80 are confined to Alpine or sub-Alpine regions. Moreover, the endemic genera are mostly Alpine (*Milligania*, *Campynema*, *Hewardia*, *Microcachrys*, *Diselma*, *Pherosphaera*, *Athrotaxis*, *Bellendena*, *Cenarrhenes*, *Prionotes*, *Pterygopappus*, *Tetracarpaea*, *Anodopetalum*), but *Agastachys* and *Acradenia* (Lady Franklin's tree) are jungle genera, whereas *Richea*, *Diplarrhena*, *Drymophila*, *Juncella*, *Nablonium*, *Orites*, and *Anopterus* occur beyond Tasmania only in South-East Australia; but *Huanaca* and *Eucryphia* are also found in South America. The majority of the Alpine plants belong to genera, which have representatives also in the lowlands; *Caltha*, however, and *Anemone*, as well as *Forstera* and *Donatia*, are exclusively Alpine. A dwarf raspberry plant with a pleasant

fruit (*Rubus Gunnii*) belongs to regions covered in the winter with snow. The most remarkable features on the snowy heights are two composite plants (*Pterygopappus Lawrenci* and *Abrotanella forsteroides*) on account of the immense cushions formed by them; no plants of similar growth are to be found in the Australian Alps, but several in the glacier regions of New Zealand.

The pretty blue-striped Gentian has a most pleasing effect on the Alpine meadows, and so the white Woodsorrel (*Oxalis Magellanica*) along the rivulets. Grandest among all these highland plants are, however, the two palm-like *Epacrideae*, which pass under the strange name of cabbage-trees (*Richea pandanifolia* and *Dracophyllum Miligani*), both attaining a height of 30 feet, or the former sometimes double that height, and thus they introduce a tropical aspect into a landscape, which for half the year is buried in snow. The regular collector of plants will be richly rewarded anywhere in Tasmania for his exertions alike on hill and dale, in heaths and forests. *Epacrideae* are numerous and always handsome, and so Everlastings (*Helichrysum*), the tall shrubby kinds of the latter (*Ozothamnus*) being particularly conspicuous; so also deserve notice the many different woody Asters, the various gay pea-flowering bushes, the balsamic Rutaceae, the splendid Sundews, the various Proteaceae, as very many of these plants are not to be found out of the island. The varied, often delicate, ferns which line the brooks, or depend in graceful forms from the trunks of trees, though hardly offering endemic species, will form ample material for ladies' albums. Of fern-trees, two species occur, namely, *Alsophila Australis*, the more slender of the two, and which occupies mostly the slopes of the ranges—when such are springy and umbrageous; and *Dicksonia antarctica*, which is more fond of the bottom of the vallies, and which has proved the most easily trans-shipped of all fern-trees of the globe, and the most hardy also, so that any visitor of the island may transplant to a shady watered part of his garden, most readily, one of these noble and aged plants in remembrance of his voyage: indeed, horticultural energy may still further develop this new branch of commercial enterprise. The arborescent Senecios (*Senecio Bedfordi* and *Senecio centropappus*) are remarkable, in an enormous cosmopolitan genus, while *Prostanthera lasiantha* attains, as far as known, alone among several thousand Labiatae, to the height of a fair forest tree. The pepper-tree (*Drimys aromatica*) ascends from the forests to the Alps. *Fagus Gunnii*, a beech of the lake country, is the only indigenous

tree with deciduous foliage of the island. The dwarf Alpine coniferae, peculiar to Tasmania, are among the most interesting of the globe.

The shores are singularly rich in seaweeds; rather more than 300 kinds are enumerated through the glorious researches of the late Professor Harvey, in Dr. Hooker's large work; and not only are these Algae far more numerous than in most shore parts of the globe, but they contain also many species, such as the rare *Claudea*, which for their vivid colors and delicate beauty are famed far and wide.

Mrs. Meredith's charming work on her "bush friends" of the flora of Tasmania, will afford to amateurs, instructions of the most pleasing kind; the elegant delineations being blended with very ingenious and poetical explanations.

WE understand that it is the intention of the Government of Tasmania to urge upon the Governments of the other Australian colonies the propriety of holding a conference on the best means of establishing free trade in the interchange of colonial products; the conference to be held in April or May, 1870, in the place that may be fixed upon as most convenient. Mr. Chapman, the Colonial Treasurer of Tasmania, takes a very warm interest in the movement, and is anxious that a beginning should be made as quickly as possible by two or three of the colonies, even though the others should hold aloof. Mr. Randall, of South Australia, has just returned from Tasmania, and is about to proceed to New Zealand, where he intends to ascertain the views of the leading colonists on the same subject.—*Age*.

A MEETING of the Melbourne Anglers' Protection Society was held on Jan. 17, 1870, at the Acclimatisation Society's office, Swanston Street; Colonel Champ, president of the society, in the chair. One of the members present informed the meeting that he had heard of two real salmon (*salmo salar*) being caught—one of 14lb. weight off Port Albert, and another of 7lb. near Queenscliff. It was resolved to make inquiries so as to ascertain the truth of these statements, and the meeting expressed a hope that the public generally would in future report any instance of "salmon takes."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor of Tasmania was able to offer the guests at the vice-regal dinner-table, a delicacy which the officers of the Flying Squadron have not partaken of since leaving England, nor are they likely to have a similar dish before them till their return there. Two brown trout were caught in the ponds at the Plenty, and, through the kindness of the Salmon Commissioners, presented to his Excellency. The one was 22in. long, and 13in. in girth, weighing 6lb. The other was 21in. long and 12in. in girth, and weighed 5½lb.—*Mercury*.

SCENIC GEOLOGY.

(FROM THE ATHENÆUM.)

Nothing so highly increases the interest of a tour in all countries as a knowledge of what is termed physical geology, and what might be more appropriately for our present purpose called scenic geology. To those who have pedestrianised far and long, the possession and exercise of this knowledge has occasioned the highest intellectual pleasure, and has often reclaimed the wildest and most desolate wastes from weariness to the eye and the foot. Scenic geology, as we shall name it, literally makes the wilderness to blossom as the rose, for it sees flowers of fancy and speculation even on monotonous moors and rootless sands. It demands the cause—the original producer—of all the outlines and shapes and directions of mountains and mounds, of valleys and depths, of escarpments and hollows, of hillside and wayside boulders and blocks, and even of pebble-heaps and gravels, which the ever-observant traveller meets with in the remoter parts of our island, and of other islands and broad continents all the world over.

Denudation is the key which is continually applied to unlock the cabinet of secrets in scenic geology. Snowdon, for example, is a great mountain of denudation; its upper part, which is formed of between 800ft. and 900ft. of inter-stratified volcanic ashes and sedimentary beds, has evidently been cut off by denudation; its imposing escarpments, cliffs, and cwms, or hollows, are all the effects of a vast denuding agency. What was this agency? Was it a current directly or obliquely assailing the mountain? Did sea-waves beat against those enormous buttresses and break them down, and undermine and carry off blocks, and excavate hollows and make ever-receding cliffs? The capacious cwms, or combs, or cavities, which form so marked a feature in the mountain—were they sea-worn, or river-worn, or rain-worn, or air-worn? In scientific language, were the agencies sub-aërial? and were they marine, or fluvial, or glacial? Or were there successions and combinations of all of these? It is manifest that the discussion of such questions is deeply interesting as well as decidedly difficult; and there is ample room for the exercise of high faculties of perception and reasoning in weighing the respective values of the various evidences and of the different possible answers. It is equally manifest that the same kind of phenomena, though perhaps in a less striking manner, are observable in other mountains,

and are equally open to discussion. From mountains one may also descend to mole-hills, and find occasion for geological inquiries all down the gradual descent from sublimity to littleness.

Confining ourselves, for the moment, merely to marine agency, and disregarding theories of extensive atmospheric disintegration and of various sub-aërial menacers and moulders of rocks and hills, all of which are theoretically credited with different degrees of efficiency by different speculators, let us direct attention to the probable fact that it is the sea which has principally produced the present inequalities of our earth's surface.

The sea—the sea—the sea—has done the most and the mightiest work. He has had his subordinate servants and aids, some working with him and some after him. He has had rivers right and left; he has had rain from every cloud passing over him; he has had helpers that he himself knew only by name, viz., frost and ice; he has been aided by chemical agencies and obscure, secret, and slow solvents and destroyers; yet he himself has done the first hard, bulky, battering and down-breaking work, with all his furious billows and waves and tides and storms.

To-day, we divide our earth-home into two main departments, ocean and dry land; but in other ages the sea has well-nigh possessed dominion over the whole earth. The fact is, we think that he is our charmed and confined slave, while we are at land-wide liberty; but the truth lies on the opposite side. It is supposable that more than two-thirds of the earth's surface, at any given time, are under the sea. The other third part may have been at one time also under the sea, at least for a period. In all likelihood, therefore, the present surface configuration of our earth is the result of very old sea-beatings and buildings, and scrapings and scourings and roundings and removings. For, as more than two-thirds of the earth's surface are at any given time acted upon by the sea, or else preserved by it from sub-aërial action, the greater part of the land-surface at any given time presents the forms which the sea has shaped out. Such is a fair conclusion from a multitude of surface phenomena.

SOME people consider that any old clothes will do for travelling; this is a mistake, and especially if the journey be a long one, as, apart from appearance, old clothes frequently require repairing at most inconvenient times and places. A travelling suit, however coarse the material it is of, should be new and strong. No more clothes should be taken than are essential, as in case of need others can be purchased.

PAGE'S

HOBART TOWN AND LAUNCESTON COACHES.

TABLE OF FARES TO INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.

<i>From Launceston to</i>	<i>Outside</i>	<i>Inside</i>
Perth.....	0 3 0	0 4 0
Snake Banks	0 5 0	0 7 0
Forest Hotel	0 6 6	0 9 0
Cleveland.....	0 7 6	0 10 0
Smith's Corners ...	0 9 0	0 12 0
Campbell Town.....	0 10 0	0 14 0
Ross	0 12 0	0 16 0
Tunbridge	0 14 0	0 18 0
Antill Ponds	0 15 0	1 0 0
Oatlands	0 17 6	1 3 0
Lemon Springs	0 18 0	1 4 0
Jericho	0 19 0	1 6 0
Spring Hill	1 0 0	1 7 0
Melton Mowbray ...	1 2 0	1 10 0
Green Ponds	1 3 0	1 11 0
Bagdad Station	1 5 0	1 13 0
Brighton	1 6 0	1 15 0
Bridgewater	1 7 6	1 17 0
Hobart Town	1 10 0	2 0 0

CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE CHARGED HALF FARE.

It is not sufficient for a pleasure excursion that the traveller has money enough to meet his expenses. The *comfort* which a tourist is likely to enjoy in an excursion will greatly depend on his carrying with him a ready stock of good temper and forbearance, which have more certain currency than gold in the purchase of civilities and efforts to please. A man will see more, enjoy more, and learn more by carrying with him his head and his heart in good travelling trim, than can be obtained by having his pockets full of letters of credit without this necessary state of mind and feelings.

THE trustees of the new Public Library, Hobart Town, have received the money from Government, invested it, and offered terms to the corporation for rooms to have the library opened before the visiting season of 1870 closes.

On dit that a company is to be formed at Hobart Town to provide a small fleet of steam wherries for ferrying and picnics.

THE FINGAL GOLDFIELD.

MANGANA.

It is now more than seventeen years ago that a former servant of Mr. Grant, of Tullochgorum, having returned from the Victorian goldfields, visited a shepherd in the employ of Mr. Grant, who resided in a hut on the site of the present township of Mangana. The man, struck by the appearance of the country round-about as similar to that where he had been digging in Victoria, induced the shepherd to search for gold. The latter did so, and succeeded in his endeavors ; but the news of his success caused very little stir here on account of the greater attraction the rich finds in Victoria presented to intending gold-diggers. A few men only came here and prosecuted the search for gold with various success. This lasted till the year 1856, when the then Government granted the sum of £2,000 for the purpose of prospecting the country round Fingal. About 150 men came up, most of whom received tents, tools, and rations, and were set to work in the different gullies. The management of the whole was given into the hands of a man, who, though well educated, knew nothing about gold-digging, and had not even been at one of the goldfields in Victoria. The consequence was, that in a very short time the money was spent, and the number of people dwindled down to a few, who, however, through good and bad luck, worked perseveringly on. While the Government grant lasted, two quartz reefs had been found, and partially opened—one known as Mr. Selton's reef, now leased to the Fingal Company, and the other on Specimen Hill, close to the township of Mangana, since sold to Mr. Wm. Robertson. On both these reefs very nice specimens were found, and though many of these, as also a goodly quantity of alluvial gold, were shown in Hobart Town and Launceston, nothing further was done to develop the resources of the place. The field then languished on, always a few men being engaged in gold-digging, till 1859, when new life was infused into it. Some persons joined together, and formed a company under the title of the Midland Company, for the purpose of prospecting the quartz reefs. They engaged a manager, Mr. Maudit, a gentleman of great practical experience in quartz mining, put up a 12-horse power steam-engine, Chilian mill, and stampers, and commenced crushing quartz from the reef on Specimen Hill, the weekly yield of which was 28 oz. Satisfied with this success, and somewhat elated by their prospects, the company determined to erect larger machinery. This was

opposed by their manager, who advised them to go on crushing with their existing machinery till sufficient gold was obtained to pay for a larger plant. He was, however, overruled, and in disgust resigned. The company, who had a grant of 320 acres from Government for purposes of quartz mining, then bought two 25-horse power engines, and crushing machinery known as King and Howland's patent, put it up on their ground, and commenced operations under the management of their secretary, a most unsuitable person, who knew nothing whatever about quartz mining, and who very soon brought the whole to a standstill. During all this time the search for alluvial gold was carried on, as the population had increased, and some very good finds were made; among others, a party of three men netted in three months £400. A great drawback to the search for alluvial gold, however, was that Government had sold a portion of the ground then being worked to private individuals, who levied license from the diggers. In spite of this, digging was continued, but only in the old style, with cradle and tin dish, or a sluice-box here and there. Now and then our little community was enlivened by the advent of a so-called pioneer company, under the management of a very worthy and respectable tradesman from Hobart Town or Launceston, but decidedly not a man competent to manage a mining enterprise. These companies, in consequence, had each a very short existence. Still a few men continued the search for gold. In 1865, Mr. F. A. Downing, who owned the ground on which Mr. Selton's reef was situated, formed a company, named the Fingal Company, with a capital of £30,000, in 6,000 shares, at £5 a share. A first-rate mining manager was engaged, engineers from Victoria put up first-class machinery—two batteries of five head each—and crushing was soon commenced. At the same time another company was formed, called the Union Company, with a capital of £15,000, in 3,000 shares at £5 a share, who bought the old Midland Company out, erected new machinery, similar to that of the Fingal Company, and having engaged a manager, began operations. The Fingal Company, though their returns did never exceed 6 dwt. per ton, but very often did not even cover expenses, perseveringly kept on working, till at last the shareholders declined paying any more calls, though the £5 per share were not yet paid up. This decided the affair, and the works stopped. The Union Company, which at this time was managed by their legal manager, an ironmonger of Launceston, having no knowledge whatever of quartz mining, had struck a very rich vein,—gold as large as beans being found in the

quartz ; but no competent manager being there to follow this rich vein up, it was lost, and, as the returns would not pay expenses, this company also had to stop. Meantime another company was started in Hobart Town, named the Alliance Company, with a capital of £20,000, in 4,000 shares at £5 per share, to work a quartz reef on private ground near Mangana. This company engaged as their manager, Mr. John Lewis, the present manager of the New North Clunes. Everything that skill and energy could do was done by this gentleman, but, as gold was not struck at once, the shareholders decided, after fooling away some five or six hundred pounds in procuring one of Wheeler's amalgamators, to stop the works. And now I come to the turning-point in the history of our goldfields. Private enterprise stepped in and led to the happy results which the apathy of our Government, and the sleepiness and want of energy and judgment of the Tasmanian public, failed to achieve. About the time of the starting of the Alliance Company, Mr. Goodall made his first appearance in Tasmania, for the purpose of prospecting for quartz reefs. Mr. Grant, jun., of Tullochgorum, becoming acquainted with him, took him over some of his ground, where plenty of quartz cropped out, and Mr. Goodall and his mate, Mr. Patrick, set to work, and after some weeks' hard labor, succeeded in finding a well-developed reef. They sunk a shaft, and got out about ten tons of quartz, which Mr. Grant carted for them to the Fingal Company's works, at Mangana, where it was crushed. It yielded at the rate of 4 dwt. 9 gr. per ton. Hereupon Mr. Grant leased the land to Goodall and Co. on the most favorable terms. At this time the Alliance Company, having stopped work at Mangana, made arrangements with Goodall and Co. to buy their claim from them, for which they offered £1,000 (one thousand pounds) cash. This Goodall and Co. refused, and asked for £500 cash and £500 worth of shares, thus showing that they thought the speculation too good to give up all their interest in. The Alliance Company, still under the management of Mr. Lewis, accepted these terms, removed to Grant's Reef, and began operations by driving a tunnel into the hill to meet the reef. But hardly had Mr. Lewis driven about sixty feet, when he was informed by the directors that only a small balance of money was left in their hands, and that the shareholders declined to pay any more calls. Of course, the works were stopped, and the company was wound up. So much for Tasmanian enterprise and energy ! Mr. Grant, fully persuaded of the auriferous nature of our soil, tried by a series of able letters, and also

by his personal influence, to arouse the Government and the people from their lethargy, but only succeeded so far as to keep the subject before the public, and cause here and there some prospecting to go on. This is a brief history of our goldfields up to last year, proving that if the tenth part of the money fooled away by bad management had been laid out in a proper way, a paying goldfield would, long before this, have been opened up, and Tasmania, instead of retrograding, would have progressed.

About the end of last year, F. Smith, a tenant of Mr. Grant, jun., of Tullochgorum, encouraged by that gentleman, went prospecting the tiers round Tower Hill, and succeeded in finding in Golden Gully a reef which showed gold. He communicated his find to Mr. Grant, and showed him where the reef was. A short time afterwards, Mr. Goodall made his second appearance at Mangana, and F. Smith, informing him of his find, and showing him some quartz, took him to the place. Mr. Goodall traced the reef upwards, and found on the top another reef cropping out, in which his sharp eye quickly detected gold. He now came to an understanding with Smith, got his own brother-in-law up, and began to open the reef. He succeeded in finding three apparently different reefs, each of which showed gold in great quantities. This soon spread about, and increased the excitement caused in the first instance by the discoveries at Waterhouse. This latter place is situated on the north coast of Tasmania, about 70 miles from Launceston, and had been prospected some time before the Tower Hill Quartz Reef was found, with what success your readers are by this time undoubtedly aware, as the returns of the trial crushing of quartz from that place first called the attention of your mining speculators to Tasmania, and caused some of them to come over and look for themselves. That they were satisfied with what they saw, was proved by their buying several claims on the Pioneer Reef at Waterhouse.

A short time before Christmas last year three miners came from Victoria over here, and proceeding to Mangana, called on their way on Mr. Grant, jun., for a night's lodging. Next morning Mr. Grant showed them over his reef, and then advised them to go to Mangana and look over the diggings there. The men did so, but returned next day, and accepted Mr. Grant's offer—to continue the tunnel on his reef, begun by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Grant providing them with rations, tools, in fact with everything they wanted. The men carried the tunnel on till it had reached the length of 200 feet, when they struck the reef. They then made

an open cutting lower down the hill, when, unfortunately, an accident happened to two of the miners. They were drilling out a shot which had missed fire, when it exploded, and the whole charge went into their faces, hands and arms. The men were removed to the house, and all that kindness, care, and attention could do was done by Grant and his amiable lady, till the men had so far recovered that they could return to Victoria. Meanwhile, Mr. Grant had engaged another man who, with the third miner, got out quartz, of which hand tests were made. These tests, carefully executed, were made of quartz from three different parts of the reef, and averaged from two to three oz. per ton. Mr. Grant had then twenty tons of quartz got out, which he carted to the Union Company's works at Mangana, where they were crushed; but owing to the imperfect amalgamation process, and badly constructed tables, a great quantity of fine gold was lost, and the returns did not come near the results of the hand tests. There are few places that offer such facilities for working as Grant's Reef. It rises gradually along the side of a hill to a height of 700 feet. Below is a flat, most convenient for putting up machinery, along which the South Esk River runs. This would enable a company to employ water-power for crushing, and thus save all the outlay for steam machinery, and the other expenses necessarily attached to it, and, as a natural consequence, increase greatly the nett proceeds. While this was going on at Grant's Reef, Goodall had not been idle. He and his mate had opened out the reef, and got a considerable quantity of quartz ready stacked for crushing. In applying to Government for a lease of the ground, he found however, that the reef was on private land, belonging to Mr. M. Gellibrand. That gentleman was then in New Zealand. Goodall wrote at once to him, informing him of the discovery he had made, and requesting his presence in Hobart Town. When Mr. Gellibrand arrived, Goodall met him, and at once commenced negotiations with him about the lease of the ground. These negotiations were drawn out to an inconsiderate length, as the two interested parties could not agree, and were finally broken off by Mr. Gellibrand. Thereupon Goodall, who had gone to a great deal of expense and trouble, telegraphed to Mr. Grant, who at once hastened to town, and setting his influence to work, succeeded in getting a lease of the land for Goodall, under the following conditions, viz.—Goodall is to have the whole ground, $157\frac{1}{4}$ acres, for twenty-one years, and pays for it a royalty of six (6) per cent. on the gross proceeds. There is no doubt but for the generous

interference of Mr. Grant, Goodall would never have succeeded in getting the land from Mr. Gellibrand, for the latter had already opened negotiations with another person for letting his ground. In fact, had it not been for Mr. Grant, who first induced F. Smith to go prospecting and burn out the scrub, The Tower Hill Quartz Reef would have remained undiscovered to the present day, and, as a natural consequence, all the other reefs discovered here since. This business now satisfactorily settled, Goodall engaged men and sunk shafts along the several reefs, all of which, the whole depth he had sunk, showed gold in abundance. This, in connection with the discoveries at Waterhouse, at last awoke Tasmania out of her "Rip Van Winkle" sleep, and prospecting is now going on in all directions.

The Union Company, aroused by the cry of gold, got four Victorian miners and set them to prospect their reef at Mangana. These men succeeded, about five weeks ago, in finding a rich vein, eighty feet to the west of the old workings, and that company is likely soon to commence operations again.

The Fingal company has offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of a paying quartz reef on their ground, or on that of Mr. W. Robertson, adjoining.

Towards the middle of September last, Messrs. M'Donald, Copeland and Gundry came here and went to the Tower Hill Quartz Reef. They were perfectly astonished at what they saw, and took up the land adjoining it towards the north. Mr. M'Donald, in company with Mr. Grant, engaged a miner to prospect, and the latter succeeded in finding a reef, which promises to turn out well.

Mr. Copeland has leased land for alluvial mining from Mr. Grant, and will shortly come over with machinery to commence operations, and Mr. Gundry for the same purpose has leased some land adjoining Mr. Grant's, known as Viney's block.

Mr. Arabin, another gentleman from your side, has secured 640 acres from Mr. Buckland, and a block of 20 acres from Government, and has already a portable engine, of 10-horse power, on the ground.

Mr. Gundry has also made an offer to Mr. Grant for his reef, and I believe the offer has been accepted.

On my late prospecting tour I stayed at Goodall's Reef, and had an opportunity of thoroughly investigating it. For four hundred yards along the ground the reef shows splendid gold not only on the surface, but right in the solid stone. The amount of quartz *in situ* would last

a company for many a year ; and it having been proved that the quartz at a depth of 30 feet shows as rich as at the top, it is not too much to say that it will prove one of the best-paying reefs lately discovered.

The tiers round Tower Hill shew a perfect network of quartz reefs, and very much resemble Gipps Land. They are mostly very steep, and covered with a dense scrub, which greatly impedes prospecting at present, as the ground is still too moist to burn the scrub out. We want plenty of experienced quartz miners here to prospect the ground in all directions. There is ample room for thousands of them, and it is my firm belief that all the country between this and Waterhouse, a distance of 60 or 70 miles, will prove a rich goldfield, and well repay the trouble and expense of prospecting.—*Ballarat Star*.

SEA-SICKNESS.*

SEVERAL of the surgeons and passengers of the Cunard line, and many surgeons and passengers of other ships sailing round the world, say that a cure for sea-sickness has been discovered at last by Dr. Chapman, of London, who has published the particulars of the remedy in a convenient form, and those who suffer from this distressing malady should certainly purchase the book.

As some of the excursionists between the mainland and Tasmania may possibly desire immediately to test the efficacy of Dr. Chapman's remedy for themselves, it may be of some assistance to them briefly to describe the mode in which the ice to be applied :—

1. The bag in which the ice is placed is made of india-rubber,† and, for convenience sake, is divided into three compartments by india-rubber septa, its mouth being closed with a brass clamp. At its upper part is an elastic band to pass round the head, by which it is kept in position.

2. The three divisions are respectively filled with small pieces of ice about the size of a walnut, taking care

* Sea-Sickness, and How to Prevent it : an Explanation of its Nature, and Successful Treatment through the Agency of the Nervous System, by means of the Spinal Ice-Bag. With an Introduction on the General Principles of Neuro-therapeutics. By John Chapman, M.D., London. Second Edition. 8vo. Price, Half-a-crown. Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row.

† The bags may be had of any respectable chemist.

that it is not packed too closely, or it will not touch the back in its whole extent.

3. The bag is best applied by laying on it, the elastic strap being passed over the forehead. It may, however, be kept in position by fastening the dress over it.

4. In cases of sea-sickness it is to be applied from the top of the neck to the lower part of the hollow of the back. It will generally be sufficient if it is placed outside the shirt or chemise, but it will be more certain in its action if the bag is placed in direct contact with the skin. It may readily be pushed into position without much derangement of the dress.

5. The part on which it is most important to keep it closely applied is that portion of the spine extending from the lower angles of the shoulder-blades to the lower part of the hollow of the back. Great care should be taken to prevent the bag slipping up to the back of the head. If headache be produced, and if the forehead be at the same time distinctly warmer than usual, a folded handkerchief should be placed between the upper part of the bag and the skin.

6. Persons naturally liable to sea-sickness should not only apply the bag directly to the skin, but also for half-an-hour or an hour before they go on board.

7. The ice should be applied uninterruptedly, without even the intermission of a few minutes, and for this purpose it is advisable, on long voyages, to be supplied with more than one bag, to prevent delay in changing.

8. Persons with delicate chests and subject to coughs should use the remedy with caution, and under medical advice, as Dr. Chapman believes that it is likely to produce congestion of the lungs, and increase of cough, in people of phthisical tendencies, if applied along the dorsal vertebræ *when they are not sea-sick.*

Dr. Chapman says :—"As a general rule, liable to few exceptions, the effect of this simple expedient will be the annihilation of all unpleasant symptoms ; the sickness will stop ; if diarrhœa is present, it will be subdued ; if the patient is only threatened with it, the attack will be averted ; if there be headache, with coldness of the forehead, the pain will vanish ; the cold, clammy sweat will cease to be exuded ; the cold skin will become warm again ; the muscular system will regain its usual strength ; the mind will recover its energy and pleasurable interest in surrounding objects ; and the sickly, pallid features will resume their expressive energy and healthy hue."

DR. F. BARKER, of New York, recommends the following rules for avoiding sea-sickness :—1. Rest yourself on the eve of your departure, so that the nervous system may not be over excited when you go on board. 2. Lie down before anchor is weighed, and keep in a horizontal posture for two days running. 3. Eat as much as you can at every meal, but without raising your head. In this way the stomach does not lose the habit of digestion ; you keep up your strength, and gradually get accustomed to the ship's motion. By following these rules, the heaviest gales may be encountered without sea-sickness.

FROM LAUNCESTON TO ST. GEORGE'S BAY.

BY H. T. D.

ST. GEORGE'S BAY and the road thither have been described in such glowing terms by a recent visitor, that I determined to make the journey whilst on a visit to Tasmania last month ; and here let me observe that anyone visiting the island during the summer months would be well repaid by such a journey. Accompanied by two most excellent Launceston friends, I started, at half-past six on a lovely morning, behind an excellent horse for a journey as I ever had the good fortune to meet with. Horses for such a trip are easily obtainable in Launceston. It is necessary, however, to see that your animal is well fed and carefully driven. The roads are equal to the best in England. By eight o'clock we were at Perth, sitting down to a capital breakfast at mine host Russell's. Leaving there at nine, we had made by noon Willis's Corner. Here we baited the horse, and partook of some refreshment ourselves ; albeit the fowl which our invisible host provided for us was of a questionable age, causing us to direct attention to a fore-quarter of lamb.

At two o'clock we were on our way to Stony Creek. Passing through Selma, we got a good view of Ben Lomond, seeing several first-class residences on our way. We at length reached Avoca, where we made a halt for a short time. From Avoca the view of the noble mountain is very fine, standing out in bold relief from the intervening ranges.

Proceeding onwards towards Fingal, we saw St. Paul's Dome, some 1,400 feet in height, with excellent scenery to the left and in front of us ; whilst on our right was the steep side of the hill along which the road is cut, the river winding its way through the extensive plain below.

After a delightful drive, we entered Fingal, to the left of which is the bridge leading to the goldfields. The township is well situated, and has the appearance of being a thriving place judging from the large stores and the like. At the exceedingly well appointed inn of Mr Duncan we rested for the night, and at an early hour on the morrow were on our way to Cullenswood. Passing Mount Malcolm on the right, we neared the Break o' Day Plains. From Cullenswood to St. Mary's the road is excellent. We baited the horse for a short time at the house on our right hand just before entering the forest. Then passing over the bridge, after journeying some miles, we reached the head of the pass; descending which, we rounded the steep mountain side. On our left was the precipitous and somewhat dangerous-looking chasm, with its variety of fern-trees, gum, peppermint, etc., whilst on our right were immense boulders of stone, so situated that a traveller unused to the place is glad to get past them, lest by any mishap they might fall upon him. On the opposite side of this immense chasm the mountain rises almost perpendicularly. Here some thousands of large trees have been ringed, presenting in their whitened appearance a strange contrast to the sombre hue of the trees on the mountain top.

Midway down the pass we got a view of the ocean. Here we were delayed for some time by the flock of a youthful squatter, who was travelling coastwise with his sheep. To have hurried through this fleecy troop would have given master and man perhaps half a day's work, as hundreds would have gone down the pass. The old shepherd, who rode in the rear of the flock, looked anxiously round as we neared him; but on being assured that we would follow on until he could turn the sheep up the mountain side he was profuse in his thanks.

Later in the day we made the acquaintance of his master, whom we found to be the brother of a well-known Melbourne solicitor. Passing the flock of sheep, another half-hour's drive brought us to the residence of J. S. Steel, Esq., whom we were bent on visiting. On a gentle slope, about a mile from the sea, stands the mansion of our host, known as Thompson Villa. The exterior of the building produces a highly picturesque and pleasing effect. The style is Italian, with projecting roof. The principal rooms open to a wide verandah; the design of which, as also the balcony, is decidedly ornamental. The interior fittings are of the best character: the entrance hall being divided by Corinthian fluted columns, with pilasters and

Corinthian cornice ; and well lighted up by a beautiful ornamental stained glass window, which I recognised as the handiwork of our enterprising fellow-colonists, Messrs. Ferguson, Urie, and Lyon, of North Melbourne. The building was designed by Peter Mills, Esq., of Launceston. I have been informed that nearly a hundred buildings have been designed by and erected under the superintendence of this gentleman. If Thompson Villa is a fair specimen of his capacity as an architect, Tasmania may fairly compete with her sister colonies for cottage and villa residences. The inspection of the newly-constructed house being over, we partook of an excellent repast, afterwards enjoyed a musical treat given by the accomplished hostess, and arranged for a trip to St. George's Bay.

Next morning, breakfast being over, we started ; our party of three being joined by Mr. Steel and a friend, the former, by the way, finding horses for the occasion. Cantering along the sandy beach some four miles, we reached the Scamander River ; crossing this by a log bridge, we journeyed on for miles, crushing beneath our horses' hoofs the beautiful wild flowers which grow here in abundance. On our way we passed Diana's Basin—a most lovely lake, a beautiful fairy-like scene, the trees growing to the water-edge.

Proceeding onward we at last reached St. George's Bay, the climate of which appears delightful. At the little inn, kept by a Mr. Coffy, whom on gossiping with, you would be inclined to believe had just arrived from sweet Tipperary, notwithstanding his assertion that for twenty years he had resided beneath the roof that then covered us. Here we found good cheer for man and horse and after our ride of twenty miles, we were all in good fettle to do justice to the substantial repast set before us. Dinner over, my companions, accompanied by a brother of Mr. Coffy, went on a fishing excursion across the bay—I preferring a quiet pull along the shore. In a couple of hours they returned with a goodly number of trumpeter and a fine Tasmanian salmon. During their absence our hostess prepared tea ; after partaking of which we saddled up, and taking leave of Mr. and Mrs. Coffy, journeyed on our way home, Mr. J. Steel, on his splendid black cob, leading. After a pleasant ride, we reached Falmouth at half-past six, much pleased with our trip.

On the following morning at six o'clock we journeyed up the pass. The air being chilly, we arrived somewhat cold and hungry at Hardy's, where a capital breakfast, consisting of boiled chicken, mutton chops, and so forth,

soon made us comfortable. Staying here some two hours, we went on to Fingal, and thence to Avoca.

Remaining at Avoca that night, we left at an early hour next day, proceeding by gentle stages into Launceston, where we arrived at seven in the evening; thus finishing one of the most pleasant trips I have had for many years. The time occupied in performing the whole journey—say about two hundred and fifty miles, out and home—was from half-past six on Thursday morning until seven on the evening of Monday.—*Australian Journal*.

RUMNEY HILL. DISTRICT OF CLARENCE.

FIVE OR SIX MILES DISTANT FROM HOBART TOWN.

ROUTE: Leave by the steamer or a boat for Kangaroo Point. A conveyance can be hired there for 7s. 6d. or 10s., to take a party, by the Richmond road, as far as Stokell's gate. The rest of the journey is through a fine sheep run, with glimpses here and there of Cambridge, Sorell, etc. Three hours would be about the time required to get to the summit, when one of the finest panoramas in the Island is obtained, certainly equal to that off Mount Wellington. To the south, the Iron Pot Lighthouse, South Arm, Hope Beach and Bruni Islands; to the east, Tasman's Peninsula, Sorell and Cambridge; at your feet, Northwood, the Coal River, at Richmond, beautiful water pictures with several small islands, fine hills in the foreground, and, in the background, melting away as far as the eye can see; to the westward, a fine panorama of Hobart Town, the Derwent, Mount Direction, etc.; and to the south-west there is Mount Nelson, Kangaroo Point, Clarence, Ralph's Bay, etc.: making, altogether, the finest view I know of in the Island. Although it is little known by excursionists, there is no difficulty in reaching it. Parties may return by the Clarence road, and thus make a very agreeable outing for one day. It would be advisable at Kangaroo Point, or some other favorable spot, to take in a supply of water, as there is none on the place itself.

Beauty Bay, on the eastern side of the Derwent, forms a fine situation for a picnic. There is abundance of fish.

Droughty Point is also well adapted for a picnic. Fine perch bank and good net fishing for illegitimate trumpeter. South Arm, the opposite point, offers great amusement by pulling up large flathead, while the coast all along to the Iron Pot and Franklin Island teems with good fish.

FROM THE CONTINENT OF AUSTRALIA
TO THE ISLAND OF TASMANIA.

TASMANIA is the Sanitarium of the Australian colonies. The doctors must be of this opinion, judging by the number of patients sent there to follow the example of the islanders by eating, drinking and sleeping well. But the custom is suffering interruption. The electric cable is once more across Bass's Straits, and telegrams hurriedly summon patients back to the mainland, considerably annoying them and their medical advisers, who grumble and wonder whether the telegraph is an unmixed blessing. Whichever way the question is answered, we shall, doubtless, continue to use the cable, especially as the charges for telegrams have been reduced recently, and still further reductions are probable. There is an agent at Hobart Town who attends to telegrams and provides hotel and other accommodation, so that visitors, on arrival, may feel sure of suitable quarters.

But this chapter is not written so much for invalids as for that large class of excursionists who, though possessing none too much of money or time, are desirous of visiting the tight little island coolly situated down south, the climate of which is preferable to that of the mainland all the year round; but the best time for a visit is during January, February and March, these being the three least enjoyable months on the continent.

No one should choose the excursion to Tasmania and across the island who has not a holiday of twelve days at least, and as many pounds to spend, exclusive of ship and coach fares.

Several things should be seen to previous to starting. 1.—Having selected a steamship, engage a berth in her a day or two before sailing. 2.—Bank notes should not be taken to Tasmania, because they are subject to the rather high charge of sixpence in the pound. Certain classes of excursionists would find sovereigns inconveniently heavy. Perhaps the best way would be to purchase a bank draft: the exchange varies from a quarter per cent. in Victoria to one per cent. in the more distant colonies. The bank authorities in Australia should be urged to introduce the system of circular letters of credit, so much used by travellers in Europe. 3.—A railway rug or large wrap should be considered an indispensable item in the outfit, and will be found very useful both on steamer and coach, Tasmania possessing a much colder climate than the mainland.

Excursionists who do not intend to visit the Waterhouse or Fingal goldfields, but to seek for healthful recreation rather than gold, and purpose crossing the island in the usual way, by the main road, should prefer entering Tasmania by the River Derwent to Hobart Town, and leaving at Launceston by the River Tamar. Many object to this route because the voyage to Hobart Town requires two nights at sea, while that to Launceston takes but one. Sea sickness need not be suffered now. Dr. Chapman, of London, has at last discovered a remedy for that sensation. See chapter entitled "Sea Sickness." Those who dislike sea travelling are more than compensated afterwards for the longer voyage, which should be advocated for the following reasons: 1.—The south approach is grandly picturesque. 2.—Thirty miles of the long journey to Launceston can be performed in Mills's coach to Green Ponds, which leaves Hobart Town at half-past three in the afternoon. This is a great advantage to tourists in delicate health, for all Page's day and night coaches start from Hobart Town and Launceston at uncomfortable times. Should the journey of the main road be commenced at Launceston, Page's very early morning or late evening coach must be used, because there is no other. 3.—Steamships leave Launceston for Melbourne about twice a week, and Hobart Town for Melbourne twice a month; therefore being at Launceston when desirous of leaving the island is an obvious advantage.

The Tasmanian Steam Navigation Company's head quarters are at Hobart Town; Mr. C. Lovett, secretary. At present they employ five steamships in carrying excursionists and goods between Tasmania and the mainland; viz., Southern Cross, City of Hobart, Tamar, Derwent, and Tasmania. The time occupied between Hobart Town and Melbourne, a distance of 480 miles, is about thirty-six hours. Between Launceston and Melbourne, 240 miles, the passage is generally accomplished in about twenty-four hours, which indicates the superior character of these boats. The officers of the company endeavor to promote the comfort of the passengers, and tourists can obtain an immense amount of interesting information from the affable and obliging captains. There are other steamboats about the colony: at the south side, the steamer *Monarch* is sent up the River Derwent, and the *Kangaroo* across it; at the north side, the steamer *Annie* is sent down the River Tamar to the West Coast, and the *Percy* has been laid on for the Waterhouse Reefs.

There is a large number of boarding houses and hotels in Hobart Town, particulars of some of which will be found in the advertising section. The domestic accommodation provided for bathing is supplemented by public baths in the Market, and at Sandy Bay sea bathing can be had.

In the vicinity of Hobart Town, there are many interesting and beautiful sights for visitors possessing time and money, many of whom will, probably, be prevented witnessing the long list described in another part of this book; but every one should, if possible, contrive to ascend Mount Wellington, and to visit New Norfolk. Ascending the mountain is not so difficult as reported; indeed, children are often met on its summit. Choose a fine morning, and arrange to be driven as far up the road as the local conveyances usually go, and give instructions to be met at the same point on your return in the afternoon.

If the tourist be fortunate enough to have a fine, clear day for the ascent of Mount Wellington, the view seen from the "Springs," to which a practicable road for side saddles exists, is truly magnificent; and, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is no mere figure of speech to say that it is worth travelling one thousand miles to see, as it presents the most extraordinary intermixture of land and water, in every variety of shape the imagination can conceive. Embraced in one *coup d'œil* are peninsulas, islands, isthmuses, promontories, divided by bays of magnificent proportion and most different form, channels, straits, gulfs; and as the background and, as it were, the base to this most magnificent panorama, behind and beyond all, the great Southern Pacific Ocean stretches its unknown expanse away to the Southern Pole, when the imagination steps in and represents Mount Erebus—the discovery of Sir James Ross in 1841—emitting its volcanic fires at an elevation of 12,400 feet amid the silence of the Antarctic Sea. The peculiarity of the foreground of this picture is that the features of island, isthmus, strait, channel and bay do not occur singly, but continually repeat themselves, giving a variety to the prospect, which to be appreciated must be seen.

To New Norfolk a steamboat and a coach run regularly, inexpensive and convenient for an excursionist travelling alone. A party may hire a vehicle and visit the Salmon Ponds, seven miles beyond New Norfolk, which makes a charming day's outing from Hobart Town. Sir Robert Officer states, and he is the gentleman most likely to know all about the experiment, that there can be no longer

any doubt as to the successful acclimatisation of salmon. From a letter written by him in August, 1869, we extract the following:—In March and April last, the salmon were seen in the most satisfactory manner by more than a score of persons—all intelligent observers—and myself; so that the former evidence of their presence in the river, itself amply sufficient, has thus been fully confirmed." Until they are grown ripe for the hook, anglers who remain for a few days at New Norfolk must be content with the less coveted varieties of fish. Herrings are taken from the River Derwent in large quantities by using rod and fly. There are first-class hotels and private boarding houses in this beautiful township; and excursionists are gladly welcomed by the hosts, some of whom have fishing tackle which they lend to visitors when required. Shooting in Tasmania is not what some sportsmen would wish it to be. The absence of "big game" forms a main drawback; for, leaving out the nearly useless and timid kangaroo, only to be dreaded for its grass-consuming capabilities, nothing worth the rifle of the Gordon Cumming school of hunter skulks among the gum trees. But there are plenty of snipe, quail, pigeon and duck to reward sportsmen who know the haunts of these birds. Previous to starting on fishing or shooting expeditions, inquire whether there are any acts of the Parliament of Tasmania touching these sports; and, if there are, look them over. See also the articles on fishing and shooting in Australia, in *The Excursionists' Guide to Victoria*.

Across the island from Hobart Town to Launceston, *i.e.*, from the chief city of the south to that of the north, the distance is 120 miles. The coach fare is 30s. outside, and 40s. inside. This charge is not increased by breaking the journey into comfortable parts and times, which should always be managed. Urgent business may compel one to book a passage through by the day or night coach; but it should be very urgent, for it causes the journey to be only endured when it might be enjoyed. The road is said to be the best in the world, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing at a sitting.

The first convenient stage is to Green Ponds, thirty miles, by Mills's coach, which leaves Hobart Town at half-past three p.m. Here will be found good hotels. Resume your journey next morning by Page's day coach. If you elect to leave Hobart Town at half-past six p.m. by Page's night coach, then Melton Mowbray, thirty-three miles, is a comfortable resting place, at a first-class commodious hotel, kept by Mr. Samuel Blackwell; and you can resume

your journey next morning by the day coach. There may be no vacant seat, causing detention until the next coach ; but this happens so very seldom that the contingency need hardly be thought of. A conveyance runs regularly from here to Bothwell,—a good township to the west of the main road.

From Melton Mowbray, excursionists pressed for time should go through to Launceston, while invalids and others would find Oatlands, 52 miles, a good resting place. This is the half-way township, situated on elevated table land, whence excursions can be made to the Lakes—the wonderful Lakes—thousands of feet above the level of the sea, with beautiful scenery about them. Surely these Lakes and the Westward Caves are the two most extraordinary sights of the island.

Further along the road, about two miles south of Ross, is Horton College, one of several first-class grammar schools with which Tasmania is favored. It is a large building in the Tudor style, accommodating seventy pupils, with residences for a president and head master. Its situation is beautiful, having a background of lofty hills, and a foreground of irrigated land, the property of Mrs. Horton, of Somercotes, with an eastern tier of mountains behind the plains. It is reported to be one of the healthiest spots in this healthy country. Horton College has distinguished itself greatly in public examinations, having taken its share of the highest prizes which are given by a Government munificent to the cause of education. In the same neighborhood is Mona Vale, the seat of R. Q. Kermodé, Esq. The mansion is, perhaps, one of the finest residences in the colonies, and its situation is beautiful. It is near a rather extensive piece of water, adorned with fowl of various kinds ; and around it are as fine English trees as either colony can show. Several hospitable families occupy pretty residences ; and, on the whole, few neighborhoods have a larger number of visitors, the friends and relatives of the resident gentry. In Ross, the township, there is ample hotel accommodation ; also places of worship, episcopalian and methodist, and a good school under the Board of Education.

Campbell Town, eighty miles, possesses such a number of good hotels and other attractions that many persons are induced to make this another halting place. Here is a hall in which public entertainments take place ; and a Turkish bath can be had in the neighborhood. There is a conveyance, at regular intervals, to the pretty township of Fingal, towards the east coast. This is the direction in

which gold is found; and also of some very romantic scenery, of which that of St. Mary's Pass should be noted. But no excursionist should think of visiting the attractions to the east or west of the main road who has not a longer holiday than the time mentioned at the commencement of this chapter.

Launceston is situated at the confluence of the North and South Esk Rivers, which here form the Tamar. There is a large number of good hotels and boarding houses in the town, particulars of some of which will be found among the advertisements.

There are some beautiful walks and drives all round Launceston; and one attraction close to it all visitors should remember to see, and in the following way:—Go down to the Wharf and engage a boatman to row you under the South Esk Bridge, and up the gorge to the Cataract; then jump out of the boat and over the boulders to the first basin, and you will be disposed to consider this "out" the "lion" of Launceston. The Public Gardens are close to the town. The fountain in the centre of Prince's Square is in the centre of Launceston. Ackerman's Repository, in Charles Street, is worth a visit, because there is no similar exhibition in Australia. It is unique. Many of the exhibits are scientific and useful, and the others are decidedly droll. For those who have leisure, or are detained by the boat not sailing as advertised, there are some beautiful drives near Launceston. To Corra Linn, through six miles of country road lined with such sweetbriar hedges as are never seen on the dry, thirsty mainland, when you come to a bridge, from which is a very pretty view of rocks and water, but not so grand a sight as from the South Esk Bridge. The Devil's Punch Bowl is worthy a visit, where there is more water and some picturesque black rocks, but no black natives: only one pure aboriginal specimen survives, and her name is Lallah Rookh. Then there are the curious Westward Caves, to which will be an easy day's trip when the railway is completed. This railway is the first in Tasmania, and is to be named the "Launceston and Western." It commences at Launceston; passes through Perth, Longford, Westbury; and ends at Deloraine. Messrs. Overend and Robb are the contractors, and the forty-two miles will be opened about May, 1870. The Duke of Edinburgh turned the first turf of it in January, 1868. Excursionists should know also that the Mersey and Deloraine Tramway Company have made arrangements for the completion of their line, which will give ready access from Deloraine to

Port Frederick, on the Mersey. There is a most interesting district to travel through to the westward of Deloraine, towards the north-west coast, which will repay the tourist who can overlook the absence of first-class hotels, and be content to rough it in ordinary country inns. This direction would lead him across the Rivers Mersey, Don, Forth and Leven, through a country of unsurpassable fertility, towards Table Cape and Circular Head; and, finally, the various islands in the Straits afford an almost inexhaustible variety of interesting scenery and views.

The people of Launceston at holiday times invariably go down the River Tamar. On similar occasions the Hobart Town people as certainly go down or up the River Derwent. Visitors should join the Tasmanians at these times, and travel at reduced rates. Going down the Tamar to George Town, and up the Derwent to New Norfolk, are two of the most charming trips in Tasmania.

Should the journey across the island be commenced from Launceston, leave by Page's night coach, at six in the evening; and sleep at Campbell Town, forty miles. Resume your journey in the morning by the day coach, on which most travellers go through to Hobart Town; but invalids and excursionists with leisure should remember Green Ponds, ninety miles, on account of the other coach from there to Hobart Town affording a pleasant change.

The mention of Page's coaches recalls to recollection the only invasion of Tasmania that has ever been made by the sons of "Uncle Sam." Some three or four years back the Yankee element afloat in Victoria crossed the Straits to Tasman's quiet land, and tendered for the Government contract there for the mail service, and got it. Great was the astonishment of Page: something equal to that of another man who was astonished at the progress Yankeeism had made unknown to him—Rip Van Winkle. Page could not break up his line of coaches, and sell his cattle; so he made terms with the Philistines, and showed them wherein his great strength lay: *his money* vanquished them, and they went back whence they came.

At the end of last summer the writer of these notes was on the road, when the wife of Mr. Samuel Page, proprietor of the coach, was lifted on it at New Town. There was a little difficulty about the ascent, but it was eventually accomplished. The old lady stated in conversation that a coach had been placed on the Huon Road by a man named Samuel Page, and there was no mistake about it. That two proprietors of coaches should be of the same

name, that they should not be related, and that the name should be uncommon, was very remarkable, happening in such a small community and in a business where so few can be employed. Another passenger remarked that Prince Alfred had been in trouble at Geelong Races by losing a ring which he much valued. It was restored to him by a Mr. Vial. The same passenger had visited the neighboring colony at the time when the Prince was in greater trouble by receiving a ball from a pistol in his back. The assassin was on the point of firing another, when a Mr. Vial rushed between them, received it in his foot, and thereby saved the Prince's life. In this brace of queer coincidences, the uncommon names make them remarkable.

In conclusion, let the advice be repeated not to book through the 120 miles by one coach, unless compelled by very urgent business or by adverse circumstances. A party of excursionists who can afford the luxury should hire a conveyance and drive through, stopping where desirable. Others who have learnt how to propel the now popular velocipedes would find that this smooth road and cool climate offer a delightful opportunity of testing the merits of the improved machines. Another advantage worth mentioning is that there are townships about ten miles apart throughout the distance between Hobart Town and Launceston, with something more or less interesting about them all. The colony is the head quarters of curious circumstances. At one of the best hotels in Launceston, the beef at table came from Gipps Land, and the ale from the Carlton Brewery, Melbourne; and this in an island unsurpassed for good pasturage and pure water, where cattle should feel particularly at home, and where are grown some of the best hops in the world. As to the climate of Tasmania, Mr. Hugh Munro Hull says in one of his books, entitled *Forty Years in Tasmania*, that it "was equal, if not superior, to that of the healthiest part of Europe; with a winter not more severe than that of the south of France, a summer not hotter than that of London, a spring equalling that of Montpelier, and an autumn like that of the south of England. That the temperature was not marked by extremes of heat or cold; that it was free from marsh miasmata; that neither remittent nor intermittent fevers occurred; that the heat of summer was never relaxing from the coolness of nights, nor the cold of winter so severe that agricultural and other outdoor operations could not be carried on." Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, in his book entitled *Greater Britain*, says

that "New Zealand cannot show fresher cheeks nor homes more cosy than those of the Tamar valley. Somersetshire cannot surpass the orchards of Tasmania, nor Devon match its flowers." And the Melbourne *Argus* prints the following extraordinary paragraph:—Some interesting facts illustrative of the salubrity of Tasmania have been brought out by the Government statistician of that colony, in an official return just published. In 1866, out of 1,323 deaths, 353 were registered as of persons of sixty years old and upwards. In 1867, out of 1,418 deaths, 335 exceeded that age; and in 1868, 370 out of 1,464 deaths. In these three years the numbers that exceeded the allotted threescore and ten were respectively 169, 176 and 185. Those who exceeded fourscore in these years numbered respectively 54, 52, 64. In 1866, five exceeded ninety, and two a hundred years. In 1867, thirteen exceeded ninety, and one a hundred years. Last year there was no centenarian, but ten died between ninety and a hundred years of age. Taking the three years together, out of 4,205 deaths, 1,058 were of persons upwards of sixty years of age; or, in other words, one death in every four was of persons upwards of sixty years old, and in the three years twenty-eight verged on or exceeded a hundred years of age."

A WORD TO THE TASMANIANS.

As there was a period of *renaissance* in the history of Italian art, so there promises to be an epoch of revival in the history of Tasmanian industry and progress. But whatever may be the amount of prosperity which the island will enjoy in consequence of the discovery of quartz reefs exceptionally or ordinarily rich, its inhabitants will do well to promote by all means in their power that influx of summer tourists, and of invalids from the mainland, by whose expenditure, so many classes of the community cannot fail to benefit. As one of the objects which the publisher of this volume has in view is to point out the attractiveness of Tasmanian scenery, and the amenity and salubrity of the Tasmanian climate, for the information and guidance of visitors from Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia; it becomes his duty likewise to remind the inhabitants of the island by what means they can most effectually encourage and extend the annual immigration of continentals.

The suggestions we have to offer are three in number. In the first place it is desirable to establish a faster and more powerful line of steamers between Melbourne and Launceston, and to make such improvements in the Tamar as would obviate the delay and inconvenience now experienced by passengers when reaching their destination at the northern capital. In the second place, the construction of a railway as already projected and surveyed, from Launceston to Hobart Town will be an immense boon to visitors, by enabling them to accomplish the transit between the two cities in about one third of the time now occupied by the coach in effecting the journey; while in point of comfort, and without detracting from the credit due to the coach proprietors, it cannot be denied that for invalids, for ladies and children, and for all persons to whom time is an object, railway travelling possesses immense advantages over those modes of locomotion which it is everywhere superseding. If by rapid steamers, and by the intervention of the iron horse, Melbourne can be brought within eighteen or twenty hours of Hobart Town, the number of visitors to the latter city will be doubled or trebled during the summer months.

In the third place, there is abundant room for improvement in the hotel accommodation provided in both the capitals, and at the same time there are plenty of reasons for a thorough revision of hotel charges, and for the introduction of that system of fixed prices, whether as regards the use of rooms, the supply of viands and wines, and the service of domestics, which prevails all over the continent of Europe; and which enables tourists to calculate to a shilling what their summer holiday will cost them. It is for the interest of the innkeepers themselves that they should bring their minds to regard their guests not as victims to be once fleeced and then lost sight of; but as annual visitors whose permanent patronage is capable of being secured by a moderate and judicious tariff of charges, by uniform civility and attention, and by the provision of those comforts and elegancies to which they have been accustomed in their own homes. We have heard great complaints in Victoria, both of the inferior accommodation to be met with in some of the Tasmanian inns, and of the exaggerated estimate which their landlords are apt to form of the affluent circumstances, and careless prodigality of visitors from the mainland. Such a policy is a very mistaken one. It not only deters people from revisiting Tasmania as often as they would do, under the circumstances, but it altogether precludes persons with

limited incomes from indulging themselves with a trip across the Straits ; although it must be stated to the credit of the boarding housekeepers, that they are generally reasonable in their demands and liberal in their treatment of strangers, who experience a homely welcome which is none the less agreeable because tinctured by old-fashioned heartiness and sincerity.

But in proportion as more and more persons migrate to Tasmania every summer, to bathe their eyes in its grateful verdure, and to receive invigorating influences from its healthful atmosphere, will the want of first-class hotels constructed upon the models now adopted in Europe, and replete with the advantages, comforts, and modes of recreation to be met with in those establishments, be felt with increasing urgency. It is a want, indeed, that ought to be anticipated, instead of being tardily supplied. Nor will it redound to the credit of Tasmanian enterprise if Victorian capitalists should step in and erect spacious and commodious hotels by a joint-stock association, and thus divert into their own pockets the money which should find its way into circulation in Hobart Town and Launceston.

There are plenty of situations in and around the southern capital eligible for the site of a first-class hotel, which might be so placed as to command one of those lovely prospects which abound on the banks of the Derwent, and at the same time, to be airy, healthy, and easily accessible. It should include some of the best features of a well-appointed club, an elegant drawing-room, library, billiard-room, ball-room, smoking-room, reading-room, and baths. Attached to it should be livery stables, from which saddle-horses and carriages of all kinds might be procurable at a short notice, and upon payment of clearly defined charges. If a bowling-green, croquet-ground, and garden, were appendages of the establishment, they would conduce to its popularity and profit. Even holiday-makers require occupation, and the active lives which the Anglo-Australians lead upon the mainland, disqualify them to subside into the Neapolitan *dolce far niente* which prevail among the more easy-going and less excitable Tasmanians.

And it is a matter for the consideration of the corporation of Hobart Town, and of the authorities generally, whether they might not advantageously imitate the example set them by the municipal rulers of many of those European cities which thrive on the annual influx of visitors, and expend a portion of

the civic revenues, in adding to the general liveliness and gaiety of the southern capital. In the cities we refer to, there are public parks and gardens, in which an excellent band of music performs every afternoon or evening, and which are thronged with visitors, who resort thither in order to see and to be seen, and who prove the true of the Horatian maxim, *dulce est desipere in loco*. There are picture galleries for the *dilettanti*, libraries for people of a studious turn of mind, and, as often as not, some brilliantly illuminated piazza, square, or *plaza*, which is the evening rendezvous of young and old, and where there is also choice music to be heard either from the military bands or itinerating performers. Nobody who is familiar with the out of door life of the cities of southern Europe, can be indifferent to its charm, or can look back upon it without feeling that it was full of brightness and pleasantry. And this is what should be acclimatised in Hobart Town; so that visitors might look forward with eagerness to their annual sojourn in it, and look back with satisfaction upon that cheerful and gaily-colored interlude in the employments of the year, which was furnished to them by their annual holiday in the Nice or Spezzia of Australia.

It may be objected that the municipal revenues of the southern capital could not be appropriated to such purposes without injury to the ratepayers; but upon reflection it would be found that the money could scarcely be expended more reproductively. It would have the effect of bringing more visitors to Hobart Town, and this implies the throwing of a much larger sum of money into circulation,—more custom for hotel keepers and the tradesmen they deal with, more employment for all classes engaged, either directly or indirectly, in ministering to the wants, the comforts, or enjoyments of strangers, and consequently increased ability to sustain the burden of municipal taxation.

In conclusion, we cannot urge upon the inhabitants of Hobart Town too strongly the paramount importance of superadding to the natural advantages of their beautifully situated city, those artificial attractions which experience has shown to be so influential in promoting the prosperity of European cities similarly circumstanced. By so doing they will contribute to make the "Queen of the Derwent," the watering place *par excellence* of Australia, to increase the value of property in and around the city, and to lessen, in the minds of many persons, that disposition to return to Europe, and spend there the fruits of their industry, or the accumulations of their thrift, which

is now so prevalent, and which annually draws away from our shores the very classes we should be most benefited by retaining permanently among us, as the leaders of society, and as examples of public spirit and private hospitality.

Most of the foregoing remarks are, of course, equally applicable to Launceston, which also possesses numerous charming sites for hotels specially constructed for the reception of summer visitors, who would find in the vicinity of the town, an abundance of picturesque rides and drives: to say nothing of sequestered sylvan scenes, admirably adapted for picnic parties. Corra Linn, the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the cataracts upon the Esk are close at hand; and the Deloraine railway will give the tourist easy access to some of the grandest and loveliest scenery in the island. He will find himself in the midst of a rural district, upon which nature has been lavish of her bounty, both as regards the fertility of the soil, and the romantic aspect of the country. If he is fortunate enough to become acquainted with the hospitable residents in the neighborhood,—with the landed gentry, and the prosperous yeomanry, he will begin to believe that he has been suddenly wafted, on the magic carpet described in the *Arabian Nights*, to some of the midland or southern counties of England. Whatever is pleasantest and most genial in the social life of the rural districts "at home," he will find reproduced in this part of Tasmania. The constitution of society is the same, and all the outward and visible signs of English country life—the mansion and deerpark, the substantial homestead, the village church, the way-side inn, and the cottage embosomed in greenery,—all that dwells most freshly in his recollection, and all that William Howitt, Miss Mitford, Washington Irving, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, have described most graphically, are to be met with here. For natural beauty, and for the charm which springs from a mode of existence sharply contrasting with the stir and tumult of life in Melbourne we know of few portions of Tasmania which offer so many allurements to persons seeking relaxation and repose as the romantic country lying at the foot of the great western tier of mountains.

PERHAPS one of the pleasantest books for the picnic is the *Australian Journal*, a publication containing short sparkling sketches by the best minds. The book is somewhat after the fashion of the *London Journal*; but the stories are of a higher class and may be read with interest by all people.

LAUNCESTON.

FROM THE ILLUSTRATED AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

“For my part,” says Sir William A’Beckett, late Chief Justice of Victoria, in his brief narrative of a continental tour, “whenever I take up a book of travels, I feel myself to a certain extent defrauded if I find the author going into a long disquisition about the history of the places he happens to visit. * * I want to know what he has seen, heard, and felt, not what other people have written.” These are exactly my sentiments, and I mean to abide by them in giving a brief narrative of a visit to Launceston. As it happened that I first saw the place from the top of the coach which brought me from Hobart Town, I must begin with a word or two about the road between the two cities. It is far too long for one day’s journey, so I broke the length by stopping a night at Melton, thereby saving some fatigue, and also enjoying a fuller view of the interior of the island than could be obtained by travelling many miles in the dark. This great road, one hundred and twenty miles long, all made by convict labor, is a perfect specimen of macadamisation ; and the ride along it on the top of the stage during such fine days as prevail throughout the year in the “tight little island” is highly enjoyable. It recalls not only old coaching days in England, but old scenes and old feelings better than anything else I know of at the antipodes. Being the main artery of the island, running as it does between the eastern and western mountain ranges, or tiers as they are called, it constitutes the locale of a considerable population. A few are dispersed on farms wherever the valley widens out between the ranges ; but most are clustered together in towns or villages built at intervals conveniently distant for changing horses. Of the towns some of them present a decayed appearance, but others are as comfortable looking as many a town in the agricultural counties of England. The little town of Perth especially took my fancy. As we skirted a piece of sward, which might be called the village green, where were a troop of cackling geese, and a flock of sheep followed by a venerable shepherd and collie dog, I looked back on the handsome bridge by which we had crossed the South Esk, then along the line of English-like homes constituting the town, then upon the encircling fields of golden grain, and, beyond the fields, upon well wooded uplands, reaching far off to the base of grand Ben Lomond, whose rosy-tinted walls were sharply defined against the darkening sky, and I fain would have lingered to gaze on so fair a scene. On

through ever thickening signs of cultivation, past cottages in neatly-enclosed gardens, past lines of suburban dwellings ; then the driver plied his whip, the guard blew his horn, and suddenly turning a corner we rattled with quickened pace along one of the main streets of Launceston, and dashed into Page's court-yard. It was the gloamin' when we had done our summer-day's journey, and, as little was to be seen, we were content to get to our hotel and rest. My first object on the following morning was to ascend some of the neighboring heights and get a bird's eye view of the town. Accordingly I proceeded up the ascent on which the town is partially situated, and on gaining the top of the hill was, in a perceptive and intellectual sense, monarch of all I surveyed. I saw two rivers, the North Esk on the right hand, and the South Esk on the left, mingling their waters and forming at the foot of the hill the Tamar, which flows from the point of junction right onward to the sea. Imagine a triangular space, with the top of the hill on which I stood for its basis and the confluence of the two rivers for an apex, and you have the site of Launceston, about half of it lying on the mud flat formed by the fluvial deposit, the other half straggling upwards by streets and terraces intermingled with gardens and trees. The surrounding scenery is pleasing. In the distance behind, we see a range of blue mountains, and before us, on either side of the Tamar, extend wooded undulations with patches of cultivation. The grandeur and beauty of Hobart Town are wanting ; but there is a comfortable snugness about the hill-encircled town, with the river winding onward to the sea, which is not without a pleasing charm. Our first excursion was to that side of the town where, through a deep gorge, the South Esk pours its volume of waters into the Tamar. Climbing an exceeding steep, bare hill, we found a path leading to an iron bridge, which is thrown across the river's entrance. Looking up the river from this bridge, we see lofty walls of rock rising up on either side, canopied by shrubs and bold projecting crags, while far beneath rolls the river, smooth on the surface, but deep, dark and dangerous enough, unless you know its "tricks and manners." Further up, the river flows over a broken, rocky bed, and forms a foaming, tumbling rapid called the "Cataract." It does not surprise us to be informed that the neighborhood of the Cataract is a favorite resort for picnic and pleasure parties. Our next excursion was to Corra Linn, about seven miles distant from the town. The Linn is a long, deep gorge, like Hawthornden near Edinburgh. The journey to it was charming. Every where,

not only along the road, but enclosing every field, were hedges of sweetbriar and hawthorn, and their delicious scent, mingled with that of the new mown hay, filled the air. The North Esk was continually in view in the hollow between two slopes, both trimly cultivated, and with wood enough to give picturesqueness to the scattered villas and farmhouses gleaming white in the rays of the morning sun. Our cabman was a good-natured, jolly fellow who not only kept us in fun all the way with his stories, but pointed out every object of interest, and sometimes went out of the way a bit just to show us a peep more than ordinarily beautiful. Long life to him, and next time I go to Launceston may I have the luck to find his cab. I am not going into details of a statistical kind. If you want to know the number and names of the streets, the hotels and banks, the date of the city's foundation, its exports and imports, and extent of population, I refer you to the local guide book, if there is one. But one thing I must say before leaving the place, and that is, that I found there a striking exemplification of the hospitality for which the Tasmanians have long been famed. A gentleman, simply because he saw that our party were visitors in the town, showed us all that was worth seeing, took us in his boat up the South Esk to the Cataract, and next day accompanied us out to Corra Linn, thus giving up two whole days in order that he might do a kindness to strangers, not one of whom he had ever seen or heard of before.

ABOUT THE LAKES.

ON the main road between Hobart Town and Launceston, there are several townships situated conveniently on the way to the lakes, viz., Oatlands, Tunbridge, Ross, and Campbell Town. The first and last named may be further from the lakes than the others; but they possess especial charms for excursionists in their superior hotel accommodation.

About 40 miles from the west coast, and about the same distance from the east coast, there rises a table land of about a million and a half acres in extent, which forms the lake country, situated to the west of the main line of road. The Great Lake is about 60 miles from Tunbridge, a small township on the main road, 65 miles from Hobart Town, and 56 from Launceston.

The winter season is very cold at the Great Lake. In 1852, a shepherd bored through the ice and measured

its thickness which was 13 inches ; but the season was exceptionally severe ; nevertheless, during this time, and all the year round, sheep did very well. As to the beauty of the lake country, there is nothing equal to it in any of the other colonies of Australia, and the day is not far distant when will be seen comfortable cottages on its shores, and a flotilla of boats navigating its waters. The attractions the district possesses for tourists during the summer months, only have to be known to induce large numbers to travel that way. On the stations by the Great Lake, some cottages are in course of erection for the accommodation of visitors. It may be mentioned that a four-wheeled buggy can go with safety from the townships previously named to Lake Sorell, Lake Crescent, or the Great Lake ; an excellent road has been made by the road trustees of the district. The following is copied from books on Tasmania :—

“Great or Clarence Lake, ninety miles north-west of Hobart Town, is about fifteen miles long, by five broad, but the deep and continuous indentations of its shores give it a circumference very disproportionate to its limits, and conjectured to be little less than 150 miles ; its depth which is extremely variable, is differently estimated, but in no case with any pretension to accuracy ; its height, above the level of the sea, is 3,882 feet. There are five islets in the lake, covered with a species of cedar, and numerous shrubs ; the country in the vicinity is not thickly wooded, but composed of alternate marsh and hills offering many tracts available for sheep and cattle runs, while in the distance the landscape abounds in the picturesque adjuncts of mountain and forest. A local historian, Mr. David Burn, speaks of its woody islands and glittering bays with rapturous admiration. England, he says, may vaunt her Windermere ; Scotland, chaunt the beauties of Loch Lomond ; Ireland, proclaim the graces of Killarney, but not with truer or prouder tongue than Antipodean Tasmania can boast the mountain glories and glowing waters of her own sweet lakes, than which none is fairer or sweeter than the majestic Clarence. The lee shore of the lake is protected by a singular natural breakwater from the fury of the winter winds, and the causeway is nearly as regular as if constructed by masonic art. The Shannon emerges a full grown river from the broad expanse of Great Lake, whose waters nevertheless, in some parts, overflow their borders, even during the warm months ; after rain, they of course rise considerably, and during tempestuous weather, occasion-

ally wear a turbulent aspect, quite at variance with their ordinarily tranquil beauty. Lakes St. Clair and Sorell, in which the rivers Derwent and Clyde respectively originate, are next in size to Great Lake. Lake Sorell has high land close to its shores, with here and there fine pebbly beaches, and is divided by a narrow strip of land from Lake Crescent, a smaller sheet of water, to the south-east of which the remarkable eminence called Table Mountain rises in the distance. Near Lake Sorell lie Lake Arthur, Lake Woods, and Boundary Lake; the sources of Lake river, and the lagoon of islands, a picturesque piece of swamp-water, in which numerous clumps of lofty bulrushes spring up from mounds of bog and long grass variously grouped. Lake Echo, whence issues the river Dee, lies immediately to the south of Great Lake, to whose irregular outline, its gently undulating shores form a striking contrast, while its fairy islets, its flowery banks, and clear blue waters, render Lake Echo perhaps even more attractive than its majestic rival."

The peculiar position of these large and permanent masses of water at an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the inhabited portions of the island, give unparalleled facilities for irrigation of the lower pastures and agricultural districts. A most elaborate plan for carrying out this great and reproductive work was prepared some years since by Major Cotton, an engineer officer, belonging to the Indian army; but, unfortunately, the necessary capital was not obtainable, and thus a work, the advantage of which would be infinitely greater than any gold discovery, has been allowed to remain to reward the greater enterprise of the next generation.

HOBART TOWN.

As personal impressions with regard to a place afford the best materials for describing it, the writer's own impressions, derived from a recent trip to Tasmania, will be appropriately serviceable for a description of Hobart Town and its environs. The number of visitors to Tasmania this season is observed to be much greater than usual, and is likely to increase year by year, as the attractions to be found on the other side of the Straits become more generally known. I saw lots of Victorians when I was there; I found all, with one exception, delighted with the "tight little island;" and, for my part, I was always ready to join heartily in the chorus of admiration. The exceptional in-

dividual had not a word to say in praise of the delicious climate, or of the beautiful scenery. Nothing seemed to strike his eye but the dullness of the place, and this so haunted the poor fellow that he kept moaning incessantly. "There is nobody to be seen in the streets," he said, "nothing doing, no life, no amusements of any kind, there is no theatre to go to; what am I to do at night in such a place as this? I can't stay here; I'll go back by the next steamer," and go back he did. Compared with Melbourne, Hobart Town is rather dull, especially to one who has no resources within himself. There was less excitement, to be sure, than I had been accustomed to of late, but why complain of that when it was the very bustle and turmoil of life on the larger island that I wanted to get away from for a while. I felt that rest was required for my jaded brain, something if possible to exhilarate my spirits, depressed by the sweltering heats and foul smells of Melbourne, cool breezes to brace my nerves, novelty and beauty of scenery to refresh and divert my eye; and all these I had a better chance of getting on the shores of the Derwent than anywhere else in the southern hemisphere.

From whichever side, the landward or the seaward, you approach Hobart Town, the view is such as to fascinate your gaze. It was from the deck of the steamer which brought me direct from Melbourne that I first saw that view, and I shall never forget it. It was morning, and I was hardly in a mood for enjoying anything, having passed the night in trying to get sleep, stretched on the saloon table, and breathing a deoxygenised and horribly tainted air. In vain I heard some of my fellow-passengers remark that we had passed Tasman's Pillar, and were approaching Cape Raoul. I was too stiff and listless to get up even for the sake of obtaining a glimpse of that famous headland. When we had got fairly into the estuary of the Derwent, and the sea had become perceptibly smoother, I managed to crawl upon deck in time to get a near view of the rocky islet named after Lady Franklin, and recently presented by her to the Acclimatisation Society. The next point was the lighthouse, called the Iron Pot, and that point being turned we were in an inland sea, Lady Franklin's Island and Bruny Island appearing to shut out the ocean behind us. We were borne on the placid surface of what had every appearance of a lake, about two miles wide, and seven long. On either side we saw long extending and wooded hills, with many a cove here and jutting promontory there, and with ranges beyond ranges filling up the back-ground. The nearer slopes of the hills were thickly

studded with villas and farm houses, with corn fields, gardens and orchards stretching to the water's edge, and, before us, Hobart Town nestling at the foot of Mount Wellington, whose head was enveloped in clouds. The water, wide enough and deep enough to hold a fleet, permits the steamer to sail close up to the town, and, placid as a mirror, on the morning of our arrival, reflected all the glorious beauty of land and sky. To me the scene was enchanting; sleeplessness, weariness, and sea-sickness were all forgotten. The first sight of a large town is apt, especially if possessed of any remarkable features, to suggest a comparison with other towns you have seen. Looking at Hobart Town from the deck of the steamer, I was at once reminded of Geneva. The estuary of the Derwent, which, as already remarked, has here all the appearance of an inland sea, may be regarded as a miniature Lake Lemán. The town, extending over an undulating surface and sloping upwards from the water's edge, discloses tier above tier of streets and houses, like the city of Calvin; while Mount Wellington, just behind it, is, in its position and square massive grandeur of form, wonderfully like Mount Saleve. The comparison must be confined, of course, to these external features. When you get into Hobart Town you are struck by its entirely English aspect. There is an air of maturity about the place which presents an agreeable contrast to the architectural rawness which vexes one in Melbourne. The people have dispensed with weatherboard long ago; they have never tried galvanised iron; and they don't need much brick or stucco, for they have plenty of admirable lightly-colored freestone, and nearly every house is built of it. There are few buildings of an imposing style; solidity and comfort seem to be the aim; and very comfortable indeed many of them look, especially the villas in the outskirts, few of them being without a garden enclosure full of fruits and flowers, and fewer still without an ample prospect of mountain, wood, and water. Macquarie Street, occupying a long stretch of gradual ascent from the quay to a gorge at the foot of Mount Wellington, contains several public buildings, and may be considered as the main street in the town. Here are the banks, several schools, some churches, of which one is St. David's, the mother church of the country; here are the Government offices and some of the law courts; and here is the New Town Hall, chaste in its external simplicity of design, elegant and commodious within. Between the Government offices and the Town Hall is a small space of ground, to which some interest attaches.

A public garden now, it was the site of the old Government House, where dwelt a succession of Governors, from Collins down to Sir John Franklin ; and on the very spot now occupied by Franklin's monument, stood the gubernatorial chair in which they used to sit when in council. On the opposite side of the street, but a little way higher up, is the house which has the honor of being the first erected in Hobart Town, now more than sixty years ago. I found out that the house in which I lodged was the third erection ; it is now a boarding-house, and a very comfortable one it is, just the sort of place for a stranger to feel at once as if he were among friends. Parallel to Macquarie Street is Liverpool Street, which is the Bourke Street of Hobart Town, being the quarter affected by drapers, grocers, and tradesmen of various kinds, and presenting a crowded scene on Saturday nights. Ordinarily, the streets are quiet enough ; there is no hurrying to and fro as if business were urgent : no jostling as in Bourke Street, Melbourne ; no fluttering of silks and gauzy robes, as in Collins Street ; no appearance of young men anywhere ; no lorries or ponderous vans in the thoroughfares ; no gay equipages with high stepping horses ; no fear of being run over by cars dashing along at a mad pace. The only vehicles to be seen are a few ante-deluvian-looking broughams on the stand, or crawling along at a snail's pace. There is one vehicle, by-the-bye, which I ought not to forget, and that is the mail coach which runs between Hobart Town and Launceston. It was always an object of interest on its arrival or departure ; none of your leathern lanky concerns, after the American pattern introduced by Cobb, but the veritable old English stage coach with its flaming yellow and red paint, royal arms, inside and outside, a driver who cracks the whip in the genuine English style, and a guard who wears a scarlet coat, and blows the orthodox horn, and all the rest of it. Occasionally I took a stroll down to the wharf to see what was going on ; but there appeared to be as little doing in that quarter as in the streets, except on the arrival of the steamer from Melbourne or its departure, when crowds of people used to flock to the jetty to welcome friends or bid them good bye. Three whalers that had come to port for repairs and stores, two London ships, some half-dozen coasting schooners and sloops, constituted the shipping. The smooth surface of the estuary was broken only by a passing skiff, or the small steamer which plies between Sullivan's Cove and Kangaroo Point. The warehouses seemed tenantless, and the traffic, such as it is, consisted of shingles, wattle-

bark and fruit. These deserted streets and tenantless warehouses have a tale to tell, and whenever you enter into conversation with the people you have the tale repeated. They are downcast as to the prospects of the place. The first question they put to a visitor is "What do you think of the colony?" If your reply is favorable, as it is sure to be, they look uncommonly pleased. Then they tell you that it is not what it used to be; and you hear tales about the convict times, and the Port Phillip times, and the gold fever times; and with lamentations over the past are mingled speculations as to whaling, and gold finding, and railway projects; and the conversation, if addressed to a Victorian, will wind up with the remark:—"You have sucked the life out of us, and now you must annex us to your country, that is, if after all, we can submit to be annexed."

Lying a little way out of town, in a north-west direction from it, are several places which the stranger will be sure to visit, such as Government House, the Botanical Gardens, New Town and Risdon Ferry. You have the graceful windings of the Derwent in view all of the way. Mount Wellington lies behind; but you hardly miss it, as you have the abrupt front of Mount Direction before you on the right, just across the river, and the curiously-shaped Mount Dromedary on the left, forming a noble frame for the charming picture presented by the valley of the Derwent. Government House is a fine baronial building, occupying a position on one of the slopes close to the town, and commanding a full view of the harbor, the bay, and the hills on either side right out to the open sea. The gardens extend down to the water, and as I saw them from the window of the hall, presented a very gay appearance, which was due specially to the presence of an immense bed of scarlet geraniums. The Botanical Gardens are quite contiguous, a hedge being all that separates them from the grounds of Government House. A better site for a public garden could not be found than this cosy nook by the river's side. The grounds are well laid out and tidily kept. At New Town I first saw our old English friends, the hawthorn and sweet-briar; not solitary shrubs as we may see them occasionally in Victoria, but forming regular hedges, thick, massive and impenetrable, with green leaves between. I became familiar enough with the sight afterwards, for it is one of the characteristic features of the country. Among the many habitations in New Town, beautiful for situation and prospect, my attention was specially directed to two—the Orphan Asylum, on a fine elevation at the foot of the ranges, and the villa of Bishop Nixon, a humble cottage,

but displaying taste and cultivation in the grounds which overlook a little bay affording convenient anchorage for his yacht. A mile or two beyond, we come to Risdon Ferry, which possesses some interest as being the spot where the first settlement was made, out of which grew Hobart Town and all the civilisation of the island. About twenty-five miles up the Derwent is New Norfolk, remarkable for its hop grounds, and for the salmon ponds six miles further on. To visit these, occupies two days probably; you may go the one day up the river in a small steamer, and return the next by the coach along the river's bank. Pleasant it is, as you sail on the broad bosom of the Derwent, to watch the changes of view at every curve, the play of light and shadow on the wooded hills and sleepy hollows, the bright patches of cultivation, and the comfortable homesteads on many a sunny knoll. Of excursions there is no end; one day it is a sail across the Bay to Kangaroo Point or Rosny, another day it is a drive to Brown's River on the opposite side of the estuary, or a trip in a steamer to the Huon district, noted for its strawberries and its splendid timber. To dilate on the pleasure which these various excursions yielded is tempting; but diminishing space forbids, and I must hurry on to the best excursion of all, which was to the top of Mount Wellington. A toilsome ascent it was, but the toil was well repaid. The distance is not long, taking it lineally, being about seven miles from the city to the summit; but it is a stiff climb, and awfully rough at some parts. No one should undertake to walk the whole way unless possessed of full bodily vigor, and accustomed to up-hill work. It is usual for three or four to join together and engage a vehicle to convey them as far as the road permits. This was what we did, and by setting out at six o'clock in the morning we were enabled to get back by three in the afternoon. The vehicle carried us in about an hour or so to an humble hostelry built for the accommodation of visitors, and there we left it till our return, and set out for the summit on foot. The road so far is good for a mountain road, being, in fact, the highway to the head of the Huon River. Winding in somewhat zig-zag fashion along one of the gorges of the mountain, it prepares you gradually for the wild beauty and grandeur in store. A narrow pathway stretches upwards before you between the trees—so straight and so steep that it looks like a line dropped from the clouds. An hour's trudging in Indian file up this path brought us to the "Springs," so called because here springs the water which supplies the city beneath. In the neighborhood of the "Springs" is a

hut where refreshments may be obtained ; a little further on are some ice-houses, in which a Hobart Town confectioner stores ice from winter to summer. As we had brought provisions with us, we did not trouble "the old man of the mountain," as the hut-keeper is called, but pushed on till we reached a convenient spot known to some of our party, and there we rested and had our breakfast. It was a little open space in the forest, strewn with boulders, and through the interstices, which were somewhat wider than usual, between the tall gum trees we had a glorious vista right down to the city and the bright waters of the Derwent. Our breakfast was needed, both on account of what we had done, and what we had to do. Steeper and rougher was the track, our course being often impeded by boulders and fallen trunks ; the trees got scantier, and more stunted ; and lichens and mosses took the place of the ferns, the scarlet waratahs, and many other blooming flowers which we had seen in abundance lower down ; the air, too, was sensibly rarified, and considerably colder. Beyond the limit of tree vegetation, and just before you reach the summit, lies a peculiar region, called by the Hobart Town folks, the "Ploughed Field." Imagine a collection of boulders, each as large as a stockman's hut, thrown pell-mell over each other, and covering a space some acres in extent, and you will have an idea of the scene, and understand how it has got its name. To get over it requires some goat-like agility ; once over it, you are on the plateau, and in half an hour more you are on the highest point, 5,000 feet above the sea, and looking around you on a magnificent prospect, vast and varied : now beautiful, as the sun flashes on the city below, or on the river curving and widening out into the estuary, and from that into the ocean, whose islands, or rather promontories and peninsulas looking as if islands "on its bosom float like emeralds chased in gold ;" now sublime, as the sun gets behind clouds and casts purple shadows over the range beyond range of mountain tops that stretch right across the island. I turned away from the magnificent view in a thankful spirit : for had I not added to the picture-gallery within the mind, where hung recollections of some of Europe's fairest scenes, another of nature's own paintings, not unworthy of a place beside them. "What think you of the tight little island now," asks a friend, "are you satisfied that you selected it for your 'out' ?" "Perfectly, my friend ; and, though I may not be able to return myself, I advise everybody to go."— *Illustrated Australian News.*

“WATERHOUSE” AND “DEN” GOLDFIELDS, TASMANIA.

WATERHOUSE goldfields are situated in the north-eastern district of Tasmania, not far from the north coast. The whole coast line to the east of George Town presents a low undulating surface of gravel and sand ridges for an average distance of ten miles back from the coast, with a series of bold rocky points projecting into the sea. It is thinly peopled, being chiefly occupied as sheep runs; the stations being ten or twelve miles apart, except a patch of agricultural land on the Piper's River. There are no natural harbours of any excellence, but one or two capable of improvement. The geological character of this belt is chiefly tertiary sea deposit, covering older rocks, which, at Waterhouse, and many other places, consist of slate or palæozoic with quartz veins. South of this comparatively barren strip there extends a vast area of rich soil on basaltic and palæozoic rock, densely timbered and scrubby, rich agricultural land when cleared; a large portion of which is still Crown land, and will be valuable for the future supply of produce to the auriferous district along the coast. The “Pioneer Reef,” at present the most important, is situated about thirteen miles north-east from Bridport township, about twelve miles south-west from the mouth of the Tomahawk River, and about four miles from the coast.

The best route by water from Launceston is to Bridport, and thence by road as after described. Bridport is a bar harbor, with eight and a-half feet at high water on a bar of soft sand, well sheltered from the prevailing north-west winds. Bridport is about 40 miles east from Low Heads Lighthouse. Tomahawk Island, about 60 miles from Low Heads, also offers shelter to small craft, and landing can be effected in calm weather. The depth of water at Tomahawk River is five and a-half feet on a rocky bar. Means might be adopted to render both these places fit for much larger vessels, or small steamboats, by erecting at Bridport a jetty outside the bar, so as to give always 12 feet of water, and fixing a mooring-buoy in Anderson's Bay for rough weather, and at Tomahawk Island by connecting it with the mainland by a breakwater. We believe the Government contemplate carrying out some such improvements.

The roads or routes from Launceston by land are *three*, only one of which, the first described, is fit for a cart the whole distance, the others being at present only

horse tracks. These three routes will be given in the form of an itinerary.

Miles The first.—Leave Launceston by the Tamar Bridge and George Town road, the electric telegraph poles will be a good guide for the first 19 miles, when the road diverges. Immediately over the Tamar Bridge, on the right, is the terminus of the Launceston and Western Railway, in course of construction. After passing $\frac{1}{2}$ through the Dorset tollgate the village of Invermay is reached. Rising a hill the Racecourse is passed, lying on the right, and the terminus of a tramway, running $1\frac{1}{2}$ 11 miles into the bush, to a sawmill, under Mount Arthur, or Row Tor, which is seen about 13 miles to the north rising with a bare rocky ridge to a height of 3,900 feet. This mountain is seen by persons coming from Victoria a long way off the land before reaching Tamar Heads, and is a well known land mark. On the 2 left is "Newnham," the seat of W. D. Grubb, Esq., M.L.C. A little farther on the traveller keeps the right hand road ascending the hill. About four miles 4 from Launceston is a road at right angles, running north easterly, called "Rocher's Lane," where travellers on foot or horseback turn off to go by the Second Route—Hall's line, or a short cut by way of Turner's Marsh, joining the road again farther on. This short cut is a rough road, and I would not advise a stranger to attempt it without some companion who knows the 6 locality well. On the left is passed Landfall, the residence of T. Barnard, J.P., and no other house is seen till "Coulson's" is reached. Here the road is close to the banks of the Tamar, and there is a two-storey brick hotel, kept by . . . To the left, on a point, stretching into the Tamar, stands Rostella, the Rev. H. P. Kane's. On the right is a pleasant piece of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ meadow land, well drained and cultivated, part of the estate of "Thorpe," W. P. Coulson, Esq., whose house 11 stands on the right. "Stoney Creek" is then crossed by a long bridge, and the road ascends and passes 16 through rough bush land. A constable's hut and deserted garden opposite are passed, and 18 miles from Launceston the traveller reaches Mount Direction, 18 where accommodation for man and beast can be had, 19 but the house is not at present a licensed inn. A mile beyond Mount Direction the road to George Town follows the telegraph poles, and the road to Waterhouse and the north-east coast branches to the right. From Mt. Direction the road is an open bush track, not fenced.

Mls. The Den Diggings. — Following the George Town
23 road four miles farther is Fourteen-Mile Creek, where a
visitor to the Den Diggings must turn off to the right,
and in about two miles will reach the low ranges, where
the gold has been obtained, and where a few claims are
again taken up, and some men at work. The Den
ranges divide the valley of the Tamar from Piper's
River, and consist of low ridges of slate abounding with
quartz, running a little to the west of north.

19 From the turn off, the Waterhouse road passes
through flat, barren country for some miles, very wet
20 in winter, called East Arm Flats. About a mile on is a
22 road turning off to the right to Mount Dismal, which
the traveller must avoid. The traveller will do well to
keep the left hand road always hereabouts, when in
doubt, as there are bye-roads leading to bush settle-
ments to the eastward. About four miles from the
23 turn off is a refreshing spring of clear water, on the
right hand side of road, which will be easily noticed by
the indications of travellers having rested and refreshed.

25 Shortly after the road crosses a scrubby valley, called
the Devil's Den, from which the Den ranges, stretching
northerly, have taken their name. The road is now in
the Piper's River valley, and a mile farther, the short
cut, previously mentioned, joins it, near a remarkable
hill, shaped like a sugar loaf. The soil is generally
very barren, well adapted for road making, but not for
32 culture. Thirty-two miles from Launceston we pass a
constable's hut, and then come in sight of the cleared
33 farm of R. Jones. The road keeps along his boundary
fence, turning an angle to the right, and then straight
to the bridge over the Piper's River. Some distance
along the fence a track leads northwards to settlements
lower down the river. Crossing the Piper's River by the
bridge the river is fenced on both sides. About 200
yards along this lane the traveller will see a fenced road
at right angles, leading to the right through a gate; this
is the road he must follow, the other straight on leading
37 to the residence of Mr. Hardwick. A short distance
farther the road is again unfenced. Four miles on,
Piper's Brook, a nice clean stream, with bed of slate
rock, is crossed by a bridge, and the road passes
through agricultural farms for the next mile. After
38 leaving the lane at Bird's farm the road is again
unfenced, and about 100 yards on, the Waterhouse road
diverges to the right; the left hand road leading to the
42 mouth of the river. Four miles on, the Little Piper is

Mls. crossed by a bridge, and the road then for eight miles runs along level heathy-plains, lightly timbered. The Little Forester River is then reached, and crossed by a
50 bridge just erected. On the opposite bank stands Bowood, the residence of Mrs. Brewer, the widow of one of the earliest settlers in this district. It has a celebrated orchard, with fine fruit trees, and is quite refreshing to a traveller, looking like an oasis in the desert.

55½ Five miles and a half from Bowood is the village and port of Bridport. This can be reached by two roads, the first of which leads in a northerly direction to the sea coast at the constable's hut, directly opposite the bar, which is fordable at low-water, being then about two and a half feet deep, with a fine sandy bottom. This is the mouth of the "Great Forester River," which rises between Mount Maurice and Mount Scott, and after a course of about 45 miles (omitting small bends) pours its waters into Anderson's Bay at Bridport. From here there is a continuous sandy beach, in one splendid sweep of 15 miles, bordered on the land side by a line of sandhills of various fantastic shapes, partly clothed with verdure of ferns, coarse grass, and small bushes, struggling for existence. If the tide suits the river may be forded at this bar, and the road then
58 proceeds along the foot of the sandhills on the land side for two and a half miles, when the other road joins it, and there is then but one road the rest of the distance.

Bridport is of value solely on account of the port; the soil is worthless and barren in the extreme, not a blade of feed or greenstuff can be got for the horses, and in wet and dull weather it looks one of the most dreary and miserable places in Tasmania.

50 The other route from Bowood turns to the right, after going about three-quarters of a mile along the above-mentioned road, its course is easterly to the Brid river,
52 which is crossed at a ford. On rising the east bank there is a deserted shepherd's hut, here the road turns to the left in a northerly direction. At five miles from
55 Bowood the old coast road goes straight on, and a turning to the left takes to Bridport, where the Brid
55½ falls into the Great Forester. The Brid is bridged at its confluence, so that a traveller who has missed the low tide at the above-mentioned bar can proceed by this route.

56½ Proceeding by the old coast road about a mile, the traveller crosses a road well cleared, drained, and

Mts. formed. This is the outlet to part of the large area of agricultural land before mentioned, and leads up south-easterly to the thriving and important settlement of Scottsdale, which will be described in the third route.

A person coming through Bridport will come along this formed road thus far, and then, turning off to the left, follow the coast track. About three miles from Bridport, after crossing Muddy Creek by a very slight and ricketty bridge (at which the traveller must use caution) is the residence of Martin Stephenson, and proceeding through his paddocks, where the traveller will have the courtesy to shut all gates behind him, the Great Forester is crossed by a low bridge; the road turning to the right joins the track from the Bar ford, and proceeds up a long grassy plain, with the Great Forester on the right, and the sandhills on the left. The cart tracks must be carefully followed, as this long plain is surrounded by a belt of soft spongy quagmire, which can only be crossed at one place. The road then runs over barren, heathy country, with occasional plains, free from timber all the way to Waterhouse diggings, 72 miles.

Waterhouse is lightly timbered, and the trees comparatively small; there are many freshwater lagoons, some dry in summer, with no outlet, closed in by sand hummocks and ridges, many of which are supposed to conceal quartz reefs. In fact, the older formation is so covered by tertiary deposit and drifted sand that it is not surprising that the discovery of gold has only just been made. The country is generally low and level, backed up on the south by "Mount Horror," to which, and for many miles farther in a southerly direction, the slate formation extends. On the south-east is the Whiterock Tier, a range of granite hills. No detailed description of the diggings can be given, as they are so new that fresh discoveries will soon change the aspect of the place.

THE Second Route from Launceston, is for foot or horse-back only, leaves Launceston by the same road as the last, and about four miles on turns up Rocher's Lane before-mentioned. At the end of the lane Barnard's Creek is crossed, and the road, now unfenced, ascends the Fingerpost Hill. At the top the road branches, the left hand line being the short cut through Turner's Marsh, to reach the road again, as noticed in Route 1,

Mls. the right hand road must be followed. In a few miles the road goes alongside of the Tramway (which has its termination at the Launceston Racecourse) and afterwards leaves it, keeping to the left, and leads to a bridge
 12 over the Piper's River. The country between the Fingerpost Hill and this point is so intersected by bush tracks, some for timber carting only, others leading to small farms, that the traveller must use great caution not to get lost and benighted. To the north of the Piper's River there is still a cart track for about five miles, passing numerous small farms cleared out of the primitive scrub, amongst which, are those of Somerville, Wilson, Fox, and Campbell; the latter of whom has distinguished himself by his hospitality and attention to strangers, so much so, that a substantial testimony was lately presented to him. There are many other cleared farms in the vicinity of the road, but not seen. The
 17 road is afterwards impassable for a cart, and very rough even for the equestrian, passing through a dense scrub for the next eight miles. About half way along
 23 this horse track is the farm of Mr. Chester, who is unable to occupy it personally, on account of the bad road. The end of the settlement is now passed, and the
 35 road emerges into more open and barren country, and more pleasant to travel. It is only a bush track, somewhat indistinct, but one experienced in the bush will
 34 not easily lose himself. About 34 miles from Launceston the road again arrives at small settlements and
 37½ some clearing, and proceeding northerly three and a half miles joins the coast road, formerly mentioned, close to the Little Forester River opposite Bowood, after which
 59 the traveller can proceed to Waterhouse as before.

THE Third Route from Launceston is that by way of Patersonia, leaving town by the Brisbane road to Newstead Inn, the boundary of the town, then turn to the
 1 left, passing the Toll-bar, and crossing the Launceston and Western Railway, and shortly after Hobler's Bridge, over the North Esk River. At a quarter of a mile past the bridge the road branches into three lines, keep the centre one straight on, along the water-pipes supplying Launceston, passing cultivated lands and several houses
 6 for about four miles, when the bush begins. From the eighth to the tenth mile is a very rough and rocky portion, and to Mr. Adam's cultivation, which it passes
 11 through, and at 11 miles it crosses the tunnel of the

Mls. Launceston waterworks, leading from the St. Patrick's River, about a quarter of a mile off to the right. There is a stone on the roadside with an inscription, and after following the road up the rise beyond, a small pathway will be seen on the level ground, leading to the right; this leads to the dam in the St. Patrick's River, from which the water is brought to supply Launceston. The St. Patrick's River is a beautiful stream of clear water, running over a pebbly bed, reminding one of some of the beautiful trout streams of Scotland. The Salmon Commissioners are endeavoring to stock it with trout, having placed a supply of young fish at this place under the charge of the Town Council of Launceston, and latest reports show that they are thriving.

12 Half a mile beyond the tunnel the road branches into two lines at a fence,—the traveller must take the left.

The right hand road leads across the St. Patrick's by a good ford to the station of Patersonia, once the property of Lady Franklin. From this two pleasure excursions may be made, one to the summit of Mount Barrow, over 4,600 feet in height, from which a magnificent view is obtained; the other to St. George's Plain and Mount Scott. On the way thither the road passes through one of the finest myrtle forests in Tasmania, and therefore in the world. (The myrtle of Tasmania is the *Fagus Cunninghamii*, or Cunningham's Beech.) It is seen to fullest perfection in going, as the traveller proceeds downhill, and the tree ferns, seen partly from above, form a scene of unequalled beauty. At the end the tourist emerges on open undulating plains, with the St. Patrick's River and other fine streams meandering through them, all the more beautiful from the contrast with the dark myrtle forest, where the sun's beams never penetrate. On Mount Scott, Mount Maurice, and others, are found rare mountain plants and trees, some of which are found only here and in the uninhabited western country. This trip would make a special pleasure excursion by itself, and would occupy the best part of a week, the individuals of the party having to "rough it."

12½ From the turn off the left hand road passes through a few small clearings, and two miles on bends to the right and crosses Patersonia rivulet by a bridge. A mile and a half past this the road changes its appearance. From Launceston the road has been along the natural unformed original bullock track, with a few improvements made by the Road Trustees. From this

Mls. point for eight and a half miles, the road being part of a Government scheme of works for opening out this rich agricultural country, is newly formed and drained, and fit for a carriage. The road though rough has been gradually ascending by a gentle gradient to this point, where it is about 1,200 feet above sea level, and it rises very little after this point. Local jealousies have hitherto prevented the Government from improving the road from here to Launceston, and the Road Trustees have not sufficient funds, as until the new agricultural settlements can be developed the farms cannot be rated at a high rate. The road now proceeds along barren slate ridges, with loose quartz scattered about, where gold prospecting was tried ten years ago, but without sufficient success. Renewed search, more carefully
21 directed, may still discover payable gold. Twenty-one miles from town we again come upon a clearing in the forest. The Government road goes to the right, but a track on the left leads up the hill to the farm of Peter Belman, who is postmaster for this district, and where accommodation can be had, either for a mid-day rest, or quarters for the night, at a moderate cost. The soil here is of the best quality, and, though high, ripens wheat, owing to the influence of the mild winds from the sea to the north. This, and the other farms here, produce splendid oats, turnips, and root crops, and would make magnificent dairy farms were it not for the drawback of the bad road to town. Proceeding along
24 the Government road the traveller is suddenly brought to a halt by the cart road ending, and a narrow track four feet wide taking its place. This track presents nearly a level, winding through the dense forest. Six
30 miles on, it arrives at the top of a gorge, known as Meredith Valley, down the west side of which it proceeds to the Brid river. At the top of this gorge the banks are remarkably steep, and the traveller can look down into the gully about 300 feet below him, where the combination of tree fern, sassafras, and other trees, form a *coup d'œil* which he will not soon forget. Grand in the extreme. In the distance the eye roams over a rolling sea of low country, covered with timber, nearly out to Waterhouse, and the sea beach beyond. Close on the right are the bare hills—Mounts "Scott" and "Maurice"—far away rise the two blue peaks of Mount Cameron; right ahead is the round massive form of Mount Horror, and out in the sea are seen the peaks on Cape Barren and Flinders Islands. At the foot of the

Mls.

- 33 hill the Brid is crossed. From this nothing has been yet done by the Government beyond cutting down the trees
- 34 on the width of the road. About a mile beyond the Brid the first settlements of Scottsdale are reached, and after proceeding about five miles between farms and clearings we reach "Tucker's Corner," where is situated
- 39½ the "Dogwood Tavern," a licensed inn, kept by Mr. Beswick.
- 56 From this point the Government intend to make, and have got the money voted for, a direct route to Waterhouse diggings, about 16 miles distant, crossing the Great Forester River below Burns' Marsh, when communication for vehicles is effected. This third route will be the shortest and best from Launceston. At present (September, 1869) the traveller must go through Scottsdale to join the coast road near Bridport, but it is expected that in less than a month hence the direct communication will be completed.

Scottsdale is a thriving settlement containing about 400 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are of the yeoman class, settled on small agricultural farms, their own property. Previous to 1859 it was an unknown and unexplored region, without a single inhabitant. The difficulties and hardships these pioneers of civilisation have had to contend with cannot be appreciated without being visited, as it would require a very able pen to describe the general appearance of the country, especially to a stranger unaccustomed to similar forests. Gigantic eucalypti, of the stringy gum, or white top stringy bark species, rear their massive trunks to a height of 300 feet, while the ground beneath is covered with a dense underground of scrub, 40 to 50 feet high, through which a man can with difficulty force a passage. Large wattles and blackwoods abound, and now that there is a road to Bridport the timber trade is assuming an important place in the economy of the inhabitants of Scottsdale. Farther eastward, reached by a road from "Tucker's Corner," is the important agricultural district of Ringarooma, to which a road is nearly completed, and which will soon become an important settlement.

From Waterhouse the main coast road proceeds in a north-easterly direction, crossing the Tomahawk, the Little Boobyala and Ringarooma Rivers to Cape Portland, and a few miles farther reaches the Musellroe River, the last station along the north coast. The Ringarooma is crossed by a ford inside the bar, but dangerous.

The Tomahawk shipping place will be useful as being very little out of the way of steamboats bound from Melbourne to Hobart Town, but, for general purposes, and the trade from Launceston, is much inferior to Bridport. The erection of machinery, and further explorations at Waterhouse will so soon change the appearance of the place, that no minute description can be attempted. Waterhouse Island gives shelter from the west and north-west winds, and there is good anchorage in the roadstead, but no landing place on the mainland.

All the rivers crossed in this route are excellent fishing streams. The Great Forester and the Brid in particular have blackfish and others, some from 6lb. to 8lb. weight, and the Ringarooma farther on is still superior. Sport can be had in hunting kangaroo and the wombat in a few localities. Plenty of parrots are found at all the settlements.

THE WESTWARD CAVES.

THE tourist leaving Launceston by the morning coach will pass through the townships of Hadspen—where is a fine view of Entally (the seat of Archdeacon Reiby), Carrick, Hagley, Quamby (the estate of Sir Richard Dry lying to the right), Westbury (a populous township), Exton, and arrive at Deloraine between 10 and 11 a.m. A luncheon or dinner at one of the good inns here, after sauntering about the township and its neighborhood, will fit you for a four miles walk to Bennett's Inn at the Red Hills, where will be found excellent accommodation, and whence should be made an early start, after a sunrise breakfast taking care that the creature comforts are not forgotten to be stored away in the trap, which the host, if required, will provide for the excursion.

Six miles of good macadamized road, first through Bennett's Forest, then Adam's Marsh (Mr. T. T. Parker's place), Dairy Plains (the property of Mr. J. Ritchie), and the Bentley Estate, the latter planted and subdivided with white thorn hedges, forcibly reminding you of the old country, and you reach Chudleigh (a bush township of 200 population), where is Picket's Inn and where you can refresh; here also should be secured a guide for the interior of the Caves, and don't forget the candles, indeed, think of them before leaving town, and have carriage lights.

Five miles from Chudleigh by a very passable road through a beautiful country and you are at the mouth of the Caves, beside a mountain of variegated marble which extends for miles. Proceeding by a fine creek of clear water you reach a huge stone in form like a round table and fancying yourselves its knights it is well to refresh here before you light your candles and enter. The appearance of the stalactites is very beautiful; they are of all sizes and diameters, from that of a wheaten straw to that of a man's thigh. The former are snow-white, and depend in thousands from the roof, the latter are generally united to the stalagmites, originating from the ground, and growing upwards until they meet and coalesce with the stalactite from above. The latter are hollow, and are increased by the deposit of particles of lime at the *extremity*, at the moment the drop of water proceeding from the roof falls from the lower end of the stalactite: they cluster by thousands, and are generally about from three to five feet long, presenting a scene like fairy land.

After traversing half a mile of bewildering cavern of stalactites you come to what is called the "Light Hole" and where is a stream of water, having a rise and fall, running across the Cave; here the gentlemen, if there are any ladies in the party, must evidence their gallantry by carrying them across—200 yards beyond this is the "Pulpit," so called because here the Cave is domed like a cathedral and here is its greatest magnificence, for the walls appear as if dotted with glow-worms or sparkling with gems. A little further on and the "Register Office" appears, a huge stone pillar on which visitors usually autograph their names. On once more and you get to the Reservoir, water again, and beyond this, exploration becomes difficult although there is a legend of some adventurous spirit who penetrated beyond until a Cave was found of surpassing magnificence.

THE NEW CAVES

ARE situated ten miles to the right of Chudleigh through Westley, Dale, Mole Creek, and the Circular Ponds. One Cave is about half a mile in length, having the appearance of a marble hall, and pendant from its roof are the largest conceivable stalactites. These Caves are very beautiful, but not so much frequented as those previously described. There is no water here.

WEST TAMAR CAVES.

THERE are several very extensive caves on the West Tamar, about seven or eight miles from Whirlpool Reach.

The principal cave has been explored for a distance of five miles without coming to its termination. Its bed is perfectly level, covered with gravel, with here and there a large boulder; whilst from the roof depend innumerable stalactites, which in many cases nearly touch corresponding stalagmites springing up from below. A visit to these caves would well repay the trouble involved, and Mr. Peppiatt, who resides in the vicinity, has expressed his readiness to act as guide.

MOUNT WELLINGTON.

THE "lion" of Tasmanian scenery, Mount Wellington, never fails to rivet the attention and elicit the admiration of the visitor to Hobart Town who for the first time beholds it from the magnificent River Derwent. Rising as it does to an altitude of 4,166 feet above the sea immediately behind and to the westward of the city it presents the appearance of a huge natural watch-tower. Whether it is seen at early morn when the rising sun strikes its columned head with shafts of crimsoned gold, making its pillars gleam like burnished bronze, and bringing out distinctly in bold relief patches of green yet stunted scrub, which ever contrasts strongly with the sombre hue of the dark-brown rock; or when winter has clothed it in a mantle of snow, and the full moon floods it with her cold silver light, this Tasmanian Alp is equally grand and sublime. One of the highest objects of the ambition of the enthusiastic photographer is to transfer this ponderous mound to paper as it appears to the eye. But the best production in this respect leaves much of the magnificence of detail undeveloped.

Much of the labor of making the ascent is lessened by the construction of the new Huon Road, by which, at the present time, persons can drive to the first acclivity, and thereby the toil of scaling a very steep hill is saved. The old road is along Macquarie Street, through Degrave's Brewery at the picturesque Cascades, and by which road parties frequently return to town from the mountain.

The fine new Huon Road commences at the western extremity of Davey Street, where the sandstone quarry now celebrated for its fossile ripple marks is situated, which are well worth the inspection of the visitor. Thence it runs along the side of a lofty hill for a distance of about two miles, having an ascent of 1 foot in 50 feet. By its side are exposed in several very fine vertical sections the highly interesting fossiliferous rocks of the carbonifer-

ous period, which teem with the shells and corals characteristic of that immensely remote epoch; nine-tenths of which are extinct. At a distance of about two miles from the commencement of the road, it runs over the top of a sandstone hill for nearly half a mile, when it again skirts the side of a hill which is much higher than any it has hitherto traversed. It is now that the visitor has arrived at the old-world ocean floor, containing the lithodified remains of the denizens of the deep. The fossils, which tell such eloquent and startling tales of terrestrial change, stand prominently out of the beds of grey "mudstone" which forms a wall varying from ten to forty feet in height, and skirting the road for a distance of a mile and a half. Here the geologist with hammer in hand can revel to satiety. "Petriified butterflies" of Tasmanian Bedouins (*Spirifera* of *savans*) are constantly meeting his eye in all their various forms. But they are only the casts of the shell, both internal and external, the shell itself having passed away. This is the case with all the animal remains in these beds, whether corals or shells. Wonderfully wild and romantic is the view from this spot. The steep hillside covered by gigantic eucalypti and dense underwood terminates in a valley, in the centre of which is an ever green sward, the *locale* of the original pyroligneous works, the wooden structure conspicuous by its tall brick chimney now rapidly falling to decay. This valley narrows into a deep gully, dark and damp with exuberant vegetation. Arboresecent ferns wave their delicate green and graceful fronds over the fragrant clematis or the modest orchid. A charming confusion of light and shade is there to be seen—shining moss clothing the mouldering boles of prostrate forest giants—lichens luxuriating on every rock, and water-cresses growing on every pool—scintillating gleams of golden sunshine here and there dart through the umbrage of the dense foliage like angel visitants from the outer world; and silence broken only by the occasional flutter and note of the forest bird or the sigh of the wind, crowning all. Sylphs and "faeries" only are wanting to make it a true embodiment of one of the scenes from *Spencer's Faery Queen*.

At a distance of about a mile from the fossiliferous mudstone beds, the "Mountain Road" is reached, with its finger post pointing up a steep, narrow path. For the last mile the mountain has been growing more and more imposing. That terrible precipice called the Organ Pipes, caused ages ago by the eastern face of the mountain having given way, rivets the attention. Following this

road at a short distance, the huge rock becomes hidden from the sight by gigantic gum-trees and dense underwood. Upon gaining the summit of this acclivity a tolerably level and smooth road is traversed for a quarter of a mile, when the traveller comes to a steep much more fatiguing than the last. Several breathless halts are demanded ere the top of it is reached. Sandstone, the exposed upper surface of which presents a convoluted or botryoidal character, is seen at intervals in huge masses, and on the left hand side of the road forms one or two steep precipices. The atmosphere is already growing thin and keen, and in a short time the summit of this "rise" having been reached the visitor comes upon a hut surrounded by a small garden in which nature and art are seen to be contending for the mastery: the former, however is triumphant judging by the dwarfed gooseberry bushes and cabbages. This is the abode of old "Woods" otherwise known as the "old man of the mountain." Here visitors stop to take breath and refreshment. The proprietor of this arcadian abode and his better half attend to the wants of weary pedestrians by furnishing cooking utensils, etc., for a consideration.

In front of the hut (for here are the celebrated Springs) and gurgling over cool shining pebbles in a narrow channel is the limpid stream that supplies twenty thousand human beings in hive below with pure water, with hundreds of tons to spare. If the weather be fine a wonderful panorama meets the eye, to which no pen has yet done justice. Stretching away and winding in the most fantastic manner is seen the noble Derwent—now looking like a blue ribbon frilled away at the edges—now spreading out into a lake, and anon peeping out in little azure patches among the countless hills; mountains blue in the distance, the existence of which was till now undreamt of; plains green with verdure and dotted with homesteads meet the eye at every point, while the city is nestling far below at the foot of the mountain, and the broad pulsing ocean melts into the sky.

At a few hundred yards from Wood's Hut along the watercourse, the road to the summit of the mountain is seen, and conducts the visitor over the last acclivity vulgarly known as "Burst-your-gall." In following the path which skirts the watercourse the falls are reached at a distance of about four miles. If the visitor, however, should follow the watercourse for about a mile from the junction of the road to the summit of the mountain, he will come upon vertical sections of the slate beds in which the writer discovered lately the new fossil plant (en-

dogonophyllites, M'Coy,) which has created some stir in the scientific world. On scaling Burst-your-gall the traveller passes over loose fragments of the volcanic rock which constitutes the whole summit of the mountain. Upon reaching the ice-house, a scene suddenly presents itself to the eye of the visitor calculated to fill him with wonder and even awe. Before him stretches a vast plain of loose rounded stones of enormous dimensions, and firmly wedged together. This is the celebrated Ploughed Field of the colonists, and has been formed by the columns of greenstone having been broken off from the parent mass by natural agency, and being shattered in their fall have rolled down the side of the mountain, and thus through ages have accumulated to the extent now seen. Having crossed this Ploughed Field a still grander and withal desolate scene meets the eye. Stretching far away in the distance is the table top of the mountain, from which rise at intervals clusters of lichen-covered monumental columns of greenstone. A soft black spongy soil occupies the hollows, which supports a scanty and dwarfed vegetation; but among which there are many very beautiful mountain shrubs. The desolation of the scene is enhanced by the bleached branches of stunted shrubs clinging closely to the rough stones. Little sign of life is there to be seen beyond the startled lizard occasionally darting beneath the stones. But let the visitor turn his gaze to the east, and if he is not spell-bound by the picture presented to him then has he no soul above buttons. In the vicinity of the Ploughed Field can be seen a small structure which ever awakens painful memories of the sad fate of those who have lost their lives in this inhospitable region. It is raised to the memory of the surgeon of one of the vessels trading between London and this port, whose frozen remains were found on the day following that on which he was lost in one of those dense fogs which are held in dread by even the most experienced mountaineer. Upon reaching the pinnacle, which is about one mile and a half from the Ploughed Field, the visitor stands at an altitude of 4,166 feet from the sea; consequently the air is very thin and pure, of which he is made pleasantly sensible, and he may be struck with the fact how much quicker the "billy" boils than in the lower regions.

All that is seen on the summit of the mountain has the appearance of being produced by terrible terrestrial disturbance and convulsion. But it is quite otherwise. All is due to the slow and immutable operation of that

natural law known as *change* working throughout countless ages. Old and timeworn as this mountain appears, it is actually much younger than the sandstone of which the houses at the foot are built.

LIST OF OUTS FROM HOBART TOWN.

THE following summary of the principal objects of interest in the vicinity of Hobart Town is taken from the *Tasmanian Times*:—

1. In the Museum of the Royal Society, the collection of coins, birds, beasts, fishes and geological specimens is valued at £3,000. The large room below is filled with shells, birds, beasts, coins, weapons, skeletons, &c., from all parts of the world. The next room is the Library and Council room, where there are some thousand volumes of books. Upstairs is a very large geological collection, comprising gold and the other less valuable metals from Tasmania and all parts of the world. The Museum is situated in Macquarie Street. Open every day except Tuesday and Saturday. No charge for admission.

2. The Parliamentary Library contains 8,000 volumes which are open to the perusal of any person, on the order of a member. There are also daily filed newspapers from England, all the Australian colonies, New Zealand, and Tasmania, besides the usual quarterly magazines. The Parliament Houses are open daily from 10 to 4.

3. At Government House, the principal objects are, first the beautiful grounds; second the ball-room and Prince Alfred's apartments. Admission, by special permission.

4. In the Royal Society's Gardens can be found flowers and plants from every part of the world—from the tropics to the South Pole. Fruits are on sale by the gardener in charge; seats in shady situations, surrounded by beautiful scented flowers, are everywhere; and the children who visit, find much amusement on the shingly beach at the foot of the gardens, where the blue waters of the Derwent kiss the roots of the tussock grass of the chilly Falkland Islands, and the bamboo of the torrid Indian forests. Open every day, from sunrise until sunset. No charge.

5. At the Bower, or Cook's Monument (not called after the great Navigator, but after a very popular man who filled the office of Mayor of this city, to the entire satisfaction of its 20,000 people), are to be seen the fern trees in their most beautiful form; the water of the rivulet

is pure as heaven's own dew, and for the weary pilgrim who finds his way within them there are seats provided *sub tegmine fagi*, where the luncheon and champagne, or less luscious wines, can be thoroughly enjoyed without fear of snakes. Reached by cab or jingle, at four shillings an hour.

6. From Mount Nelson there are two very grand views—down the river, combining the light house, islands, sea and long white beaches. The walk is nothing and the result everything. An exceedingly civil station officer allows ladies and others to use the large standing telescope, which commands an extensive view. Reached by cab or jingle.

7. Of Mount Wellington and the Springs a volume might be written. The visitor sees plants, flowers, aromatic shrubs, and bright birds he never saw before. Enormous gum trees 300 feet high, mimosas 100 feet high full of rich bloom,

“Whose balmy breath comes softly down each glen.”

He sees panoramas equalling those from the Alps—or even as a Cockney friend says—“Heven from the Happenines as run down Hitaly.” The Ploughed Field puzzles him as to its rough origin—masses of rock piled one over another without tree, or shrub, or soil. The lovely flowers of the stunted shrubs on the summit; the air which seems to go through you, it is so keen; the balancing rocks; the enormous boulders; the names carved on every clean surface; the grand precipice: a volume would barely suffice; and all for the trouble of a four hours' walk. A visit can be made by driving to the foot of the Hill, and then ascending, on foot, to the Springs.

8. Kangaroo Point Beach with its white sand and shells; lovely bathing-places, where the children can bathe at any hour, and at any place, free from danger of sharks or deep water; where they can get their fill of fruit and good eating; every comfort at numerous inns and boarding houses; and much civility and attention from the owner of the steamer, and of Rosny,—famed for its sports and hospitality. Kangaroo Point is reached, at all hours, by steamer or boat; fare, sixpence.

9. Fern Tree Valley, with the limpid streams flowing through it; its shades and sassafras flowers—close to the hospitable Mayor's great brewery, where Prince's mixture, and other ales, flow towards the town. Visited on foot.

10. The Orphan School, so admirably managed, with five hundred fat children, happy and so jolly that not one has died for three years from out that happy band.—A hap-

piness not shared in by hundreds who, beyond its walls, weep silently in the evening over empty cradles and vacant little chairs—looking in vain for the happy small face and the soft little hands, gone to join a throng in a far happier world. These Schools may be reached by omnibus every half-hour ; fare, sixpence.

11. Brown's River Beach—so famous for its picnics, caves, once occupied by bushrangers—now frequently filled with laughing, merry girls ; inns whose comfort is the boast of the country round ; drivers of coaches, the most civil. Visited by coach, daily ; fare, two shillings. Cab, for the day, one pound.

12. Lunatic Asylum, filled with 300 persons—each mad on a certain subject ; not more so than most of their fellow men outside. Rooms clean and well fitted—appliances to soothe their irritability—kindness and sympathy on all sides. Death, the Consoler, lays his hand on many ; but many are also restored, cured, to friends and relatives. The Lunatic Asylum, at New Norfolk, is visited by coach or steamer.

13. The Salmon Ponds, where can be seen the salmon from the egg to the big fish. Tasmania has paid £7,000 to bring the salmon here, and it is at last a success ; and the credit of nearly the whole experiment is due mostly to one person, who as chairman of the Salmon committee, and as chairman "in another place," has secured the esteem and respect of his fellow colonists, and whose hospitality is unbounded. These Ponds are reached by coach or steamer to New Norfolk, and then by chaise cart.

14. Lady Franklin's Big Tree is just off the Huon Road ; there is a track to it, which can easily be found. Its size is enormous, and it is well worth a visit.

WATERFALLS.

The large Reservoir of the Hobart Town Waterworks, beyond the head of Davey Street, which contains several hundred million gallons of water, and where the English perch and carp have been successfully placed. The water-course is at one place cut through solid sandstone, forming an exceedingly pretty water-fall, and there is a good path along the troughing up to the aqueduct, near the Fern Tree Inn.

THE WELLINGTON FALLS or cataract of the mountain river, can be reached either by a walk over the top of the mountain, or round past the springs. The fall is 210 feet deep, and the scenery around is very grand and imposing.

There is a view of "HELL'S CORNERS" from the side of the mountain.

THE FALLS OF THE SNUG RIVER are also well worth a visit. They were photographed by the late Bishop of Tasmania. The walk is, however, only to be undertaken by good bushmen.

WATERING PLACES.

The channel from its entrance at Passage Point downward is admirably suited as a residence for invalids, offering facilities for sea-bathing. Hotel accommodation can be found at Peppermint Bay and Three Hut Point, from this point it is but a short distance to Adventure Bay, where the great Captain Cook first landed in Tasmania. The bay is open to the swell of the great Southern Ocean. Here are also Partridge Island, Huon, and Arch Islands. The grounds and garden of Rookwood are well worth a visit, and indeed often form the resort of steam excursionists.

Oyster Cove station is about 30 miles down, and can be reached by boat or chaise cart. Lallah Rookh is the only pure aboriginal (female) who survives.

PICNIC PLACES.

CORNELIAN BAY, so called from the cornelians, some of great beauty, found in the sand on its extensive beach. Here are shady trees and pretty walks.

STONY STEPS at the head of Davey Street, where there is a rill of water and extensive orchards and gardens all round.

SANDY BAY BEACH, where pretty shells, corallines, and seaweed are to be found. After a high wind the surf rolls in to shore on the lower beach very grandly.

ROSNY POINT and Lindisferne can be reached by boat or steamer at all hours, and at the former place there are popular games and refreshments provided occasionally.

MINERAL SPRING.

There is one on Mrs. Downing's estate at Glenorchy where the water is as pure as crystal in color, but tastes like a strong solution of ink and sulphur. One dose is sufficient for invalids.

FISHING

Can be had off the Bluff at Kangaroo Point; off Dunkley's Point at Sandy Bay, and off Dedlam Walls at Risdon, where the finest salt-water fish can be obtained; also mullet fishing at New Norfolk, materials for which can be obtained at the Bush Inn.

BIG TREES.

In addition to Lady Franklin's Big Tree, which is said to be 107 feet round, there is one on the Tolosa Estate, four miles from town, which is 330 feet high and 86 feet round ; and in a hole burned by a bush fire in the body of the tree 15 persons sat down to lunch, the dimensions of the room being 11 ft. x 12 ft. and 7 ft. high.

EXCURSIONS FROM LAUNCESTON.

THE first sight the stranger should visit, outside the town of Launceston, is the "Cataract Gorge." This is most accessible by water. It is a colossal rift between opposing cliffs of volcanic rock, and is the channel through which the South Esk river finds its way to meet the North Esk, coming from the opposite direction, and by their junction form the Tamar, which is the largest Tasmanian river, and empties itself into the sea at Low Head, 50 miles lower. This gorge is only about half-a-mile from the wharf, where a boat can be, at all times, procured. It has the advantage of being accessible at all times of the tide.

A waterman's boat will bring the visitor, in ten minutes, to the entrance of the gorge ; this is spanned by a cast iron bridge of a single arch, the dimensions of which are larger than any similar structure in the colonies. This has only been in existence about six years, and is at once the most substantial and elegant improvement in the town ; it is not only a credit to the engineer (Mr. W. T. Doyne,) as a model of professional skill, but adds vastly to the convenience of the inhabitants, many of whom (amongst others, the writer) having anything but pleasant recollections of the primitive and dangerous "punt" on which, until the above recent date, the public had to depend.

Passing under this structure, a glance upwards at which shows that the Launcestonians are *en rapport* with the science of the 19th century, the visitor finds himself in a gorge, the basaltic pillars of which rise perpendicularly on each side to a height of 500 feet ; it is about 120 yards wide, and the water is deep. This forms, during the heat of summer, a most luxurious retreat where (when all around are oppressed by the heat) the lofty sides, which completely exclude the sun's rays, afford a temperature the most luxurious and invigorating, and which to be appreciated must be experienced. This gorge has also another attraction for the amateur fisherman, as it is the choice resort of the delicious herrings, (or as they are

called "cucumber fish,") which may, in the season, be taken here with a rod by hundreds.

The upward navigation of the gorge is terminated at a distance of nearly half-a-mile from the mouth, by a transverse barrier of rocks, which forms the "cataract," which in times of flood presents a truly magnificent sight in the enormous body of foaming water that passes over.

Above the cataract the gorge expands and assumes a circular shape, the surrounding basaltic rock being much broken down, though still retaining nearly its original height round three-fourths of the circumference; this is termed the first basin, and the river may be traced upwards through it to a second and third of similar structure and entourage, all evidently volcanic; the evidences of agencies that have ceased in these localities long before the appearance of man.

On the North Esk, at about six miles from town, is another formation of somewhat similar kind which will well repay the trouble of a visit: this is the chasm of Corra Linn, being a rift likewise through perpendicular cliffs of volcanic rocks through which the Esk forces its passage. The height of this, however, is not more than 200 feet; but the aspect of the gorge, and the scenery of the ledge above and below, invest it with great beauty. This is one of the "lions" of the neighborhood; indeed, no stranger can be said to have seen the local sights if he has not paid a visit to this spot.

The gorge is about a quarter of a mile in length, has perpendicular sides about 150 feet deep, and affords a magnificent view of the foaming waters rushing beneath. It is bridged, and a good macadamised road leads from Launceston, through the Patterson's Plains.

About ten miles from Launceston is the township of Evandale, on a bend of the South Esk. Almost within view of this is the mansion of the late Mr. David Gibson.

A few miles further on is Clarendon, the property of Mrs. Cox, the widow of the late James Cox, Esq., one of the earliest Tasmanian colonists, and a man ever foremost in every work of public utility. Clarendon is truly a Manor House, and boasts that unusual appendage at the antipodes, in its well-stocked deer park, where large herds may be seen in various directions.

Within the same enclosure may be seen at the same time, numbers of kangaroo, from the diminutive wallaby to the gigantic boomer.

Crossing from Evandale in a westerly direction are to be seen the mansions of Mrs. Walker ("Rhodes"); of

Mr. T. C. Archer ("Woolmers"); of Mr. William Archer ("Brickenden"). These are all situate in the midst of a highly-cultivated and well-divided country, which, by its trim and well-kept appearance, contrasts strangely with the general aspect of a bush view. It would be impossible to see, in all the breadth of merrie England, more luxurious growth, neater and closer trimmed hedges, or more accurately divided paddocks.

In the parish church is to be seen a work of art which alone will repay the trouble of a drive to Longford. This is a stained glass window, occupied by the figure of Christ surrounded by the twelve Apostles, all of life size. This splendid work of art cost £500, and was a present from a resident in the township, in former and more prosperous times.

On the north-east bank of the Esk, immediately below the township, stands "Mountford," the mansion of Alexander Clarke, Esq., an old colonist.

Further to the south lie the mansions of Richmond Hill, the property of J. D. Toosey, Esq., and Panshanger, the residence of Joseph Archer, Esq., M.L.C., both places of great natural beauty, developed to a maximum by taste and a lavish expenditure of money.

On the road due west from Launceston, is to be seen at Hadspen, five miles distant, "Entally," the seat of the Rev. Archdeacon Reiby. This charming spot is on the South Esk, about a quarter of a mile above its junction with the Meander. It may not be out of place to mention, for the benefit of sporting tourists, that an abundance of the herring may be got here.

About six miles further on is "Quamby," the seat of the late respected Sir Richard Dry, whose recent death caused such universal mourning in Tasmania.

The Mechanics' Institute is a noble building, superior to any similar structure in any of the colonies. It is built of freestone, and its interior is divided into a spacious library, class rooms and double reading room on the ground floor, and a hall on the upper story, of unusual dimensions, being capable of containing a thousand people: in it stands a fine organ, purchased by subscription at a cost of £500. In this room lectures are delivered, public meetings held, and concerts performed. The *ensemble* of the building is not only highly ornamental to the town, but highly creditable to the public spirit of the inhabitants, as it was built by subscription (chiefly owing to the exertions of the Rev. R. K. Ewing), at a cost of more than £7,000.

Immediately opposite, in the Government buildings, is the public library, which is open to all daily at certain hours, and which is worthy more than a passing visit; as though not having any pretensions to the ample dimensions or elaborate ornamentation of the Melbourne library, it can boast equally liberal regulations, being open to the public daily on the single condition of each visitor entering his name in a book kept for that purpose. The reading-room of the Institute is open to all strangers, who will find an abundance of papers, colonial and foreign, maps, and every other source of reference.

At the north-east end of the town, near the North Esk, and close to the line of railway, are the public gardens originally laid out by the Government, but now under the control of a committee of citizens; these grounds are spacious and laid out with taste and judgment, and afford an opportunity of studying many of the native shrubs and plants not to be seen grouped elsewhere.

The western railway is now progressing rapidly; when finished it will afford ready access to the tourist to the townships of Evandale, Longford, Bishopbourne, Westbury and Deloraine, where it will meet the Midhurst and Mersey line running to the townships of La Trobe and Torquay on the coast—a circuit easily made and which will give the traveller an opportunity of seeing a rich country, and the peculiarities of the coast.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

As Tasmania seems destined to be the pleasure-ground of Victoria, and as it behoves all who intend to cross the Straits to think upon the best way of enjoying themselves during the trip, we would suggest to those who like a good day's shooting to go prepared for one, as it will be at least a very nice change to the usual amusement of scenery hunting. It is almost superfluous to remind a sportsman to take his gun, so apt is he to shoulder his "shooting iron" on every possible occasion, and he may be quite sure that if he does so in this instance he will have plenty of use for his favorite double-barrel.

The game of Tasmania is represented by almost the same species as on the mainland, but more abundantly; and the rabbit is as great a nuisance there as here—having spread to such an extent as to quite alarm the farmers and graziers of the midland districts—therefore it will be an

easy matter for a party bent on destroying the "cottontails" to be shown warrens, and thus obtain sport.

When shooting rabbits you require the help of dogs or ferrets. With dogs, let the party walk in a line, about forty yards apart, among the tussocky grass in the neighborhood of large warrens, and they are bound to get good sport. The dogs must work closely and not be hurried, for rabbits will lie almost as close as quail. With ferrets, choose the smaller burrows, as there is not the same chance of the rabbits getting away in the passages they make as in large burrows. Both descriptions of shooting require quickness and skill in the "biped," as the rabbit runs with great speed.

For rabbit shooting, load with three drachms of Hall's "glass" powder, and an ounce and a half of number four loose shot, and rabbits require to be hit well forward, as they take a lot of killing.

THE FAUNA OF TASMANIA.*

EVERYBODY knows Mr. Gerard Krefft, that is to say, everybody not confounded with the vulgar mass of nobodies who know nothing. He is one of those hard-working cultivators of science who go on adding to the common stock of knowledge, without ever thinking of what is to be the reward of all their labor.

To the discredit of mankind, such hardworking men seldom receive any adequate acknowledgement of the benefits they confer upon their fellows, beyond empty fame and that sort of distinction which it costs nobody anything to give. Mr. Krefft has been working on this side of the world for ever so many years in the department of natural science, and we will venture to say that he is neither rich nor influential. No doubt he is quite content with his lot, for it takes very little in the way of ordinary personal requirements to content a naturalist, and so the world, which gains all the benefit of his labors, contents itself also, and puts Mr. Krefft down in the list of eccentric old gentlemen who "potter about" a good deal among plants and animals, and who can tell you where all these are to be found.

It is not to be denied that the average public, which is not scientific, entertains an ill-concealed contempt for

* "Notes on the Fauna of Tasmania." By Gerard Krefft, F.L.S. etc. Sydney, 1868.

science and *savants*; and yet perhaps the feeling is not altogether of contempt, or, more correctly still, the contempt may only be an assumed feeling, beneath which there is another of wounded vanity, resulting from the consciousness of that ignorance, of which scientific men continually remind those who are unscientific. It is unpleasant, doubtless, to be told in effect that there is a world all around us of which we know nothing, but with which one person in ten thousand is perfectly familiar. Such is the weakness of poor humanity, that the exceptional person who does know about it, can hardly help becoming an object of dislike. He is a tacit reproach to everybody who has not taken the trouble to gain as much knowledge as he. Evidence of this sort of jealous dislike constantly crops out in a hundred various ways. Thus, if a sensible young man or woman should choose to devote some portion of time to the study of, say, botany or geology, somebody is sure to sneer and make feeble jokes thereat. Indeed, there are not wanting otherwise sensible and well-informed persons who consider it a waste of time to cultivate natural science. They will affect to compassionate a person who goes into the fields with a net to catch beetles and butterflies. It is quite useless to tell them that human progress is greatly indebted to the naturalist for much of its momentum, that for many of our social comforts we are under obligations to zoologists and botanists. Some day, when the average world has grown wiser, scientific men will be raised on the pedestals that now support warriors and monarchs. But that time will not be yet, and so Mr. Gerard Krefft must wait for a remote posterity before his merits are sufficiently recognised. Meantime, it may be some sort of compensatory satisfaction to him to know that his labors are not unregarded by the very few, who think that science is something more than a synonym for busy idleness.

Mr. Krefft might have swollen these *Notes on the Fauna of Tasmania* into a bulky volume by a process somewhat too commonly adopted nowadays, when many books often exemplify the figure of the grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. He has not swollen them to a volume, but has compressed into a pamphlet of a dozen pages, all that even an advanced naturalist might desire to know of the birds, beasts, fishes, and creeping things that people the beautiful island on the other side of Bass's Straits. A year ago, Mr. George Masters, Mr. Krefft's assistant, as curator of the Australian Museum in Sydney, visited Tasmania, and brought back with him what Mr. Krefft enthu-

siastically terms "a magnificent series of specimens of natural history." It would have been very easy, and the practice is not uncommon, for Mr. Krefft, as curator, to have waited a dozen years or so before he catalogued and described these specimens. Moreover, he might have contented himself with issuing them as a dry catalogue of scientific designations which would have instructed nobody, and might have helped to confirm the prejudice of the ignorant against all science. But, as his object was to diffuse information, not conceal it, he has arranged his "notes" so that even non-scientific readers may gain from them all the knowledge they are calculated to impart.

He does not even leave you to conjecture the meaning of such of the terms as denote the natural orders, and so you find the word Placentalia explained as meaning an order of animals "producing their young in a perfect state, and having no pouch or skin-fold for their protection," while Implacentalia is, of course, the opposite of this. The first of these orders, you will find, includes in Tasmania eight species, among which used to be the dingo; but he, to the great comfort of all breeders of sheep, is understood to be now extinct. Among the marsupials you will find one species of wombat, five of kangaroo, two of bandicoot, four of opossum, five of the native cat, the ferocity of two of these having earned for them the respective titles of the Tasmanian devil and the Tasmanian tiger. Under the head of Implacentalia there are also the duck-billed platypus and the hairy echidna. Of all the foregoing, nine are peculiar to the island, having, however, "closely allied representatives on the mainland," but "the devil and the two tigers" you will be glad to find are exclusively Tasmanian.

Mr. Krefft tell us that "the mammals of Tasmania are generally more robust, of larger size, and provided with a thicker and darker fur than those inhabiting New Holland." And this is what the difference of latitude might warrant us in expecting.

Rats and mice, "and such small deer," are but sparingly represented as to species. Perhaps, however, they make it up in numbers. They have only two kinds of kangaroo rats, while we, it appears, have twelve.

Mr. Krefft naturally enough expresses some surprise that a mountainous island like Tasmania should contain no "rock-wallabies." The "native bear," it seems, is also not a denizen of their woods, and there are also no flying squirrels.

The predominance of the large carnivora—that is to say, the tigers and the devils—is, Mr. Krefft concludes, "the

cause of so limited a number of species," and he thinks that "many more kinds of kangaroos once existed," but that the ferocious brutes just referred to have exterminated them. Of birds he says there are a hundred and sixty-two species, of which the parrots number the strongest, the honey-eaters the next, and the eagles and such like the next after these. There are three kinds of cuckoos, one description of crow, two sorts of thrushes, seven sorts of wrens, two owls, two moreporks, four swallows, a kingfisher, three diamond birds, four crowshrikes, four robins, etc. Of the order Rasores there are six species; of the Gallatores, twenty-six; of the Natatores, nine; of the Laridæ, seven; of the Procellaridæ, which includes petrels and albatrosses, twenty-nine; of the Pelicanidæ, five, four of these being cormorants; of the Podicipidæ, three; and of the Sphenicidæ, or penguins, also three.

Further, we learn that there are only two or three species of lizard peculiar to Tasmania, and no tortoise. The snakes are all Hoplocephali but are known under different names from those which distinguish them on the mainland. There are only three species, and they are all venomous; one of them, however, is not dangerous, its bite not being worse than the sting of a bee.

The frog species are limited, and so are those of the fresh-water fishes. Mr. Krefft sums up the vertebrata, and finds them to consist of 26 mammals, 162 birds, 6 lizards, 7 frogs, and 4 fresh-water fishes.

Of the invertebrata Mr. Krefft has obtained more than a thousand species, 950 of these being insects, and 98 mollusks, 21 of these latter being peculiar to Tasmania. The insects are "with few exceptions identical with Australian species."

Now that Tasmania has become a summer resort for Australian tourists, such few of them as have naturalistic leanings may advantageously include this little pamphlet of Mr. Krefft's in their guide-books. It may help them a good deal in the collections they may desire to make of the Fauna of that colony.—*Australasian*.

CRICKET.

THERE is something in the very sound of the word which endears it to the Englishman, no matter where he may be situate: whether within the scorch of the Tropics, or in the more temperate climates of the Australian Colonies, cricket is the game which naturally presents itself to him when seeking exercise or outdoor amusement.

In England—the home of cricket—the game, as may be supposed, is played with the greatest skill. Men there devote their whole time to it ; both those who do so from pleasure, and those who earn their living by it. In these colonies, however, the former class has not yet sprung into existence ; and, at any rate, in Tasmania, the latter is unknown. Consequently, cricket here, though progressing yearly, is a long way behind England.

Victoria claims the pride of place amongst the colonies. This, to some extent, from the superiority of the grounds ; for there is nothing truer at cricket than that the grounds influence the play. Putting this out of view, however, Victoria has admittedly the best of the bowling ; and with these advantages of ground and bowling, and an equality, at least, in respect of batting and fielding, she ranks considerably ahead of her strongest competitor, New South Wales,—who, despite the acclimatisation of two All England men, has not yet established her pre-eminence. Increasing years and business have diverted Caffyn from his old love, and, last time, Laurence was not in the ranks of Victoria's opponents.

Tasmania is a long way behind these two. She has no grounds, no professional players, and she accepts with meekness, and not with a desire to surpass, her position of inferiority. Till Tasmania has something better in the shape of a cricket ground to show than the hill by the Derwent, so long at least will she have a hopeless stern chase. Once get a good ground on which you would not have to fear for your personal appearance, and there need be no anxiety about getting players. Only look in Victoria at the difference in style between those who play on the Melbourne, East Melbourne, or Ballarat Grounds, and those who play elsewhere. And the making of a ground is not necessarily a source of heavy expense. Just ask Macalpine, the Curator of the East Melbourne Ground. It is not the expenditure of money so much as skill that is required. The cost of that ground as compared with that of others is very small, and yet the playing portion of it is equal, if not superior, to any in the colonies. An equally serious disadvantage for Tasmania is that she has no players whose style is worthy of being imitated. In New South Wales and Victoria, where the opportunities on this score have been great, the style of play at present approaches very nearly to the English model.

If Tasmania, then, would only get a ground and a good professional player, she would soon produce men equal at cricket to the best in the neighboring colonies :

and, considering the advantages of her climate, there is no reason why she should not attain the position of the premier cricketing colony.

JOTTINGS.

BRACING as a visit to any part of Tasmania will undoubtedly prove, it is in its magnificent mountains where the pleasure and recreation of the excursionist will be enjoyed to the fullest extent. Few cities in the world have so ready an access to Alpine scenery as Hobart Town, and perhaps from the vicinity of no other town can an equally charming view be commanded. Mount Wellington, with its summit clad in snow during several months of the year, rises from the very outskirts of the city, and, in a few hours' walk, the summit may be reached by a path, about half of which is practicable for saddle-horses.

The successive views obtainable from various heights, and from the Alpine plateaux, over the city, bay, ocean, and much of the island, are not to be surpassed in beauty in any other spot on the globe.

At and near the summit, a vegetation occurs, which would be searched for in vain in the lowlands. Large cushions of the curious *Abrotanella* are scattered over the top of the mountain; Alpine heaths (one of palm-like growth), and a host of other plants, equally rare and handsome, are here to be found by the tourist. These plants are entirely wanting in the lowlands of Tasmania, and such as exist in the snowy mountains of Australia, are accessible to the metropolitans only after travelling over long distances and difficult country.

Whoever delights in roaming over an Alpine country, intersected with fern-tree ravines of an almost tropical aspect, will find ample range for his proclivity in many parts of Tasmania. Several of the higher mountains have as yet been rarely ascended, and therefore these grand ranges, Alpine lakes and cataracts often possess the additional charms of novelty and virgin beauty; to the naturalist and geographer they offer ample fields for study and information; and to the hunter, a variety of game luxuriating in rarely disturbed solitudes.

One of the most wonderful features of the island is Tasman's Peninsula, with its basaltic pillars unsurpassed in wild romantic grandeur by the famous Giants' Causeway. As the steamer glides closely around Cape Pillar,

these picturesque and bold masses of precipitous rocks come successively into view ; and whether they are seen during a tempest ; resplendent with sunlight on a bright day ; or on a calm moonlight night ; this sight alone will at all times reward a voyage to Hobart Town. Imagine in what wondrous revery Tasman must have become wrapt, when, in his memorable voyage of discovery in 1642, he beheld the landscapes of this promontory, which, with the main island, commemorate his great achievement, and render his name historic.

The writer of the following lines has repeatedly passed, in a whale boat, through Tasman's Straits (which separate Tasman's Island from the terminal point of land on Tasman's Peninsula known as "The Pillar"), and can speak, from personal experience, of the bold and romantic features of the scenery on both sides.

Shoreland, a tall pinnacle of basalt tapering to a fine point, stands balanced, as it were, on the extreme edge of the stupendous cliff, serving as a landmark to the navigator approaching from the southward or eastward, and, precarious as its situation may appear, it bids fair to stand for ages to come, as it has braved the storms for centuries past.

Seaward, the southern boundary of the Straits is formed by Tasman's Island, composed of volcanic rock, the blocks of which, disintegrated by the force of the ocean, foretell the time when the entire island shall be engulfed, and afford us direct evidence of the process by which the narrow strait was formed : this has, evidently, been brought about by aqueous agency, acting through enormously long periods, as basaltic rock is very slowly destructible by water.

This passage in an open boat is not without danger if the explorer does not avail himself of flood tide. It once happened to the writer to attempt the passage in a whale boat, with the wind from the eastward, at half tide, when the running water meeting the wind created a rip, through which his staunch crew had great difficulty to work without being swamped.

About ten miles further round, on the east coast, is a series of natural phenomena of great interest ; first, Diana's Bath, an excavation of a funnel shape, and about five feet deep ; this is an excavation evidently made by the waves, and, lined throughout its entire depth with soft moss of bright colors, appears worthy of the goddess whose name it bears ; and, as if to provide recreation for juvenile di-

vinities, a similar cavity, but of much smaller dimensions, is within a few feet. These objects of curiosity are within a few feet of the mouth of the "Blow-hole," which is No. 2 of the "lions" of this neighborhood.

This is a large, internal, open space, connected with the sea by a narrow, well-defined rocky channel, and is, evidently, the result, in another form, of aqueous agency.

At the distance of half-a-mile south of this point is "Tasman's Arch," a stupendous bridge, from which the spectator can look down into a circular opening evidently formed by the sea, but from which the waves have now retired, except on occasions of storm and unusually high tides.

Turning to the north-west, at the distance of about two miles, is situate "Eagle Hawk Neck," an historical spot connected with this district; it consists of a series of Dunes or sand-hills, elevated by the force of the wind, and reposing on a basis of schist, which is replete with organic marine remains: it was on this spot that Lieutenant J. P. Jones, of the 63rd Regiment, about 1832, placed a line of ferocious dogs to prevent, by their barking, the escape of any prisoners who might evade the vigilance of their biped watchmen; a practice maintained, I believe, to the present day.

Half-a-mile beyond this, to the eastward, and following the windings of the bay, is a most curious natural formation called the "Tessellated Pavement," well worthy a visit by the tourist.

HINTS TO EQUESTRIENNES.

I AM an old riding-master of twenty years sitting. From the lessons I received in my youth in the best of all schools—the military ones of England, and the lessons that I have received since, from constant practice, during the last fifteen years in the colonies (bush and town), I hope I may not be considered an egotist if I presume to know something of my subject. And here let me remark that I am writing for ladies only; gentlemen, according to my experience, with a few rare exceptions, *know all about that sort of thing, you know.* Well, let them break their bones their own way. Are we not all Britons?

In the first place, ascertain whether your horse has ever been ridden by a lady before. If so, how long since, and when last ridden by any one. Get some one to mount him (if a strange horse), and canter for a few minutes up

and down, turning him suddenly, at the same time flapping a towel or piece of cloth round and about his flanks and quarters while he is going. If he has any inclination to buck or be restive, he will most likely exhibit it then or not at all. Next, look to your bridle. See that the bit is not so low in his mouth as to allow of his getting it in his teeth, or so high as to gag him. If you do not know your horse, or have not been accustomed to use the curb rein (which is always the best with a light hand), you will have to put up with the snaffle rein, as a punishment for which you will most likely have to carry your horse's head, which you will feel the effects of in a long ride. Next comes the saddle, the greatest difficulty of all. What lady who has ever ridden a long journey, especially if she happens to be a tolerable weight, does not remember the misery of sore backs, and the constant inclination to slip off on the near or stirrup side, causing her to be incessantly pushing herself over to the off side to keep her balance. This arises from the absurd shape of the ordinary side-saddle, which may be remedied to a small extent if a piece of cloth or an old carpet be doubled a few times, and placed as a pad under the fork of the saddle-tree on the near side, and then girthing up, with a strong hand, as tight as possible. Saddlers, I am bound to say, study ornamentation more than comfort.

A comfortable side-saddle should be stuffed one-half more on the near side than on the off, so that, when placed on the horse's back, it should have an inclination to the off side, which, when the lady is mounted, will bring it down to its proper place, give the rider a comfortable seat, and prevent galling withers or croup. The seat should never be of smooth leather or all over hogskin, as the trade are so fond of informing you, as if all over hogskin meant all over glory. For a strong, useful, or every-day saddle, nothing can be better adapted for the seat than our own colonial kangaroo: mind, the flesh side out. For more expensive saddles, I recommend buckskin, which prevents slipping, but is troublesome, always requiring cleaning with pipeclay, which is apt to come off on the habit, or the seat in the course of time becomes slippery. I know, personally, that Queen Adelaide, of lamented memory, as well as Princess Victoria, used saddles with velvet seats as being the least liable to slip, but I think that plush would be a firmer and much more lasting seat. I have recently had made a few saddles of the above materials by a first-rate mechanic who, luckily, was not too conceited to take a hint from an old riding-master. The first lady (a

well-known equestrienne) who rode one exclaimed, "I have been accustomed to horse exercise for years, but I never knew the luxury of it before : I have always felt more or less uncomfortable, but now I feel as if I could not fall." I am in justice bound to state that they are made by Blake, of Bourke Street, Melbourne, and their cost is considerably less than the imported Peter Pindars ; and so "Advance Australia." A newly-stuffed saddle will always come down with a week or fortnight's work, so be careful to see that you can freely pass three fingers between the throat of the saddle and your horse's withers, and two between the cantle or back part of the saddle and his loins. It is better to wear a crupper, *if your horse has been used to one*, as it prevents the saddle rolling and thereby chafing his back, but don't attempt it on a strange horse, as nothing sets them kicking so viciously. In walking, or quiet cantering, you may use one hand (the left, of course), but when in danger, or taking a leap, have the right hand always ready to take up the right rein. Keep your toes turned in close to the saddle, pointed rather downwards ; in danger, bring them as far back as possible : this will give you a firm grip of the horns of your saddle, which should always have the extra one, or leaping head as it is sometimes called. For instructions in mounting, dismounting, treatment, how to choose your horse, how to canter, to trot, to halt gracefully, to sit ditto, &c., &c., &c., must be reserved for another opportunity ; so, wishing you a pleasant ride, a sensible companion, an honest horse, and myself with you, I am, for the present, yours faithfully, G. L., St. Kilda.

HINTS TO EQUESTRIANS.

A GREAT many works have been published, having for their object the instruction of novices in the art of riding, and the general management of the horse.

It is the great fault of most works of this nature that they attempt too much ; go into the question too deeply ; lay down rules too arbitrarily. The result is that the reader is more perplexed upon the subject than he was before perusing them.

No art in point of fact is less arbitrary as to its details. You see good riders with each a seat and method of his own, and there are several classes of riders having their peculiar characteristics and excellencies, as the bush or rough rider, the military rider, the jockey.

In the first place, with reference to the choosing of a horse : to thoroughly understand the various diseases to which the horse is subject ; to be able to detect the presence of them in an animal ; and arrive at a conclusion as to his powers, upon a mere inspection, is what no one in our opinion, however great his experience, can pretend to do. A good judge, however, if he has seen the horse going, and has had the opportunity of examining him thoroughly, will generally arrive at a correct conclusion. But there is nothing like a trial. We have seen a horse parted with by one individual as a "duffer," eulogised by a fresh owner as an animal of extraordinary value ; both were sensible men, each having some experience of horses. The fact was that the one looked for certain qualities which the other was indifferent about.

No doubt good breeding is a thing to be looked to ; but you cannot have a worse hack than a broken-down racer ; thoroughbreds seldom make good hacks. Pick your horse for his qualities, and, if he suits you, do not trouble about his pedigree.

We will now suppose you to be possessed of a horse that suits you, and proceed to discuss bridles and saddles. The plain snaffle is the best of bridles. If you study appearances, you may have a double reined one. Some horses require a curb ; their mouths, perhaps, have been spoiled by bad handling, or they may be so hot-tempered that they may require the restraint of a curb, in such case use one by all means ; but if you have a horse with a pleasant light mouth, why spoil his action and temper by using an instrument that tortures him unless very skilfully used ? Let us advise you never to use a martingale unless your horse actually requires one. Some horses have a nasty habit of throwing up their heads ; double rings generally check this sufficiently, and, as they confine a horse's head less than the ordinary martingale, are to be preferred. Use a breast-plate or crupper if the shape of your horse requires them ; both are necessary in a hilly country.

Now about mounting. Stand on the near side of the horse—a little more forward than his girths—draw your reins backwards over the saddle with the right hand, take them up short with the left, and take, at the same time, a good hold of a lock of your horse's mane, about six inches before the wither ; throw the ends over on the off side, bring down the right hand and seize the near stirrup, raise the left foot and place it in the stirrup, and seize the cantle of the saddle with the right hand, you can then with a slight spring stand erect with the left foot in the near stirrup, and

by throwing the right leg over the saddle, and picking up the off stirrup with the foot, the act of mounting is accomplished. A little practice will soon teach you the most convenient length of stirrup ; avoid either a very long or a very short stirrup.

Practice, and nothing but practice, will give that power of accommodating yourself to the motions of your horse, and address in handling the reins, which characterises a thorough horseman.

Many excellent works upon the art of riding may be perused with advantage ; but do not expect too much from them. If you select a good rider as the companion of your equestrian excursions, he will teach you more in the course of a few rides than all the works that have been written on the subject.

HINTS ON HIRING HORSES, ETC.

WHEN a party is bent on a day's "out," it is in the highest degree advisable that one should be well up in the art of driving, and with a thorough knowledge of harnessing : it is the want of this that occasions the majority of mishaps. The "Jehu" should visit the proprietor of a respectable livery stable one or two days previous to the "out" and make an engagement, letting him know exactly the distance you wish to go. Before starting, look particularly to the vehicle and horse : see that the "trap" is sound ; that no screws are missing ; and that the harness is sound, and not patched up. Moreover, be especially careful to see that you are properly "put to" : everything depends on this. As the day wears on, the greater care is necessary : grooms and helpers about stables are sometimes careless, and the carelessness increases with the number of "nips" travellers thoughtlessly give them : therefore on all occasions before starting, walk round the horse and examine for yourself.

When driving, and within a quarter of a mile of a house, where you intend to avail yourself of the accommodation provided for "man and beast," it is desirable to slacken pace, so that your horse may arrive comparatively cool. On putting up, it is very necessary to see that he is fed : some grooms appear to think the food unnecessary and return it to the bin. It is a good plan for one of the party at intervals to visit the stables at this critical period ; it must be remembered that it is your duty to the person

you hire from, as well as to yourselves, that you see the horse is well fed. It may be incidentally remarked here that no drink should be given to a stable-man : you unfit him for his business, and are liable to reap the result of his negligence. If you feel disposed to give him a gratuity, hand him a shilling on leaving, as he is enabled then to keep it or spend it as his taste may dictate.

With regard to the law of hiring, etc., we give no opinion ; but merely surmise, from a common-sense view of the relations between hirer and livery-stable keeper, that the latter is bound to furnish whatever kind of horse that may be required for any particular purpose, whether for carrying a lady, riding to hounds, hacking, or what not : on the other hand, nothing should be disguised from him : if it be desired that a long distance over bad roads should be traversed, let him know it beforehand, and you will get on much better. It is the too common practice for a horse to be engaged for the afternoon, for a trifling sum, and something like 40 miles taken out of the poor beast, which has, probably, been at work in the morning.

As they are generally busier at livery stables on Saturdays and Sundays, the expense of an "out" would, probably, be lessened by selecting some other day of the week.

CHANGE OF AIR.

AN occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect well-being of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, the lawyer his office, or, sooner or later, his health will pay the penalty ; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking ; no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs ; no matter how open and dry, and free from sources of impurity, may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slighter cases of impaired health, sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the day is chiefly spent, or even spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, a few miles distant from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties ; but in cases of greater urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a year, may be required to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.

ON TRAINING FOR PEDESTRIAN, ROWING, AND OTHER ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

As the enjoyment arising from many of the excursions by land and water, to which we have referred, will be sensibly enhanced by an improved state of mental and physical health, we here introduce, as not inappropriate, a chapter on training. In the following remarks will be found reliable hints towards the attainment of a condition at once so desirable and important to the excursionist, whether in the pursuit of health or pleasure.

It is universally acknowledged that no animal is so much improved by training as man ; none can endure such long and severe preparation with advantage ; and none exhibits the difference between condition and its absence in so great a degree. It is not only that man may be enabled to perform feats of strength and activity that training is desirable, but also for the promotion of his general health. A man in condition can run a race of three or four miles, and at the end be all but exhausted ; yet, after half-an-hour, he could repeat the task, whilst a man out of condition would become hopelessly prostrated. To enable the man, sound in condition, but, from mismanagement, out of health, to go into training without causing mischief, requires great skill and self-command. There are two kinds of excess which prove detrimental to health,—excess in eating and drinking, and excess in sedentary pursuits. Either will, for a time, entirely upset the powers of the stomach, and, in fact, the whole system ; and each will require distinct treatment. For instance, a person who has been indulging to excess in drinking, smoking, etc., although for a time able to withstand the consequences, eventually loses appetite, refreshing sleep, and is threatened with delirium tremens. If, under such circumstances, a man goes into training, the disease makes its appearance, or the stomach refuses to do its duty, and the prescribed work cannot be performed. By a little time and care, however, this state of things may be removed. In the case of a young man whose fare is sparse and humble, but who is suddenly allowed to drink to excess, he has no resource, no out-door games or other occupation to engage his mind ; the result is, beer, tobacco and spirits commence and wind up the day. Such a man suddenly finds all his energies going, his mind dull, and his body enfeebled. In a happy moment he bethinks himself of boating or some other amusement ; and at once proceeds to the river or the road. What is the consequence ? He is completely knocked up and perhaps discouraged from further trial ; in fact, he requires more care to render him fit for such exertion than

the man of habitual excess. A far greater difficulty lies before the reading man, whose system has been over-taxed by excessive application: his muscular system becomes unfit for exertion, and is rendered stiff and cramped from the slightest effort. This state of things requires a considerable time to restore the system to a fit state to undertake any severe work, the muscles having become flabby, and the nervous system wholly deranged. The same results frequently arise from excessive drudgery in the counting-house. Some relieve this unnatural condition by early rising, pedestrian or horse and rowing exercise. It is also most important to have the mind agreeably occupied. There is no point more neglected, both for preparation for training, and in the actual period of severe work, than this, and of all others should be most insisted upon. Bodily exercise without amusement is mere drudgery; it tires, but does not lead to a restoration of power. The diet should be plain, but varied. It is almost unnecessary to inculcate the free use of cold water every morning. It is not desirable to bathe regularly, though in warm weather a plunge is very serviceable; but at all seasons the whole body should be sponged every morning; using, in very cold weather, water at 60 or 65 degrees Fahrenheit. The body should be well rubbed with a rough cloth, until a glow is produced. If reaction is speedily produced, a calico shirt may be worn, but, if otherwise, flannel, in winter, should be put on under the shirt.

DIRECTIONS TO PEOPLE LOST IN THE BUSH.

1. As soon as you discover yourself astray, sit down and *quietly consider* what course you should take, and do not be flurried. When you have made up your mind, go straight ahead, and never change your course on any sudden impulse, but only after sitting down and *considering carefully* your position. 2. When you find yourself utterly lost, stop at once and wait for your friends to find you. If you cannot do that—3. Never leave a road when once you have found it. It must lead somewhere. 4. If you come upon a fence, stick to it. It must lead to a gate and a road. 5. Find a watercourse, and follow it down; not in the channel, but in sight, cutting off the bends. It must lead to open country. 6. At short intervals, cast your eyes upon the ground and around you, taking care not to change your course.—GIDEON S. LANG.

WALKING.

EXERCISE is absolutely indispensable to the physical well-being of man, and walking is one of the most useful of the various modes of exercise. As a people we ride too much and walk too little. If we are in the country, and have a mile or two to go, we wait—perhaps long enough to walk the entire distance—for a horse to be got ready, and then sit lazily in our seats while this noble animal rapidly carries us to our destination. If we are in the city, and have a few blocks to go, we get into an omnibus or a horse car and sit our journey out, just as though we were not created with legs the same as horses are. The nation's legs are rapidly diminishing in size for the want of exercise, hence the demand for false calves and for easier modes of locomotion is on the increase: so, also, is dyspepsia, liver complaint, general debility, and other physical derangements, which result, in great part at least, from a lack of muscular action.

The special advantages of walking, as an exercise, are many. Perhaps the most important is that it takes us out of doors, and keeps us there in the pure air and the bright sunshine. The exercise, which is gentle and prolonged, increases not only the frequency but the fulness of respiration, thus bringing a much larger quantity of oxygen into the lungs, and, through them, to the blood, thereby giving the finishing touch to the process of digestion and vitalising "the red current of life." Another advantage to respiration is this:—when a person is sitting or standing still, the exhaled air from the lungs, which is unfit to be breathed again, fills the space about the face, and a portion of it is taken into the lungs at the next breath; especially is this the case if the head is bent forward: but when a person is walking, and expels the air from his lungs, his head is carried past the expired air before he draws in another breath, and thus he gets a supply of pure air, with its full proportion of oxygen, at every inspiration, and thus is the vigor of the vivacity which results from exercise in the open air partially accounted for. Walking is very beneficial to the digestive organs, by the gentle yet constant motion which it imparts to them, and which is essential to their long-continued healthful action. It brings into action and properly develops more muscles than any other one mode of exercise. It tends to equalise the circulation of the blood. Pedestrians, rope-dancers, and those who exercise their legs a great deal, are not troubled with the almost universal complaint,—cold feet. The simple reason is that

exercise calls the blood to the parts exercised, and the blood feeds and warms.

One great objection to walking is that it takes so much time. True, it takes some time more, as a general thing, than it does to ride ; but so does the accomplishment of anything desirable : and is not good health desirable ? In the end, however, it results in the saving of time, by preserving the health, and increasing the vigor of all the physical and mental functions. In no way is there so much time wasted, to say nothing of vitality, as in being sick, and yet people are unwilling to give a little time to keeping well.

To obtain the greatest amount of good from walking, it must, like everything else, be done right. In the first place, it is always best to have some definite object in view when going out to walk, some particular place or object of interest to see, some purpose to accomplish, or some friend to visit, and not walk merely for the purpose of walking, if any other object can be attained at the same time. But better walk without any other object, than not walk at all. The position of the body while walking is of great importance. The body should incline slightly forward from the hips, if walking slowly, and the inclination should increase according to the rapidity of the walk. The head should be kept on a line with the body, the shoulders and hips held back, and the chest unimpeded in its action by tight clothing or otherwise. The arms should be allowed to swing freely at the side. The respiration should be carried on entirely through the nostrils, and not through the mouth. In commencing a long walk, walk slowly at first, and gradually increase the speed. Invalids and persons who are unaccustomed to walking, should begin with short walks, being careful not to overdo, and increase the distance as their strength and endurance increase. Any one who will practice this precept—never ride when you can just as well walk—will not only be more vigorous and healthy, but will accomplish far more than he or she otherwise would.—DR. WOOD.

“OUR ‘DEAR’ HOTEL-KEEPERS.—Mr. Punch, the great Reformer of Hotels, has still work before him in that direction, and he means to do it. Shall he not take his ease in his Inn, without fear of the bill ? Liberal, nay, handsome remuneration he is ever prompt to render to his Host, for a comfortable hotel is an admirable institution, and to know that one can walk into it at any hour of the day or night is much. But gold may be bought too dear, and so may comfort. In the interest of the Public, which he is sworn to protect, he means on all occasions to speak out when an Inn becomes Inhospitable.”

CAMPING OUT.

FIRST, then, it should always be borne in mind that the more snug and secure you make things, the more enjoyable will be the trip. I know people usually make up their minds to "rough it" on such occasions, but there is really no reason why a little comfort should not enter into one's arrangements. Indeed, if there were more of this, we should not so frequently hear of rheumatism and premature decay afflicting our sporting men. I know we cannot take feather beds and mosquito curtains; but we need not necessarily sleep on the bare ground, nor need we blister our backs by alternately exposing them to the piercing night wind and to the roasting fire. Mrs. Chisholm's notion, that a man can comfortably sleep under a gum tree the whole year round in Australia, may "go down," in England; but hardly here. No sporting man should be without his little holland tent and his 'possum rug; and, if his trip is likely to extend over a few days, a complete change of clothes from head to foot. Having thus prepared for the exterior, he will, of course, not forget the comfort of the inner man. It is a great mistake to go short of "grub" at any time, but especially is it so on trips which stimulate the digestive organs to extraordinary action. Having, then, looked to the stock of provisions generally, the inevitable "billy," with tea and sugar, must not be forgotten; nor must the matches. An axe, or strong tomahawk, will be found handy to get firewood, and to fix the tent.

In selecting a spot for the tent, see that it is sheltered from the wind, and that the ground is sufficiently elevated and sloping to be clear of water; in fixing it, mind the pegs are driven home. I know it is the custom to hurry over this work, thinking "Oh! it's only for a night;" but believe me, a little time spent in making a secure job of it is time well spent. It is frightfully uncomfortable to wake up at midnight in a driving wind and pelting rain, and find the tent about your ears, bedding wet, and clothes saturated. Besides, it's worth something, on turning in, to have the sense of security. I'll defy a man to sleep soundly if he is in mortal dread of a collapse, should the wind rise during the night.

This work done, cut some ferns, and lay them on the spot intended for your bed; over these ferns spread a good layer of dry grass (cut from the tussocks prevalent in most parts of the bush), and over all spread the 'possum rug. A king might envy the sleep of the tired

man who turns in at the close of a weary day, with just one glass of grog inside him, on such a couch.

In forming a large party, it is customary to appoint some two or three, a few days beforehand, to attend to the victualling department; and this is a good plan, for if matters are left till the last day a hundred things are forgotten: everybody thought everybody else would think of it, and so the pleasure is effectually marred, and what was intended as an enjoyable "out" is discovered to be a complete "sell."

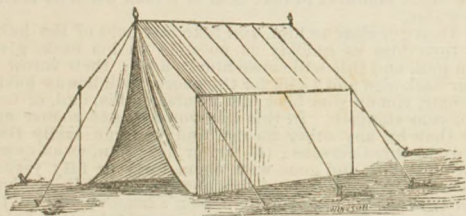
It is essential in all parties, whether large or small, that one good man, experienced in such matters, should be appointed captain, whose orders shall be cheerfully obeyed by all: it saves an immense amount of discomfort. It is also a great point to secure a proper division of labor: members should be "told off" for such necessary duties as the captain may think well to have performed. One will take charge of the firearms,—will see that on any return to camp they are all placed in a proper spot, and not taken loaded into the tent; and at night he will see to their being cleaned and secured. Another will take charge of the stores, and direct the cook as to his duties. Another will keep the key of the grog, and serve out the allowance decided upon.

Of course, much of all this will depend upon the extent of the party, and will be affected by circumstances. Even if a cook be taken to attend to the creature comforts of the company, it is still a capital plan to appoint a cook's mate from the party; and, if a new man is appointed day by day, there is a little emulation at work as to who will produce the best dishes, and give the most satisfaction. The writer suggested this plan once, when in command of a large party, and it worked admirably. The feeds we got in those days were something to remember, even at this distant date. Besides the plan named fixes responsibility: a man is fairly "on his mettle" if he knows something good is expected of him; and I verily believe that, had a systematic observer like M. Soyer been present, he would have gained a wrinkle or two, and a few new dishes would have been added to his list of *entrées* which, I fear, are now lost to the world.

Moreover, it is a great comfort to feel that, on returning to camp, you have in a cook's mate some security against a drunken cook. It is a great sell, after a tiring day, to find the grog broached, the cook drunk, the fire out, and nothing ready to eat or drink. *Experientia docet stultos.*

Now as to tents. The art of tent-making has greatly advanced since the days of the old-fashioned bell-tent; which is so peculiarly objectionable, as to make it a matter of surprise that it was ever invented and used. It is difficult to pitch, requires many tent-pegs, has ropes radiating all round it, over which men and horses stumble, is in-commodious and ugly.

Of ordinary, well-known tents, the one most likely to satisfy the varied wants of excursionists is Evans's three-



pole tent, illustrated above. After that, choose a small marquee; but it is less secure in wind, and the pitch of its roof is bad for rain, and the straggling tent-ropes are objectionable.

THE EXCURSIONISTS' SILICATED CARBON FILTER can be carried in the pocket. Travellers have merely to place the Silicated Carbon in any pond, river, etc., and draw the water through the tube by suction. Or the metal case may be filled with water, and the face of the filter held immersed therein, the purified water being in like manner drawn by suction. To use the filter as a Syphon, it is merely necessary to place the Silicated Carbon in the water to be filtered, and allow the india-rubber tube to hang over the side of the vessel, so that the mouth-piece without may be a little lower than the Silicated Carbon within. Then, by drawing out the air, *pure, sparkling, and perfectly wholesome* water will flow continuously. The filter may be kept clean by occasionally rubbing the face and blowing through the tube. It may be had of John King, 22 Collins Street East, Sole Agent for Victoria.

TO PEDESTRIANS. Never choose a walk too long for your strength, and try as much new ground as convenient. Remember that "when fatigue commences, enjoyment ceases," and "variety is the charm of life that gives it all its flavor."

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SAVING DROWNING PERSONS BY SWIMMING TO THEIR RELIEF.

1. When you approach a person drowning in the water, assure him with a loud and firm voice that he is safe.

2. Before jumping in to save him, divest yourself as far and as quickly as possible of all clothes; tear them off, if necessary, but if there is not time, loose, at all events, the foot of your drawers if they are tied, as, if you do not do so, they will fill with water and drag you.

3. On swimming to a person in the sea, if he be struggling, do not seize him then, but keep off for a few seconds till he gets quiet, for it is sheer madness to take hold of a man when he is struggling in the water.

4. Then get close to him, and take fast hold of the hair of his head, turn him as quickly as possible on his back, give him a sudden pull, and this will cause him to float; then throw yourself on your back also and swim for the shore, both hands having hold of his hair, you on your back and he also on his, and, of course, his back to your stomach. In this way you will get sooner and safer ashore than by any other means, and you can easily thus swim with two or three persons; the writer has often, as an experiment, done it with four, and gone with them forty or fifty yards in the sea. One great advantage of this method is that it enables you to keep your head up, and also the person's head up you are trying to save. It is of primary importance that you take fast hold of the hair, and throw both the person and yourself on your backs. You can in this manner float nearly as long as you please, or until a boat or other help can be obtained.

5. There is no such thing as a death-grasp, at least it must be unusual, for we have seen many persons drowned, and have never witnessed it. As soon as the drowning man begins to get feeble and to lose his recollection he gradually slackens his hold until he quits it altogether. No apprehension need, therefore, be felt on that head.

6. After a person has sunk to the bottom, if the water be smooth the exact position where the body lies may be known by the air bubbles which will occasionally rise to the surface, allowance being of course made for the motion of the water, if in a tide-way or stream, which will have carried the bubbles out of a perpendicular course in rising to the surface. A body may often be regained from the bottom before too late for recovery, by diving for it in the direction indicated by these bubbles.

7. On rescuing a person by diving to the bottom, the hair of the head should be seized by one hand only, and the other used in conjunction with the feet in raising yourself and the drowning person to the surface.

8. If in the sea, it may be a great error to try to get to land. If there be a strong "outsetting tide," and you are swimming either by yourself or having hold of a person who cannot swim, then get on your back, and float till help comes.

9. These instructions apply alike to all circumstances, whether in the roughest sea or smooth water.

FOR RESTORING THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air.

The points to be aimed at are, first and immediately, the RESTORATION OF BREATHING, and the PREVENTION OF ANY FURTHER DIMINUTION OF WARMTH OF THE BODY; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the Promotion of WARMTH and CIRCULATION

The efforts to restore breathing, and to prevent any further diminution of the warmth of the body, must be commenced immediately and energetically, and must be persevered in for several hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation must be deferred until natural breathing has been restored.

TO RESTORE BREATHING.

TO CLEAR THE THROAT.

1. Place the patient on the floor or ground, with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth. 2. If satisfactory breathing commences, adopt the treatment described below to promote warmth and natural breathing. If there be only slight breathing, or no breathing, or if it fail, then—

TO EXCITE BREATHING—

3. Turn the patient well and instantly on the side, and—4. Excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, or smelling-salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water on it. 5. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly,

TO IMITATE BREATHING,

6. Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress. 7. Turn the body very gently on the side, and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again; repeating these measure deliberately, efficiently, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four seconds, occasionally varying the side. (By placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, the pressure is removed, and air enters the chest). 8. On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure, with brisk movement, on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side. (The first measure increases the expiration, the second commences inspiration).

* * The result is—respiration or natural breathing, and, if not too late—*Life*.

CAUTIONS.

1. Be particularly careful to prevent persons crowding round the body. 2. Avoid all rough usage, and turning the body on the back. 3. Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

TO PREVENT FURTHER DIMINUTION OF WARMTH.

N.B.—These efforts must be made very cautiously, and must not be such as to promote warmth and circulation rapidly: for if circulation is induced before breathing has been restored, the life of the patient will be endangered. No other effect therefore should be sought from them, than the prevention of evaporation, and its result, the diminution of the warmth of the body.

1. Expose the face, neck, and chest, except in severe weather
2. Dry the face, neck, and chest, as soon as possible with anything at hand; and then dry the hands and feet. 3. As soon as a blanket or other covering can be obtained, strip the body, but if no covering can be immediately procured, take dry clothing from the bystanders, dry and re-clothe the body, taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

CAUTIONS.

1. Do not roll the body on casks. 2. Do not rub the body with salt or spirits. 3. Do not inject tobacco-smoke or infusion of tobacco. 4. Do not place patient in warm bath.

NOTES OF A TOURIST.

RICHMOND.

DR. SYNTAX in search of the picturesque would not have had far to travel in Tasmania in order to find the object of his solicitude ; and he would have done well to bring that " architectural horse " of which Rowlandson has bequeathed us the portrait ; for, truth to say, travelling is very expensive in the neighborhood of Hobart Town, and as the country is mountainous, the hackney carriages are built upon a particularly ponderous model, so as to occasion the utmost strain upon the horses' shoulders in going up a hill and throw a corresponding pressure upon their haunches in going down one. But as the lumbering state coach of the Lord Mayor of London has at length fallen into desuetude, there is some hope that the unwieldy barouches which ply for hire in the streets of Hobart Town may one day be replaced by vehicles of lighter build and draught, horsed by less raw-boned animals, and driven by smarter men, entertaining less magnificent ideas of the wealth and profusion of visitors from the mainland. Meanwhile the latter must take things as they find them, and put themselves, as I did, in a four-wheeler that might have been constructed in the reign of Queen Anne, if they want to make an excursion of a dozen miles into the country. Having done so, let them set their horses' heads towards Richmond. The way lies through New Town, in the hollow of which the road winds among substantial freestone villas, embowered in orchards, and linked with what is in reality a green lane by avenues of hawthorn, privet, or the native box. Sometimes it is a lodge gate almost hidden in ivy, and sometimes a hedge-row, where blackberry, sweetbriar and wild geranium are matted and tangled together, that makes you exclaim, " How English this is ! " and the resemblance is heightened by the groves of lofty walnut trees which skirt the road at this point. Crossing the Derwent by a punt at Risdon Ferry, where the river is from 600 ft. to 700 ft. wide, and ebbs and flows with a strong current, you enter upon a narrow glen of a sinuous character, freshened by the waters of a little stream. To the right and left rise mountain buttresses feathered with timber, and the intervening strip of alluvium is divided into small farms, each with its orchard-croft and solid-looking residence, environed by leafy elms, oaks, and sycamores. Now and then you come upon a thatched slab hut, all the surroundings of which have that picturesque disarray which was so congenial to the slovenly mind of George Morland, and became so agreeable on his canvas. The road, hugging the side of

a mountain, continues to ascend, overlooking coppices in which you would almost expect to see a party of sunburnt children nutting or a wreath of blue smoke from the fire of a gipsy encampment, and the gorge upon the right continually deepens. On the opposite side are heavily timbered and precipitous ranges, furrowed in places by the beds of wintry cataracts, across which lie the barkless trunks of trees, uprooted and translated by the floods. Nothing disturbs the silence of the scene but the clear liquid note of the Australian mina, or the self-satisfied soliloquy of a meditative magpie. You cross the shoulder of the mountain—locally known as Grass-Tree Hill—at a place called Shelstone, where some one, enamored of solitude, has erected an inn. Looking back, over and beyond an intervening range of hills, you obtain a magnificent prospect, of which the blue expanse of the Derwent, the city of Hobart Town, Mount Nelson, and Maria Island breaking the distant sea line, constitute the most striking features. Through an exquisite curve in the range which occupies the middle distance, you see the green promontory which is crowned by Government House, and the structure itself is thrown out into remarkable prominence and high relief by a dark back-ground. Turning with reluctance from this view, and proceeding about fifty yards in an opposite direction, another and a different panorama unfolds itself. You look down into the arena of a stupendous amphitheatre, tiers of mountains, varying in color from a brown-green to a rich purple, enclosing a fertile plain dotted with farm-houses and yellow with spacious tracts of ripening corn. Standing upon the edge of this amphitheatre, the eye is led from grade to grade of shaggy wood and tufted knoll until it lights upon a winding road emerging from the lowest step, and follows the narrowing track, until it joins

“The long street of a little town
 In a long valley, on one side of which
 White from the mason’s hand a chantry rose:
 And on one side a windmill in decay,
 Beyond a bridge that spans the river Cole.”

This, begging the poet laureate’s pardon for the liberty I have taken with his words, is a concise description of Richmond as seen from a distance. But a closer survey reveals a second church, perched on a gentle eminence, and crowned by a “heaven-directed spire,” like that immortalised by Cowper at Olney and by Pope at Ross. I can compare the place itself to nothing but one of those old posting towns in England which have been doomed to quietude and seclusion by the opening of an adjacent railway. There are

two large and commodious inns, somewhere in the rear of which you instinctively expect to find a dilapidated post-chaise with fowls roosting on its frowsy seats, and a bow-legged and misanthropical post-boy, aged eighty, who connects steam locomotives with the approaching end of the world. There is an air of faded importance suggestive of by-gone prosperity about the town, such as you would have observed at Barnet, at Brentwood, Hounslow, and Waltham Cross ; and it is hard to believe that this is only imaginary, and that Richmond must always have been the dreamy-looking drowsy place it is. The clang of hammer and anvil in the blacksmith's shop appears to be quite incongruous and dissonant with the prevalent repose. The party I accompanied walked into the Court House, tried one of the number, and sentenced him to provide a dinner for the rest without let or hindrance ; and if we had been evilly-minded we could have carried away the whole of the library, consisting of the Tasmanian Statutes, the *Government Gazette*, a New Testament, and the charge book, to say nothing of some bottled ale, which was unaccountably stored in the lock-up ; but we refrained, albeit the day was warm, and brand (upon the ale) unexceptionable. There is some virtue extant in the world !

Richmond boasts of a steam flour-mill, a prison, several general shops, the occupants of the latter appearing to combine the functions of grocers, ironmongers, haberdashers, furniture dealers, confectioners, stationers and apothecaries. I suppose they are sometimes visited by customers. I did not see any ; but I saw many commodities, fictile and textile, that would have been eligible for admission into a museum of antiquities. And talking of antiquities, the question arose at Richmond, as elsewhere in the island, where are the young men of Tasmania ? I saw ten of the male residents of the town, and of these eight were far advanced in life ; one was a shock-headed boy, and the tenth a priest in the prime of life, who proved to be a genial host, a scholar, and a travelled gentleman. The old men are neither cheerful nor communicative. Pointing to a house adjoining the prison, I asked one of them who lived there. "The district," he replied. "I beg your pardon ?" I rejoined interrogatively. "The district," he repeated, with an angry emphasis, and resumed the work over which he was pottering. I am still in a fog on the subject of the "district," be he surveyor, magistrate, constable, vaccinator, or pound-keeper. It is unpleasant to have these unsolved mysteries rankling in your mind.

Near the Roman Catholic Church, with its tapering spire, is one of the most romantically situated cemeteries I ever saw. It is very diminutive in extent, and occupies a lofty and insulated knoll, along the base of which

“A broad brook brawls o'er a shingly bed.”

A stone cross springs from the centre of this lonely burying ground, and clustered around it are the graves in which “the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.” There is one narrow tenement which contains the earthly remains of an infant daughter of “Meagher of the Sword;” and the names “Emmett Fitzgerald” upon the stone are full of suggestiveness. From this spot, too, you look across some fields of waving corn to the house inhabited by Smith O'Brien, and to the foot-path by the river which was his favorite haunt in exile. A scene more favorable to “meditation” could scarcely be imagined. But what a contrast there must have been between the inward fret and repining stir in the exile's mind and the pastoral repose and tranquil beauty of the surrounding landscape—the sleek kine, grazing with such placid enjoyment in the fat pastures; the river sparkling in the sunshine and wrinkling in the breeze; the cloud shadows lazily drifting over garth and croft, brown fallow and yellow stubble; the chirp and twitter of the birds among the wattles; the miller leaning over the parapet of the bridge, and looking as though he himself were carved out of freestone like the structure itself; and the motionless mountains walling in the smiling valley, as they are represented to have encircled that inhabited by a prince of Abyssinia whose name was not Theodore. Some parts of the neighborhood of Ravenna are scarcely less beautiful than the Valley of the Arno; yet how the heart of the exiled Dante yearned towards his ungrateful Florence, and how he “envied every dove his nest and wings” which wafted him across the Appenines. And remembering this, one comprehends how in the midst of the natural loveliness of Richmond the Irish exile must have pined for the equally romantic but more austere beauty of his native island.

It is time, however, to leave off moralising, and retrace our steps. Ascending the mountain on our homeward way we see the sun dropping behind it; and through a narrow rift there streams a pencil of light, the effect of which is perfectly magical as it glides down the valley, burnishing the crests of the trees with its golden radiance, and building a lustrous causeway over the plain, so that from lofty ridge to lowest level there stretches a luminous line like

that depicted by the old masters when they represented Jacob's Dream. Unfortunately, the effect is very transitory; but when it has disappeared there is still much to fascinate the attention in the changing hues of the ranges skirting the eastern horizon, touched as they are with the lingering light of the setting sun, some taking an orange tint and others a delicate cerise, before the shadows which are creeping upwards from their feet envelop their summits in the purple robe they wear until the darkness leaves their outlines dimly defined beneath the stars.

BARRACOOKA FISHING.

FROM THE *Colonial Monthly Magazine*.

No sooner would breakfast be over, than there would be new land to be inspected, for all this week we were between the Heads and the chain of islands which stretched from Australia to Tasmania, the beacon peaks of a submerged mountain chain. At one time it would be Wilson's Promontory, a bold, rugged headland, with not a sign of vegetation on the surface of its bare, parti-colored granite, against which its white lighthouse stands out with singular distinctness. Five or six miles off is the Rodondo, a conical-shaped mound, 1200 feet high; then there is Curtis Isle, called by sailors "the slipper," from its configuration; Judgment Rock, described by its name; the Devil's Tower, small but conspicuous; Hogan's Islands, where wild dogs are found; and the Kent group, on the highest peak of which a lighthouse is perched, twinkling like a star in the firmament. The seabirds build in myriads on these islands, but what is more to be wondered at is, that they are infested with snakes. If an editor wishes some novelties in the way of snake stories let him catch one of the adventurous spirits—and they are to be met with—who have passed a summer in these localities. Then, not a watch passed without some new vessel sailing by, inward bound, or joining us company on the outward voyage for a short season, and it was amusing to note how the sailors could pick out the "Salem," the "Lady Emma," or the "Sword-fish," afar off, by some patch in the foresail, or some cut of the jib; and how they had the full, true, and particular account of the ownership, qualities, and adventures of each at their tongues' end. But the great amusement, morning and afternoon, especially just before and after sunrise and sunset, was barracooka fishing.

This was a novelty to me, and a very enjoyable one, for there were really any quantity of fish to be caught. A long line is hove overboard, with a round piece of wood about three inches long strung on to one end immediately above a stout, unbaited hook. The fish rise to the wood and hook themselves tight and fast. At convenient times and places, and especially when the vessel is making her four to five knots per hour, they bite freely. Two of us hooked as many dozen in the hour, fine, fat gentry scarcely one of which was less than three feet and a half long. "Better sport than the Upper Yarra, my boy," ejaculates the skipper on the weather quarter, as he secures a good one. "No need of a microscope here," responded I, lifting a long three-footer over the lee, and gleefully thinking of the unfortunate frequenters of the colonial streams, who, though ostensibly anglers, are really, nine cases out of ten, chasers of the wild goose. The barracoota may not be a first-class table fish, eaten fresh; but dipped in a bucket of brine, and dried in the sun, it keeps for weeks, and in that condition is an article of diet not to be despised. East of Wilson's Promontory, the barracoota is never met with until it reappears on the New Zealand coast. Several times during these days the vessel was surrounded with shoals of a fish about the size of a mullet. The appearance of these shoals is very singular. The surface of the sea is agitated like a boiling cauldron, and the disturbance travels along the surface with a noise like a hailstorm sweeping over the waters, the noise being due, not only to the fish, but to the thousands of birds which hover over, settle upon, and dive into the waters in quest of their finny prey. Birds and fish took so little notice of the schooner as she lay idle on the water, that they would come close enough for us to drop a biscuit amongst them.

VICTORIA AND TASMANIA UNITED.

THE re-uniting of Victoria and Tasmania by submarine telegraph cable having been this time accomplished with perfect success, will be of great advantage to excursionists, and enable merchants and others visiting Tasmania to do so without feeling anxious about their business affairs, knowing that a few minutes will enable them to receive or give information, and thereby arranging their various plans almost as well as if present at their own offices or houses.

It is, however, a pity that the plan suggested by Mr. Crispo, as mentioned in the *Argus*, could not be carried out, by which the cable would have been united to the land line at Port Albert, first touching at Wilson's Promontory, thereby effecting a saving of about £20,000, and giving the Victorian merchants the advantage of having their shipping reported on passing Wilson's Promontory. The present route, though a very fair one, has the disadvantage of having one of its ends passing through the strong tide at the entrance of Western Port, where the ground, though sandy, has rocks underneath, and the sand is liable to shift under the influence of the tides, leaving the cable at the tender mercies of the rocks.

However, many a worse place could be found, so it is to be hoped the two colonies may be long spared a separation.

The time may not be far distant when the route to and from Tasmania will be by railway to Corner Inlet, thence by steamer to Launceston, or to the picturesque Hunter Island and its interesting coasts and waters, with the numerous islets with which it is surrounded.

The varied route by sea and land would be much more interesting both to the Victorian and the Tasmanian than the long sea voyage as at present; each would have the advantage of passing near the bold and fine coast of Wilson's Promontory, and the numerous islands around. By those who suffer from sea-sickness, this shorter and calmer sea route would be hailed with pleasure, the deep sea water could be passed in the night of ten hours; and many persons who now cannot venture or spare time to go further than Queenscliff or Point Nepean, would be enabled to take a run, occasionally, to Tasmania: for, though a visit to the sea coast at Point Nepean or Queenscliff is very beneficial to the health of those long confined to towns or inland places, yet an occasional visit to an island so much further south would brace the constitution to stand against the hot winds and warmer climate of the mainland.

"MUCH of the cowardice displayed in rushing out of this life must be traced to overwrought brains and nerves. The business man who to-day sees only ruin staring him in the face, and despairingly thinks that no extrication is possible, would, in a week's time, if he could absent himself from his business and get rest and change, see all matters in a different light. The difficulties would not seem so great, and he would be in a better position to fight them."

TRAVELLERS

ARRIVING in a strange land cannot be too wary, lest their unsophisticated and innocent natures should be practised on by those who are always prowling about the wharves and railway stations on the look-out for victims. Until they become acquainted with "the manners and customs of the natives," the utmost caution is necessary to new arrivals, or they will assuredly fall into the hands of the Philistines. Melbourne is no exception to the rule. We are informed by a gentleman recently from a neighboring colony, that he told the carman he engaged to drive him to Tankard's Hotel, having heard that temple of temperance highly spoken of. But it appears that this particular Jehu was not disposed to bestow his patronage on this hostelry, and, totally disregarding the expressed wishes of his "fare," straightway drove him to an establishment in Swanston street, on which he looked with an eye of greater favor. On entering the house thus peremptorily provided for his entertainment, our informant was not prepossessed in its favor by seeing a dirty, slatternly girl engaged in laying a dirty and torn cloth, which it may be presumed would have been followed by an equally unsavory dinner. The appearance of the bedroom also being suggestive of anything rather than cleanliness and comfort, our traveller expressed his intention of seeking accommodation elsewhere. The landlord, evidently much chagrined at finding the good things of his establishment held in such light estimation, endeavored by the use of all the seductive eloquence of which he was master to retain his guest, even going so far as to supplement his verbal entreaties by laying his hand lightly on the collar of his coat. To add force to his arguments, he offered, with reckless prodigality, to supply board and lodging *gratis*, if thereby he could secure his man. However, whether his powers of persuasion were not up to the mark, or the smell of his house had a slightly repelling effect, matters not; the gentleman left, and sought elsewhere the comfort and entertainment which a stuffy smelling house is not calculated to afford. It is evident from this short narrative that some of the carmen are in league with the keepers of inferior lodging and public houses, and that travellers may find themselves installed in most objectionable quarters unless they are on their guard, and insist on being driven direct to the place they have determined, after inquiry, to patronise. In fact, these men form a very dangerous and obnoxious body of "touters." Of course, it does not much

matter in the case of a man, for he can easily remedy any mistake at the expense of a little inconvenience, but very awkward results might accrue to a female arriving in town unprotected. The fact that board and lodging were offered in this instance *gratis*, also plainly shows that the keepers of these places do not look to the profits of legitimate business for their remuneration. It does not require a very lively imagination to conceive some of the means by which they expect to recoup themselves for their outlay. Victuals and lodging are unconsidered trifles, if the recipient can only be induced to "knock down" a few hundred pounds in a week or two. Therefore—travellers, beware.—*Herald*.

A TRIP TO THE SALMON PONDS.

AMONGST the many pleasure-trips that had been organised for the Prince of Wales' birthday, few equalled in interest, and we believe we may add, none excelled in real genuine enjoyment, the visit paid to the Salmon Ponds at New Norfolk, or, more properly speaking, some six miles beyond that town on the beautiful banks of the Derwent. The party was a numerous one, consisting, on the whole, of some twelve or fourteen gentlemen, whose names, as the excursion was private, it may possibly be out of place to mention. We propose briefly noticing some of the chief surroundings of the trip, and of the incidents by the way, before we deal with the salmon and trout ponds, and their interesting denizens. The excursionists were conveyed in two cabs drawn by four nags that did their work well and truly throughout the day, and were brought back to town after doing a distance of nearly forty-five miles—the remainder being performed by horses engaged at New Norfolk—along a road which, generally good throughout, has many bad and many very nasty points in it—fresh, and without the slightest betrayal of anything beyond the usual fatigue of a day's work. It was, indeed, the remark of one of the whips, that his horses were to the last hard to hold in, and they certainly came in, at the end, at a good spanking pace. It was as late as nine o'clock in the evening when the party returned. Shortly after the start was made in the morning, symptoms of wet weather began to show themselves, and the promise did not fail to realise itself afterwards. Rain fell heavily, and the wind blew coldly, and at times snow mingled with the showers that fell. In

rounding the point called the Horn, which obtained its designation from the tempestuous weather that frequently prevails about it, it was particularly bleak and gusty, the atmosphere the while being heavily charged with moisture, and dense clouds gathering and hanging over-head. The tide in the river was unusually high, and its expanse of waters therefore wide. It was only at intervals, however, that the rain fell in sufficient quantity to materially obscure the grand and beautiful panorama that lay stretched out before the excursionists. Certainly no river in the world is more picturesque than our Derwent—rich not only in beauty, but in every diversified form of beauty. Its wooded heights, its cultivated banks, the fertile valleys ever and again opening to the eye, and its long stretches of pasture land, dotted with animals grazing on its dainty verdure, or reclining in the easy attitudes of rest, present a scene that it is indeed a holiday enjoyment in itself to look upon. The day had been selected by a party of excursionists for a visit to New Norfolk. But of these nothing was seen by our party, who left the town for the Salmon Ponds before the arrival of the boat, and did not reach it on their return until after the larger body of excursionists had taken their departure.

Although, with the single exception of the rain during the earlier part of the day, to which, however, a fine afternoon succeeded, the trip was surrounded by many accessories of pleasure, its more practical object was to make acquaintance with the salmon grounds, and their various illustrations of a great experiment, which is now known to have been attended with a success that promises amply to reward all the labor and cost it has involved, and the anxiety with which it has been watched. None but a feeling of general and high satisfaction could have been experienced by the visitors on marking the admirable arrangements that had been made, the skill displayed in contending with the difficulties incident to an experiment to which many critical conditions belonged, and the general practical acquaintance with their craft, displayed by the one or two officials to whom the conduct of the experiment had been particularly entrusted. It was easy on the lawns and in the breeding-houses to become rapidly "fishy." All the talk was of fish; the object and centre of all attraction, the trout, as their golden sides reflected the light in the ponds, and they eagerly darted at the food thrown to them, and glided off with their prey. There were about, hooks and nets, salmon spears, and other implements of the art, which, amid such formidable surroundings as some of these

weapons were, it seems a blunder to call "gentle." These, however, we have no evidence to show were in use, although many a pleasant joke was passed about the familiar acquaintance of the establishment with the rich and delicate flavor of the fish that are destined to supply some of the main luxuries of our future table.

With the general features of the ground set apart for salmon purposes, the public are, probably, by this time sufficiently acquainted from the various sketches that have been given of it. It comprises an area of some six acres, and the surface area covered by the waters of the different ponds and races, amounts to upwards of half an acre. The Plenty River runs at the back of the salmon reserve, and from that river the supply of water has been obtained—the water being conveyed through troughs which pour their contents through a rill within the grounds into the first pond. This first pond is at this moment the home of some ninety "brown trout"—the lusty fellows we spoke of just now, some of them weighing from six to seven pounds each, and numbering in all, it is computed, some ninety. They are, for the most part, fish of age, being the product of the experiment made no less than five years ago. These fish have ascended the rill we have mentioned, for the purpose of using it as a spawning ground, and ten or twelve thousand of their progeny—some went so far as to estimate some thousands over that number—were visible on Tuesday, measuring from an inch to an inch and a half in length, and affording all the indications of being strong, lusty youngsters of their tribe. Next to the trout pond—and divided from it only by the narrow strip of ground on which several members of the party were "caught" on Tuesday, by the photographers, as they leisurely disported—there is the hatching-house, a cool wooden building, through which are laid four parallel wooden troughs. Through these the Plenty water flows freely but slowly. In these troughs are a part of the salmon-trout fry. There are, of course, no salmon fry, in any of its stages, to be seen; the last of these having left the ponds, on their way to the river and sea, upwards of 18 months ago. Thus the long pond, into which the streams from the hatching-house fall, was empty. From this pond another channel communicates with the one in which the salmon trout are found. That these have deposited their ova and hatched, there can be no doubt. This fish, however, is remarkably shy—a fact which will account for the comparatively small number that were seen on Tuesday. Such of the parent fish as were visible were from a pound to a pound and a half in

weight. The facts in connection with this pond, are of interest from a scientific as well as from other points of view. They afford an undoubted instance of a curious law in Ichthyology, viz., of fish whose habitat for a portion of the year is salt-water, being able to mature and spawn without access to the sea. From this pond the water runs through a wide gravelly rill, in which the young fish are placed as they progress in growth—the rill being properly protected with grating—and through this the water finally passes off to the Plenty.

With this ends the system of works that have been constructed for the purposes of this great experiment. It is not easy, by a pen description, to convey to the mind a very accurate idea of the whole arrangements, which are at once simple and complicated—and admirably adapted for the accomplishment of the end in view. To those who have not had the opportunity of visiting the ponds, and witnessing for themselves their many interesting features, the general description we have given is all that can be fairly intelligible, and we should serve no purpose by entering into any more minute and elaborate detail.

In taking leave of the grounds themselves, we must not omit to notice the visitors' book, in which the names appear of persons who have paid a visit to the spot. Considering the great interest that is believed to be attached throughout the whole of the colonies to this movement, and considering also the large number of visitors who come over here to spend their summer season, it is singular how few of their names are on record as having travelled to the ponds. The most noticeable of those on record, amongst the more recent entries at least, were Mr. Haddon, the Editor of the *Melbourne Argus*, and Dr. Neild, the "Jacques" of the *Australasian*, a man of singular parts as a practising physician, a University lecturer, and a dramatic critic. In the centre of the grounds is a commodious cottage, at present unused except for such occasional purposes as the excursionists put it to on Tuesday. Its rooms are large and lofty, and the verandah a pleasant lounge. In addition to its more public surroundings it has an ample private garden of its own. Could it not be made available as a source of income to the Acclimatisation funds of the colony? The idea may be a novel one, for the Government to let out "lodgings." But, if novel, it may not be any the less feasible. Either the cottage might be made a licensed house for refreshments to the visitors to the ponds, and thus serve a very convenient purpose, or it might be decently supplied with a few chairs and tables for the more simple

accommodation of those who go to see—an eloquently-appealing box for donations to the Society's funds, to which very few indeed would refuse to respond whilst the keen sense of the pleasure they are enjoying is upon them. Otherwise it might be let to tenants during the summer season, and if so advertised in the papers of the neighboring colonies many a well-to-do visitor with his family would compete, doubtless, for the opportunity of rustivating for a time on a spot surrounded by scenery of unsurpassed beauty, with a noble river at foot offering abundant opportunities of enjoyment, and with facilities for sport beyond the boundaries of the grounds themselves. By this use of the building, and it is certainly a most legitimate one, an appreciable addition would be made available for other endeavors in the direction of introducing and domesticating amongst us various forms of animal life.

Many thoughts of a kindred character with reference to the beauty and attractiveness of Tasmania as a touring ground and a place of summer residence, and as to the something more than material advantage the colony may derive from its rich endowments, filled the minds of the excursionists on their way home, and yet linger in them. During the now incoming summer we shall have one more object of interest to invite our friends to see.—*Mercury*.

IMPRESSIONS OF TASMANIA.

ITS SCENERY, PEOPLE, AND PROSPECTS.

ONE of the first questions which a Tasmanian proposes to a stranger visiting the "beautiful island," so soon as that stranger shall have had leisure to look round, is "What do you think of the colony?" Probably the question is prompted partly by curiosity, partly by the hope, if not by the expectation, that the opinion, offered in reply, will be gratifying to the person who receives it. The feeling is a natural one, and it is especially pardonable in a new country, where each individual has contributed something to make it what it is, and where each may therefore exclaim, "*Quorum pars parva fui.*" England has become the country which she is, by the accumulated industry and energy, thought, effort, wealth, art, science, and prowess of thirty generations. Everything that is beautiful in her aspect, or admirable in her institutions, is an inheritance. Whatever we can boast of in this part of the world—irrespective of its natural scenery—is our own, or our fathers', by creation.

Those who immediately preceded us, took possession of a wilderness ; and they transformed it into a garden. They formed an encampment, and it grew into a city ; and remembering that all the material agencies, by which these great changes were effected, had to be conveyed half round the globe, I think the difficulties of the task have doubled the honor of the achievement.

In describing the first impressions produced upon the mind of an unprejudiced stranger, by a visit to Tasmania, I must assign a prominent place to the thoroughly English look it wears. After a ten years' absence from the mother country, I seemed to have returned to it when I got among the hawthorn and sweet-briar hedges, and the green lanes which I met with in the neighborhood of Launceston ; and the illusion was strengthened by a ride on a genuine four-horse coach, over a splendid turn-pike road, from one end of the island to the other. I had to look twice to be convinced that it was not Mr. Tony Weller on the box. The driver was none of your Yankee teamsters, with a sharp visage, a beard like a hearth-brush, a wonderful capacity for chewing tobacco, and a general tendency to extend his arms and legs like a spread eagle, but a portly "Britisher," with a coat of many capes, and a ruddy tinge upon his countenance which might have been port wine, but was very likely rough weather. He was as sententious as Captain Cuttle's oracular friend Bunsby ; excepting that, when a clumsy ostler suffered one of the wheelers to get his hind leg over the trace, my rubicund friend upon the box made some of the most emphatic allusions to the eyes and limbs of the ostler that I ever heard. The coach was English, the pace was English, and the very inns and wayside villages were English. I almost expected to see the village-green, the worm-eaten stocks, and the waggon-headed tents of the wandering gipsies—to hear the caw of the rooks wheeling homeward from the upland fallows, and to catch a glimpse of an ivy-mantled tower, peeping from its leafy covert, in some sequestered nook. I don't think I should have been very much astonished if I had come upon an old English pound, with Mr. Pickwick seated upon a wheelbarrow in the middle of it, looking the picture of perplexity, and amazed at the pertinacious curiosity of the bystanders. The rosy faces of the children, too, smacked of the old country ; and I missed the eager, anxious expression of countenance, and the quick, restless movements which characterise the people in Victoria. Many of the houses I passed had a square, solid and substantial look about them, suggestive of permanence and comfort. They seemed to

say, "Look at us ! we were not run up, by a speculative contractor, the week before last ; and we have no intention of tumbling down the week after next. We were built for use, and not for ornament. We are plain and unpretending without, but snug and commodious within. We have been occupied by the same inmates for five-and-twenty years. Healthy children have grown to maturity under these roofs ; and all the tender and touching associations of home have gathered round our hospitable hearths. Too many of your people are birds of passage ; but ours are attached to the nests which they have built, and in which they have reared their young."

It will almost provoke a smile to talk of antiquity in a new country, and yet Hobart Town looks venerable to Victorian eyes. Everything in our own colony is so new, bright, and fresh and glaring, that the mellow tone of the red-brick houses, the hollows in the pavement and the door-steps, worn by the feet of two generations, and the half-obliterated figures on the sign-boards in that city, strike one as belonging to the past and as being entirely unlike anything one sees in or around Melbourne. The stranger reads upon some of the buildings dates which show that they were erected years before the first log-hut was put up on the banks of the Yarra ; and there is an edifice in Macquarie-Street—the Hutchins School, I believe—with diamond panes in the windows, with a reverend collegiate aspect about it, and with the ivy clambering up its walls, which would not have seemed out of place among the branching elms of a green monastic close, in one of the cathedral cities of England. Still more striking and impressive are the bulk and altitude of the familiar English trees which diversify the landscape in this neighborhood. These are eloquent of the lapse of time, and are really enviable possessions : for they cannot be built up, like a tenement,—and Nature, always deliberate and leisurely in the formation and perfection of her greatest works, refuses to develop the luxuriant beauty of most of our northern trees under less than half-a-century.

In describing my impressions of the landscape scenery of Tasmania, I write with a vivid recollection of some of the loveliest parts of Europe, and I do not hesitate to say, that that island combines some of the most attractive features of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In the neighborhood of Launceston I was constantly reminded of Tuscany. The valley of the Arno seemed to spread before me, girdled by the purple Appenines : and at Corra Linn the rushing river, and the rocks, tapestried with foliage brought back

to mind the Via Mala and the ascent to the Splügen Pass in Switzerland. The course of the Derwent, up as far as New Norfolk, will compare favorably with a corresponding portion of the Rhine, while the dismantled fortresses and ruined towers which crown the heights of that romantic river seem to be reproduced by the fantastic rocks and jutting knolls which flank the waters of the Derwent. Every curve of the broad stream begets a feeling of admiration and surprise. The accidents of light and shadow, varying with the position of the sun and the motion of the clouds, impart a character of endless variety to the picture. Here the sunshine touches with a golden glow the shoulder of a mountain, and there the broad breast of one of the giants is obscured by shadow. In places the eye dwells, with a feeling of contented repose, upon a cultivated space won from the forest—a square of emerald green, or delicate yellow, set in a frame work of timber, far up the mountain side. These patches of cultivation, some of them fresh from the shining ploughshare, and looking like an inlay of black marble on the slope, lend such a human interest to the solemn grandeurs and imposing forms of Nature, by linking them with thoughts of industry, of tilth and tillage, of spring-tide and harvest, of the tender blade and the golden ear, of the sanctities of home and the picturesque associations of pastoral and rural life. Then again, as the cloud-shadows drift over the mountain ranges, the effects of color resemble those of a magnificent enamel, or the shifting hues of a shot silk. For a few seconds you see a purple island of shadow moored above a grove of forest trees, and then it goes drifting away until it is lost to view. Here the sunshine, falling obliquely through a chasm, just kindles the edges of the foliage with its vivifying light, so that the topmost branches look like plumes which have been tipped with gold. There, the receding ranges shelter in their rugged embrace valleys which the genius of a Washington Irving would transform into so many “sleepy hollows.” As the river narrows, and you approach the rocks, you discover how lavish Nature is of detail, even in those compositions where she produces her greatest effects by grandeur of outline and massiveness of material. Vertical seams and fissures break up the huge blocks of basalt into picturesque fragments; and these, the benign mother has decorated with a wildly graceful, although a wayward hand: planting a tuft of wild flowers here, and spreading a delicate tracery of lichens there; now lighting up the dark rock with a flash of brilliant color, and anon relieving its

sombre tints by the ruddy ooze of a ferruginous spring. Occasionally she seems to take a fantastic pleasure in imitating the works of man, and moulds her rugged masses into the shape of ruined bastions and crumbling walls, and cavities that bear a dim resemblance to the rock-built temples of Ellora.

There is a green lane, at New Norfolk, than which I know of nothing more thoroughly English in the pages of Mary Russell Mitford ; or on the canvas of Gainsborough, Constable, or Creswick ; or in the beautiful country of Kent itself. All the elements of the picturesque are there,—the lofty hedgerows, white with blossom in the spring, and crimson with berries in the autumn—the luxuriant foliage—the winding lane—the sweet breath of the new-mown hay, the sweep of the scythe through the long bush grass, and the rustic bridge spanning a brawling brook. The hop-gardens, with their long-drawn aisles of vivid green—the delicate curves and spiral movements of the graceful vine—the sunshine dropping in golden rifts, and the shadows falling in dark brown lines : all hint of good old Saxon Kent. So do the gurgling runnels, that wind away in the secrecy and darkness among the pollard willows, until they empty their waters into a stream, cool, shadowy, transparent, and impetuous,—such as Sir Humphrey Davy or Christopher North would have delighted to angle in, and old Isaak Walton would have loved to have written about. But the blue over-arching sky, and the bright, bland, balmy air are redolent of Italy ; while the glorious mountains which inclose and frame this charming picture recall to recollection some of the softer parts of Switzerland : and you almost expect to hear the horn of the cowherd and the tinkling bells of the wandering heifers, and to see the roof of a chalet, with its masses of stones piled on the shingles, or the sun glinting on the tin steeple of the village church, perched far up among the wooded heights. But the township of New Norfolk with its general stores, where you may purchase everything, from a frying-pan to a dose of salts ; and its old-fashioned, unpretending and comfortable public-houses, bears a close resemblance to many an English village I have known ; and the current of existence must flow so tranquilly there, that a very little pebble dropped into it will suffice to produce a very large ripple. Thus I read a handbill, posted at the corner of every street, headed, in large letters, "GREAT SENSATION !" What could it be, thought I. Did it refer to the arrival of an English circus, or of an African menagerie, or of an American comedian ? What—I went on to ask myself—

would be capable of exciting a "great sensation" in New Norfolk? My curiosity was soon gratified for the stirring and sensational event was thus announced:—"Mr. Wiltshire has now received the long-looked-for CASE OF CLOTHING (a whole case, you will observe,) and he is confident that those wonderful bargains will cause a great sensation in the neighborhood!" Innocent and enviable Arcadia!—how fresh and unsophisticated must be the emotions of its happy population, when even the arrival of a bale of mole-skin jackets and corduroy trousers is capable of agitating society to its depths, and of producing a "great sensation."

I have heard the view of Hobart Town from the water compared to that of Genoa from the Gulf; but while fully acknowledging the architectural superiority of "Genoa la Superba," with its magnificent palaces rising from the water's edge, and ascending, tier above tier, like the seats in an amphitheatre, I must candidly confess that the natural beauties of the southern capital of Tasmania are superior to those of its Italian rival. The semicircular sweep of the Riviera is very fine, but the irregular outline of the estuary of the Derwent, with its jutting promontories and swelling hills, and background of mountains, is, I should imagine, perfectly unique; while the undulating surface of the city conduces immensely to its picturesqueness. And over all, there looms the gigantic figure of the mountain, with its head in the clouds and its feet in the sea—filling the eye with its vast proportions, and impressing the mind by its awful majesty. I can scarcely describe the feeling of mystery and grandeur excited by the disappearance of this imposing object from view, for hours and days together. Gathering around its massive head that impenetrable veil of clouds, it seems to withdraw itself in haughty isolation, or in meditative self-communion from the world. As men of the loftiest genius have their periods of mental abstraction and exaltation, when their thoughts move in a region inaccessible to ordinary mortals, and they hold commerce with the sky, so this Titanic mountain shrouds itself in mist and vapor, and makes itself a stranger to the common eye. And hence, likewise, when it *does* reveal its utmost height and amplest magnitude, it challenges a more fervid admiration, and compels a more respectful homage, than we should yield to it if it were perpetually before our gaze, and familiarity blunted our perception of its undeniable sublimity. Of the magnificence of the prospect from Mount Wellington, one may say, as Mark Antony said of Cleopatra's beauty,—

"Age cannot wither it,
Nor custom stale its infinite variety."

The vastness of the field of vision—the lucid transparency of the atmosphere, and the interchange of mountain, valley, sea, and river, combine to fascinate your gaze at the time, and to haunt your memory for ever afterwards. And the very clouds which occasionally blur the scene, confer additional beauties on it; for sometimes as they break away to seaward, they disclose one of the islands in the estuary, so completely detached from the line of the horizon as to appear as if suspended in the heavens; and sometimes a stray sunbeam, striking on the Valley of the Huon, while all around is mist and purple shadow, kindles the tract of country it illuminates into such a lustre that it appears to be absolutely transfigured, and recalls to your recollection the light which abode upon the land of Goshen, when impenetrable darkness had settled upon the rest of Egypt. As it flashes on the sunlight or fades in the shadow, the Derwent gleams like a sheet of burnished silver, or assumes the color of a turquoise; while the undulating country inland seems to advance towards, or to recede from you, according as it vividly reveals itself in the light, or grows indistinct in the transitory gloom. The city itself, sloping to the water's edge looks like a collection of the tiniest of toy houses, dropped by a child in careless play; and the altitude at which you stand, coupled with the amazing extent of country comprehended in the view, enables you to realise the prospect visible from a balloon.

When one explores the leafy recesses which abound on its slopes, fresh demands are made upon the admiration. Out of fairyland it would be hard to find anything more elfin and fantastic than the fern-tree coverts. The depth of shadow under the curving fronds—the silence, broken only by the chiming music of the cold transparent rill, the twitter of a bird, the hum of a wandering insect, the sullen murmur of the distant cascades, or the rustling stir of the topmost leaves of the towering trees, as the southern breeze whispers to them a message from the far-off sea—the bright green ferns, springing from the mossy trunks of mouldering giants of the forest, turning decay into beauty, and making the graves of the mighty dead the cradles of a young life—the faint perfume of the aromatic shrubs—the grand proportions of the fallen timber, and the thick tapestry of velvet moss to which Nature, working in harmony with a foregone purpose, gives a fern-like conformation, and which yields to the pressure of the foot like a three-pile carpet;—all these properties and adjuncts of the scene seem to qualify it for a region of romance.

There are three points of contrast between Hobart Town and Melbourne, which must be grouped together on account of their correlation. The first is the comparatively meagre population of the cemeteries in the former city; the second, the number of old people one meets; and the third, the generally florid complexion of the children, especially of those who come in from the country. Looking at the relative ages and population of the two cities, and at the facts I have mentioned, there can be no question of the superior salubrity of Hobart Town; an advantage which may be also accounted for, to some extent, by the circumstance that it contains fewer medical men, I think, in proportion to the rest of the community, than there are in Melbourne—where, as we know, the best end of the best street is monopolised by the faculty: while with a sort of delicate sarcasm, three of the chief hewers of grave-stones and carvers of monuments have established their gloomily suggestive factories close by.

Nor did I see, in the Hobart Town cemeteries, those rows of pathetic little graves embossing their surface, which are so painfully numerous in our own,—and which tell such a melancholy tale of infant mortality, domestic bereavement, and household desolation. And I think that, in computing the sources both of personal happiness and of national progress, one can scarcely attach too much value to the possession of a climate so favorable to infant life, and to the growth and development of healthy childhood and of vigorous youth, as that of Tasmania. I need not expatiate on that most beautiful of all human relations—the relation of parent and offspring; nor make more than a passing allusion to the mirth, the brightness, the grace and cheerfulness which children communicate to every family. But, looking at the question as one of public importance, it must be acknowledged that the progress of any colony must be slow and uncertain in which the growth of its population is not to be depended upon by natural increase, but has to be periodically recruited from without; and, therefore, it must be a source of well-founded congratulation to Tasmanians that they enjoy a climate so propitious to the English race, and so congenial to it in all respects as their own. I find it stated, upon the unexceptionable authority of the Commissioners appointed by Sir Henry Young “to consider the probable benefits which would result from the establishment of a Military Sanitarium in Tasmania,” that “the salubrity of this climate is equal, if not superior, to that of the healthiest part of Europe;” that the mean summer temperature is that of

Bushy Heath, near London ; the mean autumn temperature that of Devonshire ; and the mean spring and winter temperature that of the Mediterranean coast of France ; while the rate of mortality among the soldiers stationed here, in times past, has been only one-fourth of that which has been found to prevail among the military in the mother-country. If these figures point to no other conclusion, this fact is, at any rate, deducible from them—that Tasmania will be annually resorted to more and more by visitors from the mainland, seeking to recruit their health and renovate their strength ; and that it must eventually become the sanitarium of Australia.

I have referred to the number of old people one meets with ; and there is this noticeable peculiarity about them—that they retain a good apple-cheeked bloom, just as our grandfathers and grandmothers do in Great Britain ; and have not that withered and desiccated look which is observable in old people in those southern parts of Europe where the climate corresponds in many particulars with that of Tasmania. They remind me, indeed, of the description which old Adam, the gardener, in "As You Like It," gives of his own declining years, when he says, "My age is as a lusty winter—frosty but kindly." At Launceston I "foregathered" with a venerable patriarch, who is upwards of 100 years of age, and whose memory is as strong as his eyesight. It brought one face to face with a remote antiquity to talk to a man who had been born when George the Third was in the prime of life, and when Mr. George Washington was hunting foxes, or shooting canvas-back ducks, or leading out the young ladies of Annapolis to dance, in company with Lord Fairfax and other English gentlemen in America. It seemed a sort of anachronism to be conversing, in the year 1864, with a person who remembered a time when the United States were a dependency of the British Crown, when Napoleon Bonaparte was a mischievous school-boy, and when there was not a gas-lamp, nor a mile of railway, nor a steam engine, in the world,—and who had attained to manhood long before the execution of Louis the XVI, and the overthrow of the French monarchy—who had come out to Port Jackson at a time when a few tents only served to mark the site of the future city of Sydney ; and when the shores of the Derwent were the haunt of the kangaroo, and the hunting ground of the aborigine. No sensational romance, no story from the "Arabian Nights," none of the fabulous exploits of Baron Munchausen, contain incidents half so wonderful as those which have been crowded into the life of John

Dell. He has witnessed the birth and vigorous growth of the greatest Republic of modern times; he has seen the population of that Republic expand from three to thirty millions. He has watched the rise and fall of Napoleon. He has been the subject of four British sovereigns. He was upwards of forty years old when Nelson achieved his crowning victory, and died with such noble words upon his lips at Trafalgar; and he was over fifty when the great Duke of Wellington overthrew the power of Bonaparte, and scattered the hosts of France on the field of Waterloo. He has seen England, the nursing mother of empires, plant a dozen flourishing scions of the good old stock in the South Pacific that lived to participate in the rejoicings which greeted the birth of the great grandson of that king, whom he had beheld in the very prime of life, patting the heads of little boys in Windsor Park, or walking up and down the slopes of the castle, surrounded by a bevy of youthful princes and princesses, all of whom are dead and some of them forgotten. The imagination is dazzled and the mind bewildered by the grandeur, the magnitude, and the multiplicity of the events embraced within the period of this old man's life, whose rude health and hardy vigor must be accepted, I think, not merely as evidences of his own robust vitality, but as supplying conclusive testimony to the salubrity of the Tasmanian climate. He seems, indeed, to look on himself as a gay young fellow, whom the photographs do an injustice to by representing him as ageing somewhat,—who ought not to take to spectacles for twenty or thirty years to come, and who feels bound to exercise the utmost deliberation and to make a discriminating choice before again entering into the holy bonds of matrimony. And as he is only a hundred and two we must all applaud his circumspection and his leisurely forethought.

Before visiting Tasmania, I had often heard of the hospitality of its inhabitants, and certainly the geniality and unaffected warmth of the welcome offered, and the kindly attentions paid to visitors, are very grateful to the recipients, and are calculated to produce a lasting impression on their minds. They remind one of the old country, and more particularly of the cheerful greeting accorded to a stranger (carrying the necessary credentials with him), and of the easy and familiar footing on which he is received in some of the cathedral cities and manor houses of Great Britain. Government House, erected on a site which has been admirably selected for picturesque purposes,



constitutes one of the ornaments of Hobart Town, and one of the most striking features of the Derwent.

The neighboring Botanical Gardens, though less extensive than our own, enjoy a matchless situation, and the maturity of the English trees and of the exotic and Australian pines and cedars they contain is one of the first things which strike a stranger's eye. And the next claim proffered upon his admiration is that put forth by the brilliant hues and fresh-looking foliage of the flowers, blending, as they do, the vivid colors of a tropical flora with those exquisite tints of green which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly English. There is a hint of England, too, in the longer duration of twilight in Tasmania than on the mainland, where there is scarcely a pause between the disappearance of the sun and the coming on of darkness. Some of the most beautiful passages in English poetry are those which describe the sombre charm, the pensive influence, and the tender associations of the twilight hour or "gloaming;" and it has often struck me as little less than a misfortune for some of our children, that many of the allusions of our best poets, as, for example, those to be met with in the opening verses of Gray's *Elegy*, and in numberless descriptive lines in Tennyson's "*In Memorium*," must be unintelligible to natives of the Australian continent; while Anglo-Australians, born upon the mainland, must be equally incapable of appreciating the truth and beauty, the poetic sentiment, and the subtle suggestiveness of the twilight subjects selected for illustration by many of the best water-color landscape painters in the mother country.

I have hitherto spoken exclusively of the brighter aspects of Tasmania, and have endeavored to describe the more agreeable impressions which it produces upon the mind of a stranger. I have put in the lights of the picture; but, in order to complete it, there must be a proper distribution of shadows; and I will endeavor to execute this portion of it with a delicate and friendly hand.

From its position, relatively to the other colonies and to Mount Wellington, as well as from its general picturesqueness, Hobart Town may be called the Naples of Australia; but the amenity of its climate and its natural advantages tend, apparently, to generate in its inhabitants that feeling of placid contentment which the Neapolitans poetically designate the *dolce far niente*. This is very pleasant in itself, but it is hostile to all industrial progress, and causes our faculties to become encrusted with rust, or overgrown with moss, like an idle scythe or an unused bucket. A new and thinly-peopled country cannot afford to indulge

in the luxury of permanent repose. To remain stationary, as an Irishman would say, is to go backward. In proof of which I need only refer to the Exports and Imports of Tasmania for 1864. The former amounted in value to £975,730, and the latter to £908,265, constituting a difference in round numbers of £70,000. Now this—stated in the simplest terms—is just like obtaining change for a sovereign, and receiving only eighteen shillings and sixpence in return, and it must be apparent that if this unsatisfactory exchange is annually repeated for a few years to come, the time will arrive when the Tasmanians will no longer require change, because they will have no sovereign to give. It is merely repeating a truism to assert that when a country's imports exceeds its exports in value, the difference represents its profit by the transaction. In other words, if the people of Tasmania exported produce of the value of £900,000, and received £1,000,000 worth of imports in return, they would be getting twenty-two shillings in exchange for their sovereign: whereas, when the exports exceeds the imports, the difference represents a dead loss to the importing country. It is then eating into its capital—quite as much so as if the money were flung into the sea.

Now, the Tasmanians have, at their own doors one of the best markets in the world for their surplus produce. Victoria imports from the mother country malt, hops, beer, oilmen's stores, and dairy produce, to the annual extent of two or three millions sterling, and pays for these articles in gold. There is not one of the items I have named which might not be drawn from Tasmania; and what an impulse would be communicated to their prosperity by trebling their exports, and by giving them, at the same time, the command of quadruple the comforts, luxuries, and enjoyments of life.

To select three items from the list of our imports. We drew from the mother country, in the year 1863—

Beer to the value of	£250,000
Malt	„ £140,000
Hops	„ £30,000

making a total of £420,000. Now, it appears to me that Tasmanian enterprise ought to render us independent of Great Britain for all these commodities, and that, as regards bottled ales, it might successfully compete with English brewers in the Indian markets. With respect to the manufacture of malt for which the climate of Tasmania is peculiarly favorable, I was told that a serious impediment exists, owing to the prevalence of a destructive grub,

which frustrates the cultivation of barley in that island ; but the science which teaches us that every insect has its natural enemy, that the balance of life upon the globe is constantly being redressed by checks of this kind, and that the bird is the truest friend and the best ally of the husbandman, ought to indicate to us which bird has a special predilection for this—no doubt—savory grub, and ought to impel the Tasmanians to encourage the multiplication of such a serviceable confederate, if it is to be found in that island, or to introduce and acclimatise it, if it flourishes elsewhere.

Again, with the abundant coal measures they possess, to say nothing of the water power furnished by the mountain springs and magnificent rivers, the establishment of manufactories would appear to be a comparatively easy task.

Manufactures beget manufactures ; and one enterprise has the effect of calling another into existence ; while the question of wages, as an element in the calculation of profits, is a really unimportant one, seeing that mechanical agencies do so much, and man, comparatively so little, in the creation of manufacturing wealth. Labor is dear in the United States, and yet we find the textile fabrics of Lowell, and the hardware of Connecticut, competing successfully with those of Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, in the markets both of Europe and Australia. Labor is high in Victoria ; and yet we have 800 manufactories at work, which provide employment for some thousands of our population. Switzerland is a mountainous country, like Tasmania ; it has neither iron nor coal ; it has not a single seaport, and the raw materials of its manufactures are liable to be taxed, in their transit, by the foreign states through which they pass on their way from the seaboard to the Swiss frontier ; and yet it is one of the most flourishing manufacturing countries in Europe.

It is almost superfluous to dwell upon the vivifying influences which the weekly circulation of a large wage fund would exercise upon the trade of Hobart Town, and upon the general prosperity of Tasmania ; or to point out the demand which would spring up—consequent upon the establishment of manufactories—for house accommodation,—the activity it would generate in the building trades,—the increased number of ready-money customers it would bring to the shopkeepers, and the expanding market which it would offer for the produce of the farmer, the grazier, the fruit grower, and the dairyman.

If I were to speak of the system of agriculture generally adopted in Tasmania, I should do so from hearsay, and from too limited observation ; but I fear that in most of these colonies we are robbing nature instead of borrowing from her—exhausting the capital stock of her fertility instead of employing its annual interest only—and that by persevering in a practice so unjust to her, and so injurious to ourselves, as that of incessantly cropping and gradually impoverishing the soil, we must in the long run, transform some of the fairest and most fruitful portions of Australia into sterile tracts of dreary desert.

No one who looks at the geographical position, the extent, and natural resources of Tasmania, can entertain the slightest doubt that it has a splendid future before it ; but, of course, man's energy must co-operate with nature's bounty in bringing about the desired result. The Almighty Ruler of the Universe appears to have ordained that effort shall precede satisfaction, and that in the contest with difficulties and the subjugation of obstacles, we should find both an incentive to enterprise, and a path to success. Did I require to enforce this familiar truth by a cogent illustration, I might refer to the disheartening losses and crosses which beset the great experiment of introducing the salmon into the rivers of Tasmania—to the persevering energy and dauntless determination by which those obstacles were manfully overcome—and to the brilliant success which eventually crowned the experiment. The germs of a great industry and the sources of immense wealth lie in those salmon ponds ; and I am convinced that the same enlightened foresight, the same liberal outlay, and the same unwavering fixity of purpose which have been exhibited in connection with this undertaking, would, if displayed in regard to the establishment of other industries, conduce to similarly great and beneficial results.

Bound together, as the inhabitants of these colonies are, by the ties of blood, of amity, and of interest, we must all wish for the prosperity of that member of the family, which is at once the most beautiful and the most closely approximate to the good old English type ; and in indicating the causes which retard, and the circumstances which seem calculated to promote, the welfare of Tasmania, I trust the sincerity of the motive will atone for the presumption of the attempt, and the imperfectness of the endeavor.—JAMES SMITH.—*Australasian Monthly Review*.

A TRIP TO MOUNT WELLINGTON

FROM HOBART TOWN.

THE remarkable propensity which Englishmen have for knocking their heads against the sky is manifested as actively among visitors to Tasmania as among tourists in Switzerland; but the former may plead in extenuation that the ascent of Mount Wellington involves no peril to life or limb, such as attends Alpine expeditions in Europe, while the view from the summit of the Hobart Town giant amply justifies the effort to reach it, and richly compensates you for the toil of crawling up its precipitous sides and stumbling over the stoney difficulties of the "Ploughed Field." From the Springs the tract is edged for some distance by a brook, clear as crystal and cold as ice, overshadowed by sassafras trees, fragrant underwood, and flowering shrubs; then it becomes very declivitous until it reaches the border of the Ploughed Field, consisting of, at a random guess, about a square mile of enormous boulders such as the gods might have thrown at the rebellious Titans. How many layers of these missiles there may be, passes conjecture, but looking through the crevices you see nothing but boulders, boulders, many of them as large as the monoliths at Carnac in Brittany, until you have an uneasy suspicion that, if you were to find and fall through a crevice wide enough to receive you you would drop down to the centre of the earth. After much hopping, skipping, and jumping, the ridge of Mount Wellington is gained, and looking eastward you see the red rim of the sun emerging from behind a lofty mountain chain. Long wreaths of flake-white mist fill up the furrows between the distant ranges, and hover like a swan's-down shroud over some of the nearer valleys, and as this vapory screen slowly rises and imperceptibly melts into the stainless blue of the higher atmosphere, the whole of the grand spectacle eventually stands revealed in the clear light of early morning. It is a scene which never satiates the gaze, because, even if it were possible in any number of visits to study and master the wonderful panorama in detail, its infinite variety of aspect as determined by the changing position and daily differing altitude of the sun, by the greater or lesser elevation and density of the clouds, by the lucidity or obscurity of the aerial medium, and by the fresh verdure of the spring, or the yellowing hues of autumn, would offer an inexhaustible charm. No element is wanting to the completeness and perfection of the picture. Grandeur of outline and deli-

cacy of detail—they are here. Splendor of color and brilliancy of tone—they are here. Savage wildness and gracious amenity—they are here. The sense of solitude—it is to be found in those impenetrable forests and virgin mountains. The sentiment which springs from association of nature with human interests and history—it is suggested by the populous city just stirring into life beneath your feet. The broad ocean estuaries, which have all the character and specific beauty of lakes, expansive and sinuous rivers, winding through cultivated plains sprinkled with rural townships, sylvan tracts, and ranges innumerable, varying in altitude from 2,000 feet to 5,000 feet compose the leading features of the landscape. In the immediate foreground, taking the "beacon" for your stand-point, you have a spacious plateau, bestrewn with masses of rock, fantastic in form, grim of hue, and grouped together in places so as to offer grotesque resemblance to clusters of mummies, conclaves of petrified giants, and uncouth monsters of the antediluvian world. Over the ridge of this stony plain, the desolation of which is brightened and softened by circular cushions of vividly green moss, by tufts of feathery lichen, by flowering shrubs, and by the rich crimson blossoms of the waratah, the eye is carried on to the lowlands beyond, seeing nothing of the mountain slopes which intervene. In fact the transition from the rugged ridge to the valley is so abrupt that you experience something of the shrinking sensation which is inspired by a close proximity to a precipice, the impression produced upon the mind being that if you were to advance to the edge of the plateau you would look over a perpendicular wall 4,000 feet high. In one place, indeed, there is a façade of basaltic pillars, not inaptly named the "organ pipes" which do go down a sheer depth of about 800 feet.

The starting point in the subjacent landscape from which your vision begins to travel outwards to the horizon is from five to ten miles distant, while it must be from 50 to 60 miles as the crow flies to the ranges which circumscribe the view. And these mountains are so various in outline—pointed like pyramids, jagged like the teeth of a saw, ridged like the roof of a house, rounded into domes, humped like the back of a dromedary, curling like a wave about to break, or curved like the seat of a saddle—that no two can be pronounced alike, while upon the loftiest lie broad patches of snow, like clasps and ornaments of silver upon a robe of Tyrian purple.

Crossing the summit of the mountain in a bee line for about two miles in a north-westerly direction, towards

which the land gradually dips, you come upon a hollow, serving as the gathering ground of the melting snows, the storm-water, and the natural drainage of the plateau. A few shallow pools in rocky basins, fringed with moss, are presently replaced by a coherent rivulet; following the meanderings of which you will find it gradually gaining in velocity and volume as the course it has worn deepens and descends. Presently, what was at first a leisurely brook,

"Chattering over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,"

is transformed into a rushing torrent. You must travel down the bed of this cataract a distance of six or seven miles in order to reach the Wellington Falls; and the journey is equivalent, I should think, to three months' hard work in a gymnasium. A kangaroo would find the task a congenial one; but incessant hopping does not come naturally to a man, and hop or leap you must. Every step is from the water-worn surface of one huge boulder to that of another with the hurrying torrent sparkling and bickering at your feet. Fortunately, its depth, except where it has delved a momentary resting place in bright translucent pools, is not more than three or four feet, so that when a slippery stone evades your tread and drops you in the water the inconvenience is trivial. Sometimes the interval between the boulders is too great, or the smooth surface of the nearest stone too sleek to justify a leap, and then you must clamber up among the rocks and matted scrub which flank the cataract in order to prosecute your journey. As the gorge deepens, its aspect becomes more and more romantic, and the torrent flows onward with accelerated speed through aisles of frowning rock and avenues of tangled trees. When we halted for dinner and lit our fire upon a broad ledge of rock, we all agreed that civilisation was a mistake, French cookery a delusion, and that sausages cooked upon a pointed stick over glowing embers, and eaten without forks or plates, sauced by appetite, constituted a dish compared with which the *candaulus* of the Lydians or *cotelettes a la Soubise*, or the truffled turkeys of the Regent Orleans, were "very small potatoes." When I say "we," I mean the party, consisting of two amateur guides from Hobart Town, one of the leading solicitors in Adelaide, three young gentlemen from Manchester, travelling with their tutor, and the writer. Housekeeping epicures might turn up their noses at the dinner, but who could say a word of disparagement of the dining-room? Shelley has described it as graphically as though he had seen it:—

“ The silver moon into that winding dell,
With slanting gleam athwart the forest tops,
Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell,—
A green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,
When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;
Between the severed mountains lay on high
Over the stream a narrow rift of sky. ”

After some hot coffee and a cold bath, we resumed our journey the advance becoming more difficult, as the ravine sank in depth and contracted in breadth, and the waters of the cataract were swollen by tributary springs and mountain runnels. At length the word was passed from the foremost to the hindmost of the Indian file that the falls were at hand,—welcome news to people who were leg-weary and foot-sore. The first leap of the torrent is only a preliminary trial of strength. It springs over a ledge of rock not more than 30 feet in altitude on to a broad platform, where it has hollowed out a beautiful basin, lying

“ Between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass. ”

There, shaking itself together as it were, it prepares itself for a final plunge into a chasm 200 feet deep, at the bottom of which it breaks into foam and spray, writhing and moaning like a creature in pain ; then it makes a sudden turn, and passes outward through a stately gateway of pillared rock about 300 feet high and 20 feet wide, and evidently riven asunder by some great convulsion of nature, until its waters, washing the feet of lofty and precipitous mountains clothed with timber to the very summits, find an outlet eventually in North-west Bay. The sombre grandeur of the scene at the falls is very impressive ; the gorge is so narrow, the aspect of these huge columns is so solemn, the mountains seem to gather round so closely, the roar of the cataract is so incessant and the sense of solitude so complete, that the effect upon the mind is really “gruesome.”

Eight miles have to be compassed before you regain the springs,—eight miles of vaguely-defined forest and mountain tract, crossed and recrossed by the trunks of fallen trees, which seem to have been levelled by some malignant wood-demon to vex the patience and exhaust the strength of weary wayfarers. Creeping under some of these innumerable impediments and vaulting over others, struggling through saplings, and constantly on the watch for the little cairns of stones which denoted the path, we pushed on to avoid being benighted in this sylvan labyrinth ; crossed a couple of those strangely designated

“ploughed fields;” and ascending a steep path, green, humid, and full of aromatic odors, came upon the head of the Fern-tree Gully, *par excellence*. Of the many lovely features of the scenery of Mount Wellington, this must rank with the loveliest. Mrs. Meredith has happily applied to it Mrs. Hemans’ epithet of “The Forest Sanctuary;” and it is a cloister of consummate beauty, filled with a perpetual twilight, a moist coolness, and the gurgling music of the lapsing sping. Trunks of trees—dead giants of the forest—lie athwart the stream, enveloped in a network of mosses and of miniature ferns, and so spongy that they yield to the pressure of the foot like a three-pile carpet. The branches of the living trees, thrust in among “the meeting fronds and implicated leaves” of the palm-like ferns, and gnarled and twisted in every conceivable form, and look like arms stretched out in menace or entreaty, while they sometimes take the shape of unearthly-fashioned guanas, or contorted serpents. The fern-trees themselves, as they spread their glorious foliage to the green light, seem to combine something of the proud consciousness of beauty with the unstudied charm of nature. Over these rise the feathery branches of the sassafras tree, and, dominating all, the lofty stems and distant crowns of the huge eucalypti. On the one side are declivitous slopes of rugged and water-worn rock, tapestried with creepers, “twining their tendrils with the wedded boughs;” and on the other, banks which appear to have been the burying-place of generations upon generations of departed fern trees: with here and there patches of darkness that look like the entrance of caves, or the portals of that cavern in which the wizard lady sat, “spelling out scrolls of dead antiquity.” Over mossy trunk and glossy boulder—sparkling in light and darkling in shadow; chiming where it falls, and silent where it passes; glittering like diamonds where it emerges from the gloom, and black as night when it passes under a leafy covert—the mountain stream winds downward to its outflow at what is known as “Cook’s Monument,” at no great distance from the Huon Road; and, reaching this, the tourist, like Gray’s plough-man, “homeward plods his weary way,” beguiled at intervals by the rich trill of the reed warbler, some of whose notes so closely resemble those of the English nightingale that I thought at first they were the plaintive anthem of that tawny-throated bird—

“Still—after after many years in distant lands—
Still nourishing in her bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain.”

THE CASTRAY ESPLANADE,

HOBART TOWN.

LED by curiosity, I strolled down on a sunny morning to the New Wharf, at the terminus of which commences what is now called the "Castray Esplanade,"—a delightful promenade, where the servant and her mistress, the nursemaid and her children, the merchant, the officer, or even Her Gracious Majesty's representative, may mingle together and join in one general admiration of so beautiful a view as is commanded from it. Are you weary?—here are couches neatly made and painted, at every few yards interval. Are you *ennuye*?—here is the fragrant sea air coming up all the day from the South Pole, where Sir James Ross's volcanic mountains growl and spit in quiet solitude, and from the neighborhood of which the whalers of the port obtain their rich cargoes; where Leviathan rolls in all his glory. Do you love to look upon the beautiful in Nature?—here you have it in ample supply. Or are you a progressionist, and rejoice in the rise and development of the island?—turn your back upon the sea view, and look up towards the bluff old mountain which almost literally overhangs the city, and you have house and store, church and steeple, rising—like Rome on its seven hills—hill above hill—covered with white buildings, and interspersed with thickly-planted orchards and ornamental trees.

My curiosity led me to note down what I saw in five minutes, during which I gazed all round in admiration.

At my feet, from the well-gravelled pathway of the esplanade, is the extensive open bay of the Derwent, here about seven miles long and four miles wide. In this bay are several whaling ships, some carrying the Stars and Stripes—others the merchant ensign of the good old country. Over this bay, and bounding it, is the high land of Franklin Island, recently given to the colonists by the widow of the great navigator who, from 1837 to 1843, was our Governor. This is not the only present Lady Franklin has given. The museum and grounds at Acanthe, for which she paid £800, is, I believe, attached to the Hutchin's School. She paid, whilst here, a shilling a head for more than 5,000 snakes, which were killed, and the killers rewarded. She educated a little aboriginal girl named Methinna, about whom one of our barristers wrote so prettily, and who was "found drowned" at Oyster Cove. But I must leave Lady Franklin and her good deeds to the undying memory of Tasmanians. Then there is Cape Raoul

—so called after one of the French Admirals who visited Tasmania in the last century. This headland, blue in the distance, is exactly like a whale rising out of the sea. To the right is Mount Nelson—1,200 feet high—with the semaphore on the top, and the white cottage of the keeper. To the top of this hill is but a short walk, and the view from it is very extensive, varied, and beautiful, and the keeper is extremely polite to visitors in allowing them to look through the large telescopes of the station, so that you can see the working of the various semaphores, on the tops of the hills communicating with Port Arthur. On the sides of Mount Nelson, rising in field after field from the Sandy Bay beach, is cultivation—gardens, orchards, and grain. These are the small farms which were located to the early settlers who came here from Norfolk Island in 1810. On one of the cliffs rising from Sandy Bay beach (where once races were held, and where now, from encroachments of “Daddy Neptune” on one side, and “Daddy Murdoch” on the other, the people who once resorted in hundreds to its shell-covered shores are now barred out), stands St. Stephen’s Chapel, and just underneath the chapel is one of the best “fishing banks” in the river.

Looking across the great bay, we have Kangaroo Point, with the town of Bellerive—the most prominent hill being surmounted with a large stone building called “the Institute,” in which lectures and concerts are frequently given; and then there is Rosny, where the steamer plies, and in the grounds of which, in the summer season, are all sorts of games and pastimes, and where children can collect any amount of sweet gum and manna, which are both such *bonbons* to the young gumsuckers—as Tasmanian children are called. Further up the river, still on the opposite side, are Lindisferne Bay, with good fishing; Beauty Bay, with better fishing; and Bedlam Walls, with best fishing. Then Grass Tree Hill, and the little village of Shelstone high up on the mount. Then Mount Direction—steep and slippery and behind it, the Gunner’s Quoin, a strange precipice, apparently a hill split in two, one part standing, and the other side level with the plain. Then the eye takes in the targets of the volunteers, the Queen’s Battery with its 64 pounders and Armstrong guns, and behind it, the grand stand for the regatta, and behind that again are the towers of Government House, over which, just now, the Union Jack floats, as signifying that Her Majesty’s representative is in “residence.”

But after the eye has taken in all these glimpses of the beautiful in Nature, it turns northward over the Queen’s

Domain to the pass near Sunnyside, where the tunnel of the new main line railway is to run, and behind which, in the blue distance is Table Mountain, a flat hill with an abrupt precipice which looks down on the high plains where the Lakes are situated, and where resided the Irish patriots who were exiled in 1848—Smith O'Brien, Meagher of the Sword, &c.—and who, “when the heart was tried the sorest, found solace in the forest.” And ranging over street after street, and building after building, from the capacious Town Hall to the new Customs buildings, the gazer comes back to the New Wharf with its continuous line of three and four-storied stores to the point of commencement, where, my hand being tired with scribbling, I take a seat on one of the numerous couches before mentioned, and indulge a while in a day-dream of the things I could now see, and of my recollections, ah! too clear, of what they were. And I do not agree with “L. E. L.” who says: “The past! oh, what shall we give the past? Oh, give it tears!” I say no! Let us honor those who have energetically and heartily made our city and its various beauties so great a theme of admiration for visitors from sun-baked Victoria, brickfielder-smothered Sydney, or that still warmer place Queensland, where it is said somewhat irreverently, that there is only a piece of brown paper between it and Gehenna! and in place of crying over the past, look hopefully to the future.—*Mercury*.

JOTTINGS OF A VISIT TO THE NORTH- WEST COAST OF TASMANIA.

I HAVE just returned to Launceston from a visit to the N. W. Coast, and amongst the places especially noticed was “The Mersey,” as it is called. I cannot understand why pleasure-seekers do not visit that lovely spot. There is everything that an invalid, or a person in good health can wish for—scenery, a healthy climate, sea-bathing, boating, riding, &c., &c., and yet very few visitors are to be seen. Why is it? Is it the charges made for accommodation? I think so. A good family hotel would pay well either at Torquay or Formby. There are one or two private boarding houses. The p.s. *Annie* and the s.s. *Percy* make regular trips. Both Captains Phillips and Murray are very courteous, and I am sure would willingly give any person all the information they require. The cabin fare in each steamship is only 15s. Great dissatisfaction has been ex-

pressed at the *Annie* going to Waterhouse, and being irregular with her coast trips. The *Percy* is very punctual.

While I was at Torquay, an entertainment was held there on behalf of the funds for the erection of a Public Reading Room—an institution very much to be desired. Several good songs were sung, and readings given. Mr. Steer presided, Mr. E. Hopkins, of Launceston, played on a wooden harmonican, and a lady read—two new occurrences in the township. Mr. Reynolds has given the land upon which the reading room is to be erected. The concert or entertainment passed off well, the room was comfortably full, and the audience, as the newspapers say, “very respectable.”

When I passed the Harborne Hotel, near Deloraine, I noticed that Mr. Huett, the mail contractor, had started a conveyance to run from Deloraine to Torquay. I have no doubt that many persons wishing to see the country will take advantage of this mode of conveyance.—*Examiner*.

PORT ARTHUR.

WE wonder how many of our readers are aware that, with all our free colonial institutions, there is one portion of Australia, in which Parliamentary government stops, where Houses of Assembly and Legislative Councils are nowhere, where the Governor is nobody, and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, through her deputy, reigns supreme. To get into Port Arthur is about as troublesome as going into Russia, and it has rather more complicated passport regulations. The despot in the one case is Baron Brunow, or whoever may have the dubious honor of representing the Autocrat of all the Russias in London; the despot in the Tasmanian case—but a very mild despot—is the Hon. W. Nairn. However, be he mild or stern, good or bad, his *imprimatur* is the *sine quâ non* to get into the guarded land; and small blame to him, for it is no joke to keep lock and key on four or five hundred of the most incarnate villains on earth; for your Port Arthur criminal is not an everyday criminal—he simply represents incarnate wickedness. Just as wine is distilled out of grape-juice, and brandy out of wine, and so on to aqua fortis, so the *detenu* of Port Arthur in the ratio of crime stands in the rank of the doubly and trebly distilled, until he nearly attains to the pre-eminence of the Satanic. Here, locked up in a natural prison, with the wild sea waves on all sides, is a

selection of the blackest crime of Europe, the doubly and trebly convicted of crimes compared to which, in many cases, ordinary murder is a joke. It would be a trial worth trying, if Martin Luther, John Wesley, Ignatius Loyola, or any other religious luminary, could apply himself to these human tigers; and see if he could make anything of it. They have, most of them, reached the point of human existence—the real valley of the shadow of death—in which the human being becomes all animal, upon whom we read even while the soul is in the living body, Dante's motto, as written on the gates of hell—"Leave hope behind you, all who enter here!" With such a cage of human tigers to look after, Mr. Nairn's precautions are not a bit too many, though certainly we were not inclined to bless his prudence when we reached Eagle Hawk Neck, and found ourselves without a passport, all about which we had forgotten, and unable either to get forward or get back.

Eagle Hawk Neck, so called, is perhaps the oddest formation of the kind to be found in Australia. Anyone looking at the map will see that Tasman's Peninsula hangs like an earring from the rest of the Island, or rather like a second drop of the earring; Forestier's Peninsula forming the first. We had left that wonderfully beautiful Hobart Town at the earliest dawn, still slumbering in its cirlet of rose-gardens and geraniums, while the mists of night were gradually lifting from the bosom of its guardian mountain, which the rising sun crested with a coronal of indescribable splendor; and then into the silent bush mile after mile, over loose sand, through which our patient beasts plowtered fetlock deep through miles upon miles of wretched scrub, small gums and acacias, looking like widows bewitched; anon under gum trees, forest giants, huge in girth and towering into the deep blue sky; mighty dead silence around but for the chirp of a minah, and the squeak of a parrot; and at last the refreshing glimpse of the deep blue sea rolling in from New Zealand, and a distant ship curtsying before the breeze. Oh, that east coast of Tasmania, what a coast you are if one could but get at you! What sands, what rocks, what precipices 2,000 or 3,000 feet down, what noble pellucid waters! And oh! what an air!—as effervescent as champagne, and sweet as a woman's kiss! But still, as the beggar said to Voltaire, it is necessary to live: and the wanderer, even if he got up to this Ultima Thule, through the track ironically called Paradise—meaning, of course, the other place—will do well to remember the direction at the Spanish Inn,

"Here you will find everything—provided you bring it with you."

At last, however, we are at Eagle Hawk Neck. We have fulfilled the predictions of our dearest friends, and come to the dogs. And the dogs know it. Right out in the surf on the left, right out in the bay on the other hand right across a narrow spit some hundred yards across, right up on the hill-tops, there is nothing but bow wow. And worse than bow wow. As we draw nigher and nigher, with fear and trembling, the closer we look at the canine guardians the less we like them, and heartily rejoice that they are chained. Some are in casks, some on high stages, some tied to trees; most are big, some are small, but all are evidently evil-minded. They are, one and all, brothers or sisters, or first cousins, of Bill Sykes's dog, or that remarkable bulldog from Sandridge, with a stump of a tail, which was shown at the last canine exhibition in Melbourne. They roll their wicked red eyes, and lick their compact massive jaws, with an evident feeling of "wouldn't I like to get at you, my boy; and how nice you would taste." But the tough ropes check their little games, and their howling has done us service. As the barking goes on a quiet, soldier-like policeman comes out, and leads us, in spite of Cerberus, half as culprits, half as visitors, into the guard-house.

We have no passports. We must go back. Go back! a nice thing indeed; forty miles of back country got over since sunrise, and forty more to retrace. No such thing! Well, we can telegraph to Mr. Boyd, the acting superintendent, for leave to enter; or, if the worst come to the worst, as we look like gentlemen, we may be allowed to sleep on the benches. We prefer to telegraph, and we go into the guard-house, and are requested civilly to sit down. We sit down, with thanks, and look round. On a sloping bed of boards two weary guardians are sleeping as comfortably as on a bed of down. They are evidently tired-out. A third, a fine veteran of a fellow, is smoking his pipe, and with an intermediate whistle is cleaning his carbine. Two others are lounging outside, apparently in doubt whether they are awake or asleep. The dogs are silent now, but the boom of the everlasting surf, as the white waves come tumbling in on the beach, keeps up a perpetual roar. We turn disconsolately to the smouldering fire, and, offering our cigars to the smoking veteran, try to talk. "Did he like the situation? No, he did not like it at all. What did he most dislike? How was the pay? Very good. How were the rations? Fair enough.

What was there to do? Very little but to be up all the night. What was the grievance then?" "I'll tell you what it is, sir. A man been't a hanimal; a man has his feelings, and can't be merely fed up like a pig. He wants his chums, and here there is nothing but them everlasting dogs, and waves as keeps roaring away for ever. It was better in the olden times. There was some fun then." Did the prisoners ever try to escape? Sometimes. One dark night, four prisoners, led by a notorious blackfellow named Jakey, attempted to cross from a headland, called Sympathy Point, to Woody Island. The sharks took down all the Englishmen, liking their white skins, but the blackfellow got off. That was not up at the Neck, but on the other side, from Sympathy Headland to Woody Point. They know too well to try it on here. "But they do try it on here, mate," said one of the lounging gentlemen outside now pacing leisurely in. I remember in poor Captain Booth's time, when three of them tried it on. They had been out in the bush for about a week, and all manner of scouting parties were sent after them. Well it came on to blow hard; they were all swimmers; and as the dogs were three weeks out and pretty deaf by that time they reckoned they would risk it. The dogs pretty well deaf, how is that? Why the noise of the waves deafens them so that we had to change them as is out on stages once a month, till they gets back their natural hearing. But to the men—what became of them? Oh! the sharks took them down, all three, and we shouldn't have known what became of them but for their hats floating. They tried a bolder thing than that, though, said one of the sleepers on the board stool. They got away one bright day, and I'm blessed if they did not try to get across the nine miles to Bruni. They goes and cuts up a number of wattles, and covers them over with skins and old shirts, and tallows them over—a kind of packing-case they made of it, and out they go, and after a bit over it goes, and under they go, and don't turn up again. What was the chief evil they were running from, we ask. 'Baccy, sir, 'baccy. The flogging was bad; they used to flog them till they fainted, the surgeon standing by with his hand on the pulse. But they would dare anything to get 'baccy. They get enough of it now. Then they are well treated now? They are too well treated was the answer.

At last a change! there comes the tinkling of a bell. Hurrah! a telegram has arrived; we are free, and may freely enter into the enchanted ground of all wickedness. A wave of the hand, a kind adieu to our late cordial enter-

tainers, and we push on. Turning back a couple of hundred yards off, we espy under the rosy light of the declining sun the two sentinels verging once more into a quiet doze, and the veteran of the pipe looking stedfastly after us, and then turning to gaze upon the roaring surf.

But that ride under the rosy declining sun, tired as were our weary beasts, was a wonderful one. It is impossible to say too much of the extreme beauty of Tasman's Peninsula. Great mountains loom in the distance, throwing out huge shadows over the quiet waters. Beyond and between the broad channel of the estuary rolls down a volume of waters curling and hurling against the incoming sea breeze. On the inland board sleeps the sea in little shrub and flower engirdled lakes, with margins of bright sea-sand, on which Oberon and Titania might caper any moonlight night. But inland the view is somewhat as different as light from darkness. It is all bush, and horrid bush. The bush on Tasman's Peninsula is a regular man-trap. Trees and scrub, scrub and trees, rocks and swamps between, a labyrinth in which a compass is of little use, where, when food and water are out, the best thing anyone can do is to lie down comfortably and die. Such was the track in which Captain Booth so nearly lost his life. The very man whose business it was to know it all, and who did in a general way know it all, actually nearly lost his life within three miles of his own residence. It is all very well to talk of finding one's way out of a labyrinth, but when fallen trees are as big in the girth as a room, and the standing ones as high as the monument, a man, after a day or two, foodless and waterless, may as well give up the struggle. Booth broke the hammer of his pistol in attempting to strike a light. Then there seemed to be no hope; but there was hope. His two dogs hunted him out. For four days and five nights he had lain out incapable of moving, with nothing but leaves to chew, but luckily plenty of water to drink. We met with no such mishaps, for an excellent road brought us in sight of the settlement, just as the stars were twinkling out in the skies, and the track of the moonlight resting on the waters.

Seen in the fantastic moonlight, Port Arthur reminds one very much of Malta. The same pale bright sandstone forms the buildings, and they stand as at Valetta in tiers above the quiet waters. The illusion, moreover, is kept up by the military air of the place. Red-coated sentinels pace to and fro. The old sounds of "Who goes there?" and "Turn out guard," sound on the ear just as in a regular fortress; and we cannot help fancying that we are doing

a little bitter of military Europe in the midst of Australia. Whoever planned the buildings must have had a true eye for the picturesque. The church is especially pretty—a nice Gothic structure, worthy of an English village. The moonlight slept upon it with a loving kiss, and reposed upon the quiet waters of the slumbering haven, tinting them with silver. We were very much inclined to sleep ourselves, but at the invitation of the eminently courteous superintendent, turned our steps another way to look upon the apparently placid slumbers of probably the greatest congregation of incarnate ruffians that, the bagnes of Brest and Toulon not excepted, the world can produce.

Yes, it was a curious sight—curious from the question that impressed itself on the feeling, “How can these men sleep?” Not one of them, but under any but an English Government, would have been hanged a dozen times over, rank with villainies and unutterable wickedness, yet they were all soundly sleeping. The room, one of several, was a long apartment, eminently clean and well kept. As the sleepers lay, each passively in his separate cot, we curiously scanned their faces. All were pretty much alike. It is curious how a thoroughly-depraved man comes to look like a bulldog. The same savage jaw, low forehead, and half sulky, half threatening eye. But the human bulldogs in this case had at least so little of the animal that they felt the strong hand over them, and they slept on as if they had never sinned before, and never would sin again.

Port Arthur is an early place. At sunrise the gun fires, and human life wakes up. Seen at this time it is lovely. The first idea is “How possibly could this earthly hell have been slipped into this earthly paradise.” One great beauty of the scene is the lovely little island which lies off the entrance of the cove—bay it cannot be called. A lovelier spot it is impossible to imagine, but it has a sorrowful history. Deadman’s Isle it is called, and here rest the dead men, all their wickednesses and sufferings over. But time presses, the steamer is getting up her steam and we must lose no time, but get up ours too. First of all, to see the fellows feed. A very good breakfast, indeed; capital bread, capital fluid, and rather too much of both. Breakfast over, Pandemonium turns out to work. Work is it? It does not look much like it. It is not, at any rate, such hard work as writing an article. Half a dozen stalwart fellows lounge along before a cart which any two honest men, at five shillings a day, would rattle along. Detached parties, road parties, as they are facetiously called, crack stones as if they were cracking walnuts. The more

genteel have a nice billet as clerks. Captivity evidently agreed with some of them. Those with whom it does not agree get what they call solitary confinement. Solitary confinement means to lie upon your back, if so disposed, all day, eat capital meals, read books, if inclined to read, and whistle to yourself, but not too loud. As this course of punishment may hurt your health, the solitaries are turned loose into covered dens, much like that in which the bears are kept in the London Zoological Gardens, and are kept trotting up and down like the said bears, only that no buns are given. Upon the whole, to a man of philosophic mind, weary of the world and its troubles, we should strongly recommend, if he can manage it without committing murder, to be in solitary confinement at Port Arthur.

But time is up, and the steamer waits for no one. Steamed out of the harbor at a quarter-past nine a.m., having on board Captain S. and the guard of the 40th, some forty men strong. The after-deck was covered with the red coats, who seemed exceedingly merry, after a month's abstinence, with the prospect of a run among the grog-shops of Hobart Town. The settlement looked extremely pretty under the morning sun shining on the bright looking buildings, and lighting up the circuit of the pleasant hills. Then down to breakfast, and while getting through the sausages and chops, the increasing motion of the vessel told that we were running out into the open channel. For the next hour and a half the scene was magnificent. Port Arthur is a deep hollow in the wall of precipices which here front the billows of the south-western ocean, only partially broken some dozen miles across by the southern end of Bruny Island. The whole formation is basaltic, and the very lofty cliffs descend into the green waves in shafts of brown columnar rock, which in parts present the form of huge compacted walls, and in others, where the angles are presented to the everlasting fury of the winds and waves, tower to the sky in isolated columns like grand cathedral ruins. We passed successively along the bold front of the Brown Mountain, and a line of projecting rocks, dented with huge caves, resonant to the lunge of the subterranean billows. Behind, the coast line ended in the isolated island of Tasman. Next in front came Cape Raoul, and soon the rapid steamer swept us in front of the sky piercing this stupendous natural ruin. Another half-hour, and nature, tired of frowning, began to smile. The precipices melted into hills, which curved away along the wooded shores of a deep lake-like bay, with one tree-clothed islet smiling in the midst of quiet waters. The heights ahead

on either side ran together into one range; Mount Wellington with a cap of snow on his cumbrous form, drew nearer and nearer; and after a five hours' run of some fifty miles, we were once more ashore on the quay of Hobart Town.
—*Australasian*.

NEWSPAPERS OF TASMANIA.

At Hobart Town, the *Mercury* is published daily; the *Tasmanian Times*, daily; the *Evening Mail*, every evening; and the *Weekly News*, every Saturday; at Launceston, the *Cornwall Chronicle*, is published every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the *Launceston Examiner*, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

TIME TABLE OF PAGE'S COACHES

BETWEEN HOBART TOWN AND LAUNCESTON.

PAGE'S ROYAL MAIL COACHES.—Established 1848.—The Night Mail Coaches leave Hobart Town at 6:30 p.m., and Launceston at 6 p.m., daily, except Saturday. The Day Coaches leave Hobart Town and Launceston, respectively daily (Sunday excepted) at 5 a.m. Fares, inside, £2; outside, £1 10s.; 14lbs. luggage allowed each passenger; over 14lbs charged extra. Time of arrival from Hobart Town and Launceston at the different townships, as under:—

From Hobart Town to				From Launceston to			
Township	Mls.	Dy. Coach	Nt. Coach	Township	Mls.	Dy. Coach	Nt. Coach
Bridgewater	12	6:10 a.m.	7:45 p.m.	Perth	11	6:10 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Brighton	16	7	8:20	Snake Banks	20	7:30	8:20
Green Ponds	29	8:30	9:50	Cleveland	30	8:45	9:30
M. Mowbray	31	8:50	10:20	Campbell Tn.	40	9:45	10:40
Spring Hill	40	10	11:10	Ross	48	10:45	11:30
Jericho	44	10:30	11:45	Tunbridge	56	11:40	12:30 a.m.
Oatlands	52	11:30	12:30 a.m.	H. Wy. House	61	12:30 p.m.	1
H. Wy. House	60	12:30 p.m.	2	Oatlands	70	1:40	2
Tunbridge	65	1:10	2:25	Jericho	76	2:30	3:10
Ross	73	2:10	3:15	Spring Hill	80	3	3:40
Campbell Tn.	80	2:45	4	M. Mowbray	89	4	4:20
Cleveland	90	4:10	5:15	Green Ponds	92	4:20	4:45
Snake Banks	102	5:30	6:30	Brighton	105	5:45	6
Perth	110	6:30	7:15	Bridgewater	109	6:30	6:30
Launceston	121	8	8:30	Hobart Town	121	8	8

DIRECTIONS FOR FINDING ONE'S WAY

WHEN LOST IN THE BUSH.

NO ONE makes a good traveller of the bush but one that has actually experienced the fact of being lost, has remodelled his notions therefrom, and renewed his confidence by subsequent experiences. Him you may be sure of, but of another, a talker, you cannot by any means, so don't trust to him. It gives a certain vigilance of sensation to all minor phenomena that a neophyte does not dream of, while the very knowledge of how he went through such a scrape before sets him far more cool and collected. A regular fluterer and chatterer is then to him like a man that wants knocking down for the safety of the rest or even of yourself; he is dangerous, and the best thing he can do is to put a stone in his mouth, and suck that by way of amusement, or to keep his mouth supple from the exercise, and just follow, only answering when spoken to. One and all follow your leader, and no grumbling, no complaints, and lastly, but above all things, *no suggestions*; when your leader gives up *himself*, not before, lead yourself if only two, or appoint another by consent, not of the majority, but of those that are supposed by all to know best the bush. Do not suppose that because a man has a compass you are safe to follow him; he may know how to use it in some cases, but in bush traversing for your life or up to time, he may be further astray than without one. I was myself once with a party of nine going across country to a new rush-party in general conversation, left the lead to him with the compass, we made several miles longer both in time and distance, and should not have reached then but by putting away the compass, after taking the bearing. Compass in hand the first leader could not follow his course; why, turning slightly for easy walking, turning to miss scrub, turning in coming down an incline (*i.e.* making lee way), turning in going up an incline or hill side, turning from too much weight upon either shoulder, or even so much as carrying a walking-stick or gun, all tending to turn your course in the same way as a vessel steering due north by compass; still a current at right angles will make her *real course* several points more or less incorrect. You are sure to make lee way. Unless one has some specific mode by means of which he can guide himself, and be enabled to keep a comparatively straight course you are lost, compass or no compass. All around appears alike. Should it be near night, camp, settle yourself down as comfortable as circumstances will permit, break or cut down as many branches

as you can in the spot, which, if properly set up will even keep the rain off, and in the event of any one searching will be more easy to get upon your track. When leaving, break off tops of twigs and branches in your line, and let them hang now and then. Break one off and lay the butt end in the direction you are going : this is easier than blazing or cutting the trees, and can be done as you walk along. In fine weather the sun, and moon, and stars, should you have no compass, will serve to *give* the points of the compass, but do not, as also in the case of the compass, follow them ; get your course from them, taking into account the time at which you do so. Then follow your line of progression as near as you can. In this way act with the barrels of the trees, blades of grass, clods of earth, or other available fixed points of sight as the locality may provide, as so many sticks stuck up at different points upon the same straight line, and follow on, always fixing upon a third tree, &c., in the same line *before* you pass the nearest one to you. By this means, should the underwood be pretty clear, you will be sure to make out if not at the spot you thought of through a wrong calculation, you will at any rate avoid circle sailing or crossing over the same ground again ; and in most places unless one faces for the highest peak of the Himalaya you are sure to meet with some signs of civilisation that will give you a fresh course. You need not face into the highest mountain ranges when you know that the waters, valleys, gullies, and rivers all run away from them down into low country. Notice also the watersheds of the country ; there may be two opposite meet upon the same range you are placed upon. Determine by your course which is most likely to be the true fall of the ground or watershed towards your destination and follow. Do not go down into low ground, but keep it in view and follow leading ranges and spurs of ranges in your pre-determined direction. You need not go into any large extent of waste or mountainous country, &c. By knowing in what direction it lay from you *previous* to your being lost, it is a pretty safe supposition that you have not crossed it, and that you are upon the nearer side to it from where you started from. Simple facts will often save one's life ; not only the knowledge abstractly, but to remember them at the time. These can only be done by cool self-control, calm inferences from silent but truthful facts. Listen and consider not only to audible sounds but to silent demonstrations and self-evident inferences. Listen, see, consider : why do the generality of those trees lean to the N.E. and the longest branches ? I can't see the sun, it rains, but of those trees I have a

fixed index of the prevailing winds. Some of the branches are also broken off, and only horns left, and towards the stormy quarter. Then we have another look at that large gum tree; observe the moss and green stuff, sort of green mildew growing up one side of it. See it is always on the same side, yes, against the cold wet quarter (S.W.). In the deep forest it is sometimes all round the butt of the tree, but glance up the barrel you will find most upon one side, and they all correspond. Dead trees have only a slight green scum like moss. Again, upon dry ground, more open county, smaller timber, heavy heads, you will find the moss and other stuff upon the grass where the shade of the tree mostly plays, sometimes several feet off, but none upon the sunny side, or, if any, most upon the barrel side that is next the wet quarter. Cut into the barrel of a large tree, the bark, the sapwood and semi-diameter of timber wood from pith to periphery are larger upon one side than the other; this is where the sap of the tree is drawn most to the *sunnyside*, all the deposits of wood there are made larger or wider than the opposite. Where splitters have been working this will be easily seen, although in dense timber where the sun does not penetrate this is not so observable, but the moss still holds good. In more civilised places fences lie nearly N. and S. and E. and W.; cattle tracts away from fences all converge towards watering places. Don't cooeey to each other, but keep together, as others will take no notice of you, thinking it not intended for them when you do cooeey. When you get a direction *let one take the information and take it from one person at a time*; all may listen but for memory only if referred to, and do not be satisfied with contradictory statements, but take it from the readiest and most concise exponent. There are a multitude of apparently trifling points when one is out in the bush, but all tend to make to a bushman the bush as safe as a street. But they are few whose occupation lies entirely in scrub and wild country except for short periods, so that some of these notions may be of service if remembered by those that may require them in time of need. The foregoing, or the substance of it, seems to be required to be known by a good many people in out of the way places where business prospects, &c., may take them.—*Leader*.

On dit that the new township at the Waterhouse goldfield, Tasmania, for which 1,000 acres have been reserved, will be named, as a compliment to the hon. Mrs. Du Cane—Lyndhurst—after that lady's noble father, the first and only peer of that title.

LANDSCAPE SCENERY.

OF the 24 drawings by Eugène von Guérard just published, four of the number are of Tasmania—beautiful Tasmania.

1.—“Before the South Esk rising at a much greater elevation than the Tamar, effects a junction with the latter river, it descends a series of cataracts. The water has gradually worn its way through masses of basaltic rock, which assume the most fantastic forms, and present the appearance of a serpentine avenue lined with rude obelisks, clusters of massive pillars, large monoliths, and walls of natural masonry. Some are plumed with trees, others are tapestried with parasites, and all exhibit a prodigal diversity of form and position. Below brawls the torrent, fiercely hurrying downwards to find repose in the tranquil bosom of the Tamar: and above the stately confines of the stream, grassy slopes, sprinkled with timber, soften the otherwise rugged and austere character of the scene. The South Esk, it may be added, takes its rise among the eastern mountains near Tasman’s Peak, and receives several tributaries before it reaches its outfall at Launceston. 2.—Journeying across the island of Tasmania by the admirable road which connects its northern with its southern capital, the visitor keeps Ben Lomond in view, on one side, for two or three hours ;

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

It looks like the bold escarpment of a massive and craggy headland, facing a tempestuous sea, rather than a mountain chain which has its feet bathed in verdure, and looks down upon a scene of fertility and repose such as reminds the traveller, fresh from the mother country, of some of the landscapes in the midland counties of England. 3.—The situation of the southern capital of Tasmania is almost, if not altogether, peerless. Genoa, Naples, and Rio Janiero may assert their claims to vie with it in this respect, but it is doubtful whether nature has done so much for the last three cities as for the former ; and most impartial judges would concur in giving it the preference. Placed at the head of a noble estuary, and at the foot of a magnificent mountain, surrounded by foliage of English verdure, enveloped in an atmosphere of Ausonian blandness, and overarched by a sky of Australian brilliancy, Hobart Town fascinates the eye of the artist ; and, excepting in regard to some of its architectural details, combines all the elements of the picturesque, both as regards site and scenic accessories. Behind it, Mount Wellington rises

to an altitude of more than 4,000 feet, and its gigantic slopes are covered with forests, extending from its base to the edge of the bare granitic peaks, which are crested with snow during the winter months. In front of the city, the Derwent expands into a lake-like sheet of water, irregular in outline, and fringed by undulating hills dotted with farm houses. And the whole scene is dominated by the gigantic mass of the mountain, with its head in the clouds and its feet in the sea, filling the eye with its vast proportions, and impressing the mind by its imposing bulk. Sometimes it disappears from view for hours and days together, hidden by an impenetrable veil of clouds; and when, after these periods of retirement, it does reveal its utmost height and amplest magnitude, it seems to challenge a more fervid admiration and to compel a more respectful homage that it would do if it were perpetually visible and if familiarity blunted the spectator's perception of its undeniable sublimity. 4.—The tourist coasting the eastern shores of Tasmania, after having passed the magnificent basaltic formation, known as Cape Pillar, at the south-eastern extremity of the island, comes in sight of an imposing congeries of columns, of gigantic dimensions, rising abruptly from the ocean, and separated by a narrow channel only from Tasman's Peninsula. This sombre mass of closely wedged and lofty pillars has received the name of Tasman's Island, and seen under certain aspects of storm and sunshine, light and shade, it reminds the spectator of one of Doré's solemnly fantastic illustrations of the Inferno. Passing the strait, which divides the island from the mainland, you gain a fine view of the basaltic promontory of Cape Raoul; and some of the more remarkable features of the coast scenery have been so graphically described by Mrs. Meredith in her pleasant narrative entitled 'My Home in Tasmania,' that we cannot do better than quote the following passage:—'The entrance to Port Arthur was soon lost, and the island seemed to fold in, as it were, with the westerly Cliffs of the Cape, until, in a south view, they formed one towering stupendous mass of dark rocks, most richly tinged with the changeful rose-colored and purple and gold of the sunset's glorious hues, which shone forth in still greater lustre from contrast with the deep chasms and ravines which were in almost black shadow, and with the white-crested billows of the blue sea, that dashed their glittering spray high over the broken crags. It was a scene never to be forgotten!'"

PROGRESS OF TASMANIA.

(FROM THE HOBART TOWN MERCURY, DEC. 31.)

THE year 1869 has undoubtedly been one of progress in many satisfactory respects. It has witnessed the first completed success in the direction of fish acclimatisation. We speak of course of the larger experiment which has so long engaged the attention of the colony. This day last year we were hoping the salmon would be what we now know it to have become, not only a naturalised denizen of our waters, but an actual native of them, born in our waters, returned to the rivers from the sea, and spawning and breeding there. We shall begin the new year as we end the old one, with a full assurance that we have laid the foundation of an enterprise and wealth to which it is hard to assign limits. The salmon, amongst imported and naturalised fish, holds not our waters alone, but he is the monarch to whose supremacy the humbler trout and perch do homage. In other directions than fish acclimatisation the year has been one of triumph. The elk has reached us from Ceylon, and other additions to our naturalised wealth are promised us from this and other sources. If the anticipations that have been awakened during the closing year are realised, a new era will have been begun in our story, and Tasmania become at no distant day the great sporting ground of Australia. We are writing not as prophets, but as historians; but the importance of the past lies in its connexion with the future. And it is in the same sense we may interchange congratulations upon the preliminary steps that have been taken for opening up new branches of trade, and notably the establishment of larger commercial relations with India in connexion especially with the supply of timber for railway construction, and of meats for the distant markets of the world. This year has been marked by some circumstances calculated to awaken anxiety as to the continuance of Tasmania's present place in the wool market, in the face of increasing competition from other sources of supply; but it can scarcely be said that uneasiness has been occasioned to our growers—the impression being that with due attention paid to the improvement of the Tasmanian fleeces, they will be well able not only to hold their own, but to reach high prices in the markets open to the finer classes of fibre. In the matter of public works, the year has been one rather of project than of actual accomplishment. We must make one marked exception, viz., the completion of a large section of the Launceston and Western Railway. Nothing has been done in a

practical sense in connexion with the proposed main truck line. In other road improvements we have been passing through the stages of discussion and preparation. We may dismiss these notes of the year ending today, by recording that it has afforded better promise than any of its predecessors of the opening up of goldfields of richness in the northern part of the island, and that increasing attention is being given to various novel forms of agricultural industry which, successfully developed, will greatly enlarge the field for the profitable investment of capital, and the employment of labor.

A TRIP TO PORT ESPERANCE.

FROM HOBART TOWN.

THE steamer *Monarch* quitted the wharf shortly after 9 a.m., and gliding rapidly out across the glassy surface of the river, soon left the awakening city, with its glorious background of rugged mountain capped with fleecy clouds in her rear. The dazzling shores of Sandy Bay, flinging back skyward in silvery brightness the glare of the golden sunshine, receded in their turn, and presently the sombre shores of clay and sandstone, which flank the Brown's River road, gave place to the rocky declivities, which gradually deepen in hue, and increase in elevation, as the voyager nears the sea. One of the first objects to attract attention was a crop of some peculiar sort of vegetation, which was observed growing a few miles from town. This, on inquiry, was found to be a plantation of lavender, sown by Mr. Weaver, of Elizabeth Street, with a view to its utilisation as an article of commerce in connection with his chemical establishment. The little patches of cultivation here and there amidst the bush not unnaturally suggest to some of the strangers from the neighboring colonies the inquiry why the sunny slopes which fringe the river were not more generally turned to account—a question more easily asked than answered. The next points of interest were the precipitous wall of gloomy rock, into which the waves have worn the Brown's River Caves, and the pretty line of sandy beach which fringes the shore beyond them. Scarcely had these become disclosed to view than through an opening in the primeval trees, the orderly enclosures and buildings, from which the caves derive their name, contrasted strongly with the irregular, but always beautiful, forms of nature. Passing still onward, the light-

house on the Iron Pot, associated, as all such structures are, with reminiscences of the perils of the sea, opens gradually upon the view, and beyond it gleams the blue Pacific, its azure glories gradually fading away into a greyish haze which veils the far horizon. And now the steamer diverges from her course to the westward, and makes for the entrance to D'Entrecasteaux Channel. To her right lies the bold headland of Passage Point, surmounted by the Mount Lewis signal station, and sustaining, on its highest slope, the residence and garden of Mr. Pilot Harburgh. To the left, with a more gradual declivity, Kelley's Point, cleared and cultivated on a great portion of its surface, projects greenly into the slumbering water, but bears a crown of forest timber on its summit. The first reach of the channel now lies full in front of the visitor, and a noble expanse of water it assuredly is, flanked by ever recurring bays, and terminating, to all appearance, in a dark perspective of forest-clad hills. To the right lies Tinder-Box Bay, over-topped, in the remote distance, by the rugged peaks, which run far to the westward from Mount Wellington, and stand out as clearly defined against the sky as though they were cut in steel. On the opposite side of the channel is Bligh's Point,—a spot famous in the early history of Tasmania as that on which the notorious Captain Bligh of the "Bounty," afterwards Governor of New South Wales, camped with his followers for some weeks in tents, after he had been driven from the seat of his vice-regal authority, and had, still later, voluntarily exiled himself from the Government House of Van Dieman's Land. On the same shore is seen the entrance to Barnes' Bay, but the excursionists of Wednesday had not the good fortune to behold the beauties of that truly picturesque inlet. To the right again lies Oyster Cove, a locality full of sad interest, both to the ethnologist and the philanthropist, as the residence of the last surviving representative of a race, whose members, little more than half a century ago, were the only human beings treading the soil of Tasmania. A little further on, Little Oyster Cove presents a contrast in the trim orchard planted, and the neat homestead erected by Dr. Crowther to the thriftless lives of those all but extinct aborigines, whose decay has so lately claimed the notice of the passer-by. At this point another fine vista opens up terminating in Birch's Bay, where the land trending to the southward, imparts to the scene the aspect of a lake at its further extremity; but, before reaching that point, the visitor is carried pass Peppermint Bay,—a place possessing no striking features

of interest. Rounding Lennon's Point, the lake theory so recently indulged in is at once dispelled by the opening up of a long perspective of points and headlands, intersecting a fine expanse of rippling tideway, bounded, as the eye would lead one to suppose, by the elevated shores of South Brunie. To the left lies Kinghorn's Bay, and, in its immediate vicinity, a little spot which is, perhaps, the most worthy of remembrance of any within the limits of the trip now spoken of—Little Snake Island. Here, some years ago, a peaceful family named Cole, consisting of a father, mother, son, and two daughters, were suddenly set upon by three ferocious bushrangers. The father and son, after a desperate struggle, succeeding in dispatching two of their assailants but the third had the old man down, and was in the act of strangling him, when one of the daughters handed her father a knife, which he contrived, by a last effort, to bury in the ruffian's breast. In recognition of this heroic conduct on the part of the family, they received permission to occupy the island, free of rent, during the lifetime of the parents, and accordingly, the father being dead, Mrs. Cole still occupies the spot, and continues to dispense a kindly hospitality to all, irrespective of rank or condition, whom chance or necessity causes to visit her lonely home.

Another short stage of the journey brings the voyager to Green island, a verdant little place, remarkable, amidst the generally forest landscape, by the absence of timber, or even brushwood, from its unbroken surface. Here, again, the channel seems to be entirely blocked in by a long low strip of sand named Adventure Bay Neck which alone separates it from the ocean to the southward, and beyond this barrier, in the far distance towers grandly into the air, the noble outline of Fluted Cape. To the right from here lies Long Point and the township of Middleton, with woody Island some distance beyond them. A little further on the "Whale's-head," so called from a supposed resemblance to that portion of the leviathan's structure, and the most southerly point of the coast visible from the channel, looms cloud-like in the misty atmosphere of the fervid noon. Three Hut Point, famous for Mr. Abbott's fine garden of Rokewood, or rather, we may say, for that spot

Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild.

Taylor's Bay, conspicuous as the site of Mr. E. M. Fisher's saw-mill, and Partridge Island, are next passed in succession, but neither call for any special remark. Not so, however, with Arch Island, a low, rocky spot scantily crowned

with herbage, but whose interest lies in the fact that it has had a nearly circular aperture of several feet in diameter bored through it by the action of the waves. A few minutes more brings the steamer abreast of the entrance of the Huon River, directly off which lies the island of the same name. Looking up it, the eye rests upon a long vista of precipitous hills clad, from base to summit, with giant forest trees in a sublime monotony, varied only by the changing hues imparted to the foliage by the capricious sunshine and cloud-shadows. To the left, above the lower intervening land, the lordly Tasman's Head, whose wave-washed base rests in the blue waters of the Pacific, rears its massive bulk alike towards the sunshine and the storm-cloud—one of those glorious buttresses which nature built in the bygone ages to do battle with the billows and the winds. To the right from this point, Hope Island, opening rapidly into view, indicates the vessel's near approach to Port Esperance, in the mouth of which the island lies. The little harbor is bounded on the North by Point Hope, and on the South by Point Scott; and it was off the latter that, some 12 years ago, the ship Catherine Shearer, having, by some unknown means, taken or been set on fire, was blown up by a quantity of gunpowder, which formed part of her cargo. Besides Hope Island, there are two much smaller islets in Port Esperance named respectively Hope and Charity; and on the last mentioned, which lies between the other two, a number of shipwrecked seamen have been buried. The scenery on all sides is highly picturesque, and from the entrance the visitor can gratify the wish expressed by Byron to "once more look upon the sea," for before him, in all its sublimity of restlessness and silence and solitude, the broad Pacific stretches away to the ice-bound oceans and shores of the southern pole.—*Mercury*.

THE *Hobart Town Mercury* gives a favorable notice of two pictures of Tasmanian scenery executed in chromo-lithography, which are, it believes, the first works of art of the kind ever executed in Tasmania. As such, they reflect infinite credit upon the artist whose production they are, viz., Mr. A. Randall, of Hobart Town. The drawings were made by Mr. W. C. Piguénit, and are graphic illustrations of local scenery. One of them represents the River Derwent near New Norfolk, and the other, the River Shannon near Mount Pleasant.

AN EXCURSION TO MOUNT ROLAND.

OUR party, under the very able conductorship of Mr. Henry Dawson, left Kentish Plains at six o'clock for the purpose of ascending Mount Roland, distant seven or eight miles. Crossing the River Dasher at a spot known as Dooley's Plains, we soon found ourselves on rising ground. The mountain is 4,047 feet high, and being very precipitous on the Kentish side, you may imagine that the ascent was something like hard work ; especially the last half-mile, being very steep and covered over with a vine known as Tangled Bohera, which was up to our waist in most places. Forcing our way through and over this, combined with steepness, made this part of the journey anything but pleasant ; many vowing, inwardly and outwardly, that it was the last time old Roland would ever see them up there. " Spell ho ! " became very frequent towards the last, not being able to make above four chains without a rest. After about six hours we reached the top, to the no small gratification of all the party. The mountain, though looking so small from a distance, we found so large that two of our party were literally lost for two hours, while looking for water. After the " Billy " had been swung and dinner discussed, we commenced our rambles. The southern side of the mountain presents a very pretty view, sloping off gradually, and looking like a vast bowling green. The Mersey is seen just at the foot of the hill, with Chudleigh, Whitefoord Hills, and Deloraine in the distance. We were unfortunate in having a very smoky day, so that we could not see, clearly, a great distance. Though the weather has been so dry, we found a considerable sheet of water, which is to be known by the name of Smith's Lake. Some smaller water-holes we called Morris's Lagoons. The western end of the mountain is very precipitous, and it makes one shudder to look over the rocks straight down on the tops of the trees beneath. As loose rocks were pushed over, it made us hold our breath as we listened, some moments, for the crash beneath. Night approaching, we gathered some wood, and sought shelter under the lee side of some rocks, till morning. Our quarters were not to be despised but our beds were not of the softest, consequently Somnus did visit us, and his attendant Morpheus was not looked for ; we were glad, therefore, to go to the brow of the hill, and welcome the morning sun. Breakfast being announced and eagerly despatched, we commenced our tour of the eastern portion of the Mount, ascending peak after peak, and having a fine view of the Plains beneath. There

was a somewhat singular sight of a huge rock, in the shape of a General's cocked hat, poised on the point of another in such a manner, that one would think a puff of wind would blow it over, and send it down the vast gorge beneath. We estimated its weight at from 15 to 20 tons. On the highest point we saw an old surveying station; it has been a square structure made of seven or eight inch saplings, ten feet long, pinned together at the corners. It is now mostly blown over, and lies scattered down the rocks; it must have been erected many years, judging by the appearance of the timber. Upon one log we saw the initials "A. C. W.," and "F. G. Groom, 1861," in full: these being the only indications that the place had been visited by human beings.

At half-past nine we commenced the descent, which was not so hard as going up. In following down a stream called Blackwood Creek, we discovered a very pretty waterfall, which, reckoning perpendicularly, would be about thirty feet, and, as it was supposed no white man had ever seen it before, we christened it Dawson's Falls.

Arriving at our original starting point at two o'clock, three hearty cheers were given for our leader; and the party took different roads homewards, thoroughly tired, yet thoroughly pleased with the excursion.—*Examiner*.

HINTS TO PEDESTRIANS.—The tourist need scarcely be told that the fewer incumbrances, in the shape of luggage, that he carries with him, the better. At the same time, he will bear in mind how annoying it is to omit taking any thing which he cannot easily procure on the road. The inference is plain; a little consideration beforehand may tend to obviate both causes of annoyance. A knapsack, to be slung on the back (a fishing-basket is no bad substitute), will be required for holding those little articles, indispensable to his personal comfort, which are oftenest called into service; whilst a portmanteau containing the bulk of his baggage may be forwarded by coach, to await his arrival at the next town. Shoes allow freer play to the ancles than boots: for walking, they should have moderately stout soles, and fit comfortably: for climbing, the soles should be studded with nails, so as to catch the ground. Gaiters heat the ancles, and make the feet insufferably hot, especially in a mountain ramble; they should therefore be reserved for the tops of coaches, or driving in cold weather. An experienced pedestrian well knows that the feet suffer much less in worsted stockings, however coarse, than in cotton. Some sort of waterproof cloak, of light material, and that folds up easily into small compass, should not be forgotten. A flask containing brandy, which may be diluted at the springs on the way, will be found no unnecessary burden. A pocket compass may be usefully employed in discovering the traveller's position with reference to the surrounding country.—*Black's Guide Book*.

ACROSS THE STRAITS.

GOING to the other side is now becoming a matter of course to those who "long in city pent" desire amidst new scenes, to regain health, impaired by severe and prolonged application to bread-winning, with all its concomitant cares and anxieties ; and, in a climate less exhausting than that of Victoria, to drink in deep draughts of those life-giving elements so essential to the man who has to toil, day after day, for the means of subsistence. Nor can we conceive any portion of these colonies better adapted to infuse fresh energies into a relaxed frame. The change of scene and of climate is so marked and so thorough, that the mind, accustomed to the bustle incidental to a large city, becomes soothed and braced up for future efforts ; whilst the moderate temperature, the many refreshing watercourses meandering through rich pasture lands, its lofty and majestic mountains, its delightful vegetation never parched, all render it a paradise on earth.

The *désagrémens* which usually attend a sea voyage are not unfrequently urged as an objection to visiting Tasmania, especially by the weaker sex ; but it should be remembered that the duration of the trip is scarcely more than twenty-four hours, three of which are spent in comparatively smooth water as far as Port Phillip Heads, and an equally long period on the other side in sailing up the beautiful river Tamar, with its exquisite and varied scenery, unrivalled in any of the Australian colonies.

Thus much premised, let our readers accompany us on a trip across the Straits. Securing a cabin at the agents' offices in Elizabeth Street, a few days beforehand, to prevent disappointment, we betake ourselves on board at the hour appointed, soon after which the vessel is unmoored, and soon is wending her way past the shipping at the wharves, the inodoriferous boiling-down and fellmongering establishments, the Saltwater River, Williamstown, and the Bay,—crammed with vessels of all sorts and sizes, from the stately man-of-war, with its formidable array of rakish-looking guns peeping from the portholes, down to the elegant but diminutive pleasure yacht ; getting a peep at the You Yangs, which loom out in the distance ; by the lightship, the pretty village (we beg pardon—municipality) of Queenscliff, with its battery and lighthouses ; Point Nepean and the Quarantine ground, Point Lonsdale, and away through the Rip, which extends from one side of the Heads to the other.

Generally there is pretty smooth water here considering the rapid current ; but occasionally the sea runs mountains high. Indeed, some short time back, this was the scene of a fearful disaster—two persons being washed overboard from one of the steamers whilst crossing the Rip after a heavy gale, a sea suddenly washing on board and sweeping them off the poop-deck, without any chance of rescue, into the boiling waters below. Happily, however, accidents of so painful a nature are very unfrequent. Turning to the left, after passing Point Nepean, the steamer's course is kept pretty well in sight of land up to Cape Schanck, and then until sighting it in Tasmania, none other is seen.

Pleasant companionship to wile away the time is always to be met with on this route, and the tourist who is of an inquiring mind may learn much of the island which he is visiting from some resident returning after a business or pleasure trip to Melbourne ; the latter being to Tasmanians as agreeable a change as the one to Tasmania is to *ennuyéed* Victorians. The entrance to the Tamar demands careful navigation ; but the course is so well buoyed, and every inch of the ground so well known to the experienced officers who command the steamers, that danger is not thought of, or likely. Here is a lighthouse, one hundred and forty feet in height—the light from which can be seen a considerable distance at sea—and a telegraph station, by means of which the arrival of the steamer, the names of passengers, and telegrams of late colonial news are forwarded to Launceston, and thence to Hobart Town—the southern capital.

Almost the only thing which appears to stir the apathetic inhabitants of Tasmania is a stroll to the telegraph office on a steamer being signalled, to peruse the information so obtained a few hours in advance of her arrival at the wharf, and thence to the offices of the several newspapers which publish extraordinaries for gratuitous distribution. After passing through the Heads we get into Lagoon Bay, a kind of harbor of refuge for weather-bound vessels ; pass the little hamlet of Kelso, where are some substantial villa residences ; and then get a sight of the more pretentious township of George Town, the resort of northern Tasmanians during the summer months. Here is a church, a public reading-room, a post office, three hotels and a police station, with a population numbering between two and three hundred.

A more delightful place for a month's sojourn it would be difficult to find ; the bathing is good, and safe ; the walks

in the neighborhood are shaded, and most picturesque ; and in the vicinity are many spots of interest and beauty, where a day may be agreeably and happily spent, and to which access can be had, at a cheap rate, by water. Garden Island, for example, close by George Town : Ilfracombe, rich in mineral deposits ; York Town, the site of the first settlement : Middle Island, etc., etc., all of which we steam by.

The fishing in this district is good, and the neighborhood is rich in botanical treasures on sea and land ; and the worthy pastor of the Church of England is ever ready to afford his advice, and, not unfrequently, his assistance to those who desire information as to either. Through his instrumentality, we believe, the monotony of the place has been relieved by weekly readings and music, which have served to bring the inhabitants and visitors more frequently together in a social manner than was formerly the case.

Whirlpool Reach, at which we now arrive, has lately been the scene of blasting operations, to remove a somewhat formidable obstacle to the safe navigation of the river, in the shape of a rock, to which attention was more prominently called in consequence of the total wreck on it, some months since, of the schooner " Petrel," trading between Launceston and Hobart Town. The diver engaged to examine the rock reported it to be somewhat elliptical in shape, lying parallel with the reach, about N.E. and S.W., and the surface which it presented he compared to an inverted saucer, from the south-west side of which a piece had been sliced off. Thus, for three-fourths of its circumference it was shelving, whilst on its southern and south-western sides it was precipitous, plunging down abruptly over twenty fathoms. A five-fathom sounding at low water give the dimensions of the rock as one hundred and sixty feet in length, by eighty feet in width, with a bunch of pinnacles above the centre of its south-western side, one of which was from twelve to fourteen feet high. It is satisfactory to know that the result of recent operations has been the removal of a large portion of the rock, leaving a fair depth of water at all times sufficient to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster as that recorded.

On the west side of the river is a Presbyterian Church and manse. From this point we steam on to Spring Bay, Egg Island, Swan Point and Swan Bay, Gravelly Beach, and Nelson shoals—a mud patch at low water, with a current flowing on its western side. About fourteen miles from Launceston is Windermere, where is a church and flour mill, and further on, Rostella, the residence of the

Rev. H. P. Kane ; then Dilston, where a regatta is held annually—on New Year's Day.

At Pig Island, the first peep of the town of Launceston is obtained, and ere it is reached, the residences of William Grubb, Esq., William Barnes, Esq., M.H.A., and John Thompson Esq., may be noticed. Rounding Stevenson's Bend—the site of the annual Tamar regatta—we skim past the tea tree scrub, and in a few minutes are at the bar. If it be high tide, the steamer proceeds at once to the wharves ; but should this not be feasible, passengers can get ashore in one of the many watermen's boats which put off. A pretty peep may be obtained from this of the gorge of the South Esk, which empties its waters into the Tamar here, across which is an elegant iron bridge, the design of W. T. Doyne, Esq., engineer to the Launceston and Western Railway. Few will content themselves with a passing glance at this picturesque spot, but will make a more intimate acquaintance with it by-and-bye. The grandeur of the place with its high rocks, through which the waters impetuously glide and dash, when lighted up at night during the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, is quite beyond our powers of description ; it reminded us of some of those scenes described in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

If we stay a while at the bar, pending the rising of the tide we have time to take a bird's-eye view of the town and its surroundings. It is situated on a hill-side, with noble mountains in the rear, the streets running parallel one with the other, from the wharves to the extreme end of the town, intersected by others at short intervals. The numerous villa residences, with which the hill-sides are studded, loom out very prettily and attractively, and, instead of the monotonous appearance which most towns of the same size present, every house has its well appointed garden of fruit trees and shrubs, which impart a delightfully countrified aspect to the place. How peaceful its aspect now to what it presented prior to the conciliation of the blacks may best be understood by quoting from West's History of Tasmania, to the effect that, from the Windmill Hill, which is prominent to the left of the town proper and whence a wide and beautiful country is visible, the spectator could discern the site of twenty aboriginal murders—settlers, servants, and infants.

Launceston is named after a town in Cornwall (England), and the Tamar from a river of the same name, also in that country. As we steam up to the wharves, we find they are lined with people, especially if it be Sunday, who

appear to regard the advent of a steamer from Victoria almost as the coming from another world ; cabmen are clamorous for fares, the custom-house officer persistent in detaining your luggage, pending examination that it contains no dutiable articles, and, altogether, the scene is a busy one, such as is seldom witnessed at any other time in the town. But our luggage having satisfactorily passed the supervision of the custom's authority, we hail a jarvey, and drive to the hostelry of our choice. We may remark that the principal hotels are the Launceston and Brisbane, in Brisbane Street, besides others of less pretensions, which, however, afford good accommodation. If it be in spring the visitor arrives in Launceston, he will witness a sight of surpassing beauty, the place being just one vast orchard with fruit blossom in its many tints, always recalling to our memories certain orchards on a river's bank in Devonshire in the old country, through which we were accustomed to ramble when piscatorially inclined, cooling our parched throats at will with the juiciest of apples which hung in dense clusters overhead. But this is not spring, but the height of summer ; and yet, as we drive along the streets, a pleasantly cool breeze is wafted past us, which augurs well for our future enjoyment.

After a bath, and refreshing our inner man with a comfortable meal, which we can the better appreciate now that we are on *terra firma*, without the fear of having your plate thrown into your lap, or of seeing your tempting liverwing and surroundings suddenly vanish in the direction of your neighbor sitting opposite. The meal accomplished, then comes a saunter through the town. Of course, one is struck with the English appearance of the place, and the listlessness of the shopkeepers, who stand at their shop doors, waiting, apparently, for something to turn up, but too apathetic to go forth and seek it.

At certain hours of the day, when the inhabitants betake themselves to their homes to dine, not a soul can be discerned from one end to the other of even the lengthiest streets ; and at no time, except on Saturday evenings, when the town-folks are astir, making their purchases for the ensuing week, and the occasion already mentioned (the arrival of a steamer), is there anything approaching a crowd to be seen. No matter ; the quiet suits our present frame of mind, since we did not visit the place to be hustled about as in Bourke Street ; and we wander along as the spirit moves us, up one street and down another, sniffing the delicious

perfumes from the hawthorn and sweetbriar hedges, which protect the gardens in front of each dwelling-house.

The principal streets as will soon be seen, are Saint John's—running from the water side to the extreme end of the town, about a mile in extent—and Brisbane Street, which crosses it about midway. In the former commencing riverwards, are the volunteer buildings, the Town Hall, the Mechanics' Institute (in which are some well painted portraits, life size, of the Queen and Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with a spirited painting of some aborigines, all by Mr. Robert Dowling, a native of the town), the Government Buildings—comprising the electric telegraph station, post office, etc.—St. Andrew's Church the Union Bank, the Theatre Royal, St. John's and St. Chalmers' Churches, and the Jewish Synagogue. In Cameron Street, Trinity Church and the Bank of Australasia are the two most prominent buildings; in Paterson Street, the new Wesleyan Church, the Gaol, the Invalid Depôt. In Brisbane Street are the principal shops and places of business.

The public gardens are delightfully situated, and have an entrance in Tamar Street, but they are little appreciated by the townsfolk. There is also a pretty square in St. John Street, tastefully planted, and much frequented. The Public Library is well worthy of a visit; it contains a good collection of books, and is open to visitors, at stated hours, daily. Here is a portrait of the Right Reverend Dr. Nixon, late Bishop of Tasmania, purchased by several gentlemen, and presented by them to the members of the Church of England in Launceston, as a memorial of the first bishop of the diocese. It is the work of the Rev. G. Nixon, of Windermere, and was exhibited at the Intercolonial Exhibition.

A very short visit amongst Tasmanians will do much to disabuse the mind from the absurd prejudices which exist with many, who cannot forget—or *disremember*, as an Irishman would say—the antecedents of the colony. The people are proverbially hospitable, and there is an entire absence of anything likely to recall the fearful ordeal through which the colony has passed. The smoke from a number of lofty chimneys shows that there is *some* energy in at least a portion of the population. There are several breweries, bark and bone crushing mills, saw mills, iron foundries, etc.; still Tasmanians are lamentably dull in developing the rich resources of the colony—the coal, iron, ore, timber, and notably gold for which the Government now offer large rewards in the event of a payable field be-

ing discovered. Those who possess capital—and they are by no means few—prefer to invest it, without risk, in the undertakings of other colonies ; whilst those who have energy, and desire to see Tasmania progress, embark in colonial ventures with inadequate means, which too commonly necessitates their relinquishing operations just at the point when success was most likely to be attained. An infusion of new blood and capital is what is urgently needed in Tasmania, to make her prosperous ; but on the principle that “ God helps those who help themselves,” the natives must put their shoulders to the wheel, and heartily co-operate in any undertaking which may be set afloat for the common weal.

The neighborhood of Launceston is rich in scenery, which can scarcely be rivalled anywhere else in the world. A late writer, and one able to form an opinion on the subject, remarks :—“ In describing my impressions of the landscape scenery of Tasmania, I write with a vivid recollection of some of the loveliest parts of Europe, and I do not hesitate to say that that island combines some of the most attractive features of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In the neighborhood of Launceston I was constantly reminded of Tuscany. The valley of the Arno seemed to spread before me, girdled by the purple Appenines ; and at Corra Linn, the rushing river, and the rocks, tapestried with foliage, brought back to mind the Via Mala and the ascent to the Splugen Pass, in Switzerland.”

Corra Linn, which is about six miles from town, is a most lovely spot, and the visitor should made up his mind to spend a day there ; he will find nature in many phases—high basaltic rocks covered with gaily flowering shrubs, the rushing waters ever and again subsiding into peaceful basins, as if to regain fresh strength before pursuing their course riverwards to swell the ocean. If he be a fisherman and a pedestrian, he will return by the many windings of the stream, and do his best to lure some of its finny inhabitants from their native haunts. In some quiet nook near Clarke’s Ford, which he must pass on his homeward course he will cast his line as in the home country, over clusters of the purple loose-strife, or entangle his tackle in the floating pondweed ; he may startle the bittern from the dry reeds, or the wild duck from its lair ; whilst the river banks are gay with bushes of *Leptospermum*, over which the wild convolvulus twines in profusion.

The basin of the Cataract close by Launceston is just another such a peaceful retreat, where the waters of the South Esk foam and dash through a narrow channel of

precipitous rocks, until a wider space affords them tranquillity. It is said that a native chief who accompanied the commandant to Launceston in 1847, expressed a wish to be taken to the spot. (It was a station of his people ;—precisely the kind of place which gypsies, on the “business of Egypt,” would choose for their tents.) As he drew nigh, his excitement was intense—he leaped from rock to rock, with the gestures and exclamations of delight. So powerful were his emotions, that the lad with him became alarmed lest the associations of the scene should destroy the discipline of twelve years’ exile ; but the woods were silent ; he heard no voice save his own, and he returned pensively with his young companion.

On the rocks may be gathered some of the most beautiful of native shrubs, such as *Boronia Gunnii*, *Veronica formosa*, *Correa Lawrenciana*, *Cryptandra ulicina*, the lowly-trailing *Bæckia thymifolia*, many *leguminosæ*, the showy *Indigofera*, the cream-colored *Lomatia*, and many others equally lovely ; and the native birds flit about from bush to bush quite unmolested. The Punch Bowl, only a couple of miles from Launceston, should also be visited. It is a deep and precipitous gorge, which appears to be cut out of the solid rock, on the Penquite estate, the property of Alexander Goldie, Esq. Then there are the railway works ; the line passing through some picturesque spots—St. Leonard’s, Jingler’s Valley, and many other country townships on to the terminus at Deloraine, where are some caves which the visitor would do well to inspect. There are also several private gardens in the district, which those of horticultural tastes will doubtless obtain permission to visit.

But the trip—*par excellence*—is that to Hobart Town in one of Page’s well-appointed four-horse coaches, driven by a genuine Tony Weller, over a splendid turnpike road ; and arrived at the southern capital, one is bound to explore the beauties of Mount Wellington, of which Mr. James Smith has recorded his impressions. He says :—“When one explores the leafy recesses which abound upon its slopes, fresh demands are made upon the admiration.

“Out of fairyland it would be hard to find anything more elfin and fantastic than the fern-tree coverts. The depth of shadow under the curving fronds ; the silence, broken only by the chiming music of the cold transparent rill, the twitter of a bird, the hum of a wandering insect the sullen murmur of the distant cascades, or the rustling stir of the topmost leaves of the towering trees, as the southern breeze whispers to them a message from the far-off sea ; the bright green ferns, springing from the mossy trunks

of the mouldering giants of the forest, turning decay into beauty, and making the graves of the mighty dead the cradles of young life ; faint perfume of the aromatic shrubs ; the grand proportions of the fallen timber, and the thick tapestry of velvet moss, to which Nature working in harmony with a foregone purpose, gives a fern-like conformation, and which yields to the pressure of the foot like a three-pile carpet. All these properties and adjuncts of the scene seem to qualify it for a region of romance."—*Australian Journal*.

CHARGES FOR TELEGRAMS OF TEN WORDS

BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

It has been officially announced that, in future, the charges for the transmission of telegrams between Australia and Tasmania will be as follows :

			s.	d.
Between Victoria and Tasmania	6	0
Between New South Wales and Tasmania	11	0
Between Queensland and Tasmania	14	0
Between South Australia and Tasmania	11	0

Further information can be obtained upon application at any of the electric telegraph stations. Press messages are transmitted at reduced rates.

There is a probability of the above charges for telegrams to and from Tasmania being reduced, as the company's superintendent finds that the use of the cable is not so universal as had been anticipated. Some time since he deemed it advisable to suggest to the authorities at headquarters the desirability of a reduced consistent scale of charges in unison with those of Victoria, and the other Australian colonies. Compared with the rates of New South Wales and Queensland, the new company's charges may be said not to be excessive. However, the present tariff is generally considered too high, consequently the cable is not patronised to a great extent. It may be mentioned that great expense (about £70,000) has been incurred in the construction of the line by a private company, and we should feel grateful to the proprietors of the cable for their endeavor to further the interests of Australia, though at the same time they may be serving their own.

A SUMMER TRIP TO TASMANIA,

FROM MELBOURNE. BY ÆGLES.

TEN years of the hottest side of Collins Street—ten years of business battle in a feverish and exciting occupation, with scarcely a break or interval of rest—predisposed me for a few weeks' holiday. Ten years of life in Melbourne implies more than a decade's wear and tear in duller and easier-going communities; and thus it was with something like the ardor of younger days I turned my back for a few weeks on the sweltering January heat, the blinding dust, and the stereotyped complaints of bad times, for a short run out of harness. By sea, of course. The landsman, ever forgetful of heave and roll, of throbbing screw and thrashing wave, still turns longingly to blue water and the fresh breezes which ripple and roughen its surface, to blow off the accumulated cobwebs of a routine life ashore. In ordinary weather the home on the rolling deep, as experienced between Williamstown and Queenscliff, is enjoyable enough. The knowing-looking young fellows, with yachtsman hats, are doing nautical talk in the intervals of cigar whiffs on the bridge. The passengers generally, like genuine chips of the Anglo-Saxon block, glower distrustfully at each other, for they haven't been formally introduced. Unlike some steamboat managements well-furnished dinner-tables on board the Tasmanian steamer are provided whilst we are still in smooth water. Running along merrily with a gentle breeze, and a varying panorama of wooded hills on the left, we adjourn to dinner *en masse*. We sit down to that appetite-satisfying meal, some fifty-seven strong. In three brief hours the steward's bell assembled for tea but a poor half-dozen! Where are the rest of us? Where are the yachtsmen who paid such vigorous attention to the cold sirloin—where can have concealed themselves those bold quaffers of pint beakers of Guinness's stout whose digestion I had enviously regarded? Not on deck are they to be found. Alas! can those sounds of inarticulate distress represent all that we shall know of our nautical passengers for the next four and twenty hours? Sufferers, I sympathise with you. I feel deeply for you, prompted by that fellow-feeling which makes the whole world kin. Like yourselves, that treacherous heave and plunge which euphuistic mariners call "the rip"—that watery Cerberus which relentlessly guards the gates ajar of the great Victorian harbor—have proved a warning to myself. Prudent were those wide-awake girls who retreated to those secret and probably rose-leaf bowers

which Providence, and the company, had provided especially for them, whilst still in smooth water. They deprived themselves of the last view of those one-eyed sentinels rising tall, white, ghost-like above the red bluffs of Queens-cliff. I fancy these gentle ones had crossed Bass's Straits oftener than the owners of the seaman-like hats, and were discreet enough to be aware that human nature never looks so uninteresting as when the sea-god compels unwilling sacrifice. I think mankind seldom presents so thoroughly humiliated an aspect as when clinging convulsively to the lee rail (having been ordered from the weather side). There is something particularly uncanny-looking in those great lumps and pits of water, which move like no recognised nor orderly sea-swells. You can't tell to what dizzy height the next watery lever will hoist your ship—into what pit of inky liquid it may hurl her headlong. A dismal passenger clutching wildly at a belaying pin reminds his neighbor that a young lady was washed from the deck of the Black Swan at this particular spot. However, we pass through our Victorian hell-gate safely, as have thousands of ships before, and ere long we have the Pulpit Rock and the light on Cape Schanck almost abeam. With a favoring breeze gradually the light dips down and we lose for a time our last land-mark of home. Within twenty hours of the Queen's Wharf, Melbourne, we are close into the sea-mouth of the Tamar. And a welcome sight is land to the unaccustomed voyager even after so brief an interval of salt-water. In a few minutes we are through the entrance of a noble tidal river, with some forty miles of inland navigation before us. I may as well confess that the scenery from George Town to Launceston, makes a Victorian severely envious. One wouldn't mind exchanging even our poetically named Yarra Yarra for the broad and almost majestic Tamar. Again and again the banks recede into bay after bay—the hills rich with foliage and the occasional campaign lands now yellowed with ripening grain. There are, of course, some elements of Yarra navigation of which it would grieve the practical mind to be bereft. As a business community it would, no doubt, be very terrible to lose those budding industries which thrive and multiply upon the river bank in a remarkably unpleasant atmosphere of repulsive odors. But the assault upon the nostrils of the people who give no thought to political economy is something so unparalleled that it is really worth the consideration of the owners of passenger steamers, whether they ought not to receive and discharge passengers at some of the Bay piers instead of running so revolting a gauntlet.

I am forgetting that it is of the Tamar I would say something and not of the Yarra. The picturesque bends and sweeps of the Tamar suggests the Hudson—the similitude being, of course, in miniature. Near Launceston there exists a natural barrier to navigation except at favorable periods of the tide. There are hours of every day when the little steamers which bridge the Straits cannot pass this bar. “Why don’t they take some trouble to remove the obstacle?” I inquired. “My dear Sir,” replied Captain —, “they take nothing—but the dues.” At length we are ashore, the people most dilapidated by sea-sickness having freshened up wonderfully in costume and complexion, whilst we have been doing the canal-boat business up the river and been warped round the sharp bend which leads to the steam-boat wharf. The pier is crowded, for the bi-weekly arrival of the Melbourne steamer is an event too sensational to be neglected by the good people of Launceston. Amongst the cabs I see no hansom, but several jingles of Melbourne fashion, and a genuine Sackville Street inside car, with a correspondingly national driver. Shortly the Launceston hotels have overflowed, and a portion of the new arrivals have to hunt up lodgings where they can. The stranger can hardly help being struck with the lack of enterprise among the class who cater for the wants of travellers. Without desiring to decry the quality of hotel accommodation, it does seem remarkable that the Launceston hotels are full for about four and twenty hours after the steamer arrives, and are then almost empty until a fresh batch of arrivals give them another four and twenty hours’ supply of short-staying incidentals. Nine out of ten of the tourists who land at Launceston make a hasty scampering visit to Corra Linn, the Punch Bowl, and the Cataract, and go on with the shortest possible delay to Hobart Town, which with its surroundings, monopolises the greater portion of their time, and benefits largely by the outlay of visitors. Now, without decrying the natural beauty of the Derwent, the picturesque situation of Hobart Town with its always grand background of Mount Wellington, I think that the majority of visitors to Tasmania miss an infinity of beauty in the country round about Launceston. In former years I made some stay in the southern capital, and on this occasion I embraced the opportunity of looking in a lazy unenergetic way at what was to be seen within thirty miles’ radius of the northern city. Launceston strikes the visitor from Melbourne as uncommonly finished (I intend no double meaning). The public buildings and houses are complete, and have no

blank gables left upon which to patch new wings when business expands. They don't expect business to expand, and therefore they finish their public offices and churches out of hand. It was with almost antiquarian interest I read an inscription dated 1825 upon a memorial marble in a Launceston church. The charm of Launceston is that it is English in appearance. You might fancy yourself in any one of fifty fourth-rate British market towns. After the harsh newness of upstart Melbourne, there is a mature mellowness, sometimes dashed with mildew, which affords just the kind of contrast the visitor needs. A well-built little town is Launceston—*terés aque rotundus*. Nestling in a saucer-like hollow from the surrounding heights there are ample opportunities of enjoying its quiet comfortable-looking, slow-going, well-to-do appearance. If it be a Sleepy Hollow, is not that just what the wanderer from the busy work-shop wants? People growl at the dullness after flying from its direct opposite.

Visitors to Tasmania who imagine they have seen the more interesting portions of the island by gazing from the roof of the coach which runs on the main Hobart Town road for twelve or fourteen hours, delude themselves considerably. By far the most picturesque scenery must be sought upon the country cross roads. These are for the most part well formed gravelled lanes, bounded nearly everywhere with luxuriant hedgerows. I am bound to confess that these hedges were to me objects of especial enjoyment. The dreadful monotony of the three-railed fence is almost banished from the landscape. Hedges of various kinds claim admiration in turn. Thorn hedges, furze hedges, sweet briar hedges, blackberry hedges; some trim and orderly, many neglected and far more beautiful stretch along for miles and miles without a break. Not stunted as we occasionally see a hedge in Victoria, but tall, umbrageous, thick foliated. Just the sort of hedgerows under which one might on a summer's evening in Devonshire come suddenly upon a gipsy camp. You almost expect to drop across the tilt cart, the tethered pony, the little fire with the savory smelling pot to which the neighboring copse has contributed (in spite of the game-keeper), the red-cloaked black-eyed fortune teller, the swarthy son of Ishmael peeling osiers (whilst you pass) for the baskets he never weaves. But even all this is not needed to create the illusion that you are down in the English shires somewhere. There are the plain solidly built, two-story farm-houses, without superfluous verandahs. Round every one of them is an orchard teeming with cold-climate fruit, not

many florists' flowers perhaps, but those common sweet smelling things, pinks, cabbage roses, gilliflowers, &c., that fill the air with perfume, although unknown at floral fetes. I had forgotten what English-grown raspberries and red currants were like, until I renewed my acquaintance with them in Tasmanian gardens, the only difference being that these eloquent yet silent colonists were bigger than their imperial progenitors. The blackberries had not quite the same taste they used to have—I am afraid the change was in the palate. I don't know whether the season has anything to do with the matter, but there is no questioning the fact that just now everywhere the haystacks are as big as the houses, and every house seems to have its haystack. The fields produce more, however, than hay. On all sides are crops of wheat just arriving at that translucent amber tint which precedes dead-ripeness. To a town-living man who has passed his boyhood in the country, there is an abounding delight in the contrast of green and gold, of hedge and field. Great rich brown patches of plough just give sufficient contrast to the fair and bright tints. The beauty of the hedges in spring may be imagined when the thorns are snowy with blossom, when the pink briar roses are out, the gorse golden, and the young brairds delicately green. Again there is a pleasant disregard for the wide, straight and formal roads which disfigure our own colony. Every road and lane seems to wind about lazily, so as to ever give you a fresh *coup d'œil*, a something to look forward to, a something to lose sight of. Yet again, Tasmania is a country of lofty mountains and abounding rivers, not dry chains of dismal waterholes, but broad river-courses crossing your path everywhere you turn—rivers which look as though they had been created for salmon and fly-fishers. Here brawling over boulders, there in long smooth reaches, the very place for a fortunate cast this bright morning with a brown fly. On the road to Carrick there is a little bit of landscape which is more English than anything I have seen out of England. Crossing the bridge spanning over the river, which is at this point, (if I recollect rightly) the Meander, above the point of junction with the Esk, the bank is fringed with willows. Just across the stream on the left, are the beautiful grounds of Entally, stretching down to the river-edge. The green lawns are dotted with clumps of oak, ash, poplar, sycamore and other large-leaved trees. Here again, are the ever-welcome hedgerows, and fields teeming with harvest; a lazy horse or two browsing in the river pastures. The lands look rich and

suggestive of a fat glebe, and surely enough the occupant of that fine old-fashioned looking house is a well-to-do soldier of the Church militant. The Archdeacon does not, however, cultivate church lands. The estate is his own and you may drive through his property for miles. It so happened that I more than once made that Carrick journey behind a pair of fast trotting horses, and ever with renewed delight. This is but one of the numerous beautiful drives from Launceston. Like many others it is chiefly amongst broad sweeps of prosperous looking farms, and to eyes accustomed to the brown monotony of bush scenery there is an infinite charm in the wide patches of contrasted color spread out on every side. Nor is the scenery all tame. Driving to Longford, Evandale, Deloraine, &c., so soon as you creep up the modest heights which surround Launceston (you can only get out of town up-hill or by water), there rise before you two noble chains of mountains. The Eastern and Western tiers heave their vast bulk on either horizon, with a broad flat plain between covered with farms. The richest lands of the colony are stretched out before you—there is no such farm land to the south—and these two mountain chains with their serried edges show gloriously against the southward sky. I confess that until I was close to them I did not know that the Tasmanian heights overtop the loftiest hills of Great Britain. Close under the Western tier, bounded at one end of the range by Miller's and at the other by Dry's Bluff, I felt an almost indefinable sense of oppression, not uncommon I believe to the denizen of the plains. The hills rise stark and sudden from smooth, or very gently undulating country, and then they seem to overhang their bases. To these cloud-compelling hills are due the streamlets which become rivers, and render fertile a glorious belt of country. Past hospitable Connorville pours down the Lake River through farms and forest, and I shall not readily forget the lovely prospect from that sugar-loaf hill deftly clambered up by the horses of our riding party shortly after sunrise last Thursday fortnight. So wild is this hill country that a solitary man, known as Jack the Hunter, maintained himself uncaptured for years although suspected, not without cause, of a willingness to mistake mutton for wilder game. Poor Jack, now in confinement, must look back with harrowing regret to his wild hut high on the tier. Up in the hills here there are some lakes which I had hoped to have visited had other engagements permitted, but these and the caves of Chudleigh should not be missed by travellers with more

time available. That there is really mountain scenery in Tasmania is unquestionable, and for those who may remember clambering up the Welsh hills, or winding amongst the mountains of bonnie Scotland, I add a comparison of some of the loftiest British and Tasmanian mountain heights :—

Scafell Pike, Cumberland.....	3166 feet
Snowdon, Carnarvon.....	3571 „
Ben Nevis, Inverness.....	4406 „
Mount Wellington, Tasmania.....	4106 „
Brady's Look-out, Western Tier.....	4496 „
Frenchman's Cap, Eastern Tier.....	4756 „
Ben Lomond, Tasmania....	5010 „
Cradle Mountain, Tasmania.....	5069 „

There are at least eight peaks higher than the loftiest mountain in Great Britain. Its mountain scenery is one of the charms of Tasmania, and as the base of the Western Tier is not more than thirty miles from Launceston the tourist may bring himself under the influence of the spirit of the mountains within thirty hours from the Queen's Wharf Melbourne. I don't propose to say a word about the really beautiful cataract on the Esk and its exquisite approach. If it were difficult to reach, instead of half-a-mile from Launceston, its fame would be far greater.

I don't think that visitors from Victoria are considerate when they demean themselves boastfully as to the prosperous activity of their own colony, and institute invidious contrasts. Our Tasmanian friends submit to this sort of thing much more mildly than they need. It seems to me that we can claim no particular credit for the accident of gold and it is that, and that mainly which has given us so great an advantage over our neighbors. Tasmania has contributed largely to Victorian progress, both in capital and youthful manhood, and if we have left them in the condition of Rome in war time, with only their old men and boys to man their walls and reap their harvests, there is no need that we should crow over the work of depletion. There is another section of society which Victorians are ever and anon carrying off, not without the consent of the captives. No Sabine raids is this. The young ladies of Tasmania show no insuperable unwillingness to cross the straits, and ungallant and unappreciative must be the cavalier who fails to observe the more than ordinary beauty of the native-born girls. I am not physiologist enough to speak dogmatically upon the point, but I presume the comparative coolness of the climate and the absence of the

scorching heats, contribute to produce that freshness of complexion which is a characteristic of the population. That Tasmanian girls are pretty no one will, I think, dispute, and there is an impression amongst marrying men in Victoria that some of them bring with them marriage portions of an amount far from unacceptable. Upon this point I am unprepared to speak, but I am sure that they are as a class amiable, agreeable, and more free from that conventional affectation of manner which is erroneously supposed to be especially fascinating. I have said enough to show that I by no means sympathise with the overweening airs of superiority which some Victorians give themselves across the straits. With gold (which she may yet have in quantity), Tasmania's prospects will bear comparison with our own, with the advantage of a far finer climate. In the meantime, as a place of quiet recreation, or for the restoration of health, it affords unequalled advantages to our own population. Of late years the stream of travellers has been steadily increasing, and it only wants a little management and organization to largely stimulate the influx of visitors, and to draw closer the bonds of fellowship between the colonies. With another England—an England in climate and scenery—within four and twenty hours of our semi-tropical colony, it is somewhat surprising that more people do not take advantage of the bracing change. The fact is that enterprise is sadly wanting to give the current force. The steamer fare (£2 5s.) is too high, and the tourist can obtain no abatement on a return ticket. Although I was not myself dependent on hotel accommodation, I heard enough to convince me that there was ample room for a little Spiers and Pondism in the shape of airy rooms, a good kitchen, and reasonable charges. If a visitor to Launceston wants to visit the surrounding country, the charges for horses and vehicles are excessive, and the quality of locomotion of the most moderate description. The people do not seem to be alive to the desirability of rendering the place attractive to strangers. I can quite understand how a smart hotel-keeper would plan out a series of excursions to a score of pretty places, the effect being to keep his visitors from fleeing to the uttermost parts of the earth, which in the Tasmanian dialect means Hobart Town and New Norfolk. Without very much over-stretching the imagination, one could conceive the issue of an excursion ticket from Melbourne and back, embracing for a fixed sum the passage to and fro, the maintenance of the tourist, and the performance of certain designated excursions.

These excursions for a fixed charge are common enough in Europe, and there is, I am confident, ample scope for some legitimate enterprise in this respect. A Melbourne visitor remonstrating in the Launceston steamboat office that the fares were very high, was scarcely prepared for the reply, that "if the fares were lowered, the company would have to put on another steamer in order to carry the people!" My friend could not appreciate the force of the objection. Nor, I confess, can I. I suppose it is because the inhabitants of Tasmania are quiet going people with assured incomes, that the observer misses the keen eye, the eager, hungry look, which is, I think, the characteristic of active business communities like our own, where the battle of life is a *l'outrance*. There is a quiet well-to-do look of self-satisfaction about most of the people, especially the country folk, which bespeaks the contented mind. And indeed the outward marks of simple plenty abound on every side.

I confess to some surprise at finding that the idea of a junction with Victoria is favorably contemplated by a great many intelligent Tasmanians. Without leading up to the topic, I found the suggestion come to the surface rather frequently. I should have expected that a feeling of jealousy at the strides which Victoria has made materially and socially would have tended to keep down the wish for annexation. So far as I could ascertain, the desire arises from the feeling that the cost of administering a separate government is disproportionate to the population and present resources of the island, and secondly that a junction with Victoria would lead to free interchange of products to the mutual advantage of each colony. If at any future time the matter be seriously entertained, I don't think that any insurmountable difficulty will be raised on the south side of the straits. A fusion with this colony would, it is perhaps felt, soften down that latent but still bitterly remembered fact that the island was for so long a period a convict receptacle. Strangers will not have this in any way obtruded on them. In conversational intercourse it is not willingly brought up, and the only outward and visible signs of convictism (at any rate at the north end of the island) are the excellent roads constructed by compulsory labor of the kind.

I have no doubt that much that I have noted will appear commonplace and familiar to residents of the island, and to frequent visitors. But there are some hundreds of thousands of Victorians who have never been across the straits, and who may be glad to know something of a

place which it appears to me affords great inducements to the voyager for health or for amusement. I have noticed larger passenger lists this year than ever before, and I am confident that with a little more enterprise on the part of the steamboat proprietors, and the establishment of spiritedly-conducted hotels and tempting means of inland conveyance, there would soon be passenger traffic enough to justify a daily communication at any rate in summer.—*Leader.*

LADY FRANKLIN'S MUSEUM.

HOBART TOWN.

Whilst rambling recently around the base of the north-western escarpment of Knocklofty, I unexpectedly came upon a painfully interesting memorial of the past—painfully interesting I say, inasmuch as it awakened memories of the love-struggles through many years of the fitful life of a very queen of womanhood, whose name must for all time to come be a treasure-gem in the memory of every native-born Tasmanian.

In a secluded spot, where tall gum trees and dense underwood grow in wild profusion, and where a sepulchral silence is only broken by the occasional note or flutter of the wild bird, and the sigh of the wind—where the charming *epacris* hangs its many-tinted bells, like a symbol of splendid grief, and the star-like clematis clings its flow'ry windings round the stem of the myrtle—stands the neglected historic memorial which forms the theme of this paper. I allude to that temple raised to science, and which is appropriately named after the noble-woman whose name it bears.

I had wandered in that direction on a scientific errand, and being somewhat weary, through having travelled many miles that afternoon, I sat down on the bole of a prostrate gum tree close beside the edifice, and in contemplating the rapidly decaying structure, soon became absorbed in memories of the past which it naturally awakened.

A November sun was just setting over the columned brow of Mount Wellington, sending glinting shafts of golden light through the broken foliage, and which, falling in spots upon the ruins, seemed to steep it in a weird and almost unearthly glow, while the basement, walled in on three sides by a cutting in the limestone rock, was lost in

cimmerian shadow. As is well known to many Tasmanians, the walls of the building are composed of freestone, supporting a shingled roof, in the centre of which is a skylight, a half-glazed door opens into a lobby in which is a fireplace faced by a rich mantel-piece. Behind the room is the apartment which was devoted to the reception of Natural history specimens. Now, not a vestige of the glass is seen that erst filled the sashes of both skylight and entrance door. On the fast crumbling roof, in luxuriance, grow mosses, lichens, and thistles—things which flourish on desolation and decay.

As I sat looking at this scene of dilapidation, I thought of that noble-minded woman whose taste, attainments, and bearing, shed a lustre over Tasmania, whose advanced intelligence and superior mental calibre led her to foster silence at a period in the colony's history when such pursuits, it might be said, would meet with very limited appreciation. I thought of her hero-husband whose rule was peace under prosperity. I thought of how, with an almost fatherly regard for the people's recreation over whom he presided, that good, honest, unpretending man inaugurated the annual pastime of the regatta. I thought of Tasmania then in its palmy days under the Imperial régime, and Tasmania now with its responsible Government and commercial depression. I had a vision of Hobart Town with gum trees, scrub, and kangaroo grass growing luxuriantly where now stand many fine shops and handsome mansions. The veil was withdrawn, and I beheld through the ruin of this museum a white sandy beach, whereon were ever-so-many whaleboats ranged, where stretches now a noble quay flanked with substantial storehouses, and, while of that beach no vestige now remains. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* I saw a vice-regal abode of brick and board over-looking Sullivan's Cove, occupying the site of the Town Hall. These, and a thousand other features of primitive Hobart Town—which are fast slipping out of memory—did this secluded memorial of the past recall. But high, and above all, it showed me, through the vista of time, a woman whose true soul fought a battle of hope against hope throughout many long years for the deathless love she bore one, whose noble worth stands enshrined in yonder bronze.

I felt that I stood on sacred ground—ground that had been sanctified by the hand and the foot of a high-souled woman, and which required no sculptured memorial in marble to perpetuate her devotion and true nobility while there exist true and patriotic natives of the soil.

In yonder island, which towering looms above the broad waters of Storm Bay, will a monument be found to her memory, commemorating the still fervid interest she takes in her former and now distant home. But should not the first temple of science in this colony which she unostentatiously reared be preserved by the State from the desolating hand of time, as a fitting memorial of one who forms a bright page in the history of our beautiful colony, was a question I asked of myself.

In this frame of mind I lingered on the spot, indulging fancies that were pleasing, though tinged with sadness, until the shadow of the mountain had swept down over the city, and deepening silence came with the evening dews. The place, the hour, seemed to have a supernatural charm for me. So much for the influence of early associations, and it was with some sort of regret that I buckled on my wallet and turned my face cityward, to resume the unsentimental daily drudgery of life, and with a fervent wish that the secluded forest-temple might be protected from further ravages of time, and henceforth be regarded as a valuable archive of Tasmania's history. S. H. WINTLE.

THE TRACK TO THE FALLS.—The committee met on February 1st, 1870—Mr J. E. Risby in the chair. There was a full attendance of the members. The report of the sub-committee appointed to examine and report on the most economical means of clearing the track from the Springs to Wellington Falls was read. It set forth that the first half-mile from the Pie Corner is thickly timbered; the fallen trees being comparatively few; the footpath stony but in fair condition. For the next mile there are many more fallen trees. There is a fair path across the Potatoe Field for 14 chains, and bare of timber. Thence to the Falls, a mile distant, the scrub almost obliterates the track, and numerous fallen trees lie across it. There are in all 321 fallen trees, or one, on an average, every 13 yards across the track. From the limited funds at their disposal, the committee recommended that their labors be confined to clearing the scrub and removing fallen timber, and marking more distinctly the track across the Potatoe Field, any surplus funds to be devoted to improving the route and the descent to the foot of the Falls. Finally, they advised the employment for a week of a small party of reliable men at wages, and that if the result were satisfactory they should be kept on till the work be completed. The report was adopted, and the sub-committee authorised to carry out the work. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Hood, for offering to print gratuitously 500 copies of Mr. Ralfe's plan, as drawn by the Survey Department. Mr. Ralfe and Mr. Hood were instructed to carry out the printing of the lithographic plans, and it was finally resolved that the public aid be further solicited, and a hope was expressed that such aid would be supplemented by the Government, and the Hobart Town Municipality.—*Mercury*.

A VISIT TO THE WESTWARD CAVES.

FROM LAUNCESTON.

HAVING recently returned to Melbourne from a tour through Tasmania, inspecting its "lions," a short description of one of them may be interesting to visitors, and worth adding to the other "outs" described in the Excursionists' Guide from the Mainland to Tasmania. Previous to visiting the Island I heard from friends glowing accounts of the Caves, and determined to see them after arrival in Launceston. Each of the Australian Colonies possesses extraordinary features of this kind, but the little island's caves were said to be the most interesting, and its climate the preferable one.

I travelled with three companions, and we were accompanied on this trip to the caves, by a young lady friend from Launceston. We were also most especially favored by weather, which was all that could be desired. The caves are situated about 15 miles beyond Deloraine, which latter place is distant about 30 miles westerly from Launceston, and is reached by a mail coach of the old English pattern, which seems to be the only style used by the Tasmanians; this coach starts from Launceston daily, at 3 p.m., returning the next morning at 6 a.m.; the fares are reasonable—7s. 6d. each way for outside, and 9s. for inside passengers. We started from Launceston, and travelled along a very good road with a decided up-hill tendency, which caused our progress to be somewhat slow for the first part of the journey. This road passes through a very fine agricultural country, and judging from the crops of grain seen on every side the farmers on this part of the island are fortunate fellows. Several villages or townships, lie along the road, in which there does not appear to be a superabundant amount of business. But few people are seen, and these do not appear to be overburdened with work or anxiety. A few very fine estates are passed, including those of the Bishop, and the late Sir Richard Dry. Several streams of water, remarkably clear, intersect the road, and we were forcibly reminded of the old country by magnificent hawthorn hedges, which on some of the farms are well kept and nicely trimmed, whilst some are allowed to run wild and overgrow the road. We noticed also some blackberry bushes intermixed with the hawthorn, but these are comparatively scarce. The road crosses the railway now in course of construction, and which, by the way, is looked upon by the coaching fraternity with anything but a favorable eye, as they have

reason to fear that they will be outweighed by the opposition.

We arrived at Deloraine at about half-past seven o'clock, having used three teams of horses on the road. We found it to be a township containing several good hotels, some passable shops, and a beautiful clear stream called the "Meander," winding through its centre. The English Church, with its red brick spire, standing out in bold relief on the hill side, has a very pretty effect; and away in the distance is a fine range of hills called the Western Tiers. We stayed at East's Hotel, a well-built, well-ordered, and well-furnished house, the host and hostess of which made us very comfortable. With the assistance of Mr. East we procured, for the morrow's journey, a pair of saddle horses, and also a Whitechapel cart, the owner of which was to accompany us in the capacity of driver and partial guide, all of which were to be in readiness by six o'clock on the following morning.

The morrow having arrived, we were up with the sun, and having partaken of breakfast and procured matches and candles to be used in the caves, the word was given and off we started, two on horseback and the remainder of our party in the "Whitechapel." The effect of "greeting the morning early" was plainly manifest in us all, as we were in good spirits, and made a jolly party. Nothing of note occurred on the road until our arrival at Chudleigh, 10 miles from Deloraine. I should have mentioned however that the road for about a mile before reaching Chudleigh, passes through what is called the "Bentley Estate," and is bordered on each side with the finest hawthorn hedges that I have seen out of England, planted 28 years ago, and standing from 15 to 20 feet high; and the smell of English grass hay which was then on the ground, lent a great charm to this part of the journey. I could not help envying the lot of the residents of such a delightful spot.

Having refreshed at the Chudleigh Hotel, we asked Host Pickett to furnish us with a guide, as we had heard that the road to what is termed the New Caves (a distance of about 5 miles) was not the straightest or easiest traversed in the world. He assured us that we could not miss the way, it being unmistakable, and gave us a description of the track we were to follow, by which we were to pass Cameron's farm, and arrive at Wilson's, where we were to leave our horses, and Mr. W. would guide us through the caves. Onward was sounded and we managed very well for some distance, getting over, or rather through,

some bad mud holes and pinches of the road in a masterly style. We were, however, unfortunately too careful, and determined to enquire the way to Wilson's of everyone we met on the road. One happened to be a colonial youth, and we, having heard of the compulsory education of Tasmanian children, felt confidence in the intelligence of the specimen before us and made enquiries, we were told to keep the left hand track and on no account to go to the right. As will be seen, this youth was in a state of mystification as to which was his left or right hand ; in fact, after our journey was over, we came to the conclusion that he must have been left-handed. We kept the left-hand track, which was soon lost in a swampy piece of ground, I rode through the swamp and discovered the continuation of the track on the other side, and then rode back and reported the place passable with care. Onward we went through very many such swamps, crossing what appeared to be creeks, through mud holes, in which our horses sunk to their knees. On one occasion I had to ride forward to try the depth of the mud and water in what was certainly the worst place we had encountered. Our Jehu accompanied me on the other horse, and having found the track on the other side, I sent him back with both horses, with a recommendation for the whole of the party to cross on horse-back ; they came across, two on a horse, the lady remaining in the car ; the picture was a droll one. We shortly afterwards fortunately met a woodsplitter and his son, a very small boy, whose delight seemed to be in assisting his father to fall very large trees. We then ascertained that we had taken the wrong track, and were a long distance out of the right way. The services of the small boy were very kindly proffered to put us on the right track, which led past his own home ; at this house we called to get a refresher in the shape of crystal water from the creek.

Shortly after leaving this cottage we saw a fine large black snake, about five or six feet long, owing to the loose wood lying about, it escaped with a single blow, which I fear was not sufficient to prove fatal. We dismissed our small guide, having taken fresh instruction, by which it appeared that Wilson's was about a quarter of a mile further on, we rode about a quarter of a mile and then ascertained that Wilson's was still quarter of a mile further on. On and on we went over more bad road, until at last we became confused, and almost exhausted, as it was now about noon ; so we called a halt, and the horsemen were deputed to ride over the different tracks to discover our

whereabouts. In this we were for some time unsuccessful until, as a forlorn hope, I rode along a track which appeared to lead directly away from our destination; however, following its windings, I came at last to the veritable Wilson's, and then brought up the whole party.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are a very worthy old couple, and together with their daughter, did everything to make us comfortable. A dinner was very soon cooked, and much sooner eaten. Having retained the services of Mr. Wilson to act as guide, we began our preparations for the caves. We each procured a pair of the oldest boots about the place, and such change of clothing as we could borrow. Our lady companion was, by Miss Wilson, very kindly accommodated with an entire change of clothing.

The caves are situated about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Wilson's cottage, and present nothing very striking viewed from the entrance, merely a large hole in the rocks with a stream of very pure water running through and disappearing amongst the outer brushwood. On entering we lit our candles and commenced exploring. Presently our guide made a plunge into water, and we thought he must surely be joking when he told us to "come on." We soon discovered that through it we must go. The question naturally occurred, how was our lady friend to get across. It was proposed and carried that I, being about the strongest of the party, should have the post of honor, having lifted my burden, in we all plunged, the water being about two feet six inches deep, a dozen yards across, and so cold as to make our teeth chatter. We had to cross and recross the water at intervals more than a dozen times, the width and depth varying considerably. The effect of the candle light shining on the stalactites hanging from the roof was very fine. These stalactites vary in size from an eighth of an inch in diameter to large blocks several feet through; and the color also varies from pure white to a brown clay tint, according to the nature of the soil and rock through which the water percolates. The caves when first discovered must have presented a most enchanting scene, as then the stalactites were all perfect, whereas many visitors think it incumbent on them to break off, and take away specimens; thereby despoiling the caves and materially lessening the original effect. Our guide told us to extinguish the candles in order to see the glow-worms on the roof, and sure enough we found the place covered with glow-worms, their little phosphorescent lamps shining like miniature stars in a miniature firmament on a dark night. We could make

out the Southern Cross, and several other constellations, imitated by these curious worms.

Our guide informed us that our particular cave extended for a mile and a half, but there were other caves in which the visitor could stroll for five miles. About a third of the extent of the cave being traversed we came to what is termed the Lighthouse, formed by a hole in the side of the cave which admits a stream of daylight, and through which can be seen the green vegetation in the outer world. Past the Lighthouse we came to a tremendous block of solid rock, apparently about 20 feet square, which by some freak of nature had become detached from the roof; and further still we came to a stone on which visitors occasionally carve their names. This stone is called the Registry Office; and we, like polite visitors, inscribed our names on the Register. We were informed that the stone was constantly growing, and that our names would, in years to come, gradually become more indented, something similar to a deep brand on a bullock. The Registry Office being situated two-thirds of the distance of the cave, and the remaining third partaking of the same characteristics as the part we had travelled through, we determined to rest contented with our mile of underground travelling, and so commenced to retrace our steps. We arrived at the mouth of the cave without notable incident, a few falls excepted, in one of which our lady friend was slightly hurt, and another occasion when one of the gentlemen fell into the water, getting a thorough drenching. On emerging from the cave the great difference in the temperature outside was very noticeable, for although the day was by no means a hot one, after a couple of hours spent in the lower temperature of the interior, the exterior atmosphere felt like the warm blast from an oven.

On returning to the cottage we found Mrs. Wilson busily preparing tea, and whilst this was going forward we dried our clothes preparatory to starting for Deloraine. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson for their hospitality and general kindness.

On enquiring from a resident in the vicinity how it came to pass that the caves contained so much water, I was informed that somewhere in the ranges is a stream of water, which at a certain point flows over a bed of gravel and is then lost. It is supposed that this stream percolates through an immense bed of gravel to the caves below. At some seasons the caves are nearly dry, whilst at other times it is utterly impossible to enter, so great is the quantity of water.

On setting out for Deloraine we were accompanied by two of Mr. W.'s sons, who guided us on the right road which was miles shorter than the way we came. The journey was accomplished by eight o'clock in the evening. The "out" occupied fourteen hours, and we all voted that, despite the difficulties of the first part of the day, the time had been most pleasantly and profitably spent, and the trip was one which visitors should not fail to make. We returned to Launceston by the early morning coach, arriving at about ten o'clock, having thus performed the whole journey in 43 hours.

A word of recommendation to the tourist, in conclusion, may not be out of place.

Previous to setting out, provide yourself with an entire change of clothes, no matter how old, for good clothes are sure to be spoiled in the caves; and besides, it is not pleasant to arrive in town with soiled clothes, a battered hat, and probably a cold. Secondly: don't take the left-hand track after leaving the fenced road beyond Chudleigh. If your driver has any doubt about the road, engage a guide. Thirdly: provide yourself with candles, matches, and a small flask of brandy; the latter will be found very comforting when you are wet in the caves. And lastly, remember Wilson's.

HINTS TO EQUESTRIENNES. No. 2.

"I HAVE loved, practised, and studied the art of horsemanship from my youth upwards, and employed in it a great deal of my time with pleasure, for there is no exercise so good, nor is any attended with more honor and dignity than that of riding, provided a person rides with address which cannot be done unless well versed in the art. In horsemanship, as in other things, regularity is beautiful; whilst distortion and compulsion must be without grace. There is an elegance, moreover, in horsemanship which looks as if it were natural, though it proceeds from art. Thus, though a perfect horsewoman rides with art, it seems more natural than acquired from practice, and she makes her horse appear as if nature had produced such a creature for no other end than to be governed, conducted, and ridden by her."—DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

"'Tis good to see a steed of noble race, by woman ruled with skill and mastery. The smitten air gives freshness

to her face, and animation glistens in her eye. Her very breathing quickens into grace, and e'en a fault enchants. Few things outvie a lovely woman on a fiery horse, the mingled power of gentleness and force."

In a former edition of this work, I promised my fair lady-readers a few instructions in mounting, dismounting, to canter, trot, to halt gracefully, to sit well, etc., etc., which promise I will now endeavor to fulfil.

In a well-written article on horsemanship in the last edition of the Excursionists' Handbook, I see it stated that the snaffle is the true and proper bridle for all occasions. This is going rather too far; give everything its proper place. The rider has evidently been accustomed to ride across country, and not to teach. He talks of himself and for himself when he says that a snaffle-bridle, without a martingale, but simply two rings, is sufficient for all purposes. He is right as far as he goes, but he goes such a very short journey; it is all very well for a light-mouthed horse in the field, with a pair of powerful arms to haul away with; but for a lady with a delicate hand, nothing can be superior to the curb, both for controlling your horse, and making him carry himself stylishly. Having said so much, we will proceed to business.

First, to mount. Previous to mounting, walk quietly up to your horse's head, (never behind,) speak to him, gently pat him, and smooth him down the face, see yourself that your girths are tight, and the bridle put on properly. If your horse is at all fidgety, two persons should be in attendance; one should stand in front of the horse, holding the bridle by the snaffle rings to keep him steady, for should he move, which is very apt to be the case at the moment of coming suddenly to the ground is often painful. The person who is to assist the lady to her saddle, now places his left hand under her left foot, his right hand flat under her left arm, she holding the pommel with her right hand, she makes a spring, and is easily placed—however heavy—on her horse. She should then pick up her reins in the centre with her right finger and thumb, drawing them through her left hand, with the back upwards, until she gets them to the right length, the spare part of the reins to be dropped on the off side of the horse's neck, the right knee thrown over the pommel, and the left foot placed in the stirrup just sufficiently long for the knee, when the toe is pressed down, to touch the safety horn. The lady should take care, before mounting, that her attendant has

not placed his foot on her habit-skirt, as in such case the habit would be most likely torn, besides the danger of an awkward tumble.

In dismounting, there is not the slightest occasion for the attendant to open his arms to receive you, which of course with certain persons would be objectionable. First of all, throw your right leg out of the crutch, then see that your habit is perfectly free from the horns, place your right hand on the pommel, and your left having a portion of your habit in it (sufficiently pulled up to see your toes) on the assistant's shoulder, when you may slide slowly to the ground without further trouble. If necessary, he may place his right hand under your arm, as in mounting, and lower you gradually down.

In putting your horse into a canter, the first movement is to advance the bridle hand towards his head, thus giving him freedom. bend gently forward from the hips, and with a slight tap of the whip on the off shoulder or flank, he will at once, if properly broken, assume the canter. Should he go too fast, throw the body well back in the saddle, and, if necessary, shorten your reins, and put the right hand up to assist the left. Should you overdo it, and he breaks into a trot, you must again ease the hand and apply the aid as at first.

The trot is the most difficult pace to obtain anything like success in, and is only accomplished gracefully by first-class horsewomen ; in fact, no written instructions would be of any service ; tuition and nothing but long and continued practice will enable a lady to rise and fall with every second step, so essential to the comfort and appearance of the rider. The only advice I can give on paper is, before attempting it, lengthen your stirrup a hole or two ; the position on horseback should always be perfectly upright, with the shoulders square to the front ; the eyes looking straight between your horse's ears, carefully looking out for vehicles, obstructions, road holes, etc.

In halting from a canter, let the body be thrown well back, and both hands applied firmly to the reins, so as to bring him up on his haunches, thereby avoiding ten or fifteen yards of an unpleasant bumping trot. Keep your elbows close to your sides, with the right arm, when not engaged with the rein, hanging down without stiffness. Never lift your arm or whip above your head, as it is not only unnecessary but *outré* in the extreme. By a little practice, the horse can be punished sufficiently by lifting the forearm from the elbow only. In turning to the right, tap your horse gently with the whip just on the flank ;

when turning to the left, strike him on the right or off shoulder: this will assist you materially, as the animal will always recede from where he is struck.

I am afraid time and space will not permit my going any further at present into this interesting subject, but if anything I have said may be the means of rescuing beauty from ridicule or mishap, I shall be amply repaid and well content.—G. L., St. Kilda.

COACHES FROM HOBART TOWN.

TO LAUNCESTON, 120 miles.—Page's coach leaves the Club Hotel, Murray-Street, daily (Sundays excepted), at 5 a.m. Page's Royal Mail leaves the Club Hotel daily (Sundays excepted), at 6.20 p.m. When the mails for Europe leave Launceston on Sunday, the mail coach leaves Hobart Town on the Saturday instead of on the following day. Booking office adjoining Club Hotel.

TO GREEN PONDS, 29 miles.—Mills' coach leaves the Albion Hotel, Elizabeth-street, daily, at 3.30 p.m. Leaves Green Ponds for Hobart Town daily, at 6 a.m.

TO NEW NORFOLK, 21 miles.—Royal Mail Leaves Albion Hotel, Elizabeth-street, daily, at 8 a.m. Leaves the Star and Garter, New Norfolk, for Hobart Town, at 3.30 p.m.

TO RICHMOND, 14 miles.—Ryly's coach leaves Duke of Clarence, Murray-street, at 4 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and Richmond at 8 a.m. on those days. The mail coach leaves the Duke of Clarence at 6.15 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays; and Richmond for Hobart Town at 5 a.m. Parcels for Spring Bay or Prossers Plains may be left at the Duke of Clarence.

TO RICHMOND.—Lewis's coaches leave the Black Prince, Elizabeth-street, at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday and 10.30 a.m. on other days; and the Bridge Hotel, Richmond, at 4 p.m. daily.

TO BROWN'S RIVER, 10 miles.—Fisher's coach leaves the Duke of Clarence, Murray-street, at 4 p.m.; and the Kingston Hotel, Brown's River, at 8.30 a.m.

TO THE HUON.—Page's coach leaves the Duke of Clarence, Murray-street, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 9 a.m.; and Victoria on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 a.m.

TO THE HUON.—Crawford's mail conveyance leaves the Club Tavern, Liverpool-street, on Tuesday, Thursday,

and Saturday, at 8 a.m. : and the Kent Hotel, Franklin, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 a.m.

OMNIBUSES AND CARS.—To and from Wellington Bridge, Hobart Town, and New Town throughout the day. Cooley's Omnibus runs from the Albion Hotel, Elizabeth-street, daily at 10 a.m. to O'Brien's Bridge, 5 miles ; and to New Town at 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m., 4.30 p.m., and 6 p.m. Leaves the Horse and Jockey, New Town, at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 4 p.m., and 5.15 p.m.

STEAMERS FROM HOBART TOWN.

TO MELBOURNE.—The T.S.N. Co.'s steamship Southern Cross, E. Lucas, leaves every fortnight. Fares—Saloon, £4 ; steerage, £2 15s. Manager—C. Lovett. Office, Franklin Wharf.

TO SYDNEY.—The T.S.N. Co.'s s. City of Hobart, J. Clinch, every fortnight. Fares—Saloon, £6 6s. ; return ticket, £10 10s. : steerage, £3 10s.

TO NEW NORFOLK.—The Steamer Monarch, F. H. Wise, leaves the Franklin Wharf, Sundays and Wednesdays excepted, at 3 p.m. in winter and 3.30 p.m. in summer and New Norfolk at half-past 7 a.m., Sundays and Thursdays excepted. Calls at Risdon, Old Beach, and Bridgewater.

TO PORT CYGNET, HUON, AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.—Steamer Monarch leaves Franklin Wharf every Wednesday, at 9 a.m., returning same evening. Fare (including return), six shillings.

TO KANGAROO POINT.—The twin ferry steamer Kangaroo leaves Kangaroo Point at 8.30, 10, and 11.3 a.m., and 1.30, 3.15, 4.45 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted), and Hobart Town at 9.15, 10.45 a.m. and 12.15, 2.30, 4, and 5.15 p.m. She lays up the first Thursday and Friday in each month for cleaning.

CAB FARES, HOBART TOWN.

	BY DISTANCE.	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For any distance within one mile	2	0
Above one mile and not exceeding one mile and a half		2	6
Above one mile and a half and not exceeding two miles		3	0
Above two miles & not exceeding two miles and a half		3	6
And so on in the proportion of sixpence for every additional half-mile.			

Return fare, if the same party (and not having detained the cab more than fifteen minutes), to be half the above.

	BY TIME.	s.	d.
For any time within thirty minutes		2	6
Above thirty minutes and not exceeding forty-five minutes		3	6
Above forty-five minutes and not exceeding one hour		4	6
Above one hour, and not exceeding one hour and twenty minutes		5	0
Above one hour and twenty minutes and not exceeding one hour and forty minutes		6	0
And for any further time at the rate of one shilling for every twenty minutes.			

One half more than the above fares for any period during which such cab shall be employed between the hours of ten o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning.

The hirer of any licensed cab may elect to pay such fare either by time or by distance; and no return fare allowed except the same person shall return, when half fare to be paid.

A card of the above fares to be suspended and to be continued suspended in the cab in a conspicuous place.

STAGE COACHES FROM LAUNCESTON.

TO HOBART TOWN.—Page's coach leaves Launceston daily (except Sundays) at 5 a.m. Booking-office, Club Hotel, Brisbane-street.

TO HOBART TOWN.—Page's Royal Mail leaves Launceston daily at 6 p.m. (Saturday excepted).

EVANDALE AND LYMINGTON.—Hanney's Royal mail coach leaves the Bull's Head, Charles-street, Launceston, daily (Sundays excepted) at 3.30 p.m. summer, and 3 p.m. winter. Leaves Lymington at 7 a.m., and Evandale at 8 a.m., arriving in Launceston at 10 a.m.

DELORAINE.—Spearman and East's coaches leave the Royal Mail Hotel, Charles-street, Launceston, daily, (Sundays excepted), summer at 7 a.m. and 3 p.m.; winter 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. Leave Deloraine at 6 a.m. and 2 p.m., arriving in Launceston at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. These coaches pass through Hadspen, Carrick, Hagley, Westbury, and Exton.

PERTH AND LONGFORD.—Hyrons's coach leaves the York Hotel, Launceston, daily (Sundays excepted), in the summer at 4 p.m., and in the winter at 3 p.m.; arrives at Perth at 5.30 p.m., and Longford at 6 p.m. Returns from Longford at 8 a.m., arrives at Perth at 8.30 a.m., and Launceston at 10 a.m.

STEAMERS FROM LAUNCESTON.

The T.S.N. Company's screw steamships *Derwent*, A. T. Woods commander, and *Tamar*, W. H. Saunders commander, leave for Melbourne twice a week during the summer and every fifth day during the remainder of the year. Agent, George Fisher, wharf.

The p.s. *Annie* makes weekly trips to and from George Town, the Mersey, Table Cape, Emu Bay, and Circular Head.

CAB FARES, LAUNCESTON.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For any distance not exceeding half a mile ...	1	0
Over half a mile, but under one mile..	2	0
For every half mile over a mile, and for every fractional part of a mile	1	0

By TIME.—Not exceeding half an hour, 2s. ; exceeding half an hour and not exceeding three-quarters, 3s. ; three-quarters and not exceeding an hour, 4s. ; every fractional part of any subsequent hour in the same proportion. Return fare, by distance, if the same party, and not detaining the cab more than fifteen minutes, half the foregoing fares. From 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., one half more than the foregoing fares. Passengers to pay tolls and ferryage. Fares to be charged either by time or distance, at the option of the hirer. Drivers to keep table of fares affixed inside of cab.

On dit that the Salmon Commissioners are preparing regulations for a partial experiment in opening the river Derwent for Salmon fishing.

WANTED! Enterprising proprietors of Livery Stables to have for hire, waggons with covers suitable for small parties of excursionists camping out for a night or two, and requiring to sleep in and about conveyances. At the present time, vehicles of the preferred kind cannot be hired.

THE HUON.

THE beauty of this district is proverbial. Abounding as Hobart Town does in pleasant places and sunny spots, this undoubtedly is one of the foremost that have earned for that city the reputation it has long enjoyed for unsurpassed beauty and attractiveness of scenery. Franklin, the township on the River Huon, is twenty-six miles distant, by land, from the capital; by water, sixty miles. Victoria, through which the excursionist has to pass *en route* for Franklin, lies some three miles or so nearer, and on this side of the Huon. Mr. Samuel Page (not the king of the main road) runs his coach thither every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, starting at nine in the morning, from the Duke of Clarence hotel, Liverpool and Murray Streets; returning Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the same hour. The fare by this conveyance is, to Franklin, 6s.; to Victoria, 5s. Higher up Liverpool Street, at the Club Tavern, there is another means of travelling afforded by Mr. Crawford, contractor for the mails, who on that account leaves an hour sooner.

The drive leads up that well-known portion of the Huon Road which is traversed by picnic parties whose destination happens to be the Fern Tree Bower, or the pinnacle of the Big Hill itself, round which the road winds. Ascending this road a rare sight is obtained of Hobart Town and the Derwent; on the right, many hundred feet down, is what is familiarly known as the Cascade Hollow, and in it the still more famous and better appreciated Cascade Brewery, owned by the Honorable J. M. Wilson, Premier of Tasmania. Application being made, a courteous assent is invariably given to those desirous of making inspection of the brewery and its contents. Near here are to be seen hop grounds of some extent. I had the good fortune to be a traveller by the coach while the English Flying Squadron was anchored in Derwent waters; and the huge hulls at repose, with rigging all taut, varied and added to the scene most materially. This out of sight, the finger-post directing upwards to Mount Wellington's summit comes into view; and then in succession appear the Fern Tree Bower and the Fern Tree Inn, almost opposite. We stop here, for it has been a heavy drag upon the quadrupeds pulling up that steep hill, and has rendered them somewhat "scant o' breath," however agreeable it may have been to the bipeds. Mr. Hall, the landlord of this truly sylvan retreat, is now erecting a new hotel, probably finished by this time,

more commodious and suitable for the accommodation of visitors who may chance to find themselves this way; and not without great promise of encouragement either, for the air up here is held in high repute by Medicus, who recommends his patients to quit the mainland, be it Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, or Brisbane, or their environs, and to rusticate here awhile.

Leaving the Fern Tree behind, no further hindrance offers to our progress till we reach Leslie, which lies, it is computed, half-way betwixt Hobart Town and the Huon. Here is Fisher's Longley Inn, and here we stop about half an hour. But this halting place is not arrived at without much to interest us on the way, for of course we have been rounding the giant mountain which proves so great an attraction to visit the city it watches over. There come rippling and gurgling down its sides cool and crystal streams, and falls of bright and glistening water. On the right and on the left are the ever-welcome ferns, shedding aloft their delicate and verdant fronds; indeed, they prevail, more or less, throughout the entire journey, serving as a relief to the sassafras and other vegetation indigenous to the island. Between Leslie and Victoria a glimpse may be caught of Brown's River, another favorite resort of those desirous of seeing and enjoying the really beautiful; and here do we bowl over the bridge encompassing the North-west Bay River. I had almost forgotten to note another stoppage which occurs at Bardell's, a wayside house of accommodation, into which we travellers repair for refreshment, for the hand of time now points towards high noon, and hours yet must elapse ere we can reach Victoria. Eventually, however, we *do* obtain a glimpse of that pretty little township, and of the river on which it stands. A deep, dark, dangerous-looking stream the Huon is, too. Arrived at the Ferry Inn, newly built, we dismount, and cross the river in the ferry boat, for be it known that, notwithstanding the large and profitable trade of the district, it cannot yet boast of a bridge. However, getting over without its aid, we find a conveyance provided on "the other side," and into that we get and start for Franklin. A short, brisk drive on a road parallel to the river, and we are at our destination, ready to do justice to the hastily ordered dinner, to counteract the effects of a long fast. Mr. Brown, who has just driven us down, is the landlord of the Franklin Hotel, *en route* to which "Chesterman's" is passed.

The magnificent scenery abounding in parts of the Huon District is so well known as to require no comment. So well known, say we ; and yet wherein lies the secret of the falling-off in the number of visitors to this place ? Is it because the steamer Cobra, once running between Hobart Town and Franklin, is diverted to other purposes, and the excursionist is deprived of the water trips formerly obtainable ? Or is it owing to the prevailing want of knowledge of the fact that coaches now supply its place ? If so, we publish the fact, so that plea shall hold good no longer. Even now, the New Norfolk steamer makes an occasional trip to Port Cygnet and Shipwrights' Point, somewhat in view of, but at a distance below, Franklin. Especially is this opportunity availed of on the occasion of the annual regatta, which generally takes place in January or February, when the southern capital is most thronged with visitors, and when the Monarch is supplemented by the T.S.N.Co.'s steamship Southern Cross. The aforesaid event, the regatta, comes off at Shipwrights' Point, for Franklin, like Geelong, is cursed with a bar, which in this case offers a serious impediment to vessels of even a moderate tonnage, although the jetties abutting on the township attest the amount of trade which once existed. But let it not be imagined that there does not yet remain a deal to do. Franklin district is the *locale*, to a large extent, of fruits, for the manufacture of jam, which forms an article of export to no small extent. There is plenty of fine land, too, in the vicinity ; and the river, at the Falls, has been more than once alluded to as being admirably adapted as a home for that king of fish, the salmon, already successfully acclimatised in the Derwent. Speaking of the river, attention may be directed to its appearance at Victoria, above which it is not navigable. "There, in consequence of the river suddenly turning at an acute angle, it has a most singular appearance, looking from the old Ferry Inn, as though two rivers sprang from the ground beneath. The most striking natural curiosity seen from here is the outlines of a distant mountainous range of hills, which seem to form the sculptured bust of a sleeping beauty called the Huon Belle ; the hair, forehead, eyelashes, nose, lips, chin, throat, and bust, are all to be distinguished with remarkable fidelity." Above the before-mentioned Falls there are obtained immense supplies of the renowned Huon pine, trees of which are felled and laid in the river bed awaiting the fresh which will float them down the stream.

GOSSIP FROM THE AUSTRALASIAN.

THOSE who have travelled by the main road from Launceston to Hobart Town will remember that a little way beyond Perth-bridge there was a large pile of brick buildings, situated at the bottom of the hill on the southern side. They were known as the "Scone Mills," had been built by the late Captain Ritchie, and were, without exception, the largest and most complete on the northern side of the colony. At one time the operations at the mill were confined to the manufacturing of flour, but latterly the enterprise and intelligence of Mr. D. Ritchie added additional machinery, and oatmeal and pearl barley were turned out in quantities. The articles being of superior quality had obtained a good name not confined to Tasmania, and here, at least, had driven out the imported article. At work one night till about half-past 11, by 1 o'clock on the next morning fire had destroyed the whole pile. A strong southerly wind was blowing at the time, and the work of destruction was rapid and complete. As in other cases, no explanation can be given of how the fire arose. Loss, £12,000 to £15,000.

At length the books belonging to the Public Library in Hobart Town have been removed from Walker's brewery, and are now in the Town Hall. It is not honorable to the metropolis that while the Launceston Mechanics' Institute gets no assistance from the public funds, it not only furnishes a reading-room with an abundant supply of newspapers and periodicals, but adds to its library several hundreds of volumes annually. The library in Hobart Town makes but little progress. It points to the necessity of self-reliance.

The havoc made by the increase of rabbits is seriously felt in the Campbell Town district. Feed of all kinds disappears before them, and stock which last season brought 6s. 6d. per head had this year to be sacrificed at 2s. 10d. Bunny is now being destroyed at the rate of 500 per day.

I am glad to say that the seeking for diamonds is not to be confined to Australia. A gentleman of intelligence and skill, and having abundant means, is now devoting his attention to the pursuit. The field of operations will in the first instance be in the Campbell Town district, where already some encouraging specimens have been found. Quietly the work is being proceeded with, but not less earnestly. Success does not follow upon a flourish of trumpets.

FROM THE HERALD.

THE most important matter before the House last night was a proposal from the Tasmanian Legislature for a conference at Melbourne on the 2nd May next, on the subject of a Customs Union. The proposal is framed in the spirit in which we previously referred to a possible federation of the colonies. It suggests that there should be "a common tariff and a free interchange of products and commodities," and it is judiciously pointed out that the conference should not take up other subjects on which there may be a difference of opinion, and whose discussion might possibly jeopardise the settlement of the main question. It is quite true, as the proposer states, that no impediment would be offered by the Imperial Government to recognise the whole of these colonies as a geographical unit for customs purposes. It is seriously to be doubted, however, whether an impediment will not be found nearer home, in those local jealousies which have found expression in every intercolonial conference that has yet been held. It is suggested that the delegates at the forthcoming meeting will be members of their representative Governments, and will therefore have power to give an assent to any resolutions that may be arrived at. This is much to be doubted. The various colonial legislatures will scarcely care to be tied neck and heels to the decision of a conference whose resolutions they have had no opportunity of discussing. All the conference can do is to arrive at some common understanding on the subject, and agree upon the manner in which it shall be submitted by the Governments they represent to their respective Legislatures. Should the Parliaments of the several colonies unanimously agree to the measures proposed to them, it will then only remain to obtain the concurrence of the Imperial Government, which would certainly not be withheld. We can only hope that the proposed conference may be successful; and that in achieving a commercial federation of the colonies the foundation will have been laid of a closer union, and an identity of interests that will materially advance the prosperity of the whole Australian group.

SIR ROBERT OFFICER, one of the Salmon Commissioners, reports that he has seen salmon several times jump about in the Derwent. Once, when some dozen persons were looking from the front window of his house, several fish, their identity with the salmon to his mind beyond a doubt, were seen very distinctly leaping in the water. Sir Robert,

says the *H. T. Mercury*, in conjunction with other gentlemen, is shortly going to attempt capturing some of these fish by the use of a trammel net, so as to place beyond all doubt the fact of there being salmon in the Derwent. Mr. Barker, of Rosegarland, states that he has seen salmon in the Derwent in great numbers. The common trout and salmon trout in the ponds are thriving excellently, and some small salmon have lately been turned out into the River Plenty.

CHARGES IN TASMANIA.—Some of the private Boarding Houses charge one guinea and a half per week, and others two guineas. Hotels charge about half-a-guinea per day, but tourists remaining a week or longer at an hotel may possibly agree with the host to be charged less than three and a half guineas per week.

MARINERS are informed, through the *Government Gazette*, that in consequence of certain alterations in the light apparatus at Swan Island, Tasmania, on or about the 20th March, and for a week or ten days after, the light will not be visible at a greater distance than six or seven miles. After the alterations are complete, the light will be seen clear at a distance of 18 or 20 miles, as at present.

NOTICE.—The Publisher of this Handbook requests that travellers who may, in the use of the work, detect any faults or omissions which they can correct from personal knowledge, will have the kindness to mark them down with the date at which they were made, and communicate to him a notice of the same, favoring him at the same time with their names, addressed to 75 Chancery-lane, Melbourne. They may be reminded that by such communications they are not merely furnishing the means of improving the Handbook, but are contributing to the benefit, information and comfort of future travellers in general.

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LATEST intelligence of the track to the Wellington Falls. Hobart Town, March 14, 1870. "I may mention that a subscription has been made to clear a track to the Falls at Mount Wellington, some men being now at work, and the road, it is expected, will be tolerably passable for ladies in a short time."—W. F.

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AND OPPOSITIONS ENTERED.

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GUIDES AND MAPS OF THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALASIA

FOR
TOURISTS, EXCURSIONISTS, AND NEW ARRIVALS.

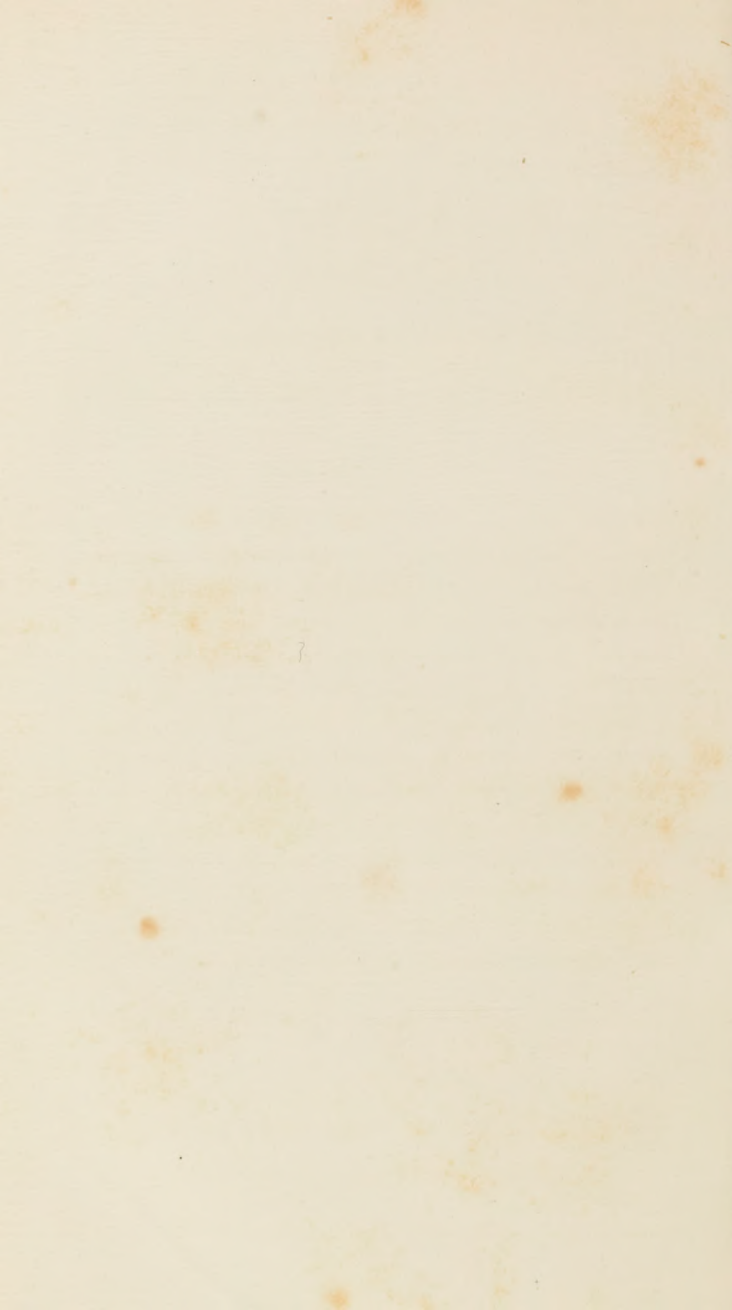
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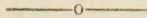
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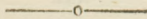


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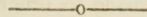


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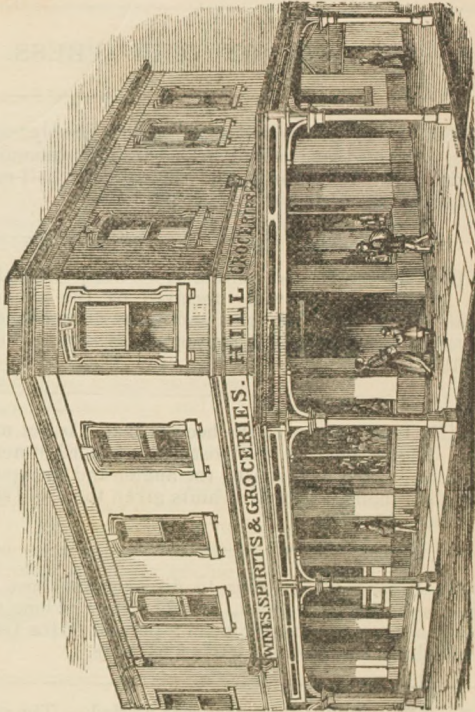
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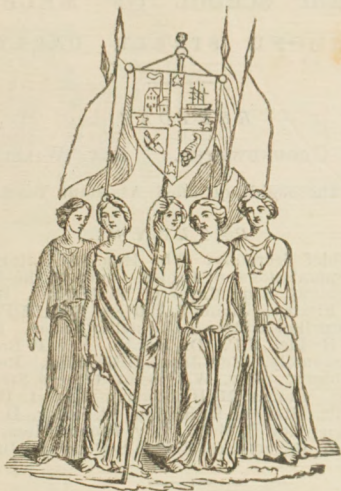
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"Having had an opportunity of visiting your 'High School' in the course of last week, under circumstances very favorable to my forming an estimate of the character of the education which you impart, I feel constrained to express to you the great satisfaction which was afforded me as to your mode of teaching, and the attainments of your pupils. As my visit was unexpected alike by you and them, and as I had an opportunity of hearing the young gentlemen examined in the usual lesson of the hour, my satisfaction was all the greater. You obviously aim at making them intelligently acquainted with the subject of the lesson, and the promptitude and general accuracy of their answers clearly indicated that you were developing the mental capacities of the young gentlemen."



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GENTLEMEN,

Agreeably to instructions conveyed in yours of the 25th inst., that I should make an analysis of your Ale, and, in order to remove any impression that such only referred to some special brew, would collect samples myself from your ordinary customers, I have to inform you that I purchased such samples from five of the hotels mentioned.

These samples were all remarkably similar, having a specific gravity nearly equal, and uniformly yielding six per cent. of real alcohol when distilled. A pint of the Ale left on evaporation about three quarters of an ounce saccharine and extractive matter. All the samples were light-colored and clear, possessing a very pleasant aromatic odour of the hop, combined with the agreeable bitterness characteristic of good ales when only hops and malt are used.

I could not detect any difference between these and some from my own cellar (having been long supplied through your agent with your ales for my own family use); and I can, from personal experience as a consumer, vouch for the general wholesomeness and purity of all the ales I have examined from your establishment.

WILLIAM JOHNSON,

Government Analytical Chemist.

Government Analytical Laboratory, Melbourne,

August 31, 1868.

NATIONAL GYMNASIUM,
JOLIMONT,
EAST MELBOURNE.

The National Gymnasium has been of late removed from its old site in West Melbourne to Jolimont, in one of the prettiest spots that can be found in or near the metropolis. It is situated between Captain Lonsdale's old residence and the East Melbourne Cricket Ground, close to the intersection of Spring and Flinders Streets, and facing Wellington Parade, the main thoroughfare from Melbourne to the eastern suburbs. Settled for good on a large piece of land that has been permanently granted for the purpose to the Board of Education, surrounded by the most attractive of our public reserves, in close proximity to the river and the principal cricket grounds, the Gymnasium in this new locality bids fair to become what it was originally intended for,—a central Training and Model School for the cultivation of a rational and systematic education of the body.

Five classes for male and female teachers are being carried on under the Board of Education, and other classes at cheap rates of payment are open for ladies, gentlemen and children. The method followed is such as to direct exercise principally to those parts of the body which, in consequence of sedentary occupation, are liable to be neglected,—the chest, the abdomen, and the back; and the system of exercises is so graduated as to allow the invalid and aged, as well as the active and the young, to avail themselves of it. Direct medical treatment of organic diseases according to the principles of the Swedish movement-cure may be obtained either at the Gymnasium, or at the patient's own residence, on payment of an extra fee.

The baths attached to the Gymnasium are open for the use of members without any extra charge.

Prospectuses containing particulars of terms, etc., may be obtained at the Institution, or at Messrs. Wilkie, Webster and Allen's music shop, Collins Street East.

GUSTAV TECHOW,

*Pupil of the Central Gymnastic Institution of Stockholm, Sweden,
and late one of the directors of the Central School of Gymnastics and
Fencing for Prussia in Berlin.*

CLASSES

For Gentlemen, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday: in the morning, from half-past 6 to half-past 7; afternoon, from 4 to 6; evening, from 8 to half-past 9.

For Ladies, on Wednesday and Saturday, from half-past 10 to 12 a.m.

Classes for young Girls under 15 years of age, and for boys, are in the course of formation.

TERMS.

All payments to be made in advance at the rate of, per quarter, for Gentlemen, Ladies and young Girls, one guinea; for Boys, half-a-guinea. Per year, for Gentlemen, two guineas; for Ladies and young Girls, three guineas; for Boys, $1\frac{1}{2}$ guineas: quarters and years to date from the day of entry.

Members of the late Association connected with this Gymnasium will be entitled to three months' practice free of charge, to make up for the time lost in consequence of the premature close of the Gymnasium on its old site.

In accordance with a special arrangement, members of the East Melbourne Cricket Club will be admitted to the Gymnasium at a yearly subscription of one guinea and a half, and *vice versa* members of the Gymnasium to the Club at the same rate without the charge of the usual entrance-fee.

Schools will, in times not above mentioned, be taken at reduced charges, and, if desired, may bring their own instructors, so as to pay for the use of the room and the apparatus only.

FENCING.

In extra times, as may be agreed upon, fencing with the small and broad sword will be taught at the rate of five shillings for one lesson, or two guineas for twelve to a single individual, or of ten shillings for one lesson, or four guineas for twelve, to a class of not more than six.

On the same terms also boxing will be taught, as soon as a competent teacher can be secured.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.

Invalids will be treated either at the Gymnasium, or at their own residences, on the principles of the Swedish movement cure, and in accordance with directions, in single cases, of the medical attendants. In many organic diseases which resist every other mode of treatment, improvement may be obtained in this manner, if not a perfect cure. Weak spines, contracted chests, or scrofulous constitutions may be effectually braced up in the young, and premature old age prevented in those more advanced in years.

BATHS.

It is hoped, and at all events it will be the constant endeavor, to have, at some future time, an extensive bathing establishment and a swimming school directly connected with this Gymnasium, but at present the existing shower baths are offered to the members free of charge provided they find their own requisites. For a warm bath, when exceptionally required, the charge will be made of one shilling.

OPEN AIR EXERCISE.

Some of the most important exercises of the Gymnasium can scarcely be efficiently practised within doors, such as running and jumping in its different forms; but all gymnastic exercises gain by occasional practice in the open air. Mr. Tchow therefore thinks that on its present site, and with a good deal of open ground attached, the Gymnasium will materially gain in usefulness, as he also hopes that its close proximity to the river and the principal cricket grounds will enable and encourage members of boating and cricket clubs to add to their favorite sports the systematic training of the Gymnasium.

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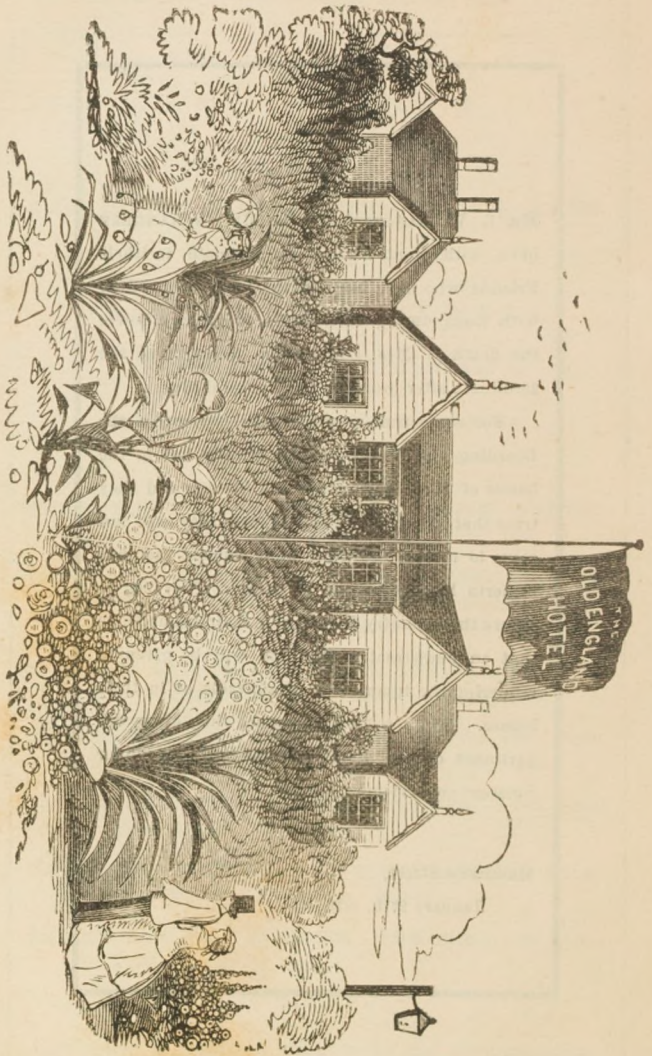
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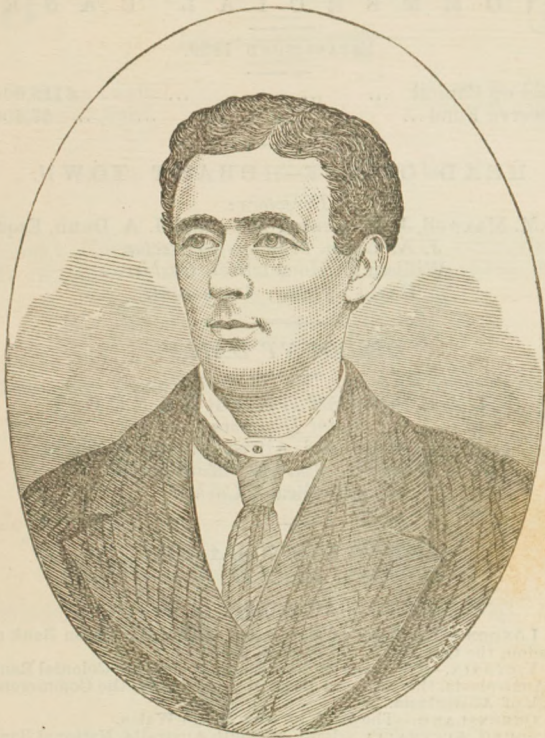
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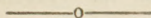
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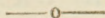
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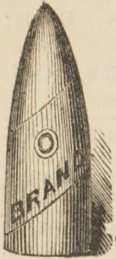
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


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
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
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
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
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Cards of terms forwarded on application.

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ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, LAUNCESTON.

M I S S F R I T H

RECEIVES a limited number of young ladies to board and educate, upon moderate terms. This residence is healthfully and pleasantly situated, and great attention is given to the domestic comforts and arrangements of the pupils.

TERMS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION.

HUDSON AND HOPWOOD,
Wholesale and Retail Importers of
BOOKS, STATIONERY, MUSIC, AND FANCY GOODS.

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Agents in Launceston for Leath & Ross's Homoeopathic Medicines.

THE GUIDE FOR EXCURSIONISTS TO TASMANIA.

GENERAL PRINTING OFFICE.

J. STEPHENSON,

CENTRAL CHARLES STREET, LAUNCESTON,

Next to Bell and Westbrook's, Auctioneers.

Printing of every description at reasonable rates, and
with despatch.

MR. FERGIE, NOTARY PUBLIC,
84 CHANCERY LANE,
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L A N D A N D E S T A T E,
AND
GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE AND EMPLOYMENT
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BRISBANE STREET, LAUNCESTON,
Next Launceston Hotel.

Tradesmen's Books Posted and Balanced, Accounts
Audited, Rents and Debts Collected, Plans and Specifica-
tions prepared, Commercial and Private Correspondence
Conducted.

LOANS NEGOTIATED,

£10 to £1,000 advanced immediately on personal or free-
hold security. Hotel Transfers and Valuations made,
Law Forms to be had and filled in if required.
Memorials, Addresses and Agreements drawn up.

MINING REGISTRY OFFICE. SHARE BROKER.

M. A. CLEARY,
MANAGER.

G. S. ROBERTS, GENERAL BUSINESS AGENT,
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Orders punctually attended to.

REGISTRY AND LABOUR OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

YORK STREET, LAUNCESTON.
Next Ditcham and Button's.

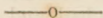


ECONOMY & RESPECTABIL-
ITY IN FUNERALS. HILLS,
Undertaker, Brisbane-st.,
Launceston, is prepared to
conduct funerals to suit the
circumstances of all parties,
and at any price named, as
low as £2 2s. 11d.



HOBART TOWN TO LAUNCESTON,
And *Vice Versâ*, by

PAGE'S DAY AND NIGHT MAIL COACHES.



Fares : Inside, £2 ; Outside, £1 10s. : and in proportion
to the Intermediate Stations.



Fourteen pounds weight of Luggage allowed for each Passenger, and any excess to be charged 2d. per lb., and in proportion to the Intermediate Stations.

Night Coaches start from the Club Hotel, Murray Street, Hobart Town, every night (Saturdays excepted) at 20 minutes past 6 p.m. ; and from the Club Hotel, Brisbane Street, Launceston, at 10 minutes to six p.m. (Saturdays excepted).

Day Coach leaves each place at 5 a.m. every morning (Sundays excepted).



STEAM TO CIRCULAR HEAD
And the intermediate ports on the
NORTH-WEST COAST, CALLING AT GEORGE TOWN.

The new and favourite paddle-steamer "Annie," 50 tons, Captain D. Phillips, leaves Launceston every Tuesday, returning *via* the Mersey on Saturday.

LEWIS, COHEN AND CO., AGENTS,
CHARLES STREET, LAUNCESTON.
N.B.—First-class accommodation for Passengers.

C A L E D O N I A N H O T E L,
C A M P B E L L T O W N,
J O H N S M I T H, P R O P R I E T O R.

THE oldest Hotel in Campbell Town, affords first-class accommodation to Visitors.

Coaches to and from Hobart Town leave and arrive daily.

Coach for Fingal leaves Wednesdays and Saturdays.

GOOD STABLING, ETC.

Splendid shooting grounds within two miles of the Town.

S M I T H ' S C O R N E R on the main road between Campbell Town and Epping Forest.

J. SMITH, EPPING HOTEL,

HAS Good Accommodation for Travellers, Visitors and others.
Wines, Beer and Spirits of a superior quality.

The Campbell Town and Fingal Coach stops at this Hotel, as also Page's day and night Coaches between Hobart Town and Launceston.

C H A R G E S M O D E R A T E .

Vehicles and Saddle Horses provided at all hours, day and night, for Mangana and the Coast.

T. PAICE, WOOLPACK INN,
AVOCA, TASMANIA.

Good Accommodation for visitors and Travellers.

WINES, BEER, AND SPIRITS OF BEST QUALITY.

CHARGES MODERATE.

The Campbell Town and Fingal Coach passes this Hotel.

J. GATTY, TALBOT ARMS,
FINGAL.

Good accommodation for Travellers and Visitors.

WINES, BEER, AND SPIRITS, OF FIRST QUALITY.

The Campbell Town coach passes this Hotel daily.

J. Gatty runs a conveyance to Mangana four times a week.

CHARGES MODERATE.

J. GATTY,
PROPRIETOR.

Horses and Vehicles provided on shortest notice.

M R S . D U N C A N ,
T A S M A N I A N H O T E L ,
F I N G A L .

Has accommodation of a superior character for Visitors
and Excursionists from the other colonies.

FIRST-CLASS WINES, BEER, AND SPIRITS.

The Campbell Town coach stops at this Hotel, from
which, too, a conveyance runs to the Mangana
Goldfields for convenience of visitors.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Every convenience of a Family Hotel.

H O T E L , F A L M O U T H , E A S T C O A S T ,
T A S M A N I A .

Superior accommodation, charges moderate, sea bathing
house, fishing, shooting, &c., with free use of a whale boat.

GOOD STABLING AND PADDOCKS.

GEORGE DUNN, PROPRIETOR.

** Mail conveyance to and from Hobart Town and
Launceston, twice a week, proceeding through the
magnificent St. Mary's Pass.

T H E N E W V A D E M E C U M

(Invented and manufactured by CHARLES H. VINCENT,
OPTICIAN, of 23 WINDSOR STREET, LIVERPOOL), consists of a
telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an ex-
cellent microscope of great power and first class definition, quite
equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may
seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and
Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed direc-
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3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights everybody, and nobody should
be without one; *address as above.*



E. CURRIE, OATLANDS HOTEL,
OATLANDS.

First-class accommodation for travellers and visitors from adjoining colonies.

Ordinary daily, at Half-past One.

Centre of shooting grounds. Traps kept for convenience of visitors.

Hobart Town and Launceston Coaches stop daily at this hotel.

THE MELTON MOWBRAY HOTEL,
SAMUEL BLACKWELL, PROPRIETOR.

The Proprietor begs to inform Visitors from this and adjoining Colonies that they will meet with every comfort at this Hotel.

Suites of apartments for Families, etc.

Night and Day Coaches to Launceston and Hobart Town change horses at the Hotel.

Bothwell Royal Mail Conveyance leaves the Melton Mowbray Hotel at 9:30 a.m., returning same day at 1:30, in time for Hobart Town Coach from Launceston.

FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE.

MRS. BROMLEY,

MACQUARIE HOUSE,

99 MACQUARIE STREET, HOBART TOWN.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Near to Turkish Baths.

MRS. LEWIS, SUPERIOR BOARD & RESIDENCE,

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

103 MACQUARIE STREET, HOBART TOWN.

Terms—Two Guineas a week.

MRS. GOLDING'S,
PRIVATE BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

Superior accommodation for Families and Visitors from this and adjoining Colonies.

35 DAVEY STREET,

Opposite the residence of J. Dunn, Esq., Hobart Town.

M R S . L A N G L E Y ' S
B O A R D I N G H O U S E .

THE Family of the late Mrs. Langley desire to return their grateful thanks to those many friends and supporters who kindly extended their patronage to the establishment during their mother's life, and trust, by constant attention and reasonable charges, to merit a continuance of that support which has been extended towards them during the long illness of their mother.

5 3 M A C Q U A R I E S T R E E T ,
H O B A R T T O W N .

D E R W E N T W A T E R ,
S A N D Y B A Y ,
N E A R H O B A R T T O W N .

M R S . J . B A R R E T T

BEGS to acquaint the public of Tasmania, and Visitors from the adjacent Colonies, that she has leased these beautifully-situated and commodious premises, and furnished them in a style which will ensure the comfort of families, visitors, or invalids, who will receive every attention. The gardens and grounds are extensive and most salubrious, being pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Derwent, where there is every facility for sea-bathing, boating, &c.

G O O D S T A B L I N G A N D C O A C H H O U S E S .

MRS. S. A. BETTS, SANDY BAY,
HOBART TOWN,

Has accommodation for Excursionists and Invalids in search of change of scene and climate, her house overlooking the Bay, and being within easy distance of town.

The place is surrounded with a well-stocked fruit and flower garden, and sea bathing may be enjoyed almost at the door.

ALBION INN, HOBART TOWN.

The undersigned begs to inform visitors to Hobart Town that they will find at his house, situated in the central part of the city, every comfort and accommodation they may require, at the most reasonable charges.

W. W. HATTON, ELIZABETH STREET.

The New Norfolk and Green Ponds Coaches, as well as the New Town Omnibuses, leave this house daily.

P. A. O'BEIRNE, CLUB TAVERN,
LIVERPOOL STREET,

Next Working Men's Club. Crawford's Huon Conveyance leaves three times a week.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR COUNTRY VISITORS.

Traps provided at the shortest notice.

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CASCADE,

Hobart Town, Tasmania.

THE OPORTO WINE AND SPIRIT STORES.

LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN, JOHN READ, Proprietor.
Wines, Spirits, and Ales of the best quality.

J. MITCHELL, 14 VICTORIA-ST., HOBART TOWN,
IMPORTER OF WINES & SPIRITS,
Stock of best Wines, Spirits, Ales, and Porter, always on hand.
Orders from Country Customers meet with prompt attention.

[A CARD.]

E. G E E, T O B A C C O N I S T,
M U R R A Y S T R E E T,

(Three doors from St. David's Cathedral)

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B R I D E C A K E H O U S E,
ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN.

C. HAYWOOD, PASTRYCOOK AND CONFECTIONER.
A large assortment of Wedding Cakes always on hand. Trifles,
Blancmanges, Jellies, Custards, etc, made to order at the
shortest notice.

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AND
E X P O R T E R O F F R U I T.

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Manufacturers and Exporters of Jams.
PRODUCE MERCHANTS,
NEW WHARF, HOBART TOWN.

G. PEACOCK, JAM MANUFACTURER,
Fruit and Produce Merchant, Old Wharf, and
9 MURRAY STREET, HOBART TOWN.

C. E. KNIGHT, PRODUCE MERCHANT,
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MANUFACTURER OF ALL KIND OF JAMS

For Exportation and Home use, and Exporter of all descriptions of Fruit and Jams to the Australian Colonies.

NEW MARKET, HOBART TOWN.


J OHN FOX, COMMISSION AGENT,
And Exporter of Fruit and Manufactured Jams
to all the Colonies.

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J AM-TIN MANUFACTURERS.
R. & W. WEST, Brothers, successors to the late Mr. Wim-
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and Co., Hobart Town.

C. F. CRESWELL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SEED MERCHANT,
EXHIBITION BUILDING,

Murray-street, Hobart Town, and 37 Swanston-street,
Melbourne.

 Hobart Town Agent for Queen Assurance Company.

[ESTABLISHED, 1840.]

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“ P I N E - A P P L E P L A C E , ”

S A N D Y B A Y R O A D ,

H O B A R T T O W N .

All orders punctually attended to, and goods carefully
packed.

W I L L I A M T H O M A S ,

Pomological Nurseryman, Landscape Gardener, &c.,
Queen's Road, Sandy Bay, Hobart Town. Always on hand—
Young Fruit Trees of all descriptions, warranted true to name
and free from blight.

T H E U N D E R S I G N E D has on hand a full stock of the
following descriptions of goods of the best quality,
and at moderate prices :—Ship Chandlery, Grocery, Oils,
Paints, Whaling Gear, Ironmongery, Provisions, Anchors,
and Chains. Sugar, Tea, Coffee, and Tobacco in bond.

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F R A N K L I N W H A R F , H O B A R T T O W N .

B E E H I V E G R O C E R ' S S T O R E ,
173 ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN.


Family and Country orders punctually attended to.

W. P. AYTON'S GROCERY MARKET,
165 LIVERPOOL STREET,
HOBART TOWN.

Hams and Bacon. Finest Plantation Coffee, packed in
air-tight canisters on the premises. Woodbury's
Cheese. Finest Gunpowder, Scented Orange
Pekoe, and Young Hyson Teas.

B E C K A N D P H I L L I P S,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS,
WATERLOO HOUSE.

85 Liverpool-street, Hobart Town.

 Manufacturers of first-class assorted Jams.

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BAKER, GROCER, ETC.,

THE "OLD GOLDEN CANISTER"

(Opposite the Windmill),

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WILLIAM IKIN,

Dealer in Fishing Nets and Twine of all kinds,
LINES, HOOKS, AND ROPES ALL SIZES.

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COLLINS STREET TANNERY.
W. SHERWIN,

Tanner, Currier, and Fellmonger, Leather and Grindery
Warehouse,

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A large stock of Leather and Grindery always on hand
at the lowest rates. Market prices given for Skins,
Hides, &c. All orders punctually attended to.

W. SHERWIN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BUTCHER.

Prime Colonial Beef and Mutton always on hand.
Families and Shipping supplied on the most reasonable
terms. All orders punctually attended to.

210 LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN.



BUTCHERING ESTABLISHMENT,


79 LIVERPOOL STREET,

Next Criterion Hotel.

HOBART TOWN.

W. W E B B,

Has always on hand a good supply of Prime Beef, Mutton,
Pork, &c., at Prices to suit the times.

 The Shipping Supplied.

J. H. THORN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
LEATHER AND GRINDERY WAREHOUSE,
100 Collins Street, Hobart Town.

RICHARD LEWIS & SONS,
MERCHANTS AND WAREHOUSEMEN,
COLLINS AND ARGYLE STREETS, HOBART TOWN.

Established 1827.

R. ANDREW MATHER,
FAMILY DRAPER,
89 and 91 Brock's Buildings,

LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN.

J. MARTIN,
DRAPER AND CLOTHIER,

97 LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN.

Next to R. Mather and Son's.

N.B.—Liberal Reductions for CASH. Country Orders
punctually and faithfully executed.

GEOERGE JOHNSON, CLOTHIER,
42 ELIZABETH STREET,
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R O B E R T S N O W D E N ,
D R A P E R A N D C L O T H I E R ,

“Cheapside House,”

75 LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN.

E V A N J O N E S , T A I L O R A N D H A B I T M A K E R ,
12 ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN,
Adjoining the Ship Inn.

C H A R L E S W I L S O N ,
T A I L O R , O U T F I T T E R , A N D O I L S K I N M A K E R ,
4 A R G Y L E S T R E E T ,
Opposite Constitution Dock,
H O B A R T T O W N .

J A M E S R O S M A N , T A I L O R A N D H A B I T
M A K E R ,
70 COLLINS STREET, HOBART TOWN,
Opposite P. O. Fysh's Stores.

All orders punctually attended to.

GOOD FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Suits made up at the shortest notice.

N.B.—Country orders strictly attended to.

W M. G R A H A M , H A T T E R , C L O T H I E R ,
and General Outfitter. Corner of Liverpool and Elizabeth Streets, Hobart Town. Every description of Gentlemen's, Boy's, and Youth's Fashionable Clothing, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, &c., always on hand.

H A T S ! H A T S ! H A T S !

P. CAHILL AND SON

Have now on hand a large assortment of Fashionably made Hats, got up in the latest and most approved styles, and marked at such reasonable prices as must command an immediate sale—therefore they recommend an early inspection.

The ZEPHYR and the GLADSTONE are the latest choice specimens of their art.

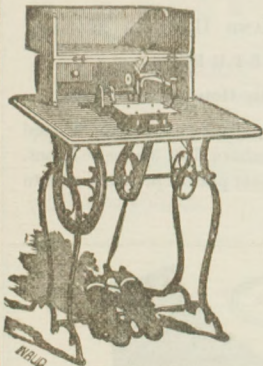
They are beautifully fitted with the modern air-cushioned patent revolving Ventilator, and in-lined with permanent oil-proof bands, thus rendering them impervious to the deleterious effects of heat, water, and grease.

They are manufactured of the purest silk, are extremely light and comfortable to the head, and warranted to keep their color in all weathers.

They have also on hand, of their own manufacture—The Duke of Edinburgh, the Denison, the Deerstalker, the Clerical, the Prince of Wales, the Westminster, &c., &c. Their Felt Hats comprise the last new shapes, and are equally seasonable and good. A large quantity of drab shell hats, manufactured expressly for the season, from 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Drab Pull Overs, second quality, 10s. 6d.; first-class quality, superior to any imported, 12s. 6d.

33" Hats renovated and altered to the present fashion.

P. CAHILL AND SON,
UPPER LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN
(Opposite Turner Brothers, Millers).



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L A D I E S '

O U T F I T T I N G E S T A B L I S H M E N T,

24 ELIZABETH STREET,

(Next door to Messrs. Burn and
Co.'s Auction Mart),

H O B A R T T O W N .

G. Hutton, Sole Agent for
Sewing Machines.


NEEDLEWORK DONE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Wheeler and Wilson's Lock-stitch Machine being used,
the work is guaranteed to last.

S. W. ROBERTS, OLD ESTABLISHED PAWNBROKING
BUSINESS.

36 ARGYLE STREET, HOBART TOWN.

Money advanced on every description of valuables.

 All transactions strictly confidential. Private Boxes.



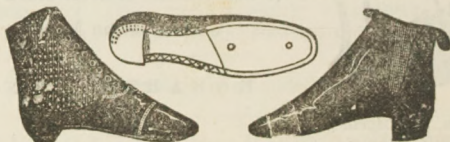
MRS. ALEXANDER, CORSET & DRESS MAKER,
COLLINS STREET, HOBART TOWN,
Three doors from Mr. Sharp the Dentist's,

All orders executed with despatch, in the most fashionable
style, and at moderate charges.

A. MARSHALL, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,
LIVERPOOL STREET,

Next door to Mr. Beaumont's Family Hotel, Hobart Town,

BEGS to acquaint the Town and Country that he has re-commenced
the business, in all its branches, in the above line, where he hopes,
by strict attention to business, and lowest possible prices, to obtain
a fair share of the public patronage.



R. CHADWICK, BOOT MAKER,
160 and 162 Liverpool Street, Hobart Town.

Country orders promptly executed.

THOMAS SIMS, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
213 LIVERPOOL STREET,
HOBART TOWN.

THE Working Classes are respectfully invited to make a
call, and judge for themselves.

Ease assured to all suffering from Corns, Bunions, &c.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS

Of all kinds made to order by

J. CUTHBERTSON,

No. 157 LIVERPOOL STREET,

HOBART TOWN.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

H. HAGON, BOOT MAKER, MURRAY STREET,
Near Webb's Hotel, Hobart Town,

BEGS leave to state that he has removed to those premises
lately occupied by Mrs. Alexander, where he hopes, by
strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of the
public patronage.

W. G O R N E Y ,


B O O T M A K E R ,

77 ELIZABETH STREET,

HOBART TOWN.

G. S. S T U A R T,
184 LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN,
B O O T M A K E R.

—o—
Country orders punctually attended to.

 Note the Address—184 Liverpool Street.

CHARGES MODERATE.

R I C H A R D H O U S E G O,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 13 MACQUARIE STREET, HOBART TOWN.

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N.B.—Country orders punctually attended to, and
Stores supplied.

Families waited upon at their residences.

D. AHERNE, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
82 DAVEY STREET, HOBART TOWN.

Good Workmanship, and Charges Moderate.

M A R K N A T H A N, PAWNBROKER,
Money advanced on every description of
Clothing, Jewellery, &c.

154 LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN.

H A I R D R E S S I N G, S H A V I N G, & S H A M P O O I N G
S A L O O N.


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PROFESSOR E. MORELL & CO.,

Hair dressers, and Perfumers,

COLLINS STREET, NEXT DEGRAVES'S BREWERY,
HOBART TOWN.

A. MILES, BOOT MAKER,
148, ELIZABETH STREET, 148,
HOBART TOWN.

Boots and Shoes of every description made and repaired
on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

 Town and Country orders punctually attended to.


HISSEY, HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER,
21 ELIZABETH STREET,
Opposite the Ship Hotel, Hobart Town.

Every article necessary to the Toilet on hand, and for sale.

TAXIDERMIST.

BAYLEY'S HAIR DRESSING ESTABLISHMENT,
78, Liverpool Street, Hobart Town. A large assortment
of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs, Bands, Curls, and all kinds of
artificial hair always on hand.
Opposite the Criterion Hotel.

EDWARD ASH, DISPENSING CHEMIST,
60 ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN.

 Homœopathic Medicines.

DOUGH TY'S DISPENSARY,
30 ELIZABETH STREET,
Near Ship Inn, Hobart Town,
FAMILY & DISPENSING CHEMIST.

Patent Medicines and Perfumery.

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A R C H I T E C T .

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M R. E D W A R D S ,

SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, M.R.C.S.E. & L.M.,

Has resumed the practice of his profession, at

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Consultations—Mornings: Nine to Eleven. Evenings:
Six to Eight.

E. M. R I C H A R D S ,

M A S O N A N D L E T T E R - C U T T E R ,

Corner of

M U R R A Y A N D M E L V I L L E S T R E E T S ,

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
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
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The above-named establishments will be supplied with other views when published.

The Hobart Town *Mercury*, of 8th January, 1870, thus describes the views:—

"One of them represents the river Derwent, near New Norfolk, and we must say is an excellent piece of art production—the bold projecting cliff in the foreground, the undulating grass plains in the background, and the pretty homestead embosomed in trees, are all admirably effective in drawing and colouring. The light fleecy clouds, and the smooth water mirroring them; the skiff under sail; the birds hovering over the stream, and the other moving features of the scene, all help to furnish a picture admirably true to nature.

The second picture gives us a view of the river Shannon, near Mount Pleasant; and is a really fine specimen of descriptive art. It is very rich in its general tone, as the rays of the setting sun lend their bright glow to the landscape. The foliage of the trees overhanging the stream is exquisitely depicted, and the rocky shores of the river irradiated by the last rays of the great luminary are thoroughly true to nature."

Alluding to the above notice, the Melbourne *Argus* of 12th February, says:—

"We recently copied from the Hobart Town *Mercury* a notice of some Chromo-Lithographs, which had been executed by Mr. Piguénit, of that city. Since then we have had an opportunity of inspecting the engravings themselves, and can confirm the favourable opinion pronounced upon them by our Tasmanian contemporary. Mr Piguénit has been particularly happy in his treatment of the sky, and considering that these are the first Chromo-Lithographs ever produced in Tasmania, and that their execution must have been surrounded with many difficulties, Mr. Piguénit is to be congratulated on his success."

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