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Drawn & Etched by J. Bigge

MACQUARIE STREET HOBART TOWN

DESCRIPTIVE ITINERARY

OF

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Hic labor : hinc laudem fortes sperate coloni.
Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quàm sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.

HOBART-TOWN.—The stranger, as he sails up the Derwent, which is perfectly safe for shipping, will observe on each side, several cultivated spots of small extent, appearing among the trees. Having cast anchor in the Harbour, which is called Sullivan's cove, close to the town, Mulgrave battery, with the residence of the Port officer, at the water's edge, appears to the left, and Mount Nelson in the distance. Bordering, also, on the water, is Cottage green, the residence of the Rev. R. Knopwood, the first chaplain of the colony ; also, the villas of Mr. Read and Mr. Moodie, and the Burying ground ; also, on a fine commanding eminence, the Military baracks. Directly in front of the harbour is Government house, with pleasure grounds pleasantly sloping down to the water's edge. The public landing place is on a small pier or jetty, on what was formerly called Hunter's island, but now connected with the main land by a long stone causeway. Here the principal merchants of the town have erected several spacious and substantial warehouses, among which may be mentioned, the very extensive stores of the Leith Australian Company, at present let to Government as an Ordnance store. On the right is the Town rivulet, and beyond it, on a promontory, called Macquarie point, the Engineer's stores, or Lumber yard, where the blacksmiths, carpenters, and other mechanics in the employment of Government are al-

ways at work. On this point the troops are reviewed on field days, and some of the inhabitants of the town occasionally recreate themselves at the game of cricket and other out-door amusements. A pleasant walk conducts up the bank of the river to the Government garden, which, during last year, has undergone much improvement, and been considerably extended under the superintendence of Mr. Davidson. A hot-house and green-houses are now in progress, and many new plants and useful exotics have been added since our last publication. Near it is the site of the intended new Government house. The first street the traveller enters, after leaving the Wharf, is Macquarie-street, in which are situated the Government-house, the Commissariat stores, the Court-house, the Gaol, St. David's church, the Guard house, and many of the principal public offices.

(St. David's Church.)

St. David's church has now been built about 1 years, and about two years ago it underwent a co

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plete repair, being neatly covered with stucco, and the grounds round it tastefully laid out, while the interior was wholly remodelled into single pews. The pulpit is a handsome piece of workmanship, made of the timber called lightwood, a species of wood peculiar to the island. In 1824, a very good and full toned organ was erected, chiefly at the expense of subscribers, inhabitants of the town. A handsome large clock with two faces is now about to be erected, instead of the one hitherto in use. Service is performed in this church 4 times on Sundays—in the morning at 9, chiefly for the benefit of such of the prisoner class as are in private service with families in the town, or who hold the indulgence of a ticket of leave—at 11 for the inhabitants of the town, when the military in garrison march to divine service from the Barracks with the band playing—at 4 in the afternoon, and again at 6 in the evening. The crowded and most respectable congregation of this church, and the exemplary manner in which public worship is conducted, especially at the forenoon service, must agreeably surprise the stranger who after a voyage of four or 5 months lands in this remote, and till within a few years, wholly uncultivated region. The church-wardens contemplate improving the galleries, so as to accommodate a larger number, the Government having lately removed the prisoners in the public works, who used to occupy them, to the Barracks, where they have also the privilege of hearing public worship. The Presbyterian and the Wesleyan chapel, both in Melville-street, (besides the Roman Catholic) are also neat buildings, and do credit to the town, not only as respectable structures, but also from the regular and orderly manner in which they are attended by their numerous congregations. In front of Government house, and at right angles to

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Macquarie-street, is Elizabeth-street. It conducts to the main road which leads to the interior, and in it, and Liverpool-street, are some of the first shops in the town. The other streets branching from these, are rapidly vying with them in importance, and contain many respectable buildings. The ground on which the town is built is of unequal surface, the rivulet running through the centre. It already extends over seven hills (as many as ancient Rome) and covers upwards of a square mile. There are several flour mills on the banks of the rivulet. A romantic walk leads up the left bank to the foot of Mount Wellington, passing the Female Orphan school, Mr. Hackett's distillery, Dynnyrne, formerly erected as a distillery, but reeently rebuilt as a suburban residence by the present proprietor, Mr. R. L. Murray, Mr. Hodgson's tannery, the new Female penitentiary, & the Saw mills of Messrs. Macintosh & Degraves, and Mr. Stokell, near which is the rocky fall called the Cascade. From Elizabeth-street, the buildings extend nearly a mile on the main road to the interior, the furthermost of which are the villa of Mr. T. Y. Lowes, that of Mrs. M'Tavish, the handsome architectural structure of Dr. Scott, and the elegant cottage of Mr. Emmett, on this side of which about ½ a mile out of town, nearly opposite the Dalla Arms inn, kept by Mr. Morris, is Mr. Shoobridge' hop garden, called Providence valley.

New-town and Glenarchy.—On leaving Hobart-town, Mount Wellington being 4 miles to the left, at the distance of 2 miles, a small road turns off on the right hand to the lower part of New-town. The first house of any note which the traveller meets with is, on crossing the bridge over the New-town rivulet, Mr. Fisher's public house, called the Rose. Lower down on the rivulet, is Mr. Gatehouse's brewery, the country

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houses of Messrs. Beamont, Fletcher, Bankier, and Hone, and on the opposite side, that of Captain Bell, as also the residence of Captain Swanston. On the left, about a mile from the road, is Roseway lodge, the present residence of the Colonial Treasurer, and near it is the King's male Orphan school, formerly Major de Gillhern's distillery, and subsequently Messrs, Hume and Peet's extract of bark manufactory. Opposite the four mile stone on the right, are the country houses of Messrs. Gellibrand, and Bryant. Half a mile farther is O'Brian's bridge, over the beautiful little stream of Humphrey's rivulet, which separates the districts of Argyle and Glenarchy. About a mile in the woods, on the left, is Tolosa, the property of G. Hull, Esq. At the seventh mile stone, is the Green man, kept by Mr. Bird, and at the eighth is Abbotsfield, a point of land stretching a mile into the Derwent, towards Mount Direction. A quarter of a mile farther is Roseneath ferry, on the road to Launceston, where Mr. Austin keeps an inn, with an excellent garden for the accommodation of visiters.

OLDBEACH.—The ferry is little more than a quarter of a mile across. It has been in contemplation to build a bridge near this place, in order to obviate the danger and delay of crossing sheep and cattle, &c. when the wind is high, and from the facilities afforded by the modern discovery of the chain bridge and other inventions, which render such an undertaking more practicable, and tend materially to lessen the expense, it is expected, that before the close of this year, a considerable progress will be made in its erection. On arriving on the opposite bank, the Star and Garter inn, kept by Mr. John Hays, presents itself. On

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leaving the ferry, a by-road turns off on the right to the farms of Mr. Cassidy, and Mr. D. Reynolds, where a wind-mill for grinding corn is now erecting. The same road conducts also to Geils'-town and Risdon. Colonel Geils, at that time Commandant of the territory, but now in Scotland, built the first farm-house in the colony at this place, about the year 1810. Proceeding on the main road to Launceston, at the eleventh mile stone is the farm and seat of Mr. Gage, J.P. Half a mile farther is the farm of Mr. Ibbott, who keeps the Three Archers inn for the accommodation of travellers. The road then becomes very hilly until we reach Mr. Whitehead's excellent corn farm, about the fifteenth mile stone, when a branch road joins it, coming from Cove point ferry, which is about two miles above Mr. Austin's, and where there is an inn called the Wheatsheaf, kept by Mr. Howell. This branch road crosses the Jordan, at the head of the salt water, about a mile from its junction with the Derwent, where there is a bridge and farm-house belonging to Mr. E. Lord, formerly the property of Mr. Ingle, who after realizing a fortune in the colony returned to enjoy it in England.

BRIGHTON.—At the distance of sixteen miles from Hobart-town, is the town of Brighton. Here there are erected a King's store, a Government cottage, barracks, gaol, and several private cottages, on the lines of the streets already laid out. The original name of the tract of country on which Brighton is now building, was 'Stony Plains.' Two thousand acres of these plains are allotted to the town. This is a military station, at which there is an officer, with a detachment of about 20 troops.

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TEA TREE BRUSH.—On the right is a branch road leading to the Coal river, passing through the Tea-tree-brush. The first house we come to on this road is that of Mr. Elliott, after which are those of Messrs. Evans and Cassidy. Mr. Elliott has formed a small but very interesting collection of petrifactions, found chiefly on the plains adjacent to his land. In some, the different species of wood of which they were formerly composed, are plainly discernible. Higher up are the farms of Mr. Griffith, and Mrs. Smith. Proceeding on the road, after passing some small farms, we arrive at Mr. Wilkinson's. Soon after which this road joins the Coal river road from Richmond through Jerusalem to Jericho.

BLACK BRUSH.—On the left of Brighton is the district called the Black brush, watered by the river Jordan, on the banks of which are a great many small farms, in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the earliest districts, being chiefly settled by individuals of the Royal marines, the first garrison stationed here. From this the road leads up the Jordan to a settlement called

THE BROADMARSH.—At which is the farm of Mr. Murdoch, J. P. and a little beyond that, the road, as being passable for a wheeled carriage, terminates.

BAGDAD.—After leaving Brighton, the traveller enters on the rich and fertile district of Bagdad, extending for about eight miles to the bottom of Constitution-hill. The road is nearly on a level all the way, except about half up the vale, where it passes over a small rise called the Cornelianhill, from the number of cornelian stones found upon it, some of which appear worthy of the labour of the lapidary. At eighteen miles from Hobart-town,

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is the Crown inn, kept by Mr. Brown. Half a mile farther, on the right hand, is the excellent corn farm of Mr. Kimberly. Not less than 250 acres of this farm are of the finest marsh land. On the the left hand, on a gentle eminence commanding a fine view of his farm, Mr. Kimberley has commenced building a residence of beautiful cut free stone, found near the spot, which, when completed, will be exceeded by very few in Van Diemen's land. He has already finished a capital stone house for his servants. Mr. Lackey's farm adjoins Mr. Kimberley's, and like it extends across the valley, being bounded by the range of hills on each extremity. Three hundred acres of this estate, of which a large portion is of the finest quality, with a spacious and permanently erected hut, and one of the largest barns in the colony, were purchased about three years since from Mr. Evans, the late Surveyor General, for £500. The present proprietor is building a large water corn mill, which will be capable of storing several 1000 bushels of wheat. The road then passes a great number of small farms, the principal of which, is that of Mr. John Espie, kept in exemplary order and neatness. At the foot of Constitution-hill, and at the 24th mile stone, in a romantic situation, is the Swan Inn, kept by Mr. Butcher. The cultivated part of this beautiful valley is about two miles broad, beyond which, it is bounded on each side by ranges of lofty hills, thickly wooded.

CONSTITUTION-HILL.—After having reinforced himself at the Swan Inn, the traveller will be able to mount Constitution-hill, over which the road continues to ascend for about a mile and a half This hill is chiefly occupied in pasturage. There

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are however, some cultivated farms near its summit, and on the farther side. The small stream which waters the vale of Bagdad, known by the name of the "Bagdad Creek," takes its rise about two miles to the eastward of this hill. Near its source it is precipitated down a perpendicular fall of at least 70 feet, which in rainy weather presents the pleasing prospect of the descent of a considerable body of water. Near the water fall is a remarkable high stony eminence, called the "Barren Rock." In descending the north side of Constitution-hill, there are two lofty sugar loaf hills, one on each hand, which may be seen from Hobart-town.

Green Ponds.—The ascent and descent of Constitution-hill, extend three miles, and at the bottom we enter the valley of the Green-ponds, a populous, thriving settlement. There is a small village with a blacksmith's shop, a shoemaker, carpenter, and other useful members of the community. These are, in the parish of Huntingdon. On crossing the small rivulet which waters the valley, and from which the valley receives its name, we enter Dysart parish, where a neat little church on the right of the road is now finished, chiefly at the expense of the inhabitants. Mr. Gorringe, who is the lecturer and catechist of the district, reads prayers here and at Bagdad on alternate Sundays. On the right hand, among many others, may be mentioned the farms of Mr. Ashton, Mr. Pool, and Mr. Joseph Johnson, and on the left, the fine farms, in a high state of cultivation belonging to the Messrs. Franks. Mr Ashton was the first person who took a grant of land in the settlement of Green ponds, and is Chief Constable of the district. About the

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year 1820, before any inns were built on the road, travellers, generally, found a hospitable reception at his neat little cottage, a feature of hospitality, charerteristic of settlers in the remote and less peopled parts of Van Diemen's land, until the progress of colonization gradually supplies the wants of society. At the 29th. mile stone, is Mrs. Ransom's inn, a comfortable two-story brick building, with good accommodation, called the Royal Oak inn.

Cross-marsh.—After leaving Mrs. Ransom's, the road extends for some miles over a level sandy tract of country. Close to the inn is the Cross-marsh market-place, on the left hand side of the road, conveniently and substantially fenced in for the reception of cattle and sheep. A respectable and increasing market is here held quarterly, which from the short time since it was commenced, promises to be highly useful in the colony. This market originated with a party of gentlemen who met at the hospitable board of the late Mr. Myles Paterson on the Shannon, after an inquest held at the Hermitage upon the body of Scott, a shepherd, killed near that place by the black natives, in November 1827. The market has been lately removed to the present scite for the greater convenience of those who resort to it. It was formerly a mile from the inn. Near this inn also, a road turns off on the right hand, through the romantic ravine known by the name of the Serpentine valley, with sandstone rocks overhanging on each side. It rejoins the main road about the 37th mile, and saves above a mile in distance, though not yet made passable for carriages. At 31½ miles from Hobart-town, is the branch road to the Clyde. Here the road again touches the

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river Jordan, on the banks of which is situated, the fine farm of Mount Vernon, so called in memory of General Washington's estate on the river Potomac, United States. A very elegant, commodious, well-built cottage has been erected on it, the residence of Mr. George Kemp. Mount Vernon is situated on the right or left bank of the Jordan, in the parish of Beaufort. Below this about two miles, the river Jordan takes its course between two steep hills, and enters the narrow but remarkably fertile valley, known by the name of the "Hunting Ground." Near it, are the valuable farms of Mr. George Espie, and Mr. Bent, also on the banks of the Jordan. The road then passes through a pastoral district of fine thinly wooded downs, principally adapted for sheep grazing. To the eastward of the road, is the farm of Mr. Cobb of Sydney, and Mr. Curr of Cape Grim owns the land on each side of the road after passing Mr. Bent's farm.

LOVELY BANKS.—We then arrive at the Lovely banks, 26 miles from town, where there is a good inn kept by Mr. Guest, and where the traveller is sure to find good oats for his horse. Lovely banks is in Winterton parish, which is divided from Somerset by the main road. About a mile to the left of the inn is the sheep-walk of Mr. Bisdee. His sheep are among the fattest and largest, as well as the best woolled, considering the carcass in the colony, the fleeces rapidly improving. Mr. Bisdee is one of the few who have as yet made good malt liquour on their own farms. He grows the grain, malts it, and brews it on the spot. The fortieth mile-stone stands on the top of Spring hill, which affords good grazing ground, but is otherwise uncultivated. It is part of a high range of hills stretching across from the Jordan towards the east.

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JERICHO.—The first house seen after descending the hill is Dr. Desailly's, in Somerset parish, on the right of the road, half a mile beyond which, and at the 42nd. mile stone, the road crosses the Jordan by a wooden bridge of two arches, on the further side of which is Mr. P. Harrison's excellent new inn, situate in Bath parish. Directly in front of it stands Northumbria, the extensive and well cultivated farm of Mr. Gregson, close to which is Sand hill, in Spring hill parish, belonging to Mr. James Bryant, where Viscount is kept, a beautiful high bred race horse imported from England. Farther down the stream is the stock run of Mr. Jones. In following up the river to the right, at the distance of a mile from the inn, we arrive at the residence of the Assistant Surgeon of the district, Dr. Hudspeth, when we enter York parish. Half a mile farther up the river is Mr. Watt's excellent mill, called Bath mill, for grinding corn, driven by water from the river. Three miles beyond is the source of the Jordan. It takes its rise from a large lagoon overgrown with rushes, 8¼ miles in circumference. It used to be called Lemon's lagoon, from a noted bushranger who haunted the neighbourhood. On the borders of this lagoon Mrs. Gough and child, and Ann Geary were lately killed by the blacks. Here also Mr. Meredith of Oyster bay keeps a numerous herd of horned cattle. Dr. Hudspeth is the largest landed proprietor in the vale of Jericho, having 3,500 acres of land. Jericho, properly so called, is a hamlet, consisting of eight farms, viz: those of Dr. Desailly, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Harrison, Mr Gregson, Dr. Hudspeth, Mr. Watts, Mr. Pike and Mr. Cogle. Jericho consists of these grants and no more. Proceeding on the road, about a mile from the inn, we arrive at the beautiful circular plain called the Fourteen tree plain, so named

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from fourteen gum trees growing in a clump in the centre. On the right of this plain, and in sight of the road is the farm of Mr. Pike, the Lecturer and Catechist of the district. Round the outer edge of the plain Mr. Gregson has run a plough furrow as a racecourse, for which it is admirably adapted. Halfway between Jericho and Oatlands is Lemon springs, contiguous to which is a small peaked hill where the bushranger of that name used to lie in ambush and make his attacks on the passengers, Formerly there was a Government store here, with a party of prisoners working on the roads, all which is now removed to—

OATLANDS,—at the distance of 50 miles from Hobart-town. This township is situated on the borders of a fine lagoon, now called Lake Frederick. It is about four miles round, with a small island in the centre, but the water, although deep, is overgrown with rushes, giving it the appearance of a verdant plain. On its banks, and near the outlet at the northern end is the village of Oatlands, which was marked out as a township, together with Perth, Campbell town and Brighton by General Macquarie in May 1821, when his Excellency paid a visit to these places. Several cottages are already erected, and also an excellent soldiers' barrack and officers' quarters, built by the Royal Staff Corps, and a church and gaol are in progress. Mr. Anstey is the Police Magistrate of this district. His residence, called Anstey Barton, is situated about three miles to the west of the township. Near it are the stock farms of Mr. Mackersy, Mr. Weeding and Mr. Salmon, The farm of Wallace, formerly belonging to Mr. Mackersy, but now the property of Mr. Anstey, is in Dulverton parish. Five miles to the west, and also in Dulverton parish, is

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Michael Howe's marsh, once the resort of that desperado, and where he resided many months with the native girl "Black Mary," whom he afterwards shot. This marsh, consisting of about 600 acres o alluvial soil of unequalled fertility, is now the property of Mr. Anstey, by purchase from the Crown. To the east of Oatlands is a branch road leading to a large extent of open country called the Eastern marshes and Blue hills. The distance is too great from the market of Hobart town to admit of this fine tract being occupied in any other manner than as grazing ground. The principal stock huts are those belonging to Mr. David Lord, Mr. Bisdee, Mr. Loane, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Earle.

YORK PLAINS.—From Oatlands the traveller has the choice of two roads to Launceston, viz: one, the new road through Albany vale to St. Peter's pass, and the other, the original road to the right, which we give first. For two miles beyond the township of Oatlands the road is very hilly, this being the dividing range between Hobart town and Launceston, within the distance of half a mile, the waters running north and south from the same hill. A few miles to the right are also the sources of the streams which fall into the eastern sea at Oyster bay. At two miles distant from Oatlands we enter that beautiful tract of country in Brisbane parish called York plains, and for the next two miles the road is delightful. The land is thinly wooded, and presents to the eye picturesque groups of trees in the midst of verdant lawns. The hills also, which bound the prospect, are deserving of notice, and add to the interest of the landscape, consisting generally of conical shaped mounts, covered with grass to the summit. The principal one is called the Handsome sugar loaf. At the bottom of the hill is the grazing farm of Mr. Murdoch. At the north-

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ern end of the plain the traveller arives at the inn kept by Mr. B. Nokes.

SORELL SPRINGS.—Fifty-eight miles from Hobart-town is situated the White Hart, kept by Mr. Presnell, one of the oldest inns between Hobart-town and Launceston. This place is in the parish of Cornwallis, and was originally, (previous to 1821) known by the name of "Tin dish holes." It is still best known by that appellation among the stock-keepers in the neighbourhood. At this house the Post office messengers from the southern and northern ends of the island meet and exchange despatches, it being considered the most convenient and central point. Two miles beyond Presnell's inn the road turns suddenly to the right, down a steep declivity, and the traveller all at once enters on Salt pan plains. Here he will enjoy one of the most magnificent views which the island affords. The eye ranges many miles over a beautiful tract of level country, bounded in the distance, [about 40 miles] by romantic ranges of towering hills and mountains, among the most striking and lofty of which is Ben Lomond directly in front. The road continues nearly on a level through a rich grazing country, all the way from this to Launceston.

SALT PAN PLAINS.—This plain extends over an expanse of about ten or twelve miles in diameter. On descending the above-mentioned declivity we immediately cross a small stream known by the name of Antill's ponds, so called by Governor Macquarie in memory of Major Antill, of the 48th Regiment. On the right is the very extensive grazing farm of Mr. Kimberley. Almost in the centre of the plain, and at the 65 mile post on the Blackman's river, is the site of the new township of Tunbridge. Across the stream is a bridge or platform of 5 or 6 arches. Formerly the native blacks had been very troublesome in this neighbourhood, as the traveller will remark by

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the malancholy appearance of some graves at the end of the bridge of the unfortunate herdsmen who had been murdered by them. The two salt pans which give the name to this plain, are at the distance of about four miles to the east of the township. The larger contains 40 acres, and the smaller, and best of the two, about 20 acres. They are about a mile distant from each other from north to south. In winter they are filled with rain water, which is dried up in summer, when they become covered with a crust of excellent salt, fit for any culinary purpose, presenting a surface as white as snow, from a quarter to about half an inch thick. Several tons are annually collected for the use of the neighbourhood, and when summer rains happen to be succeeded by a few days of hot weather, sufficiently powerful to evaporate the water, the salt is renewed; but the first or spring gathering is always the best. There are besides these several others smaller and of less note, scattered in different parts of the plains. This is one of the finest pastoral districts in the colony. Among the chief farms, is that of Mr. Kermode, named Mona Vale situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Blackman and Macquarie rivers, and near the peaked hill called Grime's sugar loaf. Near it also, and in sight of the road, is a curious hill called the Don's battery, naturally formed like a rampart, where the late Mr. Morris of Cove point, defended himself against a large body of blacks, in one of the earlier periods of the colony. Adjoining this are the valuable sheep walks of Mr. M'Lachlan and Mr. Wilson in Gibb's parish. Good grazing farms extend several miles to the east of the salt pans, among which we may enumerate those of Mr. Robert Davidson, Mr. James Robertson, and on the Macquarie, those of Mr. Scott, Mr. Cassidy, and Mr. Dudgeon, the last

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being near a remarkable hill on the bank of the Macquarie river, called Maloney's sugar loaf. Beyond this the country in that direction is wild and stony, consisting of steep hills thickly wooded. The soil of the Salt pan plain is light, being better adapted for grazing than cultivation. The grass is impregnated with the salt quality of the soil, and has the property of keeping the sheep healthy and fat, free from scab, a disease incidental to large flocks in other parts of the island.

Ross.—At the distance of 74 miles from Hobart-town is the township of Ross, close by the bridge over the Macquarie river. The annual Races are held on the west bank, while the Market takes place on the east of the Macquarie river. There is a good inn here kept by Mr. O'Connor. Before entering Ross, the traveller passes, on the right hand, the farms of Mr. Parramore and Mr. Horton. About a mile on the further side of the bridge, the Government has an agricultural establishment, besides keeping a large herd of cattle, the whole being under the charge of Lieutenant Skardon, R. N. About thirty thousand acres, mostly fit for the plough, are at present in the hands of Government, for the purposes of the establishment. At the township, besides the inn, is erected a Government cottage, the residence of a military officer, stationed here with a detachment of troops. On the right of the view is seen Benlomond, one of the most striking objects in the island; in front is Macquarie river, with the Man of Ross inn, kept by Mr. O Connor, and the western range of hills in the distance, and to the left, on the opposite bank of the river, the Salt pan plains. The Government cottage and other useful buildings, as well as many others now in progress in this populous and highly important agricultural district, are not seen in the drawing.

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Here it will be proper to describe the branch road which leads down the Macquarie to Lincoln, before proceeding further on the main road to Launceston.

LINCOLN.—This branch road leads down the western bank of the Macquarie. The first farm the traveller meets with, after proceeding about two miles, is that of Mr. Eagle, opposite to it on the other side of the river is Eppendorff, the property of Mr. Horne, J. P. Lower down, the road passes the farms of Mr. Hugh Robertson, and Mr. Foster, and on the other bank of the river, the farm of Mr David Murray. About 9 miles from Ross, the Elizabeth river joins the Macquarie, flowing from the east. Near this junction, on the right bank of the Elizabeth river, about three miles from Campbell town, the traveller arrives at the farm of Rosedale the property of Mr. Leake, who was one of the original importers of Saxon sheep. The house, which is an elegant stone building, stands on a beautiful eminence, overlooking enclosures of rich meadow and corn. About a mile and a half further down, is that of Mr. Claudius Thomson, contiguous to the road. The river beyond this has very little fall, being bordered on each side with beautiful level plains extending as far as the township of Lincoln about 2 miles from Ross, and interspersed all the way with numerous farms and cottages on each side of the river. On the east bank may be mentioned those of Dr. Turnbull, Mr. Buist, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Malcolm Mr. George Taylor, and adjoining the township of Lincoln, on the banks of a large rushy lagoon those of Mr. Alston, and Mr. George Stewart. On the western bank, are the farms of Mr. Hugh Murray, Mr R. Young, Mr. Allison, Greenhill, the farm of Mr James Mackersey, late that of Mr. James Reid, and the farm of Mr. Bayles, the last of whom has an ex

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tensive garden, in which is a valuable nursery of English forest trees. Generally speaking, the whole of this district is admirably adapted to the growth of fine wool. The farms on the banks of the Macquarie and Elizabeth rivers, are covered with a very sweet, though in some places scanty, herbage. The soil is dry, but not arid, the heaviest rains passing through the substratum, which is usually gravelly. The marsh lands are as rich as any in the country, but from the absence of the stiff clay, which elsewhere much abounds, are far more easily worked, being on the contrary light, and friable from the large quantity of sand contained in them. Sheep husbandry has been much attended to in this quarter, and the Hobart-town butchers have long prized the Macquarie wethers. A great portion of the land has already been reduced under the plough, and the exertions of Mr. John Macleod, and some others, satisfactorily show how profitably the "improved agriculture" may be introduced into Van Diemen's land. That gentleman attempted the drill husbandry last year, with considerable success, and he, and Dr. Turnbull, were the first to cultivate turnips on a large scale. Dr. Pearson has shewn what can be done with mangel wurzel, and has found its effects in fattening pork almost equal to those of grain. The country near the Macquarie, is of a very romantic and picturesque description, little clumps of wattle trees studding the extensive plains, remind the traveller of Knole, Wimbledon, and other parks round gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood of London. On the east bank of the river, a few miles below its junction with the Elizabeth, a manse is now erecting for the Presbyterian clergyman of this district, the Reverend John Mackersy. From the great experience this gentleman had in Scotland, as assistant to his father in attend-

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ing the education of a select number of young gen tlemen, the colony, it is anticipated, will obtain valuable coadjutor to the excellent institutions alrea dy established in the laborious field of education, a it is his intention to admit a few pupils as boarders for which the situation is admirably adapted. Mr Mackersey preached his first sermon on the first o March 1829, in the glebe, under a wide spreadin wattle tree. The seats were placed round the tre in the shade, and the whole ceremony had a most im posing, and we trust salutary effect. The church i not yet finished.

CAMPBELL-TOWN.—One mile after leaving Ross and on the right of the road, is the farm of Mr. Horne a resident Magistrate. From this to Campbell-town no houses or cottages present themselves to the eye the country being level and wholly occupied in pas turage. Half-way to Campbell-town, on the left o the road, is a sugar loaf round hill, called Moun Augustus. The farms extending three miles bac from the Macquarie and Elizabeth rivers, mee each other, so that the land is wholly taken up. Th road then crosses the Elizabeth river at the distance o 82 miles from Hobart-town, over a bridge or causewa extending about 200 yards. Close to the north en is the township, in which are already erected, a gao court-house, and several cottages of mechanics an others. It is also the residence of Mr. Simpson, th Police Magistrate of the district. Here likewise i stationed a small detachment of troops. In this neigh bourhood are many superior farms on the banks o the Elizabeth. Following the stream down its course about a mile from the bridge, on the northern side, ar the farms of Mr. Walter Davidson, and the farm an mercantile stores of Mr. John M'Leod, and on th southern bank, immediately opposite, is the residenc

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of Mr. Briggs, called Merton Vale. The vale of the Elizabeth river extends about five miles above the bridge, in which distance are many beautiful farms. In following up the stream on the right, are the extensive farms of Mr. Jellicoe and Lieutenant Hill, J.P. On the left bank are those of Mr. Walter Davidson, Mr. W. Hill, Dr. Pearson, and Mr. Hezekiah Harrison. Beyond this is a range of lofty hills, known by the name of the Eastern tier, covered with fine timber, of great advantage to the neighbouring settlers. The river takes its rise among these hills, from which it falls between very steep and rocky banks, and the land beyond the farms already mentioned, becomes useless for any agricultural purpose. At Campbell-town, the traveller will meet with seasonable refreshment from the hospitable attentions of Mr. Hill, who keeps the Campbell-town inn. Proceeding on the road from Campbell-town, through a beautiful grazing country, at the distance of 7 miles, we pass on a rising ground to the left, the residence of Mr. R. Willis, J. P. called Wanstead park. Here the elegant blood imported horse "Peter Fin" was stationed, until October 1829, when he was sent to Hobart-town, and shipped for Sydney. For ten miles farther, the road passes through a heavily timbered sandy tract of land, called Epping Forest. There are several small lagoons in it, on one of which, by the road, is the farm of Mr. Evan Henry Thomas, and on another, a little beyond, that of Mr. Thomas Diprose, both on the left of the road. Before we proceed further on the road to Launceston, it will be proper to describe the branch road from Campbell-town to—

ST. PAUL'S and BREAK O'DAY PLAINS.—Leaving Campbell-town, the traveller proceeds on the main road to Launceston, for about a mile, when

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it branches off to the right, passing through the eastern end of Epping Forest. At ten miles from Campbell-town, the road touches the South Esk river at its most southern bend, and afterward continues up the south bank. Five miles farther is a stock farm belonging to Mr. Thomas Archer, and two miles beyond, is that of Mr. Kearney. Opposite this place, a stream joins the South Esk from the north, flowing from Benlomond, (distant about 12 miles) which waters the fine tract of country called Buffalo plain. Here are situated the farms of Mr. Bonney, and Mr. Batman. At seventeen miles distant from Campbell-town, and about half a mile on the left of the road, is the junction of the St. Paul's with the South Esk river. Near it are the farms and residences of Major and Captain Gray, and also of Mr. John Smith. Major Gray has here commenced very extensive improvements. The land, however, lies high, and is consequently subject to extremes of heat and cold, in some measure prejudicial to the labours of the garden. Before crossing the St. Paul's river, is the farm of Mr. Hepburn, situated about 7 miles up from its junction with the South Esk. Opposite this farm, is that of Mr. Crowie. A bridle road leads from this point to Mr. Meredith's at Oyster-bay, a distance of about thirty miles towards the south-east. After crossing the St. Paul's river, the road still follows the course of the South Esk on its southern side, through a fine grazing district. It passes at 21 miles from Campbell-town, the stock run of Mr. Gilligan, at 24 we arrive at that of Mr. D. Reynolds, and at 27 miles we reach Tullochgorum, belonging to Mr. James Grant. The marsh all along the course of the river, is upwards of two miles in width, and

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is composed of a strong alluvial soil, producing fine pasture for cattle, and were it protected from the effects of sudden floods, would be well suited for cultivation. The road here winds round the base of a steep hill, called Vinegar hill. Three miles farther, is the scite of the intended town of Fingal. A mile beyond this, a distance of 113 miles from Hobart-town, is the extensive grazing farm and residence of Mr. Talbot, at the junction of the Break o'Day river with St. Paul's. We cannot refrain from mentioning here, the laudable exertions of both Mr. James Grant and Mr. Talbot in the improvement of wool, each sending large quantities annually of their own growth to the London market, of such a quality as to command very remunerating, and notwithstanding the late depression increasing prices. Above this, the country is chiefly occupied as grazing land, by Mr. Kimberley and Mr. Stanfield. On each side of Mr. Talbot's, there is a fine tract of country; that to the north, on the banks of the South Esk, extends for several miles, and that to the east is also a fine tract of grazing land, called Break o' Day plains, and extends for many miles on each bank of the Break o'Day river, (a fine stream of water) until it reaches within 10 miles of the eastern sea, from which it is divided by a lofty range of hills, near Saint Patrick's head. About eight miles from Mr. Talbot.s, continuing along the banks of the same stream, the traveller passes the farms of Mr. Legge, Mr. Stubbs, and Mr. Betts, which being but lately granted have as yet undergone but little improvement. This terminates the part of the country known as the Break o' Day plains. The land in general lies upwards of 1000 feet above the level of the sea.

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FRANKLAND'S LAGOON and GEORGE'S RIVER. The traveller has now only marked trees to guide him along a thick, scrubby road, which is as yet impassable for carriages. There are two paths to proceed by, the one over a hill, on the further side of which there is a rapid descent from a height at least of 2000 feet—the other is more gradual and gentle in its descent, but is rough and stony. For about eight miles, it leads through a dreary country, when the wide prospect of the sea bursts upon the view. The waves rolling from the east, are seen breaking on an extensive beach of about 18 miles, and an extensive lagoon, called Frankland's lagoon, so named after the Surveyor General of the island, is seen stretching along from Cape Henderson to a river about 5 miles distant, called the Borthwick. At the head of this lagoon, which is cut off from the sea by a low narrow neck of sand, and about a mile from the coast, is the farm of Dr. Henderson, lately settled, called Huckamabad. There is at this place good anchorage, but the vessels are exposed to the easterly winds, and when these prevail, they must either keep out to sea or take shelter in George's river. The beach is composed of hard sand, which will form an excellent road to George's river, as soon as a bridge can be constructed across the Borthwick, which has three feet water on the bar at low water, and fifteen at high water, and when a road is made between the Break o'Day river and Cape Henderson, a direct communication will be opened between that district and St. Paul's plains, to George's river, or by water, to Hobart-town, Launceston, or Sydney. The river Borthwick takes its rise in the mountains to the north of Break o'Day plains, and near the source of

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George's river, for which it is apt to be mistaken. After crossing the bar, there is very good anchorage for small vessels, and as far as the tide flows,

1 St. Patrick's Head, | 4 River Borthwick.
2 Cape Henderson. | 5 George's river.
3 Frankland's lagoon. | 6 Break o'Day river.

there is a plentiful supply of excellent fish. George's river forms a bay at its mouth, but is inaccessable to large vessels, on account of a

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bar which runs across, on which there is not more than a depth of 9 feet at low water. The tide, however, flows about 12 feet, and when a military station is fixed here, which will doubtless be at no distant period, a flag might be hoisted to indicate high water, so that vessels of certain burden might enter with safety. After crossing the bar, there is safe anchorage, with good ground for vessels of any size. The navigation of this fine river is at present obstructed in parts by the large quantity of dead timber which has been floated down, and which has collected in the bends of the channel. Ten miles from the mouth of George's river, a new township, it is said, will be fixed, and many of the settlers have already selected fine farms on its banks. From St. Patrick's head to Cape Henderson, a distance of about 7 miles, the coast is generally rocky, and is divided into three bays. Large floats of sea-weed may be seen extending a considererable way from the shore, but as they grow in deep water, they do not obstruct the navigation. For some miles beyond St. Patrick's head, the coast is again a long extent of sand divided into 2 deep bays by a singular neck of land, which at first sight appears like an island, the whole of these bays are so covered with flights of the petrel, that sometimes the landscape is hid from the view. For a short distance the soil is light, and is overgrown with she-oak, but after crossing Frankland's creek, a river which has not been explored, it becomes more scrubby and barren. It is much to the credit of the respectable settlers who have lately occupied this interesting part of the island, that they do not, on any account, permit their servants to annoy or disturb the black swans, and other almost tame and

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harmless creatures which superabonnd in these parts. Formerly it was the practice of the boatmen to construct pens or small yards of the brush wood, into which they crowded them, and shut them up to die a lingering death, in order to render the skins more valuable, by extracting by actual starvation, all the grease and fat, which would make them of less value in the London market, as muffs and tippets for the ladies.

SOUTH ESK.—Proceeding on our journey from Epping forest, and at the distance of 100 miles from Hobart town, about a mile on the right of the road, is Mr. Gibson's upper farm or stock-yard on the banks of the South Esk. A little above it, on the same side of the river, are also the farms of Mr. Bostock and Mr. Aitkin, and on the opposite or north side are those of Mr. Richard White and Mr. Massey. Keeping on the main road, the traveller passes along the Black snake banks on the left, until he reaches 106 miles from town, where is a farm belonging to Mr. Jocelyn Thomas, and another to Mr. David Gibson. From this the South Esk is about a mile on the right, where it is joined by a fine stream of water called the Nile, flowing from the north-east of Benlomond range. Upon this stream are situated the farms of Dr. Cameron, Mr. Barclay, Mr. Cotterell, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Pitcairn, and Mr. Dark, the two last farms being known by the name of Mill's plains. Returning to the main road at the 108 mile-post is the farm of Mrs. Youl, on the south side of the river, and Clarendon, that of Mr. James Cox, J.P. on the north side, both on the right hand side of the road. At Clarendon is the famous imported Flemish draught horse called "Black Jack." Two miles farther, close on the left of the road, is Mr. David Gibson's house and farm, called Pleasant banks.

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Here a road on the right turns off to a ford on the South Esk, a mile and a half distant from Mr. Gibson's It can be crossed only in summer and dry weather. In winter, travellers prefer going on the main road till the 112th mile-stone, where there is a ferry at the town of

PERTH.—This beautiful village is pleasantly situated on both sides of the South Esk. Here is an inn, also quarters for a military officer and a detachment of troops, a good gaol and some cottages of mechanics, and others. A mile up the river from Perth is Major M'Leod's flour mill. Also adjoining the township is the sheep-walk of Mr. Nowlan. The road by Mr. Gibson's ford joins the main road from Perth, at about six miles from Launceston, passing through a tract of the richest land in the island. Immediately on crossing the ford is the newly erected mansion on the right belonging to Captain Barclay, called Kemboc. The ground is in a high state of cultivation; and contiguous to it is that of Trafalgar, likewise the property of Capt. Barclay, but now occupied by Mr. William Gray. This last is generally considered to be one of the best arable farms in the island. Mr. Gilles also resides on a very excellent farm, called Goodwood, near this. Mr. Gilles is one of those who have distinguished themselves by their great attention to the improvement of wool and by valuable importations of selected sheep from the imperial flocks of Saxony. About two miles to the right of these are the farms of Mr. Ralston, Mr. Thomas, and Major M'Leod, situated in a fine fertile vale called Camden valley. The road from the river to the junction of the two roads is excellent, having been formed under the superintendence of the military officer stationed at Perth. At this point, on the right of the road, is Marchington, the beautiful farm of Mr. John

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THE PUNT at PERTH.

Pub.d by T. Bell

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Smith. The house stands on a plesant eminence, called the Cocked hat hill, and commands a fine view of the country round extending as far as the Tamar below Launceston. From this also there is a view of the highly cultivated and populous district, called Patterson's plains, with the river North Esk winding through it. This valley was named after Colonel Paterson of the 102nd. regiment. He was the first Commandant at Port Dalrymple, and under his directions, with the assistance of Mr. Kemp, at that time Captain in the same corps, the town of Launceston was first commenced. Besides numerous other small farms in this beautiful valley, we may mention those of Lieutenant Thompson and Mr. James Hill. Higher up the river is the romantic fall called Corralin, immediately below which, on the south side, is the farm of Mr. Alexander Rose, and on the north, directly opposite, the flour mill of Mr. Yates. Two miles above is the farm of Mr. Donald Sutherland, and on a rising ground, Curramore, the mansion of Mr. Lette. Above this, the banks of the North Esk are principally occupied as a grazing country, the hills at a short distance from the river, on both sides, being very lofty. Returning to the main road, the traveller passes, on his left, Kerry lodge. This beautiful little farm, consisting of 200 acres, was sold in May last for £650, and is now the property of Mr. Kenworthy, the Inspector of Public works at Launceston; it is at present in the possession of Mr. H. E. Robson for a term of years. There are several farms on each side of the road between this and Launceston, but the land is much encumbered with trees, and the quality of the soil is inferior to that of the fine tracts of country just mentioned. At the distance of 124 miles from Hobart-town the traveller enters the town of

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LAUNCESTON.—This is the chief town of the county of Cornwall, and the second in the island. It is the residence of a Civil Commandant, and is garrisoned by a considerable detachment of troops. The Supreme Civil and Criminal Courts hold assizes here,

(ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.)

as also the Court of Requests and Quarter Sessions. Mr. Lyttleton is the Police Magistrate of the district. There is a Government house for the reception of His Excellency when he visits this part of the island. The residence of the Commandant is an elegant cottage, surrounded with pleasure grounds on

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a small eminence overlooking the town. The principal public buildings are St. John's church, the Military barracks, the Commissariat stores and the Gaol. There are also many good stores belonging to the different merchants in town. Mr. Barnes, a resident Magistrate, has an extensive brewery adjoining on the west. The town is conveniently situated at the head of the navigation of Port Dalrymple, standing between the North Esk and South Esk rivers, where they meet and form the Tamar. The tide flows up to the Wharf, and rises about 10 or 12 feet. The water is salt, and is deep enough to admit vessels of about 300 tons burden, ships of larger size being prevented from coming up to the quay by a bar of shallow water which stretches across the North Esk; but when the town extends to the fine plain or marsh on the opposite bank of the river, vessels of almost any burden will then be enabled to come close to the bank. The South Esk falls into the Tamar through a chasm, between very steep rocky banks. Boats go up to this point, which is called the Cataract, for fresh water to supply the inhabitants, but an acqueduct, it is expected, will be completed in the course of the ensuing year, which will obviate the necessity of this, and materially contribute to accelerate the prosperity of Launceston. Before falling down this cataract, the river forms a large quiescent pond, called the Basin, surrounded with steep hills. This is the general washing place of the town. About a mile to the east is Elphin, the residence of Mr. Dry. From this end of the town, a road leads to the different farms already mentioned in Paterson's plains. On the north side of the river opposite to Elphin is Killafaddy, the property of Mr. Hobler, and near it, on a small stream, falling into the North Esk, is Mr. Tower's distillery.

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ST. PETER'S PASS.—We now return to describe the other new road from Oatlands to Launceston. A mile to the north of Oatlands (51 from Hobart-town), this road branches off to the left of that leading to York plains, and passes between two steep hills, forming the valley now called Albany vale, in which is St. Peter's pass. At about 4 miles from Oatlands is a large stone house, lately built, but not yet finished, by Mr. Presnell, and a mile beyond is Woodbury, the residence of Mr. Harrison, J. P. in Maxwell parish. The road then passes over the western end of the Salt pan plains, and about ten miles from Oatlands crosses the Blackman's river, near Mr. Lackay's mill. Above this mill also, on the river, is the farm of Mr. J. A. Eddie. Four miles farther the road passes along the eastern edge of a large pond, called the Green lagoon, the extensive sheep walk of Mr. John Bell, J. P. About 2 miles beyond, on the left of the road, is a large lagoon, one mile in circumference, full of salt water. We then arrive at Ellinthorpe hall, in Chatsworth parish, at a distance of about 20 miles from Oatlands, or 70 from Hobart-town. This is the residence of Mr. G. C. Clark, where is that useful and well conducted seminary for young ladies, kept by Mrs. Clark, a lady whose long and successful experience in teaching, both here and in England, gives general satisfaction to parents, and whose school may be considered a valuable acquisition to the colony, being situated in so central, convenient, and healthy a part of the island; music is very ably taught in this seminary under the direction of Mr. Reichenberg, late Band-master of the 40th. regiment. A highly interesting and even magnificent view, is seen from the front windows of the hall, presenting, on the one side, the picturesque objects of the Hanging Sugar loaf

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hill and Benlomond bounding the horizon, and on the other, the towering heights of the great western range of hills. His Excellency The Lieutenant Governor, in unison with his prevailing patronage of institutions of learning and education in the island, has fixed this as one of the military out-stations for the protection of the inhabitants against the runaway prisoners, or the native Blacks, which, though it may not be immediately necessary in the secure position of Ellinthorpe, must, nevertheless, be a satisfaction to parents at a distance, whose children are at the establishment; and, from its central situation, must afford great conveniences of communication, and facilities for the speedy capture of runaways. The Table mountain range serves to shelter this part of the country from the prevailing western winds.

THE ISIS.—After leaving the hospitable mansion of Ellinthorpe hall, the traveller arrives at the Isis rivulet, near the farm of Mr. York; and, at 5 miles from Mr. Clark's the village of Auburn, where there is a military officer stationed with a small detachment of troops. The road then follows the course of the Isis, which it crosses more than once. The first place below Auburn is the Macquarie distillery, after which, we come to the farms of Mr. Sutherland, J.P., of Messrs. Ruffy, and of Mr. Gatenby, where there is also an excellent flour mill. These farms are all situated in the parish of Lincoln. On the right of the vale of the Isis is the remarkable hill called Jacob's sugar loaf, and on the left or western side is the northern end of the Table mountain range, called the Lake river bluff. Three miles below Mr. Gatenby's, at the junction of the Isis with the Macquarie, is the scite of the township of Lincoln, the road to which from Ross Bridge is already described. The direct road to Launceston proceeds from Mr. Gaten-

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by's house, leaving Lincoln a mile on the right, t
about 5 miles, when the traveller arrives at New
ham park, the extensive farm of Mr. T. C. Simpso
J. P. Near this the road crosses the Macquar
river by a ford: on the east bank are three remar
able eminences, called the Hammocky hills.

LAKE RIVER.—Five miles below Mr. Simpson'
and about 10 from Lincoln, is the junction of t
Lake river with the Macquarie river, at the farm
Mr. Corny. On the same, or eastern side of t
Lake river above Mr. Corny's, are situated the far
of Mr. T. Fletcher, Mr. Young, and Mr. R. O'Co
nor, J. P., and on the opposite bank, the farm of M
Parker. From this there is a tract leading up t
Lake river to Captain Wood's stock run at Regen
plains, and on towards the Upper Clyde and Sha
non, passing Wood's lake, Sorell lake, and the Cr
cant lake, bodies of water lying to the north-we
of the Western table mountain, and measuring ea
respectively about 10, 30, and 20 miles round. O
posite Mr. Corny's the road leads down through
level tract of country on the eastern bank of t
Lake river for about five miles, when it reaches Pe
sanger, the farm and residence of Mr. Joseph Arch

Near to Mr. Archer's, a stream called Brumb
creek falls into the Lake river, & about a mile to t
west of Pensanger is Crecy, the large grant of t
Van Diemen's land Establishment, where Mr. D
ton keeps the celebrated high bred horses called B
falo, Bolivar and Waterloo. Five miles below Pe
sanger is Woolmers, the beautiful farm and residen
of Mr. Thomas Archer, J. P. Three miles bel
Woolmers the Lake river falls into the South E
After leaving Mr. Archer's the road passes the far
of Mr. A. Walker, Mr. Bonney and Mr. Wedg
It then joins the road at Perth, before described.

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NORFOLK PLAINS.—A mile to the south of Launceston, a road branches off to the south-west at Norfolk plains. For the first 5 miles it is very hilly, and the land through which it passes indifferent and heavily timbered. It then crosses the South Esk, where th eriver is joined by the Western river, at the farm of Mr. Thomas Reibey. The country then becomes level, and generally cultivated, being divided into a great number of small farms, originally settled by the emigrants from Norfolk island, when it was first abandoned. In the centre of the plains is the township of Latour, which is also the residence of Capt Smith, the Police Magistrate of the district. Near it may be mentioned, among many others, the farms of Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Weston, the Lecturer and Catechist of the district, and Mr. Henry Clayton, as also the farm and Classical school of the Reverend Mr. Claiborne, a great acquisition to the children of parents on this side of the country.

We are here enabled to enliven the thread of our narrative by the following—

EXCURSION TO THE WESTWARD,

Of His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Arthur, in January 1829.

QUAMBY.—His Excellency was accompanied in this journey by the following gentlemen, viz: Captain Montagu, Mr. Frankland, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Scott, Master Frederick Arthur, and Mr. Reeves. On the 14th of January the party left the military station at Westbury about mid-day, being detained until that time in preparing the baggage carts, and pack horses.

The township of Westbury stands on the east bank of a small stream called Quamby's brook, winding through a fine grazing country. The grasses which

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grow naturally in the neighbourhood are of a very succulent and nutritive kind, and the milk which the cows fed upon it produce is so rich, that the cream is often cut with a knife, yielding butter of the most exquisite flavour. Three miles to the north of the township Quamby's brook falls into the Western river. After crossing this brook, the road by which the party travelled, being the great road to the westward, first leads through a succession of rich plains, separated in some instances by forests. The country is well watered by the river Meander, formerly known by the name of Western river, with numerous tributary brooks. The great range of mountains, bearing east and west, lies about 10 miles to the south of this road. It consists chiefly of basaltic rocks, presenting the appearance of a stupendous wall, about 4000 feet high, clothed about three-fourths of its altitude by trees of the most stately description, while the summits continue naked and sterile. About half way between this range of mountains and the road, stands the remarkable detached round mountain called Quamby's bluff. It appears as if some tremendous convulsion of nature had at some remote period thrown it off from the parent range, leaving a chasm or gap of about three miles between. The summit of this singular hill nearly resembles a cock's comb with a flat rocky table on the crown of the head. It is about the same height as the range from which it has been detached, and the interval between would doubtless afford the geologist or botanist an ample reward for the labour of research, disclosing, as it must do, many of the minerals hid in other situations in the bowels of the earth. This hill is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of a black native who was found near it by a party of men in quest of kangaroos in the early periods of the colony, when other

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food could not be obtained. This native being called upon to stop, and one of the party presenting his firelock at him, is said to have fallen on his knees, calling out Quamby! quamby! that is, in the native language, mercy, mercy, spare me, spare me.

THE RETREAT.—The country from Westbury to the ford of the Meander, a distance of about ten miles, is known by the name of the Retreat. It is in general a level country, agreably varied by gentle rises, moderately wooded. At three miles from Westbury the Van Diemen's land company have a hut, and occupy a large tract of ground rented from Government, for the purpose of grazing a numerous flock of fine woolled sheep. Three miles farther, is the grazing farm of Mr. Butler, Solicitor, Hobart-town. It is beautifully situated on the south side of the Meander, and is grazed by the flocks of the Van Diemen's land company. Considerable numbers of the native hyena prowl from the mountains near this, in quest of prey among the flocks at night. The Shepherd is therefore obliged during the lambing season, either to watch his flocks during the night, or to enclose them in a fold. One of these animals had just been caught before the party passed It measured six feet from the snout to the tail. The skin is beautifully striped with black and white on the back, while the belly and sides are of a grey colour. Its mouth resembles that of a wolf, with huge jaws, opening almost to the ears. Its legs are short in proportion to the body, and it has a sluggish appearance, but in running it bounds like a kangaroo, though not with such speed. The female carries its young in a pouch like most other quadrupeds of the country. The ford by which the road crosses the

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Meander ten miles from Westbury, was at this season, the middle of summer, at its lowest. The water was about a foot deep, and about 50 broad. Some fine fish are caught in this river, called black fish, occasionally from 2 to 3 feet in length. They are however shy and difficult to catch. The business of legitimate settling must be tolerably well advanced before much time can prudently be devoted to field sports, either by land or water. In a new country, the less we have to do with wild animals the better. There are several extensive tracts of fine land in this neighbourhood still unoccupied, well adapted as farms for settlers.

THE DAIRY PLAINS.—At the distance of two miles after crossing the river, is the grazing farm of Mr. Frankland, the Surveyor General. Mr. Field of Launceston formerly occupied this beautiful farm, with a very large herd of wild cattle. For a description of the injurious effects of this wild system of keeping cattle, I must refer the reader to what I have elsewhere said, under the head of Shannon. This fine farm fronts the Meander. Further up, on a very gradual ascent extending over a large expanse of country, the herds of Mr. Gibson of the South Esk, and of Mr. Stocker of Hobart-town, have for a long time been used to graze. The first day from Westbury, the travellers reached the stock run of Mr. T. C. Simpson, J. P. nine miles from the ford or 19 from Westbury. The stock-keeper's hut is built at the northern or lower end of a plain of rich land, stretching out several miles to the south west. It is watered by a small stream which falls into the Mersey near two remarkable hills, called Gog and Magog, in view of the hut. A sma

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bell tent was pitched here on a beautiful part of the plaia. The horses were tethered out to graze for the night, the different ropes being fastened to small trees surrounding the encampment. A large fire of dry timber collected near the spot, was immediately kindled in front of the tent, and kept blazing during the night. The evening was so fine, and the weather so mild, that of two long wax candles which were stuck in the ground, (mother earth for once in her lifetime doing the office of a candlestick,) the flame was not in the least disturbed. The party sat down to a cold dinner, and afterwards tea made with water drawn from the limpid lobster creek, so called from the numerous fine specimens of fresh water lobsters found in it. The party were seated on a kangaroo skin carpet, spread on the ground, being cross-legged after the manner of the Asiatic Turks, each with his plate on his knee. To the south of this spot, and divided from it by an inconsiderable ridge of hills, about three miles in width, lies the western part of this extensive country called the Dairy plains. As yet they are almost entirely unlocated. When they first open to the view of the traveller, from the summit of the ridge, the mind can scarcely be persuaded that so beautiful and rich a scene of fertile and ornamental grounds, with romantic purple tinged hills in the distance, has not been formed by the labour of man rather than the work of nature, since the creation.

THE MOLESIDE.--On 2nd day the party continued the journey being detained some hours in the morning before starting, until some supplies should overtake them. The road runs along the north side

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of the Lobster rivulet for about four miles passing through a rich pastoral country. Mr. Ritchie has a hut about two miles beyond that of Mr. Simpson's, where he has some servants and a large herd of cattle, and at the distance of four miles, is a hut now deserted, which had been built for the use of the men employed by the Van Diemen's land Company, while forming this road. At eight miles from Mr. Simpson's hut, the road crosses the Moleside rivulet, a small stream so called from the circumstance of its occasionally disappearing and flowing under ground like the river Mole in Surrey. The whole of this neighbourhood is a limestone formation, of a dark blue colour, beautifully veined with white. Beyond this stream the country becomes hilly and less fertile. The party halted in a small circular plain containing about 60 acres, and distant about five miles west of the Moleside, waiting for the baggage cart, which did not overtake them until towards evening, the oxen not being able to travel quick owing to the great heat of the day. While being detained, they left their horses with the servants and made some excursions to explore the neighbourhood on foot. The strata of limestone which compose this country lie nearly horizontal. It affords a rich field for the speculations of the geologist. The whole country for many miles round, appears to be intercepted by numerous underground streams flowing in different directions, and at various depths. The effect of these streams thus flowing underneath, has been to undermine the superincumbent earth, which being left without a foundation has fallen in, in innumerable parts, forming pits or basins of the most singular yet regular kind. They are of

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various depths, from 20 to 200 feet, and are every one complete of itself, and perfectly circular, shaped exactly like a funnel. The sides are very steep, the diameter and depth being nearly the same. In the bottom of most of them is a small circular pond of water, so deep that the depth of those which the party tried to fathom, could not be found. In the bottom of one of the deepest of which was found, a cavern extending both ways, into which they entered. After following its course a considerable distance, the sound of running water was heard, and though they were without light, the reflection from the entrance was sufficient to enable them to discern a large body of water rushing from a height and flowing away as it were beneath their feet. Some of the smallest of these pits must have fallen in very recently. Among them might be found, some not more than a couple of yards in diameter, to the edge of which the traveller would suddenly come as he walked along the level green grass. These might be seen with the corresponding piece of green sward lying at the bottom, while the wet, clayey, and circular sides continued perpendicular. It might not indeed have been safe to have discended into these, for the additional weight of the explorer might have forced the whole to descend lower and more suddenly than he would have liked, or been able afterwards to escape from. The road winds along these singular but beautiful basins, being frequently obliged to diverge from the straight line, in order to avoid them. They present to the eye a scene at once new, striking and romantic. This place, at which the party rested during the night, as is known in the neighbourhood by the name of the Circular plain,

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THE MERSEY.—From the Circular plain to the Mersey, a distance of eight miles, the road is very hilly and steep. One hill in particular, called the Red hill, is so steep that it required considerable dexterity to manage a team of oxen with a heavy load down the declivity. Mr. Bonney however, whose team had been hired for the use of the party, conducted them down with great care and safety. The travellers had reached the bottom of the hill, and it really was deserving of commemoration to look up and see the fine attitudes of the animals, and their full and perfect obedience to the voice of their driver, but especially that Mr. Bonney, contrary to all bullock drivers we have yet seen in this island, neither swore, beat nor illused his oxen, but simply called them by their names as he wished them to go. On arriving at the banks of the Mersey, which is a very considerable stream flowing from the mountains, the road crosses it by an indifferent ford with a hard stony bottom. The water was about two feet deep, and about 200 broad. Had the company's Surveyors gone a little higher up, a better ford might have been found, but they were no doubt induced to make it here, in order to arrive at a small plain of good grass on the opposite bank, containing about 6 acres. A large lime stone rock runs across the river a little below the ford. The limestone country however ends here, extending from the Moleside to the Mersey, a distance of about thirteen miles. The party stopped here to breakfast, and baited their horses on the rich grass growing on the plain. It was necessary also at this place, to make arrangements for equipping the pack horses, the road beyond being impassable for wheeled carriages,

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which were here sent back. The company had indeed transported two carts at a former period over the rugged and precipitous country beyond, but it was done with immense labour, and in places by pulling the carts up steep acclivities with the help of pulleys fastened to trees. The borders of this small plain are composed of thickly grown timber, of a very large size. One small tree among the rest was measured by means of a pocket sextant, which was found 205 feet high, and the trunk of another, four feet from the ground, was 39 feet in circumference. The Mersey is supposed to take its rise near the great lake, or about the head of the Ouse and Shannon rivers, and falls into the sea in Bass's strait, to the west of Port Sorell. Its banks appear in general to be mountainous, affording little to invite the attention of the settler.

GADSHILL.—About half a mile from the ford of the Mersey, the road begins to ascend. It winds in a zig zag direction for a distance of three miles, until it reaches an elevation of 12 or 15 hundred feet. This hill is a sort of ridge dividing the two rivers. Mersey and Forth, extending both to the north and south. For upwards of a mile before the traveller reaches the top, the road passes through a thick forest of myrtle and sassafras trees, which completely obstruct the view of the distant country. These are the first myrtle trees the traveller arrives at on any road yet made in the colony. At the summit there is a small plain or marsh affording some good grass. It is called Emu plain, the travellers here rested a short period after the fatigue of ascending the hill which they did, walking and leading their horses most of the

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way. In descending, the road is equally steep, passing down in a similar zig-zag or traverse direction. The river Forth was in front of the travellers, but was invisible both on account of the thick and lofty timber which clothed its banks, and the steepness of the sides of the ravine, at the bottom of which it flowed. The distance from the Mersey to the Forth across this mountainous ridge, is about nine miles.

THE FORTH.—This river is about the same size as the Mersey, and flows in the same direction, taking its rise a little more to the west. Flowing, as it does, from the mountains, in the bottom of a deep ravine, shaded with thick trees, its waters are cool and limpid in the extreme. There is no good land on either of its banks, as far as is yet known. Immediately on crossing the ford, which very much resembles that of the Mersey, the traveller commences to ascend a steep acclivity for a distance of about 5 miles till he reaches an elevation of about 1500 feet. The road leads along the ridge of a sort of tongue or shoulder projecting at right angles from the main hill. In many parts it is so steep that it is impossible to ride without injury to the horse, which it is safest, however labourious, to lead. The whole country is covered with wood, though not so thick as in some other parts. The soil is exceedingly barren, stony, and in places covered with a low scrub resembling heath. From these points a fine view may be obtained in looking back to the Forth, which is seen at intervals winding its way among the deep recesses of its rugged channel. The lofty top of the hill called Roland's repulse, in the same range as Gadshill, is also conspicuous. It was so called from the circumstance of the late Captain Roland of the 3d, (Buffs), who went to explore the country in 1823, being stopped in his course at that part and obliged

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to return. About 6 miles from the Forth, or a mile along the top, the party arrived at a deserted hut, which had been built in the middle of a spot called Epping forest, by the Company's road gang. The place however is by no means inviting, good water being almost the only advantage which it can boast. The grass is wiry and of an inferior description. Evening was now coming on, and the forced march of the travellers during the day made them readily prepare for rest. The weather was very fine, though cool, for this spot could not be less than 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The sky was beautifully clear, and the moon, well advanced in her second quarter, afforded so good a light as to enable some of the party to write their notes of the journey. A large fire was lighted as usual, before which, some of the travellers rather imprudently reposed in their cloaks instead of embracing the shelter which the tent afforded, so that towards morning they were almost congealed by the dense fog which fell in this lofty region.

MIDDLESEX PLAINS.—Next morning, the 17th of January, the travellers were up, and preparing for their journey by 4 o'clock. The road continues nearly on a level through a thinly wooded tract for about 4 miles, when it enters an open country extending over many thousand acres, called Middlesex plains. All along the road the travellers were constantly meeting with kangaroos, which bounded from them as they passed along. These plains, besides being watered by numerous small rivulets, have a considerable stream running through their centre towards the north, called the Iris. One of the party speaking of this place in the Hobart town Courier of the 7th of February following—says "they are a cold region, extremely pleasing to the eye, but ill adapted

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to agricultural purposes; herds of kangaroos were seen in the plains, but they quickly bounded away, when they saw the horsemen debouching from the wood. The scenery of Middlesex plains is extremely park-like; it is prettily wooded. The soil is well irrigated, and of the finest description, although from the extreme height of the situation a great portion of the turf is composed of moss, and it is to be doubted whether corn would ever ripen in so uncongenial a position." The Van Diemen's land Company is about to send the numerous flocks of sheep, now grazed at the Retreat, to this place. The country continues still open, with a level surface over which the tract leads. Occasionally there are gentle rises, round the feet of which run several small streams. As the traveller passes along, his eye is arrested by the naked appearance of a lofty and level range of country some miles to the south, covered with a species of short heath, with solitary little bushes to fix the eye within two or three miles of each other. Towering above this level are seen in the distance, two remarkable high points, one of which is called the Ribrock or Cradle mountain, and the other the Barn bluff. Though in the middle of summer a patch of snow was observed to repose unthawed in the Cradle. Each of these mountains cannot be much less than 5000 feet above the level of the sea.

THE VALE OF BELVOIR.—After riding 12 miles from last night's encampment, the traveller after ascending a gentle eminence were unexpectedly gratified by a prospect of the Vale of Belvoir. At first view it forms one of the finest landscapes which the island affords. About 3 or 4 miles to the right lies a beautiful lake bordered by banks, occasionally stretching in points into its bosom, and agreeably varied by wood and open pastural ground. It extends

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several miles to the north until it is lost to the eye between two lofty hills. Flowing from the southern extremity of this lake is a small river winding inland down the plain like a silver thread, and intersecting the verdant ground of its banks for 7 or 8 miles, until it also disappears among the hills. The valley itself is from 2 to 3 miles broad, and is composed of various gentle rises covered with grass, though not always of a good quality. Limestone again occurs here, and several of the brooks which fall down the sides of the vale into the principal stream, lose themselves for a time under ground in the same manner as those already described near the Moleside. The surface of the ground is also in parts interspersed with pits or basins similar to those there described. The whole bottom of the valley is destitute of trees, and all the streams are clear, running over a fine bed of pebbles. The mossy banks encroach upon the water which they overhang. The trees round the edge of the valley are handsome, consisting chiefly of the myrtle. They grow in clumps or in belts winding round the foot, or hanging on the sides of the valley. Altogether the landscape is interesting and new, The mind is charmed with the serenity of the scene, and the repose which nature in her pristine garb seems as it were with self-gratulation to enjoy. The travellers halted in a pleasant little detached vale or grove, where they breakfasted and refreshed themselves. The pasture round is also very good, which the horses seemed greedily to devour, after their fatigue and indifferent pasture on Epping forest. Numerous kangaroos were feeding round about, but they were the only quadrupeds, excepting two cows, which had wandered back from the Company's settlement at Surry hills, and had taken up their abode here as ladies of the lake. The absence of the feathered race

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added to the silent repose of the landscape.

THE MAY DAY MOUNT.—The southern point of the range of hills forming the western side of the Vale of Belvoir terminates in a high, naked green hill, crowned, however, on the top, with numerous dark coloured rocks or basaltic columns, having the appearance of chimney sweepers dancing on May day, from which the hill was named. The northern extremity of the same range is called the Black bluff mountain, 6 or 7 miles distant from the other. These two hills are connected by a ridge of high land thinly wooded with low trees, and covered with a small shrub called the lemon plant. In ascending this ridge, which is very steep, the fatigue of the traveller is agreeably relieved by the refreshing odour of these aromatic shrubs. The flower consists of only two small peach-coloured petals, and at that season the plant, which is here very abundant, is in full bloom. Where the road crosses the top of the ridge, stands a curious block of granite. Near it the traveller has a most extensive view to the north-west, extending over the whole of the Surry hills. The only mountains which bound this immense tract of level country to the eye are St. Valentine's peak to the north, and Mount Cleveland to the west. The whole expanse presents a level surface of trees over the summits of which the eye extends almost without limit towards the north-west, perhaps the most extensive tract of level country in the island. The retrospect also, from this commanding point, which the vale of Belvoir and the country to the east just passed afford, is well worthy of the traveller's turning round to contemplate. It was in passing over this ridge that some natives had observed the two carts belonging to the Company, formerly mentioned, each drawn by six oxen, with

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their drivers. A short time after, one of the company's servants passing that way, found in one of their huts a piece of the bark of a tree, with a rough drawing of the whole scene. The wheels of the carts, the bullocks drawing them and the drivers with their whips over their shoulders, were all distinctly depicted in their rude but interesting manner.

THE SURRY HILLS.—From the detached granite rock, the travellers descended the ridge for about a mile along a sort of shoulder, in parts very steep, but clear of trees and throughout full of bogs and morasses. The horses advanced along this ground with much difficulty, sinking through the wet decayed vegetable matter at every step up to their knees, until the feet reached the solid part below. After passing a thick forest of myrtle trees, through which the company have cut a tract, the travellers rode over a singular plain of about a mile in width. It is surrounded on all sides except the south, by thick and lofty timber, while the grassy surface of the plain itself is strewed with the decayed trunks of immense trees that must have lain in that state for more than a century. The climate of this curious plain is however too inhospitable to admit of its being settled excep perchance by the tumbling down of some of the stony chimney sweepers from the top of May Day Mount which overhangs it.

At this point the celebrated region of the Surry Hills may be said to commence. The road runs through the eastern part of that great tract of country which, generally speaking, though level, is of an indifferent soil and every where heavily timbered.

After leaving May Day Mount plain about a mile, the traveller enters a thick grove of the pepper shrub, Tasmania fragrans of Smith. It grows in a close thicket to the height of from 6 to 10 feet. When in blossom,

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in the spring months of November or December, th farina of the flower is so pungent, especially if shake about by the feet of horses or cattle, that it is neces sary to hold a handkerchief to the nose in order t avoid continual sneezing. The whole of this countr is also interspersed with that magnificent shrub calle Warrataw or tulip tree and its beautiful scarlet flow ers.

Three miles beyond this the travellers arrived a the banks of the River Leven, which takes its ris in the Surry Hills, and empties itself into the sea a Bass's Strait, running to the north. It is a slow, slug gish stream about 20 feet wide. There is some goo grass on its banks, but the country, though level, is a together so lofty, cold and inclement that it afford little encouragement to the prospects of the grazier.

BURLEIGH.—Three miles beyond the Leven or 1 from the vale of Belvoir, is the River Medway, on th banks of which the Company has a grazing establis ment called Burleigh. The Medway is a small strea flowing along a deep channel in the midst of a lev country, in the manner of the Fish River and oth rivers of southern Africa. It joins the Leven a fe miles below Burleigh. The establishment of t Company at this place, consists of about 8 stock-kee ers, with a herd of about 200 cattle and a flock sheep. It has been too recently settled to admit much being done, and there is as yet but a sm quantity of land in cultivation. There is already good substantial log hut built, and other improv ments are daily going on. The tent was pitched her and the party halted for the night.

THE HAMPSHIRE HILLS.—From Burleigh, t road continues gradually to descend through a cou try not particularly interesting. The soil is in gener composed of white sand mostly overgrown with sm

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trees, brushwood and a species of long wiry grass unfit for pasture. Some plains of considerable extent are wholly covered with this grass. The lofty mountain which divides the Surry from the Hamphshire Hills, called St. Valentine's peak, is seen towering up at the distance of 3 or 4 miles on the left, to the height of 5000 feet. The country between this mountain and the road is filled with a forest of stately myrtle trees, through the northern end of which the travellers passed for about a mile. In Mr. Scott's map of Van Diemen's land this mountain is called 'the Peak like a volcano,' as it has exactly that appearance when seen from the deck of a vessel in Bass's Strait, about 26 or 30 miles distant. After emerging from this forest of myrtle trees, the traveller passes over a flat open hill, from the brow of which the beautiful rural scene of the Company's settlement at the Hampshire Hills suddenly bursts upon the view. The River Emu is seen silently winding its way through the middle of a romantic valley, while smaller streams here and there add their portion to the volume of its waters. The margins of these last are each clothed with a verdant belt of flowing and aromatic shrubs. Clumps of trees are also elegantly scattered here and there along the sides of the valley. The houses and outbuildings of the establishment, with a handsome bridge over the Emu, already give it the appearance of a substantial English farm. Upwards of 70 acres were fenced with post and rail round the house, besides gardens and other small enclosures. Mr. Goldie, the very able and intelligent agriculturist of the Company has done wonders here, having accomplished the whole of what was then done in little more than 7 months from the time it was first settled. He met the party on the edge of the Surry Hills and conducted His Excellency to the field of his labours of

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which he has just reason to be proud. Several acres of wheat, barley and potatoes were then in the ground, but being the first season of breaking up the land, the crop could hardly be considered a fair specimen of what the land will produce. The soil is composed of a rich brown mould, and must by cultivation prove highly fertile. These fine plains extend over a space of 15,000 acres from 4 to 5 miles each way.

Near Mr. Goldie's house (a neat well finished substantial cottage) is a remarkably large tree of the stringy bark species, which has been hollowed out by successive fires in former ages, when the grass had been burned by the natives. In this hollow some of the mechanics of the Company had taken up their abode on their first arrival. By fastening up pieces of bark so as to contract the orifice to the size of a convenient door with a porch, and burning a fire in front, a room both commodious and comfortable was formed sufficient for the parlour and bedroom of 6 or 8 men, who lived in it for some time. I mention this incident in order to shew my friends in England, as well as beyond the Tweed and the Liffey, the facilities we enjoy in this colony of finding shelter and a home in our first attempts at settling. For my part, I would have preferred the hollow of this tree as a domicile, to half the houses about St. Giles's or the purlieus of Tothill Fields, with their vermin and other nauseous accompaniments. Nature and the fiery element have supplied Mr. Goldie, in like manner, with a very safe and convenient fowl house as well as pigeon house in two other trees similarly hollowed out. The fronts were neatly and securely fastened up, and by boring a few holes with an augur and thrusting straight poles from side to side, excellent roosts were made for chanticleer and his feathered seraglio to repose upon.

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January, the party set out on their return along the coast to the east. Having crossed the mouth of the river Emu with the help of a boat, and swimming the horses two at a time, the travellers passed by a very rugged path or promontory called Round hill point, being the east head of Emu bay. At four miles they had again to cross a small river called the Blyth, in a similar manner. This river takes its rise near the Dial mountains, about 15 miles inland, so called because they resemble in shape the gnomon of a sun dial. From this to the Leven, a distance of 11 miles, there is neither road nor tract and travelling was very indifferent. In parts the brushwood was so high and so thick, that the horses could with difficulty sqneeze their way through it. The party were therefore obliged to march in file, and to keep in sight, in order not to lose each other by the way. They arrived on the banks of the Leven at 7 in the evening, and pitched their tent for the night.

By sunrise next morning the horses and baggage were in the act of crossing the river, and four miles beyond the party arrived at the Forth, which was swum in like manner, the boat attending along the coast and entering the mouths of the rivers all the way. A distance of six miles over a very rugged road leads from this to the Don, two miles beyond which is the Mersey. The party arrived on its banks at 2 o'clock, but the tide was running out so strong that the horses could not be crossed until near six. The mouth of the river forms a large inlet, and is a commodious harbour for small vessels. It is known by the name of port Frederick. This was the sixth and last river which the horses had to swim during these two days. During the time that the party were halting here, Mr. Curr arrived in the Fanny, a small schooner belonging to the Company, and had

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a long conference with his Excellency. From this point the William Hannington, a vessel which had just arrived from England with improved sheep for the Company, was seen beautifully sailing along the coast, and making for port Dalrymple.

Having crossed the Mersey the party proceeded along the coast for about four miles, until they arrived at a low point of land, from which a horse shoe reef projects into the sea. The broad sandy beach continues all along the shore as before, but intermixed here and there with patches of flat shingle stones and pebbles. The party took up their quarters here for the night. A long narrow lagoon of fresh water stretches parallel to the coast for about 4 miles, and the grass all round is rich and luxuriant, and afforded excellent refreshment to the horses after their late fatigue. Some elegant aquatic plants, new to the travellers, were seen growing in the lagoon among the rushes. There is some good soil on its banks, round which the land in general is low, with the exception of a small peaked hill clear of trees, affording good pasturage. A native species of lucerne, which grows in various spots along the coast, is found here in great abundance.

Port Sorell.—Next day the travellers after proceeding about 3 miles along the coast forded the lagoon, which at that part is about two feet deep, and 100 yards broad. At this point the party struck off from the beach, crossing through a flat forest country for about 12 miles to the head of Port Sorell. This is a large inlet of the sea, affording safe shelter for small vessels. Some good timber grows on the east side, which is occasionally cut and carried round by water to Launceston. The entrance to this bay is narrower, being in part shut up by a small rocky inlet called Carbuncle island. The small river

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Rubicon is the only stream of any consequence which falls into it. The country for about 20 miles is hilly and rugged, and the Rubicon winds its way in a circuitous manner, as it is here and there diverted from its course by the hills. The party after proceeding about 8 miles up its banks rested for the night at a place called Armstrong's ford. Some time ago the Company had marked the trees along a line of road here, in order to carry provisions to be shipped for Circular head. But this course has since been abandoned, and the marks to direct the traveller are nearly effaced. The Rubicon though a small stream in summer, must be subject to great floods in winter, the marks of which may be seen high among the branches of the trees. This is caused by its taking its rise near a flat country, where a considerable quantity of water is collected in the rainy season.

The following morning, the 23d of January, the travellers continued along the course of the Rubicon. During the early part of the day the road was very rough and hilly, in the afternoon however their fatigue was compensated by passing through a fine tract of fertile level land stretching along the banks of the river called the Avenue plains. It is as yet unlocated and was at that time covered with herds of wild cattle roaming in all directions.

A tract of open forest land then intervenes for about 2 or 3 miles, when the traveller again emerges on a fine range of pastoral country called the Whiteford Hills, stretching over a distance of upwards of 5 miles each way. At the southern extremity of this fine country and not far from the source of the Rubicon, the party halted for the night near a stock-keeper's hut. This was at the time an outstation from Westbury for a small par-

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ty of military. The grass is most luxuriant at this place, causing the cows to yield abundance of rich milk. The frosts, however, even in the middle of summer are occasionally very severe. During the night that the party stopped, ice was formed on some water left in a small vessel outside the tent nearly half an inch thick. Some fine fresh water lobsters are caught in the Rubicon. The grass being good kangaroos are very numerous. A hill about 3 miles to the west is chiefly composed of strata of fine blue slate stone, but the great facility in obtaining wooden shingles has as yet superseded its use as a material for the roofs of houses. Early next morning the party rejoined their original tract near the ford of the western river, about 10 miles to the west of Westbury, which township they reached about noon.

This journey on the whole was very interesting. A great extent of new country was explored, and from the time of leaving Hobart town on the 9th of January, till the return on the 26th, the actual distance travelled over was 490 miles.

ROAD TO GEORGE TOWN.—On leaving Launceston the traveller crosses the North Esk which is here 80 yards wide, by a punt, and proceeds down the eastern bank of the Tamar. About a mile from Launceston is the farm of Mr. Stephenson, and two miles beyond is that of Capt. Stewart of the 40th regiment, who has lately left the army and taken a large grant of land here, upon which he has built a residence, opposite to which is a small island in the Tamar, covered with trees, called Pig island. On the west sde of the river which here becomes a mile in width, are the farms of Mr. Barnes, Mr. Field and Mr. Archibald Thomson,

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merchant in Launceston, who mostly resides in a neat cottage which he has erected upon his land here. The road then passes at the 5th milestone the farm of Mr. Barnard, now occupied by the Van Diemen's land company, adjoining which is the very excellent farm known by the name of 'Paine's farm,' lately purchased by Mr. Allen, and upon which he now resides. Half a mile beyond this is the grant of Mr. George Barnard, at present in the possession of Mr. Smith. On the other side of the river is the farm of Mr. Griffiths. About half way from Launceston to George town, the road passes the signal post of Mount Macquarie, where there is a small military party stationed. The country at this place becomes uninviting, being barren and covered with useless scrub. The Supply river falls into the Tamar on the western side, where there is erected a very large and extensive flour mill conducted by Mr. Beveridge. There are some few small farms or patches of tolerable land to be seen on the banks, but with these exceptions the land on both sides of the Tamar is barren and profitless. From the signal station to George town, the soil is sandy and covered with scrub, and that part of the country is consequently almost without an inhabitant.

GEORGE TOWN,—The extreme northern settlement in the island, is 40 miles from Launceston, or 164 from Hobart town. It is pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the Tamar, and within 4 miles of Bass's strait, where is the entrance to Port Dalrymple. This is a military station, with a Captain and detachment of troops. There is also a female factory where coarse woollen cloth is spun. Near it is the farm of Mr. Joseph James, and on the opposite or western bank in view of the town is that of

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Captain Townson, late of the 102d. regt. About five miles to the south west of George town, at the head of an inlet called Western arm, are the remains of York town, the first settlement that was made on this side of the island, though since abandoned, with the excepsion of a very excellent garden which the government still keeps in repair. Large trees are now to be seen growing from the ruins of the original buildings. George town was once the residence of the commandant, but ever since the removal of head quarters to Launceston, it has rapidly declined. Along the coast of Bass's strait, about 15 miles to the east of George town, is a considerable stream of water, called Piper's river, the land on the banks of which is good and pleasantly situated, to the extent of several thousand acres. Some settlers lately disappointed in their views at Sydney, are about to fix themselves in this delightful spot. The most pleasant way of travelling to George town from Launceston is by water, where the windings of the river, and the beautiful scenery on its banks will gratify the traveller more than a journey by land.

NEW NORFOLK.—From Roseneath ferry, about a mile on the road to the right, is a branch road leading to Cove point ferry, adjoining to which, is the farm of Mr. Govett. At eleven miles from Hobart town, is the Black snake inn, kept by Mr. Presnell, and opposite to it on the other side of the Derwent, is the beautiful farm of Mr. Stanfield. Beyond the Black snake we pass several farms for about 2 miles, when we reach the farm of Mr. Geiss. On the opposite bank is the Lawn, the new and improving farm of Mr. Davis, J.P. & near it that of Mr. J. Dean. Farther on is a valuable quarry of fine blue limestone, close to the water'sedge, where a boat can take in a cargo, from the Government lime kilns,

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that are constantly at work here. About 18 miles from Hobart town, the road crosses the Sorell rivulet, a small stream, on the banks of which are several little farms; and at the distance of 22 miles from Hobart town, is the township of New Norfolk.—Here is a government cottage, the country residence of the Governor, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Derwent, a neat and commodious church and parsonage, a school house, court house and goal. Mr. Dumaresq is the resident police magistrate. Several streets are already formed, and many respectable houses erected in this thriving township, which promises at a very early period to be of considerable importance, being the key to all the farms on the upper Derwent and its tributary streams. At this place also the water of the river becomes fresh, and farther navigation is impeded by a ridge of rocks lying in the bed of the river, where it is about 120 yards wide. Close to the town is Mr. Terry's flour mill, driven by a small rivulet called the Thames, falling into the Derwent. There are several respectable inns, the longest established of which is the Bush tavern, kept by Mrs. Bridger.

MACQUARIE DISTRICT.—Crossing the river at New Norfolk by the punt, the road runs for upwards of 6 miles, through a highly cultivated district, containing many small farms, this being one of the first settlements on the Derwent, made by the settlers at the evacuation of Norfolk island. About 6 miles above New Norfolk the country becomes more open, consisting of fine sheep downs. Here are the farms of Mr. Abel, Mr. Dean, Mr. Cawthorne, Mr. Barker, Mr. Wilson, and a few miles beyond the road passes the farm of Mr. Marshall. At the distance of 15 miles from New Norfolk a tract turns off to the right, leading to the Upper Clyde, called the marked

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tree road. To the right of this is the farm of Allen-vale, and the house called Allenvale house, built by Mr. Wells. This marked tree road then passes through a settlement called the Hollow tree, in which are the farms of Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Best; 2 miles farther is the farm of Mr. Adam Thomson, and that of Dr. Crowther. This road then joins the main road to the Upper Clyde. Near Allenvale is the very extensive sheep walk belonging to Colonel Sorell, on leaving which we arrive at the intended township of Hamilton, situated on the banks of the Clyde, at a distance of about 24 miles from New Norfolk. Close to the town is the farm and residence of Mrs. Bromley. A flour mill is established here belonging to Mr. W. Roadknight.

SORELL PLAINS.—From Hamilton township, towards the west, we enter the beautiful tract of country called Sorell plains, and pass on the right the farm of Mr. Parker, and on the left that of Mr. Risley. At 5 miles distance is the extensive farm of Lawrenny, belonging to Sir John Owen. The scenery of the country here is beautiful. Contiguous to Lawrenny are the farms of Mr. Marzetti and Mr. Young. Beyond this the country is occupied as grazing ground, principally by Mr. Humphrey, Mrs. Jamison, Mr. Austin, Mr. Triffit & Mr. Taylor, each of whom has large flocks of sheep.

RIVER CLYDE.—Setting out a second time from Hamilton township, the road leads up the west bank of the Clyde for four miles, where it passes the extensive sheep farm of Mrs. Burn, and a mile beyond crosses the Clyde. Near this ford is the farm of Mr. Dixon on the west bank, and on the east that of Mr. Triffit, which the road passes. At four miles from the crossing place is Spring hill, belonging to Dr. Hood, where the Hollow tree road joins this as des-

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cribed before. On the left of the road, and near the river are the farms of Lieut. Torlesse, J.P. and Mr. Sherwin, and on the opposite side that of Mr. Sharland. From Spring hill the road passes the farm of Mr. Gourlay, on the right of which is the extensive grazing country called Abyssinia, principally occupied as stock runs by Mr. Evans and Mr. M'Neilly. The road then passes near to the great cataract of the Clyde at the farm of Dr. Scott, and soon after the township of Bothwell.

THE PLENTY, THE STYX AND JONES'S RIVER.—The road to these places from New Norfolk leads along the southern bank of the Derwent. After leaving the town it goes along the face of a steep rocky bank overhanging the river called Bell's terrace, having been made by Major Bell of the 48th regiment. At 6 miles from New Norfolk is the River Plenty, a fine stream of water, on the banks of which are the extensive agricultural farms of Mr. Oakes and Mr. Jamieson, and half a mile farther on the Derwent is Charley's hope, the residence of Mr. Thomson, J. P. Near it, in the bend of the river, is pleasantly situated the farm of Mr. Lamb and Mr. Bell. At about 10 miles from New Norfolk we reach the beautiful pleasure grounds of Humphrey-ville, the residence of Mrs. Humphrey, situated at the junction of the River Styx with the Derwent. This farm is in excellent order and the sheep are highly improved. There is a great extent of hawthorn hedges already grown, with a valuable nursery of young hedge-row, and other useful plants. Here we cross the Styx, a large and rapid stream, by a wooden bridge built by the neighbouring proprietors. At the distance of a mile on the right is the beautiful bend in the Derwent called Kenmore, belonging to Mrs. Robertson. Two

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miles from the Styx is a large and rapid stream cal
led Russell's falls, which the road crosses by a ver
indifferent ford. At the junction of this strea
with the Derwent is the extensive grazing farm
Captain Swanston, lately purchased of M
Abbott, J. P. Beyond this the hills approac
nearer to the river, and the grazing ground exten
but a small distance from the Derwent, until it
bounded by rocky hills. At 4 miles from Ru
sell's falls is the farm of Mr. R. Bethune, and tw
miles farther that of Mr. George Rayner; immed
ately opposite to which is the extensive sheep wa
belonging to Mr. Hamilton. Near this is the jun
tion of the Clyde with the Derwent. Three mil
farther up is Jones's river, a fine stream, whi
flows from a lofty range of hills called Mount Fiel
and falls into the Derwent at this place. Repo
says it comes from a lake beyond those hills. M
W. A. Bethune is proprietor of the land upon
banks on both sides where the road crosses it. Fi
miles beyond this on the same or south side of t
Derwent is Cluny, the residence of Mr. Macpherso
J. P. This is the last and highest farm on the De
went. Beyond it there are several streams whi
fall into that river, the principal of which are t
Broad river and the Repulse, but the land contig
ous to them is mountainous and of inferior quali
About 7 miles above Mr. Macpherson's is the gre
Cataract of the Derwent, where the water falls p
pendicularly a height of about 17 feet. Beyo
this the country becomes rocky and mountaino
and at present is almost impassable.

Upper Clyde.—From the Crossmarsh, t
road branches off to the Upper Clyde, at a d
tance from Hobart town of 31½ miles. At the pla
where the road turns off, there is a board nailed

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FALL OF TEE DERWENT.

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one of the gum trees informing the traveller that it is 13 miles to the Clyde, by which is meant the township of Bothwell. This road, immediately upon leaving the main road to Port Dalrymple, crosses the river Jordan by a ford and passes over the very fine enclosure or paddock of 400 acres of grazing land belonging to Sir John Owen and Mr. Edward Lord, being the first grant taken in this part of the country. At half a mile from the ford the road passes the excellent farm of Mr. George Espie on the right, and soon after again crosses the stream by another ford, and continues along a narrow valley by the side of the Jordan for about four miles, passing over a steep part of the road called the saddle with Mr. Hooper's farm on the left. At 36 miles the traveller enters that beautiful part of the banks of the Jordan called the Blackmarsh, the farm of Colonel Bell, C. B. 48th regiment, in the parish of Apsley. Here the road diverges from the river, bending to the west up a steep hill called the Denhill. There are several small farms higher up the Jordan towards the north, belonging to Mr. Brodribb ; Mr. Fryett, Mr. Bisdee and others, until we reach Mr. Jones's farm already mentioned at Jericho. Having surmounted the Denhill the traveller descends into a fine plain called the Square, where a tract conducts to Denniston, the hospitable mansion of Capt. Wood, passing Fordell, belonging to Mr. Barr. The main road continues through a fine grazing country to the township of Bothwell, situated on the east bank of the river Clyde, at the distance of 45 miles from Hobart town. For a description of the road from New Norfolk to Bothwell see p. 81. This township is the residence of an officer in the commission of the peace, with a detachment of troops. Several streets are al-

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ready laid out, and a number of buildings erecte
belonging to mechanics and others. A comfortabl
inn has likewise been opened by Mr. Vincent. Nea
the town on the opposite bank of the river is R tho
the residence of Mr. Alexander Reid, J. P. Conti
guous is the farm of Mr. Macdowall, the lecturer an
catechist of the district. Besides these there are als
situated at convenient distances and within view
each other, the farms of Mr. Axford, with an exce
lent corn mill, of Mr. Nicholas who has also a co
mill, Mr. Howell and Mr. Allardyce. From Bot
well a tract leads up the east bank, at some distan
from the river to its source. The country along th
road is rocky and of little value, on the right are t
remarkable eminences called the Quoin and the Tab
mountain near Jericho, places of great resort for t
black natives. At 22 miles from Bothwell the ro
crosses the source of the Clyde, where it falls out
the southern end of Lake Crescent. The tract co
tinues up the west side of this lake and lake Sore
passing the stock hut of Mr. George Kemp. The
two lakes are connected with each other by a sh
sluggish running stream, of about half a mile in leng
The path then proceeds ten miles farther to Regen
plains, belonging to Capt. Wood, 70 miles from H
bart town, and lying on both sides of the Lake riv
which falls out of Wood's lake already mentioned
50.

SHANNON.—The traveller crossing the Clyde fr
Bothwell, arrives at Cluny park, the residence
Capt. Clark, J. P. Here is a beautiful plain, form
ly called Barkhut plain. The road continues throu
a fine grazing district, with a lofty hill called the Bl
hill in sight, bearing about five miles to the left.
about two miles from the Shannon a tract diverges
the right leading to Weasels plains, and afterwar

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to Hunterston, an extensive plain on the banks of the river, the farm and residence of Mrs. Paterson and family. This is the spot where the notorious bush-ranger Michael Howe was apprehended, and where he perished in the struggle and now lies buried. The other tract to the left, after passing close under a beautiful little hill called Mount pleasant, conducts by a ford across the river to the Hermitage, the romantic and original residence of Dr. Ross, and now in the occupation of Mr. Walter Synnott.

As the country farther to the west is as yet nearly in its original state, we are here induced to diversify our narrative by the following :—

RECOLLECTIONS,

Of a short excursion to Lake Echo in March, 1823.

It is always advisable if you are going to undertake a journey (or indeed any thing else, unless you want to kill time and your health both by lying in bed) to get up early in the morning. Our little party was therefore ready to start by day break. My friend who was to accompany me, and who had pitched his tent on the other side of the Shannon, had just crossed with his servant. Crossing a river indeed is not such a light matter in new countries, as my friends in old England may suppose, who are furnished with bridges, punts, or steam boats of all sizes, characters and dimensions to cross every inequality of surface that presents itself. There is not to this day any bridge across the Shannon, and the river is in most seasons too deep and rapid to allow of wading through it with safety on foot. My intended fellow traveller therefore mounted his horse and rode through, but the animal, though very docile, would not be immediately taught to return of itself for the servant, my friend was therefore obliged to ride back and take his hide

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tether (cut out like Dido's circumferenee of Carthag from the skin of a bullock) by means of which stretc ing across the river the servant might pull back th unwilling steed.

Our party consisted of myself and friend, I mea my friend and myself and two Irish servants, Carro and Regan, already numbered with the dead, by th inveterate runner Time, who though he runs so fa does a good deal of execution with his long scyt as he goes along. We each had our load. My frie carried his plaid cloak strapped like a knapsack his back, and I in like manner had slung my kang roo rug, composed of the furry skins of 16 of the interesting forest rangers. The men carried a kna sack with two dozen biscuits, 2 bottles of spirits, small quantity of tea and sugar, 3 tin pint pots a other little etceteras.

The back of Regan was moreover ornamented wi a good sized damper, which with 2 heavy firelock and a small quantity of powder and shot composed t whole of our baggage. As some of my less inform remote readers may perchance interpret the damp here mentioned into a steam cooler or safety val and wonder why Mr. Regan, during the period of mortal career, should be encumbered with such an ticle, I consider it incumbent on me shortly to d cribe it. To make a damper in the bush you m take the lid of your apparel box, or the bottom of largest iron pot you have, and mix upon it as mu flour, water, and salt as it will hold, with a little leven, or the remains of the last batch, and knead w all the elbow grease you can command into a go manageable lump of dough. When it has stood hour or two (if your time and hunger will allow y to wait as long) you rake a hole in the ashes of yo fire, previously made brisk for that purpose,

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clapping your batch down upon the hot hearth, cover it gently over with the hot ashes. In the course of an hour your damper will be baked and fit for the meal of an emperor, that is if that emperor has had the good fortune to have visited the further side of the Shannon in Van Diemen's land.

Thus equipped, and having relieved my corner cupboard of some of its breakfast contents, (for though a settler of only two months, I had already my cat and my corner cupboard) we started on our journey. In all cases of pleasure it is prudent to have some excuse of business to intermix. Pleasure indeed is a young lady most prolific of excuses. In the present instance however my excuse was very strong. I had purchased four noble oxen of the excellent breed of the late Mr. David Rose, and the beasts told me as plain as they could speak, that they would be my true and faithful servants until death, (there is something very expressive in a bullock's face if you look narrowly at it,) and they had actually carried me and mine in safety all the way from Hobart town. They had grazed beside me only two days when a troop of wild cattle, worse than Spanish marauders, or the plundering Caffres, came athwart me and carried them off. The hope of finding them was therefore an object with me in my present journey. It did not indeed immediately occur to me, that if I should be so fortunate as to come upon them grazing in some rich spot, their wild companions, at the very first glance of my eye, would again gallop off with them, and I had no more chance of catching them than I had of bringing down the moon.

As we sallied forth, the day was just opening, and my chanticleer and his two mates were hopping to the ground from the higher branches of a honeysuckle tree (Banksia integrifolia, an umbrageous bush about

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20 feet high) in which they had taken roost and spent the night. Our way for a short distance lay up a beautiful valley, with the river and its opposite bank on one side, and a lofty range of hills to the west. The sun was just raising his red disk above the horizon, and had already awakened the wattle bird, which flew, uttering its singular note, with its long yellow pendants or ear drops, from tree to tree as we advanced. A slight dew, just enough to deck the grass with pearls hung upon the blades, having rather a frosty appearance where the long shadows of the trees yet eclipsed it from the sun's rays. At intervals the magpie, though unseen, filled the valley with its loud but sweet song, or rather bar of music. Here and there a little bandicoot or a kangaroo rat would start from beneath our feet, and run with the velocity of an arrow for shelter in the scrub, and sometimes a noble buck kangaroo with 2 or 3 attendants, sitting upright on his haunches, after looking at us attentively as if waiting our near approach, would all at once turn round and hop off with the elegance and elasticity peculiar to that animal.

In the middle of this beautiful valley, and about a quarter of a mile from the cottage stands a romantic collection of rocks, hollowed out in parts so as to form curious caves, in which the traveller in case of need might find no bad shelter. This heap of rocks appears like an island which had withstood the force of the watery element in former ages when the flood had found a course, like the channel of a river down this valley. Close to them stood two venerable and gigantic trees, which though some of their huge branches appeared scathed and leafless from age, yet so lovingly joined their umbrageous tops as to form a stupendous sylvan arch. When we had advanced a few paces we could not help looking back at these

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picturesque objects, and the landscape they presented was worthy of the pencil of Silvator Rosa. Through the vista of this natural arch, (which in the peaceful annals of the Van Diemen's land settler, equalled in triumphal glory Napoleon's boasted monument in the Place de Carousel, with his stolen Venetian horses and car of victory) might be seen on one side of the native verdant plain, grazed by a small flock of sheep, the first operations of the plough in a small but neat enclosure, and on the other the cottage, with its stockyard and other rural accompaniments, and a glimpse of the river, bounded by a romantic wall of rock, beneath which it might be heard forcing its limpid way. A sugar loaf hill towering among the clouds closed the prospect about 3 miles distant.

Who has been splitting shingles here? asked Carrots, as we slowly wound our way through a small thicket of stringy bark trees on the side of the hill. Why, I have, said I. I meant this in the literal not the colonial sense. For the benefit of my London friends I must briefly explain this distinction. When a man gets behind hand with his creditors in Hobart town, and rusticates in the country in order to avoid the unseasonable calls of the Sheriff's little gentleman, that delights to stand at a corner where 4 streets meet, so as the better to watch the motions of his prey, he is said to be *shingle splitting*. But the shingles that I had been splitting were real ones made out of the stringy bark trees. Never shall I forget the first morning that I started with my seven feet cross cut saw swinging over my shoulder, an iron wedge in each pocket of my chamois leather trowsers made by the famous breeches maker to his Majesty, in the Strand, and very good trowsers they were, (I have them yet) my little girl, then 2 years old, hold-

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ing my left hand, while the other twelvemonths older ran before, and my man Pigeon with the mawl, axe, wedges, provisions and tea kettle, followed up the rear. On arriving at the spot I am now speaking of, we pitched upon a tall tree with a strait barrel that we guessed would split easy. Pigeon commenced taking a ring of bark off the tree, so that it might not suck or hinder the progress of the saw, and cutting out a

(A well-known Sheriff's Officer)

calf or deep notch with his axe on the side on which we intended the tree should fall. Meantime I gathered some sticks, and with my flint and steel having lighted a fire, filled my kettle from the pure stream of the Shannon hard by, and put things in progress

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for the approaching meal. The children amused themselves with gathering flowers, or admiring the cockatoos and paroquets, or the motions of the kangaroos that occasionally bounded past us. The tree was about 200 feet high to the top of the branches, and about four feet through at 3 feet from the ground where we were to cut. But never shall I forget the toil I then endured, which it required all the enthusiasm of a new settler to overcome, until my hand became habituated to the motions of the saw. I think I feel the pain in my loins yet. It was the first strong exercise I had had since wielding the quill and the ferula on the banks of old Thames, or the cricket bat with Lambert as a bowler, on the Vine at Sevenoaks. It was the first step the schoolmaster took abroad, and I assure Mr. Brougham it was ten times harder than any of his labours in diffusing useful or entertaining knowledge. As our saw approached the falling point, and the insertion of a wedge gave the tree a bias, the reader may imagine my frequent lookings up at the wavings to and fro of the top branches along the sky. A good blast of wind in the direction we wanted would have saved me a world of trouble. I had doffed my jacket, waistcoat, neckcloth, blistered my hands, and kept my handkerchief in my shirt bosom to absorb the perspiration. You may imagine then the satisfaction I had at last to see it plump down & dash its limbs to pieces, making the whole vale resound with the echo of its fall. I sat myself on the stump for a few minutes to survey its gigantic length, and to enjoy the victory of bringing it to the ground. Its fall was a plumper more grateful to me than ever the late Sir W. Curtis received from a quadruple vote on the hustings at Guildhall. We soon, however, commenced cutting the trunk into lengths, to be split into logs or planks, rafters and shingles for my

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cottage, and next day I had the satisfaction of splitting no less than 1000 shingles with my own hand, sufficient to cover 10 feet square, or 100 square feet of my roof. This was shingle splitting, it was rusticating; and it says much for the penetration of my excellent friend Tullius Cicero, that he should have spoken of the delights attendant on similar occupations as partaken by the poet Archia, in the Augustan age. Hœc studia, says he, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur—that is, the pleasures of a settler's life on his farm in Van Diemen's land, are a constant source of enjoyment indoors, and are no hindrance when we travel from home; the reflection of them delights us in our hours of repose, they are at all times ready to go abroad with us (it is remarkable that Cicero should have found this out when there was neither a steam vessel on the Tiber, nor an emigration committee on the Thames) they accompany us into the bush, and rusticate with us where neither Murphy nor any other sheriff's officer can possibly find us out.

But, come, we must travel faster or we shall never reach lake Echo. Having surmounted this hill, we came upon an extensive plain of rich grass at the upper end of which appeared a sort of rise or terrace ground. On approaching it we heard a curious sort of drumming sound like that produced by the little tympanums which the Chinese hawk about the streets to amuse children, or the flappers that Dean Swift describes are in use among the philosophers of Laputa. A few more steps opened to our view a rushy pond or lagoon of about 60 acres, and we soon discovered that the curious noise proceeded from the bull frogs it contained. A herd of about 500 of Mr. Lord's wild cattle was seen at the further corner of the plain, but the moment they set eyes upon us they

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all trotted off. The country now became more open and our view was extended over undulating downs of thinly wooded pasturage, with the blue tips of the western mountains rising in the distance. Here we met another curiosity of the morning. It was no less than the ruins of a hut belonging to the notorious bushman Michael Howe. The floor which had been neatly laid with bark, the fire place and great part of the thatched roof still remained. It stood in a secluded spot on a gentle slope concealed from behind by a thick honey suckle tree, with an open view in front reaching down to a small stream of water. Near it lay prostrate the trunk of a huge tree, on which he had used to chop his meat for his own use and to feed his dogs. In crossing the little stream we chanced to strike against his large iron pot hid in a tea tree bush, which I afterwards carried home and still use for culinary purposes. This was doubtless the place from which he last emerged when he met his death at the Shannon hut, now the fertile estate of Hunterston. It is said that when his companion Warburton used to visit Howe, so great was the distrust of that wretched man, that he obliged him to keep on the opposite side of the trunk of the tree just mentioned on pain of being shot to death. It is scarcely possible to conceive a state of existence more truly miserable than this man must have led. With the remorse of the most horrible robberies and murders on his conscience, he was here left to himself to contrast the native innocence and serenity of God's works with his own wicked heart, added to the hourly dread of apprehension. The tumultuous laugh, the heated exhiliration of companions in sin to drown reflection was wanting to him. The silent language of nature must have incessantly read him a lesson that would harrow up the soul, and his countenance severed from the trunk

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which was afterwards exhibited in Hobart town, is said to have betrayed the lineaments of a murderer truly horrific. He will ever remain the most notorious votary to the wretched system of bushranging which has now for some years, by the exertions of the local government, been happily put an end to.

We had proceeded about 3 miles from my cottage, when we unexpectedly arrived at the edge of a lofty precipice. All at once a heavenly prospect burst upon the view. At a depth beneath us of at least 600 feet, and at the bottom of a very steep bank, was seen gliding along like a canal for upwards of a mile the silent stream of the Ouse, at that time called the Big river, until it was hid upon our left by the almost perpendicular shoulder of the precipice on which we stood. The bank on the opposite side of the river was nearly as steep and lofty as that on which we stood with the exception of the green plain of a valley running up at right angles. The banks of this romantic valley though covered with grass were equally steep, and the whole reminded us strongly of the princely retreat so well described in Johnson's Rasselas. Small parties of cattle were seen browsing in places where they must with difficulty have kept their footing, while in parts they had formed a horizontal tract along the verge of the mountain. Just below, the rivers Ouse and Shannon joined their streams and down the winding channel which the united volume cut for itself were here and there to be seen the morning fogs as white as clouds of snow encircling the hills, and giving their tops the appearance of little islands. Beyond this the western range of hills rose like a lofty barrier in the sky, while the angular point of Teneriffe stood above all the rest covered with snow. To add to the interest of the scene a huge eagle kept hovering round us, at times

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so near as to make us hear the whirring noise of its feathers as it fleeted through the air. Dr. Syntax or any other hunter of the picturesque would not begrudge travelling 100 miles to enjoy such a view.

The edge of the precipice was covered with large loose stones or rocks, lying on so tottering a foundation as to be overthrown with the slightest touch. I remember when I was a lad, a small party of us made an excursion from the thriving sea port of Peterhead to visit those romantic rocks so vividly described by Dr. Johnson called the Bullers of Buchan. Our way lay past the ruins of Boddom Castle which stands on the edge of a deep gap or fissure at the bottom of which the waves of the sea with all the force of the German ocean are occasionally driven with terrific violence. The temptation was too great for boys to withstand, and at the risk of our lives we got upon the top of these mouldering walls, and by the help of hands, feet and sticks upset huge corner stones, massy lintels and carved cornices into the gulf below. Falling from side to side on the angles of the rocks, they fell with tremendous crash into the deep, dashing the spray high above our heads. The effect bordered on the sublime, and was not the less agreeable (with shame be it spoken) because destruction had a share in it. This idea of destruction, I am sorry to say, gives a zest to many of the pleasures of man. Why did I feel such joy when I cut down the tree for my shingles? Of all occupations of the enslaved negro that of cutting down the lofty fields of sugar cane is the most willingly performed. It gives the mind pleasure to convert a beautiful verdant field into a bare wild, to bring with the stroke of an axe or a sabre the giants of the forest to the ground. I fear that even the patriotism which induces the warrior to mow his thousands and tens of thousands of human beings in

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the heat of battle is tinctured with this sentiment Reader, did you ever ascend the Table mountain a the Cape of Good Hope? I once went to the top o it with 3 others. We there met a French gentleman returning from a like excursion. The edge of thi table is covered with moveable stones and pieces o rock which though of a pigmy description compared with those I am now speaking of at the Ouse river, w pushed with much danger over the precipice dow which they fell a perpendicular height of some hun dred feet, forgetful of the risk of hitting the French man passing below. Since that I have often reflecte on the great hazard and sacrifice which accompan many of the giddy every day pleasures of men Though my friend and I had each attained the age o manhood, we could not resist the temptation of tumb ling these large stones from their base. For my pa I do not see why grown men should be denied th amusements of children if they can enjoy them. I were indeed to be wished that the recreations of ma ture age partook more of innocent childishness tha they do. Be this as it may we devoted a short spac this morning to this pleasure. Huge stones as bi as a common chest of drawers, and two or three o them as large as a moderate sized parlour would a first move round with reluctant slowness, unwilling a it were to leave their ancient pedestal, until gradual gathering strength they rolled down with overwhelm ing rage, sometimes striking against a rock and bound ing high in the air, far exceeding the power of an promethean arm to have driven, and at others bruisin lofty wattle trees to the earth or snapping with resist less fury the tall gum or peppermint trees that stoo in their way, until they fell into the stream below an dashed the waters on the opposite bank. A herd o about 30 or 40 cattle had I suppose been reposin

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among the bushes, and after staring about them for some time insensible of their danger at last took to their heels.

The bank was too steep at this part to permit us to descend immediately, we were therefore obliged to proceed higher up the river before we could cross. Here I felt how ill adapted the light London made shoes were to traverse the hills and dales of Van Diemen's land. Mine were alrendy half torn from my feet. Strong stout shoes made in the colony with thick soles, and good projecting sparrow bills, to catch in the slippery grass banks are the best. My friend was so shod, and slid down the hill with ease and rapidity, while I crept after him with much pain and fatigue. We had some little difficulty in crossing the river, for it ran with great rapidity, and the large stones which it had hurled down its channel had left in places deep holes, some beyond our depth. The water was besides very cold, and we could hardly keep our footing, or preserve our garments dry which were wrapt round our shoulders. The bank on the opposite side, which was nearly as steep as that we had come down and rose much higher, had been completely burned but a few days before by the natives. All the underwood was destroyed, except afew scathed poles, and the whole surface of the ground was without a leaf, bleak and dreary. This extended on all sides as far as the eye could reach, impressing the mind with a melancholy idea of devastation. On some occasions these ground fires may prove beneficial as they must either scorch the snakes and other vermin, or drive them into their holes, while the surface is cleared of underwood, and the young grass after a few weeks grows up with renewed luxuriance. To this practice among the natives of burning the bush in order to circumvent and enclose their prey,

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may be attributed the general openness of the fore
land in the island, and its usefulness for pasture. B
in the settled districts, and those parts that are no
grazed, I highly disapprove of them as both dangero
and impoverishing the land. Sandy districts oug
especially never to be burned; clayey or marly so
will suffer less. In the former, the soil will
impoverished while the roots of the grass in a gre
measure will remain uninjured; in the latter, t
act of surface burning will in some degree i
prove the fertility of the land, but the plants w
in most places be completely destroyed.

We toiled up this long steep with considera
difficulty, frequently stopping to turn round
breathe and view the depth below from which
had emerged. My kangaroo rug which was slu
on my back, communicated its warming qualities
my system in that position, and convinced me h
comfortable I should be when stretched at ease
the quiet of night beneath its furry covering.
have ascended Boxhill, and Leithhill in the nei
bourhood of London, and panted for breath,
have mounted the aerial heights of the Windc
at Chepstow, to enjoy the heavenly prospects
Piersfield, I have stood on the summit of B
nevis, and traversed the heights of Corriarc
I have run up, without stopping, the steep step
Windsor Tower, the stifling spiral ones of
Monument on Fish-street-hill, of the Cathedra
Ghent, and of St. Paul's in London city, but ne
did I feel myself so weary as this morning.
at last, however, arrived at a more level surf
and entered a thick forest, through which the li
of the sun was only here and there to be seen,
where the horizon of our prospect was bounded
scarce a hundred yards. These are the situati

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in which it is desirable to have a pocket compass as a guide. Nevertheless, in these almost impenetrable woods, the traveller will generally fall into the beaten track of the kangaroo, which will conduct him either out of the thicket or to some water or piece of green pasturage, from which he will find another tract to lead him to the open country. We did so this morning, and the tract lay fortunately in nearly the same direction as we had intended to go and the needle directed us. In districts where the wild cattle have taken up their abode & begin to multiply, these tracts are not only numerous, but become so beaten that the traveller has sometimes difficulty to persuade himself that it is not the path of human beings in an old but thinly inhabited country.

Our way through this almost impervious forest continued in a westerly direction for about four miles. At last we thought we could perceive a lightness in the horizon a head, which gradually became more evident, and we eventually emerged on the edge of a very extensive plain in the midst of which was a large rushy lagoon. On looking round we were not a little surprised to see several small parties of blacks, some strolling about, while others sat in little families, as it were, round small fires. We found they were a tribe of about sixty or seventy, whom I had occasionally met with before, and who had sometimes visited Hobart-town, where they had been kindly treated by the Government and the inhabitants, who had supplied them with provisions, clothing and blankets. Here we slackened our pace, willing to waste a few minutes on the new scene which presented itself. As we were walking towards one of the little parties, a tall fellow overtook us with a bunch of seven fat

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but strong smelling opossums slung on his back ar
round his neck. We followed him to the fire, a
he very deliberately chucked them all upon
one after the other, just as he had caught ther
The company seemed to have little to say. for b
few words passed between them, and what w
rather mortifying to gentlemen in our rank of lif
they scarcely deigned to look upon us. On o
parts however, we could not help admiring the
upright and even elegant gait, which would be
pattern to any Bond-street lounger. It was qu
indicative of persons who had little to do, with th
pleasure only to seek. Their air of independen
was quite charming, and upon reflection, I kn
no race of people who have greater claims to t
property. So perfectly indifferent were they
dress and clothing, that several of them had c
away the blankets they had had in Hobart-tow
as an unnecessary incumbrance. What a host
supervacaneous tinkers, tailors, dressmake
shoemakers, bottle blowers, shopkeepers, sto
keepers, and manufacturers of all sorts of things
thrown into the shade by these aboriginal lad
and gentlemen. Diogenes with his tub is a sl
to luxurious life compared to them. The o
symptom of weakness which they betrayed, was
pains that some of them (no doubt dandies in th
community) took with their heads. They
smeared their hair with a red pigment mixed w
grease, and one gentleman had decorated him
with two white cockatoo feathers. In this resp
they resembled some of the civilized race, wh
I have known besmear their heads with perfu
pomatum, or some of the four legged canine s
cies whom I have sometimes, when they co
across some putrified or strong smelling substa

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rub their cheeks against it until they have thoroughly imbibed the stench. As soon as the opossums were singed and well heated on one side our cook turned them on the other, and then dragging them by the leg from the fire, he scraped off the fur, and with a sharp flint cut out the inside, and again threw it on the fire, from which it was soon after taken and eaten, without the trouble of

(An Aboriginal Dinner Party)

knife or fork, in a half raw state. Occasionally they would take a short walk to the lagoon, and laying themselves on their breast, and dipping their mouth into the water drank without cups or chalice the pure element of nature. They then returned to their rural hearth, and sitting or reclining on the ground they dozed as deliciously as if they had reposed on a velvet couch.

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Notwithstanding the kindness and civilit shewn by the settlers in the colony generally t these benighted people, I regret to say that i other instances the conduct of unprincipled stoc keepers, remote from restraint, has gradually i cited a spirit of hostility towards the whites, whic scarce any effort or ingenuity of the authoritie appears able to subdue or counteract. The be possible arrangements have lately been adopte by the Government throughout the island, an parties of military and field police are stationed t watch or scour various districts, so that if th whole of the tribes are not speedily apprehende a certain period must be put to their outrage An establishment has been formed on Brunê i land, superintended by Mr. Robinson, for t domestication and instruction of such as are cangl and considerable progress has already been ma in civilizing about twenty or more, who now co pose that establishment.

Having taken leave of our sable friends, were obliged to bend our course for about half mile in a southerly direction, skirting along t border of the lagoon, which lay in our way. T plain which stretched out to a great width, cov ed with close luxurant grass, with scarce a sing tree to interupt the progress of the plough, extend to the left as far as the eye could reach. The c posite side of the lagoon however, was more thi ly wooded, and on our rounding the southe point, a wide expanse of clear, pastoral coun opened to our view. In one part the natives h burned a large extent of the grass, which bei the produce of a former season, tall and wither was closely burned to the ground. The soil peared of the richest quality, and was left qu

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black from the effects of the fire, with the exception of the tufts or stumps of grass. which shot up their green budding leaves like points of needles. Having passed over this, we again reached the verdant plain, and something appeared before us dazzling in the sunshine, which we at first took for a sheet of water, on approaching it however, it turned out to be an immense flock of cockatoos, who being scared at our appearance, though not till we were very close upon them, rose with a piercing screech like a great white sheet, and lighted on the branches of the trees that skirted the plains, and hung upon them like large flakes of snow. Never before had I seen so great an assemblage of these beautiful birds. There must have been many thousands, and their presence here was a proof of the fertility of the soil around us.

We had proceeded up this beautiful vale for about a mile, when we discovered on a small rise on our left, a group of Mr. E. Lord's stockmen, then under the management of Mr. Riseley, but who himself was not present. They had arrived the day before, to construct a yard, and to collect wild cattle. The loss of my working oxen, and the example these men set the servants of humbler settlers like me, each mounted on horseback, riding about at their pleasure wherever they liked, made me view them with no very pleasant aspect. I desired them imperiously to restore me my cattle which they had enticed away, but they said they had peremtory orders from their master which they must obey, I and discovered that they had actually passed my oxen the day before, & did not make the least exertion to catch them. There were about ten or twelve men, (all prisoners) and as many horses, besides a cook and carman. They

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were at that time preparing for dinner, and smothering my vexation, (it was three years after this period before I recovered my lost cattle) we sat down and partook of their soup and damper. They had constructed a sort of shed or skreen of the boughs of the trees, which sheltered them from the westerly winds, and beneath which they had slept the preceding night. They had just begun to cut down trees to construct their stock-yard, never until that time having had an establishment on that side of the Ouse, the cattle that grazed here having found their way of their accord from the more crowded herds about the Clyde and Shannon. The country had proved so fertile, and the increase had been so rapid that many hundreds of handsome full grown cattle were found that had never been seen even as calves and were consequently without any mark. Among them were some bulls that had grown to a very large size, which induced Dr. Hood to call them Bulls of Bashan, and hence this fine tract of country has been called the Plains of Bashan.

It was now about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and having recruited our strength, we again set forward to the west. Mr. Lord's men had commenced cutting down the trees to form their stock-yard. The logs cut from them were about from 5 to 8, or even 10 yards in length, and about 18 or 20 inches in diameter, and being laid in a zig zag direction, the end of the one resting on that of the other so as to form a circle, until 6 or 7 logs high, a complete enclosure is formed, sufficient to confine the strongest and wildest beasts. The men go out in bodies of 4 or 5 horsemen, and cracking their whips and riding full gallop they hurry the herds without giving them time to escape from their remote recesses, through wilds, woods and plains, up and down steep hills and along the

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most dangerous passes, until they enclose them in the yard. They are there kept without food or water often for a period of three or four days, until sufficient numbers are collected, lowing and moaning in the most hideous manner. A man enters among them with a slender pole about 4 or 5 yards long, to the end of which he has attached a running loop of strong hide rope which he dexterously throws over the horns of the beast he wishes to catch. It is no sooner fixed than another man with equal dexterity spreads the noose of another rope so as to hook both its hind legs, by means of which it is speedily thrown down, and the four legs are then tied together, while a man stands at the head to keep it steady. The brand-marker then comes up with his iron (kept red hot in a small fire hard by) which he claps upon the hip, and after the usual dressing it is again set free. It is customary to draw off in this manner the fat cattle to be driven to the market at Hobart town, while the lean ones and the calves are again set at liberty to graze at large for another year. Mr. Lord's men in the present instance however, not yet having their yard erected, had been compelled to ride after a small herd, and to shoot a steer at random on the plain. As we walked on we passed the remaining part of the carcass which they had not consumed as it hung suspended from the branch of a tree. The men engaged at that time upon this excursion, after having erected spacious yards for the purpose and built a neat hut at the top of the plain beside a small stream of water, succeeded in marking about 700 head of cattle, and bringing to town about 300 fat beasts for the butcher. They had not left the place long, however, when the two men left behind in the hut were put to flight by an attack of the Blacks, and the hut and stock yard mostly burned to the ground.

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This system of wild grazing is now happily disappearing from the colony. It was attended with numerous evils, among which may be enumerated, the seduction of the domesticated beasts already in the service of settlers, (as in my case) the destruction by their inroads of the first attempts at cultivation, depriving a family remote in the bush perhaps of its chief hope of annual provisions, (my case also) encroaching on and eating up the pasturage belonging to other settlers, the ruinous example it held out to other assigned servants by the prisoners thus mounted on horseback to act as they pleased, the temptation to cattle stealing generally, and to crown all, the unavoidable deterioration of the cattle themselves thus left at large to increase without management or restriction.

The great fertility of the soil here was evident in every object we met. Most of the wild cattle were as fat and sleek as as they could well be, the grass was thick, soft and luxuirant, and even the trees, especially the tea-tree and wattle grew to a great height in fine strait poles. The plain, however, gradually became narrow as we proceeded, until at last we found ourselves entering a thick scrub, while the ground still continued to rise. We had penetrated through it about half a mile, when we accidentally met one of Mr. Lord's men sitting on the stump of a tree nearly starved to death. He told us that three days before, a black woman whom he had caught and had chained to a log with a bullock chain, and whom he had dressed with a very fine linen shirt (the only one he had) in hopes, as he said, to tame her, had contrived some how to slip the chain from her leg and ran away, shirt and all

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She had already got a quarter of a mile off when he saw her, and without reflecting, he pursued her for upwards of five hours, through copse, vale, and thicket, up hill and down hill, led by the occasional glimpses of his own white shirt, still upon her back, as seen through the trees. At last he was obliged to abandon the chase, and he had not been able since to rejoin his companions, to whom we now directed him, first giving him a couple of biscuits. I fear his object in chaining the poor woman was not exactly pure and disinterested. There is little doubt indeed but such, and even worse treatment than this by the stock-keepers in the earlier periods of the colony, is the chief and original cause of the hostility which the aborigines have since indiscriminately shewn to the whites. The man I am now speaking of, was afterwards hanged at Hobart-town for felony.

The trees which composed the forest we were now traversing grow to a great height, and some of their trunks that had fallen and lay in our way obliged us to go many yards round, it being quite impracticable to surmount them, being in some instances four or five yards in height. After travelling about four miles we again emerged into light at the upper end of an extensive marsh or plain, about four or five miles in length and one or two broad. Pursuing our course through some thick bushes that grow on the upper edge of this plain, for about another half mile, just as the sun was setting, and gave to the scene an enchanting serenity, we all at once found ourselves on the border of an extensive lake. The pleasure we enjoyed at the beautiful sight was enhanced by conceiving ourselves the first discoverers of it among Europeans, and we stood upon the sandy beach viewing

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the black swans as they sailed along its surface, and the long dark shadows cast by the setting sun from the western bank and from two beautiful little islands that stood near the centre, we stood, I say, upon the beach, forgetting all the fatigues of the day, and fancying ourselves the lords and masters of the scene before us. The sun, however, quickly disappeared, and when we had satiated our eyes with the heavenly prospect, I took a fancy to shoot a black swan as it glided past. The echo that succeeded the report continued to reverberate in a circle as it were round the shores in three distinct and successive parts. The effect was sublime, and we exulted in a sort of rhapsody, as we repeated the effects by other shots in the discovery of so eloquent, so supreme a charm of nature, in so remote and hitherto unfrequented a part of of Van Diemen's land.

But nature speaks in various ways, and we had no sooner ceased to awaken her voice over Lake Echo, the name which we then for the first time christened it, than she began to talk very loud at the pit of our stomachs. Meantime Carrots and Regan lighted a fire, made some tea, and reclining on our cloaks and rugs, which we spread upon the ground, we talked over the occurrences of the day whilst we recruited our exhausted system. Although we were then in the middle of one of the warm autumnal months, the air in that lofty region was keen and frosty. We were glad therefore to collect the dead branches of the trees that lay thickly strewed round us and pile up into three immense fires, the glare of which for a time illuminated the waters of the Lake. As we reposed between them, looking up through the branches to the stars above us, three large black crows, which had apparently followed us for some distance, and roosted on the branches, kept up a continued cawing

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and conversation among themselves. Lord Kaimes and other intelligent writers have indeed given it as their opinion that these creatures (in Scotland at least) can interchange ideas with one another, and even carry on warfare, and though those in this island may be of a different species (they have a white ring round each eye) I doubt not they are as much advanced in the march of intellect as any in the old world. They, however, with the mopings of the owl and song of the ground cricket added to the fatigues of the day, soon drove us to sleep.

Next morning we got up before the sun, and after offering up our orisons for our refreshing sleep and performing ablution in the limpid waters of the lake, we fired a farewell salute to our friend the Echo, who renewed her responses, we again set forth. For some little distance we retraced the steps of the preceding evening, intending to recross the Ouse and Shannon, and if possible to obtain a peep of the Great lake. We continued down the north side of the long marsh, anxiously looking out for a kangaroo as we went on; for the keen air of the morning, coupled with our walk, made us sensible that we had not yet breakfasted, and our small stock of provisions was now nearly exhausted.

And did you think I had forgot you my constant friends, Juno and Danger? Ah! no. Ingratitude so base has not yet entered the breast of a legitimate settler of Van Diemen's land. No dog tax, trial by jury, or Catholic petition shall ever prevent me from caresssing you my dear four-footed companions- Juno was a black dog, a jet black beauty, the fleetest and most faithful of kangaroo dogs in the island. Danger was of ruder make, befitting his masculine form. His limbs were sinewy and his chest broad and swarthy. Many a time and oft has he put to

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flight herds of hundreds of wild cattle from my infan enclosures, biting their legs and heels, and sometime attacking their noses, with which they would toss hi in the air, still retaining his hold. He was sh about two years ago for his partiality to live mutton.

There he is! said Regan, and looking to our left, little way among the trees, we saw a huge kangaroo sitting erect on his haunches, at least four feet hig and viewing us with a sort of contemptuous air. A they say in the colloquial tongue, he could hard make us out. We were the first objects of the ki he had set eyes on, within the precincts of his territ ry. Approaching him as near as we could, he at la turned round, and bounded away with Juno with about twenty yards of his heels. Luckily he took into his head to make a circuit half across the pla which gave the hound a fair chance. At one time thought it impossible she could overtake him, a even if she did, Danger was so far behind there w great risk that he would not get up in time, and th Juno would not be able to hold him. Our breakfa was in jeopardy. Hunger gives a powerful relish all the pleasures of man, and to none more than tho of the chase, if you are dependant on the fruits your pursuit for a meal. Oh, Somerville, or Dia lend me your aid to paint the anxious moments experienced, as we watched the gyrations of the pa What did we not feel when Juno snapped the b mah's haunches and he turned round to offer bat till espying Danger (who had a little of the bull his breed) he again took to his heels, and all seem to be lost. And he would have got off had he fortunately taken a fancy to run down a gentle scent that sloped before him. Those who have vis ed the gardens of the Zoological society in the R gent's park, (some of the members themselves a

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rare specimens of the biped race) must have observed if they have any measurement in their mind's eye that the fore-legs of a kangaroo are scarce one-third so long as the hind ones. For this reason, if a boomah attempts to run down a hill on all fours he is very apt to tumble head over heels and to break his neck or his nose. This is the reason that in descending stairs or steep places he generally conducts himself on two legs like a man, only with this exception, he prefers hopping with both feet at once to the fore and aft mode of progression in vulgar use. On the present occasion our gentleman attempted both methods. As long as he hopped he had a chance for his life, for no sooner would Juno be ready to snap off the tips of his tail, than with a jump he would be five yards before her, and she had again to beat up her distance. But when he put his fore-paws in requisition the faithless members speedily betrayed him, and we had the satisfaction to see both Juno and Danger busily engaged in throttling him.

Regan, who was a light footed bogtrotter from Tipperary, was in at the death, and put the finishing blow to his existence. A very few minutes sufficed to strip him of his coat, and to place us winding our way with all speed to the brink of the Ouse which ran at the bottom of the plain, while Regan carried one of his haunches slung on a stick over his shoulder.

The bank leading to the river was at this place, both steep and rugged, and the opposite side was so perpendicular and lofty it seemed almost insurmountable. We soon selected a spot wherein to spread our breakfast table. The flint and steel were put in requisition, a fire made, and our tea-pots filled with the pellucid lymph of the Ouse, bubbling by its side. The tea was then laid on the top of the boiling water and the pot covered up for a few minutes, when the

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leaves subsided to the bottom, and with a little sugar our drink was ready. The haunch was hung on the bough of a tree, and each cut steaks for himself, which he cooked in the mode called in colonial phrase a sticker up. A straight twig being cut as a spit the slices were strung upon it and laid across

(*A Breakfast in the Bush.*)

two forked sticks leaning towards the fire. or else a small bough with a little fork at the end cut down, and a single steak stuck upon it, which being thrust into the ground, the meat by its own weight leaned forward to the fire, and was cooked to perfection. A biscuit stood us in the room of a plate, and our knee in that of a table. I challenge the votaries at the grand annual horticultural dejeuné at Hammersmith to say they enjoyed their repast more than we did that morning.

If we found crossing the Ouse difficult the morning before, it was doubly so now. I attempted in one place to get across by jumping from one rock to another, which I succeeded in doing till I got within about three yards of the opposite side, where the whole force of the water was collected, and inevitable

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eath would have been the consequence had I tumbled n. I was therefore obliged to retrace my steps and o follow the example of the others, who stripped nd waded a more level place below, but with no mall danger and difficulty. The numerous rare lants and shrubs that we met with on the banks of his river, would have set the Linnæan society in aptures, but we were compelled to satisfy ourselves ith admiring them undisturbed in their native soil. he south bank of the river at this place could be ttle less than 1000 feet high, which indeed we had e means of calculating pretty accurately, by ob-rving the height of one tree and multiplying it by e number that stood as it were one over the top of e other. There were at least 12 or 14 of these lvan stories, each being on an average 40 or 50 et high. What do my friends in auld Reckie say this? who sojourn at the back of the high street, the Lucken booths. A' that I say aboot it, auld llants is, gin ye dispute my words, come and see d settisfee yer nain sells.

Pursuing our course at right angles to the river, er a very stony and rugged bank, we entered a rest of the most magnificent stringy-bark trees I ve ever seen. They stood like tall dark columns, easuring about 12 or 15 feet in diameter at the se, and towering up in strait barrels to the height about 200 feet without a branch. The black co-ur is occasioned by the fires made by the natives m time to time among the grass and underwood, hich approaching the roots, the flame runs up the y spongy substance of the bark until it is checked the fresh and green parts of the upper branches. the distance of a mile from the Ouse, the ground gan to descend in the opposite direction, and after velling about a mile farther, we had the pleasure to

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discern occasional glimpses of the Shannon as it glided before us. The bed of this river, which at this part is divided from the Ouse by a narrow ridge of little more than two miles, must lie several hundred feet higher than that of its almost parallel companion. The consequence is, that the banks of the Shannon are here much less steep than those of the Ouse, in many places stretching out into extensive grassy plains, nearly on a level with the water, presenting in times of flood and wet seasons, large sheets of water.

On the edge of this forest and on a gentle slope reaching down to the river we found a small group or village of Aboriginal huts. They stood irregularly within a few yards of each other, and we counted 17 of them, From the appearance of the fires we guessed they had been inhabited about a week before. The wigwams, or huts, were built entirely of bark, supported here and there by a piece or two of dry wood The bark which had been stripped from the trees was placed in upright lengths close to each other rudely joined together at the top, the whole hut forming but a segment of a globe open to the east. It resembled a tea cup broken in half and set upon its mouth. Owing to this practice of stripping the trees of the bark in order to build their huts, numerous large and stately trees are found dead and leafless wherever the Blacks are wont to resort. The tree may be seen with the bark cut away two or three yards from the ground, and sometimes where a strip of live bark has been left, it is seen growing and spreading round the dry trunk, still striving to support the current of vegetation. We had the curiosity to enter two or three of the huts, and miserable indeed must have been the shelter they afforded. In one we discovered some rude drawings of human

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figures, of circles and squares scratched on the inner side of the bark. A tall tree which stood in front of the village had recently been marked with notches in the bark above each other about a yard apart until they had reached the branches. By the help of these notches the Blacks manage to climb into the branches to catch the opossums.

There is a legitimate way of crossing a river as well as of doing most things in common life. Carrots tempted by a tree which lay across the river, tried to pass over it dry shod without the trouble of doffing his trowsers and of wading through like a man. He had advanced three-fourths of the distance, when in reaching from one branch to another, he tipped fairly over and fell squat into the water. Unfortunately he had in his hand my trusty Manton, which falling under his right side, besides being wet all over, was broken in the handsome stock, carved ever since that celebrated gunmaker was a boy. Carrots crawled out, dripping wet, with my broken gun a trophy of his foolhardiness, and his knapsack containing all that was left of our tea, sugar and biscuits drenched with water. Here it was necessary to hold a council of expediency as to our future progress. The Great lake which we were anxious to see, lay within five miles to the north, and would require at least an additional day to do it justice. Our provisions were moreover exhausted, and it would not be prudent to extend our distance from home on the mere chance of catching kangaroos, seeing that Juno already began to walk lame, her feet being much cut with the edges of the sharp stones. It was therefore determined to take the shortest course to the Hermitage, and to postpone the exploring of the Lake till another opportunity.

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We were now entering upon that extensive tract of country known by the name of Patrick's plains, so called in rememberance of Captain Patrick Wood of Denniston, who was the first to locate them. They lie on both sides of the Shannon, but stretch out on the eastern side to a very great extent, being about ten miles in length, and varying from 2 to 5 or 6 miles in width. Being in so lofty a region, and in many parts entirely without a tree, they are however bleak, and exposed to the western winds. Having crossed the river nearly at the top or northern end of these plains, as they lay extended before us, the tops of the trees were only to be seen like small shrubs here and there in the remote horizon. In one part we entered upon a large flat, overgrown with tufts of coarse grass, standing from 2 to 3 feet high. The water which in the wet season must have overflown this tract, had gradually washed away the ground from between the tufts, leaving them like a crowd of little stumps between which the foot was every minute slipping. When we expected to set our foot upon the solid tuft down it would pop 18 inches or 2 feet deeper than we calculated upon. Nothing could be more tiresome than such a progress, and after traversing it about a mile, fairly exhausted, we sat down upon the brink of the river to recruit ourselves. Carrots who was an inveterate smoker immediately commenced lighting his pipe, and at the same time a spark which dropped on the dry grass, was fanned up by the wind and spread with rapidity from tuft to tuft in a brilliant line of flame. Carrots wore that sort of shoes called mocassins, and those he had on were completely worn to bits with our two days journey. He had however taken the precaution to put a piece of the raw hide of the kangaroo which we killed in the morning, into his knapsack, of which

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while we rested at this place, he made himself a new pair. Having cut out the mocassin about an inch and a half larger than the sole of the foot, with the exception of the heel part, which is cut square off, after sewing up the heel with needle and thread, he cut holes all round the fore part, through which he strung a thong of the same skin, which being drawn together over the instep, (the fur being inside) a very good slipper or sandal was made for his foot.

We had toiled about two miles through this treacherous ground, when we arrived on a considerable part of it that had recently been burned down, doubtless by the Natives dropping their fire as they carried their torches from one resting place to another. In this instance we were thankful for the effects of their fires, for they enabled us to proceed with greater security, as we could now see where to place our feet, although on a dirty black tuft of burned grass. On looking round we saw that the flame which Carrots had begun had already spread to a great distance more than half a mile in length. Soon after this however we came on smoother grass, and the country altogether assumed a warmer and more agreeable aspect. The plain was here and there diversified with gentle acclivities and occasional tongues or promontories of forest land clad with lofty umbrageous trees, jutted out and overhung the edges of the plain, and in one part, towards the left, we discovered an extensive lagoon of deep water. Great part of this fine grazing country has since been located and converted into profitable sheep and cattle walks. A Government hut with a party of military has also been stationed on the upper part of the plains, which with the patroling of the Field police, gives every possible security to the settlers and stock-keepers round this improving neighbourhood. The bed of the Shannon

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at this place partakes of the character of its banks, being very broad and shallow. It was upwards of 80 or 100 yards in width, and not in any part deeper than 3 or 4 inches. Carrots, who waded into it to wash his dirty face, picked up some tolerable specimens of chrystalline, agate, and other pebbles, which composed the bed of the river. It is remarkable that the Shannon contains more water at the upper part of its course than near its junction with the Ouse. Flowing from the Great lake over a shallow bar, nearly resembling the channel I am now describing, and being supplied with but few tributary streams, except in times of flood, will partly account for this. When the wind is high and the waters of the lake are raised into lofty waves which find an exit at the bar of the Shannon, that river is as much flooded when the weather is otherwise quite dry, as it is in wet seasons when the rain descends in torrents.

About four miles to the east of these plains is a large piece of wet, marshy ground, covered with rushes, and interspersed with patches of low shrubs and trees, called the Lagoon of Islands. To the west of the Great lake the land is known to be most eligible for grazing, as it produces good grass, and is well watered by many streams. The country stretches out in every direction into large open plains, watered by various lagoons. The scenery in many parts is of the most magnificent and interesting kind, presenting views, equal to those afforded by the most venerable parks in England. These sheets of water are universally inhabited by innumerable black swans and ducks, and it is singular, also by the white breasted sea-fowl, or diver, so universally to be met with round the coast, which is here to be found on fresh water, in the very centre of the island.

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The sun was already fast descending behind the Western lakes, lengthening the shadows of the few straggling trees that here and there enlivened the edge of the Shannon, when crossing a curious ravine, where the river took a sudden bend, forming an acute angle in its course, we arrived at a cluster of very curious upright rocks that stood upon a rising ground. Here we resolved to take up our abode for the night. Having selected a place for the scene of our bivouac, my friend and I left Regan and Carrots to prepare the essentials, while we scrutinized the neighbourhood. In parts the rocks stood up like the turrets of a castle, in others ranged themselves along like a temple of the Druids, here and there they formed curious caves, and in short it was the most singular conglomeration of alluvial remains that I have ever witnessed. Among them grow some fine specimens of that species of eucalyptus called the cider tree, from its exuding a quantity of saccharine liquid resembling molasses. Streaks of it were to be seen dripping down the bark in various parts, which we tasted, and found very palatable. The Natives have a method at the proper season of grinding holes in the tree from which the sweet juice flows plentifully, and is collected in a hole at the root. We saw some of these covered up with a flat stone, doubtless to prevent the wild animals from coming to drink it. When allowed to remain some time and to ferment it settles into a coarse sort of wine or cider rather intoxicating if drank to any excess. Here we ate our last biscuit, reserving but a small portion of tea and sugar for next morning. As we lay ourselves to rest on the grass, we were again serenaded by the cawing of the rooks as in the preceding evening, but with the addition of the purling of the adjoining stream as it fell several yards and dashed itself on the perpendicular rocks on the op-

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posite bank before us.

Next morning we were up before the sun, wi ing our way along a beautiful vale of rich verda grass. As the sun rose from the horizon a h frost came on which converted the dew that hu upon the blades into snow and little icicles that thic ly coated our shoes and the lower part of our tro sers. At the termination of this valley we aga entered a tract of woody, but very rugged sto ground. A few blades of wild herbs or shrubs he and there appeared between them, but the surfa was so uneven that we were obliged in parts jump from one rock to another, and occasionally call in the aid of our hands to assist our progre It was on the whole a very fatiguing exercise, a I felt that I had lost some pounds in weight sin I had left home. Dr. Wadd, the Surgeon ext ordidary to his Majesty, and the facetious comme tator on leanness and corpulency is puzzled to fi out a cure for the fattening propensity. His sp cific to keep the mouth shut and the eyes open found very difficult to swallow among his patien But a never failing cure to all overgrown corporatio would be an excursion like this to the remote regio of Van Diemen's land, relying solely on the kang roos and other wild animals for support. Futu travellers have of course discovered much bet tracts than that we then pursued, but in surmounti the ridge I now speak of, we were in some measu repaid by a magnificent prospect. The toweri Western hills stood capped with snow on one han and on the other was the Table mountain and its a jacent hills, and before us lay stretched the vales the Clyde and Jordan with mounts Dromedary a Wellington in the distance, whilst the Shannon w heard to force its rapid way deep in the vale beneat

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Having surmounted this ridge we again reached the borders of the Shannon and had the satisfaction to see Juno pin a small kangaroo which she started in a beautiful little march containing about 1000 acres of rich land into which we descended. This was the signal for a repast which came most welcome. Here I made a grand improvement in the mode of bush cooking. In place of the transverse spit which I mentioned before, my hunger induced me to string about a dozen of little bits not bigger than a dollar each on the point of a twig, the lower end of which being stuck in the ground, the meat slung over the fire, and was roasted in elegant style. I had merely to waive it round to my hand as I stripped the little steaks smoking hot one after the other in rotation as I devoured them. Apicius never enjoyed a Turkey's brain with half such a relish. Here a very beautiful sloping piece of open pasturage runs up from the opposite bank of the Shannon. The river which at that place is broad and level forms four several cascades or falls from three to four feet each. To be seen to advantage they must be viewed from below, when the regularity of the natural ledges, as if built by the hands of a mason, and the lucid ranges of the falling water all across the channel, give to the scene the perfection of art with the superaddition of the charms of nature. Here also I found it necessary to imitate the example shewn me by Carrots the evening before, and to make myself a pair of mocassins, my London soles having completely worn themselves away.

The idea of home now became predominant, and we speedily resumed our course. On entering the fine plain of Hunterston we took occasion to gather a load of beautiful mushrooms, then in fine season, with which we crammed the knapsack of Carrots,

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void of its former contents. They grew mostly i circles of 10 or 15 yards diameter, called Fai rings. We entered the only hut at that time upo the plain, the former scene of Michael Howe's catas trophe. We found in it a lonely woman, her hus band being engaged with the others among M Lord's cattle on the further side the Ouse. W seated ourselves a few minutes in the hut, inquirin how she maneged in so lonely a retreat. Nothin troubles me, said she, except sometimes when awake at night, and *my cow* comes to haunt me. concluded she had a milch cow which had gone astra and for which she lamented, until on inquiry I foun she meant the ghost of Michael Howe, whom she fa miliary called Mike Howe, without aspirating the We now crossed the river, and another half mil brought me to the top of my own valley, & 10 minute more restored me to the bosom of my family, an gave birth to another series of *recollections*.

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SANDY BAY.—At the upper end of Macquarie street near the Military Barracks, the road leaves Hobart town for Sandy bay, one of the original settlements made soon after the evacuation of Norfolk island. It winds along the side of the water, and the ground is divided into a great number of small, but well cultivated farms and gardens too numerous to particularise in this place. From Mr. Hogan's farm, 3 miles down the river, a bridle road on the right conducts to the top of Mount Nelson, the view from which will amply repay the traveller the trouble of ascending. The country appears like a map stretched at the feet, affording a prospect as far as Cape Raoul, the whole of Storm bay, and the high hill on the north end of Maria island. Beyond this are the farms of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Fisher, opposite to which is a long hard Sandy beach, on which the Hobart town races are held on New Year's day. This affords one of the pleasantest rides in the vicinity of Hobart town, extending as far as Craw-fish point, the property of Mr. Cartwright.

BROWN'S RIVER.—Besides the road along the coast by Sandy bay, there is another tract leading along the ridge of Mount Nelson to Brown's river, a distance of about 10 miles from town. It is a small stream taking its rise in Mount Wellington. At the crossing place is the romantic little farm of Mr. Lucas, the Chief Constable of the district. This place is celebrated for the best potatoes that are brought to Hobart town, the soil being deep, light and sandy. About half way up towards Mount Wellington, the new road which is now making to the Huon river, and Transylvania, or country on its banks, also crosses this rivulet. Still following the banks of the Derwent at a mile from Brown's river, we arrive at Blackman's bay, on which are several small farms. This is

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a very romantically situated little settlement with a fine sandy beach in front. The potatoes which grow here are as celebrated as those of Brown's river. Between this bay and that river at the distance of about 100 yards from the sea, is a remarkable aperture in the earth of about 150 feet in circumference and 30 in depth, which is effected by the ebb and flow of the tide through a subterraneous passage in the rock underneath. To the south of Blackman's bay the coast assumes a different character and rises into perpendicular cliffs of hard iron stone rock, the most lofty of which at about 6 miles farther to the south, opposes itself to the swell of the ocean from Storm bay. Before reaching the point, and at the only landing place for a boat on this part of the coast, are the farms of Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Lovett the Pilot. Close to the house of the latter is the Signal station, called Mount Lewis. The road here terminates, and the traveller, if he wishes to continue his journey, must take a boat and sail to

D'ENTRECASTEAUX' CHANNEL 40 miles in length and from 1 to 3 in breadth, dividing Bruné island from the main. At the entrance, and on the northern point of Bruné island is the beautiful farm of Mr. Kelly, and on the opposite coast the farm and tobacco gardens of Mr. Joshua Ferguson, called the Tinder box bay. Still farther to the west is the extensive inlet or sheet of water called North west bay, being about six miles in length, and varying from 2 to 3 in width. The most inland part forms part of the farm of Mr. Baynton, and that of Mr, Holdship, (lately emigrated to Swan river,) extends from North west bay river, along the western shore of the bay, to another stream of less magnitude called the 'Snug.' The timber in this neighbourhood is very good, and small vessels are constantly employed in bringing it

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and shingles to town. A large stream of water falls into this bay, flowing from Mount Wellington. About 5 miles down the channel on Bruné island is the extensive inlet called Barnes's bay, where Mr: Roberts has long had a salt manufactory. On the opposite coast on the main is Oyster Cove, in which is the saw mill belonging to Mr. Wedge. Still sailing down the channel we pass on Bruné island the farm of Mr. Kinghorne, and at the distance of about 30 miles from Hobart town on the main land, is the extensive Government establishment of sawyers and wood cutters called Berch's bay. This is an old establishment, the timber being of a good quality and very plentiful, On the heights above it, forming the extremity of a range of hills, with the channel on the east, and the estuary of the Huon on the west, is the most southern signal station, called Mount Royal, communicating with Mount Lewis and Mount Nelson to Mulgrave battery. Below this the channel becomes gradually wider, with several small islands, and numerous safe bays on each coast.

BRUNE ISLAND,—which lies between D'Entrecastreaux channel and Storm bay, is about 50 miles in length, and varies in breadth frem 4 to 14. It is composed of two parts, connected near the middle by a long and very narrow sandy neck of land. The lesser which lies northward is best known. On its extreme N. point called Cape de-la-Sortie is the beautiful farm of Mr. Kelly, already described. About 3 miles to the south is the depot where rations of bread and potatoes are served out to any of the natives who choose to take up their residence on the island. It is now under the charge of Mr. Robinson, and hopes are entertained of some of them being induced to relinquish their savage and predatory habits for those of some slight degree of civilization.

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In Barnes's bay is the salt manufactory belongi to Mr Roberts, and at the innermost recess of t romantic bay, or inlet, is the location of Mr. M Cracken. Mr. Kinghorne's is within a few miles the southward, nearly opposite Fe ch's bay. On t east of Storm bay are several small inlets with san beaches. One is called "Trumpeter bay," fr quantities of that fish being found there, in anot called Bull bay is an establishment belonging to sev ral whalers in Hobart town, being a great resort boats in the whaling season. In Isthmus bay, Green island, a small rock between north and sou Brune, between the small spit and the main land, a very extensive shoal or mud bank, marked by th buoys. It extends about a mile into the chann leaving however a safe passage to the west of t inlet. South Brune is but little known, no one sides upon it, and except occasionally a few wand ing natives from the northern island, it is quite un habited. Part of it is very high and even mounta ous. Adventure bay, where the celebrated Capt Cook anchored in his 3rd voyage round the wor is in south Brune. It is now a favourite place resort for whalers, several boats belonging to Hob town being stationed here every season, and genera have much success. The land round the bay is of inferior quality, being sandy in many places and vered with ferns.

Among the natural productions of Brune island, grass tree, which is not so commonon the main land the most remarkable ; at the roots of the grass, rather rushes, which rise from the woody stem, found a large kernel, about twice the surface a thickness of a dollar, which is much superior to filbert in flavour, when taken in Autumn, which is proper season. These grass trees abound all o

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the island, generally growing on a sandy soil, and from 6 to 12 feet high in the stem. Oysters are plentiful in Barnes's and Adventure bays, in the latter they are of an uncommon size, and not inferior in quality to the smaller ones. Besides the common flat head, perch, rock cod, salmon, &c. which are in great plenty, towards the heads, or southern part of the island, is found the trumpeter which is considered the most epicurean dish of the finny tribe of this island. The paper nautilus is sometimes found in the vicinity of the heads, and the mutton fish as it is commonly termed, occurs on the rocks of almost every bay, where there is the least shelter. It belongs to the class of crustaceous fishes, and the covering is a univalve, known to conchologists by the name of haliotis, or ear shell. The hippocampus or sea horse is not uncommon in the passage, and small pieces of sponge have also been found on the shores of the island.

(A singular Rock off the South end of Brune Island)

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THE RIVER HUON.—This river was first discover ed in 1792, by the boats belonging to the expeditio under Admiral D' Entrecasteaux, and named afte Captain Huon Kermandee, of the Esperance. Th island, called Huon island, lies in the centre of thi river, at its mouth, where it falls into D'Entreca teaux channel, This beautiful little island, contain ing about 300 acres, stands nearly in the middle c the river, which at this place is about 3 miles wide The western passage is the widest, but in the centr is a small rock, which is only conspicuous at lo water, having the appearance of a small black speck which at a distance might be mistaken for a boa About five miles up, on the north bank, is a large in let, called (also by the French who discovered i Port des Cygnes, from the great number of blac swans that frequent it. This beautiful bay extend for about 5 or 6 miles to the north, being agreeabl diversified with projecting points of land, clothe with elegant stringy bark and gum trees, affordin timber of the finest description. On the west or op posite side is a small stream called Castle Forbes rive from the circumstance of the ship Castle Forbes ha ing taken on board a number of fine spars at th place. The course of the river from its mouth, nearly in a westerly direction for about 10 miles, ti it meets a low point on the northern shore called th —One Tree Point, where the stream is about a mi and a half or two miles wide. Near this place M Petchey collected a large quantity of mimosa bar for exportation to England.

From One Tree Point the river suddenly bend round to the north, in which direction it continues f about 12 miles, till it is joined by Mount river, considerable stream flowing from the Mount Wellin ton range of hills. The tide flows up to this plac

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which is also the point where the road lately made from Hobart town reaches the river, over a distance of 19 miles. At this place also, Captain Henniker of the Mermaid, while collecting timber for exportation, in the beginning of 1829, erected a small hut. About half way above One Tree Point, the navigation of the river is much impeded by several low islands covered with trees and brush wood, lying in the middle of the river and extending up for about 3 or 4 miles, leaving a narrow channel on each side. They are called Egg islands, from the great number of swans that make their nests among the long grass, which overgrows them. Ships cannot with safety on account of these islands ascend much higher than One Tree Point, and the river is only further navigable for boats. After passing them, however, the channel though narrower still continues about 10 fathoms deep, until it arrives at Mount River. All along, the banks continue steep and thickly covered with timber. Opposite One Tree Point, on the west bank, a considerable stream falls into the Huon, called Kermandee river, on the banks of which, at a little distance inland, report says, there is a large tract of fine country. Near the lower end of the Egg islands the water ceases to be salt.

A short way above Mount river, the Huon again takes a sudden bend to the west, nearly at right angles. The corner formed by the angle was named Musquito point, by Captain Henniker, owing to the great number of musquitoes which infest that part. The northern banks, against which the stream flows, continues lofty and precipitous, while the opposite side is composed of low land, in many parts covered with water in times of flood. About a mile above Musquito point is the first fall, beyond which it is almost impossible for boats, unless very small ones, to

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ascend, as the channel higher up is a constant su
cession of rapids. At this place the river is abo
90 or 100 yards wide. The influence of the tid
although the water be fresh all the way, is still fe
From Hobart town to this point, round by water, a
though only nineteen miles by land, is reckoned six
miles.

Travellers ascending beyond the falls must keep
the southern side, which is neither so steep, nor
heavily timbered as the northern. This country h
not yet been explored above 40 miles beyond t
falls, holding out during the whole distance scarce
one inviting spot for the pursuits of the settler. T
river, however, which is considerably larger than ev
the Derwent, must necessarily flow from a large e
tent of level country, or else from a large lake, and
is possible that Government will speedily take me
sures to explore it, and open a new field for agric
tural industry. The timber called Huon pine mu
grow considerably above the parts as yet explored,
only a few straggling plants appear on the banks, wh
numerous large trees are to be seen constantly flo
ing down the stream. Very few fish are to be fou
in the upper parts of the river, owing no doubt to t
nature of the water, which is of a dark or reddish
lour, evidently acquired in flowing through marsh
swampy land, thickly strewed with decayed tim
and other vegetable matter. Very few animals
met with along this tract, except some wombats a
now and then a brush kangaroo,—of the feathe
tribe scarcely any are to be seen but a few parrots.

Kangaroo Point.—On the opposite side of
river distant from Hobart town about 2 miles is
village of Kangaroo point. Numerous ferry bo
are constantly plying across. Here is the reside
of Mr. Roper, the Police Magistrate of the distri

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On entering Kangaroo bay, in a small promontory to the left, is the neat little cottage of Mr John Lord, and on the right at the landing place are the inns kept by Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Davidson and Mr. MacCormick. This promises shortly to become a thriving village, from its peculiar situation, forming the key or entrance to numerous populous districts. Two principal roads branch off from this village, the one leading to Clarence plains and the other to the Coal river.

COAL RIVER ROAD.—Along the road for the first two or three miles, is Mr. Bignell's inn, situated on a range of hills which divides Clarence plains and Kangaroo point from the Hollow tree. This is a fine tract of country, containing several extensive farms, distant about six miles from Kangaroo point. The principal are those belonging to Mr. E. Lord, Mr. Petchey, Mr. R. Lewis, the first who succeeded in sending butter to the Hobart town market, and Mr. Rumney, who set the example of fencing to any extent in this district. A road also near the 6th mile post branches off to the right, conducting to the two ferries and Pittwater, and passing the farm of Mr. Strahan on the left. The first ferry is called the Bluff, and leads direct to Sorell town about three miles across. Leaving Lanbern, the property of Mr. R. Lewis, lately purchased of Lt. Cooling for £650, half a mile on the right, the branch road then proceeds along the southern sandy beach at Pittwater for about four miles, till it reaches the entrance from Frederick Henry bay into Pittwater, about half a mile wide. Across this inlet, which is navigable for ships of 500 tons (vessels of that burden having already taken in cargoes of wheat from this fertile corn district), a ferry boat conducts the traveller to Forcett, the residence of Mr. Gordon, the Police Magistrate of the exten-

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sive district of Richmond and the Coal river, an thence to the populous district called the lower se tlement of Pittwater. Proceeding on the road to th Coal river, about half a mile on the left, at the 7t mile post, is the farm and residence of Dr. Murdoc From the 4th to the 8th mile there is a near cut ov a steep hill called Break neck hill. Passing th above gentleman's house, and leaving the farms the Hollow tree already mentioned, considerably the right, on the further side of Break neck hi about six miles from Kangaroo point, is the w known cottage of Mr. William Cross, one of the o est of the Norfolk island settlers. Between the 9 and 10th mile post, on the right of the road, is a ne brick cottage, formerly the Risdon inn. At the 12 mile post, half a mile to the left of the road, is t farm of Major De Gillern. A branch road leads fr this towards Brighton, passing the farms of Lie Gunn and Mrs. Margetts At the 13th mile post second road also branches off, leading to Bright along a valley parallel to the former, passing farms of Messrs. Bignell and Hill, Mrs. Hames a Mr. Griffith, at the Tea tree brush. At 14 miles fr Hobart town the traveller enters the thriving tow ship of

RICHMOND.—Here is a court house, a gaol, diers' barrack ; and divine service is performed alternate Sundays by the Reverend Mr. Garrard f Sorell. Besides several private dwelling houses, th is a good inn kept by Mr. Buscomb. There is an excellent flour mill, orignally built by Mr. J Walker, and across the river is a well built st bridge of six arches. Boats of 6 tons burden come within half a mile of this town, and the tide flows far as the bridge. Contiguous to the town, on south side, is the farm of Mr. Butcher, J. P.

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land in this neighbourhood is of the first quality, and large quantities of wheat are annually grown upon it. The natural beauty of the scenery here is much improved by the English looking mansions of Mr. Lascelles, Mr. Butcher, Major De Gillern and Mr. David Lord.

COAL RIVER.—Before proceeding farther it is proper here to describe the road from Richmond to Jericho. This road follows up the Coal river all the way on the Western bank, through a level and very fertile tract of country, and leading almost in a straight line due north to Jericho, a distance of about 20 miles. Along the road, and near the banks of the river, are the farms of Mr. Gilbert Robertson, Mr. Peevor, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Gavin, Mr. Kearney and Messrs. Stynes and Troy. At about 6 miles from Richmond, and at the junction of the White kangaroo rivulet with the Coal river, is Weston lodge, the valuable farm and residence of Mr. Francis Smith, lately purchased of Mr. Gunning, J. P. On this Kangaroo stream is the farm of Mr. G. Burn, and higher up are several stock runs. Half a mile above, on the Coal river, is the farm of Mr. Jemott. On the left of the road at this place is a remarkable, high peaked hill, called the Coal river sugar loaf, and on the right the farm of Mr. Walkinshaw. Here are also the farms of Mr. Underwood, Mr. Nairne, Mr. Blinkworth, and near the head of the Coal river in a fine open, grazing country called Jerusalem is the stock run of Mr. Walkinshaw, in the parish of Hartington, the extreme boundary in this direction of the Oatlands police district in a straight line due south from Jericho, a distance of 20 miles. Representations have been made to Government, which have been favourably received, that a road may with great ease be marked out from Oatlands to Kangaroo

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point, through Hollow Tree bottom, Jerusalem ar
the Coal river, a saving of about six miles, besid
avoiding the hills of the present road throu
Brighton and the Crossmarsh. This is a measu
which gives general satisfaction. The road he
leaves the river on the right, and it is worthy
remark, that a few miles higher up, where t
river runs through a rocky ravine near its sourc
its banks are composed of solid blocks of excelle
coal. From this place the road leads through a lo
wet narrow valley, called the Hollow Tree botto
which however affords good food for cattle. T
road then crosses the Jordan, at one mile fro
the source of that river is the Great lagoon, a
leaving the house of Dr. Hudspeth on the left,
joins the Port Dalrymple road at the Fourteen tr
plain.

PITTWATER.—Returning to Richmond, a
crossing the bridge, a road leads to the townsl
of Sorell. At about half a mile to the right, is t
extensive farm of Mr. David Lord, on the banks
the Coal river. For the next three miles the ro
proceeds over a ridge of hills, at three miles fartl
it crosses the Orielton rivulet by a wooden brid
To the right of this bridge is the farm of the l
Lieutenant Jeffreys, now belonging to Dr. Garre
and on the left, about two miles up the stream
Orielton, the valuable property of Mr. Edw
Lord, and the present residence of Mr. Nicko
J. P. From this place a road still continues
the rivulet, passing the farm of Mr. Laing, and
a little distance on the left, that of Mr. Aldrid
The road after passing the source of this rivu
ascends to a lofty range of country, a high
called the Brown Mountain lying about a mile
the left. It then enters a level district, very p

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perly named the Brushy plains. For about six miles beyond this the country continues hilly, being principally adapted for grazing, until it reaches Prosser's river, on the banks of which are several stock runs and farms of new settlers lately located, among which is that of Captain Maclaine. Prosser's river is a considerable stream which falls into the sea opposite the northern end of Maria island, the road continuing along the south bank all the way, which is described more particularly under the head Oyster bay. At two miles beyond the bridge over the Orielton rivulet, the traveller enters the town of Sorell, the principal town of the district called Pittwater. There are already several streets laid out, and numerous houses built. The public buildings are, a handsome church situated in a square in the centre of the town, built by Mr. Addison, a parsonage house, a good gaol and school house, there are also two inns in the town, The country round is beautiful, the land being very fertile and divided into numerous small farms. Small vessels come up within half a mile of the town, to the farm of Mrs. Wade. Leaving the town, and proceeding to the Lower settlement of Pittwater, at the distance of one mile, the road crosses a stream called the Iron creek. The country on both sides is highly cultivated. Here are the farms of Mr. Cruttenden on the right, and among many others on the left, may be mentioned that of Captain Glover, J. P., Mr. Birchall, and still higher up the stream, those of Mr. Gatehouse, and Messrs. Counsel and Walker, adjoining which, is the flour mill of Mr. Downward. At four miles from Sorell-town, the road passes Forcett, already mentioned, the country residence of Mr. Gordon, J. P. His farm is in an advanced state of im-

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provement, being mostly fenced in. The orchard also is worthy of mention, affording a plentiful crop of improved apples, from which large quantities of cider are annually made. A fine country extends for three miles to the south of Forcett, called the Lower settlement of Pittwater, entirely cultivated and divided into numerous small farms.

CARLTON.—After leaving the last described district, the road passes through a forest, growing out of a poor sandy soil for about three miles, until we arrive at the beautiful settlement called the Carlton. There are several good farms on the banks of the river belonging to Mr. Maguinneiss and Mr Quinton. Near the ford, at nine miles from the Lower Ferry, and ten miles from the mouth of the Carlton, where the river becomes fresh, is the farm of Lieutenant Steele, the resident Magistrate of this district. The Carlton river received its name many years ago, from having been discovered by the boats belonging to a whaling ship called by that name. It has a bar at its entrance, which can only be passed by small coasting vessels. Inside of the bar the water becomes deep and the river is in parts half a mile in width, presenting the most romantic scenery along its banks. Here are also many rich beds of oyster shells which are burned for lime, and brought to Hobart-town. These and the large produce of wheat from this fertile part of the country give employment to numerous small vessels.

EAST BAY NECK.—Two miles beyond the Carlton, in the direction of East Bay neck is Camden Wilderness situated in Brecknock bay, belonging to Mr. Thomas Smith. Half a mile farther to the east of this, is East Bay Neck, a narrow isthmus of a quarter of a mile in width.

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Here also is the farm of Mr. George Smith. Over this neck boats crossing to Oyster bay are dragged on round blocks of wood by the boatmen. It is the key to the communication between Hobart-town and the settlements of Great Swan port, Maria Island, and all the eastern coast of Van Diemen's land. East Bay Neck is 36 miles from Hobart-town by water. If a canal could be cut across the narrow isthmus, it would shorten the voyage to Oyster bay, and obviate the danger and delay of going round Cape Pillar. There are several islands scattered about this bay, which is also a great resort of whales in the calving season. It is remarkable that while the tide is high on the east side it is is generally low water on the west, and the reverse.

THE SANDSPIT.—Leaving East Bay Neck, the road leads along the northern shore of a large inlet from the east, which ought properly to be called East bay. The mouth of this inlet is called the First Sandspit, being open to the eastern sea. It would afford shelter to vessels of small burthen only, the entrance being sandy and shallow, and a heavy swell often setting in from the ocean. From the second Sandspit a fine sandy beach extends along the coast to the north for several miles, upon which a very heavy surf is constantly rolling, and which, although certain destruction to any boat that approches it, yet presents a grand and impressive spectacle to the eye of the traveller. A small stream called Bream creek here falls into the sea, from the hills on the west. The road still winds along the coast, and passing over a steep rocky headland, we arrive at the grazing farm of Captain Glover, on the Sandspit river, upwards of twenty miles from the Carlton. The tract still con-

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tinues along the beach for about eight miles, whe it reaches the mouth of Prosser's river, and join the road from Brushy plains. The country on eac bank of this river, for nine miles from its mouth is steep and rocky, and is not yet inhabited.

MARIA ISLAND —Opposite to Capt. Glover's farm at the Sandspit river is Maria Island. Halfway acros the channel is a green islet called Lauchlan's Island Maria Island affords scenery of the most romantic an picturesque description. Near the centre it is almos divided into two, connected by a low sandy isthmus the sea approaching within a few yards on each side The land on both extremities is lofty, especially a the northern end, where there is a remarkable moun tain, with two immense rocks projecting one abov the other, called the Bishop & Clerk. The base of thi mountain is washed by the sea, and is entirely com posed of petrified shells. Close to it is the Penal set tlement called Darlington. A commodious store i here erected, a Commandant's house, the residenc of Major Lord, J. P., and a fulling mill on the bank of a fine stream of water, which washes the town. Considerable quantities of coarse woollen cloth ar annually made here for the use of the prisoners in th employment of Government, being made into gar ments by the females in the House of Correction.

SWAN PORT.—Proceeding from Prosser's river, about three miles, the traveller reaches the Militar station at the head of Spring bay, where a townshi is marked out. Six miles further is Mr. Gatehouse's stock hut, at Grindstone bay, opposite to which i the large rock called the White rock, generally co- vered with seals. Four miles further on the coast i the farm of Mr. Castle, and four miles beyond is Lit- tle Swan Port, at the head of which is the farm of Lt. Hawkins. The Little Swan Port river is a large

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The SETTLEMENT at MACQUARIE HARBOUR.

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stream which takes its rise in the Eastern marshes, near Oatlands, and for the last 15 miles of its course flows through a very rugged country not yet settled. The road then winds along the northern bank of this inlet, passing the sheep farm of Mr. James Simpson, and a little beyond, that of Mr. Buxton. Still pursuing the line of coast, and keeping a lofty ridge of hills all the way on the left, approaching in some places close to the sea, and rendering the road steep and difficult, the traveller passes the farm of Mr. Webber, and at abont 70 miles from Hobart town, he will arrive at Waterloo point, a Military station, and the residence of a Magistrate, Lt. Lane, of the 63d. regt. The scenery which presents itself to the eye of the spectator at this point, looking towards Schouten's islands, is singular and striking. This bay is a favourite resort of the whalers in the season, their principal station being Hazard's or Refuge Island, on the eastern side. A long sandy beach stretches for eight miles on the northern side of this bay, and at its eastern end is a shallow entrance to the Great Swan Port river. A mile beyond the Military station, after crossing a small stream, is the farm and residence of Mr. Meredith. This gentleman was the first who settled in this district, and has made very laudable exertions to promote the whale fishery. To the north of Mr. Meredith's, and situated upon the Swan Port river, or its tributary streams, are the farms of Mr. Hart, Mr. Amos, Mr. King, and Mr. Lyne. From Waterloo point the road leads up the river passing the farm of Mr. Amos, and over some high land until it reaches the St. Paul's river and plains, near the farms of Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Cowie.

CLARENCE PLAINS.—From Kangaroo point the road continues down near the bank of the Derwent,

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through a sandy soil passing several small farms, ur
til it arrives at the Glebe land belonging to the Chap
lain at Hobart town. Between this road and th
beach is a long narrow lagoon of fresh water, situate
at the west end of which, on a projecting point int
the Derwent, is Wentworth, the property of Mr. F
L. Murray. The house, which is large, stands upo
a promontory, and a little farther on is the nea
and commodious little farm of Mr. Peter Robert
D.A.C.G. These farms command beautiful views of th
Derwent, from Hobart town and the adjacent countr
to both sides of the opening of D'Entrecasteaux
channel. Fronting the Derwent two miles lowe
down is the thriving and conspicuous farm of M
Charles Hippesley Cox. About a mile beyond
the settlement of Clarence plains, originally settle
when Norfolk Island was abandoned. The road ru
through the centre of the district, which is mostly
a state of cultivation. Besides a great many sma
farms, that of Mr. Nicholls on the left of the road, an
Mr. D. Stanfield deserve to be particularly mentione
In the centre of this district is a respectable inn kep
by Mr. Hance. Leaving Mr. Stanfield's, the roa
passes along a narrow neck of land, dividing Ralph
bay. Small boats are often carried across this nec
in order to avoid the danger and delay of going roun
by Betsy's Island to Pittwater.

MUDDY PLAINS.—Having crossed this nec
the traveller enters Muddy plains. The first far
he meets with is that of Mr. Mather. Three mile
to the south of this is a populous settlement of nu
merous small farms, surrounding a large inlet o
salt water, called the Pipe-clay Lagoon. Amon
others we may mention the farms of Mrs. Macau
ley, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Germain. A road als
conducts across to Ralph's bay, on the side of whic

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are the farms of Mr. Mortimer, and Mr. Dixon, and on the southern extremity of the peninsula, near a beautiful lake of fresh water, the farm of Mr. Barnes, South arm on the west side of Ralph's bay, is the property of Mr. Gellibrand. This bay is celebrated for its fine oysters, which chiefly supply the market at Hobart-town. His house is pleasantly situated on the north point of the arm, and the grounds are well laid out. To the south of this peninsula and opposite to the farm of Mr. Barnes, is Betsy's island, belonging to Mr. King, who has it now completely stocked with silver-haired rabbits, so valuable for their skins as an export to China where they fetch a very high price.

SOUTH CAPE.—The vein of coal which appears along the beach at South Cape shews itself for two miles in length. In this distance there are numerous dislocations or fractures, the breaks being filled with immense rocks, on each side of which, wherever they intervene, the mineral pursues the line of its course without deviation. The whole aspect of this interesting exposure of the external structure of the earth, snggests to the observer the idea of a vast convulsion, which at some remote period, must have thrown these rocks into their present position. Limestone is a very general accompaniment of this fossil. On Satellite Island in D'Entrecasteaux channel, there is a small quantity of the finest limestone rock. It has yet been found only in one place, but of a very superior quality. The whole of the beach of this little island is composed of soft sandstone, in the bed of which are found occasional pieces of almost pure iron ore, from the size of a hen's egg to three or four inches in diameter. They are to be seen sticking in the face of the rock, being able to resist

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the action of the air, while the less durable rock in which they lie, moulders down, until at last deprived of farther support, they themselves also fall to the ground. On the beach of Satellite Island, are also found numbers of the small green-coloured shells, which the black natives string like beads on the sinews of the kangaroo, to wear as ornaments round the neck and forehead.

Recherche Bay.—The south part of this bay is called La Baie de Roches, or Rocky Bay, from its having rocks almost even with the water's edge. It is the first cove on the larboard side on entering the channel, and its direction is from north-east to south-west. Admiral D'Entrecasteaux anchored here on his return from Amboyna in January 1793, and not knowing the soundings, had nearly lost his ship, by running aground. The north part of the bay is Port D'Entrecasteaux. The whole is so called from La Recherche, the ship in which Admiral Bruné D'Entrecasteaux sailed in company with Captain Huon Kermandee of the Esperance, in the year 1791, in search of the great French navigator La Perouse. Port D'Entrecasteaux is nearly an oval basin; it is surrounded with large forests, which, together with the lofty mountains, contribute greatly to the security of the anchorage. The bottom is generally muddy, about 3½ fathoms deep, and D'Entrecasteaux himself remarked, that 100 ships of the line might ride in it with perfect safety. There is a plentiful supply of fresh water from Catamaran and D'Entrecasteaux rivers, besides smaller streams. About 5 or 6 miles from the mouth of the bay, and directly east, are situated the Actæon's reef and islands, where the wreck is still to be seen, since 1822.

Muscle Bay.—This is the next inlet to the north of Recherche bay, otherwise called South Port. Be-

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tween this line of coast (about ten miles) is a large salt water lake from 8 to 4 miles long, and 2½ broad, communicating with the channel by a narrow strait, but over which the surf is at all times so great that no boat could enter. Major Honnor formerly made s settlement at South Port, and built a hut in the inner harbour, about 3 or 4 miles from the entrance of the bay. Owing to its remote and unprotected situation for the female members of his family, he found it expedient at that time to abandon it. The tide flows about 6 miles up to the fresh water river, which is a considerable stream. The timber which grows near the bank is of very small diameter, but exceeds in height and straightness any yet seen in the island. Growing so thick and close together the trees start up to an extraordinary height, a few, however, are very large. In the different narrow valleys all the kinds of wood common to the other parts of the island are to be met with, but the prevailing timber is the stringy bark. The species of mimosa which affords the excellent wood called pencil wood grows here also, but in no very great abundance. In other parts the land on the banks of this river is covered with a short kind of heath, and in many places is wholly destitute of trees. This, however, presents an open space and uniformity of surface which diversifies and enlivens the landscape of forest scenery to the observer as he sails up the harbour. The mountains about 15 miles towards the west are very lofty and rugged. No vessel of large burthen can safely anchor in South Port, and none but small craft can come inside of the island, abreast of which the water is shallow and the channel very narrow.

ESPERANCE BAY.—The entrance to this bay, called by the masters of colonial vessels. Port Esperance, is about 5 or 6 miles north of South Port,

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and is the first inlet which a vessel can enter on tl
west side of the channel to the southward of tl
Huon river. The north and south heads of this ha
bour are steep and rocky, with deep water close
shore. At the entrance, and about mid channel, the
is a small island of about a mile in circumferanc
with a bold rocky beach and thickly wooded. Lar
vessels can anchor with safety inside of this islan
abreast of two small low green islets, Five or s
trees grow upon each of them, which have a ve
pretty effect, resembling in appearance cocoa n
trees. About a mile from the entrance of the ha
bour, there is a deep bight on the south side whi
affords excellent anchorage for small vessels. The
are five small islands in this part. Two miles farth
up is the mouth of the rivulet Esperance, which
so very shallow as only to be navigable for boa
and that only for a short distance. The north ba
of this rivulet for nearly a mile, is formed of a pe
pendicular sand stone rock, rising like a wall fro
the edge of the water. The opposite ban
are low and sandy, and a considerable quantity
good timber grows upon them.

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