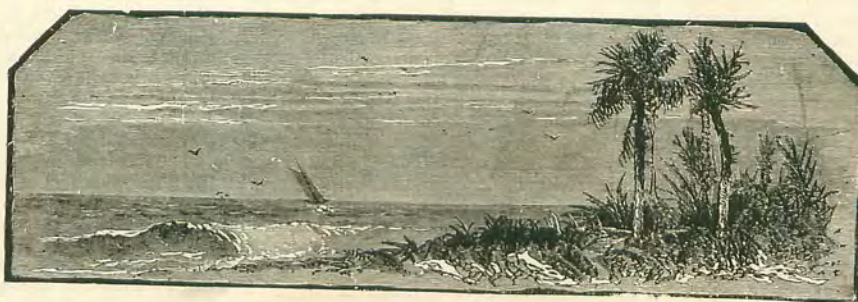




VOL. XII.—No. 595.]

MAY 23, 1891.

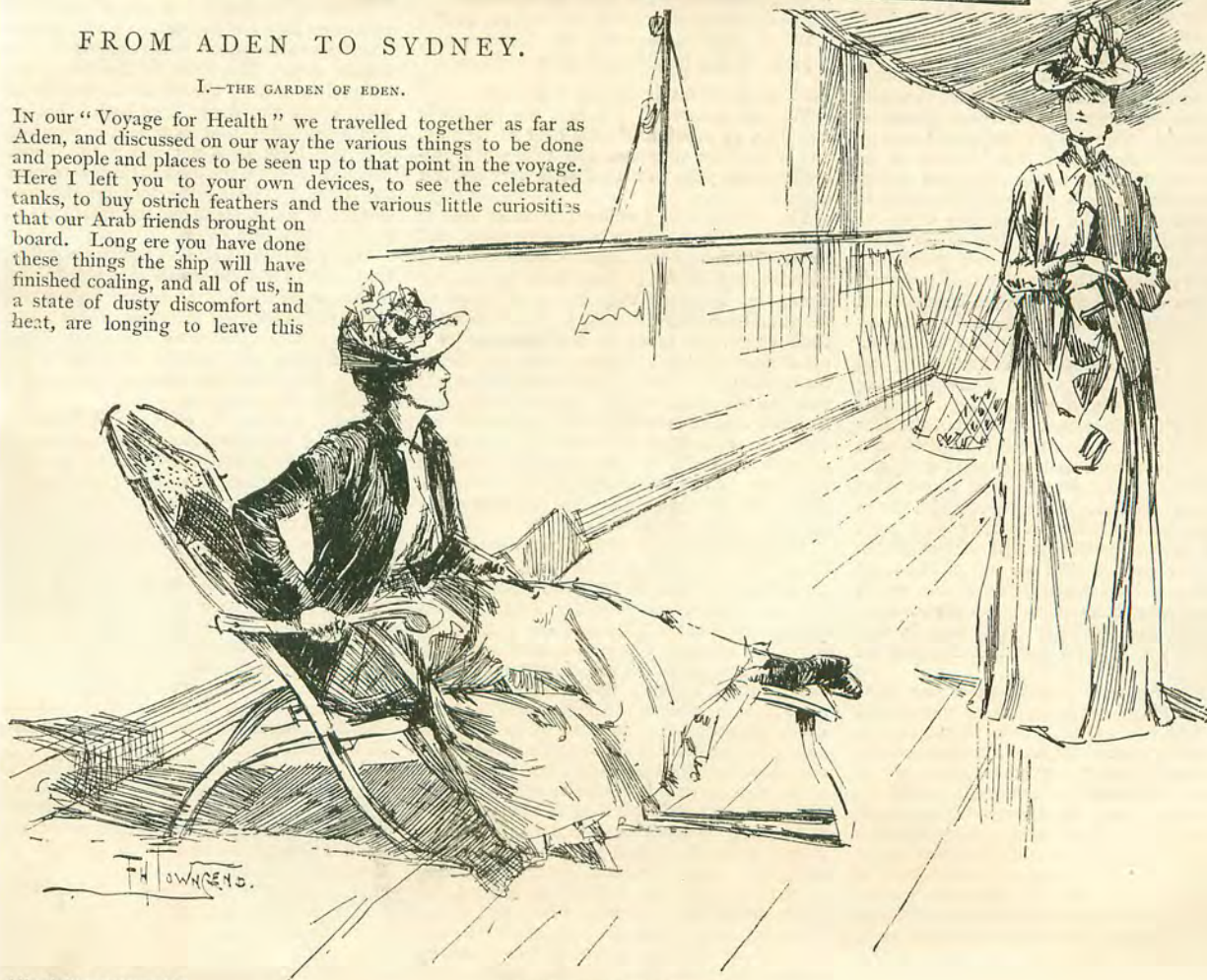
[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



FROM ADEN TO SYDNEY.

I.—THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

IN our "Voyage for Health" we travelled together as far as Aden, and discussed on our way the various things to be done and people and places to be seen up to that point in the voyage. Here I left you to your own devices, to see the celebrated tanks, to buy ostrich feathers and the various little curiosities that our Arab friends brought on board. Long ere you have done these things the ship will have finished coaling, and all of us, in a state of dusty discomfort and heat, are longing to leave this



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UNDER THE AWNING.

same Aden and get away to sea; therefore let us clear the decks, and put on "full steam ahead!"

Having started off, the best thing we can do is to go down to our cabins and get a good wash; but before we do so it will be wise to put our deck-chairs in a position of security, as the sailors are going to wash the decks and clean the ship up generally; and should our deck-chairs be in the way, they will receive but little consideration at their hands, the result probably being that they are either dreadfully broken or mysteriously absent—for the sea is a good keeper of secrets!

By the time we are clean and comfortable we shall be prepared and fortified against possible rough weather in passing the celebrated Cape Guardafui, which we do at the end of two days from Aden. There is always a certain amount of the element of chance at this point as to what the weather will be, and it is well known to the sailors as a difficult piece of navigation, for high seas are common here, and, worse than that, mists. There is another headland close to Guardafui which may sometimes be mistaken for the Cape itself, and on one occasion a vessel went ashore through this error in navigation. When this occurred the reigning sovereign of this district and his Court paid a visit to the miserable passengers, and robbed them of a considerable portion of their possessions; promising to return in even greater numbers on the morrow, they then left, but fortunately by tremendous efforts the ship was got afloat, and steamed off out of harm's way.

It is always a comfort then, to see Guardafui well behind you, and to be clear away from its troubled waters: should you pass it at night-time your ship will burn a strong light to show up the coast, on which you will see numerous little fires lighted by the natives.

And now the whole ship settles down into a humdrum life, and the various ingenious spirits among the passengers begin to devise all sorts of amusements. One little excitement remains, and that is, "crossing the line," which we do in about the third or fourth day from Aden. In olden times King Neptune and his courtiers were wont to visit the ship on this occasion, and play all sorts of rough pranks on those unfortunate people who had not previously crossed the line. This practice has, however, fallen into disuse, and the event is celebrated in a more rational and pleasanter manner by the consumption of ices, cakes, and lemonade.

We are now in the southern hemisphere, and can see the Southern Cross, a disappointing and ill-shaped as well as misnamed constellation, though we do not yet lose sight of the dear old Pole Star. As we go along we may catch sight of the coast occasionally, and with the aid of glasses make out the rude wicker huts built by the natives, and see here and there a warship, probably Italian—for Italy has a great interest in this particular part of the globe. In a day or two we shall see one of the most interesting and wonderful sights in the world. Let us take our chairs and sit under the awnings. Bring your fans and your iced lemonade, and I will tell you something of this Paradise on earth.

Among the many possessions of our great country few are so little known or appreciated as the Seychelle Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and fewer have such claims for recognition by the naturalist, artist, or other lover of the beautiful. In number they are fifty, of which about twenty may be accounted inhabited. They are said to have been discovered by a Portuguese named Pedro Mascaregnas in the year 1505, but, as in many other instances of Portuguese exploration, the discovery was not apparently followed by any attempt at colonisation. The French seem to have turned them to some practical use later, and they were first called by them "Isles de la Bourdonnais,"

after a governor of Mauritius in the 17th century; in 1743 they received the present name of Seychelles, after an officer in the French Navy. They became our possessions, with Mauritius, in 1814, and they are a dependency of that island, and still retain French law although belonging to England, the Code Napoleon being in force.

The chief among these islands, and one of the most beautiful, is Mahé, and it is at this place that we shall stop. So little is known of its great beauties, that if you ask an Englishman of ordinary intelligence about it he will in all probability say, "Mahé? Let me see—Ah, yes, one of the coaling stations for our navy, is it not?" And yet so beautiful are these islands that some hold the belief—and among them that gallant soldier and gentleman, the late General Gordon—that one of them, probably the one called Praslin, was the Garden of Eden!

But we are even now approaching these beautiful islands. It is evening—Sunday evening—and they are singing an English hymn in the saloon. What a stillness in the air! The sun is setting—what a sunset! You have never seen its equal elsewhere, for in these tropical climes the expanse of the heavens looks greater and grander than the imagination can picture for her who has not seen it—one vast red dome, with here and there a light grey cloud edged with fiery gold, and there in the distance those "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea," thrown up in strong relief by the setting sun; and, as the great ship glides along, the hymn comes forth to sanctify the stillness of the evening:—

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

And ere the hymn is finished it is night.

We go ashore, if possible, in the early morning, to avoid the great heat of midday, and if you are wise you will take white umbrellas with you, and wear your very lightest dresses.

The ship cannot go close into shore here as the water is very shallow at certain tides, and so she remains in the centre of the harbour or island-bound lake. Curious little boats come alongside, bringing with them all sorts of beautiful tropical fruits, and, having discharged their cargo, are ready, in consideration of a small sum, to take passengers to the island. So shallow is the water that now and then one feels the boat grate roughly against the bottom, and the sensation is not at all a pleasant one, as it seems to indicate the immediate dissolution of it; and sharks are uncomfortably plentiful just here. After a few minutes we set foot on shore, and set forth to explore the wonders of this little-known land.

At first one has to walk along a somewhat bare tract of ground, with here and there great boulders lying in the path. Sometimes, in making streets and roads, it is necessary to clear away these blocks, and the natives, instead of wasting energy in attempting to remove them *en masse*, resort to the ingenious expedient of lighting fires under, or rather round, them, and thus splitting them up by means of heat, when they can be easily carted away piecemeal. The most striking features of the island are its hilly nature and the verdure of its gigantic and luxuriant vegetation. The highest mountain is called Morne Seychelloise, and rises up in front of us to a height of close upon 3,000 feet, clothed from base to summit with the most luxuriant foliage. Having passed along an open piece of ground, we arrive at the town—if it may be called so—of Victoria; and I presume it is called "town" in virtue of the presence of the Government House, the post-office, and the banks. The

streets are very striking, bordered and shaded as they are by the great leaves of the "Sang Dragon," which in many places curves over, and, meeting its fellow of the opposite side, forms a covered avenue through which the sunlight comes only in occasional rays. What a motley populace one sees! What a Babel of tongues one hears! Hindu, Mozambique, Chinaman, Frenchman, and Englishman are all present—white and coloured children coming from school with their books in tin boxes, to guard them, I suppose, from ants and scorpions. John Chinaman, that ubiquitous Celestial, is in full force, and is the proprietor of the finest shop in the place—a kind of general stores, where you can buy almost anything from Worcester Sauce to *Eau-de-Cologne*; and he, with his assistants, will, in response to your wants, produce the most out-of-the-way things in an instant, smiling always, never cross or flurried, always calm, collected, and polite.

There is an hotel, though you would not in all probability find it or recognise it as such unless taken to it by one who knows the place, and it rejoices in the name of *Hôtel des Princes*. In an upper chamber we can sit and be cool, and drink lemonade given to us by a majestic-looking coloured woman, who bears the appropriate *sobriquet* of "The Princess." It is difficult to get any cool drink here, and the lemonade is tepid. You will notice an absence of carpets in this house, and this is the case with all, or nearly all, houses here. They are built either of coral or wood, and are generally two stories in height, the upper one being the cooler, and being reserved for sleeping. The roof is formed of pieces of wood cut somewhat in a wedge shape, and called "bardoes," or shingles, or else of some of the enormous leaves which are so easily obtained. The floors are stained and polished in a particular way. The bark of the mangrove is steeped in water; this forms a dark-red dye, with which the floor is washed. The ever-useful cocoanut now comes into requisition, half the husk of a nut being the polisher. The natives place the husk flat side downwards, and then, by placing the foot on the convex surface, work it about on the floor, and thus give it a beautiful polish.

Our ship does not stay here for a sufficient time to enable us to see all that is to be seen, so we must content ourselves with walking about and gazing on the green-clad mountains from a distance, and wondering what we could find in those vast forests. Meanwhile let us have a chat about the various products of the island and its resources.

Mahé, which really seems to be the remains of an old mountain-chain of some long-lost continent, is about twenty miles in length, and is of very irregular shape: the only level ground is that along which we have walked in arriving at the town. The general temperature during the year is fairly high, and varies from about 75° to 90° Fahr. In certain seasons there are, of course, heavy rainfalls, and a tropical shower, such as one gets at Mahé, is so heavy and dense that it absolutely prevents one from seeing objects a few yards away, and leaves everything drenched. Although the ocean round about these islands is in the path of many cyclones, it is said that there is a singular immunity from such visitations in Mahé itself.

A great part of the heavy green foliage that one sees is due to the curious tree whose home is here and here only—the "Cocotier de Mer," or double cocoanut-palm, the leaves of which reach a length sometimes of eighteen feet. The curious feature of this tree is its fruit, two nuts being found in one husk. It is called the Cocoa de Mer because the fruit had been found floating about in the sea before it was known that it came from these islands; and, as no place on earth was known which produced

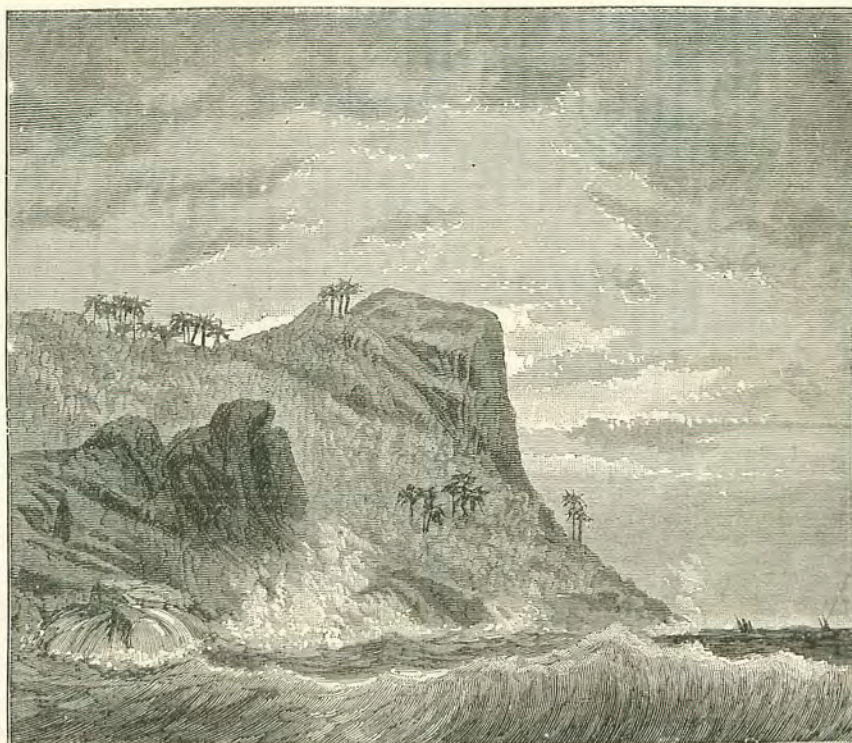
such fruit, it was concluded by the old sailors that it was a product of the sea. The growing of this double cocoanut is now one of the most important industries of the place, as the cocoanut is a very useful tree in many ways, not only the nut and its milk being valuable, but also the husk and fibre, and, most of all, the oil, which is obtained by the natives in a very primitive fashion in a kind of rough mortar made out of very hard wood.

Among the many products of the island are chocolate, vanilla, pepper, and various spices, cinnamon, and coffee. Sugar-canes also grow, but there is no sugar industry, the canes being sold for sucking as a sweetmeat. Bananas are here in abundance, as many as sixty varieties being found, and you will be sure to take some on board your ship for dessert during the voyage. They are taken on board in a green state, and allowed to ripen off the tree; but you should take the opportunity of tasting them in their fresh ripe state. Other fruits which you will find on board ship taken from these islands are pine-apples, of which two kinds grow here, the red and the golden. When young the pine-apples are of a light pink colour, and have purple flowers.

In passing over the hot sea to Australia, you will often have to thank Mahé for delicious lemonade made from the limes, which are a sort of small green lemon, very full of juice, and having a very distinctive flavour. The ordinary lemons are not so common, but there are plenty of oranges of various kinds, including a large orange of the same shape and flavour as the tangerine. Mangoes, tamarinds, and several kinds of custard-apples grow here, as also does the "Fruit de Cythère," a kind of fine plum. The cabbage-palm, which is found here, is utilised on board, the pith being made into a kind of salad named "Choux des Palmistes." The celebrated bread fruit of story-books also grows here, and is cut up and fried as a substitute for potatoes. Pomelos, a kind of orange-like fruit, are sometimes taken from Mahé, but they are not very fascinating in appearance or flavour, and the taste for custard-apples and mangoes is one requiring cultivation in the European.

As to shrubs and flowers, there are many that will delight and interest you. The begonia grows wild, as do some varieties of orchids and the scent shrubs, franjipanni and patchouli. The well-known drug-plant, ipecacuanha, grows wild, and from its berries ink is made. The pitcher-plant is also found. The familiar odours of franjipanni and patchouli may be obtained from the plants by rubbing the leaves in your hands.

Arrowroot also is found in a wild state, presenting an appearance not unlike that of the lily of the valley; so you see the vegetable world, at any rate, contributes generously to the wants of man. As to flesh food, they are not so well off here, as they cannot manage to keep sheep or bullocks; but ships calling supply them with meat, which, however, is



APPROACHING THE SEYCHELLES.

always, I believe, of the toughest kind. At one end of the town you will notice a large pond, wherein are placed a number of turtles; these creatures are caught and placed in the pond to be kept until required, their flesh selling at the rate of sixpence a pound. The fish are fairly plentiful, but of that inferior kind which one generally finds in hot seas. One, the "pêche madame," is good, being not unlike a smelt.

Among the curious creatures of the island are the "walking-leaf," a kind of flat green insect, and the "Cantharis," with its bluish-green body and scarlet legs. Spiders abound, and Mahé has its "tarantula." There is one large spider who is quite a combative customer when disturbed, and who makes a lair by sewing leaves together; there is also a long-legged specimen which carries its nest with it. There are many green lizards in the island, and they are a blessing, as they eat up the insects. A creature with no less taste for insect life is the ichneumon, with eyes that can look all round him. Tortoises grow here to a tremendous size, the last great one that died weighing six hundredweight.

Looking at the whole island now that we have visited it, and are being rowed back to

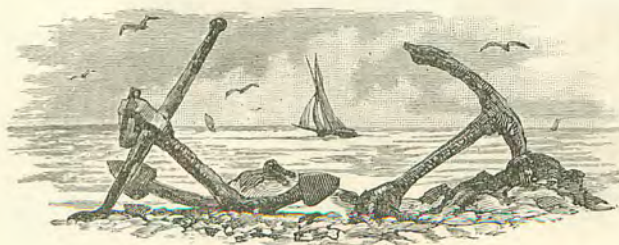
the ship, is there not a grand romance about it? There it lies in its perpetual summer, unconnected by telegraph with the rest of the world, no railways to disfigure its surface, the only advance of modern communication visible always being the post-office, which now boasts a set of stamps of its own, of very pretty design and having Her Majesty's image upon them.

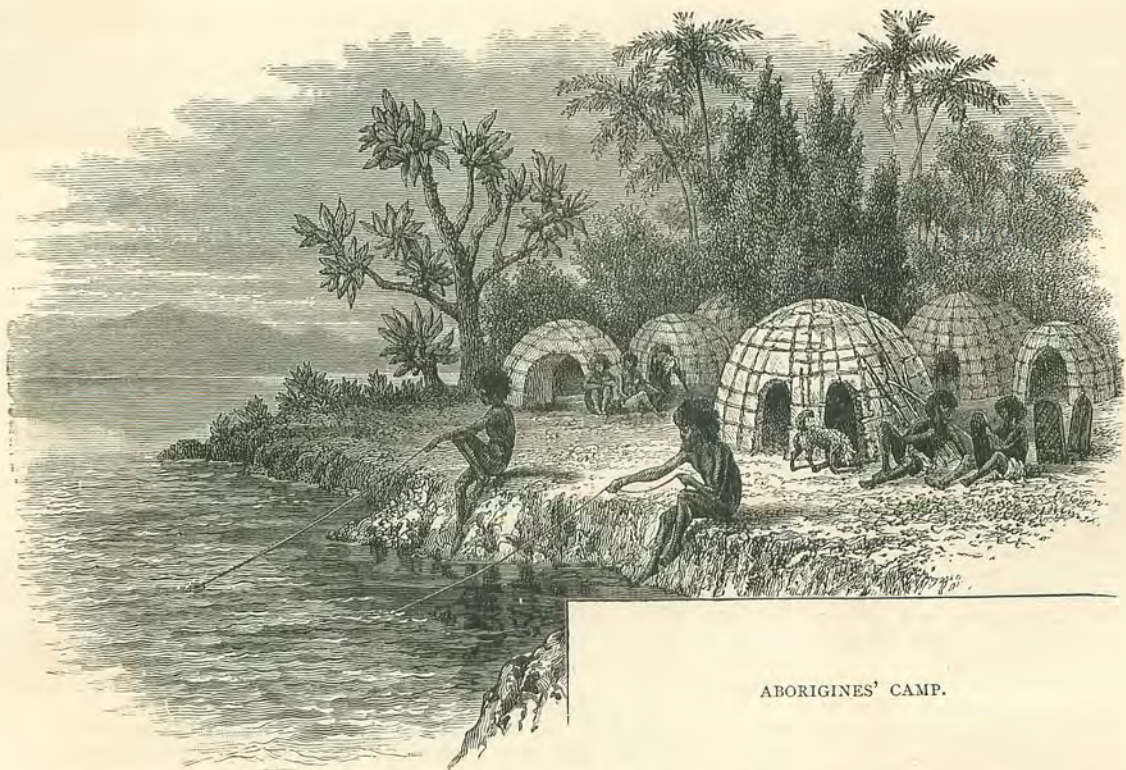
Who can tell what secrets those mountains and forests hold—what histories of a departed race? Perhaps over the very spots you have visited our first progenitors walked in pristine innocence, all their wants supplied by the generous earth and temperate climate. And as you think of all these things a sigh of regret will escape you at the thought that you cannot lay away life's burdens, and come and live here and be at rest in its calm serenity.

But "time and tide wait for no man"—nor can we expect them to make the very slightest exception in our favour. So back we must go to the ship, and travel on to other countries—countries whose interest is in the future rather than the past—countries which have their histories and greatness to make.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

(To be continued.)





ABORIGINES' CAMP.

IN SOUTHERN LANDS.

II.—AUSTRALIA.

AFTER leaving Mahé you will enter upon a long uninterrupted voyage. During this voyage, which is of a distance of about three thousand three hundred miles, you will rarely see land and rarely see ships, as the line taken by your vessel is out of the general run of ocean steamers, most of them calling at Colombo instead of Mahé. The time taken in traversing this distance is about twelve days, and during that time you will be thrown into more immediate and intimate contact with your fellow-passengers than before, and will have to bring all your resources of self-employment to your aid by the various means which I have mentioned in a former chat with you.

In addition to those social amusements and pleasures, you may, perhaps, become versed in a knowledge of the names of the various sails and parts of the rigging, and may come to have some idea of the methods by which your captain and officers hope to steer you safely to your far-off destination.

Before you have been many days in the Indian Ocean someone is sure to say to you, "Have you seen the flying-fish?" and, unless you have been on the look-out for them, you will, in all probability, not have seen them. They are very curious creatures, and are worth observation. The best place to see them from is the fore-part of the ship. They are in shape somewhat like the herring, and vary in

size, being from ten to fifteen inches in length. As the ship ploughs her way through the sea she sometimes comes across whole shoals of these creatures, which, to get out of the way, rise out of the water and glide through the air in a manner very much resembling that of a swallow. They do not really fly, nor have they wings, but the fins are so large and broad that, when frightened, the fish jump out of the water, and by extending them, "fly" for very considerable distances. They cannot, apparently, steer themselves whilst in the air, as they always fly in more or less straight lines; but they appear to be able to change their course by occasionally dipping into the water and moving their fins, after which they rise



ALBANY.

again and go on, much after the fashion of a stone when thrown into a pond by a boy in the game of "Ducks and Drakes." Sometimes they will be seen to rise at some distance from the ship. It is supposed that, as a rule, on these occasions they are avoiding some hostile fish. It has been stated that they never rise from the sea except in fear of something, and that their visible evolutions are always a manifestation of fright rather than light-heartedness. They sometimes fly into the cabins through the open ports, and the sailors mount their pretty fins, or "wings," on cards.

As you get nearer to Australia day by day the temperature comes down, and the "punkahs," which will have been going for some days in the saloons, are dispensed with, and you will assume warmer clothing. The sea, as the Australian coast is approached, is generally somewhat more boisterous than in mid-ocean. A tremendous scene of curiosity is aroused

Botany Bay. This bay proved insufficient for the anchorage required for the troop and store-ships, and so Port Jackson was fixed upon. The settlement was far from prosperous at first, as no attempt seems to have been made to do without supplies from home; and on one occasion the settlers were, it would appear, nearly starved through the loss of a store-ship. The colony sank into a condition of anarchy until Governor and Lady Macquarie arrived, and fresh and more severe rules were enforced.

Since then repeated excursions led to the formation of fresh settlements, and the present great and phenomenal wealth and prosperity are the result. As time went on, and the peace and quietness of the colony became more assured through the better legislation and discipline of the settlers, the idea of exploration of the interior of this vast continent occurred to the people; and as the pastoral and other varied resources of the country were opened out by pioneers, fresh settlers were

from a Dutch word signifying "Lioness." The Dutch were the first to see this Cape Leeuwin early in the seventeenth century, and, indeed, it is said that they sailed to this coast in the sixteenth century. The first English colonists arrived in 1829.

If you land at Albany you must on no account allow this place to present itself to your mind as a type of the flourishing colonies of the Southern World. It is a dreadfully desolate-looking place, with little vegetation, and a wilderness of sand. The shops and stores are of the very rudest and most primitive kind. There is one good hotel, where lunch or tea may be obtained, and that is the "Freemason's Hotel." In Albany you will find few signs of prosperity or activity; it is a sleepy place, and an indication of the slow advance of civilisation is the number of aborigines who congregate in the few streets, and either beg from you or offer various implements of their manufacture, such as spears made



KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE.

when the sight of land is announced, and glasses are levelled with all haste to catch a first glimpse of "Greater Britain." And as we are nearing our first point of call in this great continent, it may be as well for us for a moment to chat over its short but not uninteresting history.

Australia is indicated on old maps by the name of "New Holland," for it was the Dutch who first said anything definite about the existence of this great southern continent, although the Portuguese had noted the land as far back as 1540. Early in the seventeenth century the island of Van Dieman's Land was discovered by the man whose name it formerly bore. The first English discoverer of any importance who worked out a definite map of Australia was Captain Cook, who in 1770 sailed through the Torres Straits—those very Straits where, last year, the *Quetta* was lost.

The first settlement of the English was made in 1788 by Captain Philip, who arrived at

attracted from the mother country, and Queensland, Victoria, and Western and Southern Australia became named districts, having in them towns, and peopled with a young and vigorous nation.

Your first stopping-place in Australia will be Albany, or King George's Sound as it is called, and you will not arrive there until one or two days after you have first sighted land. If you are travelling at the right time of year you may see some "bush fires" on the coast; and these look particularly grand at night. They sometimes cover vast tracts of country, and in their passage onwards do incalculable harm to any life, animal or vegetable, or any dwelling that may lie in their path. As I have said, the sea is nearly always a little rough off this coast, but old passengers will tell you that "it will be all right when we have rounded the Leeuwin." This is a cape which has to be passed before arriving at Albany: its name, by the way, is interesting, being derived

of wood, which are thrown by means of a short handle. These spears are very light, very long, and very thin, and, being made of wood, look quite harmless, an appearance which very much belies their true nature in the skilled hands of the aborigine. Another curious weapon is the so-called "boomerang," a curved piece of wood, which varies in size and weight, as it is intended for the chase or for war. The boomerang is thrown directly from the hand, but the peculiarity of its flight rests in the fact that it does not go straight to its mark, but wanders about apparently aimlessly in the air, and then suddenly turns and strikes the object at which it was thrown. Some of the aborigines may be seen to throw the boomerang in such a manner that, after performing evolutions of various sorts in the air, it returns to the hand of the thrower.

These aborigines of Western Australia are for the most part of dark colour, but have none of the negro type of countenance: they have

thick bushy hair, and, in the case of the men, long beards and whiskers. Their hands and feet are small and well-shaped. There is nothing of very particular interest to be seen at Albany, and the only material advantage to be gained by going ashore there is to touch again *terra firma*, and to go a good long walk, both of which are very desirable after a fortnight's travelling by sea.

Very fine fruit is grown in Western Australia, and the cultivation of grapes has become an industry, as also is the mining for gold. The area of Western Australia is over a million square miles! that is to say, eight times larger than the United Kingdom. The capital of Western Australia is Perth, and a railway runs from Albany to that town. A very fine tree, called the "jarrah," grows in this part of Australia, and many square miles are covered with it. It is of special use in ship-building, and gives employment to a great many people in hewing it down and preparing it for that purpose.

The olive also grows here, and also the sandal-wood tree, which shares the importance of the "jarrah" from a mercantile point of view.

At this point you will, in all probability, see the Australian newspapers, and they will do much to remove any prejudice that Albany may have given rise to. Such papers are the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, which is very similar indeed in appearance to our own paper of that name; the *Melbourne Age* and *Argus*, and the *Adelaide Observer*. All these papers contain not only colonial news, but also all the latest news of great importance from "home." Here I may speak of the use of the word "home" by our Australian relatives. In speaking of their travels, "going home" always means going to England, and not to Australia. Doubtless it is an inherited expression, and shows the love of those early settlers for their own country.

The journey from King George's Sound to Adelaide can at present only be made by sea, as the railway system in Western Australia is but in its infancy. The time taken in this voyage is about three days, and the route is across a large bay, known as the "Great Australian Bight." Land is rarely seen during these three days, and the weather is liable to variations of a not too pleasing nature; indeed, some travellers call it the "Bay of Biscay of the South." A large island is passed before entering the Gulf of St. Vincent, in which Adelaide lies, and this is Kangaroo Island. At the north-west corner of this island is a promontory called Cape Borda, where there is a signalling station.

The ship does not go up to Port Adelaide, which, as its name implies, is the port of Adelaide, but anchors in a bay called Largs Bay. A little steam-tug usually comes alongside, and for a fare of a shilling takes passengers from the ship to Port Adelaide. The town of Adelaide itself is about eighteen miles distant, and a railway runs between the two places. There are several intervening stations, and it strikes the visitor as peculiar that the train should, as it were, in many places run through a street. Adelaide is, to many people, the most charming of all Australian cities. It is quiet, lacking the noise and bustle of Melbourne or Sydney, and it bears the impression of being a place at which people comparatively well off in the goods of this world have settled rather for a peaceful, comfortable home in a warm climate, than for the advancement of their fortunes; and so it is. There has never been the gold craze in Adelaide that has afflicted other cities, and its progress has been quiet, slow, but certain. Adelaide is the capital of that part of the Australasian colonies which is known as South Australia. If you look at a map of Australia you will see that this name, South Australia, is

hardly a happy one for the district to which it belongs. Victoria is more southern than South Australia, which, if anything, is central rather than southern, it being an oblong piece taken from the very heart of the continent. A curious phenomenon may sometimes be witnessed here, especially in the summer, and that is a plague of locusts. At first it is difficult to realise what the cloud of whitish insects is, but their numbers are so startling that they soon arrest attention. They occur sometimes in such numbers as, by settling on the rails, to stop the railway traffic, and until some wind comes to blow them away they work their own sweet will, eating all young plants and green shoots of vegetation.

Adelaide is, then, on the whole, a pleasing town, and boasts one long broad street, with a tramway and some fine public buildings. This is King William Street. A cathedral is in course of construction, and the choir of that cathedral is as well-trained, and the devotional effect of their singing as great, as any we could hear in England. Music, too, seems to thrive here, as there is an orchestral and choral society, which gives performances of the great classical oratorios and cantatas.

There is an air of prosperity, fertility, and yet repose, a strong *souper* of England and the old home, about Adelaide which must strike all who visit the Australian town. It is not so grand as Sydney, nor so imposing as Melbourne, but it has a quiet "country-parlour" aspect which is very charming. Adelaide is well worth visiting, and will make a lasting impression on every English visitor. In a future chat with you I shall have to speak of those modern triumphs of colonial citizenship, Sydney and Melbourne; but whatever of grandeur there may be in these, the mind of the traveller who has seen all three will surely turn for rest and tranquil beauty to Adelaide. W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.



CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

To any girl who is not what she should be, a conscience has many objectionable features. She cannot silence it for one thing. It insists on speaking whether its remarks are wanted or not—an inexhaustible fountain of observa-

tions—and when it says anything it means it. Tongues may be given to some people to conceal their thoughts, but the tongue of conscience is not of that sort.

There is no teaching it to be polite, and "not contradict a lady." It neither flatters nor deceives. Her friends may treat her to compliments, but conscience comes out plump and plain with just what she is and just what she ought to do.

No stopping of the ears will keep out its penetrating voice, and it is equally impossible to show it the door. It has her as fast as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest with his glittering eye. There it is, a second self, dwelling in her without her leave, and—equally without her leave—

criticising all she does and thinks. Girls who make light of what the warning voice of conscience tells them, may be sure of one thing—they will be uncomfortable. And serve them right too, for who wants those who do wrong to enjoy the feeling of living in

clover? If girls are bent on being happy, they must take care that no reason exists for their censuring themselves.

Anyone with half an eye might have noticed Arabella's uneasy face yesterday; though no one guessed the cause, it was the look of conscious guilt. It all arose out of a fib that Arabella told her governess the day before, and about which her conscience kept making cutting remarks till at last she gave in and went and said how sorry she was, and how she would try never to fail in *truthfulness* again. She had been quite unsuspected, but, to quote an old writer, "When anyone stands condemned at the bar of her own conscience it is of small importance to her happiness to be thought innocent by all the rest of the world."

The uncomfortable are sure to be weak, so it is not surprising to find people at their feeblest when they are acting against conscience. A girl from being the bravest of the brave, enjoying perfect self-command, and put out by nothing that can happen, may become timorous as a hare all because she has an unquiet conscience. "Conscience," says Shakspeare, "does make cowards of us all;" and in another place he points out how "suspicion always haunts the guilty mind, and the thief both fear each bush an officer."

But if conscience is a gloomy companion when we do wrong, giving us dismal days and sleepless nights, it is cheerful company when we are doing what is right. We have then an easy mind, for our thoughts and actions are all

FROM ADEN TO SYDNEY.

III.—AUSTRALIA.



THE journey between Adelaide and Melbourne, unlike that between Albany and Adelaide, may be accomplished in one of two ways—either by land or sea. There is a through service of express trains between the cities, as well as a considerable number of steamers. Strange as it may appear to

the uninitiated, the greater number of people prefer the steamer route; and I expect that any of you who have been a week or so at sea will feel little inclined to exchange the comparatively easy motion of the vessel for the racket and tear of a railway train, unless the saving of time be your object; for, once settled on board ship, you traverse the distance without noticing the fact; and besides this, the comfort of being able to take one's meals as usual, and, above all, of being able to sleep all night, gives to the steamer pre-eminent claims to preference. Many people who are going from Adelaide to Melbourne come on board, and can generally be seen wearing a more or less doleful expression of face according to their sea capacities. A wicked sense of superiority is prone to rise in the minds of those whose previous experiences have hardened them to indifference to whatever motion of the ship there may be; but they should not be too vainglorious, for the two days between Adelaide and Melbourne can frequently be the most trying of the whole voyage, especially with wind and sea against you.

Melbourne has the good fortune to be possessed of a very fine harbour, or we might almost call it an inland sea—Port Phillip. After entering this, a good view of the coastline up to Melbourne may be obtained. On the right, as you approach Melbourne, is seen Brighton, one of the places for health resort, and St. Kilda, the Belgravia of Melbourne. Now and then, especially should you arrive on a Saturday, you will see swiftly-travelling little steamers crowded with excursionists, bent on spending the end of the week at one of the watering-places, and returning again on Monday in time for business "in the City."

Now and then in this vast expanse of quiet water you will see dainty little yachts flying along like sea birds touching water in their flight; and so dainty and trim are these small craft, that one almost expects to see them, like the sea birds, leave the water and resume their course in air. The *Cerberus*, a war-ship, is stationed here, and brings back the memories of Portsmouth and the Solent: and presently perhaps a small boat will put off from her, manned by blue-jackets, with their broad-brimmed straw hats—all serving to remind us of that mother country whose most interesting and successful child we are visiting.

* As the ship nears her landing-stage, what a crowd of men, women, and children one sees, nearly all well-dressed, and looking well off and happy. What anxiety, what impatient scrutiny of every face along the long ship's side! And then the wave of a kerchief, a sudden recognition, and tears, or laughter, or both. Men looking for their wives and children, whose futures they have pioneered in this vast country, and who have at last been called out to join them in that culmination of their hopes—a comfortable home. Fathers and mothers looking for sons who have been "home" for

that education which the older institutions of the mother country can alone bestow—that education which shall fulfil the requirements not only of book knowledge, but also of social behaviour, and for the attainment of which these fond parents, fully realising that "manners make the man," have sent their sons all these thousands of miles. Sisters and brothers on the look-out for those of their relatives who have been "home" merely for pleasure, and who doubtless have in those large chests, which the steam-crane is hauling up, countless treasures in remembrance of all the countries they have visited. But not all in this great crowd look forth with joyous expectation to the ship's arrival. Often in this crowd may be seen the ne'er-do-well, the old-young man, with shiny black coat, ragged trousers, torn and battered boots, and a sallow, unhealthy face; a broad dirty-grey soft felt hat crushed on his head, and in his mouth the constant pipe—for tobacco is cheap here—standing hands in pockets, and wearily scanning the outgoing stream of passengers, with perhaps some vague hope of the chance recognition of some early associate of former days in the old country; and then, his search fruitless, turning away, too indifferent to be disappointed, and, after all are well away, coming back, languidly taking off that shiny coat, and offering his services as a labourer to unload the ship. This is an example of the man who, too lazy perhaps to get a living in the old country, thinks that by the mere act of going to the colonies, riches will come to him. No greater mistake exists; our young countries want not drones but workers, and for such as will work and can work there is a rich harvest of reward.

As in Adelaide, so in Melbourne. After landing from the steamer, it is necessary to take the train to get to the town itself. The distance, however, is not nearly so great in the case of Melbourne. The station from which we start is a very primitive one, put together in a rough fashion; and it is noticeable that at each station on the line a kind of filter is suspended, with a glass attached, so that the thirsty populace may drink. These filters, which look like ordinary sacks, are somewhat puzzling at first. They are a very necessary institution, for Melbourne is at times a very hot and dry place. The very great improvement which began from January 1890 was the stoppage of all alcoholic liquor traffic on the Melbourne railroad. The railway carriages are specially constructed with a view to the requirements of the climate. All the windows can be opened, and lattice-work blinds, which admit air and shield from the sun, can be substituted. They appear to be made in Birmingham, and it is rather a curious experience to be riding in a carriage made in the far-off mother country.

An indication of the presence of the "Celestial nation" in the colony is immediately found on entering an ordinary railway carriage, in a notice which tells you that you are prohibited from smoking tobacco, *opium*, or any other substance in that compartment. Australia would have been a perfect "happy hunting-ground" for John Chinaman; but his undesirable immigrating propensities have received a severe shock and check at the hands of the authorities, who have imposed a tax on him, so that his smiling countenance is not seen in such frequent replica.

In travelling in a railway train in the Australian colonies one is irresistibly struck by one important difference in behaviour in the Englishman in the colonies as distinguished from the Englishman at home. In England one may travel many miles in a fairly full

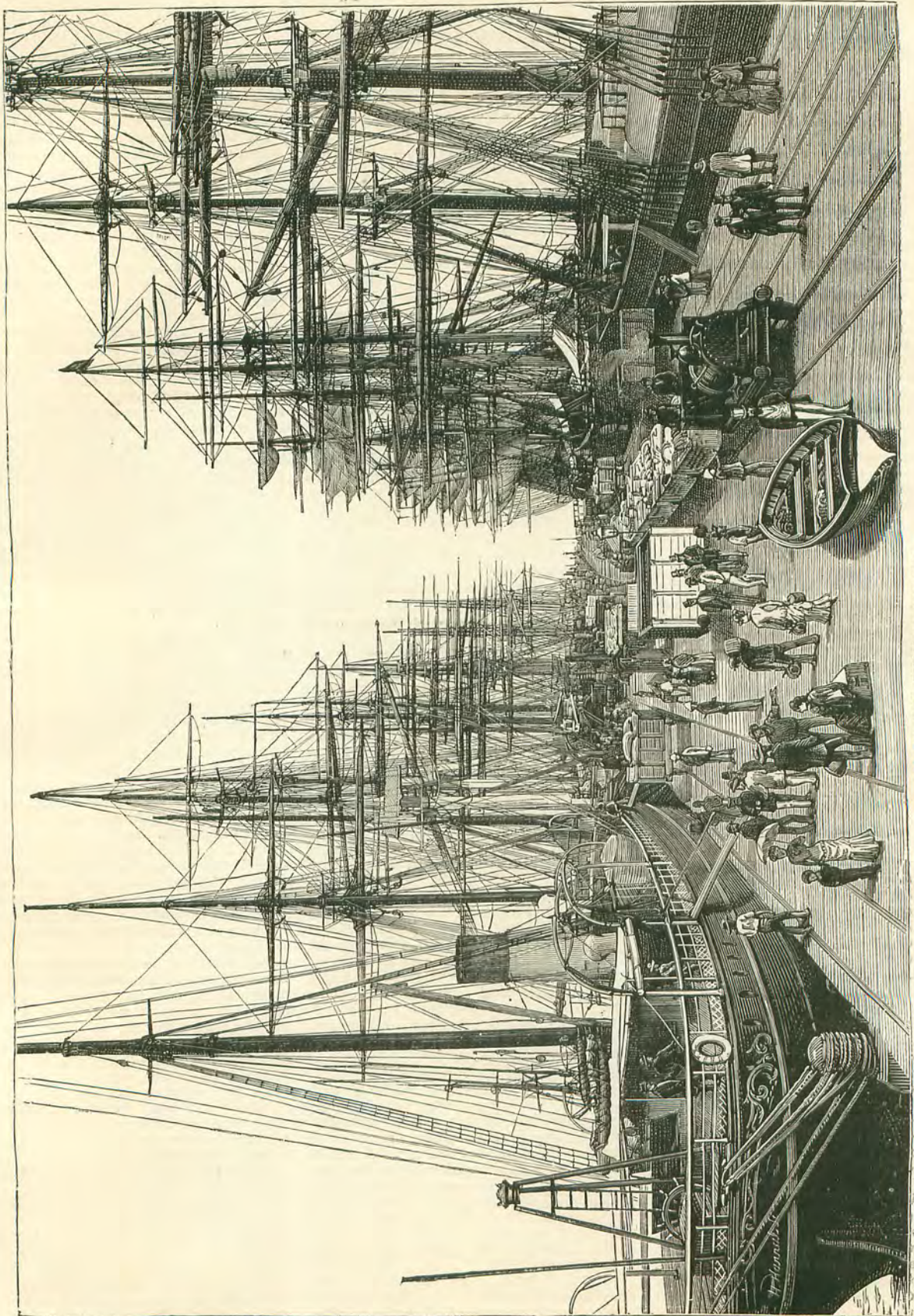
railway carriage and hardly a single word will be exchanged, each person isolating himself in some book or paper, and only emerging from his self-constructed fortress of seclusion to scowl at some unfortunate fellow-passenger who, by some inadvertent movement, may have so much as touched him, and but to return again, with a growling acceptance of apologies offered, to his book. In Australia all this is different; all seem to be inspired with a kindly interest in the fates and fortunes of others than themselves; recollections of the old country, or experiences in the new, form a frequent theme for genial intercourse, and in a few moments you will be fairly well informed as to your fellow-passengers' antecedents and hopes for the future. There is a good-fellowship and clannish feeling among the settlers in this new and wonderful country which is absent in our community of calm self-assurance and independent self-reliance. None in Australia need feel that worst of all solitudes, the solitude in a large crowd, which many a man and woman must at some time feel in working their way in our large cities, notably in London: the busy hum of an indifferent stream of human life is the most potent factor in striking the friendless with a sense of their own solitude. Each member of the hurrying throng passes quickly on, engrossed with his own hopes and fears, and ends and aims. Not so in these far distant countries. A kindly smile and a strong hand are ever ready to help the weak and struggling settler, and the very colloquial term applied to the new immigrant, "new chum," is an indication of ready affection for those going out.

On getting away from the station at Melbourne one is immediately struck by the enormously wide streets; and up and down the centre of most of these run trams as fine as any in the world. They are worked by an underground cable, and the sound of the bells on these cars is quite distinctive of Melbourne in Australia. There are two cars; in the first is placed a man whose business it is to hook and unhook the tram from its cable, and to apply a brake to the tram when it is to stop. This gentleman is technically termed the "grip-man," and around him are seated, as a rule, a double line of passengers who prefer to ride outside, and who are besought by most urgent and large-lettered notices not to speak to the "grip-man," who is literally the "man at the wheel." The hinder car is generally peopled by those who prefer a covered conveyance and dislike tobacco.

It is interesting to note that, in spite of the broad streets and handsome public buildings, many old broken-down-looking shops still remain in the great main thoroughfares as remnants of the days when sheep fed in what are now fine streets, and gold had not been discovered. Curious, too, is it to see well-known English names over shop-doors, and then, in brackets, the words, "And in London"; as though, forsooth, London were some town not far away, whither one could journey on to get whatever they did not happen to have "at the other shop."

The two principal streets of Melbourne are named Collins Street and Bourke Street, and noble streets they are, with their fine buildings and excellent shops.

Melbourne reminds the visitor less of an English city than an American one, as the streets are laid out in a rectangular fashion, and the houses built in "blocks." The police have much the same appearance as our own, and sometimes one may see the Australian sister to "Black Maria" of English police fame. Smart-looking volunteers, with their red jackets, may be seen walking about,



MELBOURNE QUAY OF TO-DAY.

especially on Saturdays, and the street newspaper-boys are just as importunate as our own. The scene at the railway-station at the end of the day when work is done brings forcibly back to the mind the crowded condition of one of our Metropolitan railway stations, say Baker Street, at five or six in the evening.

The Melbourne market is indeed a splendid institution, and you can buy almost anything in it, from an apple to the opossum. Australia is singularly blessed with birds of beautiful plumage, and in the Melbourne market all sorts of handsome birds, many of them of the parrot tribe, may be bought for quite a small sum. Fruit also is a very remarkable feature. Most of the fruits familiar to us in England grow luxuriantly in Australia, and many forms of the apple cherished in England fifty years ago, and since forgotten, are grown in perfection in the Australian colonies, and especially in Tasmania. Pears, such as are only seen in the first shops in England, can be bought here at the rate of threepence a pound, and the most beautiful grapes for a like sum. Queensland supplies the Colonies with the most luscious pineapples, quite equal, if not superior, to those of Penang. Quinces, which have been greatly neglected in the

mother country, and of which such excellent jams and preserves can be made, receive much attention in their culture here, and with splendid results. A very favourite fruit in Australia is the passion fruit. This is a fruit of about the size and shape of a small hen's egg, having an outer hard leathery covering of a dull brown colour. The top of the fruit is cut off with a knife, and its contents (which are of a soft, pulpy nature, and have the taste of ripe black currants) are mixed with sugar and eaten out of the natural shell by means of a small spoon—eaten, in fact, like boiled eggs, but with sugar instead of salt. It is a curious fact, that most of the fruiterers and greengrocers in the Melbourne market are Austrians or Hungarians.

A very clever contrivance is to be seen on the confectionery stalls, and this is a pair of broad tin wings, which are kept incessantly gyrating by means of clockwork, and so ward off the herds of troublesome flies which abound.

Hotel accommodation until quite recently was quite in its infancy, as comparatively few people came to Melbourne requiring it. Now, however, many good hotels have been built, and the best attention may be obtained at any of the numerous so-called coffee-palaces, which

are enormous buildings, having many bedrooms, and being devoted to the temperance cause.

Another striking feature in Melbourne is its book-stores. Literature is by no means neglected, and all standard works are published in a form, the price of which brings them within the reach of all. It is a wonderful sight to visit one of these enormous "book arcades," and see row upon row of first-rate books, ranging between sixpence and two shillings a volume.

The botanical gardens are well worth the visiting. Plants which we at home see only in conservatories, flourish here in the open; and every care is taken to make the gardens beautiful and attractive. Usually the great trouble seems to be the keeping the plants free from drought, and to this end revolving sprays of water are placed in the various flower-beds.

Melbourne will strike everyone with its grandeur, magnificence, and importance; and as we look at the great streets, the fine shops, the public buildings, and the general air of prosperity, one thinks involuntarily, "Can all this have arisen in fifty years?"

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And what care I how rich you be?
I love you if your thoughts are pure.
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?"

"I MUST ask for leave of absence this evening," said Ted, as the little party were seated at breakfast the following morning.

"What mischief are you contemplating now?" asked Fay.

"Nothing that I shall ask you to share, Miss Impudence," laughed Ted.

"What is your engagement this evening?" asked Mrs. Warham, rather languidly.

"I am going to see old Spence and his wife."

Mrs. Warham's lip curled slightly. She never could quite understand her children's intimacy with their poorer neighbours.

"Does Mr. Myddleton go with you?"

"I don't know. What do you say, Ernest, to a visit to a forester's cot in the wilds of the woodland? You could get splendid material for your next novel—'local colouring,' and all that sort of thing, you know. Old Spence is quite a character of this part of the world. No visitor should leave West Dene without paying him a visit."

"Well, as I am not writing a novel, the 'local colouring,' and that sort of thing," would be rather lost on me. Perhaps Miss Warham will introduce me to the worthy couple when she takes me her promised walk to the village, when I believe I am to see the 'lions' of the place?" he said, turning to Helen.

"Oh, by all means!" she replied. "I think we had better let Ted have Master Spence to himself this evening. The old man will have a fund of talk to

pour out about his old friends, which may be interesting to Ted, but could scarcely be so to you, who have known nothing about them."

Ernest heartily agreed, being most anxious to remain where he might have some further opportunity of being near Helen.

It was a lovely evening, soft and balmy, when Ted started for the woods. He took a longer path than usual, for by the short cut the fir wood was little more than a quarter of a mile from the Manor. He was in the mood, however, for a long and solitary ramble.

The path he took skirted a brook fringed with alders and bright green flags. Large moss-grown stones covered its bed, between which were gleams of yellow sand and clear limpid water. Under the bank-sides were deep pools, the loved haunt of the speckled beauties. Two and three pounders were there, gold-coloured, with carmine and purple spots—kings of the brook.

This had been one of his and Helen's favourite spots; it was here they had made their first childish attempts at fishing; and how many times had they not crossed and re-crossed the famous stepping-stones higher up! But to-night Ted's thoughts were elsewhere—more in the future perhaps than in the past. He was thinking of the old friends he was to meet that evening, and he was wondering if they would be as faithful to him if his circumstances were altered. His meditations were interrupted by his suddenly catching sight of a figure amongst the firs; the brook had been left behind and he was in the plantation now. It was Spence, axe on shoulder, erect and sturdy as ever. He was about to pass with, "Good night, sir—'tis a fine evenin'."

"Good evening to you, Spence," Ted replied, "and many more of them!"

The old man stopped short and looked hard at Ted from head to foot.

"It can't be Mr. Edward, surely," he said, half incredulously.

Ted laughed.

"Why, mussy alive! Mussy oh!" Down went the axe, and Ted's hand was in a grasp that made his arm tingle.

"Why, who'd ever ha' thought o' seein' you so growed up like? But you do look well, an' no mistake; I'd hardly ha' known ye but for your voice. Ain't I glad to see ye, though; an' mother won't know if she's on her head or her heels. An' your old friend Tom is living next door to me now, in the glade; the rheumatiz works him a bit now and ag'in; he's all right 'cept that. He'll holler like a wood owl when he knows who 'tis. He was on'y sayin' t'other day he'd like to see ye down here among yer own folk instead o' faggin' away at business in Lunnon. I'll jest step in fust an' tell mother somebody is here as she'd like to see. Mother!" he shouted, as he reached the door, "here's a—"

"Dear, deary me! Ye can spare your words, father—I know who 'tis. I ain't likely to forgit him—no, I ain't. Come in, do, and git into a chair, an' let me have a good look at ye. Deary me alive, who'd ever ha' thought such a short time could ha' made such a difference! How fine and tall you've growed, to be sure!"

"Now, mother," put in old Spence, "git the young master some tea; and when that's over, I'll give old Tom notice that you've come," he said, turning to Ted; "an' we can have a long night's talk. Mother ain't out o' that pertickler. She has it under her

FROM ADEN TO SYDNEY.

IV.—SYDNEY.

DURING our last chat we were walking through the streets of the New York of Australia, Melbourne. We decided, in our journey from Adelaide to Melbourne, that, after all, if one has been on board ship for ten days, one need not fear two more, nay, that, all things considered, the movement of the ship was preferable to the jolt and commotion of the railway train. Let us therefore re-embark in one of the great ocean steamers, and pursue our way to Sydney, the metropolis of New South Wales, the London of Australia, the oldest and parent city of "Greater Britain." There is nothing of special interest to note on the way between Melbourne and Sydney, as most of the vessels keep well out to sea.

Your first impression of Sydney will of course greatly depend upon the weather and time of day at which you arrive; but whatever these conditions may be, you will not fail to be struck by the beauties before you. If you approach at night, long ere you arrive at Sydney you will see a bright gleam of light coming from the direction of that city, suddenly flashing across you and then dying down at regular intervals. This is the great Sydney light, situated on the so-called South Head. It is one of the strongest revolving lights in the world, and if you happen to be sleeping in a bedroom in Sydney anywhere within the range of this light, you will soon appreciate the unpleasant intensity of its rays, and draw down your darkest blinds and pull to your thickest curtains to keep the intruding flash from disturbing your night's repose.

Years ago a sailing ship set forth from England to go to Sydney by way of the Cape. She was safely steered through all that long journey, until she arrived near the point where now that great light revolves. She had taken over six months to traverse the distance between England and Australia, and now all her passengers were looking forward with beating hearts to landing in that new country where they were to make their home. To get to Sydney, the harbour must be entered through a passage about a mile and a half wide, and on either side of this passage huge rocks rise up like giant sentinels; these rocks are called the North and South Heads. Just to the south of the South Head is a large bay, called "The Gap," which somewhat resembles at first sight, and especially at night time, the entrance to the harbour. The captain of this sailing ship, mistaking his position, unfortunately steered his ship into the "Gap," with the result that she was hurled against the great rocks, and crushed like a match-box. Every soul on board was drowned excepting one sailor, who was thrown up on to the dry land. He was found by the people of the place, and told the story of the ill-fated vessel. He was afterwards made keeper of the lighthouse. But ultimately the sea claimed her own, and he too perished by drowning. It is said that in the thick mist of the night the old lighthouse, with its oil lamps, was powerless to give a sufficient light to guide the mariner away from this dangerous gap, and so this marvellous fog-piercing light was constructed in its place.

Those two great masses of rock, the Heads, are the portals of one of the grandest scenes in the world, the pride of the children of the Southern Hemisphere, Sydney Harbour. Between the townsmen of Sydney and those of Melbourne there is a kind of good-natured rivalry, and many jokes are cracked by the jealous Melbournite at the expense of the Sydney man and "his harbour." It is said that, in conversation with a Sydney man, if

you say you have been to Sydney, the next question is invariably, "Have you seen our harbour?" or "What did you think of our harbour?" The story is told of a sea captain who was so tired and annoyed with repeated reiteration of this query, that on entering port he hung a large placard over the side of the ship, on which was written, "I have seen your harbour!"

Before you arrive at the Heads a pilot comes from the shore to steer the vessel through the gigantic gateway which, as I have said, is about a mile and a half in width. Should you arrive by night you anchor just within the harbour in one of its numerous creeks, and when morning comes the vessel is tugged by steam-tugs into its proper moorings in the business part of the harbour, which is called the Circular Quay. The length of this harbour inland is about eighteen miles, and leading from it are three great arms, or "rivers," as they are termed, though they are not rivers in our accepted sense of the expression. The longest of these is the Parramatta River, which is fifteen miles long, and along the banks of which grow most beautiful orange-trees. Here it is that the various great matches in the art of sculling take place, an art in which our Australian relatives excel; and it was only the other day on this very river that one of our best English scullers was beaten by a young Australian. The second of these "rivers" is called Lane Cove, and is ten miles long; the third has the strange name of Middle Harbour, and is eight miles long.

This great harbour, with its three great arms, and innumerable coves and creeks, is truly a wonderful sight, and perhaps, with the exception of Rio, the finest thing of its kind in the world. On every side the vast expanse is belted with fertile land, the green vegetation coming right down to the very water's edge; and in the centre of this favoured spot lies Sydney, with its many church spires and fine buildings. The whole harbour seems full of life; innumerable little yachts flit about here—for yachting is one of the favourite and chief amusements of the Sydney folk—and from the various piers and jetties curious little steamers are seen putting off every few minutes laden with passengers, who regard this means of transit between the various parts of the city much as we in London do the Underground Railway. These little steamers are fitted with steering-gear at each end, so that they need never turn round; the engines are merely reversed, and the one helm being fixed, the other is used to guide the course of the boat. Here and there may be seen steam ferries carrying horses, carts, and men from one part of the harbour to another, seldom, if ever, without placid John Chinaman smiling under his heavy load of vegetables and fruit.

There are six islands in this great inland sea, all of which belong to the Government, and some of which are used for the construction of forts. It seems, however, that these forts are not sufficient for the requirements of modern necessities in self-defence, and their place will shortly be taken by others of improved structure. One or two British ships of war are to be seen in the harbour with their long streamers floating out to the breeze, and far away in the distance two old "two-deckers," mementoes of the far past time, now used, the one as a quarantine hospital, the other as a powder store. Some idea of the numberless little coves in the harbour may be obtained by the consideration of the fact that while Port Jackson, as it was called, after a sailor on board the *Resolution*, who first sighted it, has an area of twenty square miles,

the coast line is one hundred and sixty-five miles in extent. The water is deep right up to the edge of the land, so that no artificial aid has been needed in the formation of this harbour; and in the Circular Quay the largest ships that are made may be easily and safely brought up close to the shore. Nearly all shipping work is carried on in the Circular Quay, and your ship will, in all probability, therefore, be brought up to it. Before you leave the ship, one word of warning. On its arrival a perfect host of human vultures will have assembled, offering the various passengers cards on which, for the most part, a statement is set forth that the gentleman whose name they bear is prepared to relieve you from the necessity of superintending the carrying of your luggage to your hotel on reasonable terms.

The idea in the minds of these people associated with this phrase is vastly different from that which our life at home has presented to ours. In this new country you must, of course, look forward to paying more than usual for labour, skilled or unskilled; but there must be a "reasonable" limit to all things, a law the existence of which our "reasonable" friends affect to ignore. You will do well, then, to treat carefully and precisely with these men before allowing them to move your goods and chattels; and if no satisfactory arrangement can be arrived at, have nothing of them, and leave your luggage on board under the care of the officer whose duty it is to control these arrangements, and then engage a man from your hotel to bring it to you.

No railway takes you from port to town here, as in Adelaide and Melbourne; and when you step ashore from your ship you are in the city of Sydney, a city of one hundred years, a new city and yet an old city, a dirty city and yet a clean city, a city which shows at one glance what great things the hand of man can achieve, and from what lowly things they sprang. Mansion and hut are not far distant each from the other; and by way of small, dirty, and crooked streets, peopled greatly by the "Celestial race," you arrive at the Regent Street of the Southern Hemisphere, George Street, with its blaze of shops, with all the newest stores of London, Paris, and Vienna.

There are many hotels in Sydney; most of them are quiet and dingy (this especially of the older ones); but two new and palatial hotels have been built on the system of the large hotels of the European continent, with lifts, *table d'hôte*, and all conveniences, and another is in course of building which will be the greatest hotel south of the Equator. In spite of the multiplicity of hotels, accommodation is not always easily obtained, and if you wish to be sure of a comfortable reception, it is advisable to telegraph for rooms to be reserved whilst you are in Melbourne. You will, in all probability, prefer to walk rather than drive to your hotel; and after your view of the ideal harbour, you may be somewhat disappointed in the dirty, narrow streets through which you must pass to reach the better parts of Sydney. But if you consider for a minute, and cast your thoughts back to our own metropolis at home, with the environs of its docks, you will, perhaps, be more tolerant of those of Sydney harbour.

The streets in this part of Sydney are, as I have already intimated, peopled by Chinese, and you will notice that the shops are uniformly shabby in appearance, and wanting in that ornate adornment of window and door with which your European salesman tempts his customers. The name of the proprietor is,



VIEWS IN SYDNEY—GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE CATHEDRAL, AND SYDNEY HEADS.

in most cases, placed over the door in Chinese and Roman characters. The windows are dirty, with nothing in them but perhaps a few old tea-chests; and the door, shelves, and counter of the shops are generally of plain deal boards roughly put together, lacking planing, paint, or varnish. The Chinaman sees no good in an expenditure on such trifles, so that he manages to sell his wares to advantage without them. If you expect anything of the picturesque in the Chinese quarter you will be doomed to complete and bitter disappointment; for the time being they discard their national dress, and assume what they consider to be European attire. It is in truth but a wretched travesty of it, but such as it is is uniform in its hideousness; and after seeing one of these people in it, you can immediately recognise any others from a distance. A shabby black tail coat, and very baggy trousers of a light grey colour, are worn by nearly all; but what is most distinctive is the hat, which is of hard felt, having a globular crown and a broad brim—much the kind of hat affected by certain High Church clergyman in our own country. All the Chinese wear this form of hat, and the mystery is, whence they obtain them, for one never sees such a hat in the shops in Sydney.

It is a curious fact, that when anyone else appears only to be able to make a bare living, the Chinaman can manage to make a fortune. Perhaps part of the explanation is to be found in the fact that the Chinese salesman finds it worth his while to rise from his meals to serve customers with goods to the value of a few pence, whilst the European merchant disdains so to demean himself. If you go into a Chinese shop, you will in general see one or two of these sallow-faced fellows standing about the shop, with pig-tails coiled up and hidden under the peculiar hat, hands in pockets, and apparently doing nothing. Yet each of them is earning more than his own living, and the very appearance of the shop immediately indicates to the visitor that it is but a brief sojourn that the Chinaman contemplates in this land; and, whenever each has made the sum of money which he thinks sufficient, away he goes, and his shop is taken by another. By nearly every mail steamer you will see one or two Chinese, now arrayed in the full glory of their native dress, sitting in the fore part of the ship amid their belongings, which are, for the most part, packed, not in trunks or portmanteaus, but in old tea-chests.

The Chinese attend to the growing of fruits and vegetables, and were it not for them, the people of Sydney would be poorly off for such things. They generally carry their wares in two baskets, which are slung from the ends of a bamboo borne on the shoulder.

The principal streets in Sydney are George Street and Pitt Street. Both of these streets, though not so broad as the chief streets in Melbourne, are very fine. The means of conveyance are omnibuses, trams drawn by horses or steam engines, hansom cabs, four wheelers, and canvas-covered buggies, these last being especially suited for the hot season. The steam trams, which are very large, dirty, and noisy, do not run through George Street or Pitt Street, but go to the more outlying parts of the town.

Although a halo of ideality has been bestowed on the climate of Sydney, you will do well to supply yourselves carefully with mackintoshes, umbrellas, &c., as the rain is sometimes very persistent and heavy, and very boisterous cold winds come from the south, bearing the not euphonious title of "Southerly Busters." The hot winds from the north, on the other hand, are called "Brickfielders," in allusion to the gusts of hot air that come from the kilns in brickfields.

You will find plenty of interest and amusement during your stay in Sydney. Places worth visiting are the old Market—one of the relics of ancient Sydney; the Mint, where those sovereigns are coined with which you are all familiar; the Cathedral, which boasts a good organ by a celebrated English firm of organ-makers, and a good choir; and the Town Hall, a handsome new building. The Post Office, which you will be certain to visit, is one of the most striking features of Sydney: it is a magnificent building, with a high tower, on which the flags of the various mail-ships are hoisted on their arrival, and on which a flag, bearing a large "D," is displayed when the letters are ready for delivery. There is a wonderful system of business letter-boxes, of each of which the proprietor has his key. The letters are put in from inside, and opened by the key from outside. On the whole, the Sydney Post Office seems to be one of the best designed and best managed institutions of its kind in the world.

The Botanical Gardens in Sydney are particularly beautiful and interesting, and are blessed with a delightful situation, bordering, as they do, the harbour. Close to these is that park which is associated with Government

House, and is called "The Domain." By taking the Forest Gate steam tram the University may be visited, with its excellent Nicholsonian Museum. The Sydney Museum is very interesting also; in it you will find an unrivalled collection of brightly-plumaged birds, and a curious assortment of fossils. The compass by which Captain Cook steered for Australia is here, with many other curious and valuable things.

The Sydney Art Gallery, which is free, has a collection of pictures by no means to be despised, and one sees here the originals of many popular pictures, such as Sir Frederick Leighton's "Wedded," and the well-known picture representing the defence of Rorke's Drift; and one is irresistibly taken back home to England by such pictures as those of Birket Foster, with his Surrey larks and English children. Many a hardened son of toil may be seen to stand opposite these pictures in Sydney Gallery, carried back, perhaps, to those very lanes and fields whence he came, fixed as one in a trance or hypnotic sleep, drinking in the English freshness of the scene, and then, awakening, turning away with a shake of the head and a sigh, and going forth to renew the hard fight of life, cheered onward, perhaps, by the hope that some day, when the work is done and the reward has come, he may return to that old country whose semblance he has seen on the walls.

Besides the resources within Sydney itself, there are the celebrated Blue Mountains and Jenolan Caves, which nearly all visitors go to see. A turn round the harbour can also be made, and a short run up the Parramatta River.

In your stay at Sydney you will find much to delight you in the place and the people. The latter are on all occasions unreservedly hospitable, kind, and good-natured. Perhaps the people of Sydney are more English than those of Melbourne; certainly their speech is more like that which we are accustomed to hear at home. But be that as it may, I should be very much surprised if any one of you had cause to regret her visit to Melbourne or Sydney. The absence of a Court and hereditary aristocracy of course modifies the social conditions considerably, but I do not know but what, after the ridiculous exclusiveness and reserve of certain classes in England, it is not refreshing to come among a people speaking English, and with social independence.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

THE RECREATIONS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

In a previous paper I gave some illustrations from the lives of eminent and learned men of the mode in which they usually took their recreations; and at the close of that paper, assured that my readers would desire to know something of the way in which their learned and famous sisters unbent their mental energies, and sought relaxation and amusement, I promised to return to the subject, dealing specially with them. Now I proceed to redeem my promise. In the case of all such learned ladies, in whose life there is a hidden world of brightness, of enthusiasm, of poetry, from which spring all manner of sweet fancies and tender thoughts, mingled with unspeakable yearnings after the true and the noble and the immortal, we naturally desire to know everything about them, and especially what forms their recreation takes. That they do amuse themselves goes without saying. "The mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy and falls asleep that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits." In an

interesting number of the *Spectator*, Addison says that "The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend." In accordance with this dictum, George Eliot found her happiest enjoyment in the society of congenial friends who were well known to her. No recreation was so dear to the great authoress as that which gave her the opportunity of friendly chat in the drawing-room, especially if her companions were of the opposite sex. She was also fond of music and concerts.

The vulgar prejudice which makes people expect an intellectual woman to be a slattern in her dress, and to despise such sublunary things as flowers, furniture, and a delicate table, is, to say the least, not founded on fact, although there may be an occasional instance in favour of the prejudice. We think it will be found that women who have attained any kind of eminence in literary, scientific, or artistic work, are as a rule prone to take pleasure in the beauty and order of their

houses, and to love flowers and animals and everything which the typical Eve should bring about her to "dress and keep" the Eden of home. Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician and astronomer, is an excellent illustration of this dictum. The "Mechanism of the Heavens" never kept her so far above the clouds as not to see and hear, taste, smell, and feel all that was around her on earth. Birds were her unfailing pets, and on the pretty Parisian caps which surmounted the wise and venerable head her guests often smiled to see her mountain sparrow perched in his glory. A story is told of a young lady who, while stopping at Mrs. Somerville's house, had the misfortune to tear some very fine old point lace. Naturally the last person in the world she would have applied to for aid was her hostess; but the Misses Somerville observed at once, "Oh, never mind; when mamma has done what she is about she will mend it for you so that you will not see where it was torn." So the visitor watched