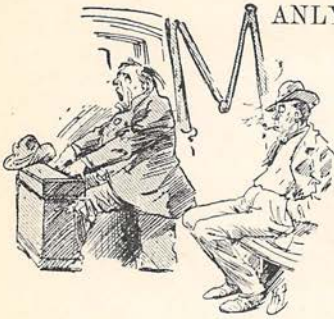


MANLY: THE BRIGHTON OF AUSTRALIA.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.



MANLY BEACH is known as the Brighton of Australia. Why it should be so called is a mystery; for though the trip by steamer across Sydney Harbour

to Manly is really beautiful, there is no more resemblance between Manly and our Brighton than between Sydney Harbour and the Grand Canal. London-by-the-Sea, as Brighton is often called, possesses no naturally attractive features. It is simply a city by the sea, whereas Manly is topographically picturesque, boasting of excellent cliffs and a good sea front. The arrangements upon its beach, however, are worthy of a pantomime. There is a row of structures resembling sheep-pens, each one of which encloses some presumably valuable, though diminutive, botanical treasure. These are arrayed in a painfully straight line, and are flanked by an equally rigid line of toy Noah's-Ark-like fir trees. Grass grows near the beach, which is tastefully decorated with broken bottles, thoughtfully left behind by kind-hearted beanfeasters.

The only point of similarity between our seaside resort and Manly is the large flock of itinerant photographers that flourish at both places, and here they seem to thrive well upon Australian vanity. I saw Manly in the winter, but undoubtedly it is most popular during the summer season, and the place appears to be well suited to the crowd who fly thither to escape the heat of Sydney.

Looking eastward from the beach, the cliffs are

surmounted by a Catholic college, presided over by a celebrated Australian cardinal. On the occasion of my visit the beach below



AN ARTISTIC LANDLORD.

seemed to be reserved for clerical visitors, who had evidently been paying their respects to the cardinal, and who were now discussing Church matters by the sad sea waves.

About ten or twelve miles along the coast is a fine hotel, the enterprising proprietor of which runs vehicles, for the convenience of tourists, from Manly to his establishment



SOME CLERICS.



ON THE BOAT.



ON THE BEACH.

and back. It is well worth the journey, if only for the sake of the drive, which is through interesting bush scenery, opening



A VISITOR FROM ALBANY.

out upon a bold sea front, while at the hotel the landlord offers further picturesque attractions in the shape of mural decorations of a somewhat remarkable character. A Frenchman is this courteous host, with decidedly artistic tastes—or, shall I say, energy—for he has covered his walls with paintings in oil—replicas of well-known pictures, which have reached him through the medium of the coloured supplements to the illustrated papers. The pictures resemble frescoes, and have lost nothing of their brilliant colouring in the copying process. If monsieur the artist is modest and cares not to dilate upon his work, madame is always ready to act as cicerone and expatiate upon the beauties of the artist-proprietor's self-apportioned labours while the *déjeuner* is being prepared. The latter is certain to be excellent, and will be particularly gratifying after the long journey. The meal ended, the gardens will well repay a visit, containing as they do quite a menagerie of native and foreign birds and animals, while the curious little Australian bears, asleep in all sorts of attitudes in the trees of the gardens, are certain to evoke a great deal

of interest. These harmless and docile little animals are very tame and inoffensive, and so lazy that they will scarcely move if a bird settles upon them, as is frequently the case. It is very curious to notice how they stow themselves away in the forked branches of the trees, and adapt themselves to the apparently uncomfortable positions which they are forced to assume.

Driving back, one is shown a gaunt-looking shell of a house, which is reputed to be haunted; and the thought is impressed upon one's mind that it can no longer be said of Australia, as of America, that the country is too young to be able to possess a ghost. The steamers which ply between Manly and Sydney present all the features of the small steamers to be seen on the Thames; and the scene on the deck of one of these Antipodean small craft is one which might be witnessed on any summer's day at Gravesend or Greenwich, save for the fact that here the garb of the mounted police is rather more picturesque than that of Tommy Atkins, and that the Irish element is rather more in evidence. The son of Erin depicted in the sketch is evidently ruminating, as he gazes across the harbour, upon the hardships which befell his ancestors in these same



ON THE BOAT: AN IRISHMAN.

waters many years gone by. As the steamer passes the heads of the harbour the sea becomes boisterous, as in the Atlantic.