QUEEN [illegible] EAGLE STREETS, BRISBANE.

QUEENSLAND

RAILWAY & TOURISTS' GUIDE,

COMPILED UNDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE

QUEENSLAND RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS,

By A. MESTON.

WITH MAP AND 22 ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONCISE HISTORY OF THE
COLONY, AND COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF ALL
COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY THE RAILWAY LINES, WITH INTERESTING
EXTRA INFORMATION FOR TOURISTS, TRAVELLERS,
AND ALL OTHER CLASSES.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN the Queensland Railway Commissioners asked me to undertake the preparation of a Railway and Tourists' Guide, I recognised at once the honour of their confidence, and also the grave responsibility of so important a work. The chief problem before me was condensation. The picture was vast, the canvas limited. In a book of 176 pages there can only be a highly concentrated view of so immense a territory as Queensland, such varied scenery, and such boundless resources. With the exception of the chapter on "Coal," and "Cooktown to the Gulf," the whole of the work has been written by myself; all information the result of my own research, and all description from my own personal observation in a general tour over the whole of the Colony. There was special care to ensure accuracy of historical information and descriptive details, so that the whole could be issued to the public as a reliable work qualified for educational purposes. Before me was the clearly apparent public duty to make the book strictly impartial to all parts of the Colony, and also sternly guard against everything in the nature of an advertisement for any trade, profession, business, or individual. The monotony of description is broken by historical events, varied information including native names of stations and localities, aboriginal reminiscences, and interesting incidents of colonization. More or less congenial was the work I undertook, and life-long will be the pleasant memory of the kindness and consideration shown to me by the people in all parts of the Colony. Sufficient will be my reward if the "Tourists' Guide" justifies in public opinion that confidence the Railway Commissioners so gracefully bestowed, and by me to be ever kindly remembered.

ARCHIBALD MESTON.

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ERRATA.

On page 3, the total length of our telegraph lines should be *ten* thousand miles.

On page 4, the 2,250 miles of coast should include the total seaboard.

On page 18, the name of the Parliamentary Librarian should be Denis O'Donovan.

On page 52, for *to* 57, read *by* 57.

On page 57, the year Canning Downs was taken up should be 1840.

Top line, page 91, the year 1840 should be 1850.

On page 134, the year the *Beagle* discovered the Flinders should be 1841.

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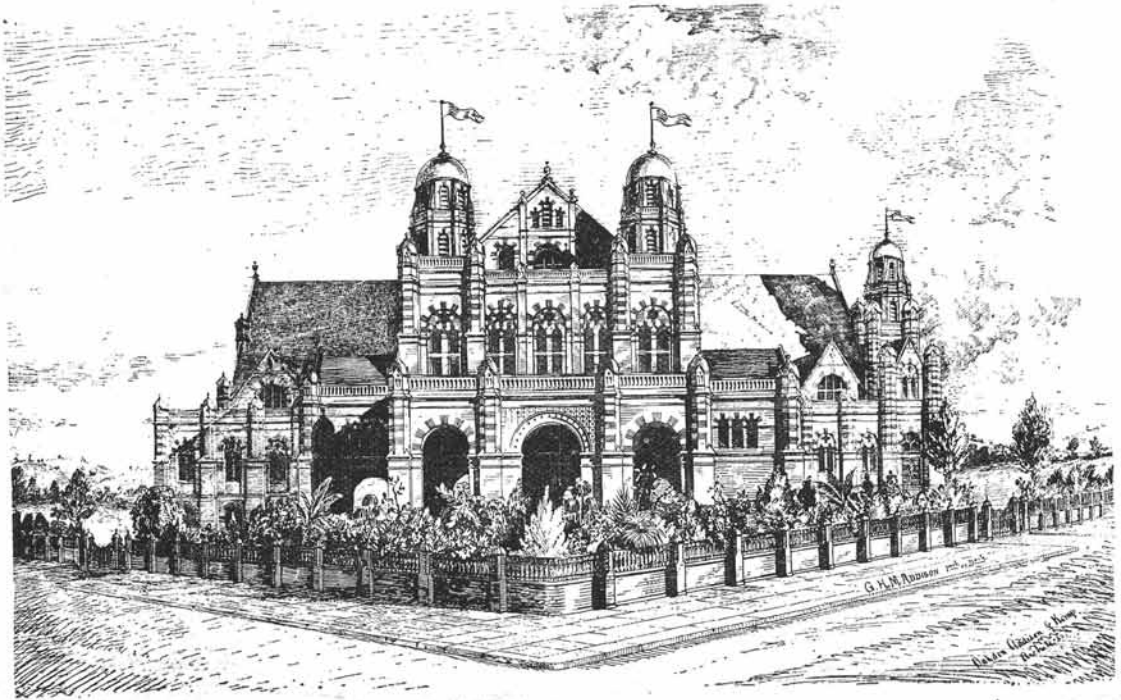

NEW EXHIBITION BUILDING, BRISBANE.

OAKDEN, ADDISON & KEMP, ARCHITECTS.

Early History and Progress.

WITH the exception of Victoria, no British Colony—no Colony of any Nation—has furnished such an extraordinary example of rapid development from small beginnings to a condition of enviable prosperity, as the Colony which it is our task at present to describe. A very brief glance at the early history of Queensland will serve to emphasise the contrast between the early stages of settlement and the present flourishing condition of the Colony.

On the 2nd December, 1823, Lieutenant Oxley, then Surveyor-General of New South Wales, discovered the Brisbane River, and on the 24th September of the following year, a convict settlement was formed on the point opposite Sandgate, now known as "Humpy Bong," a name given to the "Dead Houses" left standing there when the convicts were removed to the present site of the city of Brisbane.

Fifty four years after Cook saw the green hills and white sand dunes of Moreton Island, the first convicts stepped ashore on the rocks at Redcliffe Point. Fifteen years more saw the last convicts rounding Cape Moreton on their return to Sydney, and a further period of eighteen years beheld the convict settlement of Moreton Bay transformed into the "Colony of Queensland," purified from the convict taint, free to elect its own Parliament and frame its own laws, and start forward with new life and new hopes on the journey to the unknown but promising future.

In 1859, the year in which Queensland was proclaimed an independent Colony, the total population amounted to 25,000. The value of Brisbane and Ipswich property was only a million, and the total of all other Queensland towns, about £400,000. We had only 2,000 acres under cultivation, 20,000 horses, 300,000 cattle, and two millions of sheep. The manufacturing industries of the colony were represented by four saw mills, one soap and one candle factory, two coal mines, and a precarious dugong fishery.

Contrast these statistics with those furnished for the year 1888, the intervening period being less than that usually reckoned as the average duration of a generation of men. In 1888 the population had risen to 400,000.

The runs have increased from 1300 in 1860 to 6836, representing an area of 293,000,000 acres.

Cultivation has risen from 2000 to 214,000 acres.

We have alienated 9,446,273 acres which realised £6,016,427.

In 1888 we had 324,326 horses, 4,654,932 cattle and 13,444,000 sheep.

Our manufactures are represented by 106 sugar mills, which in 1888 produced 34,020 tons of sugar.

Our 28 breweries brewed 3,015,000 gallons of beer.

The vignerons made 145,000 gallons of wine, the 10 distilleries 73,000 gallons of proof spirit.

There are 25 soap and candle works, 5 tobacco manufactories, 25 tanneries, 106 brickyards, 9 potteries, 5 iceworks, 122 sawmills, and 1209 various other works and manufactories distributed over the Colony.

Our Goldfields to the end of 1888 gave us gold valued at £21,500,000, representing a yield of about 6,089,000 oz.

We have 552 public schools with an annual enrolment of 68,000 pupils, taught by 973 teachers and 507 pupil teachers, receiving salaries and allowances amounting to £151,830.

We have expended £75,000 in erecting five Grammar Schools containing 600 pupils, taught by 43 teachers. There are 126 private schools, with 437 teachers and 7,400 scholars.

There are over 80,000 volumes in the 65 Schools of Arts and Reading Rooms of the Colony.

Our Legislative Assembly contains 72 members, representing about 70,000 electors.

The capital value of the rateable property in the 384 square miles controlled by the 32 Municipalities, Boroughs and Shires is £23,296,201, and that of 103 Divisional Boards amounts to £26,593,633, a total of nearly fifty millions.

Our Imports in 1888 ran to £6,646,738, our Exports to £6,126,362.

Receipts from Telegraphs rose from £938 in 1860 to £103,800 in 1888, and from the Post Office, in the same period, from £4,866 to £128,800.

The Savings Bank contained a fixed deposit of £1,580,000, representing 43,003 depositors.

On our Goldfields are 2,324 reefs proved to be auriferous, and the actual workings in reefs and alluvial extend over 15,000 acres.

There are 45 Mining Companies with a nominal capital of 10¼ millions, and 14,515 miners' rights were issued in 1888.

In 1860 there were 278 marriages, and in 1888 the number had increased to 3254.

There are 262 registered Joint Stock Companies, three with a capital of a million, one with three quarters of a million, and several with half a million.

The first section of our railways, a length of 21 miles, from Ipswich to Grandchester, was opened on the 31st July, 1865, and on the 31st of December, 1888, we had 1924 miles open for traffic.

The liabilities of our Banks represented £12,071,000, and the notes in circulation to £741,000. The deposits amounted to £11,202,000, and the assets to £20,000,000. The coin in the Banks gave £1,857,000, and advances were made to the extent of seventeen millions.

Our public reserves cover an area of 67,000 acres.

The Goldfields alone contain a population of 42,000.

Our telegraph lines represent a total length of about ten thousand miles.

These few authentic facts will be sufficient to show the magnificent progress made by the Colony in 28 years, and the importance at the present time. They also reliably indicate the prospects of the future. In the most prosperous countries of the world, past or present, there are or have been brief periods of depression, local or general, and more or less distress due to the stagnation of some industry, a transient surfeit of the labour market, adverse seasons and improvidence; but the prosperity of a state is to be judged by the permanence of its resources, the variety of its occupations, the stability of its industries, and the steady advance in the general welfare and contentment of the people. Judged by this standard, Queensland is one of the most attractive and progressive Colonies in the British Empire. The reader will see by various tables in this volume that living is as cheap as in any part of the British dominions, and that wages for all classes reveal a very satisfactory state of the labour market. He has already seen the splendid national vitality revealed by the marvellous progress of 28 years, and will learn herein that in the richness and diversity of her resources Queensland is betraying no unwarrantable self-conceit in describing herself as the "Queen of the Colonies."

A Colony comprising an area of 668,497 square miles, or 427,838,000 acres, with a coast line of 2,250 miles, extending from Point Danger at the mouth of the Tweed, in latitude 28°, north to Cape York in 11°, may be confidently believed to possess an extensive variety of soil and climate. Before us already is the clearly established fact, that we have soils and climates capable of producing any vegetable production grown anywhere on the surface of this earth. Between Nerang Creek in the South and Cooktown in the North, there are even at present flourishing plants representing all species known in the tropic and temperate zones of the world. There is no record of a plant refusing to prosper in all parts of Queensland. That which declines to reconcile itself to the volcanic tablelands and temperate dry climate of the Darling Downs or the south coast rivers will find a home in the rich scrub soil and perpetual heat and moisture of the tropical north. The Indian mango, custard apple and mangosteen, grow to perfection north of Mackay, on the East coast, and currants, gooseberries and strawberries luxuriate on the tablelands of Herberton and the South. The mango even grows well around Brisbane. Sugar cane flourishes on Nerang in defiance of occasional frosts, and thence northward, improving gradually in more and more genial climes, far away in the Cape York Peninsula, to the Bloomfield River, along a coast line of 1,100 miles.

The first sugar made in Queensland was manufactured on April 25th, 1862, from cane grown in the Botanic Gardens, by John Buhot, a gentleman from Barbadoes. The first ton was made on Captain Hope's plantation, at Cleveland, on September 9th, 1864, and the first ton was sold publicly in Brisbane on January 6th, 1866. The first plantations were at Cleveland and on the Caboolture, and cane extended thence to the Logan, Albert, Coomera and Nerang Rivers. The early planters expended fortunes on their estates, and nearly all were involved in the financial ruin and failure that inevitably followed injudicious selection of soil and locality, extravagant management, or total want of reliable experience. Nearly all industries are erected on the ruins of the original experimenters. Then came adverse seasons, severe frosts and fatal blight in the Bourbon canes. The planters struggled nobly for victory against disheartening odds. Only a mournful few survived that bitter contest. Then followed the discovery of sugar lands on the Mary and at Mackay, in a more congenial climate. Vast estates were formed and enormous sums invested. The pioneers went still farther

North and discovered more sugar lands on the Burdekin and the Herbert. Last of all came the tropical jungles of the Johnstone, Cairns, Daintree and Bloomfield. Immense areas of northern coast land were selected in the years 1879, 1880, and 1881, frequently by men whose sole intention was to hold their selections by a minimum of expenditure, and sell at a high price to those who really intended to utilise the land for some useful purpose. Numbers of large selections of 640 and 1,280 acres were thus transferred to legitimate planters on the Johnstone, Herbert, Burdekin and Mackay. Large plantations were occasionally formed on promising but treacherous soil, splendid mills erected, and an incredible amount of capital expended before the fatal discovery of the unsuitability of the locality.

There were estates which spent from fifty to two hundred thousand pounds before they took off their first crop. Then came the paralysis caused by a sudden and disastrous fall in sugar, the result chiefly of competition from European beet sugar, and the dread of a prospective total abolition of Pacific Island labour.

It became a cruel question of the survival of the fittest. The extravagant amateur planters and those with poor estates went down in the struggle, and the cautious, experienced men, with rich soil, untrammelled by heavy loans, remained as the permanent pillars of the industry. There were also sad cases, where neither toil, hard work, experience, judicious expenditure, nor suitable soil could save the unhappy planter from ultimate financial ruin. But a noble band of cane growing scholars survive that terrible ordeal in the iron school of adversity. Sugar is one of the three great industries of the State. In 1886, besides supplying ourselves we actually exported sugar to the value of £856,000. In 1888 the value of the export was £384,375. The value of imported sugar gradually fell year after year until in 1888 it only amounted to £5,455. This is a magnificent result. Our large plantations have splendid mills, with all the latest and most perfect machinery and appliances. Besides kanakas they employ large numbers of white men. This year, 1890, will see the last consignment of kanakas from the South Seas, and the planters facing the problem of continuing the industry without the Island labour.

So far we are not in a position to describe the result of the experiment of erecting Government mills by public loans to the small planters on the security of their selections. These mills originated in the belief that a solution of the labour question was in separating the grower and manufacturer by confining each to his own particular

occupation, the relative positions to be exactly the same as those of the Colonial Sugar Company and the cane growing farmers of the Clarence, Richmond, and Tweed.

When the labour difficulty is overcome, and the industry finally settles on a permanent basis, there is wide room for extension in a tropical climate with regular and heavy rainfall on the rich lands of the Johnstone, Russell, Mulgrave, Cairns, and Daintree districts, on the east coast of the north.

The first sugar mill in Australia was one erected by the Colonial Government, on the Wilson, a tributary of the Hastings, in the days when Port Macquarie was a penal settlement. The manager was Mr. Thomas Scott, who afterwards made sugar at Brisbane Water, near Sydney, and took an active part in encouraging sugar growing in New South Wales. The mill and machinery on the Wilson were swept away in a flood, and thus abruptly ended the first lesson in Australian sugar manufacture.

As there is a prospect of cotton growing becoming once more an important industry, a few brief facts regarding its early history may be appropriately introduced. Cotton was grown at an early period in New South Wales. One writer in 1842, says "specimens of cotton grown in the Colony have been manufactured into yarn at Glasgow, and pronounced of superior quality." Large quantities were grown on the Clarence about 1864 and 1865, stimulated by a Government bonus of £5 per bale. The earliest record in Queensland mentions a sample sent home by Dr. Hobbs, in 1852, to the *Economist*, and valued at 1s. 7d. per pound. A shipment was sent away in 1854, and on the 8th of May, 1862, a parcel of 8 bales of South Sea Island cotton arrived in Brisbane from the "Maryborough Cotton Growing Association." In a speech delivered at Manchester in 1862, Mr. Bazley, M.P. said,—"About 5 years ago a few bags of Moreton Bay cotton were shipped to Liverpool, and I saw at once that with such superior cotton, yarn could be produced finer than any that could be manufactured in India or Great Britain. I bought that cotton, carried it to Manchester, and spun it into fine yarn. I found that the weavers of Lancashire could not produce a fabric from it, it was so exceedingly delicate; the weavers of Scotland could not weave it; nor could even the manufacturers of France weave this yarn into fine muslin. It occurred to me to send it to Calcutta, and in due time I had the happiness of receiving from India some of the finest muslin ever manufactured, the produce of the skill of the Hindoos with this delicate Australian cotton.

At the Paris Exhibition, some of this muslin was placed in the same glass case with a large golden nugget from Australia, and the two attracted much attention. The soil and climate of Queensland are capable of producing with proper care, 600 lbs. yearly per acre of this exquisitely fine cotton. Two crops could be grown in each year; I value this cotton at 1s. 3d. per pound, which would be equal to £40 per acre. This is no over estimate, for I have recently given 1s. 3d. per pound for Australian cotton. Now £40 per acre is an enormous yield for any agricultural product, and I do not think such a profitable return could be obtained in any other country. Judging by what is done in the United States, a man with his family in Queensland could cultivate ten acres of ground which would yield £400 per annum, a very high rate of profit."

The first official returns of Queensland cotton show a value of £4 in 1861, but production increased rapidly to £79,317 in 1871, fell suddenly to £32,819 in 1874, and thence downwards to final extinction in 1887. The total value of all the cotton produced from 1861 to 1887 is given at £527,325. Cotton will grow luxuriantly in good or fair soil on any part of the Queensland coast. It grew well at Nerang Creek, and gave splendid returns on the Chinese plantation at Cairns. An earnest effort is endeavouring to restore cotton growing in the Ipswich district by establishing a large manufacturing company to secure a sure and profitable market to the grower. It was annihilated by the low prices created when the Southern States resumed cotton growing after the American civil war. There is now a prospect of restoration under fair prices and permanent advantages, and the farmers of West Moreton may set an encouraging and healthy example to the whole of the East coast of Queensland.

The cotton grown on the Clarence in the old days, represented two species, the South Sea Island and the New Orleans. The first grew into a tall pyramid-shaped bush, 8 to 12 feet in height, the product being a fine soft silky cotton with a very long staple. The other was a wide spreading shrub about 7 feet high, with a coarser cotton and much shorter staple.

There is considerable difficulty in learning when the first of any species of plants was introduced.

Tobacco was grown successfully on the Hunter over 50 years ago, and rice gave satisfactory returns on the Macleay in 1843, where it was grown by Crown Lands Commissioner R. Oakes on a piece of rich alluvial swamp land.

Rice is now raised in considerable and constantly increasing

quantities in the Cairns and Port Douglas and Cooktown districts, where it returns from one to two tons per acre on the rich scrub lands of the river flats.

On the Barron River, five miles from Cairns, the first rice mill has been erected by a local company, and there is reasonable prospect of success. It starts with the advantage of a protective duty of one penny per pound on imported rice. Tobacco has given enormous yields and a superior quality of leaf on the Herbert, Russell, Barron, Mossman and Daintree Rivers. It will yet be an important article among the products of the tropic North.

The first cotton seed in Australia was introduced by Dr. Thompson, Inspector of Government Hospitals in New South Wales. He got some Sea Island seed from America and sent it to Wilson's Station, at Mount Flinders, near Ipswich, where it was successfully grown, and plants raised from the seed of this cotton were seen by Dr. Lang flourishing in Dr. Ballow's garden at Brisbane, in 1845.

Cotton grows at an altitude of 9000 ft. in Equinoctial America, 5000 ft. in Mexico, and 4000 ft. in the Himalayas.

Cotton growing on an extended scale was started in West Moreton by a clause in the Land Act of 1860, offering for 3 years a land order of £10, and for the next two years £5 per bale of 300 lbs. of clean Sea Island cotton exported, inferior cottons to receive only one half of these premiums.

NEW PUBLIC OFFICES, BRISBANE.

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QUEENSLAND CLIMATE.

THERE is no question affecting Queensland more generally misunderstood than that of the general climate of North and South.

The diversity of climate in the different parts of the Colony is such, that many who may fairly be reckoned Queensland Colonists are as ignorant of the climatic conditions of the portions of their own Colony with which they are personally unfamiliar, as are the average run of Australian Colonists, to whom Queensland is, so to speak, a foreign country.

A writer in 1842, Clement Hodgkinson, a man of long experience of the East coast rivers of New South Wales, wrote in the following strain :—

"Notwithstanding the near approach of this district to the tropic, Moreton Bay being in about 27° South latitude, the climate is quite as salubrious as any other part of New South Wales, and the traveller in the "bush" there can sleep on the bare ground, ford rivers, ride on in wet clothes, and expose himself to every variation of temperature with the same impunity as in the more southern parts of New South Wales. The great exposure to which settlers and travellers in the Australian forests subject themselves would, in any other clime, infallibly entail upon them fevers, rheumatism, affection of the lungs, &c. ; yet their extraordinary exemption from these ill effects has become proverbial, and is the best argument that can be adduced in favor of the salubrity of those parts of New South Wales hitherto colonized. What a contrast between the climate of New Holland and that of the United States, to which our fellow-countrymen are so fond of resorting. Ague, marsh fever, and dyspeptic complaints soon attack the unlucky emigrant who seeks a home in the dreary back settlements of the latter country, amidst fetid morasses and dank unwholesome forests, where he is oppressed in summer by a close, moist, almost tropical heat, and in winter experiences the violent gradation to a temperature colder than he has ever experienced in his native land. In the southern states, especially Louisiana, yellow fevers, tumefied livers, *et hoc genus omne*, are prevalent. Again, there are in Australia an infinite number of tea-tree morasses, and reedy swamps, covered with stagnant water and rank vegetation ; and the changes in the temperature, between day and night, are probably greater in Australia than in any other country, and are also very sudden. Nevertheless, the experience of upwards of half a century has now ascertained that no country in the world is more exempt from all the class of disorders which originate in impure air, and deleterious miasma, than Australia."

Probably the various species of eucalyptus partly explained the secret of the general immunity in the early days from any purely climatic disorder. That marvellous tree which has purified the atmosphere of the Algerian swamps and the Pontine marshes of Italy, may have neutralised the unhealthy vapours arising from the swamps on the East coast rivers of New South Wales. There is probably a larger area of swamp country on the Clarence and Richmond than on all the coast rivers of Queensland from Nerang to the Endeavour, and yet malarial fever is almost entirely unknown on both localities. Fever vanished when the scrubs were cleared and sunlight disinfected the decomposing vegetation. Fever which began at the first settlement in Brisbane, gradually moved towards the North with the pioneers until it is now restricted to portions of the Cape York peninsula. In the early days it was prevalent at Rockhampton, Mackay, Townsville, and the Herbert. The most dangerous fever appeared on the Johnstone River. The cause was easily ascertained. The river runs through one of the rankest tropical jungles of the North. The rainfall is abnormal, the official returns for the year 1885 giving 144 inches, or 12 feet for three months, and 126 inches for the whole of a following year. These tremendous rains lifted the river over the banks far into the scrub on both sides, and carried down gigantic masses of accumulated dead vegetation, which was distributed on both sides towards the sea, or piled up on the shores at the mouth, and remained there festering in the fiery tropical sun, generating foul gases, more or less fatal to those who inhaled them. But those days have departed, the scrubs have been cleared away, extensive and important plantations formed between Mourilyan Harbour and the river, and now the climate of the Johnstone is such that no European need be in the smallest fear of going to reside there in any period of the year. We know of no locality between Nerang Creek in the South, and Cooktown in the North, which the tourist, traveller, or settler, need be afraid to ramble over or reside in, if he pays the slightest attention to ordinary hygienic laws. The general health of the Colony, the low death rate, and the astonishing freedom from all malarial disorders, combine to frame a splendid testimonial to the Queensland climate.

Queensland is really one of the healthiest countries in the world. The invalid in search of a congenial climate can find what he requires in *some part* of the Colony. If he is affected by weak chest, or any form of asthma, incipient consumption, or lung

disease, he can go out on the dry Western plains, or try the Cairns or Port Douglas climate, already renowned for their effect on those particular disorders. On the Herberton tablelands, at a height from 2000 to 3000 feet, is a high dry climate with a genial summer, and winter of cold nights and sharp frosts. From North to South, between Brisbane and Townsville, on the East side of the Main Range, is a purely sea coast climate, adapted to all those for whom a marine residence is required. Those who fail to find their health in Brisbane may discover it on the tablelands of the Darling Downs, Warwick, or Stanthorpe, where the thermometer falls occasionally in winter to 17°, and the air is absolutely pure. The sea coast resident of Queensland—or the general tourist—enjoys remarkable advantages. From Brisbane, Rockhampton, Townsville, or Cairns, he can transport himself by rail in a few hours from the salt air of the sea coast to the pure, sharp, bracing atmosphere of the Main Range. He can in one day bathe in the surf of the Pacific Ocean, or stand beneath the waterfalls of the mountains. He commands alike the marine joys of Brighton and the hydropathic hygiene of the Malvern Hills. He can ramble through the jungles of the North coast, in an infinite variety of gorgeous tropical vegetation, or wander over the beautiful rolling downs of the West, glorious in their summer verdure, the wide expanse of grass and flowers lost on the border of the blue horizon, far off where the edge of the curving sky line reveals the spectral trees suspended in the measureless azure, midway between earth and Heaven.

The climate of Northern Queensland is frequently held responsible for the gross carelessness or unpardonable ignorance of many of the pioneers. But when men have camped for long periods in thick scrub, slept on the ground in damp tents, pitched beneath dense foliage impervious to sunlight, drinking water from obscure gullies full of dead leaves and decaying timber, and eating food of the most indigestible kind, the result of such defiance of hygienic laws can easily be accounted for, without any reference to the character of the climate.

There is a record of many letters and much official correspondence on the subject of Queensland climates in the early days, and the authors of all, without exception, whether officials, settlers, or medical men, express astonishment at the general healthiness and geniality of the atmosphere, and the mildness of the summer heat in such a latitude.

No climate is to be held responsible for diseases arising from

defective drainage, gross disregard of sanitation, or contempt for rational dietetic laws. The gross-feeding, foul-living human animal *(homo porcinus!)* seeks in vain for a congenial climate anywhere on this planet. The temperate man, who lives in accord with nature and his surroundings, will find all parts of Queensland adapted for himself and his family. The schools of the North, of Rockhampton, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, and Cooktown, will show boys and girls, whose health, vivacity, and vitality are equal to those of any part of Australia, though they may not wear the fresh rosy colour conferred by colder climes and higher latitudes.

Among all Queenslanders of active habits, engaged in outdoor or indoor physical work, pastoral, agricultural or industrial, the observer will notice that the majority are in the condition of trained athletes, destitute of all useless, superfluous material. The heavy, clumsy, red-faced agricultural labourer, the stall-fed British farmer, the obese cattle breeder of the European countries, and sundry other types remarkable for their entirely useless flesh and fat, and the ponderous deliberation of their movements, are not to be seen in any part of Queensland, yet the Queenslander possesses the highest vitality and greatest powers of endurance. The Australian people have already proved that among their small population, less than half of one English city, they can find men who defy the world in certain feats of athletic strength and skill. From the East coast of New South Wales came the men before whose superior skill and endurance the ablest scullers of the old world hauled down their once victorious colours. The myriad populations of Britain, America, and Canada were incapable of producing a sculler to match a youth of twenty-three years of age, reared as a farmer's son on a small island in the Clarence River. The record of Australian boxers is known to all. The Australian cricketers were foemen worthy of the best clubs in Britain. And Australians are proud in remembering that Australian cricketers, scullers, and boxers, have left behind them in the old country, not only a reputation for splendid achievements, but an honourable name for manliness and fair play.

Everywhere are abundant proofs that the European races actually improve in the colonies, developing greater vitality and endurance, a nobler spirit of independence, and a more unselfish patriotism, while certainly not deteriorating in any of the intellectual faculties. We need only refer to the records of Australian students in British universities, and the standard attainments in the scholastic institutions of Australia.

BRISBANE.

THE Capital City of Queensland stands on the Brisbane River, 14 miles from the entrance at Moreton Bay. On May 17th, 1770, the blacks of Moreton Island saw Captain Cook's ship, the Endeavour, round Cape Moreton and anchor inside. They saw that ship once more "like some sheeted spectre fading down the distant sea," as she passed away on her voyage of discovery to the North. They saw no more ships for 29 years, until Lieutenant Flinders anchored the Norfolk in the Bay in 1799, and sailed away again without making any discovery worth recording. In November 1823, Lieutenant Oxley entered the Bay in the Mermaid, on his return from Port Curtis, and on one of the islands found two ship-wrecked cedar-getters from Sydney living among the blacks. These men, Pamphlet and Finnigan, told Oxley about a large river entering the Bay near a thickly wooded volcanic island (St Helena,) and on the 2nd of December, 1823, he entered the Brisbane River and pulled up for 20 miles, "the scenery peculiarly beautiful, timber of great magnitude, especially a magnificent species of pine." Next day they went 30 miles higher up the river, which still kept its width and depth, except at the "Rocks," near Oxley Creek. Ascending a low hill he saw the distant peak of Mount Flinders. Oxley erroneously concluded that the river would be found navigable for 50 miles farther by large vessels, or 120 miles from the mouth; that it was the largest river on the East coast of Australia, and had its source in "some large collection of interior waters." He formed a high opinion of the district as one adapted for all kinds of tropical agriculture. He decided to call the river after Sir Thomas Brisbane the Governor of New South Wales. This, then, is the first appearance of the Brisbane River on the page of human history.

On the 15th of August, 1826, Moreton Bay was proclaimed a convict settlement. Previous to this period, in September, 1824,

Oxley formed a convict station at Redcliffe, but finding it unsuitable removed the convicts to a camp at what is now Petrie's Bight, in the Brisbane River. In 1830 there were a thousand convicts guarded by 100 soldiers, located on the present site of the city of Brisbane. In 1831 the total population was 1241, of whom 1066 were convicts, including 40 women, all maintained at a cost of £13 to £15 per head per annum.

From the first convicts to the final abandonment of Moreton Bay, May 20th, 1839, there were eight military commandants, Captains Logan, Miller, Bishop, Clunie and Fyans, Major Cotton, and Lieutenants Gravatt and Gorman. Logan was killed by the blacks in 1830, at Logan's Creek, near Mount Hatton, on the present Esk railway line. He was the discoverer of the Logan River.

Progress was slow enough and dreary enough previous to the year of separation. No public business could be transacted with Sydney without exasperating delay, and settlement was encouraged by no facilities whatever. The entire population of the colony in 1846 was only 2,257. The first free immigrants arrived in 1842, and Dr. Lang's three shiploads, forming a "gallant six hundred," landed in 1849.

Messrs. R. Duncan and Wm. Thornton, the first Customs Officers, arrived in May, 1846. Three days' races in 1847 represented £180, the "Town Plate" being £25! Agitation for separation began in 1847. The first steamer between Sydney and Brisbane only started in 1842.

The first Brisbane land sale was held in 1843 on the 9th of August. The Moreton Bay *Courier* was first issued on June 20th, 1846.

The first Brisbane Municipal Election was held on October 12th, 1859, the year of Separation. The first aldermen were John Petrie, Patrick Mayne, T. B. Stephens, Joshua Jeays, A. J. Hockings, G. Edmondstone, R. Cribb, George Warren and J. W. Sutton. Mr. Petrie was unanimously elected first mayor.

On December 10th, 1859, Governor Denison proclaimed the first 16 electorates returning 26 members. Brisbane was to return 3 members for 1205 electors. The first Parliament was opened on Tuesday, May 22nd, 1860, by Sir Chas. Nicholson, Capt. McC. O'Connell and J. F. McDougall, the Commissioners appointed by Sir George Bowen. The Aide-de-Camp, Captain Bramston, appeared in the grey suit with black facings worn by the volunteers of the period.

The first Ministry was represented by—

R. G. W. Herbert—*Colonial Secretary.*
R. R. Mackenzie—*Colonial Treasurer.*
R. Pring—*Attorney General.*
St. G. R. Gore—*Secretary for Lands and Works.*
Dr. Wm. Hobbs, John Bramston, M. C. O'Connell } *Without Portfolio.*
Speaker—G. Elliot.
Clerk of Assembly—L. A. Bernays.

The first Assembly was represented by Messrs. A. Macalister, St. George Gore, John Watts, J. Taylor, C. Lilley, G. Edmondstone, A. D. Broughton, H. Jordan, P. O'Sullivan, F. A. Forbes, C. Coxen, John Ferrett, G. Raff, E. M. Royds, T. De Lacy Moffatt, H. Richards, C. R. Haly, H. Buckley, G. Thorn, Chas. Fitzsimmons and Dr. Nelson. Of these Messrs. O'Sullivan, Ferrett, Royds, Lilley (now Sir Chas. Lilley) Haly, J. Taylor, and Watts still survive.

The first Parliament met in the old Military barracks in Queen Street, the building which was subsequently used for the Supreme Court, a little below the present Town Hall. The Council sat on the ground floor and the Assembly upstairs. Governor Bowen resided in Dr. Hobb's house, on the cliff overlooking Petrie's Bight.

EARLY BRISBANE.

The following is a brief account of the present Queensland capital in the penal days.

To the new "camp" on the Brisbane River, the doubly and trebly convicted felons were sent from Sydney. Five years after the first men the female prisoners arrived, and the worst were kept in barracks at "Eagle Farm," where a considerable area of land was cleared and cultivated by these unfortunate women. The first building erected was the "hospital," afterwards the Police barracks, (the site of the present Supreme Court,) intended chiefly for the ague patients from Redcliffe Point.

The Commandant's residence was erected on the site of the present Education Office. Then came the prisoners' barracks, (the first Parliament House) the cells, the parsonage, and the "windmill" where the present Observatory stands, all erected in 1828. This year also saw the construction of the old Reservoir from which water ran to the Barracks through trunks of hollow trees, the trough at the reservoir end being filled by the convicts with buckets.

The worst of the prisoners made several attempts to burn down the barracks.

Cultivation extended over nearly all the present East and West Wards of the city, and the officers had excellent gardens of fruit and vegetables. One year the convicts raised crops that realized about £1,200 in Sydney. But a thousand men were unprofitably employed in producing so poor a result. A fair road was made from headquarters to Eagle Farm, and another along towards where Toowong is now situated, but fourteen years of convict labour ended without leaving any permanent work of use to the succeeding settlers, except two or three stone buildings. The Military Commandants foresaw no future colonization. They looked not one day beyond the present, and the attention of all, except Logan, seems to have been solely occupied with their own requirements and the vigorous discipline of the unhappy wretches entrusted to their charge.

BRISBANE OF 1890.

Those who come from the South by steamer, will see before them, after rounding Cape Moreton, the vast expanse of Moreton Bay stretching away to the mouth of the Brisbane River. On the left the white sand dunes and green hills of Moreton Island, on the right the Glass House Mountains, and the long low coast line with the white houses of Redcliffe, Scarborough and Sandgate, marine watering places. Off the mouth of the river lies the Island of St. Helena, named after a blackfellow called "Napoleon," exiled there for some misdemeanour in the old convict days. St. Helena was proclaimed a penal settlement on May 14th, 1867. A sugar mill and cane plantation supply employment for much of the prison labour. Away due east is seen the point where the ends of Stradbroke and Moreton Islands "Minjerriba" and "Gnoorganbin," stand facing each other, divided by the South Passage, rarely used now for ocean going steamers. There the steamer *Sovereign* was wrecked on March 11th, 1847, losing 44 of the 54 persons on board. The view along the bay to the South is shut out by small islands overlapping each other.

Picturesque scenery opens out on both sides of the river after passing the Lytton Forts and Reformatory on the left hand. Brisbane begins with the villas on the slopes and crests of the ridges below Breakfast Creek. The business part of the Valley and the suburb of New Farm are seen due South. On the bank above Breakfast Creek are sawmills, breweries and gasworks. Passing the

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PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BRISBANE.

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low hill known as "Teneriffe" on the right, both sides of the river are lined by handsome villas, cosy cottages, and beautiful family residences, embowered in gardens and clusters of evergreen trees. Thence along the river, curving sinuously like a huge serpent, one coil nearly at right angles to another, the steamer rounds the sharp bend of Kangaroo Point, and berths beside the wharves of the capital city of Queensland, surrounded by every tangible proof of active industry and general progress.

The visitor by rail, after passing through a series of charming suburbs, steps out on the platform of the extensive buildings at Roma street, or lands at the Central Station in the centre of the city. Hansom cabs and "jingles" will convey him at fixed moderate charges in any direction. Lines of busses will carry him to all parts of the city and suburbs. Horse tramways with neat cars run from Breakfast Creek to Woolloongabba and the West End of South Brisbane. He will see around him a busy city with architecture equal to the capital cities of the South. He will find it at night illuminated in all directions by gas and electric lights. He will learn that it has a full supply of water laid on to all parts from a reservoir holding one hundred and sixty millions of gallons, constructed at a cost of £300,000, six miles to the Westward, among the Enoggera Ranges. This reservoir was started on August 18th, 1864. At the corner of Edward and Queen Streets he will see the *Courier* buildings, equal to any newspaper offices in Australia. Three specially attractive edifices represent three of our banks, the most conspicuous being that occupied by the Queensland National, one of the handsomest buildings externally and internally in the colony.

On the right hand of upper Queen Street is the Town Hall, the foundation of which was laid on 26th of January, 1864. At the head of Queen Street are the new and handsome public offices which are finally to extend through the whole block to George Street. They have cost £98,339. Round to the left on the bank of the river is the National Museum, which will be superseded by a magnificent building to be erected in Victoria Park.

In George Street is the Supreme Court, erected on the site of the old convict police barracks. To the West the visitor will behold the handsome buildings of the Boys' and Girls' Grammar Schools, on the crest of the ridge overlooking Victoria Park on one side, and all Brisbane on the other, with an extended view away to the Main Range, Mount Flinders with his attendant peaks in the South East. The Boys' Grammar School, erected in 1880 at a cost of £24,324,

replaced the old school of which the foundation stone was laid by Prince Alfred, on February 9th, 1868. The present School was opened on February 1st, 1871. The Girls' School, erected in 1884, cost £14,707. At the East end of George Street are the Botanic Gardens, enclosed in the segment of a circle, the other segment containing Government House and Grounds, and the Houses of Parliament. The river encircles two thirds of the whole from North to South. The Houses of Parliament, containing the Upper and Lower Chambers, form a large handsome dome-topped building, the submit of which commands a magnificent view of the city. The main building cost £86,508, and the recent additions were estimated to cost £37,133. The Parliamentary Library contains 20,000 volumes of carefully selected works. The catalogue compiled by the able librarian, Denis Donovan, is one of the best in existence. The Botanic Gardens are beautifully situated in the bend of the river, and will be found alike attractive to the botanist and the casual traveller. Large and imposing warehouses will be seen in various parts of the city.

Brisbane stands on a series of slate and sandstone ridges interspersed with quartz, and the fall in various directions facilitates perfect drainage. No rain or storm water can lie for an hour in any part of the city proper. One of the grand and priceless advantages of the city lies in the possession of an unlimited surrounding area of high, dry, healthy and beautiful suburban country. In the year 1851 the Rev. Dr. Lang wrote :—"There is no place I have ever seen in all our Australian colonies, with the single exception of Sydney, in which there is so great a number of beautiful and interesting villa sites as in the neighbourhood of Brisbane." Go out of Brisbane, by tram, cab, bus or train, and in all directions you will pass through country perfectly adapted by nature for private residence of all classes. The result is that these splendid suburbs withdraw the people from the city, separating with the happiest effect business and residence, public and private, warehouse and villa, workshop and cottage. The vast expanse of populous suburbs, stretching for miles in all directions, prevents a stranger from realising the size and importance of the city until he has made a reasonable suburban tour. Brisbane has also the advantage of three important marine watering places, all connected by rail. Sandgate, on the shores of the bay to the North, is 14 miles away; Cleveland, 21 miles on the bay to the Eastward. At the South end of Moreton Bay, where the ocean, the bay, and Nerang river junction in one point, stands Southport, a

watering place equal in natural advantages to any in Australia. The Brisbane citizen who desires a change of air can reach Sandgate or Cleveland in an hour, Southport in three hours, or land in the pure mountain air on the summit of the main range at Toowoomba, at a height of 2000 feet, in five hours. He can step on board fast and splendidly fitted steamers that will take him to any port on the Queensland coast, north to Normanton. By train he can travel to Gympie on the North coast line, go out 500 miles west to Charleville or traverse the Darling Downs and all the country between Brisbane and Sydney. He can go from Ipswich on the Fassifern line to the scrubs of Dugandan, or on the Mount Esk railway to the head waters of the Brisbane River, along an attractive and fertile valley.

In Brisbane the traveller will find superior hotels with general management and reasonable scale of charges. Boarding houses of all sizes, in all localities, will accommodate those who prefer that mode of living to life in a hotel. Public baths will be found along the river, and Turkish, electric, and steam baths in the city. The School of Arts contains 14,000 volumes for those who have time and inclination for books, and lovers of the theatre, the lecture room and music hall, will find themselves provided for by some of the best Australian or foreign talent.

North and South Brisbane are joined by the Victoria Bridge, the first stone of which was laid on August 22nd, 1864. The South side forms a separate municipality, with its own mayor and aldermen. The South has also a separate Gas Works, Town Hall and School of Arts. Beside the Stanley Street Railway Station is a large Government Graving Dock, 431½ feet long on the blocks and 50⅓ feet wide, with a depth of 32 feet, and from 16 to 19 feet of water, according to the tides. It cost £90,409. The railway which now terminates beside the dry dock is to have a branch continued to Melbourne Street, near the bridge.

Among the public benevolent institutions of Brisbane are two Female Refuges, an Industrial Home, a Lock Hospital, Children's Hospital and the Benevolent Society, besides a splendid General Hospital out at Bowen Park, facing the Acclimatisation Society's Gardens, containing 303,000 cubic feet, in 24 wards, 142 male and 85 female beds. The Children's Hospital has 5 wards and 51 beds. There is also an outdoor Relief Board for immediate relief of all cases of distress. Besides the Botanic Gardens, and the very attractive and excellent gardens of the Acclimatisation Society at Bowen Park, the visitor will find the Museum a particularly interesting

establishment. The present building was opened in January 1879, after a cost of £14,362 for building and furniture. Besides a large collection of Australian birds, reptiles, animals, insects, &c., and many specimens of all kinds from foreign countries, there is an extensive assortment of weapons, utensils and curiosities, representing the habits of the South Sea Islanders and natives of Australia. The museum is also the proud possessor of the richest collection in the world of fossil remains of extinct Australian fauna. There you will see enormous fragments forming the sole surviving relics of the gigantic Carnivora and Herbivora that roamed the dense jungles of the Darling Downs in dark ages of the immemorial past. The grounds of the Acclimatisation Society, opposite the Hospital, are beautifully laid out, and the tourist will find them a source of genuine pleasure. He can ascend to the Observatory on Spring Hill and look out over the whole city and suburbs, the view extending far away to the ranges on the remote sky line, the river below curving through the centre of the city in vast serpentine sinuosities from Bulimba to the Oxley Valley, one of the noblest panoramas of art and nature in the Australian colonies.

BRISBANE WESTWARD.

Ipswich remained the terminus of the Western railway for about ten years. The line from there to Grandchester was opened on the 31st of July, 1865, but not until the 14th of June, 1875, was the line opened from Ipswich through to Brisbane. The down line from Ipswich was opened first at Sherwood, on the 5th of October, 1874, and to Oxley Point on the 4th of February, 1875. The completion of the bridge over the river connected the metropolis with the far West.

On leaving Brisbane the visitor can start from the Central or Roma Street Station. From there to the river the train passes through the suburban townships of Toowong and Taringa, besides the smaller settlements of Milton and Auchenflower. The country on both sides consists of high dry healthy ridges, perfectly drained and timbered by various eucalypts. At 5 miles the train stops beside the river at Indooroopilly. Before you is the Brisbane River, discovered by Oxley on the 2nd of December, 1823, on information received from Pamphlet and Finnigan, two shipwrecked sailors living with the blacks. By the natives this stream was called "Magenjie," or the Big River. After crossing you see on the left the rich agricultural valley of Oxley Creek, named after the Lieutenant who

discovered the river. In the next three miles to Oxley Station, the train passes through level eucalyptus country, the river away to the right and suburban residences along both sides. From Oxley to Goodna, a distance of seven miles, the line traverses poor soil ridges and small flats, timbered by gums, ironbark, bloodwood, acacias and casuarinæ. Goodna is a small town of about 600 people, on the right bank of a bend of the river, 14 miles by rail from Brisbane. Here is the chief asylum for the insane of the colony, the men's residence on the flat and the women's on the adjoining hill. The establishment is known as the "Woogaroo Asylum." It occupies a healthy and isolated position conveniently accessible by land or water. The men's asylum contains 456 beds, the women's 320. A branch asylum one mile out of Ipswich relieves Woogaroo of 119 male patients. The word Woogaroo is a native name, meaning "whirling round," referring to a whirlwind or a whirlpool in a creek or river. Goodna is a word peculiar to several dialects, including Turrubul and Dippil, spoken on the East coast from Brisbane to Wide Bay. The first house at Goodna was a hotel kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes in the stage coach days. Leaving Goodna, the train passes across low ridges timbered by eucalyptus, the river not far off on the right, and enters the great coal field area of Southern Queensland, extending right and left on both sides of the river, away beyond Ipswich to Walloon and Rosewood. Passing Redbank and two small stations the train arrives at Bundamba, a collection of neat little clean cottages, forming a small township created by the neighbouring coal mines. Here also are the quarries from which vast quantities of blue metal have been taken annually for many years.

From Bundamba to Ipswich, three miles, the train passes through open fertile agricultural country, green fields and slopes stretching to the low hills on the left four or five miles away, and to the Bremer River on the right, many neat suburban residences and attractive gardens adding to the beauty of the scene, a background of ranges away along the valley of the Brisbane river towards the main range. Rounding the bend at Limestone you look across to North Ipswich beyond the Bremer, extending to the slopes of the neighbouring hills, and Ipswich itself opens out in front and on the left. On the hill at Limestone you can still behold some of the old grass trees seen there by Capt. Logan in 1827, for the Xanthorrhæa grows slowly and lives long. The present railway station is a substantial building, with a commodious refreshment room. It is

situated on a level with the line and below the level of the street beneath which the railway passes. Originally the line crossed to North Ipswich, over the present bridge, and after describing a curve in which it came round the bend of the Bremer, returned to the present line, and the old junction can still be seen a little beyond the Bremer railway bridge. The deviation of two miles was opened in June, 1875, and the old line across the river abandoned. This shortened the Ipswich-Grandchester section from 21 to 20 miles.

IPSWICH.

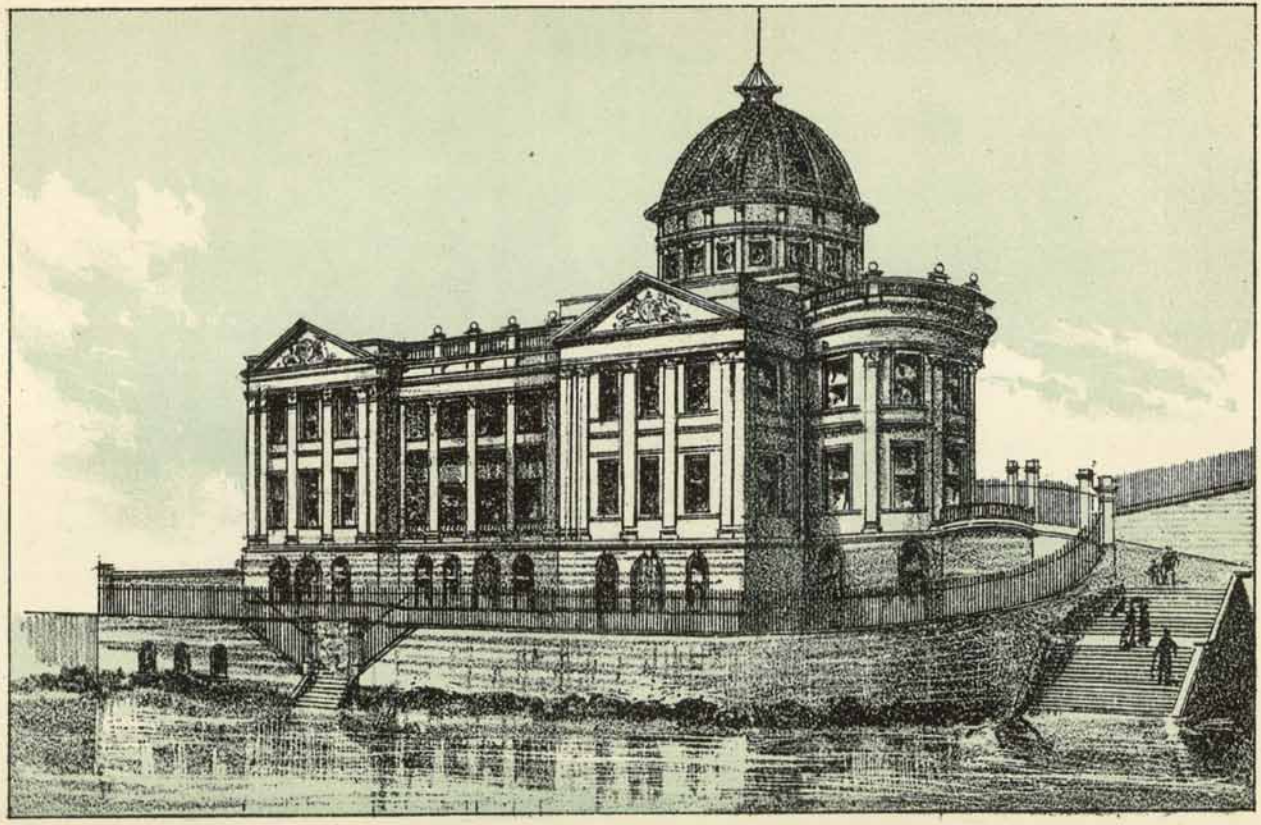
IN a manuscript report by Allan Cunningham, the botanist, to Governor Darling in 1828, there is the following passage:—"In the year 1827, Capt. Logan of the 57th Regiment, then Commandant of Moreton Bay, in tracing the Bremer from its junction with the Brisbane, discovered at 10 miles from that point the calcareous hummocks on its right hand now named the "Limestone Hills." Landing, he was much struck with the singular appearance of the lofty Xanthorrhæa, or grass tree, which abounds on the open flats, low hills, and forest grounds, at this particular spot, and which the commandant had not inaptly compared to beehives on stools. Some months after this discovery a lime kiln was built, and a party of convicts, consisting of an overseer (acquainted with sapping and mining) and five men, were stationed at these hills to commence lime burning."

This is the first appearance of Ipswich on the page of human history. Capt. Logan was afterwards killed by the blacks at Logan's Creek, 17 miles up the Mount Esk line.

Ipswich of the present day is a large town of over 10,000 people, the centre of an extensive and important agricultural district, and the chief coal mine industry of the Colony. It is situated on the Bremer River, a tributary of the Brisbane, 24 miles by rail from Brisbane, and 50 by water. At one time it competed with the present metropolis for premier position. In 1846 the population of Brisbane was 829, Ipswich, 103. In 1856 Brisbane rose to 2395, and Ipswich to 2459. In 1864 the municipal revenue of Brisbane was £5000; Ipswich, £3000. Ipswich was the depôt for all the squatters of the West. The Ipswich Club was one of the best in Australia. The press began with the *North Australian*, on October 2nd, 1855, and the *Herald* on July 4th, 1852. The town was incorporated on March 3rd, 1860, and the Supreme Court opened the same year on February 6th. The first land was sold at Brisbane on October 11th, 1843. The year 1845 was distinguished by a great flood. The railway from there to Grandchester was opened on July 31st, 1865—the first railway in Queensland. The first sod

had been turned on February 28th, 1864. The first steamer, the "Experiment," Capt. Pearce, ran from Brisbane to Ipswich on June 29th, 1846. The first land sale in Ipswich itself was held on July 31st, 1850. The Grammar School was opened September 25th, 1863. Of the 14,000 acres under cotton in 1869, the principal part was in the Ipswich district. At the separation of the Colony from N.S.W. in 1859, Ipswich was one of the sixteen electorates into which Queensland was divided, and returned three members for 806 electors. The town is lighted by gas, and supplied with excellent water from the Brisbane River at Kholo. The water-works were completed on the 25th of June, 1878, at a total cost of about £40,000. The water is pumped from the river by pumps with a capacity of 90,000 gallons in the 24 hours, into a reservoir holding 89,642 gallons, and gravitates thence to Ipswich. The town itself now returns two members, and 1205 electors voted at the last election, out of 1570 on the roll. The town is situated on a series of low limestone hills, Denmark Hill, the highest, overlooking the whole municipality. The mean shade temperature of January is about 81°, the mean maximum, 93°; the highest, 102°, the lowest, 62°. In June the mean shade is 58°, the highest 74°, the lowest 37°. These are the temperatures of average years.

About the year 1862, a writer on the early days recorded the following interesting information:—"A cattle and lime burning station had been formed at Ipswich, then known as 'Limestone,' and if a good road had been made from there to Brisbane, what an amount of expenditure would have been averted! Imperial funds were wasted in absurd experiments, such as sowing split peas and dressed rice, and useful and permanent works were unthought of so long as provision could be easily and lazily made for present necessities. The establishment at Limestone was a species of head cattle station, around which the flocks and herds of the Government roved under the care of convict shepherds and stockmen, who were kept in proper order by a small detachment of military. The station was formed during the governorship of Capt. Logan, who explored the Bremer in 1827, and gave the name of 'Limestone Hill' to the ridge which overlooks Ipswich. On this ridge a kiln was erected for burning the lime required for the numerous buildings in Brisbane, about 350 bushels being conveyed weekly in punts. In 1829 the first house was erected in Ipswich. The Moreton Bay Settlement was visited by Governor Brisbane in 1824, Darling in 1827, Gipps in 1842, and Fitzroy in 1854. The next Governor was



CUSTOMS HOUSE, BRISBANE.

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Bowen, in the year of Separation." Among the public institutions of Ipswich is the Boy's Grammar School, erected in 1863 at a cost of £11,400. The total annual receipts, including the £1000 granted by the Government, amount to about £4000. In 1889 there were 45 day pupils and 30 boarders, taught by five masters. The general health is remarkably good, no death or serious illness since the present head master's appointment in 1875. This school was founded in October, 1863, and ever since has maintained a highly honourable position among the scholastic institutions of the Colony. It can accommodate 90 pupils. Besides three large state schools there are six private schools, one for boys, one for girls, and four for both sexes. To Ipswich belongs the honour of starting the first woollen mill in Queensland. The tweeds and flannels from this excellent manufactory are worn by all classes in all parts of the Colony. The mill stands in a bend of the Bremer in North Ipswich. The first pound of silk produced in Queensland was shown by Mr. Thorn, in Ipswich, at the Horticultural and Agricultural Show, on July 26th, 1862. There was a time when Ipswich possessed a commanding political influence, when the fate of Ministries depended largely upon the favor of its Parliamentary representatives, who were generally referred to as the "Ipswich Bunch." Out of the jealousy cherished by the smaller towns towards the Metropolis, arose the attempt to make Cleveland the seaport for all the Western trade, and thus deprive Brisbane of its commercial importance. After all, no national disaster sprang from the rivalry between the towns, which really in many ways neutralised any tendency to trade stagnation and political inertia. Ipswich was one of the first centres to protest against the importation of foreign cheap labour. On the 12th July, 1862, there was a formidable public meeting which unanimously adopted a petition to the Queen against the introduction of Coolies. This arose out of a scare caused by the landing at Brisbane of a shipload of Chinamen from the Lord Lyndhurst, in July, 1862, and petitions sent home in favor of Coolie immigrants, chiefly by New South Wales squatters and merchants interested in Queensland, and advised by Sir George Bowen in a despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, dated July 6th, 1860.

From Ipswich you can go by rail up the Valley of the Brisbane River, 43 miles, to Mount Esk, or away South by the Fassifern line to Dugandan, 36 miles. From Dugandan you can go on horseback away out past Coochin and Maroon stations, through lovely country,

past Mount Lindesay into the valley of the Richmond River in N.S.W. Mt. Lindesay, the highest peak in the McPherson range, was discovered by Allan Cunningham, the botanist, and named after Colonel Patrick Lindesay of the 39th Regiment. Fourteen miles out from Ipswich is Mount Flinders, named after the famous navigator. About seven miles away to the West rises the Pine Mountain, "Kambratchabin" of the natives, the source of vast timber supplies in the old days, and not yet exhausted. Ipswich is the centre of the coast coalfield of South Queensland. This field extends from Ipswich to Beenleigh and the head of the Logan, away up the valley of the Brisbane River to near Nanango, and thence away West for 230 miles, and down the Condamine to Allora and Leyburn.

A few miles out of Ipswich, on the Brisbane River, is Noogoóra where Uhr was killed in the early days by two blacks named "Teewaddlee" (bad teeth,) and "Warkoon" (left-handed.) They came up behind the hut, one on each side, and as Uhr came out of the door he was instantly speared, his body being afterwards thrown in the river. The blacks had no name for the present site of Ipswich. The point on which the Convent is situated was called "Jooriandadjo," the name of the diamond snake, a very large specimen of which was found there beside a rock. The Bremer they called Warrill, the generic name for all rivers. It would likely be distinguished by the blacks as "Warril Jooriandadjo."

The first hotel (and the first house for a free settler) was erected in 1843 by William Vowles, an old and useful colonist, who still survives. It was built for a coloured man named Neal, and part of it still remains as the kitchen of an hotel in Bell Street. In 1843, the year of the first land sale, the allotment at the corner of Brisbane and Nicholas Street was sold to a Martin Byrne for £1 12s. In Little Ipswich Dr. Dorsey had a hospital built of bark on the site of the present pound. He was the medical officer of the district, and attended all the squatters' workmen, who paid a guinea a year as subscribers. Dr. Dorsey was once the owner of Grantham station. Considering how few are the years which separate us from those primitive days, how great is our astonishment at the astonishing progress, the rapid evolution from the primal germ of free settlement in 1842 to the splendid development of to-day, the progressive city and prosperous mining and agricultural district of 1890.

Leaving Ipswich the line crosses the Bremer on the edge of the

town and passes away through open undulating eucalyptus country, by Karrabin and Walloon, the latter the depôt for a section of the Rosewood settlers and neighbouring coal mines. Thence to Rosewood across nearly level country of dwarf timber, with prospecting coal shafts visible here and there, the pine clad hills of Rosewood visible on the right.

Rosewood, 36 miles from Brisbane, is an important station, for an extensive and beautiful agricultural district. The old native names for this district were "Cowpanby," and "Boonooroo," literally "all brigalow," from the brigalow scrubs which covered the adjoining hills. The majority of the selectors are Germans, who have proved themselves to be valuable settlers, a peaceable industrious people, cheerful in the face of all the disheartening troubles which met the pioneer farmers of that particular locality. The hills once covered by dense pine and brigalow scrubs, are now tenanted by prosperous selectors. Green fields of maize and lucerne are seen on the hilltops and eastern slopes. The farmer's house stands where the scrub turkey built his nest; his children sport on the site of old aboriginal camps. Beyond those hills, on all the spurs and valleys, are white cottages and verdant fields away to the valley of the Brisbane River. On some of the hills the towering pines rise far over the surrounding unfelled scrub, and stand there outlined against the sky, solemn and majestic, the wide spreading moss-grown branches an Æolian harp from which the spectral winds evoke, like those in the ravine of Arve, "an old and solemn harmony," Nature's melody for the living present, her requiem for the dead past. Beautiful indeed are those Rosewood acacia hills, with their graceful cones, sunlit slopes, shadowy ravines, white cottages, green fields and dark scrub in alternate light and shade; herds of peaceful cattle, gardens and orchards, all in a general air of Arcadian simplicity and content. Rosewood is a small township, with stores, banks, hotels, and many private houses. A main road runs from the railway station straight away through the centre of this splendid agricultural district towards the Brisbane River, crossing an open forest valley, called "Sally Owen's Plains," near Marburg, a small town in the centre of the scrub. These plains were named after "Sally Owen," who kept a hotel at Western Creek in the early pioneer days of pack horses and bullock teams.

Leaving Rosewood the train passes over an expanse of level open forest country, timbered by ironbark, gums, and apple tree, the Rosewood hills in full view on the right. Passing the solitary

wayside stations of Lanefield and Calvert, (originally Western Creek) we continue on level country to Grandchester at the foot of the Little Liverpool Range, 44 miles from Brisbane. The native name of this locality was "Goojabila," or honey, a large quantity of which had once been obtained there from a bloodwood (boona.) Conspicuous at Grandchester are the two rows of splendid plane trees in front of the station. A hotel, public school, and a few private houses, form the present settlement. In 1848 a Frenchman named Douyere kept a hotel which is still standing, though not now used for any purpose. At that time Grandchester was known as Bigge's camp, after Bigge, of Mount Brisbane Station.

Leaving Grandchester the train starts the ascent of the Little Liverpool Range, a series of steep gradients rising to one in 50, and sharp curves winding among stony spurs covered by ironbark, apple tree, various gums, acacias and casuarinas. There are two tunnels on this range, one a length of six chains, the other, the Victoria tunnel, extended over 26½ chains. Three miles from this tunnel the train emerges from the range and heavy timber into the Laidley Valley, one of the most pleasantly situated and productive agricultural areas in Southern Queensland. A picturesque little township surrounds the railway station, commanding a view of low hills to the north, with neat cottages and homestead clearings extending from base to summit, the same as in the Rosewood, while southward towers the Laidley range, culminating in Mount Mistake at the head of Laidley Creek. This creek was known to the blacks as "Goonanjee-gerrara," literally the "going down creek," crossed by the Gatton and Helidon blacks when going down to Rosewood. Rosewood station near Laidley, was taken up in 1847 as a sheep and cattle station by Boyd and Robinson. It was afterwards owned by Mort and Laidley, the latter of whom gave his name to the present Laidley creek and district. The first hotel at Laidley was built by James Fletcher, about 1854. Now there is a prosperous township of about 500 people with two banks, a newspaper called the *Star*, started by Robinson & Co., on September 28th, 1889, an Agricultural and Industrial Society, several hotels, a brass band, and other evidences of an advanced civilization. In the Laidley Valley, which runs far away up into grand mountain scenery, there are nearly 200 farmers. The two State Schools of North and South Laidley contain about 250 scholars. The climate is remarkably healthy, a happy medium between the coast and the Downs. The chief agricultural products are maize, potatoes, lucerne, rye and barley.

Leaving Laidley the train passes away for a couple of miles across level country with rich agricultural farms on each side, across Laidley creek with the open plains on the right and undulating open forest ridges on the left, past the little wayside station of Forest Hill, through flat country, timbered by bloodwood, ironbark, gums and casuarinas, to Gatton, a small town in the centre of another valuable agricultural district, 61 miles from Brisbane, and 337 feet above sea level. This was the "Boonah" of the blacks, the native name for the bloodwood *(Corymbosa.)* Gatton has a population of about 300. Six miles from Gatton we pass the solitary station house, and master's residence, at Grantham, on old Grantham cattle station, the "Goanumby" of the blacks, a native name for "green bark," the origin unknown. Thence across open forest flats and rolling ridges with red box gums, silver leaf ironbark, and apple tree; ranges showing in the background to the north and south, until the arrival at Helidon, 72 miles from Brisbane at 462 feet altitude. Here is a well-appointed refreshment room where the traveller can obtain a regular lunch, or sandwiches, tea, coffee, milk or any hotel beverage at the bar. Two miles from here is the Helidon Spa water spring, the waters of which hold the following constituents in solution.

	Grs. per gallon.
Bicarbonate of sodium	221·36
,, potassium	2·34
,, lithium	1·81
,, calcium	10·65
,, magnesium	1·82
,, rubidium—Traces in the spectroscope.	
Chloride of sodium	48·08
Silica	2·13
Alumina and iron	3·23
	291·42

The aboriginal legend of this spring is both peculiar and characteristic. The Helidon district they called "Yabarba," the name of the Curriejung, and the spring was known as "Woonarrajimmi," the place "where the clouds fell down!" In a former age a numerous crowd of blacks were camped on the site of the present spring, and a gin was standing by the fire scratching her head, from which she extracted two of the insects *(Pediculus Capitis)* usually inhabiting that particular locality. While surveying these captives in the palm of her hand, a puff of wind blew them into the fire, an unhappy accident, always attended by penalties terrible to

contemplate. Celestial vengeance on this awful occasion was satisfied only by the clouds falling and burying the whole tribe fathoms deep in the earth. From the buried tribe sprang the Helidon spring, the water of which they call "kowoor," regarded as a highly efficacious bath for sick blacks, but not to be used as a beverage under any possible circumstances, the reason being clearly and logically defined. Ten miles beyond Helidon, after traversing a succession of low ridges connecting with the outlying spurs of the main range, and timbered by open forest of gums, bloodwood, ironbark and apple tree, the train arrives at Murphy's Creek, a station at the foot of the range, with a hotel and several private houses. This station was named after Peter Murphy an old Hibernian colonist who came over to the Downs in 1840, with Patrick Leslie. The blacks called the place "Tamamareen," the spot where the fishing nets were burned in a grass fire. The native names always indicate plants, animals, birds, objects, incidents or legends in some way connected with the locality. On a fishing excursion at Murphy's Creek they had put all the nets in some place where the grass caught fire, and hence the name "Tamamareen," by which it was ever after remembered. Leaving Murphy's Creek, which is nearly 800 feet above the sea, the train starts to climb the range, ascending 1215 feet in the next 17 miles. Here and there on the range are some beautiful scenes; steep dome-topped hills with precipitous slopes descending to deep green valleys far below; narrow ravines, and winding watercourses fringed by box, gums and apple tree, while on the right rise the abrupt spurs radiating downwards from the summit far overhead. The train travels round serpentine curves, along deep cuttings, across iron bridges, vanishes suddenly into short dark tunnels from which it as suddenly emerges into the sunlight, rising ever higher until the traveller looks out far away across a vast amphitheatre of broken ranges, like the enormous waves of some primeval ocean, upheaved in volcanic madness, and suddenly converted into earth and rock covered by unbroken forest, fixed there in everlasting repose, the silence broken only by the thunder and the stormy winds. Far off through the infinite blue, the eye beholds the Gap through which Cunningham passed in 1827, the first white man to cross that range and look down on the plains of the Darling Downs. It looks as if some giant smote the mountain asunder with Thor's hammer to make a pathway for the lonely pioneer who first told the world the story of those hills and plains. Range rises beyond range, until in the remote distance the dim peaks are like blue clouds floating on the

horizon, the lonely cone of Mount Barney and the inaccessible rock summit of Mount Lindesay rising from the McPherson Range far into the blue sky, and from the level country away towards the ocean rise Mount Flinders and his three pyramidal satellites, in gloomy isolation, exiles and outcasts from their native ranges. Beyond the Springbluff station, where the engine waters at 1530 feet, you look down the valley of the Lockyer away towards Brisbane, the homesteads of selectors as white oases in the desert of brown forest, ranges converging from right and left with belts of dark scrub descending from the summits to the ravines below. Here and there are tiny streams crossing the lines from the sides of the hills, green water cress fringing the edges, and along the lower side of the railway grow many peach trees that in January and February are loaded with excellent fruit. Thus you arrive at Harlaxton, a passenger platform, on the summit, at 2003 feet above the sea. Here you command on the one side a superb view of all the range scenery, and on the other you look down into the valley of Toowoomba, the town in the centre and houses along all slopes as far as the scene extends. Two miles more through a thickly settled suburb and you are in the Toowoomba Railway Station in the centre of the town. The visitor on entering Toowoomba will see at once the original unfortunate mistake of building in the bottom of the valley instead of on the adjoining ridges. The tourist or invalid must go out a couple of miles to the top of the range to obtain the full benefit of the salubrious climate, which is there cooler and more invigorating than in the town itself. Like many colonial towns, Toowoomba radiated from a camping ground, permanent water and the first public house.

Our Coal Resources.

THE coal deposits of Queensland, although not so easily accessible, nor so extensively worked as those of the adjoining colony of New South Wales, are equally extensive. The existence of payable coal on the Brisbane River was known as early as 1843, when the settlement was just emerging from the position of a closely guarded gaol, to that of a district open to free settlers, if not as a free settlement; for the majority for some time thereafter were necessarily restrained from exploration on their own account.

Coal was known at a much earlier period, for at the Government settlement at Limestone, subsequently named Ipswich, the ordinary crossing place of the Bremer River—at that time Limestone Creek—was known as the "coal falls," and the coal was visible both in the river bed and bank, and was also plainly discernible in the gullies near Goodna and Bundamba, and even on the track leading from the settlement to Limestone, as Brisbane and Ipswich were then respectively called. Nothing appears to have been done, however, in the way of utilising it for some time, as steam was not then a common means of marine locomotion, even among communities much more numerous and of higher commercial pretensions than that which then occupied the country known as "Moreton Bay." As free settlement and commercial enterprise extended, however, the value of the coal deposit on the navigable waters of the Brisbane became apparent, and the late Mr. J. Williams opened a mine at Redbank, in 1846, which was fitfully worked for about two years, when it was abandoned for the more promising and perhaps more profitable outcrop of a seam at Moggill, a few miles lower down the river. This was worked on a very small scale for the next few years, during which it underwent the vicissitudes incident to the discovery of gold in the neighbouring colonies. It was, however, worked, if not extensively, probably up to the local requirements, assisted by the opening of a mine at Tivoli, on the Bremer, by the late Mr. Walter Gray, of Ipswich, and another by the late Mr. John Campbell at Redbank. Mines were also opened near Ipswich, by

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the late Mr. Stevens and by Mr. J. Ferrett. But the united efforts of these various enterprises amounted in 1859, the year of the birth of the colony of Queensland, to the very modest quantity of a little over 5,000 tons, when, in common with every other industry in the colony, the trade was largely developed and increased during the next seven years to an output for 1866 of nearly 40,000 tons. But again following the fortunes of the colony, stagnation reigned supreme for another period of seven years, during which the annual output was little more than half that to which it had previously attained. With the returning prosperity of the colony however, better times dawned on the infant trade, and although there were fluctuations in the earlier years of the returning prosperity, there has been a steady increase from 1878 to 1888, inclusive, without any intermission, and during the latter year the output had risen to 311,412 tons, being an increase of 30 per cent. over that of the previous year, caused in some measure by the strike in the adjoining colony towards the close of that year, when the balance of trade was somewhat adjusted by the Queensland supply. The returns for the past year (1889) are not yet published, although the output was probably on a par with that of 1888, one of the collieries alone having raised upwards of 100,000 tons. The colony of Queensland can not at present compete on equal terms with the rich, thick, clean seams of New South Wales, so conveniently situated close to such ports as Newcastle and Wollongong, and which in addition to their other advantages obtained first possession of the markets, but that Queensland has an abundant supply of mineral fuel is a fact well known to all who take an interest in the future of the colony. The "Jurassic" beds in which the Ipswich coal is now being worked, extend over a considerable portion of the Moreton and Darling Downs districts, and cover an area of more than 12,500 square miles, but there is no reason to suppose that this is the limit of the extent of the coal-bearing strata even in the southern division of Queensland. Mr. R. L. Jack, F.G.S. says:—"It need surprise no one, if the boring operations for water in the western districts undertaken by the Government should reveal the fact that the strata appearing at the surface over large areas are not Mesozoic nor Cainozoic, but either are or cover carboniferous rocks. Coal seams have recently been discovered at a depth of 150 feet at Vinden Station on the Western River. For anything we at present know, the western plains may turn out to be one vast coal field, covered more or less deeply with newer rocks, and with a few ridges and islands of older palæozoic rocks which are goldfields." There are also detached fragments of this older formation amounting

to 2,500 square miles, making a known total of 15,000 square miles of coal bearing strata in the extreme south of the colony, without reference to what may be discovered further west, as intimated by Mr. Jack. The Hon. A. C. Gregory, C.M.G., M.L.C., F.R.G.S., &c. &c., in his report on the geological features of the south-eastern districts of the colony of Queensland says :—"The coal deposits of Queensland form one of the most important features of the country, not only as regards the extensive area they occupy, but their great commercial value." Mr. Gregory adopts the term "carbonaceous" to express the Mesozoic strata or "Jurassic" beds, that of "carboniferous" being used to express the lower or palæozoic formation. The carbonaceous strata occupy a very prominent position in South Eastern Queensland, as above described. "The upper part are characterised by soft thin-bedded sandstones, shales, and hard cannel coal. The lower beds show signs of greater disturbance, the strata being much thicker; there are numerous beds of coal varying from a few inches to ten feet in thickness. The lower beds of the carbonaceous series include thick-bedded sandstones and shales; the coal seams are thicker, and less numerous than in the upper series." It is certainly not known how many seams of workable thickness and marketable quality are to be found in these measures; several fairly clean and good seams of three to four feet in thickness, and one of fifteen feet inclusive of a few bands of clay shale have been, and are now being, worked, while others (or the same) are known to crop out in the neighbourhood. From the limited extent to which the measures have been worked however, and the great prevalence of outcrops, and also of minor dislocations in the strata, it is difficult to arrange any general section which would properly locate the various seams relatively to each other, and to fix even approximately their distances apart, if indeed they do overlie each other at any particular point.

The Burrum river coal field is also an important adjunct to the resources of the Wide Bay portion of the Southern districts of Queensland. It covers an area of 4000 square miles, and is being worked at three different collieries at present. This field is, geologically considered, of a much older date than the Ipswich coal field, and is identical with that of New South Wales. Mr. Gregory says :—"In an economic point of view, the most important outcrop of palæozoic coal is that on the Burrum River, 15 miles north-west from Maryborough, where four workable seams, from three to five feet thick, crop out on the bank of the river, with a dip of about one in ten to the north-east. All these seams have been worked, and

several thousand tons of coal raised; but the shoal waters of the Burrum only admitting of vessels of very light draught, which are unsuited to the rougher navigation of Hervey's Bay, from the Burrum to the Mary River, the transit of coal from the mines to the market is attended with such difficulties that the export has been very limited." That difficulty has now vanished however, as a railway has been opened both to Maryborough (continued to Gympie) and also to Bundaberg, both lines, or rather both ends, of one continuous line, being in process of connection with other systems, north and west from Bundaberg, and south from Gympie to connect with Brisbane, and the principal railway system of the Colony.

The coal field in the central district of Queensland is still more important (so far as its extent and richness are concerned) than that of the southern part of the Colony. The valley of the Dawson, Mackenzie, and Isaacs, confluents of the Fitzroy, passing Rockhampton and debouching into the sea at Keppel Bay, comprises a coal field of 30,000 square miles in area, and for commercial purposes is yet untouched. But so patent was the wealth of coal in this district that it attracted the attention of Leichhardt in his first exploring expedition in 1845, when he found, on the Mackenzie River "beds of coal undistinguishable from those of the Hunter at Newcastle." And from that time to the present, every geologist who has visited the district, and every writer who has written of it, speaks in high terms of its worth. One writer says:—"The Dawson kerosine shale beds are too important to pass over. The basaltic range divides the Burnett country from that of the Upper Dawson, with its carboniferous area of 9,400 square miles; for fifteen miles up Horse Creek are exposed kerosine shale beds with iron stone." Queensland, for its area, will doubtless appear one day about the richest carboniferous region in the whole world. A seam of coal of good thickness and quality, has also recently been sunk through near Clermont, on the head waters of the Mackenzie, but far outside the coal field already mentioned. This is within easy reach of the railway, and should be of value, as no coal is at present being worked in the Central districts. Seams of great thickness are also said to have been discovered on the Styx River, Broad Sound, and a Company has been formed to develop them. As they are within practicable distance of a good port, it may be assumed that, at no very distant day, they will play an important part in the commercial pursuits and industries of the Colony.

The coal deposits of the Northern districts have not yet attracted much attention, although the Bowen River coal beds, the coal

formation of the Cook district, and the Little River coal field have all appeared on the scene. The wealth of metalliferous minerals in the north do not, however, augur favourably for a rich supply of mineral fuel, although the great extent of country, as yet unpeopled and unexplored, leave inexhaustible possibilities in this direction. The coal formation is found also exposed in two or three places on the northern peninsula, but probably for many years the gold of the north will be more attractive than the earthy minerals. Mr. Jack sums up the evidence touching the geological position of our best known coal fields. He says:—"The Queensland coal measures may, however, fairly be considered to represent homotaxially the European and American carboniferous formation, viz.; the Queensland region was, during the deposition of its coal measures, inhabited by animals most nearly representing, and in some cases identical with, the animals inhabiting the European and American area during the deposition of the typical carboniferous formations." It is therefore highly probable that a mineral product of the earth of such vast commercial importance, which has already yielded more than a million sterling value at the pits' mouth, and has acted an important part in the transit of other products by land and water, in the raising and reducing of metallic ores and minerals, in the carrying out of manufacturing operations, and in administering to the domestic comfort of the people, will be impressed more and more into the service of the public, and by the judicious investment of capital and labour will be made an important factor, a much more important factor than hitherto, in all that pertains to the mining, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity of the Colony."

TOOWOOMBA TO CHARLEVILLE.

TOOWOOMBA is a large and important town, in the centre of one of the best and healthiest agricultural districts in the Colony. It is also one of the oldest towns in Queensland. In the early days it was known as the "Swamp," from the wet marsh in the bottom of the valley in which the town is now partly situated. The word "Toowoomba" is the native name of a small indigenous melon, which grew there in abundance in the days of early settlement. This melon *(cucumis pubescens?)* was also found by Mitchell on the Balonne, by Leichhardt away out on the Comet, and is known on the Barcoo and Belyando; Gregory saw it on the Murchison in 1858. The blacks called the whole valley "Toowoomba," because there they got the "Toowoomb," or "Toowoomba." The main part of the town is 1900 feet above the sea, but the adjoining slopes rise to over 2000 feet. The first land was sold by the New South Wales Government in 1855. Originally Toowoomba was not intended for a township, the first site fixed on and inhabited being Drayton, a town 4 miles distant, once the emporium of all the western trade, and now the centre of a rich agricultural district. The Toowoomba country was first seen by Allan Cunningham in 1827, when he crossed the Main Range, and in his own words, "descended to a beautiful and well watered valley, affording abundance of the richest pasturage, and bounded on each side by a bold and elevated range."

In 1854 Dr. Lang travelled over the Downs when Drayton was the township, and he says it was selected because it "was the only spot at the time, when trading people and mechanics first desired to settle in the district, that could be had on any terms from their high mightinesses the squatters"! He says it was a most unsuitable site for a town, but "this led to the formation of another and rival town called Toowoomba, in the same central part of the country, about 4 miles from Drayton." Governor Sir George Bowen wanted to combine both towns under one Act of Incorporation, but to this proposal the Toowoombaites emphatically objected. In his reply to

the Draytonian loyal address on his visit in 1861, he referred to the "rich natural resources and picturesque natural beauty of the scenery, which recalled to his memory the classic plains of Thessaly." In the address presented to him by the Toowoomba people is the following passage:—"We confidently hope that when the future seat of Government is brought under the consideration of Parliament, and your Excellency's opinion is solicited thereon, that Toowoomba may be deemed one of the first and most desirable, embracing all the essentials for the capital of Queensland." This suggestion was not adopted, and Toowoomba had to rest contented with the more modest position of chief town of the Darling Downs. The press was early represented, the *Darling Downs Gazette* being started by Lyons, at Drayton, on June 11th, 1858. This paper is now in Toowoomba, its younger rival being the Toowoomba *Chronicle*, started in July 6th, 1861, by D. Hunt. The railway from Ipswich was opened on April 30th, 1867.

Toowoomba became a municipality on the 24th of November, 1860. It contains an area of 2733 acres. The population in 1886 was 6274, and is now probably about 8000. It possesses a State Grammar School which cost £10,000, and many handsome public and private buildings. A new asylum for the insane is being erected, to cost at the finish a total of £100,000. Water is supplied by pumping from a reservoir and the town is lighted by gas. The climate around Toowoomba is one of the most salubrious in Queensland. The mean maximum of shade in January is 86°, the highest 97°; the mean minimum is 60°, the lowest 55°. In January last year the lowest in the shade was 55°. The mean maximum of shade in June is 57°, the highest 66°; the mean minimum 42°, and the lowest 27° The town stands on red volcanic soil, in a dish shaped valley, the sides all converging on the centre, with a perfect natural drainage. The soil is rich, and produces flowers and fruit in splendid perfection, with a minimum of labour and expense. Toowoomba is famous for fruit, wine, and vegetables.

Excellent tables are kept at the best hotels and boarding houses, and board ranges from 25s. to 60s. per week at the hotels, and about 20s. to 35s. at the best boarding houses. The leading hotels charge 10s. by the day.

The first house was erected by William Horton, in 1852. He planted a willow which still remains as a memento of the past, and is the father of all the beautiful willows which adorn the Toowoomba valley. Horton also built in the same year the first public house, a brick building still standing, and used for the same purpose. This

venerable architectural relic of departed days is close to the present railway station. At that time sportsmen shot snipe, ducks, and various other water fowl where the main part of the present township is situated.

Politically, Toowoomba is remarkable for having returned the same parliamentary representative for 28 consecutive years, a fact probably unparalleled in the history of representative Government.

Toowoomba district is now a favourite resort for people from the sea coast, and several Brisbaneites have erected private houses on the commanding crests of the Main Range. Five miles from town a large superior hotel stands on a projecting spur on the edge of a steep slope, and has a splendid view extending far off across a confused amphitheatre of spurs and cones and peaks and serrated ridges, stretching away to the dim blue summits of the McPherson Range. Only a lake or river is required to complete that beautiful picture.

The rambler will find interesting and attractive scenery all round Toowoomba, either among the vineyards and orchards or along the summits of the ranges. Surveyed from the tops of the adjacent hills, Toowoomba is one of the most charming towns in Australia.

There are but few of the native blacks who survived the contest with that Anglo-Saxon civilization which has been more or less fatal to all the Australian aboriginals. The Toowoomba tribes belonged to the "Gooneeburra" or "Fire Blacks" of the Darling Downs. Among them is one Victorian gin, wife of a local aboriginal celebrity, who was educated in a convent, taught to read and write, play the piano, and do fancy work, and yet rambles about in all the primitive simplicity of the untutored gins of the primeval forest, preferring, like Lucifer, rather to reign in the Hades of freedom than serve in the Heaven of civilized bondage. This is the lesson taught by nearly all the practically useless attempts to civilize the Australian black.

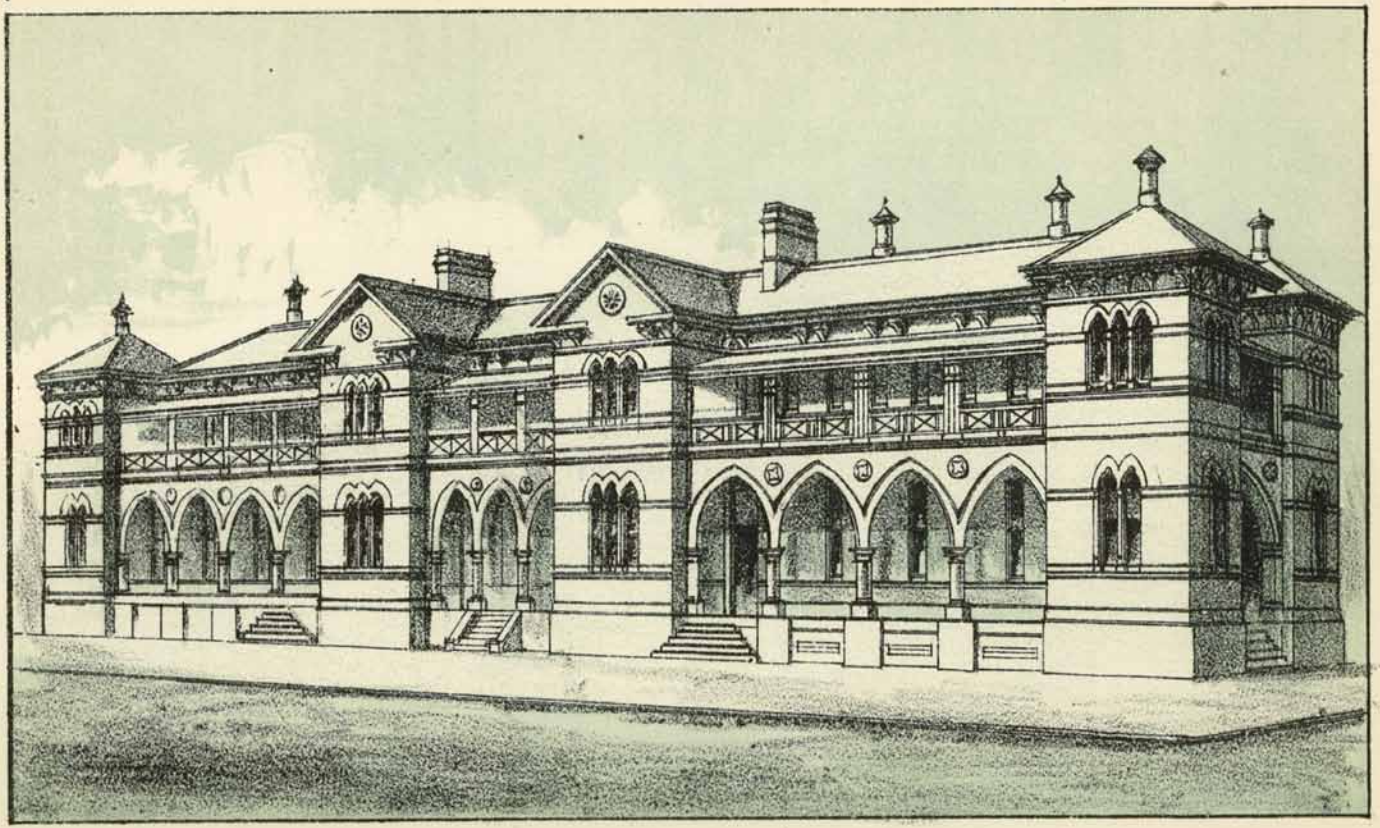
The native name of Drayton is "Moyumneura," literally, "many tomahawks," originating in the manufacture of a lot of iron tomahaws by the first Drayton blacksmith, to be given to the blacks for services rendered or presentation purposes. Originally it was known as the "Springs," and at one time became an important town. An old resident says: "I have seen 70 or 80 gentlemen seated at dinner at Horton's hotel." Horton's hotel, at Toowoomba, in 1852, was called the "Seperation Hotel," more accurate in the sentiment than the orthography." Drayton was laid out early in 1849 by Surveyor J. C. Burnett. On April 7th, 1848, there was a public meeting at the Downs Hotel, at Drayton, to raise money to sink a town well.

They collected £53 10s. in the room. After leaving Toowoomba, the train passes away towards the Darling Downs, curving gradually towards the West. At "Gowrie Junction," seven miles from Toowoomba, the line to Warwick, Stanthorpe, and Sydney diverges towards the South, the Roma line starting on the journey towards the setting sun. At Gowrie Station, 113 miles from Brisbane, the traveller will see the first of that glorious Western Downs country, which excited the enthusiasm of Cunningham, Leichhardt, Mitchell, and Kennedy. He will see the beautiful Gowrie Plains, the green volcanic hills, the dark scrub on the low ranges, the sharp scoriac cones, the green fields of the settlers on the sunlit slopes, the white cottages nestling peacefully in repose on the crest of the ridges in the bordering brush, from whence they look down on apple-tree flats and natural meadows, with cattle, horses, and sheep feeding on the borders of black-soil watercourses, fringed by box gums, and flowering acacias. In Gowrie Creek were found the first fossil bones of the Diprotodon, on July 28th, 1873. In seven miles more we arrive at Oakey Creek, the site of a large boiling-down and meat-preserving establishment, with many neat houses, and a general air of prosperous content. The traveller will long carry with him the memory of the surrounding scenery. From here to Jondaryan the train passes over fertile open plains, ending in scrubs of brigalow, casuarinas, turkey bush, and dwarf gums, the entire surface of the scrub land, as you approach Jondaryan, covered by prickly pear too thick for a man either on foot or horseback. At Jondaryan there is a beautiful view of the graceful plain sweeping away in the distance until it curves into the bosom of the bordering hills.

The name Jondaryan should be "Jondoóyan," or "Jondoóee," the native name given to a lagoon in a sudden curve of the creek. The aboriginal name of the plain itself is "Joonamwíwí," the outcome of the following incident:—In the early days the blacks were chased by a party of white men, and driven on to the top of a hill overlooking the plain. On the summit of this hill stood a tall tree with branches reaching to the ground. All the piccaninnies climbed up this tree to see where the pursuers were situated, and hence the name "Joonamwíwí," the "place where the children climbed."

Passing for 24 miles through somewhat monotonous country, and past the wayside stations of Bowenville and Blaxland, the train arrives at Dalby, 153 miles from Brisbane.

Dalby is situated on dead-level, lightly timbered, black soil plains, a monotonous scene, broken only to the north-east by the dark, pine-clad Bunya Ranges. Dalby was proclaimed a municipality on



TOOWOOMBA HOSPITAL.

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August 31st, 1863. It was once the depôt for all the Western squatters, and a lively town, patronised by wild bushmen, "men with strange oaths and bearded like a pard," where the squatter topped his Moet and Chandon in the swell hotel, while the unpretentious rouseabout and monopathic shepherd buried their sad remembrances of hard work and maddening solitude in the humble Nepenthean rum.

Dalby was commonly and appropriately described as the "City of the Plains," the level downs stretching away in all directions, broken only to the north-east by the Bunya Range. The town has a population of 1400 people. The climate is dry and healthy, being generally a few degrees hotter than that of Toowoomba, but with much the same maximum in summer and minimum in winter. Last year the thermometer fell to 25° in June.

Twenty miles from Dalby are the celebrated Bunya Mountains, the habitat of *Araucaria Bidwilli*, one of the handsomest pines in the world, and some fine specimens of which are to be seen in the Brisbane Botanic Gardens, and elsewhere in private grounds in various parts of the suburbs. The word "Bunya" is the native name of the tree. Correctly it should be "Bahnya," with a prolonged accent on the "Bâhn." The nut is called "yenggee," and the complete "Bahnya-yenggee" is the "bunya nut." The first cones of this pine sold in London Covent Garden market at ten guineas each.

No part of Australia presented such a spectacle as the Bunya Mountains in the old days when the nut was in season. Here was the "gathering of the clans," the meeting ground of the tribes for a distance of 200 miles. Blacks from Gympie and Maryborough, from the Balonne and the Maranoa, from the Moonie down to the Barwon, from all parts of the Darling Downs, from New England, away down the Brisbane River, across the Logan and Albert to the Tweed River, from East, West, North, and South came the scattered tribes, men, women, and children, to join in the great triennial festival at the Bunya Mountains. Painted warriors from the "Jinjinbarras" of the Mary, stately savages of the "Gooneeburras" or "fire blacks" of Toowoomba, active Myalls from the "Cooyar" tribes of the dark scrubs of "Magenjie," the "Big River" (the Brisbane) and wild fish eaters, "Talgiburrees" and "Chabbooburrees" from their far homes on Nerang and the Tweed, by the shores of resounding "Toomgun" (the ocean), where the green waves wash the white shores of old "Minjerribah" (Stradbroke). All the blacks on the coast side of the Main Range assembled on friendly terms. In the day of battle the tribes of the coast ranges and coast rivers stood

arrayed against the tribes of the West. What a weird and splendid picture to rescue from the oblivion of time! Alas! no artist ever beheld those strange scenes at the assemblings of the tribes at the Bunya Mountains. They have gone for ever; vague and shadowy now in the misty moonlight of memory, dim phantoms only in the imagination. In fancy alone can we recall those multitudinous dark forms, stalking stealthily through the pine scrubs; in fancy only can we hear the soft footfalls of a thousand naked feet upon the fallen leaves. At night the promiscuous crowds gathered around a hundred fires, gins and piccaninnies flitting about among the recumbent forms of the warriors; detached parties chanting their own corrobborees, or telling the stories of the vanished years. The

"Booal, booal, beejoo, bigwaree,"

of the Tweed River, mingled with the

"Booran booran, bayal, oh wahree,"

of the Darling Downs. The blacks from the sea coast related to the astonished natives of the West strange tales of vast canoes, like gigantic birds with white wings and filled with mysterious white men, whose glance was lightning and whose voice was thunder, who came far away from beyond the horizon where fire-eyed "Janahn" (the sun) rose from the waters of "Toomgun." Blacks from the Barwon told tales of the dread bunyip—vague legends of some unknown animal long extinct. By day the men dispersed to the hunt, the gins to collect the nuts of the bunya. In the evening the gins came into camp laden with bags full of pine cones; the men brought in bandicoots, iguanas, wallabies, snakes, scrub turkeys, eggs, sleeping lizards, 'possums, bears, and bustards from the Jimbour Plains. Then arose quarrels over tribal feuds, and elopement of gins with the young men. Fierce battles ended in the death of several warriors, who were roasted and eaten. Solitary men and gins were waylaid and killed as a feast for isolated marauding parties. The departing tribes were followed and stragglers cut off, roasted and devoured. There were great corrobborees of all the assembled tribes, the painted warriors dancing while the old men and gins beat time with boomerangs and nullas. There were friendly contests in which the young men displayed their skill with the boomerang, the nulla, and the spear; and all the while they ate the roasted bunya nuts and became fat and sleek. The nuts ripened in March, but the blacks arrived long before, and remained long

after the actual season. Some of them extended their visit to five or six months.

Many dialects were spoken by the assembled tribes—the Cabbee of Wide Bay, Kamilaroi of the Balonne, Turrubul of Brisbane, Cogi of the Maranoa, Picumbill from the Macintyre, Wakka of Toowoomba, Yookum-Yookum of New England, and Yakumbah of the Condamine.

The first station west of Dalby is Macalister, named after the Hon. Arthur Macalister, once a Queensland premier. On the way out you cross the edge of the famous Jimbour plain, and see away on the far edge, at the foot of the bordering hills, the white homestead which forms the splendid mansion erected there by the late Sir Joshua Peter Bell, at a cost of £18,000. The Jimbour plain in spring time is a magnificent scene, one wide, calm sea of grass and flowers, red and yellow, the soft winds rippling the surface in fantastic waves, stretching away to the far off hills, where the trees on the edge of the horizon stand suspended in the azure, the light shimmering below them like the sunlit waters of some phantom lake, the plain curving up to kiss the cloud line, the clouds stooping to kiss the ascending plain.

Jimbour was originally written "Jimba," and in Leichhardt's diary it appeared as "Fimba." The proper name—unless from "Jimba," a sheep—is "Jinboóra," the native name of a large reed growing in the local lagoons. The name of the plain is "Gooyambeéani," the place where the blacks "threw firesticks in the grass." Jimbour is the station at which Leichhardt arrived on the 30th of September, 1844, on his overland exploration to Port Essington. He left there on October 1st, and in his diary records that "after having repaired some harness which had been broken by our refractory bullocks upsetting their loads, and after my companions had completed their arrangements, in which Mr. Bell kindly assisted, we left Jimba and launched, buoyant with hope, into the wilderness of Australia." The thermometer at sunrise the following morning was down to freezing point. He wrote his last letter from the Cogoon on April 4th, 1848, when starting on his last expedition. From that day, as Carlyle says of La Perouse, the famous explorer "vanished trackless into blue immensity, and only some faint memory of him lingers in all hearts and homes."

After leaving Macalister, the train enters scrubs of myall, brigalow, emu and lemon bush, casuarinas and cypress pine, dead-level country stretching away on all sides, no hill outlined on any part of the horizon. Warra (from "Warra-Warra," far away) is passed

at 181 miles, and the same country continues for 203 miles to—

CHINCHILLA,

a small settlement with three hotels, two stores, and about 100 people. Taroom is distant 100 miles. Stock from the North pass Chinchilla on the way to New South Wales. The district is celebrated for deposits of fossil bones, notably those of Diprotodon, Nototherium, and the marsupial lion, Thylacoleo. Some of the best fossils in the Brisbane Museum were found near Chinchilla. In 1882, Kendall Broadbent shot 140 species of birds, among them being the wonga, bronze wing, and squatter pigeons, plumed bronze wing, scrub turkey, swamp quail, emu, plain turkey, night plover, spur wing plover, dotterell, white ibis, straw neck ibis, native companion, nankeen heron, wood duck, grey duck, white-eyed duck, pelican, and dabchick.

The next important station is Miles, at 231 miles, named after the late Hon. William Miles. Miles and Bungeworgarai, the next station to Roma, are remarkable in being the lowest between the Main Range and Charleville, both of them only 972 feet above sea level. At Miles the train stops for a quarter of an hour for refreshments. Thence you pass through the same level country covered by brigalow, myall, emu and lemon bush, casuarinas, and cypress pine *(Callitris Robusta)*. Here and there are lovely little pictures of open glades and park-like flats, dotted over with isolated clumps of myall *(Acacia pendula)* and round-topped brigalow shrubs, charming scenes, apparently laid out by some skilled landscape gardener for the sake of effect.

In the next 87 miles the train passes Drillham at 244, Dulacca at 258, Jackson at 265, Channing at 272, Yeulba at 281, Wallumbilla at 294, and Blythedale at 308. The whole of this expanse of 87 miles is more or less a dead-level, chiefly covered with brigalow, myall, emu and lemon bush, and pine, with open forest flats overgrown by bloodwood, box, gums, and forest oaks.

ROMA

(Latin name of Rome), after Lady Bowen, whose name was "Roma Diamantina," is situated on open downs country, very lightly timbered with small trees. This town, of about 1,700 people, is 318 miles from Brisbane, in a climate free from all malaria, with a remarkably pure clear dry atmosphere. The maximum shade heat in summer is about 112°, the minimum 54°. In January the mean shade temperature is 81°, the mean maximum

94°. In June the mean shade temperature is 52°, the highest 79°, the lowest 25°. Around Roma is one of the best grape and fruit growing districts in Australia. A vast area of splendid land stretches away in all directions. Roma grapes are well known among the best that enter the Brisbane market; matured Roma wines are equal to any produced in Australia. We have used seven-year old Roma sherry not surpassed in purity and flavour by the most expensive Spanish wines. At Mount Abundance Station, six miles out, we tasted two-year Sauterne, really one of the most seductive wines, with a rich delicious bouquet, said by the French vigneron to be the exclusive product of that peculiar soil and climate.

The country from Roma westward is surely destined to be a great wine and fruit producing area, equal to supplying far more than the requirements of all the markets of Australia. Western Queensland has hundreds of thousands of acres of land specially adapted for wines and fruits, far more than all the available wine districts of Europe put together.

Roma became a municipality on the 25th of May, 1867, lapsed in 1875, and was re-established in 1876. The municipality covers an area of 16,000 acres. There are many gardens and vineyards, chief of which is Bassett's "Roma Villa Vineyard," two miles from town, well worth a visit from the tourist, especially in the grape season. There is good hotel accommodation and reasonable charges—from 7s. to 10s. per day, and 30s. to 42s. per week. The climate is one of the healthiest in Australia. The press is represented by the *Western Star*, a bi-weekly paper established in 1875. In the vicinity of Roma are many large stations, chief of which is Mount Abundance, six miles distant. This station is mentioned in Leichhardt's last letter, dated the 4th of April, 1848, from McPherson's Station on the Cogoon. He says:—"The Fitzroy Downs, over which we travelled about 22 miles from east to west, is indeed a splendid region, and Sir Thomas Mitchell has not exaggerated their beauty. The soil is pebbly and sound, richly grassed, and of the most fattening quality. I came right on Mount Abundance, and passed over a gap in it with my whole train." It was named by Sir Thomas Mitchell, who discovered it on May 7th, 1846. "Following the course of the Cogoon, it led them into a beautiful pastoral district around a solitary hill, which the leader named Mount Abundance, and here Mitchell first noticed the bottle-tree." Several of these bottle-trees are growing on the lawn in front of the present home station. Mount Abundance itself, the site of the old

station, is 20 miles away, visible on the left from the train on the way from Roma.

From Roma westward the train passes over a few miles of open forest country, lightly timbered, and then you enter on magnificent rolling downs, stretching far away north and south. Pass Bungeworgarai at 323 miles, the little settlement of Hodgson nestling on the plain to the right at 329, and you arrive at Muckadilla on a lightly timbered flat at 344, Eurella Station distant seven miles, and Mounts Bindango and Bindago far away to the northward. These names were given to Sir Thomas Mitchell by the blacks, on May 11th, 1846. On the way to Muckadilla, after passing Hodgson, 12 miles from Roma, you traverse scenes that are specially charming in fine seasons. Blue cone-shaped hills rising from the tree tops far off on the edge of the horizon, beautiful park-like slopes dipping into green meadows, meadow beyond meadow, variegated by blue, white, and yellow flowers, intervening ridges crested by weeping myall, turrets of trees standing outlined against the azure, long sinuous watercourses, winding away like vast serpents, descending into the vales below, fringed with bordering trees, and terminating in soft green fields, in which the flocks of motionless sheep resemble a shower of brown-grey rocks; and over all the glorious bright blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds, the argent and the azure, beautiful heraldic field on which one might picture the guardian Divinities of the West emblazoning the celestial arms of the coming Ages, marching slowly upward from the shadowy depths of Time. But the traveller must know that far other scenes are visible on those Western prairies in periods of prolonged drought. He will then behold around him

> "A sea of stagnant idleness,
> Blind, boundless, mute and motionless."

No grass, no flowers, no trickling watercourses, no countless sheep wantoning in waste luxuriance. Only the bare plains, the barren slopes, the dark and sombre valleys, one dreary desert, peopled only by drooping and withered trees in herbless solitudes, perishing in the pangs of thirst, the personification of measureless desolation. Then you will realise the lion-hearted squatters of the early days, the men who first pioneered those vast unknown plains and interminable mulga scrubs; the men who had to live much as the blacks lived, who carried their lives in their hands, who knew none of the comforts of civilization, and were separated from it by

hundreds of miles of trackless downs and brigalow scrub, who had to bring the actual necessaries of life over weary distances, involving journeys of weeks and months, and act as their own physicians in case of illness or accident; who had to ride a thousand or fifteen hundred miles to and from the market where they sold their stock; who saw their cattle speared by the blacks, or dying for want of grass and water, and generally, in paving the way for civilization, lived about as cheerless and forsaken lives as ever men voluntarily encountered on the surface of this planet. All honour to the "old squatters," the brave men of the early days; the rough, true hospitable pioneers who are rapidly becoming extinct under the total change of environment never again to be restored.

Thirteen miles from Muckadilla and we cross Amby Downs, on Amby Creek ("Amby," a woman, the "woman's creek"), light open forest country, flats of stunted gums and ironbark, low hills in the distance; then long myall flats and open fields of apple-tree, box gums, ironbark, cypress pine, and here and there a solemn and portly bottle-tree *(Sterculia Rupestris)* like an abnormally fat man in a lean and hungry crowd. This remarkable tree is found in the mulga scrubs and plains of the West, far North towards the Gulf, and in the dense sea coast brushes between Ipswich and the McPherson Range. These bottle-trees are seen at intervals between Roma and Charleville. Some of them have been cut into for water, and many have been destroyed to feed stock on the chopped-up soft nutritious pith, which contains a large amount of mucilage, and can be used as food for man in case of emergency.

Beyond Muckadilla, 13 miles, is Amby, on the beautiful Amby Downs, alternating with light open forest flats, low ridges with bottle-trees, myall and apple-tree flats, box, ironbark, and cypress pine. This continues to Mitchell, 372 miles from Brisbane and 54 from Roma.

MITCHELL

is a small township containing six hotels and four stores. It is the depôt for the following stations:—Mitchell Downs, 2 miles; Tyrconnell, 30; Waroonga, 18; Forest Vale, 50; Amby Downs, 18; Eurella, 20; Bowen Downs, 35; Mount Lonsdale, 13; Redford, 75; Salamis, 50. The first house was erected about 20 years ago. The train stops here for the passengers to lunch.

Nine miles beyond Mitchell the train stops for water at Womalilla, a small muddy creek fringed by wide-spreading box gums. This creek is remarkable from the fact that the cypress pine stops suddenly on the eastern bank, and is not seen again for 24 miles, at the 405 and

406 mile pegs, where it disappears again until approaching Alice Downs.

There is only one house at Mungallala and one at Dulbydilla, where the train waters on Dulbydilla Station, Mr. McKenzie's homestead visible on the bank of the creek close to the Railway.

MORVEN,

429 miles, is another small station township, with three hotels, three stores, and about 30 houses. It is the depôt for Ularunda, 20 miles; Chance Downs, 30; Maryvale, 7; Brunell, 14; Mount Maria, 12; Angellala, 30; Burenda, 50; Victoria Downs, 6; Ivanhoe, 4; Alice Downs, 14½; and Armadilla, 12. The train stops here 20 minutes for refreshment. This township is comparatively young, the first store being started about 11 years ago.

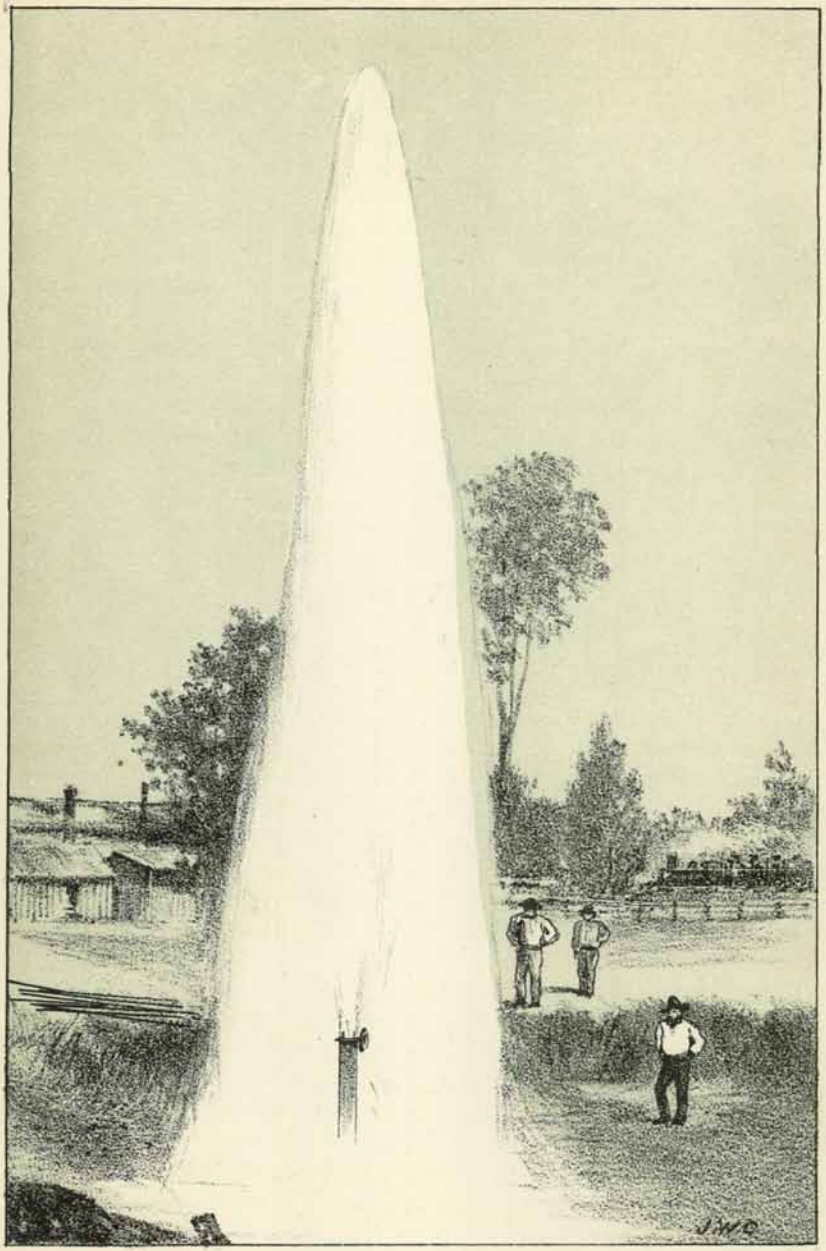
Leaving Morven the line passes through 15 or 16 miles of lightly timbered open country, and then enters scrubs of brigalow, mulga, myall, sandalwood, box gum, and currejong, with occasional bottle-trees. The weeping myall *(acacia pendula)* is a very handsome tree. Landsborough, writing in 1862 on the head of the Thompson, refers to the myall in saying, "I love these trees, their foliage is beautiful, and the wood, when cut, has a fine aromatic smell." With the blacks it was a favourite tree for spears and nullas.

Across the magnificent Victoria Downs, rolling far away in vast silent undulating waves, like some beautiful green field floating in mid-air, and rising and falling above the pressure of subterranean winds, bordered by the blue hills on the heads of the Warrego, Maranoa, and Angellala, solemn in the purple gloom of sunset, grey in the sombre noon of night, or "radiant with the glory of the dawn."

Then on over the measureless level ocean of mulga, myall, and brigalow scrubs, silent and shadowy, and "lone as incarnate death;" through avenues of tall grey bendee, the train descending long slopes, or climbing weary ascents, the two lines of rail converging in the remote distance like the sides of an attenuated pyramid, the apex dipping into infinite vacuity or rising into the sky line, and separated from the base by the sky descending in the intervening vale. And so through these mulga and myall and brigalow scrubs, past Alice Downs, embowered in cypress pines and graceful apple trees, we finally arrive at Charleville, the present terminus of the railway, which was opened through on the 1st March, 1888.

CHARLEVILLE

(966 feet) is an important little town, situated on the flat country



CHARLEVILLE ARTESIAN BORE.

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of Gowrie Station, on the banks of the Warrego River. It was named after Charleville, in County Cork, Ireland. From here you can go across level country by Augathella, Tambo, and Blackall to Barcaldine, the terminus of the Rockhampton line, or by coach to Cunnamulla, 120 miles; thence on to Barringun on the Border, a further 80 miles; from there to Bourke, an additional 200 miles, and thence down the New South Wales railway to Sydney.

Around Charleville are the following stations and their distances:—Arabella, 4; Riversleigh, 9; Wellwater 12; Nive Junction, 35; Burrendilla and Dillala, 40; Mount Morris, 70; Oakwood, 60; and Yarran Vale, 70.

Hotel accommodation is excellent—at the same charges as Roma and Toowoomba, 6s. to 10s. per day, and 30s. to 42s. per week. The climate is one of the best in Australia for eight months in the year, a wonderfully light dry atmosphere, free from all malarial exhalations. In the winter, in June, the thermometer falls to a minimum of 27°, and in December and January rises to a maximum of 117°; but the air is so dry and light and pure, that a heat of 117° is no more oppressive than 100° on the coast. This climate has the reputation of being highly beneficial to people with throat and lung complaints. The children are healthy, and the general population robust and energetic.

Here the visitor can behold the bullock team, the bullock driver, the shearer, and the wild stockman in all their pristine vigour, destitute of the artificial colouring of a more advanced civilization, many of them hard, stern men, who have led hard, stern lives, hospitable, honourable, and sincere. Charleville is supplied with vegetables from the Chinese gardens on the Warrego, and the fruits of Roma and Toowoomba can be bought at moderate prices. Even the fresh oysters of Moreton Bay can be eaten at one shilling per plate in that quiet city of the lonely West, 500 miles from their native ocean.

Game is not abundant in this district. Kendall Broadbent, the Museum zoologist, collected 96 species of birds around Charleville, among those interesting to the ordinary sportsman being the bronze wing and squatter pigeons, crested bronze wing, emu, plain turkey, night plover, dotterell, straw-necked and sacred ibis, wood duck, black duck, rose-breasted, unadorned, and sulphur-crested cockatoos. Among the parrots are the red-rumped parroquet and red-winged lory. There are some very beautiful and interesting birds among the mulga scrubs, well worthy of a visit from the naturalist.

TOOWOOMBA TO WARWICK.

(Line opened 8th January, 1871.)

SEVEN miles beyond Toowoomba, the line to Warwick and Wallangarra leaves the Western line at Gowrie Junction. Gowrie is the Toowoomba blacks name for a "big scrub," a little scrub being called "Dooree." It is situated in a lovely apple tree valley, along which the train passes out on to open undulating flat ridges, a scrub covered range on the right, and farms on the hill sides cut out of the scrub in squares, neat cottages and green cultivation diversifying the dark primeval vegetation. Across ridges and flat valleys, dwarf box gums ("bitteen" of the blacks) and the flat-topped Gowrie mountain on the right, then open plains stretching to where they curve into low hills, followed by apple tree flats on both sides, red volcanic soil superseding the black soil of Toowoomba.

The next station after passing Charlton, Wellcamp, and Westbrook, is "Cambooya," the native name of a small subaqueous tuber growing in the waterholes. It is a station 24 miles from Toowoomba, and one of the coldest spots on the Downs, on an open plain stretching away on both sides to low hills. In July, 1889, the temperature fell to 15°. About two miles away, at the foot of one of these hills on the left, you see Eton Vale head station, taken up by Arthur Hodgson and first stocked in 1841. On this station the first white man (John Manuel) was killed by the Darling Downs blacks. He came galloping home with a spear driven through his back.

From Cambooya, you travel across open black soil plains bounded by low hills, and thence up a beautiful long narrow treeless valley, gradually converging to a point in low hills, and crossing the apex of this valley you arrive at Greenmount, a wayside station in an open forest of drooping apple trees. Backward along the railway line is a charming view down the narrow valley. Behind the station house rises a straight-topped hill, about 200 feet high, covered by dwarf apple tree.

In six miles more, through open level country of silver ironbark, box gum, and apple tree, we arrive at a little wayside station called "Nobby," on the edge of a magnificent plain, stretching away ahead for miles. Two miles more and the engine stops to water at King's Creek, in the centre of a glorious plain lying in a vast amphitheatre of hills, a splendid expanse of rich agricultural country, through which a narrow permanent stream wanders from its source in the hills far away across the plain to the left. This station is named after the owner of the run which includes the plain.

From King's Creek the train passes across this red soil plain until arrival at Clifton, a rising little township, surrounded by land purchased by farmers from a syndicate, who bought from the squatter, and now being rapidly utilised for agricultural purposes. Clifton has already two hotels, two or three stores, a church, and several private houses. It stands on the open plain in a fine healthy situation.

In two miles more you pass Clifton colliery, the site of a coal mine, not worked for some time. At 60 feet is a seam four to five feet thick, a two feet seam at 80 feet, and a small seam at 100 feet. Thence on across the beautiful open rolling downs of Talgai, through flats of box gums to Talgai gate house, where the train stops for goods or passengers. Talgai in the "Toowoomba" and "Cooyar" dialects means "dead trees." Near this station you can see the residence of Mr. Clarke, the owner of Talgai, and beyond, far away across a vista of intervening plain, you see the town of Allora, reposing near the foot of low hills.

In two miles more you arrive at Hendon, 53 miles from Toowoomba. Approaching Hendon, you see Allora township away across the plains about three miles to the left, at one edge of the base of a long narrow valley, which runs away beyond to a point under the deep gaps and towering peaks of the main range, conspicuous among those gaps the one through which Cunningham the botanist passed in 1829, the first white man to behold the splendid country of the Darling Downs. Allora is the native name of a lagoon on Goomburra station. The blacks pronounce it "Gnallora." It is a small and prosperous township, in the midst of some very rich agricultural country. The town, incorporated on 24th of July, 1869, has an area of 12,000 acres, a municipal council, banks, stores, hotels, churches, a farmers' association, School of Arts, and a population of about 1200 people. Hendon is the railway station for Allora, and stands on a flat ridge covered by a box gum shrubbery.

Four miles beyond Hendon, you pass a little station called Deuchar, at the foot of an apple tree slope on the edge of a black soil plain, a mile across and several miles in length. Crossing this plain you see Allora once more, far away along the plain to the left.

Three miles more you arrive at Toolburra station on the Condamine. The Condamine here is a deep narrow stream about sixty feet wide, fringed by heavy box gums. The blacks of the Downs call it "Mooyum." The name "Condamine" was given in honour of Governor Darling's Aide-de-Camp, M. De la Condamine. The word "Toolburra" in the Wakka dialect means "throwing the spear," literally the quivering motion given to the spear in balancing before

it is thrown. It is also used to describe the throwing of any weapon with deadly intentions.

Farms border the Condamine, and rich open plain country and apple flats stretch away to far off low ranges on the edge of the horizon. After passing the two small stations of Rosehill and Millhill the train arrives at

WARWICK.

Warwick, a town of over 4000 people, is 169 miles from Brisbane by the line through Toowoomba, but a proposed *via recta* railway from the Fassifern line direct across the range would shorten the distance to 157 miles, and reduce the overland journey to Sydney by three hours. Warwick dates back to 1847. In that year the present site of the town was occupied by George Leslie's sheep station. Patrick Leslie, who took up the adjoining station of Canning Downs in 1840, selected the site of Warwick, and bought an allotment for £4, at the first land sale on July 31st, 1850. At first they proposed to call it "Canningtown," but as this savoured too much of a jam factory or a tinsmith's shop, it was changed to Warwick, presumably after the potent Earl who was supposed to hold a patent for manufacturing kings in an exciting period of British history. Warwick was visited in March, 1860, by Sir George Bowen, who compared the Darling Downs to the "classic plains of Thessaly," and in reply to a cavalcade of horsemen who presented him with an address of welcome, he expressed an opinion that "there were only two places in the world where he could be received by such a splendid body of cavalry, and those were England and Warwick!" There is no record of the effect of this sublime compliment on the assembled Centaurs, nor anything to show if it was the outcome of an abnormally keen sense of humour, or the consequence of external or internal inspiration, but it was probably too much for the Warwick horsemen, as they disappeared at once from the plain of history, and have never been seen since. Warwick was incorporated on May 25th, 1861. The town is beautifully situated and admirably laid out. It stands on the banks of the Condamine, which curves round it from right to left. Warwick is the centre of one of the richest and loveliest agricultural districts in Queensland. It occupies high, dry, level, solid country, absolutely free from malaria, and enjoying a genial and healthy climate. In 1889 the mean shade in January was 75°, the mean maximum 89°; the highest 99°, the lowest 60°. In June, the mean shade was 50°, the mean maximum 60°; the highest 71°, the lowest 21°. The rainfall for 1887 was 49 inches.

Warwick is one of the cleanest towns in Queensland, the streets

broad and well formed. It has an attraction possessed unfortunately by no other town in the colony. The town surrounds two large and handsome public squares, planted with choice trees, and laid out until they look like a botanic garden. These two squares contain an area of 20 acres. There are many attractive public buildings, chief of which is the Town Hall, from the tower of which, the visitor can obtain a magnificent view of the town and surrounding district. The Masonic Hall is a graceful building externally and internally. These buildings, as well as the Railway Station, and much of the town itself, are built with local granite, a durable and handsome stone. There are four neat stone churches, four banks, and 17 hotels. The press is represented by two bi-weekly newspapers, the *Argus* and the *Examiner*, creditable to the district and themselves. The three State Schools, the R. C. School, and two private schools, represent about a thousand children. There are two large flour mills constantly at work on locally grown wheat, the flour equal to the best from South Australian mills.

It is necessary for the visitor to make a tour round the district, or at least run out on the Killarney railway, before he can obtain any idea whatever of the splendid agricultural resources and delightful scenery of this district, so lavishly favoured by nature. The Warwick shows display fruit and vegetables unsurpassed in Australia. The wheat is remarkable for quality and weight. There is no town in the colony in which living is cheaper and better to people who have their own homes. Farm and dairy produce, fowls, eggs, ducks, turkeys, fruit and vegetables, are abundant and excellent, at a reasonable price. Grapes in season are only a penny and twopence per pound, quality unexcelled. This is a region worthy of the eulogism expressed in 1854 by Dr. Lang, who said, "Warwick is beautifully situated on a bend of the Condamine River, which skirts the western extremity of the Downs. It has all the requisites of a first class country town—plenty of the finest land for cultivation, with an extensive pastoral country around it for sheep and cattle; excellent water in abundance, and interesting scenery in the distance in the great dividing range, while the elevation above sea level insures it one of the finest climates imaginable."

Sir George Bowen spoke of the "lovely scenery and delicious climate," and the "splendid welcome accorded to his first visit to this rich and beautiful country."

Warwick stands on an outcrop of carboniferous sandstone, containing numberless specimens of fossil wood changed to iron ore.

TOOWOOMBA TO PITTSWORTH.

(Plans approved October 20th, 1885; opened Sept. 19th, 1887.)

TWENTY miles from Toowoomba, along the Warwick line, the Pittsworth branch turns off at the Beauaraba Junction. This station ought to be spelled "Boarraba," or strictly "Boarroa," a native name, meaning a pathway obstructed by thick bushes or fallen trees, from "boarb," dry bushes, and "ba," there, literally "dead bushes there."

This railway, which is only 16 miles long, runs for the first twelve miles through Eton Vale station to "Green Hills," at the boundary of the old Felton run, the leased portion of which was resumed and thrown open under the Act of 1876, and selected in homesteads with an occasional 320 and 640 block. A portion of Eton Vale was also resumed and thrown open as a homestead area. From the Junction to Umbiram, the line passes for six miles through beautiful open country, adapted to agriculture, but devoted solely to pastoral purposes, being part of the station freehold. Umbiram should be "Yoombiram," a native name for a curving water course, water travelling circuitously. It stands on a small three armed plain, on fertile soil, and in attractive scenery. Four miles beyond is Southbrook, a wayside station and hotel. From here on to Broxburn, past the wayside station of Green Hills, the line traverses fine open undulating country, with silver ironbark and apple-tree.

Broxburn is a small station in the midst of farms, and open land with box gums, apple-tree, and silver ironbark. This continues for four miles to Pittsworth, the present terminus of the line, named by a former Queensland Postmaster-General after his father-in-law, Mr. Pitts, once the owner of Grantham station and one of the pastoral pioneers.

Pittsworth is a small town, built on level, solid country, forming part of old Felton station. It has four hotels, seven stores, a bank, two butchers, and various tradesmen, besides many private houses. It is the depôt for ten or twelve stations, besides many grazing farmers and a large and important agricultural district. The Beauaraba scrub is three miles away, a tract covered by cypress pine, brigalow, and forest oak, most of it selected by industrious German settlers. Pittsworth is a neat and prosperous little town, in a pleasant and healthy locality. It is situated just a mile and a half from Leslie's first crossing of the Condamine, in 1840.

WARWICK TO WALLANGARRA.

THE plans of the railway from Warwick to Stanthorpe were approved on the 7th of August, 1877, and the line opened on December 8th, 1880, a distance of 38 miles. The remaining line of 26 miles to Wallangarra was opened on the 14th of February, 1887. This line runs across stanniferous granite country, undulating ridges, broken spurs, low hills, and small sequestered valleys, timbered by dwarf gums, apple-tree, and honeysuckle, until you arrive at Stanthorpe, a town 207 miles from Brisbane, and 2,656 feet above the sea.

STANTHORPE

is a town within three miles of the New South Wales border, in a straight line, and 11 miles by train. It stands surrounded by over 500 square miles of mineral country. From the opening of the tin mines in 1872, to May, 1875, they produced 14,200 tons of ore, worth £716,000. The following five years represented 16,000 tons, worth £820,000, and the mines still produce ore to the value of over £40,000 per annum. Stanthorpe, including the district, has a population of over 3,000 people. It is built on high, dry, perfectly drained granite country, and enjoys one of the healthiest climates in Australia. Last year, 1889, the mean shade in January was 72°, the highest 92°; the mean minimum 58°, the lowest 49°. In March the thermometer ranged from a mean shade maximum of 79° to a minimum of 42°; April, from 69° to 39°; May, from 62° to 35°; June, from 53° to 27°; July the same; and August 56° to 27°. There is really no purer atmosphere or more equable climate in the world. In the district are pastoral stations famous for the quality of their wool, and in the sheltered vales and flats are limited areas of rich soil, where many fruits and vegetables grow to perfection. There are famous orchards around Stanthorpe, and they produce apples, plums, and grapes of the finest flavour and largest size. The

town is the centre of an important farming, mining, and fruit growing district, with sufficient resources to ensure permanent prosperity. There are three banks, and several stores and hotels, the latter offering the traveller satisfactory accommodation. The press is represented by the *Border Post*.

Leaving Stanthorpe, the line passes away through the same class of country, huge granite boulders on each side, grey granite hills, with occasional gleams of a panorama of distant ranges, apple-tree flats, little valleys, and small streams flowing over flat granite beds, ridges and slopes timbered by apple tree, box gums, casuarinas, and small bushy pines. Open forests of dwarf gums, occasional apple-tree, granite everywhere exposed on the surface, a low semi-circular granite range on the left, with huge piles of bare rock, hills rising on the right, dwarf gums and granite until you arrive at

WALLANGARRA,

the terminus of the Queensland railway on the boundary of New South Wales. The proper sound of this word is "Wallan-garra," meaning in the Yookum-Yookum dialect, "long water." It is the native name of a lagoon near Inverell. In Howitt's search for Burke and Wills, he mentions a river called the "Warrangarra," a word identical with Wallangarra. Here the traveller leaves the Queensland railway on one side of the station building and enters the carriages on the New South Wales line on the other; passes from the 3ft. 6in. to the 4ft. 8½in. guage.

Eleven miles beyond Wallangarra is the town of Tenterfield, also in granite country, favoured by good soil and healthy climate. At Wallangarra you are 2,876 feet above the level of the sea. From there to Sydney is a distance of 490 miles, a pleasant journey through interesting and picturesque country, especially beyond Glen Innes, on to Armidale, and thence down by Uralla and Tamworth right through to Sydney. At Glen Innes you rise to 3,518 feet, Armidale 3,313 feet, Uralla 3,335, and on the summit of Ben Lomond (between Glen Innes and Armidale) 4,471 feet above the sea. The climate of New England, as one might suppose from the elevation, is one of the best in Australia, the people having the fresh looks and rosy cheeks peculiar to high latitudes and cool climates.

KILLARNEY FALLS.

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WARWICK TO KILLARNEY.

(Line opened through, 24th August, 1885.)

THIS is a railway running out from Warwick 27 miles into the valley of Killarney towards the Main Range. This valley is really one of the most interesting and delightful localities in South Queensland. No tourist or visitor *can* leave the colony without a trip through that charming district. The Killarney line leaves the main railway a mile on the Toowoomba side of Warwick, and passes away through a region renowned for the fertility of the soil, the loveliness of the scenery, and the geniality of the climate. For the whole distance it traverses the oldest station on the Darling Downs, taken up by Patrick Leslie in 1841. This station, called "Canning Downs," is now the property of J. D. Macansh, M.L.C., who succeeded to the ownership after the late F. J. C. Wildash.

There is no necessity to describe the journey in detail. All the intermediate stoppages are at small wayside stations established for the convenience of the surrounding agriculturists.

Hermitage, five miles out, is one of these, situated on a low ridge in the midst of farms, commanding a glorious view of the plain on the right, stretching away in graceful undulations to the bordering forest, which curves far off into a vast amphitheatre of fantastic ranges.

Two miles more and you arrive in the lovely valley of Swan Creek, running away in the shape of an elongated pyramid for 12 miles into high ranges, guarded on both sides by the converging slopes. On the left, at the base of this pyramid, is Mount Sturt (called "Mooganmilly" by the blacks), confused hills, green slopes, scrub-covered heights, farms far up on picturesque lonely spurs, white cottages, green fields, haystacks, cattle and horses, ironbark ridges, drooping apple-tree *(Nookininda)*, and various flowering

eucalypts. Passing Summerhill and Mount Sturt Stations we arrive at Yangan, 13 miles from Warwick, surrounded by apple and gum-tree ridges, to the left a beautiful and fertile valley running to a point, high hills standing sentry on each side, their sides furrowed by ridges and grooved by ravines, farms far up towards the summits, set as illuminated pictures in their dark and sombre frames of primeval scrub. In the "Yakumbah" dialect, "Yangan" means "gone away." From here you see a cone-shaped hill like a vast hat, the wide drooping rim covered by cultivated farms terminating in dense scrubs at the base of the crown, the scrub extending over the summit. Passing Rockbrae you arrive at

EMU VALE.

This is a magnificent picture, to which we may appropriately apply Sir Thomas Mitchell's quotation describing the Maranoa in 1846 :—

> "Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers—
> The negligence of Nature—wide and wild,
> Where, undisguised by mimic art, she spreads
> Unbounded beauty to the roving eye."

The stream traversing this vale is called "Mungurraget" by the natives, the adjoining high hill, "Moondigáhlo." We may regret that Swan Creek was not called after "Caneébie," the swan, and Emu Vale "Moorit," the emu. Emu Vale descends from its apex among high ranges, the flanks of which are occupied here and there by picturesque farms, and spread a wide base far out over the adjoining plain, flecked by green fields and white cottages.

From here to the next station, the train passes through open country, a splendid view to the rear, towering hills with cliffs peeping from the dark forest, extensive parks, long-pointed spurs descending from the hills into apple-tree flats, the base of the hills not more than a mile away, and we arrive at "Danderoo," where a spur of Mt. Mitchell comes down within 400 yards of the station. Danderoo might be either the "Turrubul" word for ironbark, or derived from the Killarney blacks, "Dandi," an old man. From here you have apple-tree flats on the right and sloping ridges on the left, graceful parks and dome-shaped ridges on both sides, far stretching apple-tree flats, and then a mile of forest oak on each side, opening out again on apple-tree at Farm Creek, within a few yards of which is "Tannymorel" Station, a locality known to the blacks as "Boorigonoorigan," a name not specially in accordance

with economy of time and space, or in absolute harmony with the linguistic movements of the ordinary human jaw. This station stands on black soil, surrounded by apple-tree flats.

Five miles more across open country, flats and ridges, skirting low hills covered by scrub on the left, an open plain on the right, and you arrive at Killarney, the terminus of the line, on the apex of the plain, in a semicircle of beautiful and picturesque scrub-covered hills, farms peeping here and there from the slopes and low summits, the little Government town of Killarney about a mile away across the flat, the plain stretching far off down Killarney Creek, the head of the Condamine River. Beside the station is a good well-kept hotel, two banks, a large store, and a sawmill. You are now in a pure air and genial climate, in the midst of delightful scenery. Within easy distance by good road are three picturesque waterfalls. The nearest is four miles from the station, on the south branch of Spring Creek, about half-a-mile above Brown's selection, up the bed of the creek through the scrub. The blacks call this fall "Kindilkindileé," a name derived from the sound of the falling water. There is a perpendicular descent of about 70 feet, the water falling into a basin encircled by loose rocks. You can walk round between the fall and the cliff across a carpet of perpetually green aqueous plants. All round and overhead towers the unbroken scrub, a pleasant scene to all who can appreciate the beautiful. Around this fall is a Government reserve of 12 acres. The principal fall is on the north branch of Spring Creek, only about five miles from Killarney Station. The creek comes down along a flat valley on the tableland through open forest country, and plunges suddenly from the top of a circular rock like the crest of a dome, and falls clear through space on to the rocks, 120 feet below. The bare cliff-faced rock stands as the segment of a circle behind the descending column of water. The base of the rock, at the rear of the water, is carpeted by bright green beautiful plants, fantastically radiating over all available resting places in crevices and on ledges. Below the fall is a narrow, rapidly descending, gloomy ravine, flanked by savage rocks, crowned by towering pines and eucalypts. On each side rise high steep forest ridges. In the bottom of the ravine, on each side of the torrent, are beautiful green ferns, still more beautiful when their innocent repose and loveliness is contrasted with the terror and the madness of the cataract above, and the roar and rush of foam-covered waters below. This is a splendid scene. The artist and the lover of nature will be no less delighted than the poetic soul dwelling ever in the Elysian realms of romance, the "parent of

golden dreams." The blacks call this fall "Gooboorabee," or the "dead bear's falls," alluding to the tragic death of some ancient bear, the victim of an unforeseen accident or suicide, induced by indigestion and irregular habits.

On the way to this fall you pass one of the best apple orchards in the colony, some of the trees nearly 20 years old. It is the property of a selector named Dagg, who has proved that apples of all kinds can be grown there to perfection. The orchard occupies 20 acres, on the terminal point of a spur ending in the creek in a narrow valley between high hills. The orchard itself is well worth a visit in January and February when the apples are in season.

There is another waterfall on the same creek lower down. The surrounding hills offer a splendid field for the botanist, the dense scrubs and gigantic vegetation hiding in their recesses many rare and beautiful forms of vegetable life.

The artist will be charmed with the variety and the glories of the scenery of the whole district. The sportsman can fish for cod or perch in the creeks, or shoot scrub turkeys and wonga and flock pigeons in the adjacent scrubs. On the summit of one of the neighbouring ranges is an open space called "Sunday Plain," the "Wallahra" of the blacks. You can ride or walk to the top and behold a magnificent view to all points of the compass.

Killarney is one of the richest agricultural districts in Queensland, and has also the proud distinction of being one of the most beautiful and attractive for all classes of people.

Three miles down Killarney Creek, on the open plain, is the Killarney lake, called "Goombat" by the blacks, a sheet of water that forms a favourite habitat for waterfowl. In the Killarney valley are small herds of red deer, descended from imported stock, turned loose on Canning Downs Station on September 1st, 1873. Occasionally one is shot by the farmers when making surreptitious night raids on the young crops.

TOOWOOMBA TO CROW'S NEST.

(Line opened through, 6th December, 1886.)

FIVE miles from Toowoomba, on the main line, is the Pengarry Junction, where a branch line turns off towards the main range, and runs for 29 miles across rich red volcanic soil to a terminal township called the "Crow's Nest.

One mile from the Junction is "Birnam," a wayside station on the edge of a valley, the main line in sight to the left on the other side, a large apple orchard near the station house at the foot of apple-tree and box gum ridges. The next station is Cawdor, on the crest of a slope in ironbark, box, and grey gum country, with farms on each side. Thence the train passes through flat ridges of apple-tree with occasional farms, then gum, apple and ironbark, farms on both sides, undulating low ridges, past the wayside stations of "Shirley," "Woolmer," and Dunsinane. At "Woolmer" the train stops for water, red soil farms on both sides.

MERINGANDAN.

The correct sound of this word is Moorin-gan-dan, though pronounced sharply "Meringandan." In the Wakka dialect it means "broken fire clay," from "Moorin," fire clay, and gandan, broken to pieces; referring to the use of this clay in painting the bodies for war or corrobborees. It is the beginning of what will likely be a prosperous little township, a busy place, with church, hotel, and store, the depôt for a large number of flourishing farmers, in a district of rich red volcanic soil, with a genial and healthy climate. The situation is perfect. On one side is a picturesque little hill overlooking the site of the town, on the other a beautiful green valley, occupied by farms, and bounded on the far side by graceful hills and a long dark scrub covered range. The tourist will be delighted with the picture seen from this pleasantly situated embryo township.

In two more miles we pass Klienton, a station named after a local farmer named Klien, said to be the first man to introduce bees on the Darling Downs. It stands on level country covered by gums

and ironbark. A mile beyond, on the left, are several large and active brickyards.

Thence on, across gentle slopes and low ridges, with forests of young gums, wattles, and heavy blackbutt, and woolly butt gums to "Cabarlah," (Wakka name for the black opossum) a small station, on flat country of stringy bark and black and woolly butt gums. Beside the station is a store and post office, with a garden attached, and two hotels in the village close by. Around all stands the unbroken primeval forest.

On through bloodwood, black and woolly butt gums, oaks, apple-tree, stringy bark, wattles, and honeysuckle, to "Geham," a wayside station in level oak and gum forest, followed by farms on flat ridges, and apple-tree slopes.

Next to Geham is Mount Pleasant, in unoccupied flat country, with oaks, apple-tree, and gums.

Thence on through fine, level, open forest of apple-tree, and forest oaks, stringy bark, bloodwood, and black and woolly butt gums, past the wayside station named "Taylor," in a heavy forest of oak, bloodwood, and stringy bark, through flat country of forest oak, and blackbutt, to "Pechey," named after E. W. Pechey, a former M.L.A. for the district, and now the proprietor of the saw mill beside the station, and the adjoining private houses. You are here within a few hundred yards of the edge of the main range, at an elevation of 2000 feet, in a delightfully cool and bracing climate. In four miles more the train arrives at the terminus,

CROW'S NEST.

This little township stands on the eastern slope of the main range, in one of the best timbered districts in South Queensland, the chief timbers being hoop pine, black and woolly butt gums, ironbark, stringy bark, and bloodwood. The site of the town was first surveyed in 1876. The native name of the locality is "Dambagoondammie," which in the "Cooyar" dialect means a "general crossing place," alluding to the track across the creek where the blacks passed from the range to the valleys below. Near Crow's Nest are three cattle stations—Emu Creek, 15 miles; Eskdale, 15 miles; and Nukininda ("drooping apple-tree"), 18 miles to the north east. Only a space of 25 miles separates Crow's Nest from Mount Esk, the terminus of the Brisbane Valley Railway.

Crow's Nest possesses a court house and police barracks, a state school, post and telegraph office, 2 hotels, stores, and the usual tradesmen, a Jockey Club and Debating Society.

BRISBANE TO CLEVELAND.

THIS suburban line of 21 miles, opened on the 1st November, 1889, connects the metropolis with the marine watering town of Cleveland, situated on the shores of Moreton Bay, a few miles south of the Brisbane River, and about opposite the Passage between Moreton and Stradbroke Islands. The train starts from South Brisbane, at the Woolloongabba station, and passes for the first couple of miles through a thickly populated suburb, and thence out into rather uninteresting country of low ridges, intersected by oak or tea-tree flats, chiefly poor soil, timbered by bloodwood, ironbark, and grey and white gums, past two or three small wayside stations until you arrive at Hemmant, on a low-lying flat, bordered by the Brisbane River, which is visible a quarter of a mile away. This is the spot chosen for the first established Queensland Aquarium. For the next three miles the same country is traversed, until you arrive at Wynnum (native name of breadfruit tree) a seaside resort, built on high dry ridges sloping to the shores of the Bay, country adapted for a healthy seaside residence. Beyond Wynnum you travel parallel to the Bay, the black soil alternating with the red volcanic, timbered by casuarinas, large white gums, tea-tree and ironbark, passing Ormiston, previous to which you enjoy a fine view of the Bay and Moreton Island. Ormiston station is named after the adjoining sugar plantation, one of the first in Queensland, originally the property of the Hon. Louis Hope. Here the first ton of Queensland sugar was made on September 9th, 1864. Two miles from Ormiston, where the train waters, across exactly the same country as before, the train emerges from the timber on to the open beach, and before you is the town of

CLEVELAND,

situated on a long narrow volcanic peninsula, terminating in a point, with two jetties running out into the Bay. Cleveland, in the

early days, passed through an eventful period. At the time of a bitter and narrow rivalry between Brisbane and Ipswich, there arose a proposal to construct a tramway from Ipswich to Cleveland, and make the volcanic point the seaport for all the country of the West. In 1854, Dr. Lang, then on a visit to Brisbane, wrote a letter to the *Courier*, dated 17th of August, ridiculing the proposal as an absurdity. He went down to see Cleveland Point, with which he was favourably impressed, and in imagination foresaw a prosperous farming population and "numerous steamboats paddling along the now silent waters of this inland sea, maintaining a perpetual intercourse between the small towns and villages on its shores, and the capital city." He alludes sarcastically to "Bigge's Folly," a large vacant house and store erected there by a Mr. Bigge, a squatter of the period, one evidently animated by an unfriendly feeling to Brisbane; yet Mr. Bigge represented the public sentiments of Ipswich and some of the squatters of the Downs. Lang compared the bay in front of Cleveland to Long Island Sound, at New York. But if Cleveland was not to be the seaport of the South, it was destined to become a permanent watering place, possessing its own special advantages, and certain to command a fair share of patronage in the face of all other marine competitors.

SOUTHPORT RAILWAY.

(First contract of 29 miles 14 chains let on December 29th, 1886, for £153,832.)

THIS line runs from Brisbane to Southport, a marine watering place 50 miles away, situated on the shores of Moreton Bay, where it joins the Pacific at the south end of Stradbroke Island. The ocean, the bay, and Nerang River junction in the one point, and the town commands a perfect view of the bay and ocean, while Nerang forms the southern boundary and passes away westward through a fertile valley to its source in the outlying spurs of the McPherson Range.

The scenery on this line is not particularly attractive to the tourist. After leaving South Brisbane you pass for three or four miles through suburban country until you emerge into a beautiful view of the Brisbane River on the right, the thickly populated valley stretching far away to the foot of the dark blue ranges on the edge of the horizon. Thence on to the Logan River the line passes through rather dreary ridges and small intervening flats covered by ironbark, bloodwood, turpentine, wattle, and casuarinas. The Logan River was named after the discoverer, Captain Logan, of the 57th Regiment, Commandant at Moreton Bay, in Governor Darling's reign. He was killed either by the blacks or his own men, near the Pine Mountain at Ipswich. The native name of the river is Goanba. It is a narrow deep stream, rising in the McPherson Range, and flowing into Moreton Bay. The land on both banks is fertile, and the entire valley occupied by industrious farmers. There are some very beautiful scenes on the Logan, both above and below the railway. The sugar industry has declined from the proud position it held 15 years ago, when the large mills were in full working order, and wide fields of dark green cane lined the banks and clothed the neighbouring slopes, but some vitality has yet survived the frosts and low prices, on both the Logan and the Albert.

After crossing the Logan, the train passes through Beenleigh, a

small town of 400 people, situated midway between the two rivers. It is supported by the surrounding agricultural district. There are several hotels, stores, and fruit shops, and the press is represented by the Logan *Witness*, a weekly paper established on January 7, 1878.

Two miles beyond Beenleigh the train crosses the Albert, a river about the same size as the Logan, rising in the same range, and entering the bay near the same locality. This river was named after Prince Albert. The native name is "Birraboon." Thence on to the Coomera River, there is little or no settlement, except at Pimpama (native—"swamp between two hills") where lies a tract of rich land on Pimpama Creek, famous for the local arrowroot and general productiveness. There was a sugar plantation there over 20 years ago. The fertile part of this district is not visible from the railway. From there to the Coomera the line passes across high, dry ridges, heavily timbered with eucalypts, casuarinas, and wattle. The Coomera, 38 miles from Brisbane, is a small river also rising in the McPherson spurs, and flowing into Moreton Bay. Originally it was called the "Arrowsmith," and then "Kumera-Kumera," which finally shortened to "Coomera," a senseless name for a river, being the Nerang native word for ground. It is said to be a Maori name for some kind of yam. It is also the native name of one of our trees, a pipturus. This stream flows through a fertile valley, settled by prosperous farmers. This river, like the Logan, Albert, and Nerang, rises among dense scrubs, from which immense quantities of red cedar and pine have been cut, and rafted down since the earliest days of settlement. From the Coomera to Southport is another belt of very uninteresting country, flats and ridges covered by bloodwood, ironbark, several species of gums, stringybark, and casuarinas.

Between the Coomera and Southport, the main line turns away to Upper Nerang, where it passes through Nerang township and crosses the river to the present terminus. This line will ultimately extend to the Tweed border of Queensland, and form part of the intercoastal lines of the two colonies.

Southport was named after the Southport of Lancashire. The native name is "Cooyan."

Nerang was named from Neérang, the shovel-nosed shark, which was once very plentiful about the mouth of the river. The native name is "Mogumbin." Opposite is Stradbroke Island, the Minjerribah of the blacks, and beyond to the northward lies Moreton Island, "Gnoorganbin."

Deep Water Point, a mile along the beach is "Karragognumbin,"

the place where the wind banked up the clean sand drifts. Loder's creek should be "Biggerabah,"—the ironbark creek; and the creek erroneously called "Biggera" should be "Talgalgan,"—where the water at the crossing reaches the stomach (Tal.)

The first hotel in Southport was erected in 1877. Now it is a large and important watering place, with a comparatively fixed population of about a thousand people, and liberal accommodation in excellent boarding houses, and commodious and well kept hotels, in all required positions. Houses, furnished or unfurnished, can be rented by families at all seasons of the year, and living is remarkably reasonable. The best hotels charge 10s. per day, or £2 2s. per week; the best boarding houses from 30s. to 42s. weekly. There is a constant supply of fish and oysters. Boating and rowing men have splendid facilities on the sheltered bay, or in the sequestered reaches of the river, which is navigable to Nerang township.

The fisherman will find the fishing highly satisfactory. Whiting, bream, and flat-head are surprisingly abundant, and caught daily in great numbers.

Crossing over to the mainland or to Stradbroke, a journey of only a few minutes, the visitor will find himself on one of the grandest sea sand beaches in Australia, stretching north 30 miles to the end of the Island, or south 20 miles to the township of Coolangatta, at the mouth of the Tweed. On these magnificent beaches, a hundred yards wide, the vast waves roll in from the open ocean, breaking with the roar of thunder in tumultuous white surf and spray drifts on the outer barrier, and thence scattering into long swift waves chasing each other across the sand, and expiring in ripples far up towards the sand dunes, white and silent with their green tree caps of breadfruit and honeysuckle. Here is a safe and unlimited bathing place, with advantages and joys unknown in the calm waters of bays and rivers. At half-tide or low tide the beach presents a hard and glorious track for horses and vehicles.

Southwards, nine miles towards the Tweed, at the mouth of Tallebudgera Creek, stands Burleigh Head, a rocky scrub covered promontory, ending abruptly in a precipice overhanging the surf. Burleigh Head has several native names. It is known as "Gumbelmoy," a rock, "Choomgoon," a wallaby, and "Burralba," from "Burrall," the sword fish. It is known to the Brunswick blacks as "Jayling." Tallebudgera is a combination of "talle" (fish) and "budgerie" (good) literally "plenty fish." The word "budgerie" is imported and has no right in that locality. Burleigh is destined to be an important watering place, being a lovely spot, enjoying special advantages.

A few miles along a pleasant beach and the tourist arrives at the township of "Coolangatta," named after a steamer wrecked there August 18th, 1846, a word from the dialect of the Hunter River tribes. It is surveyed on the base of Point Danger on the border of New South Wales. The native name of Point Danger is Booningba, from "booning" the porcupine. The small island off the coast, known as Cook's Island, is called Joongurra-gnarrian, literally "the pelican's corrobboree ground."

The tourist can cross the Tweed, and ride or drive for 30 miles along the splendid beach to the Brunswick River, ("Dirrambool.") He can cross the Brunswick, and passing Cape Byron in 10 miles, continue on for 20 miles more to Ballina on the Richmond, the whole journey being a delightful pleasure trip in fine weather. Hotel accomodation will be found at the Brunswick and Cape Byron.

The Southport visitor can cross on to Stradbroke and ramble on the beach or in the scrubs of the island, take a boat away up Nerang among the settlers, shooting and fishing, or go over to the main beach and walk, ride, or drive to Burleigh or the Tweed The naturalist will find the scrubs of Stradbroke a very fair specimen ground for the regent bird and many thrushes and honey eaters, or he can go to the brushes at the head of Nerang in the habitat of the rifle and lyre birds. The sportsman will find ducks and snipe, plover and curlew, among the creeks and swamps of Coombabah, wallabies and kangaroo in all the forest country, and scrub turkeys and wongas in the brushes. The oyster gourmand will find Southport a Paradise; the fisherman can hardly cast his lines in the wrong place; the invalid will inhale a sea air as pure as any in Australia. The botanist has an extensive and interesting and, so far, comparatively unknown field at the head of Nerang and Tallebudgera in the dense cedar jungle. The entomologist will find butterflies and insects of many species abundant everywhere from October to March.

The climate is tempered by the prevailing sea breeze. The highest shade of January is 90°, the lowest 65°; April shows 84° and 60° as highest and lowest; June, 74° and 45°; August, 73° and 49°. There are, therefore, no violent changes of temperature and no extremes of heat and cold.

There are two jetties, one at the mouth of Nerang, and the other at the centre of the town, an iron structure 800 feet long and costing £3400, erected by a private company. Attached to this jetty are commodious baths with hot and cold water.

Ipswich to Esk.

THIS railway runs from Ipswich along the valley of the Brisbane River to Mount Esk, a distance of 43 miles. The trip is interesting to the general tourist and to the visitor on the look out for a good farm in a healthy climate. No one will regret the time and cost of a run along that pleasant and prosperous valley. The line leaves the main railway two miles beyond Ipswich, and for three miles to Brassall passes across high dry flat ridges and park-like country, covered by specially attractive eucalyptus, bloodwood, and grey and white gums, which in January and February are flowering in splendid profusion, diffusing a delightful odour in the surrounding atmosphere. At Brassall, a wayside station, we come to the first houses and cultivation; thence on through the same country as before for a couple of miles to the Pine Mountain Station. The Pine Mountain itself, called "Kambratcheban" by the natives, is some distance away to the right. Vast quantities of pine and cedar were cut on and around this mountain in past years. It is now under cultivation from base to summit. Around the railway station grow bloodwood, turpentine, red and white gums, ironbark, and acacias.

This country continues two miles to "Barallon," a wayside station for the neighbouring settlers, thence across Sandy Creek for two miles to Glamorgan, a station standing in eucalyptus country, and used as a produce depôt by many of the adjoining farmers. Thence for two miles to Fairneyview, a similar station, and in three miles beyond we arrive at Fernvale, a small town on level dry forest country, the centre of an extensive agricultural district. Three miles from Fernvale the train stops at Vernor, named after a local resident, an old army captain. Here we skirt the edge of the Rosewood Scrub. This spot presents a very beautiful scene. On the right, the rich flats under cultivation slope gently to the banks of the Brisbane River, the "Magenjie" or big river of the Cooyar blacks, bordered by white stemmed eucalyptus. On the left rise the terminal hills of the Rosewood Scrub, "Cowpanby"—(all brigalow) descending to the edge of the railway line, graceful slopes parted by deep narrow ravines, all converging from a semicircular range to the valley, these slopes and ravines under cultivation, which extends downward in a curving sweep into the flat below. The river here is narrow, and runs between banks 50 or 60 feet in height. Leaving this very pretty spot, the train passes for two miles along the river, with brigalow scrub hills on the left, some of

them dipping to the line, farms on every slope and flat, until we arrive at the picturesque rural village of Lowood, spread out on the tops and sides of low hills about a hundred feet high, rich scrub land, part of that grand expanse of farming country stretching away to the Laidley Plains, containing about a hundred square miles, remarkable for general fertility of soil and salubrity of climate. There are hotels and stores and many private houses at Lowood, which promises to be a considerable township. On the opposite side of the river there is a fine view of park-like flats, covered by handsome white-stemmed eucalyptus and graceful apple-trees.

After passing Lowood the train runs for four miles through extensive open forest flats, lightly timbered, to Clarendon, a small wayside station, beyond which we cross the Lockyer, a Brisbane River tributary named after Major Lockyer. From the Lockyer, a narrow running stream about 30 yards wide, fringed by melaleucas, we pass for three miles across open flats, timbered by various eucalypts, on to Bellevue, a wayside station on a spotted gum and ironbark flat. Beyond Bellevue we travel through open flat land, timbered by ironbark, red and white gums, turpentine, bloodwood, and apple-tree—clean stem trees, no undergrowth, the whole scene that of a vast park, with open glades stretching away out of sight.

Before arriving at Mount Hallon we cross Logan's Creek, a small narrow rivulet coming down from the mountains. Here is the spot where Captain Logan, Commandant of the Convict Settlement at Moreton Bay, discoverer of Ipswich and the Logan River, was killed on October 16th, 1830, while engaged exploring. Opinion divided on whether he was speared by the blacks or killed by his own men. Sufficient for us is the solid fact that he was killed by somebody.

Mount Hallon, a scrub-covered, level-topped, solitary hill, about 700 or 800 feet, rises on the left close to the railway. The vegetation here includes groves of casuarinæ (forest oak), grey and white gums, Moreton Bay ash, acacias, grass-tree, apple-tree, ironbark, turpentine, honeysuckle, and beefwood. This is open, picturesque country, high ridges, graceful slopes, and steep ravines. Passing Mount Hallon we cross undulating spurs thickly wooded, chiefly by apple-tree and bloodwood. Six miles beyond Mount Hallon through open country of apple-tree flats and low eucalyptus ridges, we arrive at the charming little township of Esk, situated on an apple-tree flat on a small tributary of the Brisbane River, which is six miles away. Beside the town, between it and the rising sun, is Mount Esk, a long precipitous rocky hill, rising about 500 feet above the creek at the base. From here you can go by coach to Nanango, a distance of 63 miles for a fare of 25s., the coach leaving on Thursday and Sunday.

IPSWICH TO DUGANDAN.

THIS is a short line of 36 miles, extending from Ipswich away south towards the McPherson Range. It leaves the main line in Little Ipswich and passes away across undulating forest ridges, covered by eucalyptus for the first mile or two, when it enters an agricultural country with farms here and there on both sides, and this continues to Harrisville, at 18 miles, a small township on flat country in the midst of a rich agricultural district.

On the way to Harrisville you pass several small stations, among them the Peak Crossing, on a beautiful apple-tree flat, like an extensive park. Here is a large saw-mill and also several private residences. Mount Flinders and his three attendant peaks tower aloft on the left. Beyond Harrisville a couple of miles you cross Wilson's Plains, named after the first owners of Mount Flinders station. This is a fine rural scene, farms and green fields frescoing the plain far away to the foot of the main range beyond, and cosy farm houses enbosomed in gardens and haystacks, a pleasing picture of a peaceful and prosperous industry. Here and there are small herds of cattle, horses, and sheep grazing on the open fields. Next to Wilson's Plains is Radford, a station standing near the head of a long pyramid-shaped plain, which runs away up into a point terminating on gum and ironbark ridges.

Next station is "Munbilla," situated in open forest of ironbark and Moreton Bay ash, a green swamp down on the flat to the right. This is the site of the proposed deviation of the *via recta* line from Brisbane to Warwick. Next station is called "Anthony," after a local resident, and after passing beyond this a mile across gum and ironbark ridges, the train enters the Dugandan Scrub, a vast expanse of dense brigalow brush covering low hills and valleys for miles in all directions, a splendid tract of rich agricultural land, every foot of which is selected and much of it cleared and cultivated. This line of railway really runs through and into one of the finest tracts of farming country in Southern Queensland, combining the glorious advantages of prolific soil and remarkably healthy climate. The elevation also secures it absolutely against even the possibility of floods. The principal timber in this scrub is brigalow, called "Cowpanby" and "Bonooro" by the natives. Here too are many

bottle-trees (*Sterculia rupestris*), the "Jinbiggaree" of the natives, some of them of gigantic size. In appearance the scrub resembles that which covers the hills of Rosewood from between Walloon and Grandchester right away across to the Brisbane River.

The journey through this district has a special charm of its own. The scenery is peculiar to itself. Magnificent pictures reveal themselves at intervals where the farmers' clearing enables you to look far out into the scene beyond. It is an ever-changing panorama, sudden in the transformations, beautiful in the diversity. At one moment surrounded by fields, cottages, and gardens, looking down on you from the crest of the green slopes, the whole forming a neat square cut out of the solid scrub, then you come unexpectedly on the summit of a ridge, cleared on both sides, and gaze down in rapt admiration on far-off valleys, where the farms and houses look like green islands and white rocks in that sombre sea of dark-grey scrub, and beyond are low hills, rising ever higher, hills beyond hills, until they terminate in the towering mountains of the Main Range, sweeping round from right to left in all fantastic shapes; towers, peaks, table-tops, rock turrets, and superb cloud-capped palaces of nature, standing in serene immobility against the clear blue sky, a wild, storm-tossed ocean of mountains piled in earthquake confusion, as if some Otus and Ephialtes had attempted there to scale the temple of the gods, as in the days when—

> "Heaved on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
> On Ossa Pelion nods with all his wood."

Then the magician waves his wand, and shutting out that splendid scene, ushers you into little valleys, where you pass through fields of maize, cottages on both sides, fields sloping to the railway line, gardens on the hills between you in the sky line, and surrounding all—the grey brigalow scrub stretching away right and left to the ranges. Far away on the hill-tops and hill-sides you behold the houses and clearings of the enterprising settlers, the hardy pioneers of the second stage of civilization.

Pass Blantyre, with its adjoining valley and surrounding homesteads, past Teviotville and Hoya, and you arrive at the little neat progressive township of Boonah, embosomed so far in surrounding scrub, which is being rapidly cleared away. Boonah is the native name of the bloodwood (*E. Corymbosa*). Here the visitor will be surprised to find one of the most commodious and comfortable country hotels in the colony. A mile beyond Boonah is Dugandan, the present terminus of the line.

QUEENSLAND COAST SCENERY.

IN tropical land scenery and marine coast scenery, Queensland has no competitor among the Australian Colonies. She stands alone, without a rival. No other colony can show land scenery like the tropical scrubs and jungle-covered mountain ranges and tremendous cataracts between Cardwell and the Bloomfield river, any more than it can display similar scenes to those witnessed on the coast from Mackay to Bowen, from Townsville to Cairns, and northward to the Gulf of Carpentaria. A sea journey from Brisbane to Thursday Island, a distance of 1430 miles, is a glorious pleasure trip in fine weather, which is nearly certain for nine months in the year. The tourist can take one of the steamers that call at Maryborough, Bundaberg, and Gladstone if he desires to visit one or all of these important towns, or he can travel by the mail boats which call at Keppel Bay, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, Port Douglas, and Cooktown. Wherever he desires to go he can be conveyed by first-class comfortable steamers, leaving Brisbane for Northern ports two or three times per week.

The following are the distances between the various ports on the east coast of Queensland :—

	Miles.
Brisbane to Maryborough	190
Maryborough to Bundaberg	95
Bundaberg to Gladstone	85
Gladstone to Keppel Bay	100
Keppel Bay to Flat-top Island	188
Flat-top Island to Bowen	106
Bowen to Townsville	105
Townsville to Cairns	163
Cairns to Port Douglas	32
Port Douglas to Cooktown	65
Cooktown to Thursday Island	423
Total	1552

Beyond Thursday Island the following are the distances travelled by the British-India mail boats :—

	Miles.
Thursday Island to Batavia	2140
Batavia to Colombo	1851
Colombo to Aden	2134
Aden to Suez	1308
Suez to Port Said	100
Port Said to Plymouth	2965
Total	10,501

The tourist who starts to visit North Queensland along the coast has the satisfaction of knowing that the risk *of disaster is not worth a moment's consideration*, so astonishingly rare are the accidents on that route. Once inside the Barrier Reef, he has before him a thousand miles where the sea in ordinary weather is as smooth and safe as a river. The entire coast is beaconed and lighted to ensure a maximum of safety to navigation.

Leaving the mouth of the Brisbane River, the tourist beholds on his right the island of St. Helena ("Noógoon,") and the bay and islands to the south. Away in front are the dark-blue hills and white sand dunes of Moreton Island (" Gnoorganbin "), and south of that the north end of Stradbroke Island ("Minjerriba"). Passing out of the bay, he leaves on his right the Cape Moreton Lighthouse on its scarped rock, 400 feet above the sea. The lighthouse is a white stone building, 75 feet high, with a first order catoptric light revolving at intervals of a minute. Away on the mainland to the left he sees those strange mountains called the Glasshouses by Cook, and opposite to which Flinders anchored on the 16th July, 1799. He landed there and had a skirmish with the natives.

Before the tourist lies the vast Pacific, so named in its freedom from storms by Magellan—

> " Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's Form
> Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
> Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
> Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
> Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
> The image of eternity, the throne
> Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
> The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
> Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

In fine weather the coast may be seen on the left up to Sandy Island or Fraser's Island, beyond Double Island Point, on which is a

revolving light in a circular tower, 315 feet above sea level. This dioptric holophotal light can be seen 25 miles away. It flashes full every 30 seconds. Fraser's Island was named after Captain Fraser, of the *Stirling Castle*, which came out in 1831 with the first free immigrants to New South Wales, a lot of Scottish mechanics, sent by Dr. Lang. Captain Fraser was afterwards wrecked on the Barrier Reef, on the way to India, and he and his crew were murdered by the blacks on reaching the shore. The blacks of this island had a bad reputation in the old days and were responsible for many a murder. Their number was estimated in 1845 at 2000. At the north end of this island is the notorious Break Sea Spit, a long shoal running out 19 miles to the north-east off the point, on which the seas break heavily if there is any rough water outside. In heavy weather the steamers give it a wide berth. The light on Sandy Cape, visible 27 miles, is a dioptric of the first order in an iron tower 85 feet high, on a hill 315 feet above the sea. It is full on every two minutes. On the mainland, inside Fraser's Island, are the Burnett and Mary rivers, originally the "Boyne" and Wide Bay rivers. The Mary was also called the "Monobooloo." The town of Maryborough is situated on the Mary. A few hours' sail beyond the Cape and we pass Lady Elliott's Island, a low sandy island about five feet above high water. The lighthouse is a white tower, 60 feet high, on the south-west side of the island, the light a revolving dioptric of half-a-minute. Next to this island comes the Bunker Group, opposite to which are Bustard Bay and Bustard Head, so named by Captain Cook, whose cook shot a bustard there weighing 17½lbs. Beyond this bay is the town of Gladstone at Port Curtis, which was found and named on July 2nd, 1802, by Flinders, after Admiral Sir George Curtis. The tide rises here 10 to 12 feet. So far the tourist has beheld no scenery worth remembering. He is too far off the land to witness any views on the coast and has not arrived among the islands. We pass on to Cape Capricorn on Curtis Island, a headland 282 feet above the sea. A stone-coloured tower, 35 feet high, holds a dioptric light of one minute. Rounding this cape we pass into Keppel Bay, a sheltered harbour, with several islands, the surrounding scenery varied and interesting. The mail boats tranship mails and passengers for Rockhampton, which is 45 miles away up the Fitzroy River. Leaving Keppel Bay we pass out on the open sea, away north by Keppel Island, Capes Manifold, Clinton, and Townshend; on the left Broadsound, where the tide rises 18 to 30 feet. Thence past Low Island towards Cape Palmerston, leaving the Beverly Group and Percy Islands on the right. These Percy

Islands were once the scene of a tragedy. Walter Hill, many years Curator of our Botanical Gardens, started North on a botanising expedition. Landing on the Percy to collect specimens, his party were attacked by the blacks, and three men and a blackfellow named Deliapy were killed.

Many picturesque islands are seen before the steamer arrives off Mackay and the Pioneer River. The vicinity of Mackay is marked by two islands, Flat-top and Round-top, lying a mile apart. The mouth of the Pioneer is a mile and a half from Flat-top. There is a rise on the bar of this river of 10 to 12 feet, but no large steamers ever enter. On Flat-top, beside which the steamer anchors, there is a tower 32 feet high on an eminence 142 feet above high water, with a red and white light that can be seen 20 miles away in fine weather. Sixteen miles south of Flat-top is Sarina Inlet, where the spring tide rises from 15 to 18 feet.

Between Mackay and Bowen, a distance of 106 miles, lies the celebrated Whitsunday Passage, so named by Captain Cook after passing through on Whitsunday. This is admitted to be, without discussion, one of the most magnificent scenes on the Australian coast. It is one vast archipelago of beautiful islands, extending from Cape Conway in the south, to Hannah Point, on North Molle Island in the north, a distance of 20 miles.

WHITSUNDAY PASSAGE.

We have gone through that passage in daylight, moonlight, starlight, darkness, storm, and calm. On first entering from the south you see the mainland afar off, spectral ranges looming silent and solemn in the dark-brown haze. Around you, from the measureless ocean, rise weird and fantastic islets, the crests of ranges, surviving from the Ages that have passed away; some bare and barren as the desert, some clothed in green grass, some covered by dwarf pines, as from seeds sown by Giants of the primeval Times, sole record of the vanished race. Far ahead rise higher islands, some bordering the channel through which we pass, some away out towards the Barrier, and through the narrow straits—

> "The multitudinous streams
> Of oceans' mountainous waste, to mutual war
> Rushed in dark tumult thundering."

Far out on the edge of the horizon, lone islands were floating in the blue haze, apparently between sky and ocean, dim and cloudlike in

the vast infinitude; the eye wandered to that remote distance where—

> "The earth and ocean meet
> Beyond the aerial mountain whose vast walls
> The unreposing billows ever beat."

We looked through long vistas, remote avenues between rows of sentinel islands, standing there on each side as armed sentries repelling the wild untameable Ocean thundering with his army of white surges at the outer gates. There, too, was the dark form of Lion Island, the vast leonine mass of savage rock crouched *regardant* as if it had suddenly risen from the depths below in act to spring on some unsuspecting monster of periods long extinct. The Dent Island dioptric light, in its white circular tower 120 feet above the rock, "round whose worn base the wild waves hiss and leap," guides from its lonely eminence the anxious mariner safely into and out of that island labyrinth on dark and stormy nights. Opposite are cone-shaped hills, with green openings peeping here and there from clumps of mournful pines. On the west, green slopes descended to the white sand beaches at the base of the hills. Black rocks stood sullenly on guard at the entrance of narrow bays, stretching far away to the foot of fantastic hills. Isolated rocks and solitary islets bordered long vistas through which you saw the melancholy ocean far beyond, and around you were noble islands where—

> "Green woods over-canopy the wave
> Which, like a toil-worn labourer, leaps to shore
> To meet the kisses of the flowerets there."

Such is Whitsunday Passage! We saw it hidden in the gloom of storms; saw it bright and glorious in the sunshine; saw tropic rains rushing in lines of sparkling silver down the rugged rocks, and anon covered in a mourning mantle of funereal brown, as the vegetation withered in the burning sun. But lovely was that scene in all seasons and at all times; in the morning or the evening, or when the glorious array of islands—

> "Looked vast in moonlight, and the sorrowing gale
> Woke in those dark grey rocks its everlasting wail."

There is an inner route called the "Molle Passage," inside Molle Island, but steamers seldom pass that way to give their passengers a view of the fascinating scenery on both sides of the channel. On the islands to the seaward of Whitsunday there are hills rising to over 1500 feet in height. After leaving the passage, the track of the steamer curves gradually to the south end of Gloucester Island,

which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 1870 feet on the summit of Mount Bertha. Passing through between Gloucester Island and the mainland, the steamer enters the mouth of Port Denison, discovered by Captain Sinclair, of the schooner *Santa Barbara* in 1859. On the north side of the harbour is a lighthouse, with a dioptric red and white fifth-order light, 87 feet above sea level. On the left hand you see "Poole" or "Hope" Island, on which are situated extensive meat freezing works. In front, at the head of the harbour, is the township of Bowen, named after Sir George Bowen, beautifully located on low ridges, with graceful slopes descending to the waters of the bay; mountain ranges and isolated rocky peaks and cones towering majestically to south and west—Mount Dryander, 2935 feet; Mount Aberdeen, 3250 feet; and Mount Roundback, 2580 feet. The tide at Bowen rises from 6 to 10 feet. The vessels lie at the end of a wooden pier running out 2700 feet.

Leaving Bowen the steamer passes northward round Cape Edgecombe and away towards Cape Upstart, on which Station Hill rises to 2420 feet. Behind the Cape lies Upstart Bay, which receives Wangaratta Creek and two other small streams. Between this Cape and Cape Bowling Green are the two mouths of the famous Burdekin River, crossed far inland, and named by Leichhardt in 1845. The Burdekin enters the sea by the main channel and Plantation Creek, the two forming a delta of rich alluvial land. On Cape Bowling Green, a level dreary coast, stands a lighthouse with a revolving one-minute light, 70 feet above the sea. Between Bowling Green and Cape Cleveland lies Bowling Green Bay, which receives the Houghton River and Baratta Creek.

History records a melancholy memorial of this part of the coast. On the 20th of May, 1824, an engineer named Murrells, of Maldon in Essex, became the father of a child whom he named James. Little did the parents of that child dream of the terrible destiny of his future years. On the 24th of February, 1846, James Murrells shipped as able seaman on the ship *Peruvian*, Captain George Pitkethly, bound from Sydney to China with a cargo of hardwood. About seven days afterwards she struck at night on a rock or reef far west of Cape Upstart. Dreadful indeed is the narrative given to the world for the first time 17 years afterwards by the one solitary survivor. The Captain's brother perished next morning, and the others were washed away from the wrecked vessel on a raft, which carried three ladies, two children, two male passengers, the Captain, carpenter, sailmaker, cook, four able seamen, four

apprentices, and two blackmen—21 in all. Their food and water rapidly diminished. They caught a few birds, drank their blood, and ate the flesh. Then James Quarry and his child died, to be thrown off the raft and immediately devoured by sharks. Then two of the children and Mrs. Wilmot died, and one by one followed them to the monsters of the deep. The survivors cut the leg off a corpse, and tying it to the end of an oar, captured a shark, which they devoured raw. It was a scene worthy of the gloomy Florentine who pictured and peopled the Inferno with the ghastly and monstrous creations of his own morbid imagination. After 42 days' voyage on that awful raft, through horrors that cannot be described, seven miserable survivors landed on the southern point of Cape Cleveland. These included the Captain and his wife, George Wilmot, James Gooley, Jack Millar, James Murrells, and one of the boys. Wilmot and Gooley died a few days after landing, and Millar went away in a blacks' canoe and perished of starvation on another headland to the south. After 14 days the blacks found them. The natives gave them food and treated them kindly. These poor shipwrecked people were the first whites they had ever seen. They divided the party, the Captain and his wife being claimed by the Cape Cleveland blacks, while Murrells and the boy went with the tribe around Mount Elliott, whose towering peak, rising to 4000 feet, stands outlined against the sky to the south of Townsville. Two years afterwards the boy, the Captain and his wife died within a few weeks of each other, and Murrells was left alone. He remained with the blacks for 17 years, living as they lived, learning their language, and forgetting his own. On the 25th of January, 1863, Murrells walked up to a newly formed station on the Burdekin, and was nearly shot before the men recognised him as a white man. Murrells called out, "Don't shoot! I'm a British object." He was taken on to Brisbane, recovered his own language, received an appointment as warehousekeeper in the Custom-house at Bowen, married and had a son who sold in 1887 for £10,000 a Townsville allotment bought by Murrells for £8 at the first sale of Townsville land at Bowen. He was 41 years of age when he died. Thus briefly do we glance into the dim gallery of the vanished years and rescue one sad pathetic picture from the shadowy past—

> "Before it glides
> Into the number of the nameless tides."

On Cape Cleveland stands a lighthouse, 35 feet high, on a rocky point 210 feet above the sea, with a revolving 20-second red and

white light. Four miles off the Cape is the dangerous Salamander Reef, part of which is dry at low water. North of Cape Cleveland, protecting the north-east of the bay, is Magnetic Island, the "Dagoomba" of the natives, named by Captain Cook in a belief that his compass was affected by magnetic iron ore. The steamer crosses the bay from Cape Cleveland, a distance of 12 miles, and anchors off the stone jetty which extends into the bay 4085 feet from the base of Magazine Island. Between this jetty and a stone breakwater running out from the town to a distance of 5450 feet along the channel mouth of Ross Creek, is the basin which is to be dredged to 15 feet at low water over an area of 40 acres and form the Townsville harbour. Very little of the town is seen from the bay, except a few buildings in front and the houses on the slopes of Mount "Cootharinga" (Castle Hill), which overlooks Townsville at a height of 850 feet The business part of the town lies back between Ross Creek and the spur from "Cootharinga." The tourist who can appreciate the beautiful, will see much to admire in the scenery visible from the deck of the steamer. The white town slumbering on the slopes of "Cootharinga," and behind and far away south, west, and north, majestic and picturesque ranges towering up into the skyline, with dark belts of scrub, gloomy ravines, savage cliffs of barren rock, and sunlit peaks from Cape Cleveland away round the circle to the tall spires of Hinchinbrook, blue and spectral on the horizon to the north. Leaving Townsville, the boat passes between Magnetic Island on the right and Cape Pallarenda on the left. Beyond the bay is a small rocky island called "Bay Rock," the "Teegoóra," or thunder island of the blacks. On this rock is a 25-feet tower, with a fixed red and white light, 94 feet above the sea, and visible 15 miles. Beyond this rock, towards the coast, lie Rattlesnake and Herald Islands, divided by a deep narrow channel. On Rattlesnake are scores of goats, the descendants of ancestors shipped there as city outcasts by the Townsville Municipal Council years ago. The rabbits once inhabiting that island were killed off by the huge iguanas common all over the place. Turtle come there on the northern sand beach to lay their eggs, and very large black-bearded oysters are found on the loose rocks. There is also excellent fishing. Between these islands and the Palms lie Cordelia and Acheron Islands, all named during the cruise of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* in 1848. Beyond these, on the right, are the Palm Islands, named on Palm Sunday by Captain Cook. One mountain on the Great South Palm rises to 1890 feet; Mount Curacoa, in the centre island, to 1020 feet.

BUSH ROAD, BLACKALL RANGES.

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Pass Orpheus Island and the North Palm and you are opposite the mouth of the Herbert River and the south entrance to the channel between Hinchinbrook Island and the mainland. The small steamers which trade between Townsville and Cairns pass through this channel, which runs from the mouth of the Herbert for 20 miles to where it emerges in Rockingham Bay, at the township of Cardwell. Hinchinbrook island consists of a high range of steep hills, sloping on one side to the Pacific, and on the land side to the waters of the channel. Among the highest peaks are Mount Bowen, 3650 feet; Mount Straloch, 3000 feet, and Mount Pitt, on the north-west end, 2300 feet. [A description of the beautiful scenery in Hinchinbrook Passage appears elsewhere.] The steamer, in fine weather, passes along within a mile or two of Hinchinbrook and close to Brook Island, abreast of Rockingham Bay, an island surrounded by an extensive reef. East of the south end of Hinchinbrook is "Bramble Reef," on which the brig *Maria* was wrecked in 1872. The small raft, with some of the shipwrecked people on board, was washed ashore at Coquette Point, and several men killed and eaten by the blacks. This brig started from Sydney with 75 men on board, bound for New Guinea. On the morning of Monday, February 26th, 1872, she struck on Bramble Reef, 17 miles from the North Palm Island, and became a total wreck. Two boats containing 15 and 13 men landed south of Rockingham Bay, found the entrance to the south end of Hinchinbrook Channel, and arrived at Cardwell the following day. Some were drowned at the wreck, and the rest got away on two rafts, one of which drifted ashore near the Johnstone River, and the other near Point Cooper. Captain Stratman and six men had gone off in the long boat when the vessel struck the reef, saying that he was going to Cape Cleveland for assistance. This party landed near the Johnstone River, and three were killed and eaten by the blacks. Those who drifted ashore at Point Cooper were kindly treated by the natives, and found there safe and sound by the boats of H.M.S. *Basilisk*. The murders near the Johnstone inaugurated stormy times for the natives. The *Basilisk* landed 40 marines, armed for the warpath, but bush fighting was not in their programme, and they returned after an expedition which proved to be an ignominious failure. Then Sub-inspector Johnstone appeared upon the scene with seven troopers. He was one of the most competent of all the native police officers in the service of the Queensland Government. With only seven black troopers, he did work which could not have been done by the best regiment in the Imperial army. He satisfied the blacks that

murdering shipwrecked men was a serious mistake, and they never repeated it from that day to the present time. Out of 72 men, only 40 were saved. The brig was old and unseaworthy, her fitting out was disgraceful, and the captain notoriously incompetent.

Between Hinchinbrook and Dunk Island lies Rockingham Bay, full of lovely little islands rising abruptly from the waters, cone-shaped, covered by luxuriant tropical vegetation, the base encircled by white sand beaches, and coral reefs surrounding them as a protecting outer barrier. Into this bay flow the Murray, the Tully, and the Liverpool rivers, small streams affording but little facilities for navigation. On the Tully a large area of land was selected by Mr. James Tyson with the intention of entering extensively on sugar growing and manufacture, and selections were taken up by others on the Murray and the Liverpool, but so far no definite work has been done. The names on part of this coast are associated with some historical reminiscences, one of them calling up a phase of Australian exploration sadder even than that of Burke and Wills. At the north end of Rockingham Bay is "Kennedy Bay," and a headland called "Tam O'Shanter Point."

On May 24th, 1848, Edmund Kennedy, with a party of 12 men, was landed near that point under the guns of the *Rattlesnake*, his intention being to explore the Cape York Peninsula. Kennedy had been assistant surveyor with Sir Thomas Mitchell in 1845, and afterwards discovered that the Victoria of Mitchell was the Cooper's Creek of Sturt. Tam O'Shanter Point was named after the schooner from which Kennedy landed on the morning of that 24th May, 52 years ago. What became of this unfortunate expedition will be learned in the chapter on "Queensland explorers." North from here is Mourilyan Harbour, which receives the Moresby River, named after Captain Moresby of the *Basilisk*.

Six miles beyond is the mouth of the Johnstone River, named after Sub-Inspector Johnstone who found it in 1873. Near the entrance are Flying Fish and Coquette Points, named after two small 10 and 12 ton cutters used by Dalrymple in his North Coast Expedition in 1873. Passing along the coast at this point the tourist would never dream there was a river there on which over 200,000 acres of land had been selected, that there is a large area of some of the richest tropical soil in Queensland, a stream navigable for 12 miles, a small prosperous township surrounded by extensive plantations and some of the finest sugar mills in the world! Before arriving off the Johnstone he passes Dunk Island, which is about

three and a half miles long by a mile wide, and contains a considerable area of good land not yet selected or occupied. The hills on the island rise to 850 feet. North of this island are the North and South Barnards, about four miles apart. These islands are favourite breeding places for the Torres Straits, or white Nutmeg pigeons, which come down annually in tens of thousands from November to March, and depart again with their young for the North. They feed on the mainland during the day and start flying off to the islands about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They lay two eggs on a twig nest and make a deafening noise when in large numbers, their voice being probably the most melancholy of all Australian birds. When Walter Hill, for many years curator of the Botanical Gardens, first saw the valley of the Johnstone, in 1873, when on Dalrymple's expedition, he believed "it contained half a million of acres unsurpassed in the world." Among the trees he saw was a red cedar, eight feet in diameter. The rainfall of this district varies from 120 to 200 inches per annum. The valleys and mountains are covered by dense rank tropical vegetation. The purely tropical vegetation of North Queensland lies between the Herbert River and Cooktown. This area receives the heaviest rainfall in Australia.

The first islands after leaving the Johnstone and passing Point Cooper are the Franklands, lying three and a half miles off the mouth of the Mulgrave River. The North and South Franklyn are only separated by a narrow channel. Cocoanuts grew on the outer edge of the South Frankland, and bore freely until cut down by Chinese fishermen. The South island consists of a coral flat, covered by dwarf trees and undergrowth, the south end rising in a steep hill, covered by thick scrub growing from rich soil of decomposed vegetation. The rest of the islands are merely masses of dead coral. The straits pigeons use the south island as a nesting place. From the Johnstone to the Franklyns the tourist beholds the towering crest of Bartle Frere ("Chooriechillum") on the head of the Russell, and the six peaks of Bellenden Ker ("Wooroonooran") between the Russell and Mulgrave, the two mountains rising to 5200 feet and 5400 feet respectively. Away up the valley of the Mulgrave towers the Walsh Pyramid ("Charroógin") to a height of 3050 feet. Among the peaks on the coast range towards Cairns are two rising to 3017 and 3317 feet. Off the mouth of the Mulgrave is High Island, an abrupt hill rising to about 400 feet, covered by thick scrub, ending in a grassy forest spur in the north east. There is water on this spur, turkeys and scrub hens on the hill, and a very beautiful coral reef under the north side of the island. It is a charming spot for

fishing and picnic parties. A few miles beyond High Island the steamer passes between Fitzroy Island and Cape Grafton, through a deep channel about 2 miles wide. The hills on Fitzroy rise to 860 feet. A small stream of permanent fresh water descends on the coast side of this island and runs out on to a beach of dead coral. Cape Grafton rises to about 800 feet, a high precipitous savage granite range, descending sheer into the sea, a reef of plumbago showing for some distance along the face of the rocks, a few feet above the water. Fitzroy Island has no land available for settlement. There are a few scrub hens and turkeys, and the Straits pigeons come there in numbers from November to March. There is good sea fishing all round the island. It was once a quarantine station.

Rounding Cape Grafton, and steering to the north-west, the steamer arrives off the Fair Way Buoy at the entrance to Trinity Bay, five miles from Cairns, the white houses of which can be seen far off among the primeval trees on the shoré at the head of the bay, beyond which extends the navigable deep water of the Cairns Inlet for a distance of six miles, sheltered from all winds. The tourist will be charmed by the splendid amphitheatre of mountain scenery surrounding Trinity Bay, from Cape Grafton on the south, to Double Island in the north. Westward he will see the mouth of the Barron River emptying in the north side of the bay, and beyond lies the Barron gorge in the range, with the railway winding along the face of the mountains through the dark tropical jungle. Seaward about 10 miles to the eastward lies Green Island, a small low coral island, part of the Barrier reef, about 600 yards by 300, covered by thick scrub which in early years was a favourite nesting place for the Straits pigeons. North from there is "Oyster Cay," a low sandy island which is paved by the eggs of thousands of sea-birds in the breeding season. Beyond there is the Trinity Opening in the Barrier Reef.

From Cairns to Port Douglas is a distance of 32 miles, the steamer passing Double Island off Mount Buchan at the foot of which, fronting the seashore, lies the largest cocoanut plantation in the colony. There are 6000 trees, many already bearing, and all flourishing luxuriantly. Double Island is composed entirely of quartz and slate. A coral reef runs out on the south side and dries for about a mile at low tide. Here are large black bearded oysters clinging to loose stones on the beach, capital fishing all round the island, and coral of all shapes and sizes, in all stages of growth. On the coast the ranges descend into the sea and rise to a height of 2000 to 3000 feet.

Port Douglas is one of the most picturesquely situated seaports of Queensland. Originally it was known as "Island Point," then as "Salisbury," "Port Terrigal," "Port Orsen," and finally Port Douglas, after the Hon. John Douglas, who was Premier of Queensland.

Port Douglas originated in a desire for a better seaport for the Thornborough trade than that of the town of Smithfield on the Barron River. It was discovered by Christie Palmerston in 1877. Smithfield was swamped by a flood in January 1878, and the merchants started to remove to Port Douglas, to which the whole trade of the Etheridge gradually drifted, leaving the site of Smithfield to be overgrown by tropical scrub.

Four miles north of Port Douglas is the Mossman River, and 26 miles north is the Daintree River, on both of which is a large area of rich scrub land adapted for all kinds of tropical or semi-tropical products. The first merchants at Port Douglas were Walsh & Co., Gray & Co., Henry Bros., and John Walsh. The first hotel was the "Mining Exchange" kept by William McMahon, now dead, a man whose early pioneering experiences in Queensland would have formed an interesting volume. The first P.M. was E. N. McCarthy, who was Sub-collector of Customs, P.M., and Postmaster. The first selector on the Mossman was "Dan Hart," a West Indian, while John and Gavin Stewart pioneered the Daintree.

Port Douglas is a rocky headland projecting from the mainland, and behind this headland lies the port itself, a long narrow inlet running up for a couple of miles. Northward stretches a low mangrove shore ending in a long white beach. Apparently from the edge of this beach rise the fantastic mountains of the coast range, broken and serrated peaks, divided by deep narrow gloomy ravines, the range rising to 3000 feet and losing itself in distance, two huge mountains to the northward burying themselves in clouds, and low ranges dipping gracefully into the sea. The view from the sea off Port Douglas reveals one of the noblest pieces of coast scenery in Australia, especially in the wet season, when the mountains form the battlefield of warring clouds, and the ravines re-echo to the roar of many cataracts descending in foaming streams of glittering silver from the dark summits of the loftiest peaks. The little township has seen many changes since Captain Owens called in there with the first steamer, the *Corea*, 13 years ago. This good old mariner is now keeper of the lighthouse on Low Island, a few miles north of Port Douglas. The first full cargo was brought there by Captain Lake in the *Victoria*, towing the ketch *Maggie Logan*, chartered by Walsh and Co. This cargo came from Cooktown.

Leaving Port Douglas, where the mail steamers lie off the shore and land the passengers in boats, we pass away across the bight towards Schnapper Island, off Kimberley Point, behind which towers Mount Alexander to a height of 4000 feet.

Schnapper Island is an attractive spot, with patches of white sand beaches, cliff faced points on the seaside, some bare slopes and dark clumps of scrub in the small ravines and over the west end of the island. It is a grand resort for fishermen.

From Kimberley Point, a beautiful spot overlooking the ocean and commanding a view of the mouth of the Daintree, three miles west, we pass on to Cape Tribulation, by wooded hills sloping to the sea, bare green lawn-like spaces on the slopes and base, rocky shores alternating with short sand beaches, the gloomy and majestic range of Mount Alexander looming behind far up into the sky line, and descending in long rugged spurs to the ocean at Cape Tribulation.

> "Grey mountains and old woods and haunted streams;
> Prophetic caves and tree surrounded springs."

Cape Tribulation is a small green headland, terminus of the Mount Alexander Range, a clump of trees on the summit of the slope overlooking the beach, and mountains rising in the rear to 3000 feet. Behind this cape, rising over the intervening range, towers the strangely curved granite peak of "Peter Botte," the "Numbalburroway" of the natives, a fantastic peak appearing and disappearing as the steamer passes on and changes the panorama of spurs and peaks. The blacks call Mount Alexander "Manjalgoóloon," or "lightning mountain;" and Peter Botte also bears the name of "Manjaldangi," or "mountain of storms." The name "Numbalburroway" comes from "Numbal" a rock, and "burroway" an emu—literally, the "rock emu," from a fancied resemblance between the summit and a gigantic bird.

On the way to Cooktown we pass Weary Bay, into the south end of which empties the Bloomfield river, a stream navigable for boats for six or seven miles.

Brisbane to Gympie.

THE total distance is 115 miles 28 chains. The plans of the first section, 26 miles, to Caboolture, were approved on the 22nd of December, 1884, and the line opened on June 11th, 1888. This railway connects the capital of Queensland with one of the great gold mining centres of the Colony. It runs parallel to the sea coast for nearly the whole distance, and the short distance from the salt water accounts for most of the poor country traversed by the line.

Leaving the junction with the Sandgate railway it passes away across poor soil forest of blue and grey gums, bloodwood, turpentine tea-trees, and casuarinas to the Bald Hills, entering an agricultural district returning large quantities of farm and dairy produce. Thence on across ridges timbered by ironbark, blue, grey, and box gums, bloodwood, stringybark, forest oaks with an undergrowth of dwarf grass-tree, to Burpengarry on a poor clay tea-tree flat, surrounded by oaks, bloodwood, grey and box gums. The same forest continues to Morayfield and thence on to Caboolture, a small village on a low ridge overlooking Caboolture Creek, the country timbered by turpentine, tea-tree, and gums.

The line has already crossed the South and North Pine Rivers, two small streams which junction before entering the sea at Bramble Bay, between Sandgate and Woody Point. On the Caboolture Creek, one of the first sugar plantations in the colony was started by Mr. George Raff, and it went the way of nearly all its contemporary estates. A large timber trade is the chief industry of the Upper Caboolture at the present time. There is a considerable area of farm land and farm settlement on this Creek and the two Pines.

From Caboolture on to Beerburrum the train passes through poor tea-tree flats and grass-tree, across sandy clay ridges timbered by open forest of gums and ironbark.

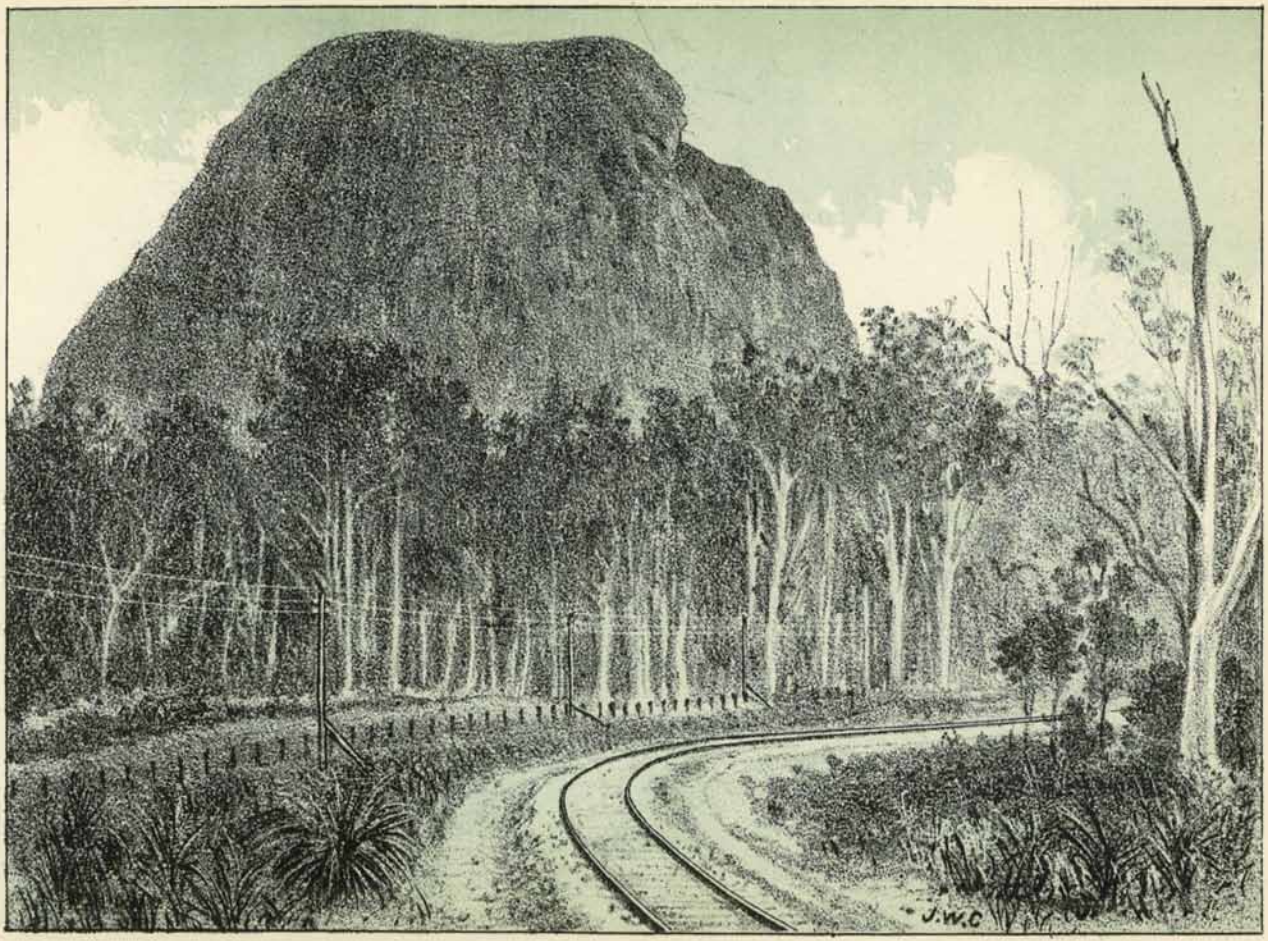
At Beerburrum, a station in open forest, you are in the vicinity of the "Glass Houses," all of which you see more or less distinctly between here and the next station, Beerwah. A sight of these remarkable mountains is worth more than the journey. They will never be forgotten by anyone with even the smallest capacity for appreciating the marvellous in nature. They received the name of "Glass Houses" from Captain Cook in 1770. In all human probability he was the first white man who had seen them since the creation of the world. They were again seen by Flinders, who

anchored in the bay opposite, on July 16th, 1799. He went ashore with the intention of going across country to the Glass Houses and examining them all, but he had a conflict with the natives on the beach, a conflict in which his men fired on the blacks, apparently without any reasonable provocation, and he went back to the ship and abandoned his intention to explore the adjacent country. During his visit he entered the narrow channel between Bribie Island and the mainland, and finding a lot of pumice stone on the shore he called the channel the "Pumice Stone River."

The Glass Houses vary in height, from Beerburrum, 920 feet, to Conowrin, 1160 feet, and Beerwah, 1760 feet. They stand in open forest country, poor soil, timbered by bloodwood, gums and ironbark. Geologically the formation belongs to the Upper Cretaceous, the same as the Desert Sandstone of the West. This Cretaceous patch lies between a belt of Devonian and the sea. The Glass Houses themselves are gigantic masses of Desert Sandstone rising abruptly from a level base. Each stands in gloomy isolation, silent and alone. One mighty mass of rock stands facing the railway line, cliff fronted, savage, defiant, towering majestically into the clear blue sky, the wild rough stone face all scarred and caverned by the rains and tempests of ten thousand years. Through the tree tops you behold transitory gleams of Beerwah's lone companions, enormous precipices forming sudden termini of ascending spurs, or vast pillars of rock and broken columns, standing there as ruined fragments surviving the merciless wreck of "gray annihilation," looking out far over the tree tops upon the vast ocean beyond, unspeakably weird in their mournful solitude, unutterably sad in their voiceless silence and irremediable decay. So they stand there, as Cook saw them from the deck of his vessel, off Cape Moreton, 120 years ago; as Flinders saw them beyond a period of 91 years; as the wild sons of the pathless woods beheld them far back across the old dim centuries in times long buried in oblivion; and as the stars alone shall see them far hence, when—

> "Sheer to the lowest gulf each peak is hurled
> The last sad wreck of a devoted world."

The wild savages who roamed the pathless forest and sang their peace songs and war songs beneath the shadows of those grey sandstone rocks have vanished for ever, bequeathing to us as their last legacy only the names of those immortal rock sculptures from the studio of mighty Nature—Beerwah and Beerburrum, Coonowrin, Toomboomboodlum, Teeborcaccan, and Mikateeboomalgri!



Mt. Beerburrum, Glass Houses, N. C. Line.

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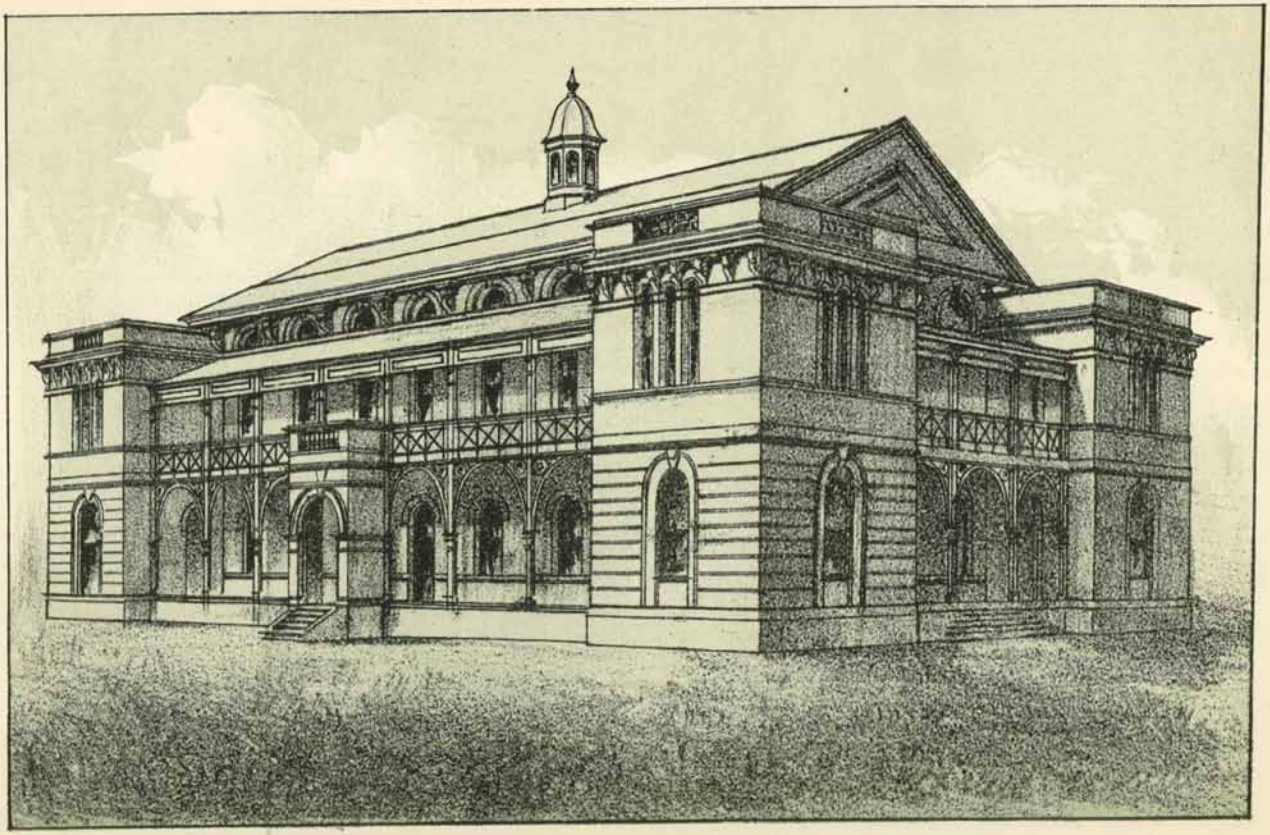

COURT HOUSE, MARYBOROUGH.

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MARYBOROUGH TO GYMPIE.

MARYBOROUGH is a large town on the Mary River, 26 miles from the entrance in Sandy Island Straits These straits are formed by great Sandy Island, usually known as "Frazer's Island," after Captain Frazer of the ship *Stirling Castle*, wrecked off there in 1838, the captain and crew being killed by the blacks after landing on the coast. This island is 68 miles long, 14 miles across at the widest part, and three miles at the narrowest point on the head of Platypus Bay. At the north end a long sandy spit, known as "Breaksea Spit," runs out for 19 miles from the land. Vessels from Brisbane for Maryborough enter the straits over the Wide Bay bar, between Inskip and Hood Points, and from there to the mouth of the Mary, a distance of 28 miles, travel along the narrow strait which resembles an ordinary river; Frazer's Island on one side and the mainland on the other. On the left hand, after entering at the bar, is Tincan Bay, running 13 miles into the mainland, a source of vast timber supplies and a paradise for oysters. There is not much attractive scenery in ascending the Mary River until you arrive among the farms and plantations within a few miles of Maryborough. In the early days the Mary was called the "Wide Bay River," the "Morrobocoola," and the "Monooboola." The blacks to-day have various names. They call it "Goodna," "Yahboon," "Coroon," and "Gooroomandoon," the latter referring to the open country opposite Maryborough, and meaning the Kangaroo ground. It was called the "Mary" after Lady Mary Fitzroy. Sandy Cape they call "Carree," the main island "Moonbi" and "Talboor," Big Woody Island "Tooleéwa" and "Walloo," and Little Woody "Gneer." The blacks of the Mary belonged to the "Mangiburra" tribes, those of Frazer Island to the "Doondooras." The Wide Bay and "Moonbi" blacks had an evil reputation in the old days, and many a shipwrecked sailor met with a cruel death on the shores of Frazer's Island. The blacks there in 1850 were estimated at 2000. Those who survive are quiet enough now, and the tourist may traverse "Moonbi" from

shore to shore in perfect safety. In passing up the straits the passenger will see the "White Cliffs" on the shores of the island, the site of the quarantine station and a favourite place for watering vessels. About three miles along the shore from these cliffs is the state forest nursery, established by the Government to grow pine trees. It is remarkable that no cedar grew on Frazer's Island, the soil evidently not being suitable.

The Mary River is navigable for vessels drawing 10 feet up to Yengarie, 9 miles above Maryborough, and for vessels of 7 feet draught 20 miles beyond Yengarie.

The historical account of Maryborough, like that of all the other towns, must necessarily be somewhat brief in a work confined to certain limitations. The first explorer of the district was H. S Russell of Cecil Plains Station on the Darling Downs. He and Mr. Petrie left Brisbane in 1842 in a 32-feet gig, manned by seven prisoners pulling seven oars. Russell was looking for fresh pastoral country, and Petrie was sent by the Governor to look for new rivers. At "Bracefield Heads" they found Bracefield, a white man, long resident with the blacks, who called him "Wandi," their word for wild. This was the man who took Mrs. Frazer, wife of the Captain of the *Stirling Castle*, down within a couple of miles of the Moreton Bay settlement, and then returned to the blacks, as Mrs. Frazer threatened him with a serious charge on arrival among the white men. From Bracefield's headland the blacks pointed out Mounts Caroóra, Coólimu, Cowra, Yuro Yuro, Eerangi, and Boppel. On the 11th May, 1842, they camped at the mouth of the Mary River. Three days afterwards, when 40 miles up the river, they found Davis, an escapee from the penal settlement, and then residing with the blacks for 14 years. His native name was "Durramboi," or properly "Thurrimbie," the name of the kangaroo rat. In the same year Mr. Jolliffe, one of Russell's party, took up country on Wide Bay and stocked it with sheep belonging to John Eales of the Hunter River, but this station was soon deserted, after great destruction of sheep and the murder of several men. In 1847 George Furber, of Ipswich, took up one of Eales' deserted sheep stations, called "Girkun," and started a store and public house. He was ultimately killed by the blacks. Surveyor Burnett went 40 miles up the river in 1847, and reported a fine site for a town. The local squatters of that year were McTaggart at Kilkivan, Hawkins at Boonaro, Lawless at Boobyjan, Jones at Baramba, Corfield at Gigoomgan, Perrier at Degilbo, Herbert at Ban Ban, and Dr. Ramsay at Cockatoo. In 1848 a cutter called the *Aurora*, then trading there for some time, brought up a boiling down

plant to boil down catarrh sheep from Baramba. In 1850 there were 1400 bales of wool shipped on the Mary river. The increase of stations soon created a prosperous township. In 1854 the *William Miskin* was the first steamer to ascend the river. The first land sale was held in 1852, and the first newspaper, the *Wide Bay and Burnett Times*, was published by William Keith and Thomas White on March 6th, 1860, followed by the Maryborough *Chronicle* on November 21st of the same year. The first saw-mill was started by Gladwell and Greathead in 1861. In 1859 Maryborough became a port of entry, and the present Custom-house was erected in 1861. The discovery of gold at Gympie, in October, 1867, brought a new and sensational era of prosperity. Steam traffic between Brisbane, Maryborough, and Rockhampton was started in 1859 by the A.U.S.N. Co. with the *Tamar*, Captain Cottier. At the time of separation Maryborough was represented in the Sydney Parliament by Messrs. Walsh and Elliott. In November, 1859, the people formed the "Maryborough and Wide Bay Cotton Growing Association," with a capital of £3000 in £5 shares, afterwards increased to £5000.

In October, 1860, Sir George Bowen visited the district and found the Company conducting vigorous operations. In 1865 the Maryborough Sugar Company started work on 1000 acres on Tinana Creek. They made sugar and distilled rum. Sugar growing became a popular industry and large plantations started all over the district.

The present famous Yengarie estate was founded by T. C. White, who started the "Yengarie abattoirs" for boiling down, but there was little done until Tooth and Cran, of Widgee, took possession and began boiling down and making extract of meat. Finally they turned it into the vast sugar mill and refinery which works there at the present time. It is curious to read that in July, 1873, a consignment of Tooth and Cran's extract was actually imported from the old country to Maryborough, where it was originally made, the reason being the high price of cattle in the colony.

Maryborough of to-day is an important town of about 11,000 people, or 14,000 including the district. It stands on a peninsula formed by the Mary river, which winds around it much the same as the river round Brisbane. From river to river, in a line with the main street, is only a mile, the distance by water seven miles. The low part, subject to floods, lies on the point of the peninsula, all the rest being on high, dry, level country, forming an excellent site for a town, with facilities for unlimited extension. No mountain ranges break the monotonous sky line in any direction.

The country is level, covered by open forest of blue and spotted gums, bloodwood and ironbark. The climate has been remarkable for its salubrity since the earliest settlement; writers in the old *Moreton Bay Courier* wrote with enthusiasm of the healthy climate of Maryborough. It is to-day one of the healthiest towns in Queensland. It is also one of the cleanest and best drained. Around it is a splendid agricultural district, and some of the finest supplies of pine, cedar, and hardwoods in Australia. It has the largest saw mills and iron foundries in Queensland, and the largest sash and door factories. In the Straits and Tin Can Bay are some of the most extensive oyster beds in the Colony. The bay and river swarm with fish, and dugong abounds in the quiet marine feeding grounds of the straits. Among the large plantations of the district are Yengarie, Nerada, Antigua, Jindah, Etonvale, Kirkcubbin, Irrawarra, Jerra, and Magnolia. The town contains six banks, and among the hotels are three or four worthy of a metropolis. The press is represented by the Wide Bay *News*, the *Chronicle*, and *Colonist*, tri-weekly, daily, and weekly respectively. A vast extent of coal country lies to the north-west and north of the town, and coal of a high class quality is an important export. Coal was found on the Burrum in 1872. Sugar cane and cotton were grown in the district in 1860 by E. T. Aldridge, by whom specimens were sent to Sir Wm. McArthur, who pronounced them excellent, and predicted a great future in sugar and cotton. His prophecy regarding sugar has been fully realised, as it is one of the richest sugar districts in Queensland. The London *Times*, of December 8th, 1859, said Australian cotton was the finest that had entered Manchester.

Rich agricultural land extends along both banks of the Mary far above the head of navigation, even far above Gympie. To the south of Maryborough lies the Noosa district, famous for timber, scenery, fishing, shooting, and large fresh water lakes. These lakes were discovered by Lieutenant Bligh. They are called Cooroiba, Wyba, Coolola, Illandra, Como, and Cootharba, the latter from "Coothar" —a nulla, referring to the shape of the lake. The marine watering place for Maryborough is Pialba, on the shores of Hervey Bay, 23 miles. The visitor will ride or drive down there over an excellent road, the journey occupying about three hours. The way lies through open forest of grey gums, bloodwood, ironbark, oaks, blue gum, honeysuckle, tea-tree, wattles, and turpentine, across flat country, varied by one or two undulations, the largest a low ridge at $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles, until within five miles of the coast, where you enter a

belt of dense scrub and rich soil about two miles wide, much of it selected and occupied by settlers, prosperous even in the face of a long disheartening road carriage for their produce.

Suddenly out of the forest we emerge upon the shores of the bay into the most extensive watering place in Queensland. This is Pialba, the "rain maker" of the "Cabbieabbie" blacks. At present it represents 65 houses, 79 farms, 2044 allotments, and an annual value of £12,300. This is the prosaic narrative of the clerk of the Divisional Board. There are two good hotels and several boarding houses. Here you get the sea air pure from the Pacific ocean across Hervey's Bay. The view to the north and north east is unrestricted. To the east lie the long low hills of Frazer's Island ("Moonbi") and terminating the magnificent curving white sand beach, which sweeps round for nine miles to the south, is Urangan Point, opposite to which at two miles distant are Little and Big Woody Islands ("Gneer" and "Tooleewah") midway between the mainland and "Moonbi." On the north end of Pialba, looking out across the bay into which it projects from the mainland, is Point Vernon, a graceful little promontory forming a beautiful and commanding position for marine residences. From this point in a straight line to Urangan is five and a half miles. One mile from Vernon towards Urangan the sea beach is not available for vehicles, but the whole of the remaining distance of nine miles to Urangan is a delightful carriage drive over hard smooth sand, the beach bordered by graceful pines, forest oaks, breadfruit, and honeysuckle, the waves breaking softly on the wide sand flats which dip so gently to seaward that no one of any age or sex can be drowned there without deliberate intention. Pialba has a total sea frontage of about 13 miles from Eeli Creek to Urangan Point, so there is no prospect of crowding, the whole distance being available for building; high, dry, healthy country in all ways adapted for seaside residence. The driving facilities are perfect, either on the sand beach or back on the high ground. The finest scene is from Urangan Point which commands a view of the two Woodys, the White Cliffs, and white sand dunes of Frazer's Island curving far round towards the mainland in the south, the two lighthouses on Woody Island (Batyan and Toolewah), the north end of "Moonbi" losing itself in distance to Sandy Cape, 38 miles away, and far down towards the south the blue waters of the Sandy Straits. The country on the point is timbered by blue gum, Moreton Bay ash, ironbark, bloodwood, and pines. Pialba could be reached by a railway of 15 miles from a point on the line to Howard. This line is now surveyed.

MARYBOROUGH TO GYMPIE.

The plans of this railway were approved on the 7th of August, 1877, and the line was opened on the 6th of August, 1881, a total distance of 61 miles. There is no specially attractive scenery anywhere along the route, except in the vicinity of Tiaro and Mount Bopple. The line runs for the whole distance nearly parallel with the Mary River, which it crosses at the Antigua bridge. Leaving Maryborough it passes away across level country, mostly poor soil, timbered by bloodwood, blue gum, ironbark, spotted gum, oaks and turpentine, passing in sight of Yengarie refinery a quarter of a mile to the left on the Mary River. The creek known as Yengarie creek, the blacks call "Gindindie." The gum and bloodwood forest continues to the Mungar Junction, where a line goes off towards Gayndah. Mungar is the native name for spotted gum. Here is a hotel, a saw mill, and a school with an attendance of 60 children, belonging to surrounding settlers, none of whom are visible from the line. The tourist must remember that though the line passes for some distance through poor soil country, that there is good land on each side along the valley of the Mary. The most that can be said of the line to Tiaro is that it passes through very healthy eucalyptus country, with immense quantities of valuable hardwood timbers, especially blue and spotted gums. Tiaro is a small town on the Mary river, at the head of tidal waters, 22 miles from Maryborough. It contains about a thousand people. "More than 30 years ago, white men herded sheep on the slopes which overlook the famous lily-covered lagoons of Tiaro." This sentence was written 15 years ago. Mr. Eales, of the Hunter river, occupied the Tiaro country until driven off by the blacks. Finally the station was tenanted by John Eaton up to 1864, when the site of Tiaro was cut up into allotments and sold by the Government. The discovery of Gympie at once created a lively little township at Tiaro, through which passed the whole of the trade to and from Maryborough. It is surrounded by an extensive timber and farming district, and is the depôt for antimony and plumbago mines. The public school has an attendance of 150 children.

Five miles before reaching Tiaro we pass the station of "Owanyilla," the head quarters of the native police 35 years ago. Their duties ended there about 23 years ago. All round the vicinity is rich farming land, under cultivation by prosperous settlers. The blacks call this station "Wanya."

Passing Kooringa we arrive at Bopple, in full view of the mountain bearing that name. "Bopple" is what the natives call the

frilled lizard. In the vicinity of this mountain lived Davis the white man, the "Thurrimby" or "kangaroo rat" of the blacks. For several long dreary years did this unhappy escapee from the dread terrors of the penal settlement roam in freedom among the rocky hills and dark scrubs, living the wild man's life, and finding the savage children of the forest far more merciful than his own countrymen. Who shall tell us of his thoughts by the camp fire, surrounded by dark and cruel faces, of his keen memory of bye-gone horrors under the lash of the overseer in Logan's days, or the cannibal feasts on slain warriors, and his waking dreams beside the slumbering savage father and savage mother who had adopted him as a long lost son restored to them again from the dead, brought back from the gloomy realms of mysterious Waroonga!

Next to Bopple, a dark isolated mountain, covered from base to summit by dense pine scrub, comes Gundiah ("Goodiah," good-bye) station, in spotted gum and ironbark country. Here is a large saw-mill operating in the midst of splendidly timbered country. This station is half way to Gympie. Two miles beyond is "Gootchie," native name of the iguana, and passing "Kanyan" arrive at the Kilkivan junction, in the midst of a hoop pine scrub. At this point a line runs off to Kilkivan, a distance of 26 miles. Here the train stops for refreshments. The remainder of the journey to Gympie is through the same open forest of blue and spotted gum, bloodwood, and ironbark.

GYMPIE.

Gympie is one of the most important mining townships in Queensland. It stands in latitude 26.12 south, and longitude 152.38 east. "Gympie" is the Mary River blacks' name for the stinging tree. It is the Rome of Queensland, the City of Seven Hills, named respectively the Surface, O'Connell, Commissioner, Caledonian, Calton, Palatine, and Red Hill. The municipality has an area of 2560 acres and a population of 10,000 people, exclusive of 4000 more in the surrounding district. Gympie is one of the healthiest towns in the colony. Geologically it stands on what are known as the "Gympie Beds," belonging to the Lower Carboniferous, "a locally metamorphosed portion of the Carbonifero-Permian," with Devonian formation on the east, and a band of Serpentine on the west merging into granite and slates. The town was visited by Governor Blackall in 1869, and Governor Normanby in April, 1873. Gympie is picturesquely situated on a congregation of low hills divided by sharp ravines. There is a fine view of isolated hills and ranges in all directions.

Gympie stands on the crest of a sharp curve of the Mary river, on which agricultural settlement extends for many miles above the town. But Gympie was created by gold, and on gold its future depends. It was discovered by Nash, in October, 1867. Several versions of the discovery are on record. We are disposed to accept the following as authentic. It was taken down by the writer *verbatim* from R. J. Denman's personal narrative :—

In September, 1867, R. J. Denman, late Crown Lands' Ranger at Maryborough, was cutting timber on Umahma Creek, a tributary of the Mary. His boy came into camp to say a man with a pack horse was enquiring the way to Widgee. Denham told the boy to ask the man to turn out his horse and come and have some dinner. The man came up and said : "Good day, my name is Nash !" Then followed a conversation.

N. "You have heard of a man prospecting at Yabba ?"

D. "Yes. Get any gold ?"

N. "Only about 3 dwts."

D. "There must be more there !"

N. "Yes, I believe there is, but I have heard a good deal about Widgee, and would like to give it a trial. I was on my way there when I missed the track, and saw your timber yard."

After dinner Denman told Nash he had been 12 years mining in Victoria ; knew Widgee well, but had seen no auriferous indications there. He knew a place, however, with positive indications of gold. Nash said if Denman would say where it was he would go and prospect, and at once report the result to him. Denman agreed to tell Nash, and leave it to his honour to share any results. He then gave Nash a letter to Henry Best, then in charge of Traviston Station, asking Best to entertain Nash, and in the morning to put him on the Maryborough marked tree line. He told Nash to be careful to follow the marked tree line, and when six miles from Traviston he would see a broad creek, which he was to cross, and then go on six miles to a narrow deep creek, with a siding cut away and the crossing logged. Nash would then find himself in gold country, and near there a nice clear waterhole on the left of the marked tree line. Nash was to prospect at the gully, and would probably find gold there. That gully is the present Nash's Gully in the centre of Gympie.

Three weeks afterwards, Denman was riding along the marked tree line, the present site of Mary Street, and saw Nash come down to the waterhole with a dish of wash-dirt. He told Denman that so far he had only got a few colours, and added : "If I cannot get any

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, BUNDABERG.

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BOURBON STREET, BUNDABERG.

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up the gully, I will try lower down. Since I saw you I have been down to Maryborough, where I met an old mate with a little money. He joined me, so we got a horse and dray and rations and intend to give this place a good trial. Come up to the camp and have some tea." Denman went to the camp and saw Nash's mate, who was ill with fever. Denman said he would send over a blackboy with some port wine and Peruvian bark. On leaving he said to Nash, "Don't forget your promise to me if you see anything." Nash promised that he would report results at once.

Next week Mr. Best came over to Denman's for the mail, and asked Denman if he "had heard the news?" "What news?" "Why all Maryborough are up at Gympie getting gold in galore." Denman afterwards saw Nash, and ironically congratulated him on keeping his promise so faithfully. Nash said he was so excited over the discovery he forgot all about his promise, but would give Denman half of the Government reward of £1000. Memory appears to have failed, however, in regard also to this second good intention, according to Mr. Denman's statement. Mr. Denman also adds "that Nash got 10 pennyweights in the first dish of stuff he washed out, that he went down to Brisbane with 36 ounces which he sold in Flavelle's shop, where he said it came from the Cape River, and actually caused a small rush to that locality."

The following is the tale told by Mr. Nash:—"I intended to prospect along the track as far as Maryborough, as I had done all the way from Nanango, and if I got nothing to go to Gin Gin, about which I had heard good accounts. If unsuccessful there, I intended to go to the Calliope diggings, where I had formerly worked. I arrived at Traviston that afternoon, and next morning was put on the track by Mr. Best. On crossing the creek which bears my name, I saw a likely looking gully, and seeing water about 15 yards from the track, decided upon trying a prospect, as I had from many other gullies that morning. The first dish went a few grains, and the second a little better. Encouraged by this, I determined upon giving it a further trial, so after unpacking the horse and getting my dinner I returned to work. That afternoon I got about 10 pennyweights, and by the next evening had obtained an ounce and five pennyweights of gold. After supper I set out for Maryborough, which I reached on the evening of the second day, and sold the gold to Mr. Southerden. After selling the gold, I returned alone, remained on Nash's Creek six days, obtained about 62 ounces of gold, and then went to Maryborough again, and thence to Brisbane by steamer. I sold the gold in Brisbane to Flavelle Brothers. A

gentleman in the shop (I think it was Mr. Walsh, the member) asked me where it came from, and I replied 'Up North.' In a few days I returned to Maryborough, taking with me a horse and cart, and reported the find about the 16th October, 1867."

In the first eight years, Gympie produced 545,000 ounces of gold, and up to 1887 a total of 1,324,000 ounces. The alluvial was worked out in 1868, and by that time nearly a hundred reefing claims were in occupation. The first quartz reef, the Lady Mary, was discovered in Sailor's Gully, by Pollock and Lawrence, on the 8th of November, 1867.

The press is represented by the Gympie *Times* and Gympie *Miner*.

MARYBOROUGH TO GAYNDAH.

This railway leaves the Gympie line at the Mungarr Junction, 12 miles from Maryborough, in blue and spotted gum and ironbark country. On the east is the valley of the Mary, all occupied by settlers, and beyond to the west lie Irrawarra and Yirrayirra plantations on fine scrub soil. Leaving Mungarr the line passes across low ridges and flats, well watered and timbered by iron, bloodwood, and blue and spotted gums, to "Thinoomba," native name of the tea-tree. Here is only a platform for a few adjoining selections, in good pastoral and fair agricultural open park-like country, timbered by broad leaf ironbark. Thence on through iron, blue, and spotted gums and bloodwood, followed by open gum flats, succeeded at Broweena by open stunted ironbark ridges, all occupied for pastoral purposes. This railway, after emerging from the Burrum coal formation, crosses a belt of Devonian, and travels the remaining distance across granite country, bearing gold and copper, to Gayndah, a municipal town on the Upper Burnett, with a population of about 600.

MARYBOROUGH TO BUNDABERG AND MOUNT PERRY.

THERE is no more dreary and uninteresting country traversed by any Queensland railway than that between Maryborough and Bundaberg. The starting point at Maryborough is 26 miles from the sea, and it ends at Bundaberg, 9 miles from the coast. The line therefore runs parallel with the sea for the whole distance, crossing the Burrum, Isis, Gregory, and Elliott Rivers. The total distance is 54 miles. Leaving Maryborough the line passes through poor soil, level open forest of bloodwood, blue gum, forest oak, grey gum, and patches of tea-tree, past Torbanlea, named after Torbanlea in Scotland, a coal mine centre, with a church, public school, two hotels, and about 40 houses. Two miles more, across similar country, and the train stops at "Burrum," after the river of that name, the "Coolboor" of the blacks. This was once a coal mine centre, the scene of the first discovery of coal on January 21st, 1865, on land belonging to the late Hon. W. H. Walsh. From Maryborough to Bundaberg you are passing across part of a belt of coal measure country, extending from Laguna Bay in the south, a few miles beyond Baffle Creek in the north, about 150 miles long and 30 in width. The Burrum, where the line crosses is a deep stream about 50 yards wide, with high steep banks. Thence on through forest oaks (casuarinas) bloodwood, and gums to "Howard," a small township created by adjoining coal mines, producing large quantities of first class coal. Here are two hotels, public school, a church, and the office of the Isis Divisional Board. Thence on across poor soil, through wattles, gums, oaks, and bloodwood, over the Isis River, here only a small creek, to the Isis Junction, on dead level clay soil, surrounded by stunted trees and underbrush. Here a branch line turns off the left for 12 miles, and after passing across more or less worthless country timbered by ironbark, blue gum, stringy bark, wattle, oaks, bloodwood, and turpentine, for eight miles, enters the famous Isis Scrub, a dense fig-tree scrub covering about 30 square miles of high, dry, rich, red soil, exactly the same as the Wongarra Scrub near Bundaberg. The whole of this valuable country is selected and much of it occupied by prosperous farmers. The train stops at Childers, the present terminus, on the crest of a low ridge, forming one of the undulations in the general contour of the scrub

country. A large sugar mill is being erected on the edge of the scrub by Mr. Robert Cran of Millaquin, so that sugar will be one of the future principal products of the district. Eight miles west of Childers is "Cordalba," a Village Settlement occupied by a considerable number of farmers. The Isis River is seven miles away, and at a distance of two and a half miles is the Lily Lagoon, which affords fair shooting and fishing. In the scrub itself are crested fruit pigeons, magenta breasted pigeons, and scrub turkeys.

Returning from Isis, and continuing on the Bundaberg line for six miles, over miserable country, we cross the Gregory River, a small muddy stream about 20 yards wide, spanned by a bridge on concrete piers, and from there the line traverses dreary "Wallam" country, barren sea sand and clay, timbered by stunted eucalypts, honeysuckle, and tea-tree bushes, changing into dwarf blue gums, bloodwood, and forest oaks, and entering Bundaberg across dead level open forest of blue gum, bloodwood, wattle, turpentine, tea-tree, and occasional ironbark.

BUNDABERG TO MOUNT PERRY.

Bundaberg is a prosperous town, situated in a rich agricultural district on the Burnett River, the "Booralbooral" of the blacks (accent on each "al"). It was also called "Birabarra" by the "Kalki" speaking tribes. Bundaberg is named from "Bunda," the name of an old blackfellow, and also the name of a dialect, and "berg," a town; literally, "Bunda Town," a title conferred by one of the early surveyors whom the blacks nicknamed "Bunda."

The district was first explored by Forbes, of Upper Doongool, and Wm. Howard, two squatters, in search of fresh grazing country. They took up land in 1856 adjoining the big scrub, which they named "Wongarra," the "Kalki" blacks' name for a scrub surrounding a hill, and also for the hill ("The Hummock") in the centre of the scrub. The first settlers came in 1857, when A. Walker, of Gayndah, and his brother Robert, and Barnard and Parker, came down on an exploring expedition and formed Bingera Station. In February, 1858, R. Walker, Martin, Merz, and a blackboy camped on the present site of Bundaberg, and were suddenly surrounded by a mob of blacks who, fortunately for them, were disposed to be friendly. The blacks caught fish for the whites, and the whites shot bears for the blacks. Tantitha Station was taken up by Russell and Ogg soon after Bingera was occupied, and in 1866 John and Gavin Steuart went there in search of timber, and selected 320 acres at North Bundaberg under the old "Coffee and Sugar Regulations."

The first timber vessel entered the Burnett in January, 1867. This was the *Elizabeth*, Captain J. Miller, loaded with log cedar for saw-mills at Maryborough. In 1868, J. S. Johnston arrived with the first sawmill. The first women in Bundaberg were Mrs. Watson and Miss Watson, who came in 1869. The site of the town was selected, named, and surveyed by J. C. Thompson. Selection extended rapidly in 1869, and continued until all the available land was occupied. The first steamer to enter the river was the *Sir John Young*, Captain French. The river was named after Surveyor Burnett, who went up to the Boyne (named by Oxley) and the Mary in March, 1847.

Bundaberg of to-day is a clean, healthy looking town, with two-chain streets, divided by the Burnett into North and South Bundaberg. The chief town is on the south side. It stands in latitude 24.53 south and longitude 152.22 east. The situation is on level solid country, above flood mark. North Bundaberg lies lower and is subject to floods. The last census gave the town a population of 3000, and the district 10,000.

The main street is a fine two-chain promenade, with respectable buildings along both sides, conspicuous among them being the new Post and Telegraph Office and a handsome School of Arts, remarkable internally for comfort and accommodation. It owns 4000 volumes and 260 subscribers. There are two breweries and two large saw-mills among the industrial establishments. The town provides excellent hotel accommodation at 10s. per day. There are four banks and two newspapers, the *Mail* and the *Star*, the latter having started on January 5th, 1875. On the eastern side of the town is Robert Cran's celebrated Millaquin Refinery, a gigantic building covering an acre and a quarter. Radiating from this great central mill are conduit pipes delivering cane juice from mills seven miles away in the Wongarra Scrub. These pipes extend over a length of 20 miles. A few brief facts will give some idea of the gigantic operations at the refinery. The eight boilers represent 600 horse-power, driving seven engines, including one of 100 horse-power and one of 60 horse-power. Two ground tanks hold each 27,000 gallons, two iron tanks each 50,000 gallons. There are two sets of *triple effets* and two vacuum pans, one of 10 and one of 20 tons. There are eight four-feet centifugals and 12 molasses tanks, holding a total of 180,000 gallons. The furnaces use 350 tons of coal weekly, besides a large quantity of firewood. The interior is a labrynth of machinery, and the whole process of refining and manufacture is conducted according to the most advanced scientific principles.

From Bundaberg to the sea coast, at the mouth of the river, is only a distance of nine miles. To go there you can ride or drive along an excellent road running nearly the whole distance through the Wongarra Scrub, a tract of rich volcanic red soil extending over 25,000 acres. In the centre of this splendid agricultural country is the "Hummock," a low hill about 400 feet high. From the summit of that hill you look down, all round, on 18 large sugar mills and 15,000 acres of cane. Cane fields stretch from the eastern base away down to the sea coast, about three miles away. Beyond, the blue ocean curves away to the horizon, and along the shores, between the beach and the volcanic scrub, lie the Barolin plains. Barolin is the native name for a "big rock." Originally it was written "Berólin." There is no similar scene in Queensland, and the visitor ought not to leave without a drive to the Burnett Heads, where there is a good hotel and a view from the "Hummock," the "Wongarra" of the old blacks, who found there an abundance of game at all seasons of the year.

North and South Bundaberg are being connected by a railway bridge, which will join the Maryborough line on one side with the Gladstone line on the other. This railway from Bundaberg to Gladstone is now under construction from both ends. It has a total length of 106½ miles. The plans were tabled on the 26th of October, 1886, and approved on the 26th November.

MOUNT PERRY.

This line starts from North Bundaberg. The first section of 41 miles, to Moolboolaman, was opened on the 19th of July, 1881, and finally to Mount Perry on the 20th of May, 1884. The tourist will not be fascinated by the country along the greater part of this line, nor by the series of sharp curves on the ascent of the Burnett Range, a continuation of Dawes' Range from the North.

At Bingera you pass in full view of Bingera estate and sugar mill, thence across five miles of useless country to Goondoon, on level forest of turpentine, bloodwood, and blue gum. "Goondoon" is the native name for a water-bag. Thence across dreary clay flats, with stunted grass-tree, running into stringy-bark, gum and iron, across gravel ridges to Kolan, the native name for which is "Digagee." Thence through wattle and oaks, across red clay ridges, through bloodwood, iron and gum, across iron and gum ridges to Maroondan, native name for a "big goanna." Thence across blue gum and iron flats and ridges to Gin Gin, a station called "Cahban" by the blacks. It stands on flat ridges of reddish clay soil, timbered

by iron, blue gum, and bloodwood. There are two hotels, and the station is a depôt for a considerable number of farmers and timber-getters. The first owner of this station, Mr. Blaxland, and two boys named Pegg, were killed by the blacks. Two miles beyond is "Watawa," called "Gnalla" by the blacks, their name for the large night jar. Here is a small settlement on level gum and iron forest, a depôt for timber, chiefly hoop pine.

Passing Dalysford, where the engine waters, in a gum, iron, and bloodwood valley, through apple, oak, turpentine, grey gum, bloodwood and blue gum, we come to Moolboolaman in a valley of apple-tree and gums, drained by a creek bordered by apple-tree and oaks, surrounded by ridges of ironbark and blue gum. The name of this station means the "white man's camp." In one dialect it signifies an old woman.

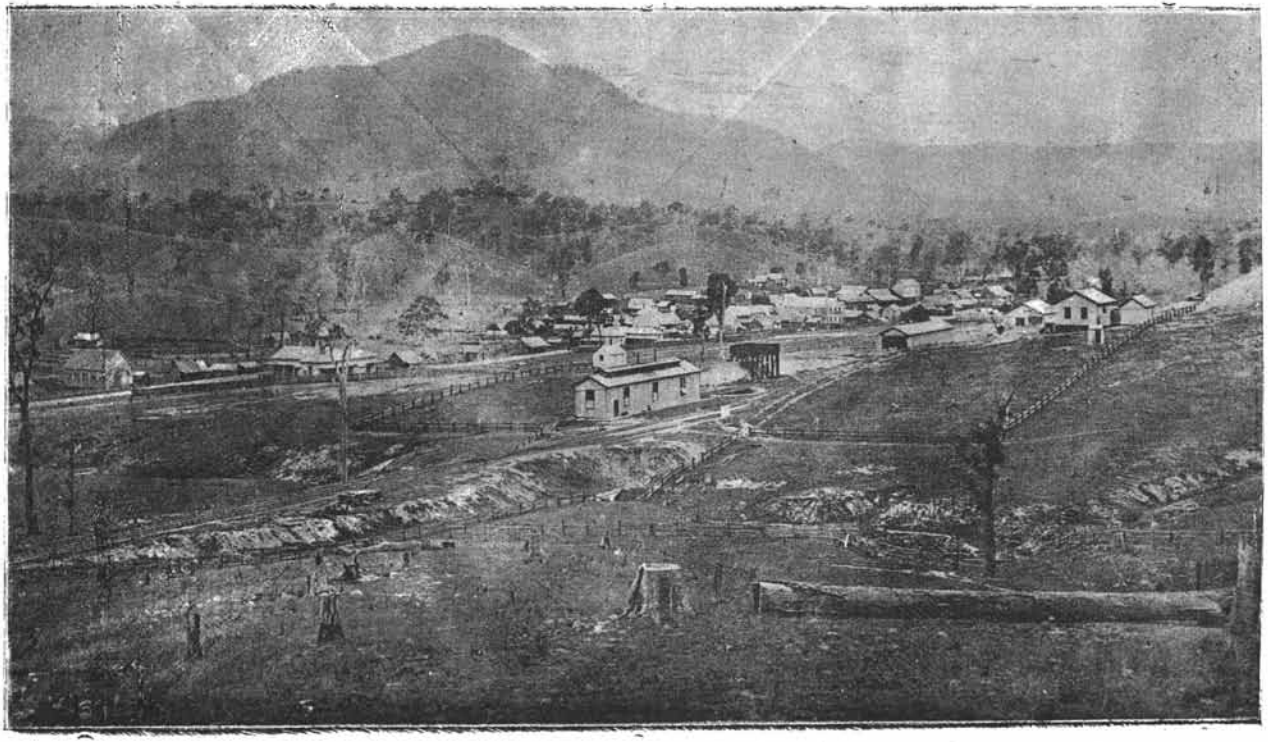
The next station is "Boolboonda," surrounded by low granite hills, timbered by grey gum, bloodwood, apple, and ironbark. This name was given by the blacks to Mount Perry, and means a "burying place," "Gnoorgnoor." Thence through a tunnel across open fair grazing country to Wombah, beside Mount Webster, and near a cattle station visible from the railway. "Wombah" is the native name for a yamstick. Thence on across iron and blue gum ridges, sloping to flats of bloodwood, ash, honeysuckle, grey gum, and apple to a point at 58 miles, commanding a view of Degilbo Rock, a savage peak of ribbed granite, towering in solitude and silence over the surrounding hills, one of Nature's broken columns on the grave of a dead past. Degilbo is pronounced "Dagilbo" by the blacks, with accent on the first syllable. It means a "big stone."

Thence along a valley between low hills, through grey gum and turpentine, the ridges timbered by iron and ash, to "Wolca," a native word for fighting, situated on Drummer's Creek, on a fair soil flat, timbered by handsome apple-tree, ash, oaks, and grey gum.

The next station is Drummer's Creek, a gum and apple valley, occupied by several farming settlers. Thence through iron, blue gum, apple, turpentine, ash, and grey gum to Mount Perry, the terminus of the line at 66 miles. The township is situated in a picturesque valley, surrounded by hills and dome top ridges, the green slopes converging on the centre, a bright clear stream flowing through the middle of the valley, and over the low hills beyond rises the scrub-covered summit of Mount Perry to a height of 2120 feet above sea level. In the vicinity of this mountain is old "Boolboonda," the place where the wild Myalls buried their dead.

ROCKHAMPTON RAILWAYS.

ROCKHAMPTON, the capital of Central Queensland, is a large town on the Fitzroy River, 25 miles from the entrance in Keppel Bay, in latitude 23.24 south, longitude 150.30 east. This river drains an enormous expanse of territory, receiving the Dawson and MacKenzie with all their thousand tributaries, extending north to the divide with the Burdekin, south to where the head waters of the Dawson are separated from those of the Warrego, and far west to the head of Cooper's Creek, whose waters flow eastward to the sands of the Central desert. The Fitzroy and the Burdekin drain the largest among the watersheds of all the Queensland Rivers. The former drains an area larger than England, Scotland, and Wales all together. Rockhampton stands on level country on both sides of the river, the chief town situated on the south side, both connected by a bridge 1100 feet long. The town itself is not yet 40 years of age. It really began with the Canoona rush in 1858 The first land was sold in Sydney in 1858, the year before separation and 198 lots realised £4108. Nine quarter acre lots fronting the reserved Quay brought £527 10s. The town was gazetted a municipality on the 8th of December, 1860. The trade of 1860 is indicated by a sum of £38,202 for exports, and £65,822 for imports. The first sod of the railway to the westward was turned on September 27th, 1865. The municipality contains an area of 15,072 acres. In 1860 it was visited by Sir Charles Nicholson, ex-President of the Queensland Legislative Council. He was greatly delighted with the climate, the scenery, the prospects and resources. He found a French settler named M. Thozet successfully growing cotton, sugar,



MOUNT PERRY.

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tobacco, rice, and arrowroot, and making cigars which sold in Rockhampton at threepence each. The town in that year contained about 800 people. Sir Charles ended his visit by buying a considerable quantity of land. While there he presided as chairman at a meeting to form a "Cotton Growing Association." The first resolution was moved by Alfred Brown and seconded by Mr. Low; the second by Albrecht Feez and seconded by William Landsborough. The result was the unanimous adoption of a petition to the Upper House praying for encouragement to greater population. Shortly after the town was visited by Sir George Bowen, who made his usual comparisons with the West Indies, Spain, Italy, and Greece. In his opinion the district could grow anything produced on the surface of this earth, and presumedly more or less of the products of all the other planets. The climate he compared to that of Italy and Greece. To-day is is usually compared to that of an entirely different region, situated somewhere in the remote depths of space. This we can afford to regard as a joke, the climate of Rockhampton being very healthy and remarkably mild considering the latitude. The temperature of eight months of the year is simply perfect. In 1860 there was only a branch of the A.J.S. Bank to represent the financial institutions. The Union Bank started a branch in 1860. That year it was decided to subscribe for a public school. A letter dated from "Archer's Diggings, Gracemere," March 28th, 1859, gave an enthusiastic account of the district. A letter from William Landsborough to Dr. Lang, in December, 1860, dated from Glenprairie, Broadsound, specially recommended farmers to the country along the coast from Cape Palmerston to Keppel Bay. In 1858 a party of Canoona diggers started prospecting up to Rio station on the Dawson. Finding nothing to pay, four of them made a canoe out of a bottle-tree and started down the river. Their names were D. McLeod, W. Emmons, J. Dinniney, and A. McKinlay. The canoe was 16 feet long, three and a half feet beam, and 18 inches deep. They launched her on the 4th of December, and started on a seven knot current. At six in the evening they reached the junction with the McKenzie. They camped six miles below the junction. On the 9th they met Captain McCoy's party and got some fresh provisions. On the 12th they arrived in Rockhampton after a journey of about 250 miles.

The Canoona rush of July, 1858, was described as "one of the maddest rushes in Australia." There were 15,000 people there at one time, and though 40,000 ounces of gold were found, the rush soon ended, and at first entailed a deplorable amount of misery among the unfortunate crowds who flocked there from all the colonies. Some

had gone back in the vessels in which they arrived, others settled in the district, and the balance gradually left or distributed themselves over the colony. A writer of that day in the Sydney *Herald* said the Victorian Government paid the return passages of 2000 diggers at £5 10s. per head. A sum of £1700 was subscribed as a relief in New South Wales, and the Government of that Colony added a similar amount.

There is not much scenery along the Fitzroy river from the bay to the town, the river for miles bordered by bright green mangroves, with here and there a glimpse of picturesque hills rising over the forest on the north side. The river curves in all directions through open forest of bloodwoods, gums, and ironbarks up to the town wharves close to the bridge. The blacks called the river "Toonoóba" and "Goanba;" the site of Rockhampton, "Wooranannie" or "kangaroo ground." The Berserker Range, rising to the north-east, they call "Warroóin." The Rockhampton blacks belonged to the "Emanbil" tribe, and the next, to the westward, were the "Weegoolboóras," or "Fire blacks."

Rockhampton of to-day is a town of about 13,000 people, residing in 2300 houses, paying £7766 in annual rates, on property of an annual value of £109,000, and a capital value of £1,280,000. The Municipal receipts from all sources amount to £24,555, the expenditure to £29,406. The receipts from water supply are £5758, the expenditure to £6937. There are hotels equal to any in the colony, the charges in the best being 10s. per day. North Rockhampton is a separate municipality connected to the South side by the Fitzroy bridge. Among the public buildings are the Hospital, Orphanage, and Boys' Grammar School, all admirably situated on a low hill at the west side of the town. Botanic Gardens, started in 1872, are beautifully situated two miles away on the eastern slope of the same hill, dipping gracefully to a large fresh water lagoon called the "Murray" Lagoon. Picturesque ranges break the sky line in all directions. The town exports gold, wool, meat, tallow, hides, copper, and sugar. The exports for 1889 were worth about £1,815,000. This alone gives some idea of the Rockhampton trade. Three miles down the river are the Lake's Creek Meat Preserving Works on the north bank of the river. Here the Central Queensland Meat Export Co. conducts extensive operations in freezing, preserving, and the manufacture of extracts, the quality of all their products enjoying a world wide reputation. The visitor should go there and realise for himself the magnitude and importance of this establishment.

Rockhampton is laid out in long straight streets, with regular squares, and is kept clean and well drained. The situation is beautifully level, and all the principal part of the town is above flood marks. The climate is healthy, and the heat usually absurdly exaggerated in the accounts by travellers from the South. The lowest shade of June is 42°, the minimum 54°; the highest in shade 75°, the mean shade 61°. In January the lowest shade is 70°, the highest 93°, and the mean shade 80°. This shows a very equable climate, not subject to any violent changes. In cabs and 'busses the town has all the advantages of a city. The rainfall for 1887 was 49 inches. The average rainfall is about 52 inches.

The Rockhampton press is represented by two daily papers, the *Bulletin*, started on July 9th, 1861, and the *Argus* on January 3rd, 1863. The weekly *Capricornian* is issued from the *Bulletin* Office. It was started on January 2, 1875. On the North side is the North Rockhampton *Times*, issued weekly.

About 400 pupils attend the two schools in North Rockhampton. The population would number about 2000, under their own separate Mayor and Council.

EMU PARK RAILWAY.

This is a line of 29 miles, connecting North Rockhampton with a marine watering place on the shores of Keppel Bay, opposite Great Keppel Island. It was opened on December 22nd, 1888. The line traverses open forest country between the Berserker Range and the river, Mounts Archer and Nicholsen rising to over 1600 feet on the left, passing the Lake's Creek Meat Works on the right, past tea-tree flats, open forest of box gums and ironbark to Balnagowan, in view of which is a picturesque mountain and deep ravine, with a little valley in a cresent of hills. You see occasional farms, neat little homesteads on the way along to New Zealand Gully, once the scene of a gold rush, where the reefs are still worked, past small hills, water at a lagoon at 14 miles in a forest of tea-tree, turpentine, bloodwood, forest oaks, box gums, and ironbark to "Tungamull," on an ironbark flat on the edge of a low ridge, the starting point to the Cawarral mines. Far ahead you see the graceful cone of Mount Wheeler rising into the blue sky over the tree tops, and then on through stringy bark, acacias, Moreton Bay ash, and blue gum, past "Coowonga" and "Coorawan" (pigeon and kangaroo) to "Tanby," where the road leaves for Yeppoon, a watering place seven miles away on the shores of the bay, and 12 miles north along the coast from Emu Park. In six miles more, through the

same kind of forest, the train emerges from the honeysuckle and shrubby trees of the coast into Emu Park, certainly the most beautiful watering place in Queensland, and probably in Australia. It consists of a series of low hills, from 100 to 200 feet high, bare of all but green grass, resembling some lovely park upheaved in irregular undulations by subterraneous forces, dipping into each other, and all sloping on three sides to the sea shore. Ascend one of those hills, and behold the magnificent panorama of land and ocean. You stand in an amphitheatre, bounded only by the horizon, the shore line dividing it across the centre like an equator. Landward, from right to left, far away across the brown ocean of forest, rise isolated hills and mountains and fantastic ranges, some near enough to show the towering trees on the summits, and others only as dark blue clouds on the edge of azure sky. Before you is a vast archipelago of islands, long islands with white sand beaches fronting dark vegetation, isolated rocks "lone as incarnate death," and Curtis Island, with its dim blue peaks and curving summits, ending in a lion-shaped mountain far south. Northward the islands fade away beyond the line of vision. South Keppel, the "Wopobbara" of the natives, 14 miles away, is the island to which two blacks swam back when removed to the mainland, and their families left behind. One perished on the way across. The Schnapper Islands, 20 miles; North Keppel, 18 miles, leased for sheep grazing; Barren Island, 25 miles; Middle Island, 16 miles; Coral Island, 13 miles; Pelican Island, five miles, a favourite resort for oysters; Peak Island, 15 miles; and five or six others at various distances. Those are some of the islands studding the glorious ocean scenery between Emu Park and the sunrise. Descend to the low grass-covered spur projecting to the north-east, overlooking the beach, and survey the shore from right to left. On the right, in front of the park itself, are two gracefully curved beaches, the curves joined by a projecting reef of rocks dividing the bathing ground of the two sexes. On the left, a white sand beach sweeps round towards a green point descending to the sea. North, east, and south lies the island-studded ocean, and behind repose the beautiful green slopes of Emu Park, clumps of shrub-like trees nestling in the small ravines. Visitors will find accommodation in four exceptionally superior and comfortable hotels, built with special adaptation to climate and requirements. The blacks call Emu Park "Oópal."

North of Emu Park, 12 miles by road and eight by water, is the township of Yeppoon, seven miles from Tanby Railway Station, across low ridges and open flats of gum, ironbark, bloodwood, and

Moreton Bay ash. There are three hotels, three stores, post and telegraph office, a public school, and about 200 people. The town stands on a flat at the foot of a grass-covered hill, dipping to the beach, and running back inland into a range covered by dense scrub. From where this grass hill "Nuncomba" joins the sea, there stretches away northward for 18 miles, one of the hardest and widest sand beaches on the Queensland coast. Six miles along this beach, and two miles inland towards Woodland Station, lies the Yeppoon Sugar Plantation, picturesquely situated near Mount "Barmoya," on rich soil flats and slopes at the foot of the "Nuncomba" Range. In the vicinity is a large number of farmers, who produce milk, butter, fruit, and general produce. It is an important and healthy district, so far somewhat embarrassed by the distance and cost of carriage. South from the grass hill which overlooks the town, and just across the creek behind the town, is the notorious Taranganba goldmine, the chimney of the works rising in gloomy isolation over the tree-tops on the foot of a low hill. Small vessels and steamers can enter the Yeppoon creek on ordinary tides.

ROCKHAMPTON TO BARCALDINE.

THE first section of this railway, 30 miles to Westwood, was opened on the 17th September, 1867, and the final section from the Alice to Barcaldine, on the 8th of November, 1886. This line follows up the waters of Neerkol Creek, crosses Dawes' Range 500 feet high at 30 miles, across the Dawson at 58 miles, through a gap in Leichardt's Expedition Range, "Woóyarboóyal," at 110 miles, across the Comet at 140 miles, near the junction with the McKenzie; over the Nogoa at 165 miles, the Drummond Range at 235 miles, 1717 feet above the sea; thence over the tributaries of the Belyando on Burdekin waters, over the dividing range at 296 miles, 1448 feet above the sea; across the Alice at 326 miles, and on to Barcaldine at 358 miles, and 953 feet above sea level, on the watershed of the Barcoo.

This line travels over granite country, followed by a narrow belt of Desert Sandstone, and a crescent-shaped strip of Coal Measures to Gogango, passing into the Devonian Burdekin Beds, and thence, some miles before arriving at Duaringa, into freshwater Carboniferous country continuing to beyond the Comet, where the line enters a broad basaltic belt on the Nogoa River. It passes out of this belt at Withersfield into Carboniferous country, continuing on to the Belyando, where the line enters the Desert Sandstone from whence it emerges on the Alice into the Cretaceous rolling downs of the West.

Six miles from Rockhampton, across flat, low, open forest country, the train stops at Gracemere, near to which is Gracemere cattle Station, and on the edge of a large lagoon (native "Padthool") the beautiful homestead and garden of the Archer Brothers, who are among the oldest pioneer squatters of Queensland. Thence on across flats timbered by ash, bloodwood, ironbark, and small grey gums,

past Kabra on a sandy creek fringed by tea-trees, across level country with good grass, ironbark and ash, with low lightly timbered hills on each side. At Kabra the coach starts for Mount Morgan, 16 miles away on the Dee River, through flat country rising into broken ranges, all timbered by ironbark, bloodwood, and spotted gum. From Neerkol Station at 13 miles, on to Westwood at 30, the line passes through open forest land, low hills in the distance, well grassed, grey gum, bloodwood, and ash, farms at intervals, past "Stanwell" with a store and hotel, abrupt rocky hill rising near, on through gum and ironbark, with farms occasionally to "Warren," on a flat timbered by small ash, drained by creeks bordered by swamp oaks, a little settlement in the neighbourhood. On through groves of oaks, and enter the first brigalow scrub and bottle-trees, followed by open undulating forest, flats of gum and ironbark, Dawes' range in the distance rising to about 1200 feet. Pass Wycarba at 24 miles, a gum flat on right and low ridges on left, on through low rough hills, ash, oak bordered creeks, a hill rising to 800 feet, open ridges with ash, bloodwood, and ironbark; flat ridges with stunted ironbark, and open tableland timbered by ironbark. Westwood stands at an elevation of 503 feet, in fine open country, with low open hills all round; stunted iron and ash. A little village nestles in a cosy valley among low hills and iron and bloodwood ridges covered by spear grass. At 35 miles there is some good soil followed by light blue gum flats at Goganjo, native name "Naneéni," on fine open level country with a patch of brigalow and black soil. Pass Rocky where the engine waters at a lagoon in the creek, on through flats of spear grass, iron and spotted gum, a wilderness of ironbark, gums, and oaks, past Boolburra, one of the native names of the Dawson; past Duaringa ("Duarananjee") on poor level ironbark country. On through brigalow, bloodwood, and spotted gum to "Wallaroo" (the old Sydney natives' name for the mountain kangaroo,) on red soil, where the engine waters at a dam, and large quantities of spotted gum have been cut for railway purposes. Next station is "Bridgewater," at 83 miles, on dead level ironbark country. On through a mile of brigalow scrub, open iron and gum to Dingo.

"Dingo" is the old Twofold Bay blacks' name for the native dog. Here the dingo is called "Moora," and the locality "Oongoórabilly." Dingo stands on a gum and ironbark flat. On through bloodwood, ash, oaks, ironbark and box gums, sandy ridges, and patches of tea-tree at 94 miles, the first since leaving Rockhampton, to "Walton," where the train waters on the slope of a flat ironbark ridge. On across level country, blue gum, bloodwood, ash, and ironbark, past

the "Bluff" and the "Siding" at 110 miles, where you get a fair view of Leichhardt's Expedition Range, indescribably beautiful when the dark sandstone cliffs and terraces are radiant with the purple glories of the western sunset. This is a branch from the main range. It divides the Comet and Dawson waters, and terminates away north near the McKenzie river. The railway passes through a gap. On past "Blackwater," on a bottle-tree and ironbark flat, by "Burngrove" and "Tolmies" through brigalow, ash, blackbutt, sandalwood, butterwood, box, bottle-tree, and ironbark to the "Comet." This is the Comet of Leichhardt, named by him from a comet seen while camped on the banks. The blacks call it "Wangulgamoo," or "boomerang water," from "Wangul" and "gamoo," the name indicating the circuitous course of the stream. It runs into the McKenzie within a mile or two of where the railway crosses the river.

At 149 miles we pass "Yamala," 600 feet above sea level (the "Deérang" of the blacks), and thence on past Winton, a siding, and the Springsure Junction, cross the Nogoa river, and enter the township of Emerald at 165 miles. The Nogoa is another of Leichhardt's rivers, a narrow muddy stream about 50 feet wide. The blacks call it "Dalgi" and "Balberra." Emerald is a small township of six hotels, about 40 houses, a police station, lockup, courthouse, and public school, near the bank of the Nogoa, on flat open country of bloodwood and Moreton Bay ash. The trade arises from the junction of the Springsure and Clermont lines. A line runs from here 62 miles north to Clermont, and another 42 miles south to Springsure. The native name of Emerald is "Eurumbo."

Leaving Emerald for the West, the line passes through fine open park-like country, with brigalow shrubs and dwarf bloodwood, past St. Helen's—"Goolboolbo," "Glendarriwill," native name "Yoolgool," to "Anakie," where the engine waters at a big lagoon in the midst of ash and brigalow. Thence by "Borilla," native word for "big plain," to Withersfield, on flat ridges of gums, ironbark, and ash, these timbers continuing to Bogantungan. This formidable word is simply the native name for the grass-tree. The station stands in a valley on the slope of a flat ridge of box and silver ironbark, surrounded by low ranges. Here are two stores, a hotel, and baker's shop.

Leaving here, the line, which is now 1098 feet above the sea, starts to enter the spurs of the Drummond Range, ascending nearly 700 feet in the next eight miles, to Hannam's Gap on top of the range. During the ascent the train toils up steep grades, round

EAST STREET, ROCKHAMPTON.

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sharp curves, overlooking long spurs sloping to the valley below, timbered by grey gums, silver ironbark, yellow flower acacias, up to cypress pines at 1400 feet. At 1600 feet there is a fine view away to the east, down a long deep valley, guarded by sentinel ranges terraced along the face by dark layers of stratified sandstone rock, the curved and pointed and level summits overgrown by avenues of stately trees, standing outlined against the blue sky, solemn and serene.

> "Children of elder time, in whose devotion
> The chainless winds still come and ever came
> To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging
> To hear, an old and solemn harmony.!"

From Hannam's Gap, the line passes through open well grassed country, timbered by ironbark, bloodwood, wattle, box, and dwarf pines, to Drummond, at 241 miles. You are now on the watershed of the Belyando, a tributary of the Burdekin. These small streams you cross, probably travel 500 miles before they enter the sea near Cape Cleveland on the east coast.

On from Drummond across open level country of ash and sandalwood to the Belyando, which consists here of only two or three dirty little muddy rivulets an active man could jump across. For the next 16 miles you traverse open iron and ash country, through scrubs of cypress pine, brigalow, box, ash, and turkey bush, doubtless good soil, suitable for various agricultural purposes; ascend a narrow tableland by a grade of one in 30, and descend the other side by a similar grade into the small township of Alpha, on level ash and bloodwood country, on Alpha creek.

At Alpha there are three stores and three hotels, besides the station buildings, and a number of private houses. Two coaches run from here weekly to Tambo, 100 miles away south near the Warrego Range. Alpha is also on the stock route to Wodonga and Townsville. It is the depôt for Alpha, Nive Downs, Tambo, Landsdowne, Birkhead, and other stations.

At 296 miles the train crosses the Main Range at 1448 feet above the sea, after traversing level ironbark country, passing "Beta," a pumping station, where water is pumped by steam from a well 100 feet deep, fresh in dry weather and brackish in wet. After crossing the Main Range, which divides all the east and west rivers, you are on the watershed of the Barcoo, the Cooper's creek of Sturt, the river once associated with so much mystery, and still recalling so

many sad memories of the old explorers. From the range to Jericho the line passes through open forest of silver iron, box, and pines, and scrubs of gidya, brigalow, box, and turkey bush.

Jericho stands on a box gum flat. There are three hotels and two stores. It receives the trade from Blackall, about 80 miles away, and Cobb's coach runs from here to that township twice weekly.

From here you pass across level country of box gum, brigalow and silver ironbark, through red sand patches timbered by bloodwood, box gums, and iron, to the Alice River, a small stream about 20 feet wide, a tributary of the Barcoo. The station stands on undulating bloodwood country, with a patch of cypress pine. Here Mr. Clement Wragge, the Government Astronomer, has established a first class station for meteorological observations. Five miles beyond the Alice, through bloodwood, low shrubs, and gidyas, the train crosses the crest of a ridge at "Busthinia," 1200 feet above the sea. From this summit you look east and west over a vast silent dead level ocean of trees far off to the edge of the horizon. On through sandalwood and bauhinias to 335 miles, where you see a strange fortress-like sandstone range rising up in the north, probably part of the Aramac Range on the head of the Thompson. At 324 miles the engine waters on a sandy flat of gums and gidya, then on through gidya, silver iron, and bloodwood, across sandflats, past a lagoon at 348¾ miles, a favorite resort for teal and grey duck, through bauhinias, gidya, box, beefwood, and turkey bush, on dead level country to Barcaldine, at 358 miles, and 953 feet above sea level.

Barcaldine is a township with a population whose total is varied by the nomadic section. It is probably suspended between 800 and 1100. The town is situated on level, sandy country, surrounded by gidya scrubs, which diffuse a balmy fragrance in the surrounding atmosphere, especially in wet weather. The state school has an average attendance of 200 scholars. The climate is healthy, and though the thermometer rises to 120° in the shade in summer, the heat is not in any sense so oppressive as 110° on the coast, on account of the light dry atmosphere peculiar to the west. Barcaldine is in latitude 23.33 south, and longitude 145.17 east. It is the depôt for a vast expanse of magnificent pastoral country on the Barcoo and the Thompson, north, south, and west. The nearest stream to the town is the Alice, a tributary of the Barcoo. The railway is under construction beyond Barcaldine, westward across beautiful open downs towards the Thompson River, which runs with the Barcoo into Cooper's Creek. The opening of the extension will, of necessity, somewhat affect the trade of Barcaldine.

Clermont Railway.

THE railway to Clermont, a branch line 62 miles long, leaves the main line at Emerald, 165 miles from Rockhampton. It was opened to Clermont on March 26th, 1884. Clermont lies at the head of a peculiar basalt valley, enclosed on the east by the Peak Range, and on north and West by a curve of the Drummond Range. The whole area is drained by a series of unimportant creeks, flowing into the Nogoa not far from Emerald. The Clermont line passes all the way through basaltic country, not readily forgotten by the traveller possessed of even the commonest faculty for observation. There is not a worthless acre on the whole 62 miles. You cross Emerald Downs, lovely open country and rich soil bordered by brigalow and bloodwood, followed by brigalow shrubs, sandalwood, and turkey bush, across black soil timbered by ash, box gums, bauhinias, iron, beefwood, and occasional bottle trees. At 182 miles, or 17 miles from Emerald, you emerge on glorious downs, followed by emu apple, beefwood, iron, and box, opening into lovely glades succeeded by open forest of iron and bloodwood.

At 25 miles you are again on open downs, the blue summits of the Drummond Range far off on the sky line, like islands rising from the grey sea of brigalow. At 32 miles we arrive at "Capella," an embryo township with two hotels, a store, and about 20 houses, built on rolling downs, depôt for surrounding selectors, who are cultivating maize and general produce. Far away, out of the same old grey waste of brigalow, rise the pyramid peaks of the Peak Range, standing there in the same silence and unutterable loveliness as when reflected in the eyes of Ludwig Leichhardt 46 years ago. One intuitively recalls the sad fate of the lost explorer. Alas!

> "No mourning maiden decked
> With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
> The lone couch of his everlasting rest."

Heavens! Only a brief 46 years since that solitary band marched through those brigalow scrubs across the McKenzie towards the Isaacs, on their lone journey to Port Essington, the first white men from all Eternity to tread that mournful wilderness—and now, farms, stations, towns, copper mines and railways!! At 36 miles you come to open downs, with curving slopes and clusters of trees in wonderful resemblance to orange groves, one of the loveliest scenes, heightened by a distant view of the weird summits of the Peak Range. Prone on the sky line the level crest of Table Mountain, "Winganna" of the blacks, and the strange spires of the peaks, "Bababoola," and Gilbert's Dome, and Roper's Peak rising far off in the blue haze and telling us in mute eloquence their "Tale of the times of old." Poor Gilbert! In fancy we can again behold that night attack, the dreadful yells, the wild confusion, the cruel spears driven with resistless force, "too near and deadly aimed to err," and then the solemn burial service, and the lonely grave by the still lagoon, where in after years only the dark "Myall knew his place of rest, far in the wattle shade." On the crests of long green slopes converging in narrow valleys, stand rows of spectral trees between you and the sky line as if suspended in the azure by invisible wires, and eastward the grey brigalow ocean stretching, silent and solemn, to the Drummond Range. Beyond "Retro" you traverse a long ascending and descending avenue through a dense bottle-tree and brigalow scrub, all good soil, suitable for cultivation. The black soil slopes and flats along this line resemble in quality and formation some of the country on the Darling Downs. The scene from Retro to Langton is equal in beauty to any part between Toowoomba and Warwick. Close to the line at Langton is Langton station, on a low parapet-surrounded hill, like a gigantic fortress, overlooking glorious rolling downs, with grey brigalow and iron stretching to the towering peaks away towards the rising sun. Seven miles more across fine country and we arrive at Clermont Railway Station, on the crest of a dome-shaped ridge falling off on all sides, the summit 860 feet above the sea. Part of the town, chiefly private residences, is situated on the summit and slopes of the hill, but the main streets and business sections are at the foot of the hill on the east side, on the edge of a long lagoon. The reason for this astonishing choice of a situation is no problem to those who know how so many colonial towns originated from the first bullock dray camping beside water, the first shanty, first blacksmith's shop, and first store.

Clermont has a population of about 1400 people, the surrounding district representing probably 5000 more. The town is a municipality

governed by a mayor and five aldermen. There are eight hotels, in some of which the visitor will find excellent accommodation. The town has a Club with about a hundred members, a School of Arts with 2000 volumes, a Town Hall, a first-class Hospital, Turf Club, Societies, Pastoral and Agricultural Association, Churches, two Marsupial Boards, and a School with over 200 children. The town lies in latitude 22.45 south, and longitude 147.38 east. The climate is one of the best in Queensland, and the general health of all ages remarkably good. The press is represented by the *Peak Downs Telegram*, published weekly. Within four miles of Clermont, across ironbark, bloodwood, and Moreton Bay ash country, stands all that remains of the old mining township of Copperfield, once the head centre of the Peak Downs Copper mines, discovered by a man named Mollard, "One-eyed Jack," in 1861. In September, 1860, gold had been found at Clermont, and the rush to "Nelson's Gully," named after the discoverer, started the township. Next year came the discovery of copper, followed by the floating of the "Peak Downs Copper Mining Company," which in 1867 expended £97,000, and realised £125,000 for copper. At the end of 1870, £60,000 had been paid on the subscribed capital of £33,334. This Company worked the mine for 15 years, raising 17,000 tons of refined copper, which realised about £1,280,000. The reduced price of copper and extravagant and injudicious management ended in winding up the Company in 1887, and a forced sale at which the whole property was sold for £3000. And the historian records that—"Copperfield never revived. Various attempts were made to work the mine but they were not successful; copper fell to £50 per ton. At present all that is left of its former greatness are several tumbling-down chimney stacks, a vast quantity of rusty machinery, a large number of vacant buildings, several herds of goats, and a few families who cling with peculiar affection to the old place. Land which was worth £1000 per acre can now be purchased for £5, and the writer of this article saw an allotment sold the other day for five sixpenny drinks, which in 1872 changed hands at £236." Population fell from 2300 to 50. The following are two pictures rescued from the oblivion of the past:—"An old Clermont resident who travelled this road with his 'bluey' on his back, thus describes a night at Apis Creek, four-and-twenty years ago:—'We found a public-house in course of completion, and opposite was a horse and cattle yard, with a fine bullock hanging on the gallows ready to be cut down. We applied to the landlord for some steak, he willingly complied, but refused to take cash for same. We looked in astonishment at the man, and of course were

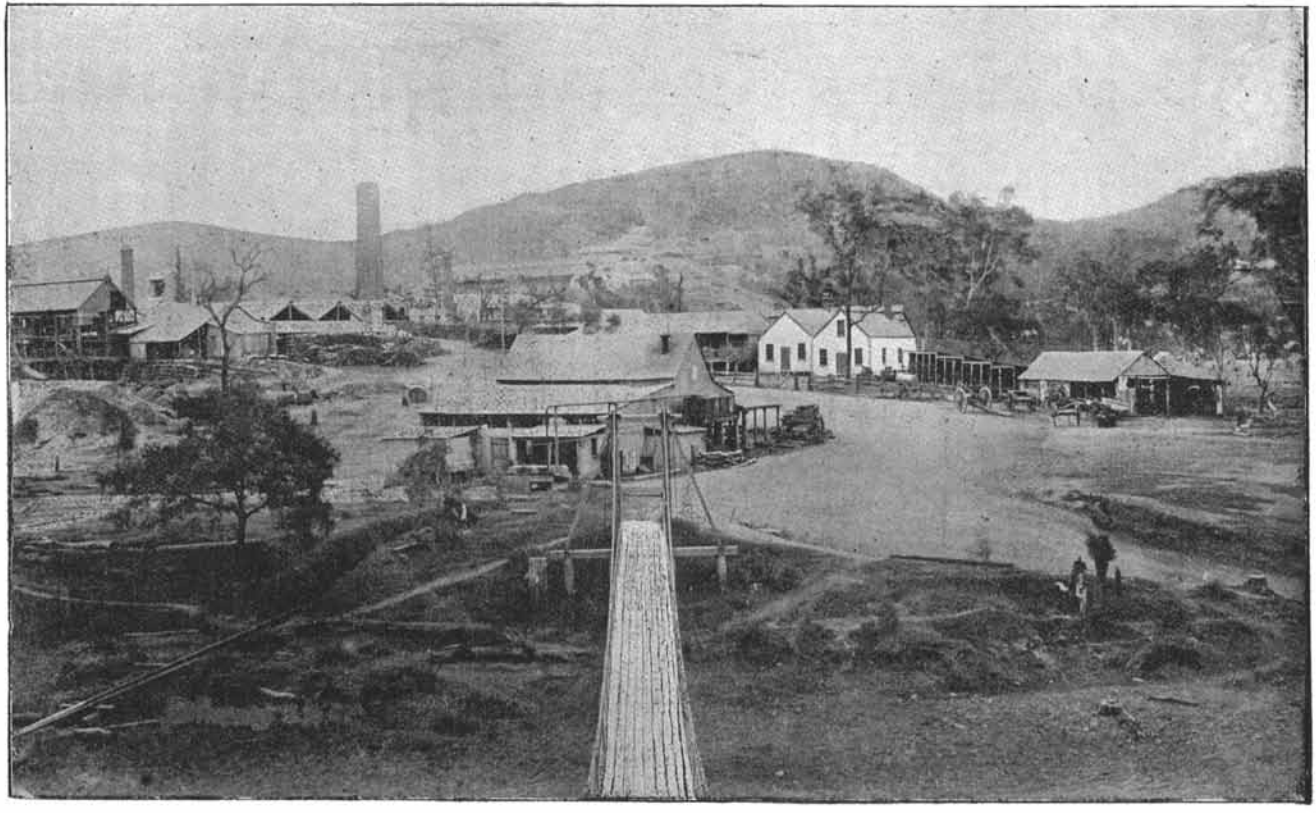
profuse in our thanks. No one was more surprised than myself, when, some time afterwards, I heard that this man was Frank Gardiner, the notorious New South Wales bushranger. At a later period I saw the gold escort camped at his house, the gold and carbines in his own bedroom. I also saw him the same night chastise a big bully for pitching into a poor weak man. His after fate is well known.' What Clermont looked like in 1864 is thus described by the same 'old resident':—'The first building we saw was Messrs. Winter and Veale's store and public-house, part slabs, part calico, and part bark. All round were several bark huts and tents; a Chinaman had commenced a garden alongside the lagoon. Shanties were everywhere, a bark hut (humpy) was where the present Commercial Hotel stands, and a tent (shanty) where the Royal Hotel stands. On the other side was the lockup (built of logs) and the police quarters (canvas), all over the flat were shanties. The nights beggar description, drinking, singing, shooting, and stabbing, being the usual thing. Water was scarce and carriage was only £86 per ton. Soon afterwards a flood came, and swept almost everything away. A famine nearly prevailed, beef, mutton, and pigweed, formed the only diet for some time; flour was only 3s. per pound, whisky, 32s. 6d. per bottle. I had to pay 35s. for a pair of inferior boots, and tobacco was 20s. per pound.' Such was life in Clermont in 1864."

SPRINGSURE RAILWAY.

THIS line branches from the main railway 164 miles west of Rockhampton, within two miles of the Nogoa River. It was opened to Springsure on the 15th of August, 1887. It travels for 12 miles through brigalow scrub, interspersed with bottle-tree, Moreton Bay ash, bloodwood, emu apple, turkey bush, quinine, yellowood, and bitter plum. At 12 miles the line emerges upon beautiful level richly grassed open downs, which continue to Fernlees on a stoney plateau, timbered by ironbark. On the right this plateau falls off into open downs, stretching away to the foot of weird looking sandstone hills, of all fantastic shapes. The railway runs for the whole distance across basalt country, along the divide of the Comet and Nogoa waters, both tributaries of the McKenzie. Part of the downs country traversed is in the Cullin-la-ringo lands, which formed the subject of considerable public discussion two or three years ago. The blacks call that district "Boóreeburrie.' There is some grand agricultural soil between Fernlees Station and Springsure, though the train passes through some open forest of gums and ironbark, fit only for grazing purposes. Farms are passed when near Springsure, and a remarkable isolated cliff-faced peak of savage rocks rises abruptly on the left hand, within a few hundred yards of the railway. The range on the right hand, along the watershed of the Nogoa, is one of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most picturesque, in Australia.

Springsure occupies one of the loveliest positions in Queensland. Only a lake or river is required to make the scenery perfect. The last census gave the population of the town at 500, and the district 1450. It is a quiet little town, at present slumbering in Arcadian repose, but 20 years ago Springsure was the centre of considerable activity, being the depôt for much of the Barcoo trade, besides that

of the surrounding district. Twenty drays were no unusual sight in the main street. There were four hotels at that time, and a branch of the A.J.S. Bank. Now there are two hotels, and the bank has vanished. It owns three stores, a post and money order office, and a reading room. The Bauhinia Divisional Board have their office there. The town flourished until the railway went to Emerald and diverted the trade. The blacks call the locality "Macaboola." The town stands on the head of Springsure Creek, a tributary of the Comet, at a height of 1057 feet above the sea. The climate is one of the healthiest in the colony. The town is in latitude 24.3 south, and longitude 148.3 east. The view is simply glorious. The most drearily unæsthetic and unpoetic soul could hardly survey that beautiful scene unmoved by some generous emotion. The town stands on a series of undulations in a little valley, through the centre of which ripples the clear water of Springsure Creek "Balgaraburra" of the blacks. That smiling little valley is enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills, open only at the giant gateway through which the railway enters from the north. The western portal of that gateway is a solid, vertical, cliff-faced, caverned mountain, rising straight up and frowning over the entrance from a height of about 1500 feet. "Grim rocks in unimaginable forms" tower above you, spires and pinnacles, domes and broken columns, and from the thunder scarred and rugged bosom of that vast and stern old mountain, "the warmth of an immortal youth shoots out," in dark clumps of noble trees from basement to summit, and bare rocks and fern streaked ravines and clefts bar the whole surface, with alternate green, white, black, and gray; a Raphaelistic fresco by the Immortals! The time was, when in one of those dark caverns, far overhead on the eastern face, a South Sea Islander, stained with blood, sought a refuge from the police. To enter the cave was death. Rifle shots, fired in stern necessity, startled a thousand echoes in the surrounding hills, and the unhappy son of wave-washed Tanna slumbered with his fathers. Among those fantastic hills at the back of Springsure, a girdling zone of the earthquakes' rarest workmanship, are mines of choicest opal, not unknown to the London lapidaries. Springsure opal, sold to Streeter of London, was made into an opal suite for Lady Brassey, who on her visit to Rockhampton went out to Springsure by special train, with a band of attendants, and saw and conversed with Mr. Frank Batho, who sold to Streeter the original opal of those jewels for which she paid 200 guineas. She also visited the mine from which the opal was taken, and expressed herself delighted with the whole excursion.



MOUNT MORGAN.

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MACKAY RAILWAY.

MACKAY is a township on the Pioneer River, 625 miles north along the coast from Brisbane, in latitude 21.9 south and longitude 149.13 east. Off the mouth of the river lie two islands, "Round Top" and "Flat Top," a mile apart. On Flat Top, beside which all large coasting steamers anchor, is a lighthouse, with a red and white light, in a tower 32 feet high and 174 feet above high water This light is visible 19 miles. The mouth of the river is one and a half mile S.W. of Flat Top in a curve of the sandy beach. This river is only navigable for vessels drawing 11 feet of water. The tide on the bar rises from 12 to 16 feet, and 10 to 12 feet at the town, which is four miles from the bar. Passengers by the large steamers are landed in a comfortable steam tender which receives them at the anchorage at Flat Top.

Mackay stands on the south bank of the river, four miles from the mouth, and about a mile from the sea beach. The origin of the name and the settlement itself must necessarily be interesting, like the name and origin of all other towns.

On January 16th, 1860, a party of men going to Queensland in search of new pastoral country, started from Armidale in New England. The party included John Mackay, John McCrossin, Hamilton Robinson, Andrew Murray, John Muldoon, D. Cameron, John Barber, and a blackboy named "Duke," with 28 horses and all necessary outfit. They travelled by way of Tenterfield, Warwick, Dalby, and Gayndah to Rockhampton, where they arrived on the 2nd of March. On the 24th of May, 1860, Mackay, Barber, and McCrossin stood on the sand beach at the mouth of the Pioneer River, after an eventful journey overland from Rockhampton. In the following year Mackay returned with 1200 head of stock, and men and plant necessary to start a station. He selected a site for

the homestead on the low hill known as "Greenmount." In the end of May, 1861, he was visited by G. E. Dalrymple, who was travelling with blackboys along the coast from Port Denison to Rockhampton. On that occasion Dalrymple named Mount Blackwood and Mount Jukes after the captain and naturalist of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*. On June 25th, 1861, the Pioneer was first navigated by a man named Hart, in charge of the cutter *Presto*, from Rockhampton, with supplies for Mackay. It appears Hart made a previous attempt to find the Pioneer, and ran into a creek near Slade Point, where one of his crew and a passenger were killed by the blacks. When the *Presto* left for Rockhampton, on the 6th of July, she carried a letter from Mackay for the Crown Lands Commissioner, giving a sketch of the river, the soundings and position, all of which were embodied in Buxton's Map of Queensland for 1861. The same year the river was named "Mackay," and declared a port of entry. In 1862 Commodore Burnett visited the Northern ports in H.M.S. *Pioneer*. There being already a river in Rockingham Bay called the Mackay, it was decided to call the new Mackay the "Pioneer" in honour of Burnett's vessel, and give Mackay's name to the township to be surveyed on the river. The surveyor who went up to survey the town suggested the name of "Alexandra," but the Surveyor-General declined the proposal, and decided to name it after the discoverer of the river. So the town on the Pioneer bears the name of Captain John Mackay, the present Harbour Master of Brisbane.

He left the river, and returned on a visit after an absence of 20 years to find a prosperous municipal township, the capital of the most extensive sugar growing centre in Queensland, with a total population in town and district of 19,000, exclusive of Chinese and Kanakas. The first men to settle at Mackay were Henderson and Cridland, who were there waiting for building material and stores when Mackay left for Rockhampton in September, 1861. Then came James Ready and family, Mrs. Ready being the first white woman in the district, one whose name was honoured by the early pioneers for her benevolent attentions to fever stricken bushmen. She was the mother of the first white child born on the Pioneer, and that child is now the wife of Alderman P. M. Hynes, of Mackay.

The thermometer at Mackay varies from 94° in summer to 32° in June or July. The average temperature for 12 years was 72°. The greatest rainfall in a month was represented by 50 inches in March, 1882; the greatest fall in 24 hours, 10.40 inches, on January 30th, 1884. Highest known flood at 2.30 p.m. 31st January, 1884, on

which occasion the rainfall, in three consecutive days, was 21.45 inches. The Pioneer rose 52 feet above ordinary level.

The Government geologist says :—"Coal seams of workable thickness, and of good quality, are known to exist in the Mackay district, and others may with confidence be expected to be discovered in localities not yet explored." Mount Britton goldfield lies 75 miles west. Silver, tin, marble, lead, and copper are also found in the district, but sugar has been the origin and cause of continued prosperity.

In 1864, Mr. J. Spiller planted the first cane grown on the Pioneer River. There were only 12 acres in 1866, increased to 140 in 1867. In 1868 the Alexandra Mill was started, producing 230 tons of sugar and 148 hogsheads of rum.

On the 25th of September, 1869, the town was incorporated, and the first aldermen elected D. H. Dalrymple as the first Mayor. In 1881 the sugar return had risen to 10,000 tons. The selected land represented 400,000 acres, included in 1000 conditional purchases and 300 homesteads ; 32 sugar factories were established. Mackay was the chosen site for the two Central Mills erected under the encouragement of a subsidy grant of £50,000, passed by the Griffith Ministry, in the hope of settling the labour difficulty by separating the cane grower from the manufacturer.

The useful timbers of the district comprise cedar, hoop pine, bloodwood, Moreton Bay ash, ironbark, messmate, red, grey, and box gums.

From 1868 to 1888 an area of 617,000 acres was taken up in the district. In 1888 there were 20 sugar mills, including the two "Centrals," representing a crushing power of 29,000 tons. The distilleries in ten years produced 560,000 gallons of rum. The State schools had a daily attendance of 500 scholars. The press was represented by the *Mercury*, the *Standard*, and the *Banner*, three tri-weekly newspapers. Among the public buildings are four banks, and the churches of five denominations.

Such is one of the marvels performed by pioneer civilization in a brief period of 20 years. That prosperous township and extensive sugar growing district have arisen, as if by magic, on that silent expanse of lonely forest and dark scrub, seen for the first time in 1861, when Captain Mackay and his party descended into the Pioneer Valley from the spurs of the coast range. They looked over a country "possessing good drainage, rich soil, abundance of water, and beautiful scenery." Among the imposing scrub-covered ranges to the north-west rises Mount Dalrymple to a height of 4200

feet, and picturesque mountains and broken ranges rise into the sky line, north, south, and west.

RAILWAY.

The plans of the first section of the Mackay railway, 22 miles to Eton, were passed on the 1st November, 1882, and the line was opened on the 10th of August, 1885. A reliable Mackay writer thus describes the country traversed by the line:—"It is intended to be the commencement of an inland line west and south to the ranges, constructed for the benefit of settlers and the conveyance of sugar to the port. The line runs south-west for about two miles through the town and suburbs, after which it turns, and runs due west for the remaining 20 miles to Mirani. The land along the line forms the estates of Meadowlands, Te Kowai, Alexandra, and Palms, all devoted to the production of sugar. Besides these estates, a few private owners grow cane for the mills, and in the neighbourhood are the smaller planters who are the supporters of the Central Mill scheme. The new Central Mill is erected about midway between Meadowlands and Te Kowai, close to the railway to meet the wants of the farmers. Ten miles from town is Walkerston, the first out-station on the line. This is an interesting little township, containing three churches, a State School, a Good Templars' Lodge, a Progress Association, and other similar institutions. The line next passes by the fine plantation of Pleystowe to the Marion Mill, which has been used as a factory only. The new township of Mirani is surveyed along the banks of the Pioneer, and is at present the terminus of the railway west. Beyond is the fine district of Hamilton, in which the township of Rothesay has been surveyed and thrown open to purchase. The best of the land was taken up under the Act of 1876 by a party of capitalists, whose intention was to lay out farms, build mills, and invite farmers, as leasehold tenants, to convert the district into large centres of the sugar industry. At Newbury Junction, a short distance from Pleystowe, a branch line runs south to Eton, a pretty little township built on the uplands from Scrubby Creek, about five miles from Homebush. There is a large area of land also devoted to cane in this direction. The chief estate is "Barrie." A little distance from this estate is the new Eton Central Mill, which has communication with the railway by a siding. At about every mile on the line either stations or stopping places have been provided, and tramways and sidings by which trucks can be brought to the mill doors, and taken back to the main way, with the greatest ease."

Bowen Railway.

Bowen is a small town, beautifully situated on low undulating ridges at the head of Port Denison. This port was discovered in 1859 by Captain Sinclair, of the schooner *Santa Barbara*. Here, on July 19th, 1862, Captain H. R. Reilly, of H.M.S. *Pioneer*, was killed by his horse throwing him against a tree when out hunting kangaroos. This is the seaport at which Mackinlay, the explorer, arrived after his overland trip from the Gulf after a search for Burke and Wills. He reached Bowen on the 8th of August, 1862. On the 11th of April, 1862, the *Jeannie Dowse* arrived at Bowen with the sea party who were to meet Dalrymple's overland detachment of settlers and police, and form a settlement there. The first land sale was on the 7th of October, 1861, and the town was incorporated on the 7th of August, 1863, the year that Dalby and Gladstone were proclaimed. The municipality has an area of three and three-quarter square miles, and an estimated population of 1700, occupying about 350 dwellings. Bowen was named after Sir George Bowen, and the harbour after Sir William Denison. The press is represented by one of the oldest papers in the colony, the *Port Denison Times*, started on March 5th, 1864. The bay is shallow off the shores, and steamers have to lie at the end of a wooden jetty running out 2805 feet. The first pile of this jetty was driven on April 12th, 1865. There were seven tenders for the work: Pollock, £21,760; Porter, £19,971; Styles, £19,655; Robertson, £18,767; Martindale, £17,628; Beauchamp, £17,000; and Hargreaves, £15,406. A sum of £10,000 is voted for a new head to the jetty.

The schooner *Santa Barbara* left the Fitzroy River on the 1st of September, 1859. There were, at starting, only four men on board, H. D. Sinclair, W. H. Thomas, James Gordon, and Ben Poole, after whom is named Poole Island at the entrance of the harbour. On the way up they took on two blacks from Curtis Island, and entered Port Denison on the 15th of September. The journal of that trip was published in the Sydney *Herald* of November, 1859. In 1860 Port Denison was visited by Lieutenant Smith and G. E. Dalrymple in the *Spitfire*. They reported it a suitable site for the capital of a Northern settlement.

The plans of the first section of the Bowen railway, 30 miles towards Ayr, were tabled on October 26th, 1886, and approved on the 26th of the following month. This section of 30 miles was opened, in the presence of Sir Henry Norman, on May 1, 1890.

TOWNSVILLE RAILWAYS.

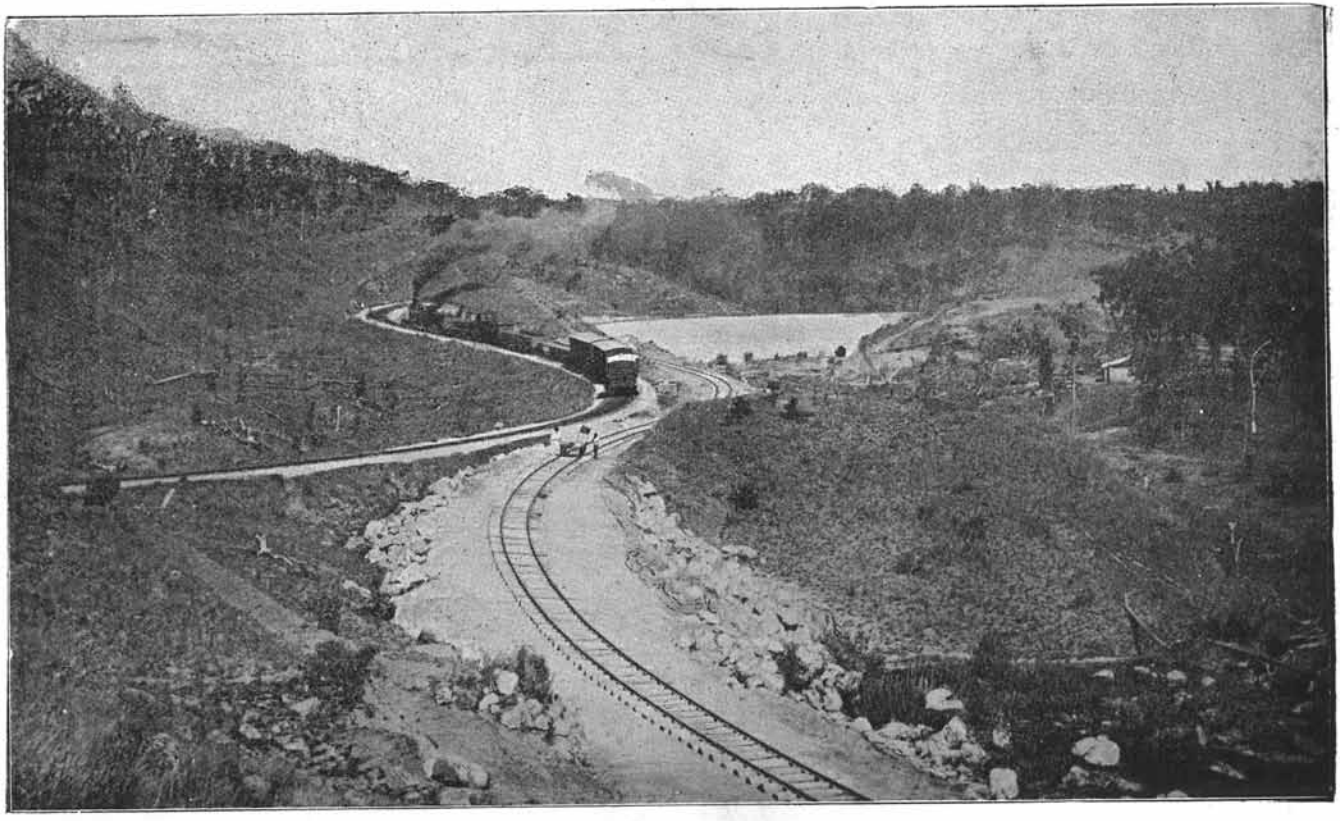
TOWNSVILLE is a large and important town on the shores of Cleveland Bay, in latitude 19.15 south, longitude 146.48 east. This bay is protected on the south and south-east by the Cape Cleveland Peninsula, and on the north and north-east by Magnetic Island. It was first sighted by Captain Cook on the 5th of June, 1770. To the eyes of the famous navigator, the land appeared to be the "most rocky, rugged, and barren they had seen upon the coast." This description still applies to Cape Cleveland and Magnetic Island. The Cape and Bay were named after the Duke of Cleveland, the island from the fact that the compass varied somewhat in the vicinity, the variation being attributed by Cook to the presence of magnetic iron ore. The blacks call this island "Dagoomba," with the accent on the first syllable. It is a barren, inhospitable locality, consisting of confused rocky ranges, descending on all sides to the sea, the highest peaks rising to 1700 feet. At the back of the island, on the eastern side, is Horseshoe Bay, a picturesque spot, forming a favourite resort for boating parties and marine excursionists. Cape Cleveland rises to 205 feet, and on the extreme point are the lighthouse and keepers' cottages. Here is a fourth-order revolving light, with intervals of 20 seconds, and visible 20 miles. The tower is 35 feet high. Inside the Cape, round along the shore, are fine specimens of coral, and rocks covered by fairly good oysters. An immense bight sweeps round from Cape Cleveland to where Ross Creek empties itself in the bay, the only streams of any consequence in the whole distance, about 40 miles, being Alligator and Stuart Creeks, a few miles from the mouth of Ross Creek. The tourist beholds some remarkable scenery from the

deck of the steamer in Cleveland Bay. To the east lies the Cape Cleveland Range, and away to the south-east rises the majestic form of Mount Elliott, to a height of over 4000 feet. From south to west rise the fantastic peaks and domes and serrated ridges of the Main Coast Range. At the northern entrance to the harbour stands the Cape Pallarenda Range, Mount Mary Peak rising to 750 feet. To the north the gloomy gorges and ravines of Magnetic Island, and away through the north entrance he beholds Rattlesnake Island, the Palm Islands, and lofty dark-blue summits of the mountains of Hinchinbrook Island and the Cardwell Range. South-west, on the main land, lies the town of Townsville, picturesquely situated at the base of Castle Hill, a savage cliff-faced granite mass, rising abruptly 850 feet from the shores of Ross Creek, forming a conspicuous land mark, an inpregnable fortress erected there by nature to guard the township slumbering serenely in blissful confidence beneath. This hill is called "Coótharinga" by the blacks. From the summit you look down over the whole of Townsville, with a magnificent view to all points of the compass. From the bay you only behold the houses along the beach and on the slopes of Castle Hill. The town itself lies at the foot of the southern side of the hill, between the base and Ross Creek, across which a bridge connects it with Ross Island, a thickly populated, rather low lying flat, formed into an island by Ross River and Ross Creek, which junction a couple of miles inland from the bay. From the mouth of Ross Creek northward for two miles to Kissing Point, a rocky headland dipping to the bay, stretches a splendid, clean, wide, hard beach, forming a grand natural esplanade, a favourite walk, drive, and ride, available at any stage of the tide. The main street of the town, Flinders Street, is well formed, with good pathways, and lined on both sides by shops, hotels, banks, and offices, some of the buildings representing neat and graceful architecture. Townsville is well supplied with hotels, and at least six of them will bear favourable comparison with an equal number in any provincial town in Australia. There is a full supply of Hansom cabs and waggonettes, while 'busses run regularly to the suburbs of Hermit Park and Mundingburra. In vehicles Townsville possesses all the advantages of a large city. Among the public buildings is a large combined post and telegraph office, with a clock tower. The hospital stands on a commanding position on the north slope of the spur behind the town, and a little beyond, on the flat at the foot of the eastern face of the main hill, lies the botanic garden, tastefully laid out, displaying excellent judgment in the selection of plants, and promising a future worthy of the

advancing town. Near the garden stands the Grammar School, an elegant building, wisely situated, and a little beyond are the buildings forming the Townsville Orphanage, situated with an equal regard for pure air and natural drainage. Six miles out from town along the railway line, an extensive jail, sufficiently large for all North Queensland, is being erected at a cost of £32,000. The general health of Townsville is decidedly good. The system of drainage, and attention to sanitary laws, has ended in almost a total abolition of the fever which was occasionally prevalent in the early years, much the same as in the morning of nearly all the other coast towns of Queensland.

This town commands an extensive and progressive trade. To the westward lie the rich mines of Charters Towers, Ravenswood, and the Cape River, while beyond stretches a splendid pastoral region, far out north and south, and west to the borders of Western Australia. On the rolling downs of the Flinders and its tributaries is some of the finest pastoral country in Australia In the vast tract of mineral country to the rear of Townsville are deposits of gold, silver, tin, copper, lead, bismuth, cinnabar, and graphite. Behind that already important town, sprung suddenly in little more than a dozen years into full life and commercial vigour, lie resources representing possibilities that will one day expand Townsville into a city.

So far the sea trade has been somewhat impeded by defective harbour accommodation; only small steamers and vessels of light draught can ascend Ross Creek to the town wharves. This defect is being treated by a slow but hopeful remedy. From a point on Ross Island, a small rocky and originally isolated hill called Magazine Island, extends a solid stone jetty to a total distance of 4085 feet into the bay. This jetty is 15 feet wide on the top, with a broad base of 110 feet. On the weather side is a concrete parapet, four feet square, and on the inner side a two-feet square coping, one foot above the surface. The total cost of this jetty has been about £125,000, including a causeway, 900 feet long and 30 feet wide, between Magazine and Ross Islands. At the end of the jetty is a depth of 11 feet at low water. This work was commenced in 1876, and stopped for two or three years after completion of the first section. On the western side of the mouth of Ross Creek, a breakwater of heavy stones to a width of 11 feet is being extended 5450 feet. Of this work the Government constructed 2450 feet by day labour, the remaining distance of 3000 feet is being done by a contract which expires in the end of 1891. This breakwater runs out



DEVIL'S ELBOW, NORTHERN RAILWAY.

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towards the end of the jetty, and between them is an enclosed basin, 40 acres of which are to be dredged to a depth of 15 feet at low water spring tides. The spring tides rise up to 10 feet 6 inches, and neaps fall to four feet and six feet. When this breakwater and dredging works are completed, ocean steamers will be able to enter and berth alongside the wharves on the jetty or at the base of the breakwater, and the Townsville harbour troubles will be consigned to the oblivion of the past.

Cleveland Bay was first seen and named by Captain Cook on the 6th of June, 1770. Perhaps the first whites to land on any part of that coast were the unhappy people wrecked in 1846, in the barque *Peruvian*, and washed ashore after dreadful hardships on the north-east side of Cape Cleveland. They were all kindly treated by the blacks, but all died within a year or two, except a seaman named James Murrells, usually called "Jimmy Morrill," who remained with the natives for 17 years, until recovered by his countrymen in 1863. Murrells was living in Bowen during the first sale there of Townsville land, and on the suggestion of a gentleman present at the sale, the auctioneer knocked down to him (Murrells) an allotment in Flinders Street for the upset price of £8. This was allotment 13, of section 9, next to the Bank of North Queensland, and the piece of land which originally cost only £8 was sold two years ago by James Murrells' son for *ten thousand pounds.*

Townsville was named after Captain Robert Towns, an old Northumbrian mariner, born on the 10th of November, 1794, in Northumberland, and died at Cranbrook, Rose Bay, Sydney, on the 4th of April, 1873. In 1863 he joined Mr. J. M. Black as owner of stations on the Burdekin, from a branch of which all the station produce was shipped until the discovery of a port at Cleveland Bay, by Mr. Andrew Ball, in 1864. Mr. Ball was then manager of Woodstock Station, and is now living in Townsville as a retired citizen. In April, 1864, he first stood upon the present site of Townsville, and rode over where is now an important township, and looked out on the unsullied waters of that Bay, which to-day presents so active a scene of shipping industry and animation. Then the fugacious wallaby hopped gaily over the rocks of Melton Hill, the solemn kangaroo slept his noon-day siesta on the flats of Hermit Park, the stately emu strode majestically through the pandanus around the base of rock-crested Cootharinga, and on the brow of Kissing Point the wild myall chanted his dismal song as a sad accompaniment to the mournful wailing of the restless surge. And as Cootharinga bore some resemblance to Castletown, capital of the

Isle of Wight, Mr. Ball named it "Castle Hill." Previous to 1865, Bowen monopolised the trade of the North, but now a formidable rival rose suddenly on the horizon, or descended as it were unexpectedly from the invisible blue. Bowen laughed aloud in the pride of its strength and youthful enthusiasm, saying to the new port, like another Goliath, "I will give thy pretensions to the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea;" and the Townsville David replied: "Thou comest to me with a shield of established trade and the spear of long experience, but I come to thee in the name of a new and more central port, and in the name of the lord of pastoral hosts;" and the stone of the Ross Creek David smote the Bowen Goliath, so that he has remained more or less prostrate on the shores of Port Denison to the present day. The first white man's architecture was represented by a log hut, built on the banks of the lagoon where Comerford's dairy is situated. The first house still stands on Melton Hill, where it was erected by Mr. Black, from timber sawn out of tea-trees growing on the edge of that same lagoon. The first water was obtained from a well sunk nearly opposite the old post office, and the first fresh beef came from a bullock shot by Mr. Ball on the front beach, and duly consumed by the assembled population of about 60 persons. An extensive boiling down establishment was afterwards started by R. Towns & Co. on Ross Island, and the site of Mr. Black's Cotton Plantation, on Hermit Park, is now revealed by a few lonely cocoanut trees standing near the railway line in gloomy *memoriam* of the dead past. In October, 1865, Sir George Bowen visited the new port, and extolled the enthusiastic band who received him as the Heaven sent pioneers of a new empire, and concluded by invoking the special blessings of Providence on themselves, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. Cleveland Bay was proclaimed a port of entry on October 10th, 1865. The first newspaper was the *Cleveland Bay Herald*, issued by J. T. Brown, on the 3rd of March, 1866. The first direct steamer from Sydney was the *Rangatira*, Captain Harley, whose arrival was celebrated by a banquet in the Criterion Hotel. Now Townsville is a town of at least 12,000 inhabitants, a municipality, incorporated in 1866, and governed by 12 aldermen, a press represented by one morning, two evening, and two weekly newspapers—the *Bulletin* (established in 1881), the *Star* and *Telegraph*, the *Herald* and *Sentinel*.

The capital value of the rateable property for 1890 was £1,667,760, the assets at the balancing on 31st December, 1890, £62,719 7s. 6d. The outstanding loans were £24,119; other liabilities, £8544; total liabilities, £32,664. The rates were £8307,

the endowment £5155; other sources, £4000. There are four wards and 71 miles of streets, with 1000 voters on the roll, 1900 dwellings, and 9000 people. This is a brief outline of a town destined to play an important part in the future of North Queensland, and for which a great future will be evolved from the splendid mineral and pastoral resources of that rich western country that must ever regard Townsville as its natural seaport, and "home loved city by the sounding sea."

TOWNSVILLE RAILWAY.

The first sod of this railway was turned in February, 1879. The first section of 34 miles, to the Reid River, was opened on 20th December, 1880.

This line passes away to beyond the Reid River, across alluvium bone drift of the Post Tertiary Period, across one small belt of slates, and enters the granite of the range, this granite continuing to Charters Towers, where the line crosses a section of the Towers gold-bearing slates, once more enters a belt of granite, from which it emerges on the Desert Sandstone, and continues in this formation until it arrives on the Flinders watershed, and passes out into the Cretaceous rolling downs of the west.

The line is now completed to Hughenden, a small township on the head of the Flinders, 236 miles west from the seaport. This railway, after leaving Townsville, runs away across dead level country, timbered by box gums and dwarf ironbarks, passing between Mount Stuart on the right and Mount Elliott on the left, with low ranges on both sides, long stretches of straight line for 16 miles, fantastic hills stretching away from near the railway until faint and shadowy far off in the blue haze. For the first 32 miles you pass only small wayside stations and platforms, erected for the convenience of settlers living on the adjoining country. At 32 miles you arrive at the Reid River, where the train stops 20 minutes for breakfast. Settlement here is confined to one hotel and the station buildings, built on a box gum flat. Thence you pass away across flats to slightly broken country, at 46 miles, then on through a patch of pandanus, bloodwood, box gums, into a wilderness of dwarf ironbarks, which continue more or less across the granite range, on to the Ravenswood Junction, at 950 feet above sea level. Here are a few cottages, a store, two hotels, a butcher's shop, and police station, all on level country timbered by box gums. The same country continues to the Macrossan bridge, which crosses the Burdekin River at 68 miles. Here, beside the railway station,

are several cottages, a hotel, and refreshment room. The train stops to water the engine. Remarkable so far on this line are the steep grades and sharp curves, grades of one in fifty and four-chain curves, yet the train runs smoothly and the passengers detect no unpleasant results. Three miles beyond the bridge is Selheim, named after a goldfield's warden. Here is a hotel and small village of cottages, occupied by workmen engaged at a battery belonging to the Day Dawn mine owners.

In 11 miles more, across bloodwood and ironbark country, the train arrives at the famous mining township of Charters Towers, at a height of 1000 feet above sea level, and 82 miles from Townsville.

CHARTERS TOWERS.

Charters Towers is an important mining town, with a population, in town and suburbs, of about 9000. It stands on gold bearing slate country, surrounded by granite, 1000 feet above sea level. The situation is healthy and the climate remarkably good. All round the town, and especially in the part traversed by the railway, are vast heaps of excavated material around the mouths of shafts, winding gear, engine houses, and all the other paraphernalia of reefing townships.

From Charters Towers, westward, to Hughenden, on the Flinders River, a distance of 154 miles, the train passes across country displaying but little diversity from beginning to end. For 20 miles you traverse level country, with stunted bloodwood and ironbark, relieved by a patch of brigalow at Powlathanga, followed by monotonous flats of dwarf ironbark to "Homestead," where the train stops 20 minutes at a satisfactory refreshment room. It stands on an ironbark flat, with a range of low hills in the distance. So far from Charters Towers the line has been crossing tributaries of the Cape River, which runs into the Burdekin. Homestead itself is called "Coonoóndoo" by the blacks; Homestead Creek, "Oolgarro;" Mundic Creek, "Dungoóigoo;" Lamond, "Noógooróo;" the Gap Mountain, "Coongebella;" Balfe's Creek, "Galgurramee;" and the mountain near Homestead, "Boolgarroo." The locality at 123 miles is called "Doolgarroo."

From Homestead we travel 21 miles to Pentland, passing Sensible Creek, Mundic Creek and the Cape River, the latter called "Eegow" by the blacks. Pentland is the depôt for the Cape River gold field, referred to in the chapter on mines. The natives call Pentland "Boonaramba." It stands on level country timbered by ironbark. There are three hotels, besides stores and a few cottages. From

Pentland, at 1318 feet, the train rises to 1817 feet at Burra, on the summit of the range, dividing the eastern and western waters. This watershed has a peculiar interest for the traveller endowed with poetic sentimentalism. This dark and gloomy range, with its barren stoney ravines, scowling cliffs of Desert Sandstone, and deep and savage gorges, fit habitation for death and desolation, decides the destiny of three waters consigned to three points of the compass. Here are the streams which flow down the Burdekin and reach the Pacific, south of Cape Cleveland; the streams which meander to the Flinders and terminate in the waters of the Gulf, and those which travel by the Thompson to Cooper's Creek, and are lost for ever in the red sand ocean of the Central Desert. At 180 miles the train arrives at Torrens Creek, 1528 feet above sea level. This creek is a tributary of the Thompson, and flows down towards the Desert and the death scene of Burke and Wills There is little to interest the traveller from here on to the Jardine valley, 14 miles from Hughenden. He traverses the same dead level country of stunted ironbark and bloodwood, passing here and there a few hayricks of Mitchell grass, momentarily and delusively suggesting farmers' homesteads and systematic cultivation. This valley is the entrance to that glorious Downs country which stretches away beyond Hughenden, far down the Flinders and the Diamantina, and down the Thompson to the Barcoo, far south even to the Warrego and Darling Downs. In this valley the tourist first inhales the fragrance of the gidya scrubs, a perfume not to be confounded with the odours of Araby the Blest, except by people who prefer kerosene to rondeletia as a scent for the handkerchief, and would enjoy a siesta in the building which a piscatorial Chinaman usually devotes to drying fish. The smell of the gidya somewhat resembles that of the dead marine algæ washed ashore annually on the east coast of Queensland from Mackay to the Herbert River, and known botanically as *Erythræum trichodesmium*. The people of the West become accustomed to this peculiar odour, like Mithridates to poisons, and assure you in all earnestness that "it is really a very healthy smell!" There is certainly nothing to show that it is prejudicial to health. Botanically it is known as *Acacia Homalophylla*, a small tree with hoary foliage and narrow oblong leaves. The wood is dark, close grained, hard and heavy. It is found in Western Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria. The odour is strongest during or immediately after wet weather. The Cloncurry blacks call the gidya "Wongarra."

At the terminus of this railway stands the small township of

Hughenden, 1071 feet above the sea, with a population over a thousand people, represented by a mayor and eight councillors. This town is on the highway to Normanton on the Gulf, Winton on a branch of the Diamantina, and Muttaburra away down the Thompson. It is situated on the main branch of the Flinders River, which runs into the Gulf of Carpentaria. The mouth of this river was first discovered by H.M.S. *Beagle*, on July 28th, 1841. Hughenden is the centre of a splendid squatting district. There are eight hotels, several stores, two banks, and various tradesmen and mechanics. The climate is healthy, with a light dry atmosphere. From Hughenden to the Cloncurry is a distance of 280 miles, and that is the direction in which the railway will likely be extended. The route traverses some of the finest pastoral country in North Queensland. From Hughenden you can travel, by way of Winton or Muttaburra, to Barcaldine on the Rockhampton railway, across beautiful rolling downs and black soil plains. The Hughenden country to the westward, in richness of soil and geniality of climate, is equal to any part of Queensland. Those glorious downs would grow magnificent crops in favourable seasons, and grapes and fruits attain to perfection wherever they have been planted and cared for. There are splendid possibilities in the future of that country, when population spreads westward and the coast provides a market for the interior.

HINCHINBROOK PASSAGE.

DUNGENESS stands at the mouth of the Herbert River, opposite the end of Hinchinbrook Island, a few houses on a lonely sandspit, the river on one side, a mangrove marsh on the other, dark and dismal as melancholy Mariana's "glooming flats." Landward, a vast expanse of level forest stretches away to the foot of a majestic range of rugged hills, and eastward rolls the eternal ocean—

> "With the ships like sheeted spectres
> Fading down the distant sea.'

Across the river entrance, half a mile away, is the south end of Hinchinbrook Island, and the entrance to the channel between the island and the mainland. You have here the Pacific on the right, the tall coast range on the left, and in front the towering peaks of Hinchinbrook—

> "Height on height stupendous hurled—
> Like the pillars of the skies—
> Like the ramparts of the world."

We pass round beneath the shadow of Mts. Straloch and Diamantina, 3,100 ft. above us, into Rockingham Channel, a wide river-like expanse of water, 31 miles long and half a mile to two miles wide, the old town of Cardwell at the opposite end on the shores of Rockingham Bay. This channel appears as if an ancient valley, through which the sea rolled its intrusive waves, while the gigantic ranges stood sentinel on either side. Then were the old secluded ravines "searched by the sweeping wave, and dolphins gambolled in the lion's den." Along this beautiful river glides the aggressive steamer, the waves breaking on the white sand beach, or lifting the overhanging shrubs in graceful undulations. The dread crocodile peers

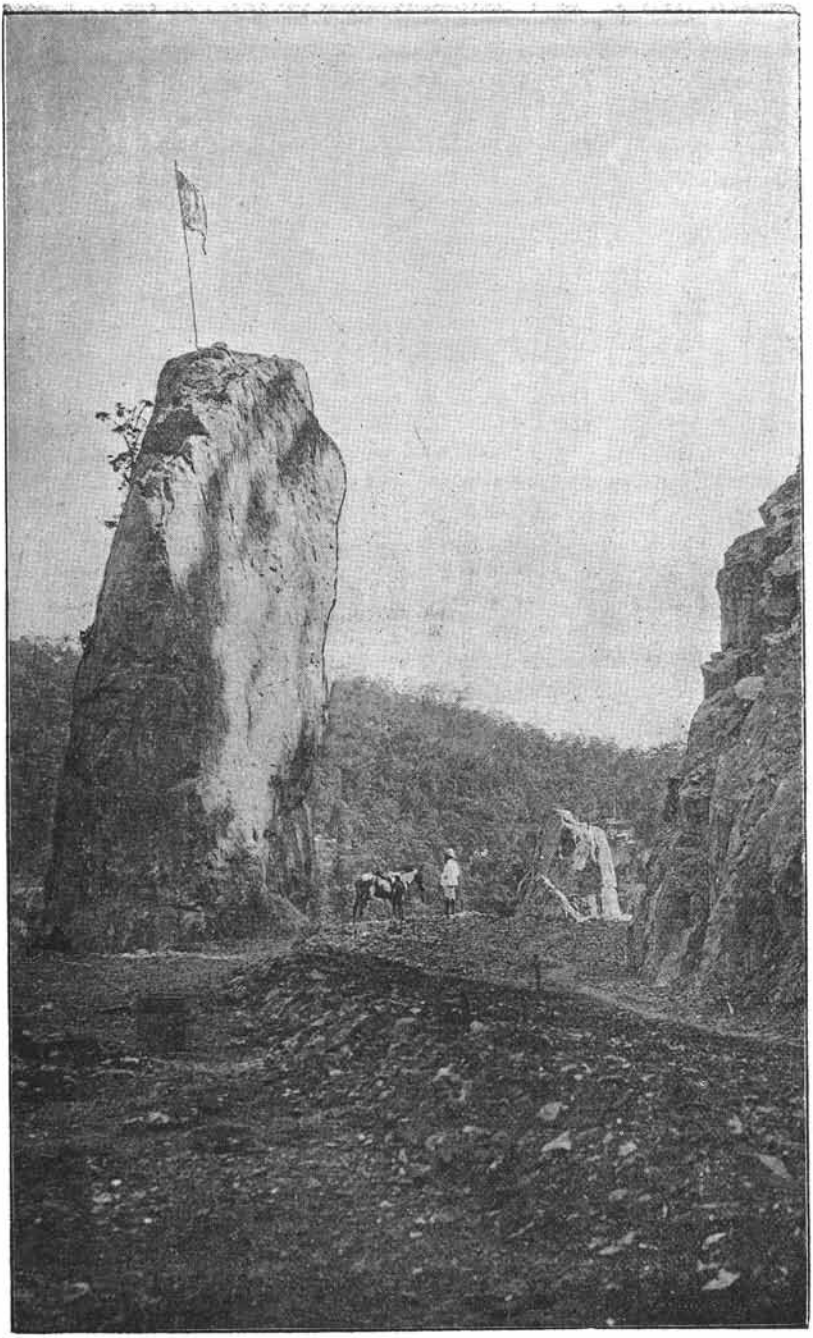
suspiciously from his lair in the mangrove inlets. On the right, abruptly from the water's edge, rises the majestic range of Hinchinbrook,

> " Over whose palms and crags and caverns sail
> Swift clouds, shadows, and sunbeams,"

and down the face of gigantic precipices leap long white cascades, falling a thousand feet, and sparkling in the sunlight like a shower of diamonds, while the dark-green of the gorgeous tropical foliage, embosomed in deep and shadowy ravines, contrasts in wild beauty of light and shade with the white stemmed eucalypts on the grey ridges far overhead. Weirdly fantastic are these strange ranges standing there in gloomy and lonely isolation. One can fancy them carved into colossal shapes by some old-time Titanic sculptor, striving vainly to fashion some enormous form conceived in an ambition worthy of him who was to transform Mount Athos into a statue of the Emathian Conqueror. Cone-shaped peaks and beautiful green tabletops, ending in terrific precipices, and—

> " Unfathomable deeps,
> Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
> And wind among the accumulated steeps."

And along the slopes, down to the water's edge, stood the glorious trees, like a procession of Naiads, in sea-green dresses, returning from some festival among the Dryads of the pine-clad peaks. On the left hand rose the mainland range, vast cliff-faced rocks looming darkly from beneath jungle-clad summits, or outlined in sullen silence against the blue sky, and far away in front, piercing the clear air, rise jagged and savage peaks, like monuments commemorating Colossi of days gone by, far back in the morning of the world. During the tropic rains the cliffs and ravines of Hinchinbrook are white with foaming torrents, descending in narrow streams, spread out wide over the black rocks, or as spray clouds waving in wind created undulations, like beautiful gem-spangled bridal veils at the marriage festival of some fair spirits of the earth and heaven.



PINNACLE ROCK, CAIRNS LINE.

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CAIRNS RAILWAY.

CAIRNS is a township situated at the head of Trinity Bay, in latitude 16.55 south, and longitude 145.49 east. This bay was named by Captain Cook, who passed it on Trinity Sunday, 1770. Steamers from the south, after passing between Cape Grafton and Fitzroy Island, turn landward towards the west, and enter what is the most commodious and best sheltered harbour on the Queensland coast. On a fine day the visitor will behold a magnificent scene on entering Trinity Bay, which runs in for five miles from the Fairway Buoy to the Cairns wharves, and a deep water inlet, like a large river, continues for eight miles beyond, running far back into the land. You enter a splendid amphitheatre of hills and mountains, extending from Cape Grafton on one side, right round to where the range dips into the ocean at Double Island on the other. Due west, to the right of a rock-faced mountain, called "Boondamahlan" by the blacks, is the gorge through which the Barron River descends from the tableland to the sea, and along the face of the range you will see the cuttings and general course of the Cairns and Herberton railway. On the left hand are the Cape Grafton granite ranges, with waterfalls in the ravines, and landslip scars on two of the steeper slopes. Away in front are jungle-clad hills, and ranges rising to 3000 and 3600 feet. The scene opens out as you advance towards Cairns, until southward you behold the cone-shaped peak of the Walsh Pyramid ("Charróogin") rising abruptly from the Mulgrave Plains to 3050 feet, close to Mount Massie, 4000 feet; and Mount Harold, 4100 feet. Finally the changing panorama unfolds the blue peaks of the Bellenden-Ker Range ("Wooroonoóran"), Mount Sophia, 4100 feet; Mount Toressa, 2600 feet, the main peaks rising to 5400 feet; and through the gap, between the south peak of Bellenden-Ker

and Mount Harold, rises the towering crest of Bartle Frere "Chooriechillum"), to 5200 feet. The mountain scenery visible from the Cairns harbour extends over 60 miles in a straight line. The bay now carries 13 feet at low water across the flat at the entrance, and inside up to the wharves, and far up the Inlet, is a depth of 30 to 40 feet.

The first steamer that landed goods at Cairns was the *Victoria*, of 1000 tons, and she steamed alongside the bank and discharged her cargo among the mangroves. This was in the end of 1876. Search parties had started from the Hodgkinson to find a seaport, and one result was the discovery of a track to Trinity Bay. Bill Smith saw the port from the north spur of the range overlooking Kamerunga, in September, 1876, and he returned to the Hodgkinson to report his discovery. At that time the site of Cairns was unknown, except to beche-de-mer fishermen, who came in from their station on Green Island to cut firewood. The *Victoria* landed the first white men, and the track to the Hodgkinson went through where Kamerunga now stands, across Stoney Creek and up the range between the Red Bluff and the cliff-faced rock along "Douglas' Track." A second route was "Bill Smith's Track," coming down the spur now cut through by No. 9 tunnel. Both tracks were used, and both were about equally bad. They faced each other from opposite sides of the narrow valley of Stoney Creek, barely a mile apart. For only a brief period did the new trade enter Cairns. The packers had a strong objection to the three miles of soft sea sand through which they had to pass, between the Whitfield Range and Trinity Bay. Cairns was also destitute of a grazing place for the pack horses. A small settlement sprang up on the Barron, on the present site of Kamerunga, followed by one on the other side of the river a mile lower down. This was started by Bill Smith on some low-lying open forest country, surrounded by scrub. A township was surveyed, and sold, and called Smithfield. The whole trade of Cairns went to that township, hotels and stores sprang up "as from the stroke of an enchanter's wand." Little steamers ran between Smithfield and Cairns, one of them, the Louisa, owned by Ingham who was afterwards killed by the natives at Brooker Island, on the coast of New Guinea. His name was given to the township of Ingham, on the Herbert river, where he once resided. A track was found over the range on the north side, opened and made by the Government at a cost of £10,000, and known then, and to this day, as the "Thornborough Road." One day, during local races, Bill Smith, in blind rage

arising out of some fancied grievance, followed a local storekeeper named Craig into his (Craig's) shop, and shot him dead, returning across the street and shooting himself dead at his own door.

Then came the discovery of Port Douglas, 30 miles north, a rapid exodus to that port, followed by a flood in January, 1878, submerging Smithfield and washing the contents of some of the stores into the neighbouring scrubs. Then came a northerly gale which completed the general ruin. Smithfield was abandoned, and the buildings removed or left standing. The whole of the trade went to Port Douglas, Smithfield was annihilated, and Cairns collapsed. All Abbott Street could have been purchased for £500. The dark shadow of commercial death hung over the deserted town, and out of the darkness there came no light rays of a rising sun on any part of the horizon. The Queensland National Bank alone remained faithful through that gloomy period of adversity. But in the year 1881 there came men looking for sugar lands. They went out across the Barron to Double Island, and south over the Mulgrave to the Russell. Cairns was found to possess magnificent agricultural land in vast quantities, and a regular and heavy rainfall. Swallow and Derham formed Hambledon plantation, nine miles out; a Victorian company started the Pyramid estate, 18 miles out on the Mulgrave; and another Melbourne proprietary selected 5000 acres at Double Island, 15 miles from Cairns. A Chinese company called the "Hap Wah," or "good luck," had started in 1879 growing cotton and cane three miles out of Cairns, on the Mulgrave road. All the land was selected along the lower Barron and the valley of Freshwater Creek. Cairns gradually emerged from gloom and shadow into the light of a brighter day. Selection extended over 200,000 acres of agricultural land. Population rapidly increased. The tin fields of Herberton were discovered in 1879, and Cairns was found eventually to be only 52 miles away, by a fair road up the Tinaroo Spur in the Mulgrave Valley. Then came an agitation for a railway from the coast to Herberton. Two other rivals competed for this line, Port Douglas in the North, and Mourilyan Harbour in the South. The battle was finally decided in August, 1884, in favour of Cairns, and the first section of eight miles was opened to Redlynch on October 8th, 1887.

Cairns, of 1890, contains about 3000 people, the district representing about 3000 more. Immense quantities of bananas and pine-apples are shipped from the port, besides tin from Herberton, many kinds of fruit, rice, sugar, and timber. Five miles out on the Barron is a large rice mill owned by a local company. Cairns must command in perpetuity the trade of the Barron, Mulgrave, and

Russell Rivers. It is the natural depôt for 300,000 acres of rich agricultural land on the coast side of the range, in addition to the vast and fertile valley of the Upper Barron.

Cairns stands on dead level sea sand, extending for three miles west and north-west. The annual rainfall ranges from 100 to 180 inches. That of Cairns and the Johnstone River is the highest in Australia. The thermometer in winter never falls below 50°, and in summer the average shade temperature is 90°, the maximum 100°, the minimum 84°. It is a very healthy climate, with a remarkably beneficial effect on asthmatic people, and all throat and lung complaints. There is good hotel accommodation at from 8s. to 10s. per day. The town presents a picturesque appearance from the sea, the white houses standing embowered in the dark-green foliage of the primeval trees left standing from the old sea-beach jungle.

The town commands a view of the largest number of high mountains, and also a view of the highest mountains, in Queensland. It is sheltered from all points of the compass except the north-east. The bay swarms with a great variety of excellent fish, and dugong are plentiful in False Bay. The future marine watering place will be at Double Island, a beautiful spot on the coast, 14 miles north by a good road *via* Kamerunga.

The train leaves Cairns at the Central station, and passes across three miles of dead level sea sand formation, through bloodwood, wattles, tea-trees, and Moreton Bay ash, to the Whitfield Range. Rounding that range, which is 1200 feet high, it turns towards the west, across open forest, passing within 100 yards of the Barron River (six miles from the mouth), in full view of extensive rice and maize fields; thence on to seven miles, and descends into the valley of Freshwater Creek, across a mile of what was dense tropical jungle, but now turned into cultivated fields. At Redlynch station, eight miles from Cairns, the line turns up the valley of Freshwater Creek, south-west, then doubles back on a sharp loop and begins ascending the base of Mount Williams, running north-west. This is really the start to ascend the Main Coast Range, the line rising by various gradients, the steepest one in 50, until it finally reaches the tableland at the Barron Falls, 1200 feet above the sea. At Redlynch the line enters dense tropical scrub, and continues in that for the whole distance to the Barron Falls, broken only by a few brief patches of forest on some of the spurs. The line starts the ascent of the range on the foot of Mount Williams, a high range running from the Barron River back on to the heads of Freshwater Creek and the Clohesy River. This Mount Williams, "Cambanora"

of the blacks, towers above you to a height of 3600 feet, covered by dense jungle full of wild bananas. Three miles beyond Redlynch and you begin to rise above the tree tops and overlook the valley of Freshwater and the Barron River. You are also emerging into full view of the Pacific Ocean. The scene is incessantly changing on that moving panorama for the next ten miles. You pass through eight short tunnels before arriving at No. 9, the second longest on the range. This is a tunnel of 183 yards, piercing a forest spur descending from Cambanora to the Barron. Down this spur came "Bill Smith's Track," along which passed the first cattle that ever entered the Cairns valley. From here you look down on the township of Kamerunga and the Barron River, the blue ocean only seven miles away. Emerging from No. 9, you travel due west into the gorge of Stoney Creek, passing through three more tunnels and skirt along steep slopes under overhanging rocks and jungle, until you arrive at the Stoney Creek Falls, called the "Calumbi" falls by the Barron blacks, and cross on an iron bridge on a four chain curve and one in 99 grade. The view here will not be forgotten. Beneath the bridge on the upper side, is a deep rock pool at the foot of a precipice 250 feet high, down which descends in a perpendicular fall the whole stream of Stoney Creek, so near that the spray is dashed over the bridge. Then the current flows under the bridge and immediately descends another fall 100 feet deep, and passes thence down a sloping ravine over masses of dark rock and loose boulders, until lost in the overhanging jungle far below. Above the line tower vast rocks and the jungle-covered mountains of the main range. The "Calumbi" bridge, designed by engineer J. G. Gwynneth, is 70 feet above the bed of the creek, and 390 feet long, on Phœnix columns strongly braced and stayed. The whole structure was made by Walker & Co., of Maryborough. Turning the curve at the bridge, the train doubles back towards the Barron, overlooks the ravine of Calumbi Creek, and faces the mountains on the opposite side; through No. 14 tunnel under the Glacier Rock, an enormous mass looming darkly overhead to a height of 1700 feet—the "Boondamahlan" of the natives—and round the Red Bluff, on a ledge along a vast wall of rock rising 700 feet overhead and descending 600 feet below. In rounding this rock you command one of the grandest views on the line. Below you is the valley of the Barron, the river winding through it and entering the sea at the mouth of Trinity Bay, and beyond rise the Cape Grafton ranges and the mountains away towards the south. Cairns is clearly seen at the head of the Bay, to the right of the Whitfield Range, which

shuts out the centre of the harbour; the Pacific is in view from Cape Grafton until shut out in front by the range on the opposite side of the Barron, and below, on the bank of the river, is the town of Kamerunga, beside the Tropical Nursery, and away across the flat country, down to near the sea, are fields of maize, rice, and bananas, encircled by belts of standing scrub. From the point next the Red Bluff, up to the Barron Falls, 1200 feet above the sea, the railway is running up the Barron Gorge, the Barron itself a thousand feet below, running over bare rocks among gigantic boulders, the tropical jungle hanging over the channel on each side. Above you are slopes 500 feet high, below is a descent of a thousand feet into the bed of the river. On the opposite side is a range two thousand feet high, descending sheer into the Barron, like a vast plain uplifted and stood on edge, a gigantic picture on the easel of nature, displaying a world of tropical trees and plants from summit to base, the subdued rush of the Barron waters rising from the depths below, and spectral winds wailing mournfully in the tops of Kauri pines. From the Bluff to No. 15 tunnel is barely a mile, and the tunnel itself is only 17¼ miles from Cairns. It lies between the Bluff and Camp Oven Creek. This tunnel was not in the original plans, but adopted as a subsequent necessity to replace a cutting on an impracticable siding. It is a quarter of a mile in length. At Camp Oven Creek an Italian named Zappa was killed by falling from a point 200 feet above the railway, right down to the bed of the river. He fell 900 feet. Another navvy fell 400 feet from the face of the Red Bluff. Surprise Creek is crossed by a bridge of 228 feet, of which 100 feet is iron on solid concrete piers. It stands 70 feet clear above the bed of the creek. Off this bridge you look sheer down a thousand feet into the bed of the Barron! At 19¼ miles there stands on the right hand of the line, on the edge of the abyss, a solitary pinnacle rock, about 70 feet high. The Italian navvies hoisted the Sardinian flag on the summit, but it was blown away. They threw a rope over the rock from the top of the cutting and then glided down the rope.

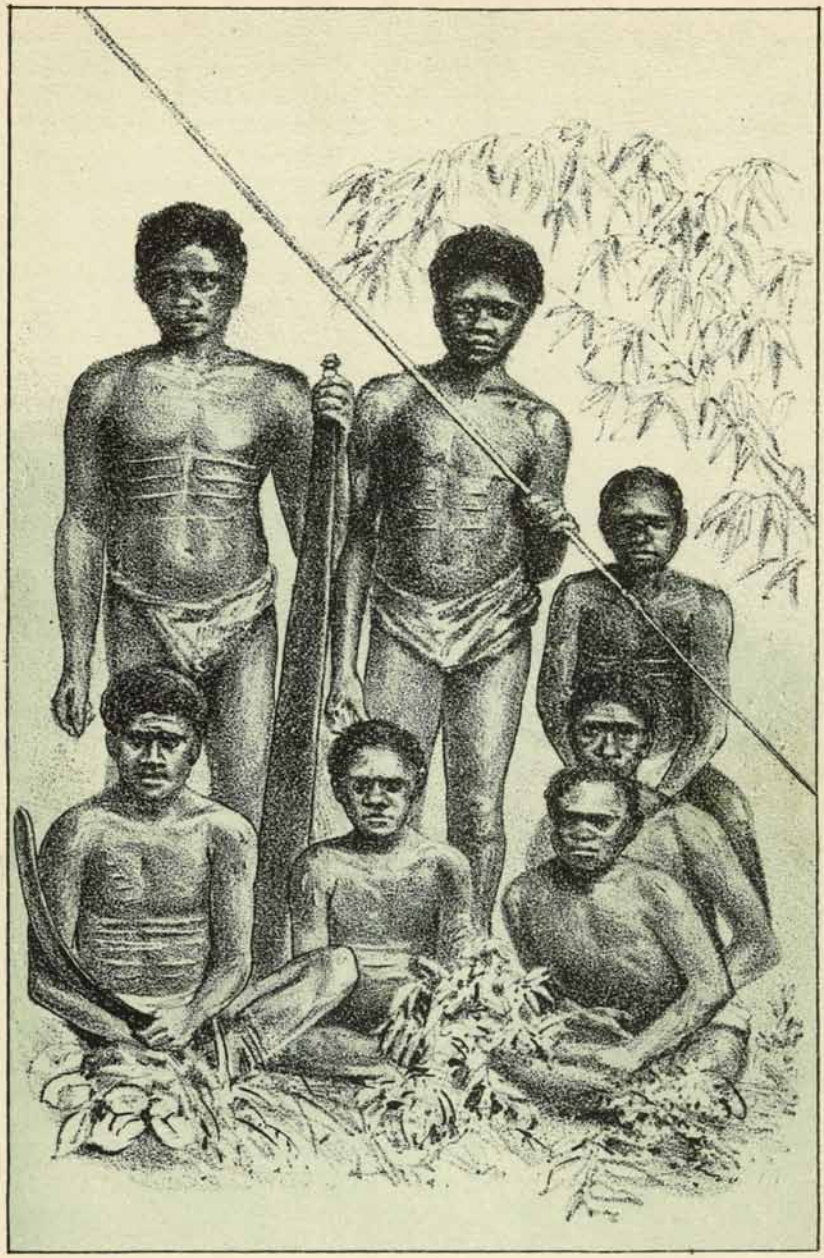
Opposite here is a waterfall, descending 1500 feet from the summit of the opposite mountain into the Barron, a long band of silver through dark green jungle. From Surprise Creek is visible a very fine waterfall in the river where it turns a point of rock not far below the main falls. Mervyn Creek is crossed at 19½ miles. Twenty feet from the edge of this bridge there is a vertical clear fall into the river. At 20 miles you come suddenly into full view of the Great Barron Falls, where the river rises at once from

800 feet below the line to within 50 feet of the rails. On that range section of railway you have passed through 15 tunnels, and across 41 bridges, six of which were of iron, and the rest of wood. The steepest slopes are a half to one, and the flattest one and a quarter to one. At 20¼ miles you are on the point immediately above the Barron Falls, looking upon the river plunging down into a gulf 700 feet in depth, a gulf surrounded by giant cliffs of solid rock, running up into jungle-clad ranges. In the ordinary dry period of the year the river descends the face of the rock in a series of falls and cascades, divided in places by the undulations of the surface. On the opposite side of the river a small fall, created by a creek coming out of the dense jungle overhead, descends 200 feet on the face of a sheer precipice, into a circular cauldron cut out of the solid rock. In flood time, when the river brings down the vast accumulated waters from heavy tropical rains fallen over an immense watershed, the Barron clears the whole descent in one bound, and falls 700 feet upon the rocks beneath. This is more than four times the height of Niagara, which falls only 164 feet. The river is descending on a steep grade for two miles before arriving at the falls, and it sweeps down to the edge of the precipice in a solid wall of water, travelling about 15 or 20 miles per hour. The first description ever written of these falls in flood time, appears in a separate chapter. It was written after the flood of 1885. The blacks call the Barron River "Noga," and the falls "Biboohra," "Denden," and "Kamerunga." After leaving the falls, the train passes away up the Barron Valley, skirting the edge of the river, through low forest ridges with belts of scrub. All the country on the opposite side of the river is covered by thick tropical jungle. Since leaving the Whitfield Range, three miles out of Cairns, the line has not passed over a single acre of poor soil, even the steepest slopes of the range being covered by rich decomposed vegetable mould. Every foot of land is selected on both sides of the railway, from the Barron Falls up the river for 20 miles; and thence far along the valley of the Barron, away towards the lakes, much of the land is taken up and occupied by genuine selectors. There is an immense area of splendid agricultural land in that valley of the Upper Barron, and incalculable supplies of valuable timbers, far exceeding in variety those of any other part of Australia. This country, like the Mulgrave and Russell, has the inestimable advantage of a regular rainfall, besides a genial and healthy tableland climate. From Cairns to where it crosses the Barron the line traverses slate and schist country, but the tableland

valley of the Upper Barron is composed of basalt. The granite country lies over on the watershed of the Mitchell, coming up from the south like a long pyramidal peninsula, with the terminal point in the Hodgkinson country, and bounded by slates on east and west. West of the slates comes the Cretaceous rolling downs country, running into Post Tertiary alluvium and bone drift, extending down to and far along the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

In the granite belt on the Walsh and Lynd waters lie the great Herberton tin and silver fields. The Government Geologist, Mr. R. L. Jack, says in his "Mineral Wealth of Queensland," that "the Herberton field is the most important source of lode tin in Australia, and is still only in its infancy." The Barron River, after turning southward into the big scrubs, runs into an extensive area of rich basaltic country, extending across the heads of the Mulgrave, Russell, and Johnstone Rivers. Beneath this basalt lies the gold being found on the head of the Russell River, a gold field Mr. Jack regards as one "likely to rise into pre-eminent importance." The Cairns railway runs through good agricultural land from the beginning, commands the timber supplies and rich tablelands of the Upper Barron, and will provide sea-coast traffic facilities for the vast extent of tin, silver, and gold country of Herberton and the Hodgkinson.

When another railway, already contemplated, runs from Cairns down the fertile valley of the Mulgrave, and up the Russell, it will give access to some of the richest and best watered agricultural land in tropical Queensland.



BARRON RIVER BLACKS.

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BARRON FALLS IN DRY SEASON. HEIGHT, 700 FEET.

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The Barron Falls in Flood Time.

By A. Meston.

(From the "Queenslander" of 1885.)

THE present article describes the falls during the highest flood in the Barron for seven years. Byron says that no picture can give us an idea of the ocean, and no word painting can give a clear outline of the unimaginable scene at the Barron Falls on the first three days of the present year (1885.) I find the blacks have three names for this tremendous cataract—"Biboohra," "Denden," and "Kamerunga." The actual height of the falls is now ascertained to be about 700 feet, or 536 feet higher than Niagara. From the edge of the precipice the river falls 900 feet in half a mile. The Herberton railway will pass right along the top, and the finest view of the whole falls will be seen from the carriage windows. That view in flood time will have no rival in the known world.

"Stand back," said the dying Raphael, as the first glories of the world of spirits appeared to the parting soul, "Stand back until I paint that heavenly scene!" And, standing by the Barron Falls on the second day of the new year, I, too, felt disposed to say, Stand back until I sketch that mighty picture, fixed there on the primal rocks among the everlasting mountains, like an immortal replica by Raphaelistic Nature, from some divine original in the picture gallery of God! Before me was a torrent of water 300 yards wide and about 40 feet deep, rushing resistlessly along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, tumbling in a solid wall suddenly over the edge of the enormous precipice, launched clear out into space, and descending for over 700 feet into the "waste wide anarchy of Chaos, dark and deep," yawning abysmal in the depths below. I look up the river, and see it come sweeping round the bend, divided into

three streams that rush together like wild horses as they enter the straight in the dread finish of their last race. They come with the sound of a tempestuous ocean dashing its surges through dark passages in the caverned rock. Weird Fancy pictures them as the rivers that roll through the gloomy realms of Pluto. Imagination hears the sorrowful wail of Acheron, the lamentation of sad Cocytus, and the hoarse roaring of infernal Phlegethon, "whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage." They roll over the cliff, strike the first ledge of rock, and the water is dashed into foam and mist, rolling billows of vapour projected with terrific force in vast fantastic forms down the entrance of the Titanic avenue of the river beneath, and clouds of spray float away upward for 1000 feet, and condense, and drip in showers of emerald dew-drops from the trees on the slopes of the mountains.

The currents of air created by the cataract waved the branches of trees hundreds of feet overhead, as if they were swaying in the contending winds of a storm.

The thunder of the water was awful. The rocks shook like a mighty steamer trembling with the vibrations of the screw. The soul recoils appalled before the inconceivable grandeur of that tremendous scene. Those falls stand alone among cataracts, like Everest or Chimborazo among the mountains.

Eternity itself is throned there on those dark rocks among the wild whirlwind of waters, and speaks to you in solemn tones of the Past, the Present, and the Evermore. You stand voiceless, "mute, motionless, aghast," in that immortal Presence.

The tongue has no utterance for the thoughts within you. They are not dead, those black rocks, those vast columns of descending waters! They tell you of

> Vastness and Age and Memories of Eld,
> Darkness and Desolation and dim Night.

Once only in each year do the flood waters of the tropic rains sweep the surface of the bed rock. The wear of that brief period on the adamantine formation is imperceptible. How long, therefore, has the river occupied in cutting 1000 feet into the solid rock? You must look back through the shadowy vista of hundreds of thousands of years that bridge the period of time intervening between us and that dim morning of the World! The Night of Time hides for ever the birthday of that cataract. Empires have risen and fallen, barbarisms become civilisations, races of men flourished and died, religions triumphed and disappeared into eternal oblivion,

thousands of plants and animals vanished for ever, the face of Nature changed its aspect in the long wear and waste of centuries, and still those waters rolled down that precipice with a wail of lamentation over the dead Past; like the voice of a lone Spirit in the agony of unspeakable despair.

The gulf has a weird and fearful fascination. You feel a mad impulse to leap out into vacancy—to launch out, as Lucifer did, into some vast void of Uncreated Night, and disappear for ever into the yawning chasm, from the vast depths of which rise the sheeted columns of vapour—

> White and sulphury,
> Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
> Whose every wave breaks on a living shore.

At intervals there are deafening explosions, like the discharge of enormous cannon, and the waves of spray roll out like cannon smoke, and recoil upon themselves, driven back by the resisting air, to be swallowed up in the downward current, and finally swept into the abyss. Imagine some Titanic race battling with the Demons! There is a rock fortress 700 feet high, with huge cannon projecting from a hundred embrasures, discharging a continuous shower of projectiles, "winged with red lightning and impetuous rage," into the ranks of the advancing foe! Terrible, beyond conception, is the diapason of that cannonade.

On the left of the main falls is the circular pool, 200 feet in depth, whose sides slope inward from the top, with a narrow outlet not 20 feet wide at the bottom. Into this frightful cauldron poured a vast body of water from the main river. It fell clear down, struck the surface of the pool as if it were solid rock, dashed itself into vapour, and threw a dense shower of spray far up the face of the opposite rock, from whence it descended in a thousand little rivulets of silver that sparkled like a flood of moonlight on the dark surges of the midnight main. On the left came down a torrent that poured itself out from the dense scrub overhead. That, too, fell clear down on the pool below in a sheet of glorious spray. Around the face of the rocks grew beautiful tiny orchids, and ferns, and innumerable little plants looking serenely down with their green faces into the awful maelstrom underneath, indescribably beautiful, amid the war of winds and waters—

> Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
> Hope watching Madness with unalterable mein.

And gorgeous blue-winged butterflies, emerged from the crevices of the rocks, fluttered slowly down until the spray caught them, and vanished like a flash of light into the vortex of remorseless waters, like lost spirits drawn in where the firmament of the Miltonian Hell spouted its cataracts of fire, until caught in the descending flames and swept down into the Infinite Abyss, "nameless in dark oblivion there to dwell." From the still pools up the river came magnificent blue and pink and scarlet lilies, with superb fan-like green leaves attached. On one of them was a splendid butterfly, floating along like the Indian Cupid in the Nelumbo flower, down the swift current of the Sacred River.

Swift and painless death for all life once closed in the pitiless embrace of that deadly surge, cleaving the azure with the rapidity of light! One step from where you now stand and you have passed the confluence of the two Infinitudes—Eternity before you, and this world, with all its madness, is behind you; you are annihilated among those jagged and savage rocks; the spectral winds play your death march on their Æolian harp-of pines; the giant cannons fire in volleying thunder their last salute; the cataract wraps its white foam shroud around you; and the mighty mountains, throned on the primal rocks, stand there aloft in the majesty of eternal silence and immensity, as your everlasting monument! What was the pyramid-piled grave of the Egyptian kings compared to this? A tomb here more worthy of divine Cleora than the old Leucadian steep! This is the home of Poesy, first-born of the gods, and Romance, the parent of golden dreams. Alas! that the cold hand of Science has dragged the Naiads from the waters, and hurled the Dryads and Hamadryads from the woods!

Twilight is descending, and I gaze once more into that awful realm of swimming shadows and enormous shapes, with fearful chasms, rolling billows of foam, vast cloud-vapours, descending columns of yellow water, like liquid fire, opalescent and iridescent; fantastic rocks, scarred and rent by Æons of ages, towering mountains crowned by mournful pines, showers of spray and wandering mist, mingled with the roar and rush and howl of immeasurable waters plunging in their death agonies into the "fathomless and thundering abyss," in unutterable sublimity of illimitable Madness. Alas! after all I have only proved how impotent is language to give more than a vague and shadowy outline of that mighty picture, hung there on the silent rocks among the grand old mountains as a presentation picture to Australia from the Art Gallery of the Eternal!

Cooktown Railway.

Cooktown is a township on the sea coast of the Cape York Peninsula, 1079 miles north from Brisbane, along the route of the mail steamers. It stands in south latitude 15.27, and east longitude 145.15, on the foot of the western slopes of "Grassy Hill," by the shores of one of the prettiest little harbours on the Australian coast. This Grassy Hill, all granite, rises abruptly from the sea at the south side of the harbour, to a height of 570 feet, a sentinel fortress guarding the harbour and the town. It was named Grassy Hill by Captain Cook, after whose ship, the Endeavour, is named the river flowing in to the north side of the bay. The blacks call this granite hill "Janellganell," with the accent on each "ell." The population of the town is about 2700, that of the district, 6000.

The first appearance of Cooktown on the page of history is in a paragraph from Dalrymple's account of the North Coast Expedition for October, 1873. "At 6 a.m. on the 31st of October, the *Leichhardt*, Captain Saunders, steamed out of the Endeavour, leaving a lovely little white seaport, gleaming with white tents, and noisily busy with workmen, where a week before we found a silent wilderness." The occupants of that suddenly evolved canvas town were diggers, joining in the first rush to the Palmer goldfield, after the discovery was announced by J. V. Mulligan. Many diggers also came overland from the older fields of the Gilbert and Etheridge. The first road was opened through to Palmerville by Howard St. George and party. Carriage from Cooktown to the Palmer rose to £150 and even £200 per ton. It was a wild, rough, lonely road, infested by hostile blacks.

Cooktown rose rapidly to be an important town. The *Leichhardt* steamer and the schooner *Countess of Belmore* were the pioneers of a whole fleet of trading vessels. The town became the seaport for a goldfield which once contained 15,000 white men and 20,000 Chinese. In April, 1875, the *Namoa* and *Egeria* arrived with 800 Chinese, followed by the *Crocus* with 1000 more, and a mail boat with an additional 600.

Cooktown occupies a clean and healthy position. It stands on solid granite, forming the slopes of "Janellganell," the huge granite boulders lying scattered along the face of the hill, down to the back of the houses in the main street. The town is protected on the

east by the granite hill, and on the south, a mile away, rises Mt. Cook, 1500 feet, clad from base to summit in dense tropical vegetation. The blacks call this mountain "Goongoon." The visitor will not leave without ascending to the lighthouse on the summit of "Janellganell," at 570 feet, and looking out on the splendid panorama of land and ocean stretched before him. From that commanding eminence you look down on the town, the harbour, the Endeavour River winding away through dark brown forest, north, west, and south, across magnificent mountain scenery, ranges changing from brown to deep blue on the far horizon; table tops and cone-shaped peaks, pyramids of bare rock, lovely hills covered by dark jungle, and savage black mountains of desert sandstone scowling on the sky line towards the setting sun. Eastward and north and south stretches the blue Pacific, whose waves are breaking on the rocks beneath you. On the opposite side of the Bay, to the north, bordering the entrance to the harbour, is a very beautiful low range, with green slopes and narrow ravines running down to the white sand beach at the base, the range itself terminating seaward at Cape Bedford, the "Deejar" of the natives, and present site of an aboriginal mission station. A bay beyond Cape Bedford receives the McIvor River, "Beerboon" of the blacks, a small river 40 miles from Cooktown, running through rich basaltic open plains with belts of scrub. All that basalt country, behind which lies a sandstone tableland, was selected in 1880 to 1883, during the wild rush for sugar lands, but no estates were formed and no mills erected. It is rich grazing land, suitable for agricultural purposes, with healthy climate and good water supply. Farming and fruit growing are already proved to be a success.

South of Cooktown, at a distance of 130 miles along the coast, is the Bloomfield River, running into Captain Cook's "Weary Bay." The river is navigable for only six miles. On this river a plantation was formed and a large sugar mill erected by the Bloomfield Sugar Co.

Cooktown consists of one main business street, between the hill and the bay, opening out into private residences in south and west. The hotel accommodation is good, the best costing the usual price of ten shillings per day. There is plenty of room for the town to expand on good sound building country at the rear. Cooktown is the last and first port of call for all shipping to and from Torres Straits. That is an advantage of which it can never be deprived. Good coal has been discovered to the westward, on the Kennedy River, in a carboniferous patch in the Desert Sandstone.

The first section of the Cooktown railway, a length of 31 miles to

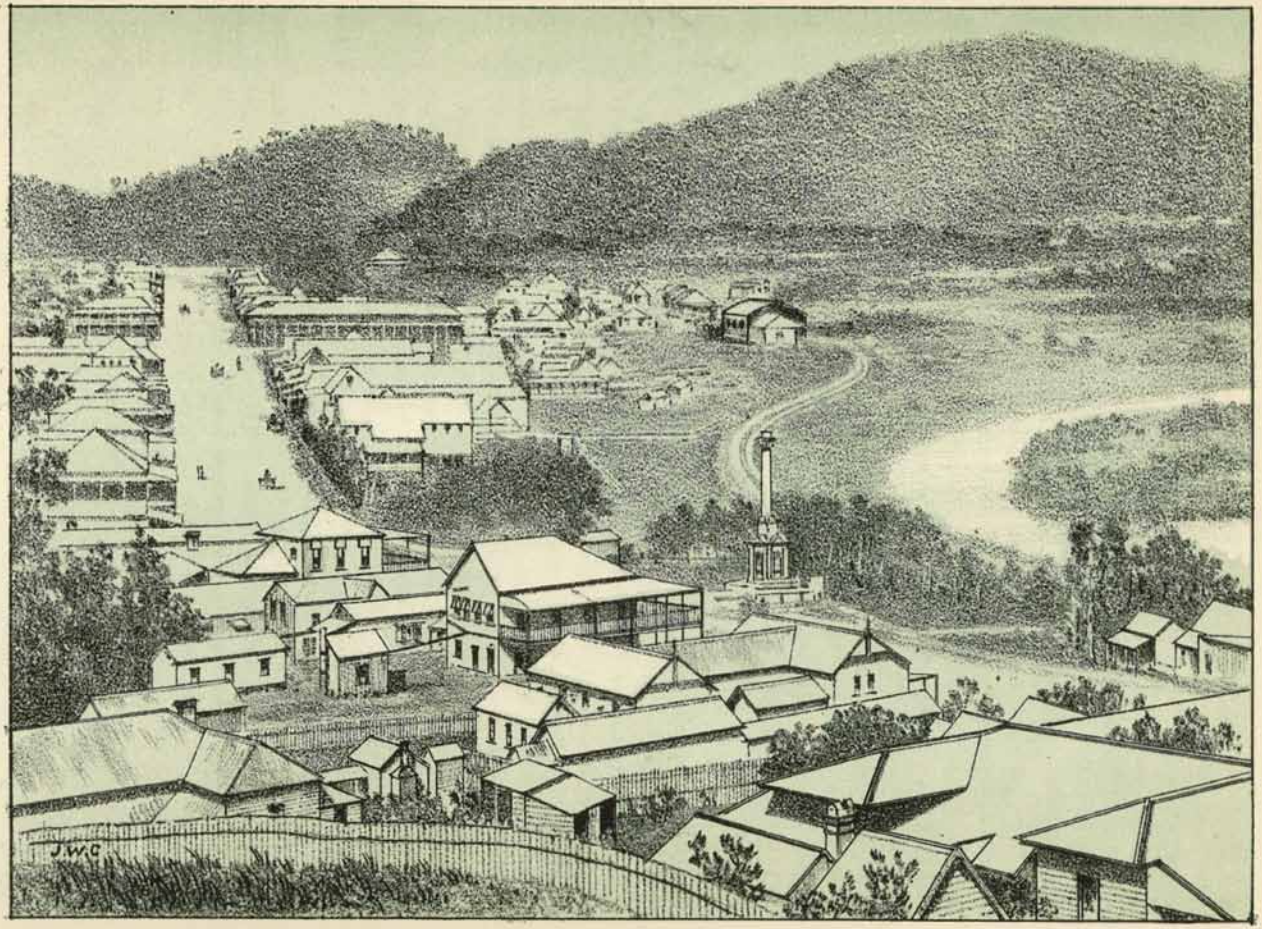
the Palmer Road, was opened on November 30th, 1885, and to the Laura River, the present terminus at 67 miles, on the 8th of October, 1888. This line runs up the valley of the Endeavour through slates and schists, until it enters the Desert Sandstone ranges, dividing the Endeavour waters from those flowing north to Princess Charlotte Bay. It continues in sandstone from thence to the Laura. After leaving the selections in the lower Endeavour there is no more settlement on any part of the line, nor country fit for anything but grazing purposes. It is timbered chiefly by ironbark, bloodwood, scented gum, Moreton Bay ash, and box gums. The one remarkable scene on the line is the Sandstone range, mountains barred by dark rugged terraces gloomy as death, weird monuments erected by the Infernal gods to the memory of Desolation. There is one new sight not witnessed on any other Queensland railway, nor can it be said here in what other part of the colony it is repeated. There is a white ant, one of the Termites, which builds a nest exactly like a mediæval cathedral, from three to seven feet high, with perpendicular sides, sharp pointed spires, turrets and pyramids with abutments and flying buttresses, the whole perfect in structure and design. The most astonishing peculiarity of these nests, is their long length and narrow breadth, and the fact that lengthways they all point due north and south. They are really among the most extraordinary curiosities of insect intelligence in Australia.

At 67 miles the line terminates on the bank of the Laura River, a tributary of the Normanby, which empties in Princess Charlotte Bay. A railway bridge is being constructed across the river in accordance with an intention to extend the line westward to the Palmer goldfield. A weekly coach leaves the Laura for Maytown and Palmerville. Leaving the Laura for Maytown you pass for 20 miles across fair grazing country, then across a sandstone and conglomerate range, rising on to a gold bearing tableland for 14 miles, off the range into Cradle Creek, and thence to Maytown 12 miles, these last 26 miles all on good gold bearing strata. Maytown is situated on gold bearing slate and sandstone country, on a prominent ridge on the Palmer River, the country timbered by bloodwood, ironbark, scented gum, ash, and box gums. Byerstown lies away 50 miles, and Palmerville 30 miles, each road across gold bearing country. Limestone is 35 miles from Maytown, that road also running across auriferous country. Palmerville stands on sand and slate on the Palmer River. At present the total population of all these small mining townships would be about 1400. Maytown has a post and telegraph office, and a branch of the Queensland

National Bank. Limestone stands in mountainous country on Limestone Creek, seven miles from the Mitchell River. A vast tract of gold bearing country lies on the watershed of the Palmer River and other branches of the Mitchell. There are hundreds of gold bearing reefs, and doubtless the day is not far distant when that gold bearing area of 2300 square miles will be one of the richest gold fields in the colony. So far, over 90 per cent of Palmer gold has been derived from the alluvial. The year of discovery, 1873, the Palmer produced about 60,000 ounces. In 1875 gold increased to 250,000 ounces From 1873 to 1877 the Palmer gave about 1,200,000 ounces, most of which went to the Chinese. The yield fell rapidly after 1878, until 1887 only returned 5000 ounces. In 1874 the wet season extended from Christmas to May, causing cruel hardship, much fever, and many deaths. Flour was 3s. per pound; boots, 30s.; beef, 1s.; stout 10s. per bottle, and whisky and brandy up to 40s. per bottle. The Chinese rush came in the end of 1874. Maytown was then called Edwardstown. It possessed three banks, the Queensland National, Australian Joint Stock, and New South Wales. Gold was handed over the counters of those banks in big dishes, like shovelsfull of sand, especially on Sunday mornings. The depositors were chiefly Chinamen. The blacks were numerous and hostile, all the way from Cooktown to the Palmer. There cannot possibly be any accurate record of the number of white men and Chinamen killed in the first few years. An old pioneer of the Palmer, one of the first party to ascend the north branch, is satisfied there must have been at least 200 Chinamen and white men killed by the blacks from time to time. Many were never missed. They had no friends or relatives, and in a gold rush men are apt to be terribly selfish, and cruelly indifferent to each other's fate. Chinamen left their dead unburied; white men hurried theirs into a shallow grave and passed on. Many a fine type of Australian manhood, many a big hearted manly fellow, found only a cruel death in that frantic search for gold on the Palmer River. Far off, in many a land, fathers and mothers sat by vacant chairs that would never be filled again, watched in the sickness of hope deferred through—

"The life long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who never more would come again."

But those days have gone, never to return again on any Queensland gold field. Never again shall our history repeat those dismal tales of the times of old.



COOKTOWN.

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Cooktown to Normanton.

[The following is an outline of the journey by sea along the Cape York Peninsula, and round the Gulf of Carpentaria to Normanton, with an account of the Croydon Railway, and the scenery and resources of the country inland from the shores of the Gulf.]

By W. O. H.

LEAVING Cooktown, one leaves the railways behind him, to be no more seen until that long tongue of land called Cape York has been rounded, the wide Bay of Carpentaria coasted, and the highest point of navigation in the Norman River reached. Between these extremes a large expanse of ocean has to be traversed, and the travel is confined to purely tropic regions. Heading northwards and west is the long coast line of the peninsula, its spine holding gold and silver and tin *in situ*, with here and there cliffs laved by deep water, or more frequently sandy dunes flanking down to the coast line. To the east lies the great Barrier Reef, with its western edge fretted by the unquiet waves of the rolling Pacific, and the channel intervening between that bulwark and the mainland, dotted with islands of more or less extent. To the north lies New Guinea, upon the resources of which yet hangs the sombre cloud of doubt, while to the west the great Gulf spreads its shallow basin for many a weary league. These cruising grounds have, so far, escaped the globe-trotter's curiosity, but the day will come when yachts will enter every lonely bay, and appreciative minds will revel in the sensuous beauty of these isles. What could be wished for more than a sky such as Australia alone can produce, now flecked with light careering clouds that cast a passing veil of shadow on an ocean "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," now in angry mood, hidden by the threatening tint of storm wreaths, which lash the sea to foam and hide in gloom the land. But to the tourist gathering pearls of landscape charms, if the season chosen be but right, say May to November, no angry sprite will show his wrath, but rather frolic elves will sport in fancy's eye beneath the overhanging cliffs, and woo the Dryads of the bordering groves with wealth of coral and sheeny shells, rifled from the seaweed-covered treasure vaults below; and time and culture, leisure, and the craving for something more than mere material needs, will take each rough incident of to-day, and so chasten, weave, and poetise the tale, as to fit it in the thousand niches carved by nature for its home. For here is hall for antrés vast, and things with heads of dire import. And here are cliffs that Titans would be hardly put to scale, and islets so small, and

yet so beautiful, as might serve a sea-nymph's landward lair. But not altogether is this ocean lonely, steamers pass to and fro to every quarter of the world. Sailing vessels run gaily before the south-east trades, or strive with labouring masts to beat against them. Here and there a tiny boat at anchor, or a group of rude huts mark the temporary home of the bêche-de-mer and pearl-shell fisher. Now a lighthouse throws its kindly warning against the cruel rocks that lie *perdu*. The native paddles in his bark canoe to spear the dugong or steal upon the turtle. Joyous fishes fleck the wave with wings of eddying light, the sea snake lies basking in the sun, and tales of tragedy connect some points with sympathetic interest, for not far north lie the Lizards with their heroine, who was left by her husband in temporary charge of a fishing station, hampered by a babe, and with a Chinaman for sole domestic. During his absence the natives, always on the coast, a more than common fierce and wily foe, attacked the place, and this poor creature sought safety in flight. Her barque, now in the Brisbane Museum, was just a section of a common 400 gallon ships' tank, into which she, her child, and her Chinese servant, barely found room to crouch; but crouch they did, beneath the burning tropic sun, and gained another isle, whence the view to seaward was unchecked, and commanded the passage used by vessels passing to and fro. Here, day by day, for five weary days, the three souls suffered an infinity of anguish—waterless, foodless, hopeless—till death stepped in and claimed his prey, and the very day after this poor woman had yielded up her tortured life, it rained, and boats called, and the crews, sharp sighted, read the story in its black entirety. And still going northwards, you may run through Albany Pass, and see the meteor flag of England waving over an isolated group of buildings belonging to Frank Jardine, explorer, grazier, pearl-shell fisher, and king, who, with his own strong right hand rules the parts adjacent. What tales that man could tell, if actions could but unloose his tongue. The long and weary march with stock from Rockhampton right through the peninsula to its extreme points; the conflicts by day, the watchings by night, stupid beasts craving water, savage foes hourly thirsting for blood, solitude for years, with the eye ever on the watch and the finger always ready for the trigger, until, baffled by such care and caution the very blacks gave up the vain desire. It is but a short transit from Cooktown to Thursday Island, the population of which is heterogeneous, with male representatives of almost every race sauntering along its only street. Thursday Island is a depôt for the western

continental trade, and also the head-quarters of a large beche-de-mer and pearl-shell fishery. A few hours may be spent there with interest; a little advice too may be given. Don't buy pearls, they are mostly in hands they should not be, and they are like Ceylon precious stones, priced at a much higher figure than their true value. On Hammond Island, close by Thursday Island, auriferous reefs have been found, which hold out promise of developing into lucrative mines; curios of many kinds can be picked up, Thursday Island being the sieve through which all the New Guinea and island trade is filtered. Leaving Thursday Island, some thirty odd hours of uninteresting steaming through the Gulf of Carpentaria brings one to the mangrove-lined low shores which form that huge bight, and to the light vessel lying at anchor at the mouth of the Norman River. Here the spacious accommodation of the B.I.S. Navigation Co. is relinquished, and the passenger enters a steam launch or a frowsy lighter, which runs him up to Normanton, the leading township and distributing agent of Carpentaria, Queensland. His passage from Brisbane, so far, will have cost him £12, which, with a few shillings for gratuities, is no extravagant payment for running along a coast line of such extent and diversity as that in question. Return tickets can be obtained, having a currency of six months, which concedes to the tourist ample time to exhaust the special features of interest attached to any point of the trip. The coast line and the banks of the Norman River are very low, numerous salt pans dot the surface of the ground, and the country on either side of the city itself is of inferior quality, in an agricultural or pastoral sense. A tortuous channel of 50 miles, with rock bars and sand spits, precludes navigation for large vessels, the tides being irregular, and the depth of the stream much affected by prevailing winds. A small settlement exists at the mouth of the river, entrance to which is impeded by a bar, now in process of removal by dredging; this bar, once cut through, opens a deep water channel to the Red Bluffs, the first point, after leaving Cooktown, of railway import. From Red Bluffs to Normanton, by land, is 21 miles, the intervening country being a low salt pan, mangrove-producing flat, liable to a large extent to inundating influences. As it will be some time before the town of Normanton will be connected with the deep water anchorage at Red Bluffs, the tourist must rely upon the river, the depth of which from the Bar to Double Island, is at low water, eight feet; from thence to Baffle Group, 40 miles, from the entrance about five feet at low water, and from Baffle Group to the town landing, two feet in the

channel at low water during the S.E., and four feet during the N.W. monsoon. The river can be easily navigated as far as the Group, by vessels whose draught of water does not exceed ten feet, but no vessel should attempt to proceed beyond Baffle Group, drawing more than six feet, and then only at spring tides. At this part of the river the spring tides run with great velocity, but the neaps are hardly perceptible.

Normanton, the commercial, pastoral, and mineral capital of the Gulf District, is a municipal town, gazetted February 6th, 1886, situated on the left bank of the Norman River, some 50 miles from its mouth. It is mainly built on the left bank of the river, extending over some rounded elevations of ferruginous formation, more remote from the stream. Part of the town is subject to inundation, having been injudiciously laid out, to include swampy depression. The climate is warm, but healthy. It is the chief port for an enormous extent of the most productive part of Queensland. The town is rapidly extending in every direction, and must grow still more rapidly when the railway communication, now in course of construction, is perfected. To the east, west, south-west, and south, lie enormous areas of partially stocked pastoral territory of the highest class. The adjacent country abounds in minerals. The Cloncurry, 260 miles south, is the centre of innumerable copper lodes, of unusual richness, with mountains of iron ore of great purity, veins of bismuth, reefs and alluvial deposits of gold. The Great Australian Copper Mine is about half-a-mile from the township, and is guarded by a singular peak of iron ore, called Mount Pisa, from its inclination from the perpendicular. Mount Elephant, another huge agglomeration of iron ore, lies on the further side of the Cloncurry River. Four other copper mines are within three-quarters of a mile of the township. Duck Creek, a feeder of the Cloncurry, cuts through a rich auriferous tract for 40 miles. The heads of the Leichhardt and other local rivers show every indication of mineral wealth. The "Gilded Rose," "Lone Hand," "Uncle Tom," "Soldier's Cap," and unnamed gold-bearing reefs lie within a radius of 12 miles. The district is rich in opals, garnets, rubies, silver, and arsenic. All these resources are undeveloped, owing to remoteness and lack of easy communication with the outside world. Grand wool-producing pastures are sparsely fed with cattle for the same reasons. Fuel for the smelting of ores is waiting utilisation, in the form of coal measures in the carboniferous beds of the Flinders. No part of Australia possesses greater natural wealth than this Northern District. It is on the high road to India, China, and Europe; its

surplus stock is rapidly increasing. The great table land to which these features of prosperity belong holds a high position, climatically considered. Steam is the only impetus wanted to exhibit the capacities of these areas; day by day new resources open out to view. For instance, Croydon, a geological puzzle, has been opened up since 1885. At this place, 120 miles due east of Normanton, a flat, uninviting, desert of comminuted rock, suddenly put forward claims to rank as a first-class gold field. Proclaimed on January 18th, 1886, it rapidly attracted a population of 5000 people, and is now, that the first wild rush has been eased, the seat of important operations. Still further to the east, and on the high road of connection between the waters of the Gulf and those of the eastern shore of the Pacific, is Georgetown, an old established centre of mineral industry, 210 miles from Normanton. Georgetown is the depôt of the largest quartz-reefing district in Australasia; its veins of golden ore have been worked at intervals over a belt of country 200 miles by 50 miles. But the whole area, like that of the Cloncurry, is paralysed by want of means of transit. The gold, silver, tin, copper, and bismuth, with which these districts abound, must lie undisturbed until famine prices are reduced by reasonable rates of transport. So late as the current year teams have been nine months on the road from port, and it is needless to dwell upon such a possibility acting as an inseparable bar to progress. At one time the blacks in these parts were bad, but no danger need now be apprehended. These notes are confined to the lines radiating from Normanton. The railway system of the Carpentaria district, so far, comprises one completed section, 36 miles in length, Normanton to Haydon. A second section, which may be regarded as under construction, Haydon to Croydon, 58½ miles. A probable extension from Croydon to Georgetown, 96 miles in length, of which a trial survey is just completed. A branch line to Port Norman (Red Bluffs,) about 21 miles in length, of which permanent surveys have been made and Parliamentary plans prepared. A line to the Cloncurry, for which trial surveys have been made, and the permanent survey of the first section is now in progress, as far as Iffley, 87 miles from Normanton, making total length to Cloncurry, say 250 miles, and total mileage of Carpentaria system, so far as present contemplated, 461½ miles.

The railway now in course of construction from the chief town and seaport of the Carpentaria district, to the great mining centre of Croydon, a distance of 94½ miles, will provide traffic facilities for a vast expanse of country. The district has been surveyed for

prospective railway extension, and this work, and the construction of the Croydon railway, has been entrusted to Mr. George Phillips, upon whose recommendation steel sleepers have been generally used, chiefly for the purpose of preventing destruction by the white ant. The whole country traversed by the Croydon railway is chiefly a dreary level sandy wilderness of stunted trees and white ant nests, of little or no interest to the traveller, who will, however, rejoice to find that the dismal days of journeys on horseback, bogged coaches, and wrecked buggies, nameless accommodation, and mysterious drinks, have finally become no more than a dreadful but innocent memory of the past.

To the globe trotter, healthy, active and energetic, desirous of seeing the country and travelling out of the beat of introductory passports, few trips would comprise so much of Australian life and scenery as a coastal run from Brisbane to Normanton, and then a camping out journey with due leisure through the great northern pastoral, agricultural, and mining regions. By selecting May as the starting month, one has five months of the loveliest climate in the world, dry, bracing sunny days, with a warm sun tempered by cooling breezes. Night is cool, with a canopy of bright lights before which the chill dim stars of the Northern hemisphere pale. The air is charged with a stimulating ozone that prompts a boyish exuberance of spirits. The vast solitudes implant a sense of boundless freedom. The flora, the fauna, and the surface of the earth itself, are strange. The peaks of weathered rocks upraise themselves as relics of an age when the ocean swept their base, and the vast plains extending therefrom were covered by the sea. To a commercial man the possibilities of the future will be great. The geographical position of Normanton, lying at the centre of a huge gulf, the natural point of discharge of a rich region teeming with wealth, must ensure its growth. Vast plains of natural herbage but thinly dotted with stock extend on every side. Chains of mountains seamed with mineral lodes and precious metals break the uniformity of the scene. To the east, dense tropic forests clothe millions of acres of fertile soil, with here and there some cultivated oasis seized from the surrounding scrubs by man. Should he be a sportsman, at the proper season of the year, the islands in Torres Straits teem with pigeons which at morn and eve fly to and from the mainland in search of food, but roost on the mangrove covered islets on its eastern coast. If his aims are high he can slay the mighty saurian sunning his scaly length upon a sandbank. He can course the emu on the plains of Promise, bag Sturt's desert pigeon by the score, stalk the bustard on the plains,

or shoot the mound-building talegalla in the scrubs. He can see every phase of Australian life except its hideous copies of existence in great cities, and in so doing he will perhaps arrive at the reasons which prompt the growing demand for Australian self control. Such a trip would teach an intelligent traveller more in three months than double the period employed in the usual mode of running through an official groove, in which the chief object seems the display of second hand imitations of very contemptible phases of life. Should the tourist elect to coach through the Cloncurry district, and thence across the watershed of the Colony to Hughenden, he regains the railway system, and may thence travel across the entire continent, through Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia, a journey that just thirty years ago taxed the endurance, skill and courage of explorers to the utmost; a journey which is marked by no monumental stones, though many precious lives have ebbed away in solitude on the thirsty sands. And now, a chain of stations dots the course, with townships growing here and there. Coaches carry frequent mails. Steam rapidly devours the yawning gaps, the swagman, undisturbed by fear of hostile blacks, leisurely wends his way. The unknown regions of the globe are curtailed, and a wide territory long lying under contumelious stigma as a desert, is proved to be one of the most productive zones of territory open for development by man.

SANDGATE RAILWAY.

THIS suburban railway runs from Brisbane to Sandgate, a marine township on the shores of the Bay, 13 miles by rail and 20 by water. The line was opened to Sandgate on May 11, 1882.

Sandgate is now a considerable township, with a fixed population of about 2000 people, apart from the large number of visitors who patronise it as a watering place. For this purpose it has the advantage of being the nearest to the metropolis. The main part of the town stands on a ridge bordering the Bay, bounded on the south side by Cabbage Tree Creek, and on the north, tapering away towards the North and South Pine Rivers, the "Gooloógan" and "Tambir" of the blacks. These rivers enter Bramble Bay which sweeps round from the jetty point of Sandgate to Woody Point on the opposite side. Woody is known as Humpy Bong, originally "Umpeeboang," a name given by the blacks to the houses left there when the convicts were removed to the present site of Brisbane. For Woody Point, opposite Sandgate, was the site chosen for the first penal settlement, and the first convicts landed there in September, 1824. Finding the place unsuitable, the authorities selected a site on the Brisbane River, and removed the whole establishment, except a few houses left for the use of the blacks, who appreciated the gift about as much as a case of hats or a consignment of boots. Woody was known to the old blacks as "Tambal." Sandgate bore the name of "Moora." The North Pine River was called "Mundine" in one dialect, and "Gooloógan" in another. The South Pine was "Tambir." Sandgate was a dangerous place in the old days, and several people were killed by the blacks. In the year 1853, the late Thomas Dowse and his son had to fly from there, after both were wounded by spears. Two Customs House men were killed on the way there in a boat, by Sandgate blacks. Several murders were committed on the North and South Pine Rivers, once the haunt of the notorious "Dundahli," who was credited with seven murders, and finally hanged on the spot where the General Post Office stands in Queen Street. On December 12th, 1872, a whale,

SCRUB SCENE NEAR YANDINA, N.C. LINE

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33 feet long, was washed ashore and captured at Sandgate. On the ridge, when entering the town, the traveller will see a broken column which marks the grave of Robert Travers Atkin, and his sister, both of whom died at an early age. He was a promising young politician, a member of the Assembly, and editor of the *Guardian*, a paper long since defunct. Sandgate municipality has an area of about 3700 acres, and is governed by a mayor and eight other aldermen. Trades and professions are liberally represented, and there are hundreds of private houses, erected by people who reside there permanently, or periodically for the sake of sea air. The ridge which runs in a semicircle round the Bay, and forms the site of Sandgate, consists of red soil, and appears to be a "wave" of basalt, upheaved from the surrounding Desert Sandstone and Cretaceous formation. On the western end of the town, between the ridge and the Bay, is a long expanse of flat land, a few feet above tide water, and occupied by private houses for about a mile along the beach. At low tide the water recedes for half a mile, leaving the sand dry, and fishermen and bathers walk out for a long distance into the shallows. A jetty extends from the headland at the east end, with bathing houses on each side. Steamers run in fine weather from this jetty across to Woody Point, a distance of about five miles. There is fair fishing on the beach, and some shooting towards the Pine Rivers, both of which enter the Bay with one mouth. There is an excellent road from Brisbane to Sandgate, a distance of 14 miles, forming a favorite drive from the metropolis, and a popular track for bicyclists. There is no scenery deserving of admiration along the line or the road, but there is settlement on both sides of the railway, which has made the route one long extended suburb. The short journey by rail will always secure to Sandgate a fair share of popularity and patronage, and we may safely regard it as a watering place that will advance with the progress of the metropolis.

RAILWAY TO BEAUDESERT.

(Line opened on 16th May, 1888.)

THIS line forms a branch of the railway to Southport. It diverges at the Bethania Junction, 20 miles from Brisbane, and runs for 27 miles up the Valley of the Logan, a river discovered by Captain Logan, first Commandant of the old Moreton Bay Penal Settlement. He and Allan Cunningham, the botanist, went up the Logan Valley, on their way to Mount Lindesay, and described the country accurately in his report. They went by way of Cowper's Plains, erroneously called "Cooper's Plains," which were named after Dr. Cowper, the medical superintendent of the penal settlement. Stations were first taken up on the Logan in 1842, but not occupied until the removal of the 50 mile restriction.

One of the earliest squatters wrote as follows :—

"A friend of mine requiring a run, I agreed to accompany him to the Logan, to look for one, and accordingly, taking with us a well-known Government storekeeper, named Dick Allen, we struck out for the Logan. My friend, Mr. Walter Smith, took up Bromelton, which he afterwards sold to Mr. Aikman. After marking trees on this run we went up the river, and I marked "Tamrookum" for myself. Knowing that the Messrs. Mocatta had gone out before us to look for Innes' Plains, we did not cross the river, but made tracks for Brisbane, where, upon due application to Dr. Simpson, the Crown Lands Commissioner, these runs were granted to us, and proved to be the first licenses granted on the Logan River."

Such was the narrative of old John Campbell, of Redbank, the first man who boiled down cattle in Queensland, at Kangaroo Point in 1843. In that year he sold Westbrook Station, on the Downs, for £300, and the cattle at 12s. 6d. per head, so those were evil days for the squatters.

The journey from Bethania Junction is chiefly across rather poor and uninteresting country, clay and sandstone ridges, timbered by blue and spotted gum, and ironbark, turpentine, patches of tea-tree and wattles. The Logan River is parallel to the line for the whole journey, approaching and receding in the bends. The small intermediate stations are depôts for timber, or the agricultural produce

of neighbouring selectors. The surrounding country is splendidly timbered by spotted gum and ironbark, of which vast supplies will be available for many years to come. There is a hotel at Logan Village, and one at Jimboomba, two timber stations. Beyond Jimboomba the country improves, open forest ridges with intervening valleys, some of which are occupied by agricultural settlers. At Woodhill you emerge into a commanding view of Mount Flinders and his attendant peaks, with summits of outlying spurs of the main range showing above the tree-tops. These divide the Logan waters from those of the Albert. By the Nerang blacks the Logan was known as "Birraboon," but, as usual, various parts would have different names. Between Woodhill and Beaudesert there is some fine open country, but the best soil lies along both banks of the river, which has now narrowed to a stream a few yards wide, with high steep banks, and appears here and there in sight of the line. Settlement increases as you approach the terminus, until the train stops at Beaudesert, a picturesquely situated progressive little township, on the slopes of flat ridges, timbered by spotted gum, ironbark, and apple tree. Over the tree-tops rise the mountains, the rock crest of Lindesay, and the pyramid peak of Barney, grey and blue and silent above the summit of the McPherson Range.

Beaudesert is a French word, meaning, literally, a "beautiful waste," or a lovely desert. The correct sound would be "Bo-dezair." It forms at present the sole depôt for all the pastoral and agricultural and timber country on the head of the Logan. There are three hotels, several places of business, and a number of private houses. It occupies a very healthy position, situated in a high dry eucalyptus country near to the mountains, a cold bracing air in winter and a reasonable heat in summer. Beyond Beaudesert, for twelve miles, there has been a trial survey of a prospective extension, following the course of the river.

RAVENSWOOD RAILWAY.

(Opened to Ravenswood, December 1st, 1884.)

THIS railway leaves the Charters Towers line, 53 miles from Townsville, and runs for 24 miles across poor granite country timbered chiefly by bloodwood and ironbark. The terminus is the town of Ravenswood, standing on granite country on the head of small creeks running into the Burdekin. This town stands about a thousand feet above sea level, and is famous for the salubrity of the climate. Ravenswood is one of the healthiest towns in North Queensland. It contains a population of about 1500 people, directly engaged or depending upon mining. Around this town is an extensive field of gold and silver ores. An argentiferous belt extends six miles north west from the richest centre of the goldfield. There is a clear distinction between the grey granite of the gold field and the red granite of the silver. From 1880 to 1887, there were 5000 tons of ore which yielded silver to the value of £131,000. From 1875 to 1887, the yield of gold represented a total of 327,215 ounces. The following interesting passage is from a report by Mr. Wm. Jack, the Government Geologist:—

"The country rock of this goldfield is a grey syenitic granite, in which hornblende accompanies or takes the place of mica. Actinolite is sometimes substituted for the hornblende. The reefs belong to two distinct systems, one running North and South and underlying to the East, and the other running East and West and underlying to the South. They generally have a quartoze gangue, and contain iron and copper pyrites, arsenical pyrites, zinc blend, galena, &c., as well as gold. This complex 'Mundic,' when exposed to alternate atmospheric and aqueous influences, is decomposed, the metallic compounds being oxidised and the gold set free, and consequently the field was a favourite 'poor man's diggings' till the water level was reached. At that level, however, the majority of the mines suffered a severe check, as it was found to be impossible to save more than a small proportion of the gold by amalgamation. The products of some of the richer mines were for a time sent to Europe for treatment, but many of the others which had paid well in the 'brown-stone' did not produce a sufficient quantity of rich ore to yield a profit after paying expenses of which the carriage to the coast formed the heaviest item. Roasting was also resorted to, and was successful in some cases. Smelting was next tried, but proved to costly. Chlorination Works are now in course of erection. If this process should prove equal to the extraction of the gold from what has hitherto proved an unusually refractory ore, Ravenswood will rank high among Australian goldfields."

The first crushing machine on Ravenswood was erected by W. O. Hodgkinson, at Burnt Point, in 1870, and called the "Lady Marion;" the result of the first month's crushing being 1983 ounces of gold from 450 tons of stone.

The Ravenswood gold field dates from 1868. Messrs. Jessop, Buchanan, and party were the pioneers in gold discovery, for which they afterwards received the usual Government reward. While prospecting they were assisted by the then run holders, Messrs. Curr, Carr, and Cunningham. The site of the first workings was at a place known as Middle Camp, from where prospectors worked to Plum-tree Creek. In 1879 they extended their operations to Connelly's Creek, thence to Nolan's and Jessop's Gullies, settling down eventually at Top Camp, the present site of Ravenswood town. The Jessop and Buchanan Gullies were the real commencement of the gold field, for besides producing a large quantity of gold from surface workings, they were of a more permanent character than previous workings, and bore unmistakeable signs of being close to a large reefing district, thus giving the early diggers a promise of something better. At this time the only mines being worked in the immediate vicinity of the present town were at Mount Wyatt. A rush took place from this locality, and a town was formed on Elphinstone Creek in October, 1869. This creek was, and is now, a very inconsiderable stream, but water can always be obtained by sinking in its bed, and although water was obtained from wells for domestic purposes, none was forthcoming for prospecting purposes; however, a flood occurred in the following February, and all fear of want of water for any purpose was at an end, and successive rains have made it abundant ever since. After this flood all the accumulated heaps of dirt were washed up with most satisfactory results.

As all the hills above Jessop's and Buchanan's Gully were covered with rich specimen stone, the attention of new arrivals was by these indications chiefly directed to reefs. The first mine discovered was the "General Grant," closely followed by the "Sunset" and "Melaneur," and soon after "La Perouse." The "Overlander," "Lady Marion," and numbers of others of more or less value, some of which have produced good payable stone, while others have run out and been abandoned, but doubtless the day is not far distant when Ravenswood will fully justify the splendid expectations in the beginning. The press is represented by the *Ravenswood Mining Journal.*

Our Minerals.

QUEENSLAND is the distinguished possessor of a larger gold bearing area than any country in the world. This colony also claims the richest and most remarkable gold mine at present known on this planet. Queensland in 1891 owns forty gold fields, five silver fields, nine tin fields, two copper fields, six coal fields, two antimony fields, and one field each of mercury and cobalt. The first Queensland gold was found at the Canoona rush, near Rockhampton, in July, 1858. In a short period of 32 years we have advanced from the few thousand ounces of Canoona alluvial gold to first position among the gold producing countries of the present day! The history of Australian gold discovery would be an interesting volume. In 1789 a gold specimen was shown by a convict at Botany Bay, and he received as a reward 150 lashes on suspicion of having formed his specimen from the melted or hammered case of a stolen watch!! Justice held the scales in rather an eccentric manner during that period of Australian history. A Scottish shepherd found gold long before W. B. Clarke showed some specimens to Judge Therry, in 1841. Convicts found gold when cutting a road over the Blue Mountains, in 1824. The Polish explorer, Count Strzelecki, who named Mount Kosciusko, the highest mountain in Australia, discovered gold in 1839, but the final discovery, which gave the first start to gold mining, is credited to Hargreaves in 1851. An old colonist informs us that in 1852, Hargreaves came over to Queensland and sold all his outfit at the Queen's Arms Hotel in Ipswich.

Our gold history dates from the day that "old Chappell" reported finding gold in 1858, on the Fitzroy River. This was the origin of the "Canoona Rush," one of the maddest gold rushes in the history of Australian mining. Diggers came there from all the colonies until the number reached twelve to fifteen thousand, and ships were chartered by Victorian and Sydney Governments to take thousands back to the South again. This was the year before separation from New South Wales. Seven years after the Canoona rush, gold was found on Crocodile Creek, a tributary of the Fitzroy, and this field in 1866 was occupied by 2000 diggers, who were the first to drive the Chinese off a Queensland goldfield. Then follow ne the discovery of Morinish in the end of 1866, Ridgeland rea of Creek, Rosewood, Mount Wheeler, and New Zealand Gully s. The All these fields were on the Fitzroy River. The famou d. It is field, discovered by Nash, started in 1867. Gold was foun 10,000,. Etheridge in holes sunk for the posts of the overland telegrap gold.

d on the Palmer by Surveyor Warner, of Hann's expedition, long fore J. V. Mulligan reported the metal in payable quantities. old was found at Eidsvold on the Burnett River, about 40 miles om Mount Perry, in 1858, by a shepherd named "Loddon Bill," ut serious work only began in 1886. The Croydon field was discovered in the end of 1885, but there was no serious mining until the end of the following year. In February, 1872, Mr. A. Ross took into Warwick the first sample of tin ore from the Stanthorpe tin fields. In 1872 the Charters Towers gold field was discovered by Mosman, Clarke, and Frazer, and proclaimed on the 31st of August, 1872. This field was reduced in area from 1700 to 600 square miles. Ravenswood was discovered in 1868, by Jessop, Buchanan and party. In 1870, Mr. W. O. Hodgkinson erected the first crushing mill, the Lady Marion, at Burnt Point.

Though one or two small fields have declined or passed altogether out of notice, there has been steady and substantial progress among all our principal fields. Some idea of Queensland gold production can be obtained from the following list, showing the quantity returned by various gold fields up to the end of 1889.

Gympie	1,547,000	ounces.
Charters Towers	1,916,000	,,
Palmer	1,306,000	,,
Rockhampton	608,700	,,
Ravenswood	353,600	,,
Hodgkinson and Mulgrave	228,400	,,
Etheridge	385,000	,,
Croydon	131,350	,,
Eidsvold	23,000	,,
Cloncurry, Calliope, &c.,	330,000	,,
Total	6,829,050	,, = £24,000,000.

Beside this enormous quantity of gold, Queensland has produced the following additional minerals.

Silver ore	20,054 tons	=	£420,000.
Copper ore	57,910 ,,	=	£1,955,000.
Tin	67,365 ,,	=	£3,654,000.
Coal... ...	2,294,000 ,,	=	£1,057,000.
Total ...	2,439,329 ,,	=	£7,086,000.

The value of these four minerals, added to that of the gold, gives a total sum of £31,086,000 to the credit of Queensland mining and... in the short period of about 25 years.

geologi... end of 1890 there were about 14,000 actual working the Go... the colony, mining for gold, silver, tin, copper, antimony, once... opal, and coal.

Qu... sinking on Gympie has already reached a depth of 1500

feet, still on rich quartz, a practical refutation of Sir Roger Murchison's theory that gold would never be found in payable quantities below 300 feet! The area of the Croydon goldfield is unknown. Concerning this field, found only five years ago, Mr. Jack, the Government Geologist, says:—

"The township of Croydon is on the very edge of the alluvial flat which extends to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The auriferous rocks themselves nowhere rise to any considerable elevation. They are overlaid by isolated fragments of horizontal 'Desert Sandstone.' This wide-spread formation has hitherto yielded no organic remains of any value for palæontological purposes. On the Croydon, however, the Desert Sandstone is in places crowded with fossils, which Mr. R. Etheridge, of the Australian Museum, has determined to be of Upper Cretaceous types—many of the species being identical with those found in the 'Maryborough Beds.' Mr. Wallmann informs me that in collecting specimens for the Exhibition, he detected gold actually in some of the fossils. This is the more remarkable as the reefs do not intersect the Desert Sandstone."

Charters Towers holds so far the third place among Australian gold fields, exceeded only by Ballarat and Sandhurst in Victoria. The reader will learn something of the richness of the mines on this field when he knows that in 1884, 1885, and 1886, the Day Dawn P.C. turned out 94,271 oz.; the Day Dawn Block and Wyndham, 86,788 oz.; and the Victory, 14,276 oz. of gold; in 1885 the Eastward Ho gave 8,389 oz.; in 1886 the Black Jack gave 8,834 oz.; in 1885 and 1886 the North Queen yielded 16,089 oz., and the Bonnie Dundee 7,919 oz. In 1890 these seven claims produced 70,200 oz. A warden's report states: "Charters Towers was discovered early in 1872, by Mosman, Clarke, and Fraser, who, when engaged in alluvial gold mining at the Seventy-Mile, were attracted by a number of small peaks in the distance. After riding about 17 miles through well-grassed, lightly-timbered country, they reached the largest of the hills, about 300 feet high, and, prospecting round the base, discovered quartz thickly impregnated with fine gold. Each marked out a claim, and reported the discovery to the nearest gold warden, Mr. Charters, who visited the locality, and being satisfied that the find was a valuable one, granted the prospectors such reward-claims as were allowed at that time to the discoverers of a new goldfield. The name "Charters Towers" was given to the new goldfield, "Towers" or "Tors" signifying the peaks, and "Charters" being the name of the first warden. The gold field was proclaimed on 31st August, 1872, with an area of 1700 square miles, subsequently reduced to 600 square miles. The town of Charters Towers derives its name from the goldfield. It is a municipality, a mile square, with a population of about 10,000, chiefly engaged in trade and occupations connected with gold.

mining. The town contains seven banks, eight churches, and a convent of mercy. There are three State Schools (one for boys, one mixed school, and one for girls,) a Convent of Mercy school, and several private ones. Altogether the number of children attending school is about 2,500. There is a school of arts with a circulating library of 2,500 volumes, and reading room supplied with the principal papers and periodicals of the day. There is a first-class hospital, and a number of halls belonging to various lodges; a jockey club which holds four race meetings in the year; and a Mining, Pastoral, and Agricultural Association that holds a show annually. Cricket, football, lawn tennis, and rifle clubs also exist. The town possesses an efficient fire brigade, and a corps of the Defence Force and Mounted Infantry. There are three newspapers, the *Northern Miner*, a morning daily, first established in 1872; the *Charters Towers Daily Herald*, also a morning daily established in 1878; and the *Times*, established in 1887—an evening daily. The buildings are mostly one-story and built of wood, but there are a few good two-story ones of both wood and brick. Nearly every miner owns the house he lives in." West of Charters Towers, away out on the head waters of the Cape River, a tributary of the Burdekin, lie the old Cape Diggings, reported on by Daintree, in 1868. They are situated in a belt of slates, bounded on one side by granite and on the other by Desert Sandstone. In 1867, the year Gympie started, there were 900 Europeans and 100 Chinese on the Cape River, but in 10 years the numbers were reduced to 50 Europeans and 50 Chinamen. The simple fact that accounts for the retrogressive movements of several of the early fields, is the enormous area of rich auriferous country subsequently discovered, and the fastidiousness which arose from a surfeit that induced the miners to leave ordinary payable fields and fly to those of more sensational returns. All over Queensland are reefs that in days to come will yield handsome returns, but at present are neglected or ignored because they do not realise the unreasonable expectations created by reefs that have returned fortunes with a small outlay in a short period. The extent of our gold country is simply unknown. The Palmer goldfield alone extends over 2300 square miles; Charters Towers, 600 square miles; Hodgkinson, 800; Rockhampton, *fourteen thousand square miles*; and Clermont, 1700 square miles. An interesting and valuable geological map of Queensland has been prepared by Mr. R. L. Jack, the Government Geologist, and one glance at that map will give at once a fair knowledge of the vast extent of mineral country which Queensland possesses. All over that immense expanse of territory,

from Point Danger on the coast, far west to Cooper's Creek, and north to the shores of the Gulf and the end of the Cape York Peninsula, are rich deposits of gold, silver, tin, copper, coal, lead, cinnabar, antimony, mercury, manganese, opal, iron, graphite, and bismuth. And our mines are only in their infancy, and no work whatever has been done over an extensive area where there are known deposits of gold, silver, copper, antimony, bismuth, iron, manganese, mercury, baryta, plumbago, coal, opal, limestone, marble, and gypsum. When our population has increased to millions, and our mineral resources are known and the payable deposits worked, Queensland will then in all probability be the richest mineral country in the world.

MOUNT MORGAN.

Queensland claims possession of the most wonderful gold mine ever discovered in this world, at least during the historic period. This gold mountain, a realization of the dreams and legends of the searchers for fabled Eldorados in shadowy years of the past, is situated on the Dee River, a tributary of the Fitzroy, about 25 miles by road from Rockhampton, or 10 miles by rail, and 15 miles by coach from Kabra railway station, across open forest country, timbered chiefly by bloodwood, box gums, and ironbark, over the Razorback range, and thence through forest ridges to Mount Morgan township, a small clean healthy looking town of over 4000 people, picturesquely situated 700 feet above sea level, on forest ridges converging from all sides into the Dee, which is here a small insignificant serpentine rivulet rippling over gravel beds and rock. This township is only four years old, sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and yet it possesses excellent hotels, good stores, a commodious and pleasantly situated hospital, a public reading room, many neat and comfortable residences and a weekly newspaper, the Mount Morgan *Chronicle*.

The "Gold Mountain" rises within a mile of the township to a height of 500 feet, or 1200 feet above the sea, a dome-shaped hill differing in no way in external appearance from hills of similar height and shape on both sides along the same range. The following is a reliable account of the origin of this celebrated gold mine :—

"William McKinlay was stockman to Messrs. Wood and Robinson, of Calliungal Station, situated some 13 miles down the Dee River, in the year 1862 ; the run comprised the whole valley of the Dee from its source to its mouth, or about 60 miles of open country. At that time the blacks were very bad, and a revolver an indispensable companion when in the bush. In 1864 a family of Scotch people, Gordon by name, arrived from the Brisbane district and settled down at the top of the 'Razor Back.' In 1873 the two sons, Donald and Sandy, took up two selections for grazing purposes on the run, comprising 640 acres and 220 acres respectively, and adjoining each other.

Here they met with but indifferent luck, partly owing to the cattle dying from eating a poisonous weed known as the peach leaf, and which was very common about then, and following on this came the disastrous and well remembered drought of 1877. Everyone suffered enormous losses then, and the Gordons at length found it necessary to obtain employment outside their pastoral pursuits. Later on we find Sandy Gordon working for the Morgans at Mount Wheeler. Now, Sandy had married McKinlay's daughter, who one day showed her husband a piece of gold bearing stone given her by her father, picked up from Mundic Creek by him. He made enquiries as to the locality and showed the stone in turn to the brothers Morgan, who agreed to give Sandy £20 if he would point out to them the place where the stone was found. The bargain was made, and he guided Ned and Tom Morgan to a hill covered in places with a dark looking stone, and part of which was in the 640 acre selection before mentioned When they arrived at the base they separated, each striking off in a different direction. Ned Morgan had not proceeded far when he picked up a quartz stone with gold in it, saying at the same time, 'the reef is mine.' The Morgans then, it appears, on ascertaining that the discovery was no ordinary one, bought the selection from the Gordons at the rate of £1 per acre, which they considered a good price. Thus they parted with almost unlimited wealth for a paltry few hundreds. The Gordons now fade away from our field of observation, and the Morgans, their fortunate successors, reign in their stead. The original shareholders in the Mount were, Fred, Edward, and Thomas Morgan, and a nephew, who reserving one half in the family, sold the other half to Messrs. T. S. Hall, W. Hall, W. K. D'Arcy, and W. Pattison. Afterwards the Morgans subdivided their half into five shares, and Mr. T. S. Hall became possessor of one-fifth of their half. Mr. Edward Morgan sold his share to his brother, Mr. Fred Morgan, for the sum of £10,000. Thus Mr. Fred Morgan with his original share, that of his son, and that purchased from his brother Ned, possessed three tenths of the whole mine. This interest he eventually sold to the original shareholders of the second half for the sum of £62,000. On the same day as this sale the purchasers sold one-tenth interest in the mine for £26,000, to Mr. John Ferguson, and he has since split up portion of that interest among a number of Rockhampton people who have invested various sums from £500 to £1000 and upwards. Finally the original shareholders of the second half bought out Thomas Morgan's one-tenth for £31,000. A limited company was then formed with a capital of 1,000,000 shares of £1 each. The total area of ground held by the Company including the Freehold, the Leasehold, and the Consolidated Claim, which embraces 30 men's ground, is about 730 acres, the last mentioned leasehold and consolidated areas having been subsequently taken up, adjoining the freehold to the West, and thus including the whole of the mountain, as the original selection had its boundary line running almost through the summit of the mountain, which is the most valuable part of the property."

Such is the brief history of a gold mine which once rose in the share market to a value of over *seventeen millions!* In describing this wonderful gold deposit, Mr. Geologist Jack says:—

"The origin of this unique auriferous deposit has given rise to many speculations. My belief is that it is due to a geyser or hot spring which burst out in Tertiary times after the valley of the Dee had been carved out of the cake of 'Desert Sandstone,' which once covered the site of the Mountain, and whose escarpments now look down on the valley." Mr. J. Macdonald Cameron, M.P., who reported on the mine in 1887, considered the deposit to be "one mass of tufaceous material, from which some of the alkaline constituents of its felspar were washed out by aqueous percolations."

For the year 1889 this extraordinary mine gave 323,543 ounces of gold, and no man can say how long these phenomenal yields will continue, nor to what extent they may increase.

ADVICE TO TOURISTS.

SHOOTING, FISHING, SCENERY, AND SPECIMEN COLLECTING.

SHOOTING.

CONSIDERING the enormous area, Australia is one of the least attractive countries in the world for sportsmen. With the exception of the crocodile and cassowary in North Queensland, and the descendants of the buffaloes turned out on Melville Island and Port Darwin in 1825, there are no large game on any part of the continent. But kangaroo hunting in open forest country, free from blind creeks and melon holes, is far more interesting and exhilarating than chasing foxes over cultivated fields, across hedges and ditches, followed by the loud or deep curses of indignant agriculturists; and in many parts of Australia the fowler will find excellent field shooting, equal to any in the old country. Rabbit and hare shooting is common in parts of Victoria and New South Wales, and hares are now rapidly increasing on the Darling Downs, in the vicinity of Allora and Warwick.

In Queensland we have plain shooting, swamp shooting, and scrub shooting. On the open downs and open forest are plain turkeys (Australian bustard,) quails, and stone plovers (grey curlews); in the scrubs are turkeys, scrub hens, paddymelons, and several varieties of pigeons. On and around the swamps are swans, pelicans, jabirus, native companions, plovers, snipe, geese, and many varieties of ducks. On the north coast of Queensland are the Torres Straits pigeons, or white nutmeg pigeons, which come down annually from the Straits as far south as Bowen, breed on the coast islands, and return north when the young are fully matured. Their season extends from the end of October to the following March, and during that period they are seen in countless multitudes on the islands in Rockingham Bay, and along the coast from Cardwell to Cooktown. The cassowary extends from the Herbert River north, along the east coast of the Cape York Peninsula, in the dense jungle on both sides of the coast range. The crocodiles are numerous in all the creeks and rivers from Townsville along the Peninsula, and in all the waters running into the Gulf of Carpentaria. They come south from Townsville to the Fitzroy River, and the blacks say they were once common even in the Burnett and Mary Rivers, where they were called "Ooranggan" by the natives of the old days. From the Herbert River to Cooktown the blacks

call the crocodile "Canyahra." Crocodile shooting requires some knowledge of the great saurian's habits, a dead shot with the rifle, and great caution. They grow up to 25 feet in length.

Our largest game birds are the bustards of the plains, the scrub turkey, the swan, the native companion, and the wild goose. The plain turkey weighs up to between 20 and 30 lbs., and is an excellent bird for the table, especially when fat and weighing from six to fifteen pounds. The young swan, before he is able to fly, is a delicacy, but the old swan should only be eaten during a period of mild famine. This remark also applies to the full-grown native companion. There are people who tell you that both birds are grand eating at any age, but I class these epicures with those who swear that a blue heron is a dainty dish, a stewed crow a delicacy, and even a fat hawk a dish fit for a king. All our ducks and pigeons are capital eating, and there are really very few varieties of Queensland birds which cannot be eaten with more or less satisfaction. One of the "gamest" flavoured birds is the spur-winged plover, and next to him comes the stone plover, usually known as the grey night curlew. The largest pigeons are the wonga and crested flock pigeon, followed by the magenta-breasted superb fruit pigeon, and the Straits pigeon. The white cockatoo, when properly stewed or made into a pie, is a very attractive dish, and all the parrot family make pies equal in flavour and delicacy to any bird in Australia; the Blue Mountain and king parrots are the best. All the fruit-eating scrub birds can be eaten. In the tropical jungles of the Cape York Peninsula is the scrub hen, one of the megapodes, or mound builders, a dark bird, the size of a common fowl, weighing three to five pounds. They are plentiful in the coast scrubs from Cardwell northwards. The wonga pigeon is not found in the tropical scrubs of the coast north of Cardwell.

The cassowary is not fit for food, except when young, though the flesh makes soup surprisingly like that made from hares, and the liver, which in full grown cassowaries weighs over four pounds, is really a great delicacy.

All the marsupial family are fit for food, from the giant kangaroo down to the smallest scrub paddymelon. In the larger species, usually only the tail is eaten, in the shape of soup, but in the smaller species the whole animal is frequently consumed, and if properly cooked forms a pleasant and nutritious dish. The humble and unpretentious bandicoot, when scalded and stuffed, and baked like a young porker, is a dish fit for Vitellius. The opossum can also be cooked into a palatable shape, after the gum leaf flavour is

removed by steeping in salt and vinegar, and a fat iguana is a delicacy to those unaffected by any unfavourable sentiment inspired by the unlovely appearance of the animal. With the exception of the dingo, the native cat, the crow, the jackass, and birds of prey, all Australian animals and birds are clean feeders, and therefore fit for food, though not in all cases possessing an attractive flavour. Nearly all the early Australian explorers found game plentiful in some parts of the country traversed, and Leichhardt met with abundance on most of the journey from the Darling Downs to Port Essington, in 1845. At the present time, wild fowl are probably in the greatest numbers in the country drained by the rivers running into Princess Charlotte's Bay, north of Cooktown, but no sportsman will go shooting where no use could be made of the game. There is fair quail shooting on the Darling Downs, hare shooting in the vicinity of Allora, good scrub shooting on the ranges at the head of the Valley of Killarney, near Warwick; scrub shooting on the Dugandan Railway, and swamp shooting within a short distance of the terminus of that line. There is fair turkey and wonga shooting in the scrubs of the Tambourine Ranges, on the head of the Coomera, on the Southport Railway. Fair shooting can be found in the vicinity of Maryborough, Rockhampton, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, and Cooktown. In each place the tourist will have no difficulty whatever in ascertaining all the information he requires. In nearly every part of the Colony the sportsman will find fair or good shooting of some kind, on the plains, or in the scrubs or swamps.

THE NATURALIST.

The Queensland birds are numerous and widely distributed, except the lyre bird, which is not found north of the Logan River. In the scrubs of the Logan, Albert, and Coomera, are the lyre, rifle, and Regent birds, besides many other beautiful varieties of the smaller species. On the Southern and Western Railway, over 140 species were shot by Mr. Broadbent, the Museum collector, in the neighbourhood of Chinchilla, and over 100 in the vicinity of Charleville, 500 miles west of Brisbane. The same collector collected over 200 different specimens between Rockhampton and Barcaldine, including the satin and spotted bower birds, rifle bird, the galah, the emu, native companion, jabiru, Nankeen heron, black swan, and many beautiful parrots, pigeons, and aquatic birds. The best scrubs for collecting in South Queensland are those on the heads of the Logan, Albert, and Coomera, round the Killarney valley and on the Blackall Range. In the tropical jungles of North Queensland,

from Cardwell northwards, along the York Peninsula, the collector will find a fauna peculiar to that region. There is the majestic cassowary, the dreaded crocodile, the tree-climbing kangaroo ("Mappee,") three strange opossums ("yappee," "tula," and "gnoota," the mound-building megapode, Spalding's Orthonyx, Meston's bower bird, Johnstone's bower bird, Ninox Lurida, black throated Sericorn, Victoria rifle bird, and many others. The tree kangaroo and Meston's bower bird are only found on top of the highest mountains. It may be said that all the handsomest birds in Australia are found in Queensland, and this Colony also possesses some fauna and flora exclusively her own.

FISHING.

All parts of the Queensland coast provide first class sport for the fisherman ; in fact he can hardly go to the wrong place. There is no better fishing in any other part of Australia. Brisbane, Townsville, Cairns, and Cooktown, are regularly supplied with many varieties of excellent fish. The fish of the tropical seas of the north are entirely different to those in the south, except the whiting, flathead, mullet, bream, perch, and sole, which are common all along the coast. Schnapper-fishing parties, who go out from Brisbane by steamer, frequently return with three to five hundred fish, and six hundred are reported by one expedition. There is good fishing in the creeks and rivers, from the mouths right up to the sources. In the western waters, particularly the tributaries of the Fitzroy, we find the Barramundi, a splendid fish, covered by big scales with red spots, and growing to a large size. This fish is often ignorantly confounded with the Burnett Salmon, *Ceratodus Forsterii*, the extraordinary fish which forms a connecting link between the fish and the mammalia, possessing both gills and lungs. The famous dugong extends from Moreton Bay, its southern limit, to some unknown point on the Cape York Peninsula, north of Cooktown. This valuable marine mammal is called "Yungun," "Yoongan," and "Oolbal," by the natives on various parts of the coast from Brisbane to Bundaberg. They are plentiful in Trinity Bay, 950 miles north of Brisbane. Their flesh is highly nutritious, and very easily assimilated, while the oil is far superior to the best cod liver for medicinal purposes. The only regular dugong fishery is in the Straits, inside Frazer's Island, though desultory attempts have been made to start one from time to time in one or two other places. A couple of men went out shark fishing on the Barrier Reef, off Cairns, and returned in a short time with 400 gallons of

superior oil. There is an attractive opening for an industry of this kind, conducted systematically. One remarkable fact concerning the distribution of fish in Queensland, is the total absence of eels from all the western waters. They are abundant on the eastern watershed, right to the foot of the Dividing Range, and then suddenly cease. There is, so far, not even a plausible theory to account for nature thus arbitrarily fixing the habitat of this slippery denizen of the waters.

SCENERY.

The tourist will find in Queensland nearly all varieties of scenery known in this world, except that peculiar to countries of snow and ice. We have the finest marine scenery in Australia, between Mackay and Thursday Island. Tropical scenery, such as that between Cardwell and Cooktown, is seen nowhere else among the other colonies. A sea trip from Brisbane to Cape York and back, in the fine months of the year, is a pleasure excursion that will remain a pleasant memory for the remainder of life. A railway journey to Charleville takes the traveller over the magnificent rolling downs of the west, and through vast scrubs of myall, mulga, brigalow, and bottle tree. From Toowoomba to Warwick he will pass over the celebrated Darling Downs, and in the Valley of Killarney, near Warwick, behold some of the loveliest scenery in southern Queensland. Beautiful scenes are also witnessed on the Mount Esk Railway, up the Valley of the Brisbane River; and on the Dugandan line, some pictures by nature that will never be forgotton. Twelve miles from Ipswich is Mount Flinders, the easily accessible summit of which commands the most extensive and wonderful scene in the south of the Colony. The tourist will also find a trip to Tambourine Mountain, on the head of the Coomera, amply repay him for the time and trouble. A visit to Noosa, between Brisbane and Maryborough, will land him in the midst of delightful lake scenery, with plenty of fishing and shooting. The most attractive watering places in Queensland are Emu Park, and Pialba, at Rockhampton and Maryborough. The finest driving beaches are those at Yeppoon and Pialba, one presenting 18 miles, and the other 10 miles of wide, hard, level sand. The tourist will also find some charming places in and around Moreton Bay, from Southport in the south, to Caloundra in the North, and unlimited facilities for bathing, boating, fishing, shooting, and oystering.

A brief description of the scenery traversed by all our railways will be found in the detailed account of each line, and our coast scenery is described in a special article.