

COMPANION GUIDE

Historical
Descriptive
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PRICE, ONE SHILLING

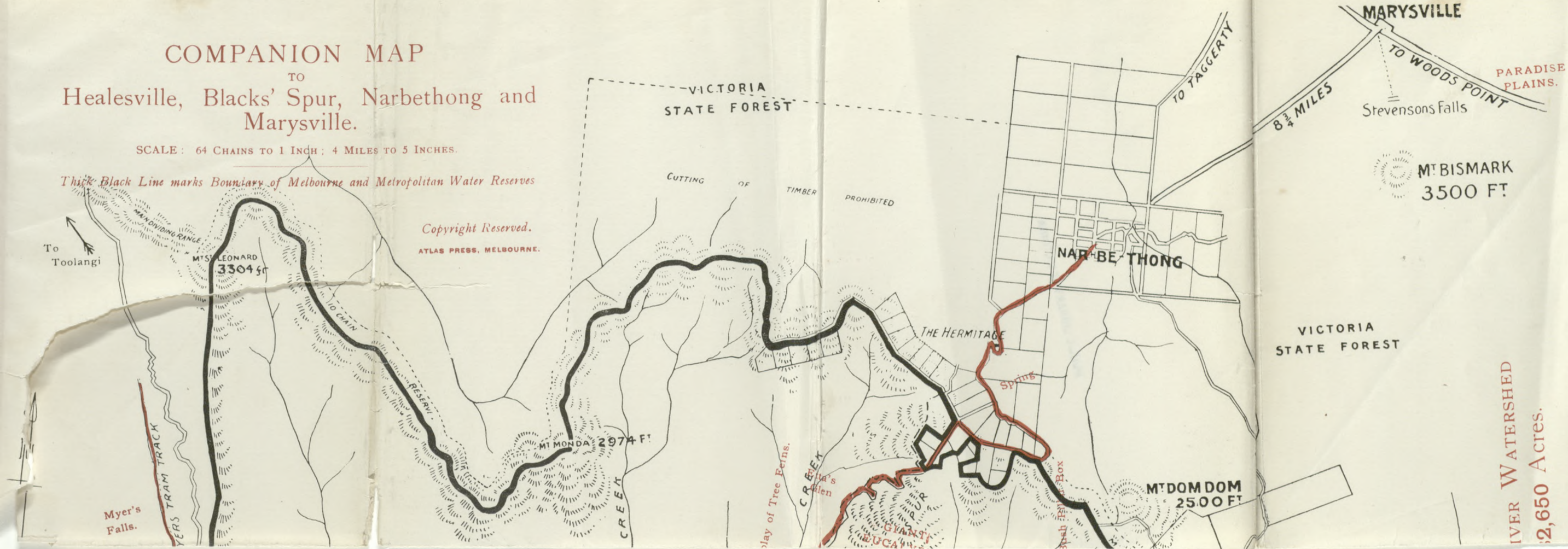
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COMPANION MAP TO Healesville, Blacks' Spur, Narbethong and Marysville.

SCALE: 64 CHAINS TO 1 INCH; 4 MILES TO 5 INCHES.

Thick Black Line marks Boundary of Melbourne and Metropolitan Water Reserves

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WATER WATERSHED
2,650 Acres.

COMPANION GUIDE

TO

HEALESVILLE, BLACKS' SPUR,
NARBETHONG, MARYSVILLE,
MT. DONNABUANG, BEN CAIRN, AND
THE TAGGARTY.

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PREFACE.



THE purpose of this little Guide Book is to bring prominently before tourists and holiday seekers the beauties of the Mountain Scenery in the Healesville district of Victoria.

There is no getting beyond the fact that visitors from the old country have a confirmed idea that we have no scenery in Victoria worth seeing; and we venture to think that the illustrations in this Guide Book should give them the desire to visit the places described.

The districts are easy of access, and well opened up, and the cost of communication throughout is very moderate. Pedestrians and others will find the map of much assistance when travelling through the district. Having been reproduced, by permission, from the Government Survey Map, it can be absolutely relied upon.

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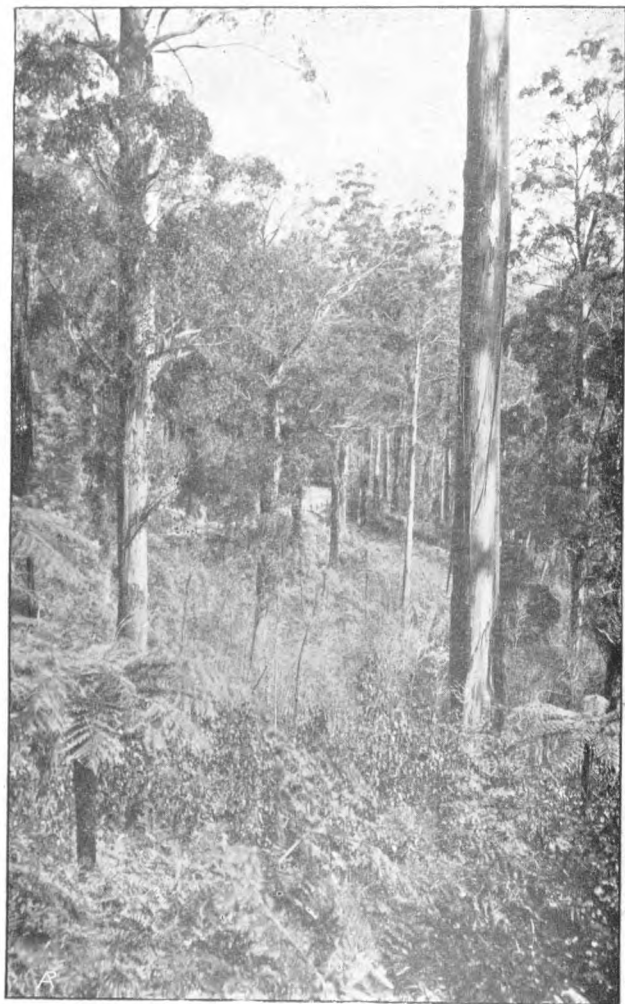
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ON THE BLACKS' SPUR.

From Healesville across the Blacks' Spur.

BY J. W. LINDT.

THE Blacks' Spur is portion of a range of wooded hills which rise north eastward from the town of Healesville.

Geographically they are the water-divide between the Maroondah and other affluents of the Yarra and some of the upper tributaries of the Murray. The origin of the name Blacks' Spur has often been discussed, but the concensus of opinion among the old residents and those who have taken the trouble of inquiring into this matter seems to be that it was derived from the fact that at the time the Woods' Point diggings were discovered the blacks were employed as guides to show the diggers through what was then, and is now, away from the main road, an almost impenetrable primeval forest.

No doubt equally fine eucalypti forests exist in several other parts of Victoria, but the Blacks' Spur is second to none, and to tourists and health seekers it has the great advantage of being within 50 miles from Melbourne and adjacent to the railway terminus at Healesville.

The coach, on leaving Healesville, and after a few minutes' halt at the local post office, proceeds at a good pace until, just out of the township, a steady rise known as Green's Hill reminds the driver to spare his team for further and greater efforts. "Allambee," a popular boarding establishment, is passed, and on arriving on a little tableland, crowned with an orchard, a great mountain panorama unrolls itself before the traveller. Just at the foot of Green's Hill a diversion of an easier gradient has been formed in the road, which rejoins the old road at the top of the hill. Both sides of this new diversion are being lined with fine residences and tourists' establishments, forming with St. Leonard's-road a most important section of Healesville. On the right Mount Riddell shows out prominently, being nearer, though not quite so lofty as Mount Juliet, which is not much under 4,000 feet. The middle ground is taken up with the Blacks' Spur and the mighty mass of Mount Monda, whilst on the left the cone of Mount St. Leonard, second in height

only by a couple of hundred feet to Mount Juliet, forms a harmonious counter-part to Mount Riddell.

To watch the shadow effects of fleeting clouds on these hills during a fine morning is a sight not easily forgotten, whilst an electrical storm after the heat of a summer's day borders on the sublime, especially if the tourist escapes the rain, which often accompanies or follows these atmospheric disturbances.

The road is tolerably level at this portion of the journey. Several farms and the homestead of "Brokenhurst," with its magnificent orchard, are passed, and shortly Gracedale House is reached, abreast of which fine edifice the coach stops to deliver mails. Gracedale House is splendidly situated on an eminence commanding the mountain panorama already described. The height above sea level is about 600 feet, or 350 feet above the railway terminus at Healesville. The high standard of accommodation and its close vicinity to the railway has made Gracedale House a great favourite among the country resorts, whilst the surrounding scenery adds considerably to its attractions.

After passing Gracedale House, we enter into the dominion of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a reserve of 35,000 acres, comprising the Graceburn and the Maroondah or Watts River water-

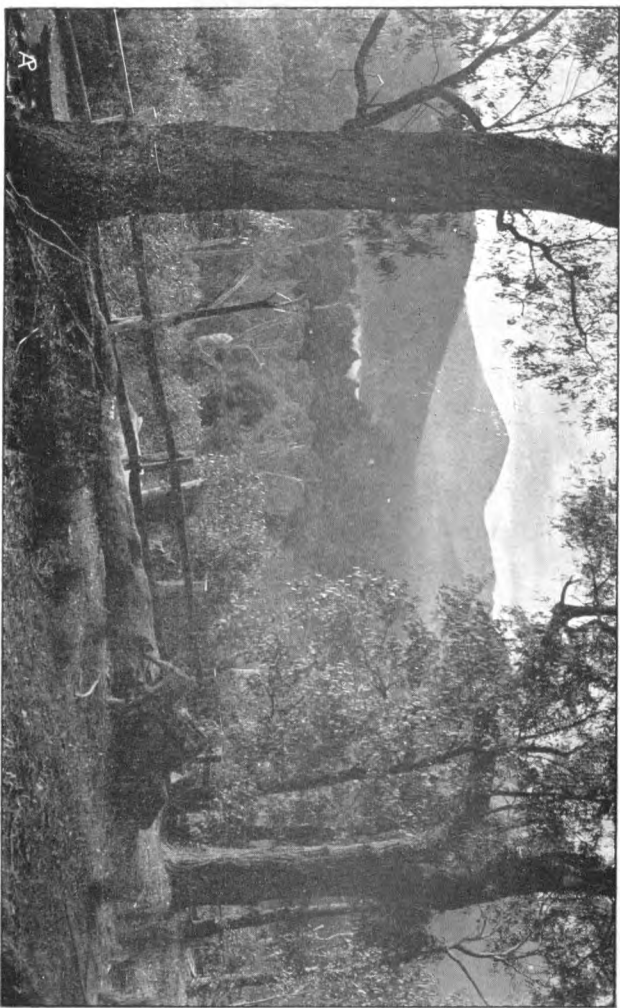
catchment areas, which supplement the water supply of Melbourne. The road, which is kept in splendid repair, rises steadily to about 1,100 feet of altitude, and then descends on an easy grade until the Maroondah River is crossed at Fernshawe, to about 700 feet above the sea. There used to be a hamlet containing two inns at this place; but the Government resumed the territory, bought out the few settlers, and converted the locality into a permanent reserve.

At Fernshawe, as the name indicates, we enter into the region of ferns, and the coach slowly ascends the steep slope of the Blacks' Spur. The surrounding mountainous country has a copious annual rainfall, and this, in combination with a very fertile soil, produces the giant gum trees of which Victorians are so proud. Amongst these the stately *Eucalyptus Amygdalina* ranks an easy first. Thousands of its straight dove-grey trunks cover the hillsides, attaining at times 300 feet in height, and upwards of 60 feet in circumference. In the valleys the timber is diversified, but acacias of several sorts predominate, including silver wattle, blackwood and golden wattle, whilst the Australian beech, also known as the myrtle tree, forms in places quite a feature in the forest.

The slow progress of the coach during the next few miles of the journey tempts many of the



LOWER MATHINNA FALLS.



MT. ST. LEONARD, FROM FERNSHAW ROAD.

travellers to ascend the Blacks' Spur on foot, and thus enjoy the beauties of the bush the more by reason of the exhilarating influence of bodily exercise. The road in the main follows the eastern slope of the valley of Myrtle Creek, and about two miles from Fernshawe takes a sharp turn round the head of one of its feeders. In the angle of this elbow stood a great gum tree known as "Uncle Sam." Unfortunately "Uncle Sam" is now no more. He fell on A.N.A. Day, 1909, and split into pieces. His huge bole was hollow, and succumbed to a severe windstorm that swept over the spur. I cannot find that his actual length was ever measured as he lay prone. This spot has been rendered historical by the fact that Her Majesty Queen Mary (then Duchess of York) and party camped here for luncheon during her visit to this locality in 1901.

At the top of the Spur is a "Timber Landing," where almost any day powerful teams of horses may be seen loading with mountain ash timber cut at Messrs. Jefferson & Marchbanks' mill, at the foot of Mt. Dom Dom. The output of this mill keeps scores of men employed, and forms one of the few staple industries of Healesville.

Another mile of a steep grade and we reach Etta's Glen, a romantic ravine, part of the upper portion of Myrtle Creek, and close to the tableland

which forms the summit of the Dividing Range. By this time the pedestrian is glad to take his seat on the coach again, for from Fernshawe he has ascended 1,260 feet, and the altitude of the range at the spot where the coach road crosses it, is 1,960 feet.

Down the eastern slope the coach travels swiftly, and soon you are among the hills which contribute their rainfall to the Acheron, one of the headwaters of the Murray River.

Another delightful panorama opens out, with Mount Vinegar and Mount Dom Dom on the right, Mount Grant and Mount Strickland in the middle, and the jagged peaks of the Cathedral Range on the left. The sinuosities of the road present the landscape from different points of view, with changing foregrounds at every turn, and when, after a descent of 360 feet within the last two miles, you come in sight of The Hermitage, you can barely realize that you have traversed upwards of 12 miles since leaving the railway terminus.

The surroundings of this famous pleasure resort have been so ably described by the facile pen of the late Mr. James Smith in the Special Centennial Number of "The Leader" that we may be pardoned for quoting his text verbatim :

"Thirteen miles from Healesville the coach

lands you at The Hermitage, which fulfils to the letter the wish of the poet Cowper when he wrote :

“ Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness—
A boundless contiguity of shade.”

“ Only it is a lodge in which private enterprise has assembled the comforts and conveniences of civilisation in the very heart of the country where all the elements of scenery carry you back to the morning of time, and remind you that they are coeval with the age of stone in the northern latitudes.

“ The scenery embraces every object which can charm the eye of a painter of sylvan subjects, while it offers a boundless field of study for the naturalist, and more particularly for the botanist, if he is specially interested in ferns, mosses, lichens, and cryptogamic forms of vegetation ; for an annual rainfall of from 50 to 60 inches, as determined by Mr. Lindt's rain gauge, and a soil of exuberant fertility, have combined to occasion such a rank growth of trees, shrubs, herbage, climbing plants and parasites generally, and most of these in such endless variety as to exempt this huge aggregation of forests from the reproach so often brought against Australian bush, that it is wanting in diversity of foliage and color.

“ The eucalypti flourish as a matter of course,

and they sometimes attain to such a lofty altitude as to give you a crick in the neck when you attempt to measure it with your eyes, from the base of its corrugated bole, and snake-like arms, to its plumed crest, which is thrilled rather than swayed by the winds which sweep over its stately crown.

“ The graceful form and bright leafiness of the blackwood, the tender greys, and faint blues of the silver wattles, the effulgent yellow of its golden congener, the slender shafts of the hazel which resemble “ a plump of spears,” sustaining supple garlands on their points, the symmetrical and conelike structure of the sassafras trees, the smooth white pillars of the silver birch, the shining leaves of the myrtle or beech, upon which the sun bestows a metallic lustre, together with the foliage of the native plum, the blanket scrub, indigenous holly, which flowers but bears no berries, the wild hop, the clematis, the native pepper tree, the rowan, the Christmas tree, and the blue berry ; all these impart quite an unexpected variety and a special charm to the aspect of a mountain forest in this most secluded region, where a refreshing coolness is obtainable in the fern tree gullies during the most fervid heat of summer.

“ In the spring the atmosphere is surcharged with fragrance, for the white flowers of the sassafras tree distil an odour bearing a considerable resem-

blance to that of the orange blossom, the golden wattle pours out streams of perfume on the air, while the musk, the clematis, and the wild hop blend their respective emanations with the powerful and predominating effluence of innumerable eucalypts.

“ The views from The Hermitage, or rather from the crow’s nests, which have been built high up in three of the tallest trees accessible, embrace a wide range of mountainous and densely wooded country. Stretching away for a distance of 20 miles, in a south-easterly direction, the horizontal line as it sweeps round from the Cathedral Rock, on the extreme left, to the Dome, which faces you as you carry your eye round to the right of that comprehensive semi-circle, resembles in its undulations the ground-swell of the ocean, after a magnificent tempest.

“ The intervening space is filled with massive ridges and deep furrows, everywhere heavily timbered ; but in places bush fires have worked havoc with these forests and great grey squares of barkless and leafless trees vary the monotonous verdure of the ranges which have escaped the flames, and remind you of the spears of a vast horde of giants marching down towards the valley below.

“ Here and there in sheltered nooks, and upon

lofty ledges, you see, far into the month of August, slabs of snow which glitter like bars of burnished silver in the sun. Each ridge is the birthplace of innumerable springs oozing from the slopes of the declivity, coalescing further down in rills and runnels, and feeding the creeks which go to swell the waters of the Yarra, the Watts and the Acheron.

“ Among these creeks is one locally known as Mallory's, within a mile of The Hermitage, and containing a fern tree gully, especially beautiful, because it is composed of a variety of the *Todea*, which, instead of putting forth a single hemisphere of fronds, is crowned with a thick mass of foliage as exquisite in curve as in color, intermingled with which is the Alpine *Lomaria*, together with the oak fern, the native fuchsia, and upon the trunk of every tree in this moist atmosphere nature has woven a thick web of parasitic growths, ferns, mosses, lichens, and fungi, not to speak of miniature orchids, which are no doubt forests to the microscopic organisms which inhabit them.”

Placed in the midst of such scenery, and under the personal care of Mr. and Mrs. Lindt, who spare no pains to minister to the pleasure and convenience of visitors, “ The Hermitage on the Blacks' Spur ” has necessarily become a favorite pleasure resort. It is an artists' home in the mountains,

and an ideal retreat in which to rest and recuperate.

“ If thou art worn and hard beset,
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.”

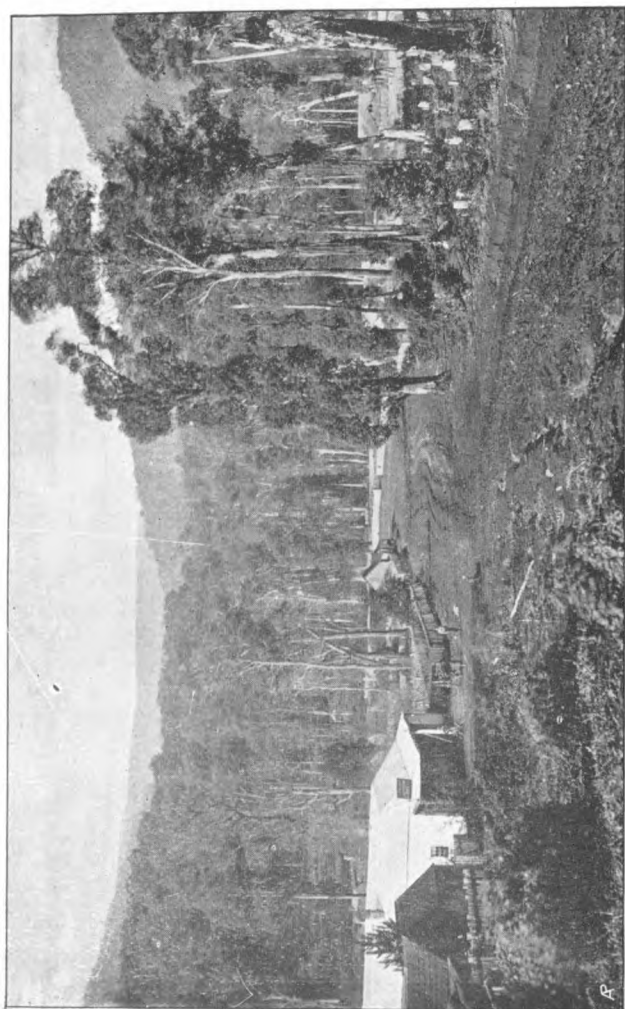
—LONGFELLOW.



The Gorge of the Upper Taggart River and Keppell Falls.

By J. W. LINDT.

Among the numberless charming places to be found in the neighbourhood of the Woods' Point-road, none is superior to the upper reaches of the Taggart River, and tourists to the Healesville district have missed much if they have not devoted a day or two in exploring this locality. Though living for many years at "The Hermitage," and knowing the country surrounding my forest home intimately, I might never have enjoyed the beauties of the Upper Taggart but for the fact that the Government, at the instigation of Messrs. Keppell Brothers (life long residents of Marysville) has opened up and made accessible to the tourist some miles of romantic hill and valley land along the upper course of the said mountain stream, and one of its tributaries known locally as Flat-saddle Creek. After making the necessary arrangements by 'phone, I went up to Marysville one fine day



OLD MARYSVILLE.

by the mail coach, and stayed the night at Keppell's Hostel. In order to get the morning light, a very early start was made, and the sun had not scaled the eastern hills when we left the township. We had a good vehicle, a pair of spanking horses, and the host, Mr. Michael Keppell, kindly acted in the dual capacity of driver and guide. We crossed the bridge over the Steavenson River on the eastern boundary of the settlement, and then ascended the Woods' Point-road in the direction of Mount Arnold. Close to the picturesque home of Miss Glover, we turned into a side road, named "The Talbot Drive," after our late worthy Governor. The course out of Marysville lies due east, and on leaving the main road, "Talbot Drive" leads for a mile or more through cool forest glades, and after crossing a small bridge you get a glimpse of the Taggart. The first glance convinces the traveller that he is looking at an ideal trout-stream. The sun had arisen and his slanting beams revealed the lovely Australian forest in all its morning glory. This part of the river lends itself to a charming picture, but afternoon light being essential, we pushed on until a couple of miles further, where the Buggy-road comes to an end. The horses were taken out, tethered and fed. We divided our load, consisting of camera, tripod and plates, and continued our journey towards

Keppell Falls on foot. A steep rise was to be overcome here, in order to cut off a bend in the stream. From the high ground we obtained beautiful views on all sides, the tall grey boles of the eucalyptus *Amygdalina* forming the dominant feature of the foreground. Much of the beauty of the hillsides and the flats on this part of the track had suffered severely by the last season's fierce bush-fires, but the bright yellow blossoms of the fireweed, which seems to flourish after conflagrations, did much to hide the charred logs and blackened stumps.

When we saw the river again, we stood on a high and precipitous bank, the swirling water being nearly a hundred feet below us. Both sides of the stream were shaded by luxurious beech trees (*Myrtle*), intermingled with acacias, sassafras and blackwood. The gorge being narrow and full of moisture, had escaped the ravages of the fire and abounded on all sides with artistic subjects for the camera. Still pools and underwashed roots were plentiful, and were described by our guide as haunts of the black fish and favorite shadespots for speckled trout.

Flat-saddle Creek, a tributary of the Taggart, joins the latter about six miles distant from Marysville. There is a picturesque bush hut not far from the junction, and on going for a little way up we found a gang of hardy backwoodsmen at work, which had almost completed its task of

cutting the track which leads from here to Woods' Point-road, making the latter place in the vicinity of Cumberland Creek, which also has a reputation for great scenic beauty. Retracing our steps and following the main stream again, we arrived at about ten o'clock a.m., at the foot of Keppell Falls, which is almost hidden in a close gorge. The river tumbles with a deafening roar through a mass of huge boulders of coarse grained granite, and you can trace the rushing glistening water coming down an incline of upwards of two hundred feet. Both sides of the ravine are densely clothed with verdure, and the aromatic odor of sassafrass and eucalyptus pervaded the moisture-laden atmosphere. On one of the moss-grown rocks at the foot of the fall we sat and enjoyed luncheon, and well earned rest, but not before a couple of pictures were secured ere the noonday sun would render the shadows hard and valueless. It will be many years ere man's destroying hand will spoil this delightful sylvan nook, and forest-lovers will never regret the toil of penetrating into this primeval solitude, for if the exertion be great to reach Keppell Falls, the reward is more than adequate.

..A..

Trip to Malleson's Look-Out and the Don Valley.

BY N. J. CAIRE.

Most of the outings around Healesville are in the direction of Mount Monda, where the most picturesque bush tracks, fern gullies and waterfalls are the popular resorts of the thousands of visitors who annually visit the district in season. Malleson's Look-Out is unique, being more or less a sudden rise from the valley of the Badger River to very much over 1,000 feet. The journey may be done on foot by good pedestrians, but parties will find it better to hire a cab, or avail themselves of joining the drag parties, which are so frequently made up at the accommodation houses.

A short distance out of Healesville, on the main road to Fernshawe, the road turns to the right at the Graceburn Glen House. Following along this road in a straight direction for a few miles to the Badger River Bridge, the road gradually turns to the left and winds up the steep ascent in a zig-zag



ON THE WATTS, NEAR THE MAROONDAH WEIR.



IN CONDON'S GULLY.

way, until a clearing effected some years since by the late Mr. Malleson is reached. The hill here is very steep close to the road or track, and gives the visitor, in fine, clear weather, an uninterrupted view of the great Dividing Ranges for many miles around. On the right stands Mount Juliet towering far above Mount Riddell ; at its foot Gracedale House, beautifully situated as it is, can be seen. In the distance the Blacks' Spur, with all its richness of nature's beauty, seems to call us alluringly to come and explore its sylvan dells. Out in front stands Mount Monda, sheltering its triplet "Mathinna" Fall, of exquisite loveliness, whilst Mount St. Leonard, away in the blue azure of distance, would seem to call us to visit the fern gully of all fern gullies, viz., Condon's Gully.

On our left the foreground displays the many settled patches of cultivation almost as true in detail as a map, being, as it were, suburban to the town of Healesville, which is clearly seen, and thence beyond, we notice the Yarra Flats, Yarra Glen, and the famous Christmas Hills still beyond. We linger to impress on one's mind the details of a panoramic scene so gorgeous, and then proceed on to the summit of the hill which leads to the Don Valley. About four miles along a bush track, past settlers' huts, who have selected land in this upper region, also the mountain home of the

veteran Mr. Panton, who explored all this part in the early days, we come to the beautiful residence of the late Mr. Malleson, solicitor, formerly of Melbourne. Malleson's Glen is the name of this sylvan retreat. The fern glen here is a marvellous spot of fairy-like beauty. A depression near the residence has been dammed up and filled with water, making a lake on which a boat is kept, and where numerous water fowl are wont to disport themselves. Nature, art and means have combined to make this a small paradise on earth.

To get a view of the Don Valley, we continue down the Don road for a half-a-mile, and from this elevation we overlook fern gullies, cleared patches of cultivation, hill beyond hill, and dale beyond dale, as far as the eye can reach, until in the far distance can be seen the Launching Place, a mere speck, and beyond, the Wandin Ranges, towards Lilydale.

Marysville.

By N. J. CAIRE.

Marysville has always been, and will always be, but a small village, seeing that it is surrounded by vast hills and wild unpopulated forests. It forms a connecting link by which the far distant gold country of Wood's Point can be reached. The exquisite scenery of the district is of a sufficiently attractive character to guarantee the establishment of such a first-class hotel as Keppell's, which has become so well-known and popular among mountain holiday visitors. A glance at the visitors' book at Keppell's will suffice to convince one that hundreds of visitors have been there, and have recorded their impressions of the scenery and the good things provided by Hostess Keppell.

There are several outings around Marysville—some near and some distant. The near ones can be visited on foot, as fairly good tracks have been made, whilst the distant ones can be visited by arrangement with the hostess, who will provide

conveyances for parties at a very reasonable rate. About half-a-mile from the hotel is

The Beauty Spot.

This is a favorite place for ladies to visit, as it is situated only half-a-mile from the hotel, along the track leading to Mount Bismark. A sign board nailed to a tree notifies where to turn in on a small track, and in a few yards the beauty spot, a favorite resort on a holiday, is reached.

Mount Bismark.

By continuing on the Beauty Spot track, and ascending the track gradually, a steep stony rise on the right hand side of the hill is reached, which leads to the look-out on Little Bismark. This steep pinch is a quarter of a mile, and from this elevation a grand panorama is obtained. Overlooking the valley of the Acheron, the hills around Alexandra and Mansfield, the Cathedral Rock stands out conspicuously, whilst in the foreground the township of Marysville is discernable only as a small patch of ground, in the area which the great scene embraces. The descent is an easy one, and this outing can easily be accomplished in a half-day.

The Steavenson's Falls.

The Steavenson's Falls, situated two miles east of Marysville, are the chief source of attraction to the place. A good track has been made for horses and vehicles to within a quarter of a mile of the falls. Beyond this they may be reached on foot with great ease. The falls comprise three or four ledges, and drop from a height of over 300 feet. The upper ledges may be reached by climbing, but the best views are obtained from the valley below. If the falls are to be ascended, and the visitor essays the journey on foot, the day will be required for the outing, and lunch should be taken. The last leap of the falls, which is about 50 feet in height, is the best fall of the four, and in wet seasons a great body of water comes down from the mountains, giving a very majestic appearance to the scene, and the roar and din of the tumbling water lends a wild enchantment to the surroundings. The falls are so easy of access, and so picturesque, that every visitor to the district makes this the first place for an outing.

The Road to Buxton.

For three or four miles from Marysville, along the Buxton-road, the scenery is exceedingly pretty, and a ride of eight miles to Buxton and back, is well worth taking. The pedestrian, however, can

spend an afternoon very pleasantly in a leisurely walk along this road. The long avenues of foliage, the vistas here and there, the crossing places, and the brooks to be met with (fit subjects for an artist), will well repay the tourist who does not mind a little gentle exercise.

Tommy's Bend.

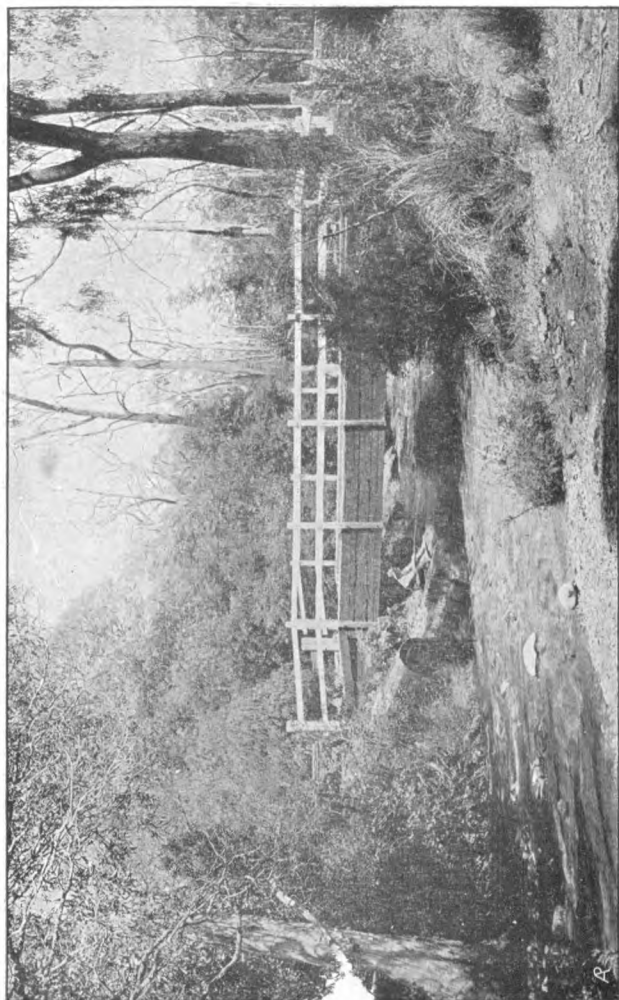
To the visitor who is enamoured of gullies draped by nature with myrtle, sassafras, and fern trees, then Tommy's Bend—par excellence—stands unrivalled in this respect. It is situated on the hill opposite the town, about six miles distant, on the Woods' Point-road. The road for four miles is very steep, after which it is pretty level, and runs along the side of the spur. The head of this beautiful gully is really the sources of the Taggerty River, which joins the Acheron near Buxton. Evidently this great hill is of volcanic origin, as the soil is exceedingly rich, and the gumtrees growing near at hand, are of gigantic proportions. The two spurs culminate in a sort of razor back formation, with a sudden bend of the road when they meet, and it has taken its name from one of the drivers of the coach on the road as Tommy's Bend. To describe this magnificent gully would require more space than can be devoted to it in the limited space of a guide book. Where the two spurs meet,

they are almost precipitous. Near the head of the gully the beautiful myrtle and blackwood trees have grown up in thick profusion, giving shade and shelter to the lovely ferntrees beneath them. A few hundred yards below this spot the gully widens out, and here the sassafras trees have taken possession of the soil, and are easily recognised by their pointed tops, and pear-like shape. In terraces, tier upon tier to the height of a thousand feet from the bottom of the gully, these great trees, with their bark and leaves of great value to the herbalist, form one of the most remarkable and characteristic scenes to be found in the mountains of Victoria.

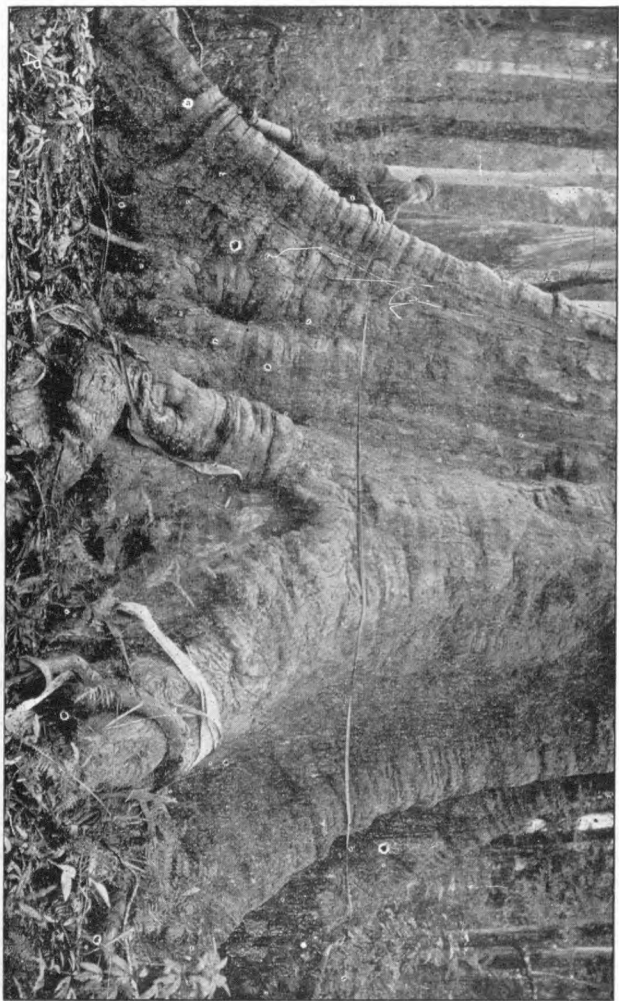
A visit thus far can be made in a trap in a half-day, but it is just as well to make a day's outing, and continue on the road to Cumberland Creek, where are situated the Cumberland Falls and the Cumberland giant trees. The drive from Tommy's Bend to Cumberland Creek is mostly down hill, and is about five miles, running nearly all the way through vistas of sassafras, myrtle, and ferntrees. A side track on the right hand side of the road is reached, and is followed down a steep declivity for about a quarter of a mile, where the Cumberland Falls, amidst a profusion of rocks and steep precipices, giant trees and ferns, forms one of the wildest scenes it is possible to conceive.

If an early start has been made, there will

possibly be time to pay a visit to the great Cumberland giant trees, recently discovered. For this purpose a guide from Keppell's Hotel will be necessary, although it is probable that tracks to the Giants will have been made. They are situated about a mile nearer to Marysville on the same side of the road as the Cumberland falls. The first one to be seen is about half a mile from the road, and measures 58 feet around the trunk. This is a White Manna Gum (*Viminalis*), and has, in all likelihood, stood where it now stands considerably over a thousand years. A still bigger tree is to be seen a quarter of a mile from this one in a southerly direction, and is a Mountain Ash. The size of this one is 70 feet girth, and no doubt much older than the other one. By this time the day will be getting somewhat advanced, and a return to the road will be necessary to harness up the horses, and to experience the invigorating drive back over the hills, 3,600 feet above sea level, to Keppell's Australian Hotel, and so be in time for the sumptuous dinner always in readiness for the tourists who visit the district.



Bridge over the Badger River.



GIANT TREE, MARYSVILLE (70 feet girth).

The Good Old Coaching Days.

BY N. J. CAIRE.

"The good old coaching days" is a term often used to denote a time in the history of road travelling, previous to the invention of the steam engine, and its application to the railways as a locomotive. Many interesting incidents have been handed down to us of the stage coach in old England. Some in connection with highwaymen, others in connection with snowdrifts at Christmas time. In Australia the good old stage coach has passed through its historical phase and, likewise, has had to give place to the great iron horse of modern times.

In Victoria, the last of these to give place to the modern invention were the Gippsland one of Cobb & Co., from Melbourne to Sale, and Cobb & Co.'s Mail Coach from Melbourne to Marysville. The route of this last stage coach lay across the Great Dividing Range towards Woods' Point, well known in the early days as a great gold mining

district, attracting many gold diggers to those then almost unknown regions.

The present popular town of Healesville was in those early days but a mere hamlet or village at the foot of the great mountains, with no roads or passes yet surveyed. Here were located the Mining Warden, granting licences to diggers who prospected in the neighborhood. Diggers were cautioned not to attempt to cross the Dividing Range without taking a fortnight's supply of food with them.

The first to attempt to cut a track across the Blacks' Spur, to Narbethong, Marysville and Cumberland Creek, was a party of stalwart Cumberland men, who, by dint of sheer pluck and hardihood, after many hardships succeeded in reaching a spot eleven miles from Marysville, and named it after their own native place in England, viz., Cumberland Creek. Here good gold was found by them, and in the track they had cut and blazed, others followed. In a short time communication by pack horses was established, enabling many to reach the Eldorado, whilst others settled along the road to establish accommodation houses, and in some cases shanties. Marysville obtained its name from a young lady named Mary — establishing a place near by, to supply food and lodging to way-faring diggers. Between this and the Cumberland

Creek diggers, a bushman who went by the name of "Dirty Dick," established his hut on the roadside, and essayed to supply tea and damper to the weary digger. The tariff at this bush hostel was 2/6 for a feed of damper and a pannikin of hot tea. For a second helping of damper 1/- was the charge. It is recorded that the diggers were so successful in those days in that neighborhood that when a second helping was asked for, Dick got 2/6 more often than the stated charge of 1/-. And now, when multitudes of men were rushing to the diggings, came the time to cut tracks or make roads. The road from Healesville to Fernshawe was made, and also the very steep road to the Blacks' Spur, and eventually across Mount Arnold to Cumberland Creek, and thence to Woods' Point.

A good road having been made, and Cobb & Co.'s stage coach fairly established, the magnificent scenery to be passed through, soon drew the attention of tourists and holiday seekers to the district. The journey from Melbourne to Marysville occupied in the early days 12 hours. The stage coach, drawn by four or five grey horses, started from the Albion Hotel, in Bourke-street, punctually as the post office clock struck eight. It was then a busy scene to see the bustle of passengers and luggage being seated and packed into the large coach, awaiting the strike of the clock, when the

driver, reins in hand, would crack his whip, and the prancing greys would wend their way eastward with their living freight, to the admiring gaze of a crowd of onlookers. Onward, and eastward, the route lay by way of Victoria Parade, Kew, and the White Horse road to Lilydale. Thus far the road lay through undulating country, occasionally giving glimpses of the Dandenong mountains, whilst on the roadside many homesteads, with their gardens and orchards, were objects of admiration for the elated traveller. By noon the then small town of Lilydale was reached, where lunch could be obtained at Lithgow's Lilydale Hotel. Fresh horses having been yoked up, the coach would proceed on to Healesville, a then small village at the foot of the Great Dividing Range. A few miles out from Lilydale would find us abreast of the St. Hubert's Vineyards, once so celebrated for its wine, but now abandoned. The loose mail-bag system had now to be adopted for outside stations, and, by the way, it is interesting to note that " St. Hubert's " and " Yering " was the first run taken up in Victoria as a sheep station. From St. Hubert's we get the first glimpse of the Great Dividing Ranges. Five miles further on the road the River Yarra was crossed over Roorkes' Bridge, where some exceedingly pretty scenery was to be found. The road here passed alongside of the aboriginal station named Coranderrk, and a drive

of three miles brought the coach into the small hamlet of Healesville, then a small unimportant place, named after a very popular legislator in Victoria, since deceased.

Daly's Hotel was the only place of accommodation, and was always a popular place on account of the landlord and landlady being so obliging, and the bill of fare of good repute. This good old house is still dispensing the good things of life. The death of Mrs. Daly removes a most interesting link with the early history, and later progress of Healesville.

The mails for Woods' Point being on board, and a good hardy team in hand, the climbing of the hills now commenced in earnest. The Graceburn River is soon crossed very near the road. On the right hand side Mount Riddell is seen clear and distinct as a sugar loaf, and near there is Malleeson's lookout, leading over to Warburton, via Launching Place. The present stage ran to Fernshawe, a distance of seven miles.

Mount Monda is passed on the left side of the road, with a distant view of Mount St. Leonard. As we rise gradually along the road, Mount Riddell comes into close and near view, since which time the celebrated Gracedale House has been erected at the foot of the great mountain. To the left, occasional glimpses of the Blacks' Spur are seen.

The first four miles is a steep climb, and then from the head of Wombat Gully, where the fairylike ferntree glens commence to be seen, it is a down hill ride into Fernshawe. The four-in-hand doing a spanking pace (sniffing, as it were, their stable afar off), and the mountain scenery improving rapidly at every turn or bend of the road, created an exhilaration and excitement which must be experienced ere its sensations can be described.

Fernshawe is soon reached, and here the four-in-hand stage came to an end. The greater number of visitors rested here, as the scenery of the beautiful Watts River, and the marvellous beauty of the Blacks' Spur, were sources of great attraction.

In those days there were two hotels, both well patronised in the summer season, for here the place was correctly named Fernshawe, as truly the whole district around was a veritable nest of fairy fern glens, nothing like it being known in the wide world, except in one portion of the Himalaya mountains. To describe its beauty would require the pen of a poet. The clear rippling waters of the Watts River, with its overhanging ferns and deep shady glades, suggested the homes of fairies. The music of the gentle zephyrs playing among the great giant gums, combined with the bird sonnets, and other multitudinous sounds of animal and insect life in the great forest, impressed on e

vividly with the feeling that we were within the precincts of fairy land. Veritable fairy glades. the winding fern-bound road, and the innumerable fern gullies spreading as far as human sight can discern all over this vast hill, is calculated to give the visitor, on his first impression, a feeling of ecstatic bewilderment.

Our destination being Marysville, we now take our seats in a light coach drawn by three horses, and commence the ascent of the most steep portion of the journey, viz., the Blacks' Spur. The beauties of this celebrated hill would require a volume written to do it justice. Its giant eucalyptus trees, towering two or three hundred feet high ; its giant fern trees reaching 50 and 60 feet in the air, and its sassafras and myrtle gullies.

Morley's Track.

At the foot of the Blacks' Spur, a track on the right hand side of the road leads to what is known as Morley's track, named after a splitter of former years. The writer has explored this track for eight miles, through dense fern gullies, over creeks and hills and valleys, until at last it was impossible to penetrate any further in the dense forest. Some enchanting valleys exist down the slopes of Mount Juliet, well sheltered by these steep ranges—fit glades for sprites and fairies.

Retracing our steps, we come back to the Blacks' Spur, the ascent of which for the first two miles is of a very steep gradient. At about a mile we come to a very steep pinch and a sudden turn in the road, known as the Devil's Elbow, and a little further up the hill, near the commencement of Myrtle Gully, we pass through the "one mile bend of the road," which, overhung on either side with giant ferns, forms one of the most beautiful road avenues it is possible to conceive of.

Another mile of steep climbing and pulling for the horses, and the two mile bridge is reached, where the great giant tree "Uncle Sam," so named by the writer, stood until recently overturned in a windstorm (see page 9). It measured 40 feet girth, and 250 feet high. Yet another steep pinch of the road and a more easy grade is made to the top of the spur.

Myrtle Gully.

Of all the fairy glades, Myrtle Gully, without doubt, is one of the most enchanting. This gully follows the road up to near the top of the spur ; at times in steep pinches, and at other times in gentle rises, the bed of the valley forming the creek. Throughout its full course it contains a profusion of ferns, forming bowers and fairy dells, where a cool shade can be found on the hottest day in summer

To find a competitor for this paradise of two miles in length would be a difficult matter.

Etta's Glen.

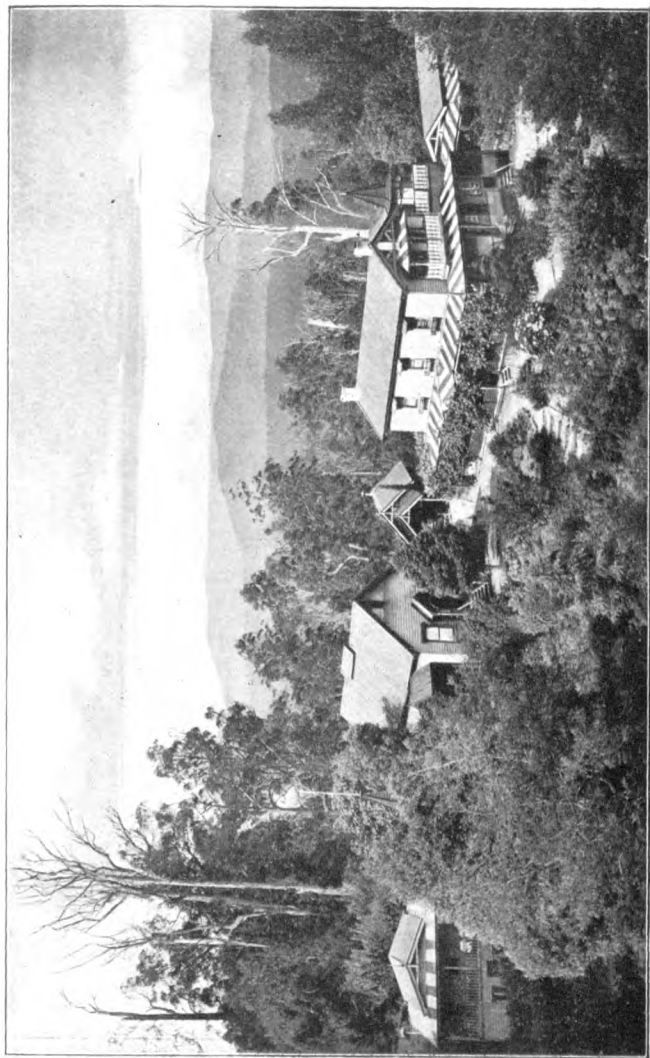
On the side of the road the gentle murmur of rippling water is heard close by—a murmur that continues on for ever—sometimes a gentle, subdued plaintive sound, as if of zephyrs' whispers. No water can be seen. Bowers and vistas enshroud the silvery stream which utters its sylvan sounds so audibly. At other times the sound of a roaring torrent rises above the wind and all other sounds. A deluge of rain is falling and the circumscribed valley has all its work to disgorge itself of the vast torrent of foamy waters leaping angrily to find its proper level in the quiet and limpid bed of the River Watts below.

Here the horses could be refreshed after their arduous pull up the hill. This is Etta's Glen waterfall, and is a favorite picnic resort for visitors. On the top of the Blacks' Spur, an old hut was kept by a very cheerful lady, who provided tea for visitors and passengers in hot weather, at a very moderate charge.

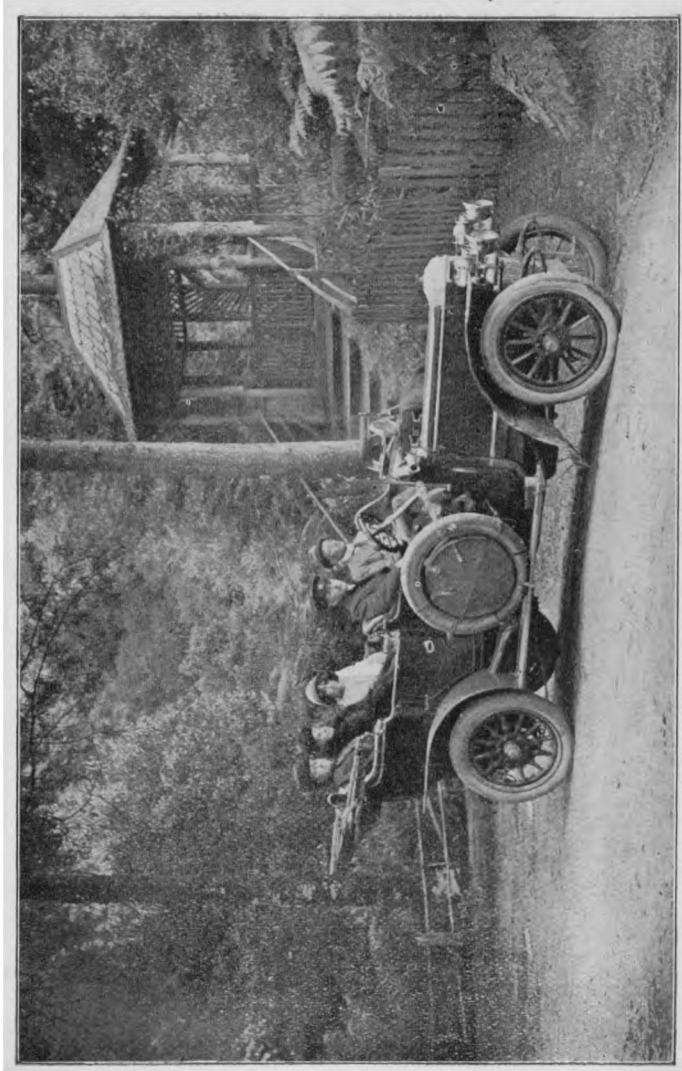
The steepness of the Blacks' Spur has made it necessary for the male passengers to walk up the hill. but now they can keep their seats for the rest

of the journey, which is mostly of an undulating character. This portion of the journey was often attended by adventure and sometimes inconvenience. The writer on one occasion found a large tree had fallen across the road, blocking the way for the mail coach. Some of the passengers essayed to walk on. An axe and other tools are always carried on these coaches, and with the help of passengers, this big tree was cut through and rolled over the hill, the mail coach resuming its journey slightly detained, but as if nothing had happened.

On another occasion, a much bigger tree had fallen across the road, and as before, a heavy rain falling made it a dead block, and a very poor outlook for the driver of the coach ; but some of these gentlemen are as resourceful as a Jack Tar is in a heavy gale at sea. The passengers remarked, "What are you going to do, driver ? " " I am just considering," he said. They decided to walk on, and left to himself in a drenching rain, he commenced to build a stage on both sides of the tree, by long and cross poles cut from some saplings on the side of the road. Then putting his team with a full bound over this temporary bridge, he got safely across and overtook his fares, half drowned in the soaking rain, some two miles ahead on the road.



LINDT'S HERMITAGE (An Ideal Pleasure Resort).



LINDI'S HERMITAGE (The Gatehouse).

The Devil's Hole.

In the early days a bush track was made lower down than the present surveyed road, and near the top of the spur it passed through a gorge in the hills, which was dreadfully boggy in winter. The teamsters here laboured with their oxen under the greatest difficulties. The track strewn with dead timber ; mud and bog-holes, at times up to the axles ; rain storms, and fallen trees blocking the way at almost every turn, will give some idea of the difficulties of the transmission of goods across the great Dividing Ranges in the early days. The teamsters considered the term, " The Devil's Hole," a suitable one for this spot. The bush pilot, as the teamster is appropriately called, was wont to navigate his team of oxen with " long oats " and " loud oaths " through the Devil's Hole, which was perhaps the most terrible piece of country a teamster has ever had to journey through.

The Bush Post Box.

On the road could be seen, nailed to a tree, a " Bush Post Box," in which, without stopping, the mail coach driver could drop the letters and papers. Since these early days, dogs have been trained to go every morning and wait for the coach, and when letters and papers are thrown to them by the driver, they pick them up and carry them home with delight.

Along this road some very pretty vistas of distant scenes are to be obtained through the trees.

The Hermitage.

Since the advent of the railway to Healesville, the Board of Works has taken possession of Fernshawe for a water reserve for Melbourne. The hotels and inhabitants were compensated and removed, and in place of them the Hermitage was established by Mr. J. W. Lindt, an artist of great repute. This gentleman chose a spot half way to Narbethong, with sufficient elevation to command some most extensive views of the adjacent mountains.

This is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque places that can be found in Australia and reflects the greatest credit on its proprietor for his artistic conception, after very considerable expense and labour in clearing and erecting buildings on the Swiss Chalet principle.

The Springs.

Before reaching the Hermitage some springs are seen on the side of the road, said to contain slightly some chemical elements. To the weary traveller in summer time they are a boon. The sources of these springs have been traced near the top of the Blacks' Spur, and keep trickling down all the year round.

Through the munificence and interest of Sir William Zeal, two look-outs, named after him, have been cleared just before reaching the Springs, and part of the Springs, formerly a roadside quarry, has been fenced in and a concrete basin formed, which is kept permanently filled with remarkably clear water from the hillside fountains. Seats are here provided, and visitors frequently lunch at this pleasant spot, which is named St. Ronan's Well.

Narbethong.

From the Hermitage it is about two miles to Narbethong, where there is usually a short stay made to change horses, and where refreshments can be obtained, if required, at the hotel. Fisher's Creek runs close by, and affords many charming little pictures for the artist.

The facilities offered to tourists at Narbethong should not be overlooked. Mr. Roche, at the Blacks' Spur Hotel, is most obliging and attentive. The country around Narbethong is varied and inviting. The sport is excellent, particularly in the way of fishing. Splendid trout have been caught in all the streams around. An interesting country Race Meeting is held annually at Narbethong. One of the rare sights to be seen here is an old flour mill worked by an overshot waterwheel of great size. "Old Jack," a superannuated coach-

driver, living in a curious old hut, into which he has built the last mortal remains of his coach, is a fund of anecdote.

St. Fillans.

The next stage is a short run to St. Fillans, a pleasant country home conducted on first-class principles by Mrs. Miller. Here the coach meets the Marysville one and again returns to Healesville.

Marysville.

Marysville is about eight miles distant, and we now commence the final stage of the journey. The road from here is of an uninteresting character, until we arrive near to Marysville, where the scenery again improves. The hour being late, but little could be seen between the avenue of trees, unless it chanced to be moonlight, when frequently some pretty effects could be seen. Arrived at Marysville, the visitor had a hearty welcome, and some good substantial refreshment at the only hotel in the place, kept by mine Host Keppell.

The description of the scenery around Marysville has been reserved for a special paragraph containing interesting notes of a more recent visit to the district.

Coranderrk Aboriginal Mission Station.

Among the five or six stations set apart by the Victorian Government as homes for the aboriginal natives of this State, Coranderrk is perhaps the most important, supporting the largest community to be found on any of the Native Mission Stations. The well being of a native community depends largely on the organising capabilities of the manager in charge. The Rev. J. Shaw, who died some three years ago, during his long tenure of the position of Superintendent at Coranderrk, proved what firmness and kindness will do in establishing, as it were, a social circle of the original sons and daughters of the Australian soil.

Mr. Shaw's place was taken, after an "interregnum," by Mr. Chas. Robarts, whose wife acts as matron. The policy of match-making between the full-blooded blacks has been the occasion of several picturesque weddings during Mr. Robarts' term of office, and numerous little children about the Station prove very attractive to visitors.

The daily routine at the Station works like a

clock. At 7 a.m. rations are served out. At 9 a.m. the bell rings, and is the daily call to morning prayers. The call is not a compulsory one, as all are free to avail themselves of the benefits of the pastor's spiritual services. Comfortable houses are provided for the numerous families, and these are gradually furnished and improved by the individual efforts of the various members of the community, as they occupy a great deal of their time in making weapons, such as spears, waddies, boomerangs, shields, etc., which they dispose of to the numerous visitors who call at the station.

The station is not by any means regarded as a show place, but the genial Superintendent is always pleased to grant permission for visitors to see around the place on their applying to him. Sunday is regarded as a day of rest, all work being suspended, and the usual church services are held in the building used for that purpose.

Outings.



THE following is a concise description of the most popular beauty spots and places of interest within walking distance of Healesville ; also the easiest means of getting to them, starting from the railway station entrance gates :—

CORANDERRK.—An aboriginal station under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Robarts. Open to the public every day. The natives make and sell the various implements used in war and chase, and are always ready to give exhibitions of boomerang and spear throwing ; also fire making. They are Christianised. Most are educated, and their chief employment is cattle breeding. Fishing and the sale of weapons and baskets engage their attention at odd times.

Distance, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Follow street passing front of Terminus Hotel and stables, turning first corner to right, until Lilydale-road is reached. Continue along this for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, turning as shown by finger post, along Launching Place-road for 1 mile, when gates of station are reached.

BADGER CREEK.—A typical Australian mountain stream flowing into the Yarra. Abounding in English trout, blackfish and eels.

Distance $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Can be reached by going up the Don-road, off Fernshawe-road, just past the Graceburn Bridge. By enquiring at Mr. Potts' house, overlooking the creek, much information and maybe a guide may be had.

On the way to this Creek a sign-post is encountered at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at the foot of a white-fenced hill on the road. This directs you to the Swiss Chalet, kept by Madame Leuba, a very entertaining old lady of Swiss descent. Besides offering for sale her ingenious Swiss curios, Madame is an interesting conversationalist, can discourse in English, French or German, and sings very sweetly the songs of these three languages, accompanying herself on the auto-harp. Her Chalet offers refreshments, and a pleasant sojourn by the Badger River, where bowers and rustic tables have been conveniently placed.

ROORKE'S BRIDGE, RIVER YARRA.—The principal bridge on the Healesville-Lilydale-road, crossing the Yarra at a very beautiful spot, which is specially charming at the end of August, and beginning of September, during the time the wattle trees are in bloom. The soil along the flats being very fertile.

Murray cod, perch, blackfish, and eels are plentiful, good sport being obtained. Rabbits abound, whilst quail are to be had during certain seasons.

Distance, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Continue along main Lilydale-road.

JUNCTION OF RIVERS YARRA AND WATTS.—A most picturesque spot, being the old crossing place for traffic to Woods' Point in early days ; the remains of old bridge may still be seen. The river here is very fine, the wattle being in masses. From bridge crossing railway one of the best views of Healesville and surrounding mountains is obtained, whilst the railway tunnel is close at hand. Good fishing and rabbit shooting.

Distance, about 2 miles.

Take road passing side of Terminus Hotel and crossing railway line, and keep thereafter always bearing to the left

until reaching railway bridge, then follow road along line, which stops at entrance gate of Lalor's farm, which is at the junction. This being private land, permission should be asked before going on to rivers.

MEYER'S FALLS.—A beautiful cascade on Meyer's Creek, in the midst of large timber, scrub and ferns. A popular picnic ground outside the control of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Distance, about 5 miles.

Follow Nicholson-street to left until reaching St. Leonard's-road (which is the first on the left after passing the second Graceburn bridge). A tram line will be noticed near corner, which tourists must keep on till the falls are reached.

Visitors should refrain from despoiling Meyer's Gully of its ferns and other favours. It is under the control of the Lands Department, and Mr. Kay, a resident of the vicinity, has been made a Crown Lands Bailiff for the suppression of vandalism. A new road is about to be cut out to this favorite resort, whose popularity has increased rapidly during the past three years, it being a "walking distance edition" of much of the Blacks' Spur scenery.

DONNELLY'S WEIR.—The smallest of the three Weirs supplying Melbourne. The situation is picturesque, and has been greatly improved by plantations of pines, English trees and ivy. Two million gallons of water is supplied from this point daily.

Distance, about 2½ miles.

Follow St. Leonard's-road to foot, and take first turning to right, just before reaching the Watts. Keep along this road until river is crossed by pretty rustic bridge, thence bearing generally towards the left, and keeping track which fords Donnelly's Creek three times, the Weir is

reached. Shortly before arriving at Weir, McGinnis's well-known boarding house, the "Glen," is passed, whilst just before the Weir the water enters No. 10 tunnel.

CONDON'S GULLY.—One of the best and most beautiful of the many fern gullies in the district.

Distance, 5½ miles.

Follow Donnelly's Weir road until after crossing the footbridge over Donnelly's Creek, you come to a big tree, where the road divides, then take the track to the right.

On the Condon's Gully track, within the fence enclosing the tunnel exit and aqueduct, is the Echo Tunnel, properly so-called (there are others, but not so good). This tunnel causes great amusement and some eeriness of feeling by the way it "answers back" when spoken to. Near it is the little Sawpit Weir just recently formed, and very prettily decorated with ferns, etc.

TUNNEL NO. 11, "GILEADS."—The first of eleven tunnels, conveying the water supplying Melbourne through numerous hills that intervene between Healesville and the metropolis. At the entrance, the waters of the Maroondah and Graceburn meet. The tunnel is perfectly straight, can be seen through, and is 55 chains long. Good echo may be had by talking into either end.

Distance, 3 miles.

Follow Fernshawe-road, which is a continuation of Nicholson-street, until reaching the 2-mile post in front of Miss Cameron's cottage; a good road, open to vehicles, turns down on the left, and is plainly marked "To Tunnel and Maroondah Weir." Keep on this path, passing a second gate, until river is reached. Cross bridge and turn to right through old orchard; when at end of quince trees look towards left, where a large heap of blue reef placed at entrance of tunnel is visible.

The exit of tunnel may be reached by following Zig Zag.

road over the hill and Healesville reached by Condon's Gully road, as previously described.

MAROONDAH AND GRACEBURN PIPE TRACKS.—Directly facing tunnel will be noticed the path of the pipe conveying the water from the Maroondah Weir. Follow track, which, after passing over a short but steep rise, branches right and left. Keep on left track until Weir enclosure is reached.

Distance from Tunnel to Weir, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Looking towards right from mouth of tunnel will be noticed a small iron shed (a valve). This is over the Graceburn syphon, which shortly passes under the Watts River, to cross which the tourist will find a footbridge about 70 yards up stream. When over return on to syphon and follow the track through forest until arriving at entrance gates of Graceburn Weir reserve on the Fernshawe-road, near Gracedale House.

Distance from Tunnel to Gates, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

From Gates to Healesville, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

MAROONDAH WEIR.—The largest of the three Weirs of the Watts system of water conservation. It is situate immediately at foot of Mount Monda. 10,000,000 gallons daily of beautiful clear, fresh water is at this point diverted from its natural course and conveyed 41 miles by syphons, tunnels and aqueducts, to the Preston Reservoir, where it joins with that from the Yan Yean, thence to be distributed over the whole of the metropolis.

Distance, $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles by road.

Follow Fernshawe-road to the turn, in below Gracedale House, this road now being clear through to the Weir. This route may be taken going, and the route on previous page for returning, whether on foot or driving.

MATHINNA FALLS.—A beautiful series of three Falls and Cascades on the side of Mount Monda.

Distance, 8 miles.

Take Maroondah Weir road, turning to left at finger post near Weir, commence ascending and continue on bridle track till falls are reached, the tourist arrives on the upper fall. To see the others it is necessary to descend the gully for about 300 feet.

Note.—In all damp places in gullies, and where tree ferns abound, leeches are plentiful.

GRACEBURN WEIR.—The prettiest and most beautifully situated of the three. It is a most perfect place for a picnic, being easy of access, dry under foot, good walking and well sheltered. 6,000,000 gallons of water is daily taken from the Graceburn and conveyed by open aqueducts and 18-inch syphons till it meets that from the Maroondah at No. 11 tunnel basin, a distance of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. A peculiar illusion may be noticed in the aqueduct, of the water apparently running up hill.

Cobb's coach passes entrance gates daily ; fare, 1/— each way.

Distance, $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Follow Fernshawe-road till arriving at white gates on right hand side, which are about 250 yards beyond Gracedale House back entrance, get into fenced enclosure and walk along aqueduct.

Healesville derives its water supply from a special service pipe that joins the Graceburn Aqueduct just within the enclosure.

Note.—The public are warned that they must not in any way pollute the water by throwing about rubbish, paper, remains of hampers ; or bathing. Fires are only allowed



SCENE FROM MT. BISMARCK, MARYSVILLE.

A



MYRTLE GULLY, TOMMY'S BEND.

In places set apart, and they must be carefully extinguished. Dogs are not allowed within fenced areas.

Splendid English spotted and American rainbow trout abound in all the streams within the reserve. Permits must be obtained to fish this area. Charge, 5/- for three days. The best baits are yabbies or grass-hoppers, both of which can be obtained from many sources in Healesville. Trout will not take artificial fly, nor can casting be done from the banks of the streams ; they must be waded.

MOUNT JULIET.—A trigonometrical station. The highest and about the most accessible mountain near Healesville (height 3651 feet), from the top of which a most extended panorama is obtained of the surrounding country. Melbourne, the Bay, Macedon, and the You Yangs, being easily seen on a clear day. Snow lies on the summit during winter.

Distance, 9 miles.

Follow Fernshawe-road as far as 6 mile post, where finger board on right indicates track, which takes tourist to the top of Mount. When about half mile from summit a notice board indicates water. Obtain that essential fluid here, for none is to be had higher up. The track to the summit is now very well defined all the way up.

Cobb's coach daily passes the 6 mile post. Fare, 2/- each way.

FERNSHAWE.—The site of an old settlement, now completely effaced, situated on the Watts, in the centre of the water reserve. It was in old days the most popular resort of all classes. As the name implies, ferns abound.

Distance, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Follow Fernshawe-road until arriving at clearing immediately after crossing bridge over Watts River.

MORLEY'S TRACK.—The old pack track across Blacks' Spur. Now a beautiful walk where one may enjoy the solitude of the Australian forest amid giant trees, myrtle, sassafras, tree ferns and other foliage.

Distance to entrance, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Follow road past Fernshawe until it takes the first bend to left. Immediately facing tourist is the commencement of track.

ETTA'S GLEN.—A romantic fern and myrtle gully close to left of main road, near top of Blacks' Spur.

Distance, $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Continue on main road.

BLACKS' SPUR.—A ridge of mountains dividing the watershed of the Watts from numerous creeks flowing into the Goulburn. About 2,000 feet high.

Follow main road to "The Hermitage," a distance of 12 miles. After this the country changes, the scenery becomes uninteresting, less fertile, trees more stunted, until Marysville is reached, a distance of 22 miles.

Lindt's "The Hermitage," should be visited. Built after the Swiss Chalet style, in the midst of the forest, the house itself contains much that will interest the visitor in the way of curios, collected by Mr. Lindt during his travels in New Guinea and the South Sea Islands.

Continuing along the main road as far as Marysville, 3 miles from which may be seen Steavenson's Falls, the finest in the district, being a beautiful cascade descending the mountain side with a series of leaps, total height being 387 feet.

Beyond Marysville the ascent of Mounts Grant and Arnold commences, which rise to a height of about 4,000

feet on top of which some of the finest scenery of Australia may be seen, including Tommy's Bend, Cumberland Creek and Falls, forests of giant trees, some measuring 70 feet in girth, and ferns in masses on all sides.

MALLESON'S LOOK-OUT.—A beautiful spot on Mount Tooleybewong, originally taken up by and named after the late Mr. Malleeson, from which a most extensive view of the surrounding country may be had, extending as far as Melbourne. Height, 2,000 feet.

Distance, 7 miles.

Follow Nicholson-street as far as the Don-road, where a sign post will be noticed pointing to right. Keep along this road, passing the Badger Creek about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles out, and then commencing the ascent by winding road for about three miles, when road takes a sudden acute angle turn to left. This leads to "Look-Out," which is located by sign-board.

Continuing along, the tourist passes first Panton's clearing, known as "The Gap," thence after a walk of about two miles, slightly on the down grade, reaches Malleeson's homestead, now owned by Mr. A. Agnew. This is worthy of close inspection, a great sum of money having been expended by the founder in perfecting and laying out the grounds, forming lawns, artificial lakes, planting holly hedges, improving by rustic bridges, nooks, grottos, fords, paths, and uncouth representations of animals, a most lovely fern gully, in which, besides native ferns, others from different parts of Australia and New Zealand have been planted. Continuing for about two miles through the cutting, the main lower road to Launching Place is met; turn to right, which brings tourist back to Healesville, through "Dalry," the estate of Mr. G. F. Syme, thus doing the round trip.

DON ROAD.—Off the road are many by-roads, all of which form pleasant walks.

That past the Cemetery, leading off the Don-road, goes on the left to Mt. Riddell track, and on the right by first turning to Lilydale-road, passes what was formerly known as "Monte Carlo," but is now called "Airlie," and kept up by Mrs. and the Misses Wilson.

If continued to next turn, to Coranderrk, through part of the village settlement. Further on, the first turn past the Badger Creek to the right leads through the Boggy Creek, or, as it is now better known, the Badger Creek Settlement, once the home of raspberries, but alas, no longer so.



Amongst the many attractions offered in this district, none are more worthy of a visit than the well-known and splendidly appointed hostelry, Gracedale House. The founders, in selecting the site for this house, have shewn in every way very great taste and judgment, being built on a slight rise, about 400 feet above, and within three miles of Healesville, on the banks of the Graceburn, close to the Fernshawe-road, and immediately at the foot of Mounts Juliet, Riddell and Monda, whilst towards the south-west an uninterrupted panorama of the Yarra Valley is obtained, extending as far as Doncaster.

Sheltered on the north and east by the great mountains of the Dividing Range, hot winds rarely occur. In fact, winds from a northerly direction are unknown. For this reason alone the house is a most popular resort of all city folk, who wish to escape the enervating effects of our well-known brickfielders. The climate is, during summer, generally cool, blankets being always acceptable at night, whilst the winter is mild, frosts seldom occurring.

The house has accommodation for upwards of 100 guests, and is provided with every modern convenience in way of sitting, smoking and reading rooms, a splendid dining hall, which seats 100 without crowding, hot and cold baths,

a noble verandah 120 feet long by 16 wide, which invites to the enjoyment the outlook offers. The view obtained from the tower well repays a visit.

Amusements in the form of billiards, croquet and tennis are provided.

Attached to the house is an orchard containing a perfect selection of fruit ; also strawberries and raspberries. The vegetable garden, in the hands of a first-class Chinese gardener, supplies the house with the best of fresh vegetables during the whole year.

Amongst the patrons to Gracedale are numbered Vice-Royalty, titled gentlemen and tourists from all parts of the world, together with all leaders of society from Victoria, who are unanimous in their praise, and pleased with their visits.

Mr. Gilbert, the host, is only too pleased to conduct visitors through the house, and point out the many attractions in the neighbourhood, for Gracedale is situated in the midst of the whole of the beauty spots in the district.

.. The .: Photographer's Paradise.

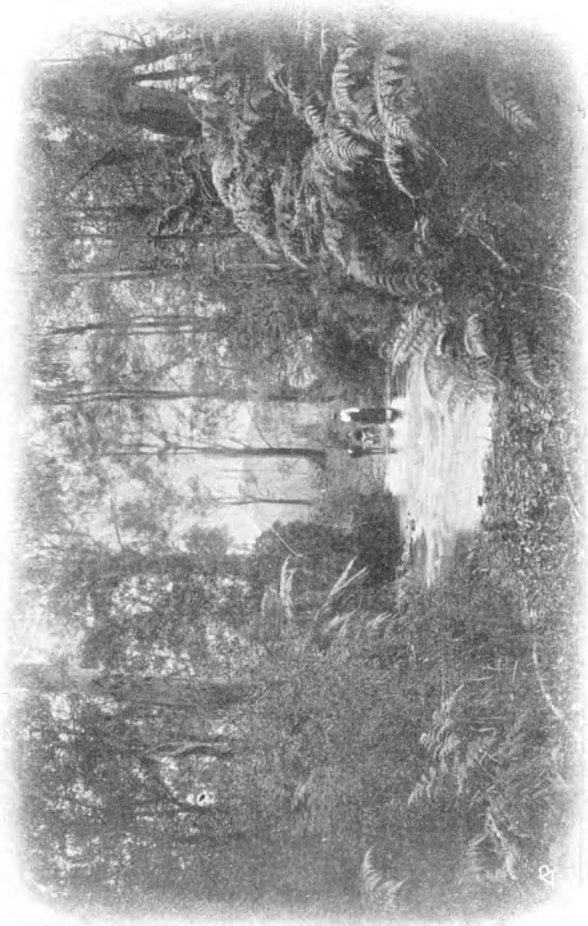


MEYER'S CREEK.—A very pleasant outing, and one which can be done comfortably in a day, is to Meyer's Creek. This creek forms one of the numerous gullies which radiate from Mount St. Leonard, and throughout its course many charming fern and forest scenes are revealed, which in other gullies are not accessible.

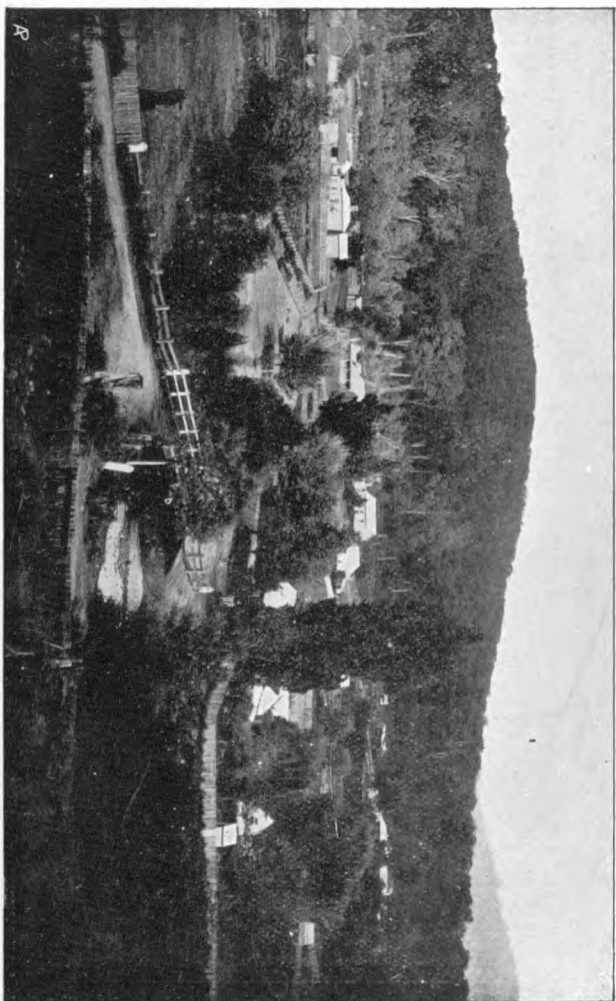
The directions for reaching Meyer's Creek are simple. Follow St. Leonard's road to the cross road, turn to the left, and then follow the old tram line for the rest of the way. The first portion of the route passes through scenery pleasantly varied by many rustic bridges, and after the ascent of a small hill the route is fairly level as far as Meyer's Falls, which are some distance up the tram line, on the left. After passing this point the scenery gradually gets of a grander description, and the many shady nooks, overhung with tree ferns and other shrubs, offer many a sheltered resting place for the pedestrian. The creek is very picturesque, and the numerous little waterfalls add not a little to the general charm and delight of the walk. The Meyer's Falls before mentioned are well worth inspection, although, unfortunately, their pristine beauty is a thing of the past. A good road now goes up to and beyond the falls, passing them on the right. Visitors who do not care to attempt the walk can thus do the trip by cab or other vehicle.

THE MAROONDAH WEIR AND THE MATHINNA FALLS.—Distance to the Weir, 5 miles ; to Mathinna Falls, 8 miles. A good horse will easily take a horseman to the Falls.

This is perhaps the most delightful walk in the Healesville district, and one which every visitor should endeavour



AT MARYSVILLE.



TOWNSHIP OF MARYSVILLE.

to make. It is not a difficult trip, and the track throughout is in good condition. The entire journey can be made on foot, but for those who are not too fond of walking, the assistance of a conveyance as far as the Weir will reduce the distance by about half way. Presuming, however, that it is decided to walk the entire distance, then we would suggest that an early start be made. Not so much because it is necessary, but that by so doing one is able to enjoy the delightful and exhilarating scents which fill the air with their sweet fragrance; notably, the wild musk and eucalyptus.

This experience is well worth the trouble of rising early and making a start, say at 7 a.m. From Healesville the choice of two routes is available to the tourist. The St. Leonard's-road can be followed to the end, then turn to the right, cross the Watts River a little further on by a good bridge, and take the Condon's Gully track nearly as far as the aqueduct, when a broad track will be noticed on the right. Pass through the panels and follow the winding track over the hill dividing the Condon's Gully from the Watts Valley. Through this hill the aqueduct passes, and the track brings you out at the place where the tunnel enters the hill. A good deal of amusement can be indulged in here by speaking into the tunnel and listening to the resulting echoes, which are wonderfully distinct. From this point a very fine panoramic view is obtained of the Watts Valley, with the lofty summit of Mount Juliet (3,602 feet) in the background. The track lies straight before you, and runs in almost a straight line for a mile, when it vanishes into the bush. This route is a little longer than the alternative one, but gives the tourist an opportunity of seeing the tunnel, and also the view just mentioned.

The second route lies along the Fernshawe-road, as far as the two-mile post. On the left, just beyond a little cottage, a notice board announces "To Mathinna Falls," also a board to "The Tunnel." Follow the track, when you will shortly cross the Watts by a substantial bridge,

and by continuing you will come to a deserted orchard, after which you will join the track quite near to where No. 1 route left you, the tunnel being visible up a track on the left just after you enter the orchard. To those who are not too fond of walking, this will prove to be the better of the two. Follow the track now until you come to the Weir, but don't take the road which you see on your right, about three-quarters of a mile from the orchard. There is nothing of interest to see along this road, and it necessitates crossing the Watts by a fallen tree, there being no bridge; and if much rain has fallen it is not a very pleasant undertaking. Just before reaching the Weir the bridle track joins this road, which, continued along back from the Weir reaches the river at a ford, where there is now a foot-bridge (see Outing, "Maroondah Weir"), and it is worth turning back along it for a short distance, as far as the river. When the river is reached there is a ford and a footbridge. If you are of an artistic turn of mind and possess a camera, some very charming little views can be obtained of the bridge and river stretches. Resuming the journey, after leaving the bridle track, follow the carriage road, and the Weir will be reached in a few minutes. A considerable rest may be taken here, as the remainder of the journey requires all your energy, especially if it is a hot day or the track at all wet.

There is much about the Weir to interest one, and the scenery in the vicinity lends itself to the making of many beautiful pictures. After resting for a while, retrace your steps a little, and on your left, facing towards the Weir, the Mathinna track will be noticed striking right into the bush. There is a guide post pointing to this track, so you cannot go wrong. It is a very beautiful bush track, and many pretty pictures can be taken along it. There are three steep climbs to be done, and take it easy, as the last is the stiffest. There is one good feature about this track, and it is that there are long spells of fairly even walking in between the ascents. Some very delightful views are obtained in climbing the hill, when looking back towards Healesville, and here and there extensive views of the

mountains, including Mount Juliet, are obtained through the magnificent eucalyptus and tree ferns which grow luxuriantly all along the track. The distance from the Weir to the Falls is about four miles, and it is at the end of this distance, that the stiff climb comes, it being a good half mile up the hill, which brings you within cooee of them. The ascent made, a track leads off to the left, and before you, nestling in a bower of luxuriant tree ferns, shrubs, etc., are the beautiful upper Mathinna Falls, and well worth all the trouble of getting to them. A large fallen gum tree, which lies right in front of them, unfortunately does not improve their appearance, and it is doubtless waiting until the authorities begin to recognise the beauty of the place, to be removed. A similar obstruction partially eclipses the "hanging curtain" of the lowest Falls. It is notorious that throughout Victoria so little attention is paid by those in authority to the preservation and upkeep of the show places we possess. Such is not the case in New South Wales, nor in America and other countries, where everything is done for the careful preservation of the show places, and every effort made to advertise them and make them easy of access to the general public.

Having arrived at our destination, lunch can be partaken of before commencing the descent to the lower Falls, but if Healesville was left early in the morning it will perhaps be too soon for refreshment, when the lower Falls can be visited right away. The descent is not a very difficult one, although care should be taken, as a slip would doubtless end with very unpleasant results. The track follows the creek the whole way, and the innumerable waterfalls, overhung with foliage, afford many a pleasant and romantic glimpse. The upper ledge of the lower Fall will soon be reached, and it is here that care must be exercised in negotiating the rather precipitous descent to the bottom of the lower Fall. This being gained, cross the creek, and from a little eminence on the opposite side a good view is obtained, as the stream is hurled over the rocky precipice only to lose itself in the densely wooded gully below. By

turning your back to the Fall a glorious view of the gully is obtained, and by looking into its great depth you will have an idea of the good climb you have made. The return journey from the Falls to the Weir is made in much less time than it took to come, so this should be allowed for to avoid hurrying away from such a delightful fairyland. If time will permit, do not return till late in the afternoon, as it is very pleasant walking along the bush track towards evening.

Visitors who are staying at Gracedale House need not take the track as described to the Weir. On leaving the grounds turn to the right along the Fernshawe-road, and a short distance beyond a road will be seen turning off to the left. Take this and it will take you direct to the Weir.

Notes on the Trip.—Be it understood that no fires are allowed within the area of the Metropolitan Board of Works, except in the fireplaces provided, and the ground covered in this journey is entirely within that area.

The destruction of trees, ferns, and shrubs is strictly prohibited, and very wisely so, too. May we, through the agency of this little Guide, appeal to all who visit this glorious district of Healesville to refrain from the wanton destruction that is so frequently carried on by many who visit this part, and especially is this the case with regard to tree ferns and the wattle, when in bloom. If only a love and admiration of the beautiful can be instilled into the minds of the rising generation, then and then only will it be possible to hand down to those who are to follow us the glorious heritage of the bush, with all its innumerable beauties and features unimpaired. If such a spirit can be aroused, then one of the main ideas in the publishing of this book will be fulfilled.

CONDON'S GULLY.—Four miles. Every visitor to Healesville should set aside one day to visit this, the most beautiful and romantic gully in the district. It is an easy day's outing, and it is not necessary to make an early

start, as it is only about four miles distant. Those who do not care to walk can be driven all the way. Starting from Healesville, take the St. Leonard's-road and then turn to the right, following the road straight on and over the Watts River by a bridge. A little further on you notice a road turning to the left, it leads you to "The Glen" (Mrs. McGuinness); don't take it, but walk straight ahead, and after a walk of three miles the gully will be reached. On the way the aqueduct, which carries the water to Melbourne, will be passed on the left.

From here onward the dense eucalyptus forest seems to assume grander proportions at every turn in the road, and many delightful views reveal themselves to the elated traveller as he passes on to the fairyland beyond. At the end of the road very little sign is visible of any gully being so close, but it is perhaps one of the charms of this outing that the magnificent scenery of the gully opens out upon the unwary traveller in all its majesty and grandeur with quite an unexpected suddenness.

One of the charms of the Condon's Gully-road is the presence of two fine gullies full of ferns, one on each side of the high road. Followed up, the one on the left ultimately brings you to some little-known falls, high up Mt. Monda. The other is the outlet of Condon's Gully.

The last hill being ascended, the track winds in and out amongst the trees, and then slightly descending one is face to face with the grand entrance of Condon's. Graceful tree ferns grow luxuriantly on either side, and the view down the track at this point is one of very great beauty that will never be forgotten by those who see it. The huge gum trees add greatly to the stateliness of this charming vista. Continue straight on, and the track taking a turn to the left reveals one of the most exquisite combinations of tree ferns, blackwood, gum trees and the innumerable bush shrubs and undergrowth that one could wish to see. The gully is hemmed in by the surrounding mountains, which are clothed far up their steep sides with tree ferns, interspersed with the other vegetation, and forming a scene

of transcendent beauty. The fairy bower which is passed through before descending into the gully is most picturesque, and affords a cool and pleasant shelter on a hot day. A few yards further on and the bottom of the gully is reached, when the traveller, who will be ready for a rest and refreshment, can sit down and enjoy the beauty of this veritable haunt of fairies. Unfortunately the work of the thoughtless is to be seen in damaged tree ferns, waste paper and numerous other signs of desecration which so many holiday makers delight to leave behind them.

(There need be no anxiety in making the return journey too soon, as it is much easier than the outward one. Leave late in the afternoon and enjoy to the full the glory of the Australian bush.)

A track now turns in from the entrance to Condon's Gully, and goes up the side of Mt. Monda through continual tree ferns to the summit, coming out on the bare patch so noticeable when the mount is viewed from the township. This track goes along the summit and traverses the saddle of the range, passing the head of Condon's Gully, Mathinna Falls, and numerous other falls, and then emerges on the Blacks' Spur-road near the 10th mile-post. The reverse journey, made from the Spur, would greatly interest pedestrians, or even horsemen. It is, in fact, part of an old pack-track.



Notes for Photographers.

HEALESVILLE.—In the immediate vicinity of the township there are a great number of very charming scenes to be secured, and it will well repay the enthusiast to spend a good deal of his time rambling about the immediate neighbourhood. Some of the most beautiful pictures in the district are to be got close at hand if they are looked for. A good general view of the township is secured from the hill in front of the Church of England.

One of the most interesting views of Healesville is to be had near "Aberfoyle," Miss MacGregor's new establishment on St. Leonard's-road.

CORANDERRK.—The aboriginal station. Permission to photograph is not now necessary except from the natives concerned. Any promise of photographs to them should be faithfully kept, or an equivalent sent, as they feel greatly offended with those who do not fulfil their promise.

ROORKE'S BRIDGE, about two miles from Healesville, on the Melbourne-road, affords the opportunity of several views, including the Yarra River. A good view of Mount Riddell, from a totally different aspect, can be obtained here.

Roorke's Bridge is also a good camping ground, and a favorite resort for bird-lovers. The rare coachwhip bird has been seen in adjacent thickets, and it is to be hoped gunners will not disturb him. On the flats near Roorke's Bridge a most peculiar phenomenon occurs almost annually at the rising of the flood-waters. Millions of spiders emerge from the soil and weave over the rushes, fences, and trees a continuous web of gossamer, like the finest lawn, and there await the falling of the waters.

MOUNT RIDDELL.—A good view of this mountain is obtained from the Don-road. The early morning in the spring and autumn is very favourable for getting good atmospheric effects. From a small hill near the cemetery a somewhat extensive view can be secured, the cone-like form of this mountain being a prominent feature in the landscape.

MOUNT ST. LEONARD.—Perhaps the best view of this mountain is to be got about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles along the Fernshawe-road. Walk along the road, keeping your weather eye on "The Glen" (Mrs. McGuinness), and you will come

to a point where it will get hidden by the intervening bush. Turn off on to the side of the road and the view, as depicted opposite page 29, can be got. For this view a lens of normal focus is required, so as to get in as much foreground as possible. Don't use a wide angle lens.

Two other good views can be obtained, one from the Healesville end of St. Leonard's-road, with the houses as a foreground, and another from a few yards along the Don-road, before crossing the Graceburn bridge, with the houses in the middle distance, the trees forming a picturesque foreground. For this view get close up to the fence. Long focus lenses are best for both these views.

MOUNT JULIET.—A good view can be got off the tram track, near to the station, if a lens with a long focus is used. There is also another view from the tunnel, as already mentioned in the trip to the Mathinna Falls.

MEYER'S CREEK AND GULLY.—Only photograph here on a dull day ; it is only wasting plates if the sun is not obscured. There are some good tree fern studies here ; also several waterfalls, the principal being the Meyer's Falls, but unfortunately the surroundings have been much destroyed.

CONDON'S GULLY.—The photographer's El Dorado. Undoubtedly the finest gully in the district, and acknowledged one of the best in Victoria. There is nothing of much importance along this track until the entrance to the gully is reached. The entrance makes a good upright view, and from there onwards there is an almost endless succession of choice fern pictures. A dull day is preferable, but should the sun be shining from a clear sky, good views can be got late in the afternoon.

MALLESON'S LOOK-OUT.—A very fine panoramic view is to be obtained from the top of the Zig-Zag-road, extending from Mount Juliet to the Christmas Hills and

Whittlesea Ranges, embracing the whole. In spring and autumn the effects in early morning are simply beautiful. The view from Malleson's Look-Out on a clear frosty morning in August, about 10 of the clock, is bewitching. A clear white foamy cloud floats and tosses above the lower hills that rise like peaks from an airy ocean. On the top of the hill known as "The Ridge," the road leads down to the Don Valley, and on reaching Malleson's Glen, a most extensive panoram is obtained of the Warburton district. The gully affords many fine studies of ferns. For the distant views in this neighbourhood, a long focus lens is preferable.

Note.—Rather over-expose in the fern gullies than err in the opposite direction. Nothing is more unsightly than an under-exposed fern picture.

In the opinion of some photographers chromatic plates, backed, and stopped well down, give very fair photos. of ferns even in sunshine. Much depends on the angle between sun, fern, and camera.

When working in fern gullies and other similar places use as large an aperture as your lens will permit, so as to enable you to give as short an exposure as possible, owing to the tendency the fern leaves have to move at the least breath of wind.

Get up early and do some photographic work before breakfast—it will repay you. The mist effects are often very beautiful.

THE WEIR AND MATHINNA TRACK.—Several good views are to be obtained at the point where the carriage road crosses the Watts, not far from the Weir. A little foot-bridge lends itself well to composition. At the Weir, views can be obtained of the Weir itself, and don't miss the little pool within the enclosure. A photograph with good reflections is to be got there.

Up the Mathinna track several charming little pieces of

bush scenery are to be had, but don't attempt them. If there is a brilliant sunshine. Remember that to see the bush in its photographic glory you should see it on a dull day. The best time to take the Falls is in the late afternoon or early morning. During the middle of the day the sun shines almost direct into the lens, and even if this can be avoided, the general effect is spoiled owing to the falls being in the shade and the foliage in sunshine. Don't be afraid of over-exposing. Remember that in the bush you are photographing almost exclusively green objects, and that the actinic power of the light is considerably reduced owing to the nature of the surroundings. A lens of ordinary focus is all that you require for the Upper Falls. For the Lower Falls a very short focus lens is necessary, owing to the confined nature of the scenery.

THE BLACKS' SPUR ROAD.—This road affords a host of views—panoramic, pictorial or otherwise. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Healesville a view of Gracedale House is to be seen, and beyond this to Fernshawe numerous road scenes and bush studies can be got.

Beyond Gracedale House a track turns off on the right hand side of the road to the Graceburn Weir.

Just before entering Fernshawe the track to Mount Juliet will be noticed on the right—there is a guide post. This track affords some picturesque "bits."

FERNSHAWE.—The township has been removed. The Watts River at this point affords two or three picturesque views.

MORLEY'S TRACK.—Immediately after leaving Fernshawe, and just where the road takes the turn to ascend the Spur, the track will be noticed on the right. Walk along this as far as the river, and a few rather pretty fern scenes can be got. The track beyond this is now much over-grown, but can be followed for about two miles. Some years ago some beautiful views were procurable.

Ascend the Spur, and one mile from Fernshawe, the **ONE MILE BEND** is reached. This makes a good view and can be taken either from the road or by climbing on to the top of the bank, where a much more comprehensive view is to be had.

The next point of interest is where the large eucalyptus tree known as **UNCLE SAM** until recently stood, at a sharp turn in the road on the left, about a mile further on. Beyond this, up the hill, an extensive view is seen looking across the gully towards Gracedale House, which can be seen in the distance, the road is seen down below winding its way up the hill.

ETTA'S GLEN.—Some distance further on, on the left hand side, this favourite picnic resort is reached. One or two views can be taken here, but it has been considerably damaged by visitors.

In the ascent the road follows the **GREAT MYRTLE GULLY**, and several splendid photographs should be taken.

The summit being reached, there will be seen here and there several good stereoscopic "bits," although the district generally offers innumerable opportunities for the stereo worker.

Just before making the descent on the Narbethong side of the mountains, three tall trees will be noticed on the right, to one of which is attached a letter box. These, with Mount Dom Dom as a background, make a pleasing composition. Long focus lens preferred.

Near the Letter-Box the Timber Landing now offers a fine picture, including timber, teams and a possible coach or drag. Down at the timber-mill is Australia at work, with fine studies of tree-felling, and genuine bushmen and horses.

After leaving this point keep a good look out for a break in the trees on the right, as a very fine view is to be got of the Cathedral Ranges, the trees in the foreground forming

a graceful frame-work. There are two such views, but the first one is by far the better. A long focus lens is most suitable.

THE SPRINGS are reached a little further on. They are on the left hand side of the road, and are easily discovered by the trickling water. Have a figure in the act of drinking ; it will add to the pictorial effect.

"THE HERMITAGE."—Between the springs and "The Hermitage" there is splendid material for good stereoscopic work, the *eucalyptus* and tree ferns being of the first order. "The Hermitage" itself is just beautiful, and its picturesque gateway makes a delightful study, especially with suitable figures. In the grounds there are two look-out houses placed a considerable height up two gum trees, and from which very fine panoramic views are obtained. It will be necessary to ask permission from Mr. Lindt if it is desired to ascend to them. Between this and Narbethong there is nothing of note until NARBETHONG is reached, and there are several good pieces here which lend themselves to pictorial effect and composition, notably, the hotel and bridge.

BADGER WEIR.—This, the fourth and last Weir constructed by the M.M.B.W., to meet the growing needs of the Metropolis for a constant water supply, is, from the picturesque point of view, by far the most interesting of them all. Situated at the foot of Mt. Riddell, this Weir diverts the water of the Badger or Coranderrk Creek into a line of pipes, which conveys it through the "Pipe Track" round the western side of Mt. Riddell, over the Graceburn Valley and up the further side of Gracedale House, till it joins the Graceburn pipe a few yards below the enclosure, crossing the Fernshawe-road by a tunnel at the foot of Gracedale House kitchen garden. The Weir may be conveniently reached by pedestrians following this pipe track from that point in the Fernshawe-road, when they will traverse some five miles of very interesting gully scenery. There are numerous other routes. Another is to go up the Don-road

to "Potts's," where, just before reaching the Badger Bridge, the track turns in at a slip-panel, goes down to the river, which is crossed by a ford. The old mill-team road, criss-crossed by numerous tracks, which are somewhat confusing, may then be followed to the abandoned mill, remembering to take generally the track nearest the river. From the mill, once picked up, the track is less confusing. Leaving the mill on the right, go down across a small stream and up the further hill. Traverse the region of fallen timber, keeping on the hillside, and presently the road becomes well-defined, until it turns to the left and crosses the Badger at a very stony ford. A few yards up stream is a log to cross by, and the track may then be followed easily to the Weir.

Yet another route is to turn up the Mt. Riddell-road, to the left, beyond the cemetery, until you reach a fence across the road, down in a hollow. Cross this fence and pick up a track bearing to the right. By following this the pipe track is reached, and may be continued to the Weir.

Probably the prettiest track is the second one above described, from the slip-panel opposite "Potts's." This will also probably be the "official" track, once the authorities make the long-promised road to the Weir.

"Badger" is the pioneer's name for a "wombat," and "Coranderrk," the native name for "little sticks," both of which occur along this lovely creek. It is preferable, however, to use the name Badger Weir, as visitors are otherwise misled to suppose that the Coranderrk Weir is near Coranderrk Aboriginal Station. All the old folk, and the young ones, too, know the creek as the "Badger."

Some of the finest and most unspoiled fern scenery in Healesville occurs at intervals en route, and culminates in a great mass at the Weir itself. The water, crystal-clear, twinkling and bubbling among the rounded boulders, is cold on the hottest summer's day, and fans the wind into a breeze when elsewhere all is still and oppressive. High up the steep hillside the ferns assemble in their serried ranks,

some, like green forest-urns, lifting their fronds aloft, others drooping them as if to the water below. Among these the bright hazel, and the blanket-leaf, dogwood, sassafras, and myrtle grow in inextricable profusion, carpeted with moss and maidenhair, and bound together with clematis, sarsaparilla, the blue-flowered vine and the native raspberry. Between the two hills, thus arrayed, the Badger pours down and enters the Weir, where, pausing on the brink, it reflects the beauties of these hillsides, before it flings its surplus flood over to replenish the creek below, or yields its tribute to the water-pipes of Melbourne. Then, every time a householder turns on a tap, he is drawing water which has remirrored the beauties of a Healesville hillside, or (in times of long-continued flood) has sparkled in one of the multitudinous feeders of the Yan Yean, or has been diverted from the Goulburn at the Board's farthest weir, away up at Silver Creek, the other side of the main Divide, where creeks and clouds sit side by side on the mountain tops. It is something to have such scenery mingled with the water one has on tap !

Giant Trees.

By N. J. Calre.

The Healesville district has been noted from its very early days for the gigantic growth of its forest timber. The city of Melbourne and suburbs have drawn largely from here for their supplies of hardwood timber for building purposes. Several species of the eucalypt family of plants have found their home in these Great Dividing Ranges in past centuries, and surrounded by favorable conditions combined with the best of soil, have grown to monstrous and gigantic proportions, outrivalling all other districts in Victoria.

“Uncle Sam,” on the Blacks’ Spur-road, 40 feet girth and 250 feet high, and “Big Ben,” higher up the Spur, at Syncona Hill, a still bigger specimen, measuring 57 feet girth, are no longer in existence, the latter having been destroyed by bush fires, through neglect in not being protected; and more recently “Uncle Sam” was brought to earth in a wind-storm. Towards the top of the Blacks’ Spur and thence down to the village of Narbethong, many fine specimens of giant trees can be found. At Narbethong there is one about a quarter of a mile from the hotel named Coulson’s Camp, having been used as a camping place in former days. Narbethong boasts of another very big tree at some considerable distance from the village. Little is as yet known of this monster.

From Narbethong the country gets very poor for several miles, and very poor forests of messmate are passed through for about eight miles, until Marysville is reached. Here similar country to the Blacks’ Spur is met with, and on Tommy’s Bend and thence to Cumberland Creek the most gigantic growth of forest timber in Australia is to be found. Great Australian gum trees from 30 to 70 feet girth can be seen in considerable numbers. Two giant trees have

recently been found at Cumberland Creek. The one a white manna-gum, 58 feet girth, about 180 feet high, and probably 1,500 years old. The other, half a mile from this one, is a mountain ash, 70 feet girth and about the same height, but both broken off at the top, evidently in an advanced state of decay. This one is supposed to be nearly 2,000 years old.

Only a comparatively small portion of this great forest has been explored, so that probably several other giant trees may exist, to be discovered in the future.



Bicycle Tour through Healesville.



By means of the ubiquitous "wheel," one is in a position to see much of the surrounding country and its people. Lanes and by-ways can be explored at will. To the observant, travelling is an educating medium, and the pleasure and enjoyment of a tour are greatly enhanced by having congenial companions. Cycling holds an unique and unassailed position among the pastimes of the people, and in this capacity exhibits an earnest, and a guarantee, of its continuity.

MELBOURNE TO HEALESVILLE AND ALEXANDRA.

The road is fair to good, but rather hilly. It can all be ridden, except the pinch near Lilydale, and on the Blacks' Spur.

We give a few of the distances en route :—

	Miles.		Miles.
Kew ..	6	Blacks' Spur ..	47
Box Hill ..	9	Marysville ..	60½
Ringwood ..	17	Buxton ..	63
Lilydale ..	24	Taggerty ..	70
Healesville ..	37	Alexandra ..	88½

Mount Donnabuang and Ben Cairn



Mt. Donnabuang and Ben Cairn are lofty spurs of the high lands between the Yarra Valley and the Healesville basin. To the Hon. A. R. Edgar, Acting Minister of Public Works, in 1911, tourists owe the first public step towards making practicable tracks to these promising holiday resorts. Donnabuang overlooks the little township of Warburton, that nestles four miles below its rounded top. To Warburton is due the credit of first approaching Mr. Edgar, and of pushing on the first "party of exploration," and of arousing Healesville to a sense of its duty to its own tourists. When the first official party had struggled painfully up from Warburton to the top of Mt. Donnabuang, they were just in time to welcome another party of composed and cheerful horsemen and a horsewoman, who had ridden up all the way from Healesville. Both parties took about four hours to reach the summit, but in a very short time either track will be covered, with less fatigue, in less than half the time, if Ministerial promises can be fulfilled. A melancholy interest is attached to the track to Donnabuang, as it was there that Mr. Batchelor, a prominent member of the Fisher Cabinet, suddenly expired while making the ascent in 1912.

It is not necessary here to advocate Healesville's claim against Warburton's, to be the proper starting-point for the Donnabuang, or the Ben Cairn trip. "Much may be said on both sides." To the stout pedestrian who revels in mountaineering, and believes that the finest pleasure in travel is the surmounting of its difficulties, the Warburton side offers great attractions. The stiff climb is well worth the fatigue. A height of 4,000 feet is attained in about 4 miles of track—which is pretty good

going, and a feat to be proud of having accomplished. But Healesville side also has its merits. The route is longer—about 14 miles, but it can be ridden by those to whom walking is a trial, and can be walked by those to whom a stiff climb is a pleasure. Moreover, this 14 miles lies through some of the most varied and magnificent bush scenery in Victoria.

The writer's own preference would be to ride in from Healesville, camp the night on Donnabuang or Ben Cairn, and descend next morning into Warburton, and probably such a course will be quite practicable when the tracks are formed, and the promised Shelter Chalet completed.

Presuming, then, that the Healesville visitor wishes to climb Mt. Donnabuang and Ben Cairn, let him first hire a horse from any good local stable. Most Healesville horses are sure-footed, and used to mountaineering. Then, arrayed in leggings and thick old tweeds, carrying a billy and lunch-bag, and feed for the horse, and attended by a party or guide, he sets out. The best time to go is in July or August, the latter end of the latter month being excellent, as the sun generally shines, though the snow is still at its thickest.

Leaving Healesville Post Office early (about 8 a.m. at latest), the party proceeds up Fernshawe-road, crosses the Graceburn Bridge at the Poplars, then turns up the Don-road to the right, past "Graceburn Glen" (Mrs. G. Wilson). The Graceburn is crossed again by a bridge or a ford, and for half a mile the road runs past the splendid Queen's Park and Golf Links on the right, with picturesque paddocks for a foreground on the left, and a background of mountains—Juliet (with Gracedale House plainly visible at the base of a foot-hill) and Riddell. The other side of Queen's Park may be seen some of the finest houses in Healesville, along the slopes of "Atkinson's Hill," and

"Cochrane's Hill." At the highest point is the property purchased by Lady Clarke just before her death, and now occupied as a tourists' house by Mr. Long, of "Doogallook." Lower down are the houses of the late Hugh R. Reid, and the late J. C. Stephens, the residence of "Ada Cambridge," the well-known Australian authoress, and the tourists' homes of "Montpellier" (Mrs. Richardson), "Mountain Grand" (Mrs. Deane), and "Wildwood" (Miss McAuley). Leaving the Golf Links, the cemetery is passed, and a cross-road leading on the left to Mt. Riddell track, and on the right to "Airlie" (Mrs. Wilson), and to the Badger Creek Settlement. Continuing, the Don-road leads up past "St. Margaret's" (Mrs. Agge), and "Kolonga Farm" (Mrs. Reed), soon after which it descends past a by-road leading to the "Swiss Chalet" (Madame Leuba), and reaches the pretty Badger Bridge. Formerly a track opposite the house of Mr. Potts, on the rise before and above this bridge, was taken and followed up through the Badger Valley, past the new Weir, but it has been found better to continue along the Don-road. Accordingly, a few furlongs beyond the Badger River and past another side road leading to the outskirts of the Settlement, the road is followed by a series of sudden zig-zags, that enable it to ascend the first slopes of Mt. Tooleybewong. A short distance up, "Lyntors" (Mrs. Saunders) is passed. The view from the verandah of this hostelry is excellent. A little way further are "Ravenscroft" (Mrs. Myers), and the house of Madame Boissbree, which is available to let furnished, and then the road passes out of the region of residences and winds along steep sidelings, cutting here and there across the heads of fern-filled gullies.

The traveller who knows the Blacks' Spur road, but to whom this journey is new, will find much scenery that is familiar, but also much that is new and pleasant. It is a well-

known tenet, in what may be termed the philosophy of scenery, that the presence of human habitations add a great charm to landscape. In this charm the Don-road excels the Spur, while lacking somewhat of the sudden bursts of crowded ferns. A couple of bends beyond "Ravenscroft," the site of an abandoned timber mill is passed, at the head of a very fine fern gully, that runs down to the Badger Weir. Here the road swerves to the right, and, curving widely to the left, with glimpses of the Healesville valley through the big trees, arrives at Munro's-road. At this corner the road to the right goes on to "Claverton" (Mrs. Chapman), and "Nyora" (Mrs. Roberts), while the Don-road turns abruptly to the left, and a few yards further on opens up Malleson's Look-Out. This celebrated view-point, which offers an extensive outlook at all times, is particularly entrancing in the clear frosty mornings of August. A description of the view will be found on p. 64. Leaving the Look-Out, the party proceeds a few chains further along the road till the house of Mr. Panton (ex-P.M.) is reached, and a halt is made, as the track here leaves the main road. Tightening up girths and re-adjusting bundles, one looks across the intervening valley of the Don, and sees between the dead trees the lofty brow of Ben Cairn. Malleson's Gully lies below, and to be reached by continuing along the road, but our present expedition turns up the new track, completed early in 1914, opposite Mr. Panton's house, and clearly indicated by a notice-board. This is an excellent driving-track, of an easy grade, which winds round the slope of the hill, for a distance of 2 miles, terminating at what is known as Panton's Gap, on a saddle overlooking the valleys of the Badger and the Don. Up the hill above this saddle the old track goes on to Donnabuang, following the boundary-line of the Metropolitan Board of Work's watershed reserves. This track if followed down hill to

the left leads into the Badger Valley, and offers by that route some fine glimpses of the watershed territory, which comprises some 60,000 acres of picturesque, well-watered mountainous country. To reach Donnabuang, this track is followed up hill to the right, while to Ben Cairn a new track has lately been cut, 5 feet wide and 4 miles long, with a grade never more than 1 in 16. Also a new track is about to be cut from where the Ben Cairn track crosses the beautiful Don River. This deviation will follow the course of the Don back through beautiful beech and sassafras forests, and save a mile in walking, although steeper in gradient.

From the Gap, which is indicated by a sign-board, the summit of Ben Cairn is barely four miles away. Donnabuang is about seven miles. Owing to the nature of the country, Donnabuang is still further, relatively, in point of time. If one is limited as to time, or short of breath, or subject to fatigue, or is content with what is really the finer outlook, without hankering after the glory of having ascended Donnabuang, the advice is tendered to leave Donnabuang alone, and go merely to Ben Cairn. The writer has been to both, and has thoroughly enjoyed both, and probably the Government Tourist Committee will shortly be making Donnabuang more artificially comfortable and attractive than Ben Cairn, but there is no doubt that Ben Cairn shows the more extensive and interesting panorama, with a much more rugged and delightful foreground. If, however, the visitor can, and does do both, he will have seen scenery which is certainly unequalled by any other within a day's journey of the metropolis. Mt. Donnabuang has been called, by a catchy figure of speech, "The Poor Man's Buffalo!" It was surely unnecessary to drag in either the poverty or the Buffalo, as undoubtedly even the rich man will delight in the scenery and accessibility of Donnabuang, while even the poor man will still miss some of the

ruggedness and sublimity of the Buffalo Plateau.

BEN CAIRN.—Let us presume that the visitor first takes the Ben Cairn track, and goes down the slope of the hill to the right, and thence down into the course of the Don River. This beautiful stream here flows through a forest of sassafras and beeches, the former being distinguishable by their smaller leaves, which give out a delicious fragrance when crushed. Some of the beeches attain a girth of 10 or 12 feet, and a great height. On a bright sunny day, with snow underfoot, this gully is a lovely sight. Later on in the spring the sassafras blossoms, like wild orange blossom, litter the brown soil beneath, and mingle with *Marchantia* and maidenhair fern. Some big gum trees still linger on both slopes of the Don Gully. On the further slope is a particularly fine one. Following up the track, between stunted saplings of gum and wattle, the bullock-track is left where it turns to the left to descend into Millgrove, and the new track to the right is followed, and in a short distance the track turns up to the left, and so to the summit of Ben Cairn. The view thence is exhilarating and superb, but first a brief description of the rock itself.

Ben Cairn was ascended and named by the present Surveyor-General, Mr. Reed, about twenty years ago. It had previously been known to a few of the inhabitants of the Yarra Valley, whence it is plainly visible. Geographically, it is a spur from the main range that is hereabouts very irregular in conformation. The whole hill is doubtless a huge granite "blob," isolated by the flow of an ancient glacier that some thousands of years ago scraped out the Yarra Valley. Evidences of a glacial moraine have been pointed out by Mr. Pantou, the veteran explorer of this region, as being observable at the confluence of the Yithen and

the Yarra, near Warburton. The Ben Cairn Rock is at the summit of this "blob," which, as a whole, is sometimes called Mt. Ewart, after a pioneer settler still resident at its foot. From the point of view of the Healesville tourist, Ben Cairn rock is unique, as being the only granite outcrop of any magnitude yet opened up in the district, though old "bush-whackers" tell of others that are still "way back," and unknown. Consider the size of Melbourne "St. Paul's," both in ground-space and height. This is somewhat of the size of the Ben Cairn rock, as it rises from the surrounding soil. At the rear, it is level with the general mountain-top. Facing Warburton, it has a sheer drop of 80-100 feet. From end to end it is perhaps 50 yards, with two rocks, like two towers, one at each end. The further rock is itself a highly respectable boulder of about 100 tons weight. Between these rocks the surface of Ben Cairn offers a fairly level platform, commanding a most extensive view. Beginning on the right, almost due north, the eye looks across a gully of beech trees, and encounters the rounded top of Mt. Donnabuang, about two miles off. On a clear day the platform recently erected is plainly visible. Following down the slope of this mountain one sees numerous sawmills, and the debris of their former locations, and their fallen trees bestrew the mountain-side. Already there are indications that these mills have a finger in the magnificent forest of beech trees, which adorn the slopes of Mt. Ewart. These trees yield valuable furniture timber, but it is a question whether they should not rather be permanently reserved for their more public scenic utility. Running the eye up and over the middle slope of Mt. Donnabuang, just across the shoulder, lies the little colony of Seventh Day Adventists, whose commercial enterprise has founded a busy village, and incidentally supplies Warburton with free electricity from the surplus power of a turbined

waterfall. Higher still, the eye lights upon the far-away and snow-encrusted line of the Baw Baws, glittering in the sun, as they continue to glitter even into mid-spring. Further to the right successively rise the Strezlecki Ranges and the heights of Neerim and Western Gippsland, the watershed of the Little Yarra, and still continuing along the horizon, and across the inner shoulder of the big boulder, the blue ocean and the dim bay of Western Port looms hazily across a tract of country 40 miles wide as the crow flies. Still looking round, and continuing to the right, tall trees intervene, but between them come glimpses of Mt. Tooleybewong, with "Nyora" clearly and plainly showing, and over the top of that, Lilydale and Yarra Glen, and the outskirts of Healesville itself. Finally the circuit is completed by the summits of Mts. St. Leonards, Riddell, and Juliet, in that order. ,

Returning to the slope of Donnabuang, and following it down with the eye to its base, the township of Warburton is seen straggling along the Yarra. The railway is plainly visible, and about 2 o'clock the train can be seen winding along, and heard laboriously puffing up the inclines. It would be a fine station for a heliograph! Following down the Yarra, one sees successively W. Warburton, and the irregular circle of the Recreation Ground, and then Yarra Junction, where the little Yarra joins its bigger namesake. Behind Warburton is the hill of "Little Joe," and, further back, Mt. Tugwell. "The gold of that land is good," and the eye is roaming at ease over territory once the haunt of thousands of busy diggers. The Baw Baw Track winds in and out amongst the hills beyond Warburton, and will probably be familiar to many who visit Ben Cairn.

Snow lies on Ben Cairn till the end of August, and sometimes well on into September. It may sometimes be found there even in

October. Robed in snowy splendour, and with the sun rising over the Baw Baws on a clear morning, Ben Cairn leaves little for the tourist to desire further, unless it be a chalet and a motor track thereto!

MT. DONNABUANG.—The track to the right running up the hill at the Gap is followed, and after clambering through mountain scrub, gum saplings, hazel and elderberry ash, perhaps laden with snow a foot deep, emerges on a lofty saddle with great granite outcrops under foot, and a magnificent forest of mountain ash, slim and clean and stately, high overhead and covering the mountain sides. Splitters used to camp here and split palings almost as smooth as a planed board, which they conveyed per bullock waggon down the Don Valley, up and over Ben Cairn out-spur, and so to Millgrove. This splitting is now prohibited by the M.M.B.W., but the bullock-track still remains, and serves as part of the Ben Cairn route. Right in the heart of this mountain ash country, the track divides at a huge fallen ash trunk, near a splitter's bench. That to the right is the old track to Ben Cairn, the other, turning smartly to the left, reaches Donnabuang, and still going on, traverses the hills bordering the upper reaches of the Watts and the Acheron, and comes out at the "timber landing" at the summit of the Blacks' Spur. The track, after leaving the old Ben Cairn track, traverses a rather tame extent of country until a down-grade is reached. This descends into a mountain valley, and soon to a saddle which is crowded with dead gumtrees of most fantastic shapes. One of their characteristics is that they put out, unlike most gums, long level branches at a short distance from the ground. Snow covers the tracks about a foot to 18 inches deep here throughout all the winter, sometimes piling up to 2 feet, or even a yard, in drifts and sheltered places. From a point on the dead tree ridge a magnificent outlook

offers itself to a little judicious clearing, and would command a splendid panorama at a very convenient halting-place. Further on, another valley is traversed, and the final ascent begins. As illustrating the difficulty of track-making, it may be related that the winter wind blows down this valley with terrific force, and uproots even the young mountain ashes, piling them across acres of country, so that it is not enough merely to clear a nine-foot track in this section of the route. From the foot of the last ascent the rest of the journey is through dead timber. It is this mass of dead timber which makes Donnabuang so conspicuous a terminus at the head of the Badger Valley, as one looks up from the railway anywhere between Lilydale and Healesville, or from the "Dalry" road, or the hills to the south and west of Healesville. Contrariwise, an outlook here opened up would show these places. However, on attaining the summit of Mt. Donnabuang, the outlook is already sufficiently grand to take away what is left of one's breath. The Baw Baws seem to be nearer than from Ben Cairn (because viewed from a better angle). The Yarra Valley is not so detailed; human interest is not here as paramount, but the expanse of what is almost "undiscovered country" is vastly more prominent. Thoughts come to one at the top of Donnabuang as to what resources lie around here for the future population of Victoria. Donnabuang is a fine place to the top of which to take Ministers, whence they may realise the spirit of the saying of him who sleeps on far Matoppos Hill—"So little done, so much to do." Far and wide below us lie outspread hills and gullies, valleys and plateaus, that must in years to come teem with millions of inhabitants. At present they are vast solitudes, hiding only here and there the houses of pioneers. Below us, in the great panorama viewed from Donnabuang, the Future lies asleep. Afar, the Baw Baws shimmer in the winter sunshine, or are

screened in the mists of heavy weather. Over the tree tops open up the little townships of the Upper Yarra. Away to the north are the almost unexplored recesses of the Watts Valley, and its further watershed. Mt. Arnold and the Yarra Track will doubtless be as familiar to another generation as Donnabuang to us. For the present, we are content to have reached Donnabuang!

Willing tourists, of course, may even now go further. The Messrs, Robarts, of "Nyora," born mountaineers, with Alpine blood in their veins, have been through the Watts Valley. Men employed by the M.M.B.W., the Forest Ranger, and men after cattle, have seen the country around the Acheron, and not a few have ascended Mt. Arnold, and the other peaks. Their tracks may even now be followed by good bushmen, and doubtless will be well-trodden, once the Donnabuang Chalet offers a convenient starting-point. A track of the real bush sort goes on from Donnabuang around the M.M.B.W. boundary, and comes out at length near Marysville, and offers a good day's journey for seasoned pedestrians.

THE "NYORA" AND "CLAVERTON" RESORTS.—It will be remembered that the Don-road, just before reaching Malleson's Look-Out, comes to a branch known as Munro's-road. That road runs up the slope of Mt. Tooleybewong to the highest point of the spur jutting out between the Yarra Valley at "Dalry," and the Don Valley at Malleson's Gully. It is as well to note here the distinction between Malleson's Look-Out, which is at the top of the divide between the Don and Badger Valleys, and Malleson's Gully, which is three miles further on, at the bottom of the descent into the Don Valley. The two similar names frequently confuse those new to the district. This confusion is as nothing, however, compared with that existing not only in the

minds of old residents, but also on the maps of the district, between Mts. Donnabuang and Tooleybewong. This latter name is often given as Tonnebuang, which is confusion worse confounded. However, those who live on the mountain call it Tooleybewong, which is distinct enough from Donnabuang to prevent future confusion. Doubtless the confusion arose because the natives did not distinguish between spurs of the same range.

Visitors to Healesville who purpose ascending Donnabuang or Ben Cairn, may find it expedient to make either "Claverton" or "Nyora" their headquarters for at least a week of their stay. "Claverton" (Mrs. Chapman) is the nearer to the main road, and commands a splendid panoramic view over the Dalry Flats. Healesville, and Yarra Glen, and so on, towards Port Phillip, where, on a clear day, the shipping may be distinguished. "Nyora" (Messrs. Robarts) embraces much the same view, with an outlook upon the Upper Yarra in addition. Both places are within easy distance of most beautiful and extensive fern gullies. A short distance down the hillside from "Claverton," a little mountain torrent traverses a tunnel of ferns that interlaces their fronds for miles, among sassafras, dogwood, hazel, and mountain ash. The interesting King Fern is found here, and rare maiden hair in various forms.

"Nyora," which is the terminus of the coach service, is surrounded by very interesting country, which it is the aim of Messrs. Robarts to preserve intact for future generations. Acres of magnificent mountain ash country, among which gigantic tree ferns spread in profusion, are thus maintained for the visitor, nor are these closed against the casual tourist, who may not intend staying at "Nyora." The Grand Valley Circle, a track running like a garland around the brow of Tooleybewong, begins a few hundred yards beyond the house, and re-

turns along the other side of the spur, traversing about three miles of most enjoyable scenery, both panoramic and near at hand. The Messrs. Robarts are so attentive even to the chance visitor, that a Guide Book is almost superfluous on their property! Moreover, the younger Messrs. Robarts are past masters of mountaineering, and are most entertaining, thoughtful and expert, as anyone enlisting their services as guides to Donnabuang or Ben Cairn will find to his complete enjoyment. Many folks visiting both "Claverton" and "Nyora," in fact, find the scenery near at hand so varied and attractive that they do not visit other parts of Healesville. "Nyora," "Claverton," and Kerrigan's Gullies are so well-preserved from marauding vandals, being on private property, that they open up quite a revelation of fern and forest beauty to those more used to the public resorts of that nature. The sight of gum overlooking gum, and fern succeeding fern far down the fertile mountain-side, with the ribbon-like track winding amongst them, as one stands awestruck at a curve of the hill, fills one with what to most people must be as near rapture as they will ever attain. One particular look-out, constructed by the indefatigable brothers Robarts, which overlooks Launching Place, and another at the turning-point of the Circle, offer prospects that, but for the initial difficulties of attainment, are as good for the majority of people to look at as the more majestic outlooks of Donnabuang and Ben Cairn.

NOTE ON THE "POTENTIALITIES" OF DONNABUANG. — Contemporaneous with the establishment of a Chalet on Donnabuang must come the advent of winter pastimes on its snowy reaches. Clambering over the hardened surface of the snow at the first official visit of Mr. Edgar, M.L.C., the unwary visitor, going off the beaten track, frequently stepped from a convenient fallen tree trunk, and

temporarily "lost the use of his legs," as he found himself up to the waist in a snow-drift. These logs will by next winter have been removed, but the snow will usually lie at least three feet deep permanently through the winter, or, say, at least from June to August. There will probably be found a convenient hollow for an artificial lake to provide a surface of ice.. With snow and ice, tobogganing, skiing, and skating will be among the winter attractions of Donnabuang. In the summer time hunting, fishing, and rambling will provide weeks of amusement. The air up there is keen and rare, and even at mid-summer boiling water itself is not so hot as at places less lofty! Adventurous spirits will find plenty of scope for their exploring propensities, but it is to be hoped that the native game will not be thinned out of their forest sanctuaries, whither the rare lyre-bird, the platypus, and the kangaroo have retreated with many other creatures of the wild, before the advance of an unkindly civilisation.



The Healesville Tourist and Progress Association

The above Association has for its president, Mr. S. H. Bradshaw, the objects of the Association being to open up tracks and improve the means of access to the various beauty spots in the districts, and to give information to visitors in reference to accommodation available. Mr. Andrew (Chemist), Nicholson-street, the secretary, will be pleased to supply any information to enquirers. A Seven-day Trip, costing £3 all told, is offered by the Association, in conjunction with the Victorian Railways. This provides the best of accommodation, and a drive each day to one of the "show places" of the district.

Places of Note

Places of interest to visit in the district, and how far situated:—

	Miles.	
Marysville	23	See Page 23, 42
Narbethong	14	41
Fernshawe	7	51
Malleson's Look-Out . .	7	20, 53
Malleson's Gully	10	54
Condon's Gully	4	48
Meyer's Creek and Falls .	5	47, 64
Mathinna Falls	8	50
Badger River	4	45
Blacks' Spur and Etta's Glen	10	37, 52
Coranderrk Blacks' Sta- tion	3	43
Mount Riddell	2	63
Graceburn Creek	$\frac{1}{4}$	49
Graceburn Weirs	4	50
Watts River	$\frac{1}{4}$	46
Watts Weir	5	66
Mount Juliet (top)	10	51
Buxton	24	25

Church Services



CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Healesville—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Matins; 7.30 p.m., Evensong. Toolangi—3 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Healesville—11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Yarra Glen—3 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Healesville—11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

A service is held at Badger Creek Church every Sunday, at 3 p.m. This church was built in a day by the local residents, and is opposite the Badger State School where services were formerly held.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

1st Sunday of every month, 9 a.m.; 2nd Sunday, 8.30 a.m.; 3rd Sunday, 11 a.m.; 4th Sunday, 8.30 a.m.; 5th Sunday of the month and evening devotions as will be announced.

SALVATION ARMY.

Services held every Saturday night in open air, and Sunday night in Burt's Hall.

