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KENNEDY'S COLONIAL TRAVEL

A NARRATIVE
OF A
FOUR YEARS' TOUR THROUGH
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA, &c.



By DAVID KENNEDY, JUNIOR,

A MEMBER OF THE KENNEDY FAMILY OF SCOTTISH VOCALISTS.

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CHAPTER I.

ARRIVING AT PORT PHILLIP—DESCRIPTION OF MELBOURNE.

ABOUT dawn on a Sunday in June 1872, we sighted Cape Otway, the mountainous promontory of the Victorian coast, after a protracted voyage of ninety-three days from Glasgow, in the clipper ship "Ben Ledi." Our passage, though long, had not been more eventful than commonly befalls the Australian voyager. We caught the usual albatross, and killed the customary shark; had the inevitable glimpse of dreamy Madeira, and crossed the Line with grog and ceremony; had, as a matter of course, a quick run from the Cape of Good Hope, and latterly were doomed to the baffling winds that generally overtake a vessel when within sight of its long-expected destination.

After leaving the timbered ranges of Cape Otway, which loomed sombrely through the morning mists, the land gradually lost its majesty, passing by easy transition from mountain to hill, and from hill to knoll, until near Port Phillip it degenerated into a decidedly pancake coast, flat and uninteresting. Soon we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of the pilot, a dapper, trim-whiskered man, who began his reign of office by ignoring the captain, and anathematising in a gentlemanly manner every block, pulley, and brace within the limits of the ship. With singular foresight, he had brought one newspaper with him, and we doubt if ever that journal was so popular before or since, or that so many persons ever tried to read off one copy as on that occasion. Becoming disgusted with the meagreness of the news, the popular voice turned on the pilot, who seemed to be bursting (as far as it might be thought fit and proper for him to burst) with some weighty communication, and I am happy

to state that twelve well-balanced minds went to rest that night with the sublime consciousness of knowing the name of the horse that won the Derby.

The Heads which form the entrance to Port Phillip Bay are about two miles apart, though when approached from the sea the channel appears much narrower, owing to the points of land considerably overlapping each other. On the western shore stands the neat-looking township of Queenscliff, and principal piloting station of the bay, which we passed in the twilight, just as the great "rip" or inflowing tide swept along with the noise and rush of a distant avalanche, bearing the ship onwards at fully six knots an hour. As the current subsided into a gentle ripple, there came tolling over the water the Sabbath evening bell from the Queenscliff Church, which was answered by the hollow roar of the anchor-chain as we came to our moorings for the night in Port Phillip Bay.

Early next morning, after a ceremonious visit from the health officer, we tacked up the bay against a strong head wind, making very slight progress, and exhausting what little patience we had remaining. As we proceeded towards Melbourne the scenery became more interesting, the eye being delighted with large plantations sloping down to the shore, and dotted with very desirable mansions, the country houses of the great city merchants and the budding aristocracy of Victoria. Half-way up the eastern shore rose a lofty and commanding bluff, clothed with gum-trees to the very summit, and bearing the name of Arthur's Seat, but with no resemblance to its Scottish namesake save in point of height; while to the extreme westward appeared dimly the mountain of You Yangs, which stands near the shores of Corio Bay, and is distant a few miles from the town of Geelong.

Towards evening we arrived near Hobson's Bay, where the pilot again determined to anchor out all night, much to the annoyance of all on board, to whom the twinkling lights on shore had a very tantalizing appearance. Early next morning, we were laboriously making headway against the gale which was still blowing in our teeth. On the right shore appeared the beautiful suburbs of Brighton and St Kilda, the favourite watering-places of the metropolis—a collection of elegant villas, graceful churches, and fine hotels; while at the head of the bay stood Melbourne, its towers and spires showing but dimly through the great cloud of dust that overhung the city. On the left, easily distinguished by its shipping and busy stir, lay

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP THROUGH TASMANIA—HOBART TOWN—THE TALE OF A CONVICT—LAUNCESTON.

WE sailed from Sydney for Tasmania. We were three days on the passage to Hobart Town, for which we paid six guineas a head. The steamboat was full of passengers, most of them going to recruit themselves from the enervating heat of New South Wales, Tasmania being the chief resort of people from the vast neighbouring continent. This lovely island is the favourite sanatorium of the colonies, and in climate and situation stands the same to Australia that the Isle of Wight does to England.

We sighted the shores of Tasmania—passed a grand line of basaltic cliffs washed into quaint pillars by the sea—and in a short time had sighted Hobart Town. Bright green hills, squared into orchards, and fields, and gardens filled with flowers, stretched up on either hand—the city appearing in front of us, surrounded by delicately-swelling ground, and backed by the massive proportions of Mount Wellington, 4166 feet high. On arriving at the wharf we encountered quite a plague of flies, or rather fly-drivers, and were conveyed to the hotel in a kind of two-wheeled omnibus.

Tasmania is a little smaller than Ireland, and has a population of 100,000. The old name of Van Dieman's Land, having an offensive sound, has been changed to Tasmania, in honour of its Dutch discoverer, Tasman—the country, by this act, symbolising the purging away of all unpleasant associations. In 1852 the settlers rose and declared that Tasmania should receive convicts from England no longer, and in due time the system was abolished. Tasmania boasts two cities—Launceston in the extreme north, and Hobart Town in the extreme south. There are really no other towns, the rest of the island lying between these two points being studded by a number of pleasant villages. Hobart Town is the capital, with a population of 20,000, and is prettily situated on the Derwent, just where

CHAPTER XXVII.

CROSSING INTO CANADA—THE CITY OF TORONTO—HAMILTON
—NIAGARA FALLS—AUTUMN IN ONTARIO.

THE Canadian Shore! There, across the broad Detroit River, was the town of Windsor. Our hearts beat with pleasure at seeing once more a portion of the vast British Empire. This splendid river, the boundary-line at this point between the States and Canada, was formerly the terminus of the "Underground Railway," as they called the American society that aided slaves in their escape to the true "soil of freedom," and across the green rolling waters many a dusky fugitive found his trembling way. Even at this present time there are runaways who cross this river into Canada, but they are brazen-faced Yankees with carpet-bags—fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, thieves, embezzlers—men who have lost all principle, if ever they had any—who flee to the seclusion of the "other side" till matters smooth down sufficiently for their return, or who set up a bogus hotel or store in some quiet Canadian town, and one fine day, after victimising the community to the extent of some thousands of dollars, "make tracks" across the border.

Our train, locomotive and all, moved on board a large transfer steamer, the peculiar double-toned whistle of which echoed across the river like two cows bellowing in harmony. We reached the other side amidst a great bustle of carts, screams of ferry-boats, bells, shouts, locomotive-shrieks, and all the commotion that might be expected at this centre of international traffic. The train now started on Canadian soil. The guard, or "conductor," was a Scotsman, and we had a long "crack" with him about the mother-country. The journey to Toronto, 223 miles from Windsor, was exceedingly enjoyable. The country was looking lovely, for some cold weather had recently frosted the trees into the hues of autumn. The woods were tinted with every variety of delicate colour.

By evening we near our goal. Soon we see the moonlight glinting on the waves of Lake Ontario. The conductor comes

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