

SOME GENERAL IMPRESSIONS 7

the water. The scene was more fascinating than Venice at night when approached from the Lido.

The climate, with soft rains in the winter and semi-tropical sultriness in the Australian summer—December, January and February—produces an amiability which makes the Sydney folk as pleasantly contented a community as can be found.

And yet—this struck me as curious—they are not a joyous-looking people. You may have heard of the Australian frown—a puckering of the face, due to the sun glare. Nor in the streets do you mark any blitheness and gaiety of demeanour—no merry, girlish laughter. On a Sunday afternoon the domain breasting the harbour is thronged with people, neatly dressed, decorous, admiring the scene—but solemn. There is no spray of light chatter such as distinguishes the promenaders in London Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon.

Another thing is the physique of the people; and these remarks apply to Melbourne as much as they do to Sydney. The countryman is long, lean, wiry; but the average city man and city woman—quite different from the people in the United States—are rather slim in physique and are not over the medium height.

Then, the courtesy of everybody. Those who have knocked about the world know something of the brusqueness, nearing rudeness, of some democratic communities—rather a straining to make you understand that they are quite as good as you. Politically and socially, there are no more demo-