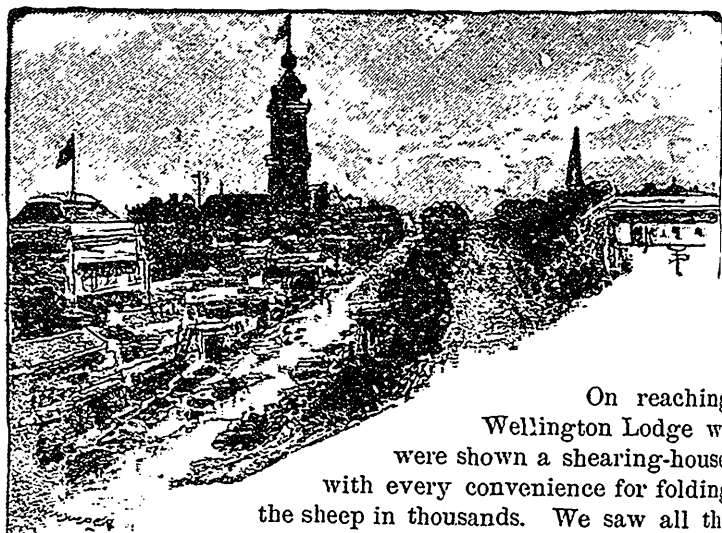


station lodge, eight miles from Wellington. We passed through pretty scenery on our way up the river, and voyaged for some miles between banks fringed with willows, the original cuttings of which had been brought by an old French settler from Napoleon's grave in St. Helena.

At about one o'clock we arrived at the landing-pier, where we found one of the capacious trading-boats, of which we have met many on the river. It is a regular pedlar's store on a large scale, where one might buy dresses of the latest fashion, cloaks and bonnets, besides all sorts of medicines for man and beast, groceries, and stores of every kind. A most useful institution it must be to isolated toilers on the banks of the Murray.



BALLARAT.

On reaching Wellington Lodge we were shown a shearing-house, with every convenience for folding the sheep in thousands. We saw all the processes and modes of packing the wool, of which Mr. Macfarlane is justly proud; for I believe his system has been adopted in almost all the wool-producing countries in the world. Having dined, we returned to the railway, and took up our quarters in a boudoir-car attached to the express train, timed to arrive at Ballarat at six o'clock to-morrow morning.

*Ballarat : Thursday, June 9th.*—After an excellent night in a luxurious sleeping-carriage I was called at seven. A little before eight the Mayor of Ballarat and others were announced, and I had to settle with them the programme for the day whilst the others were making their toilettes. Tom and the doctor had gone by sea in the *Sunbeam* to Melbourne, which they reached