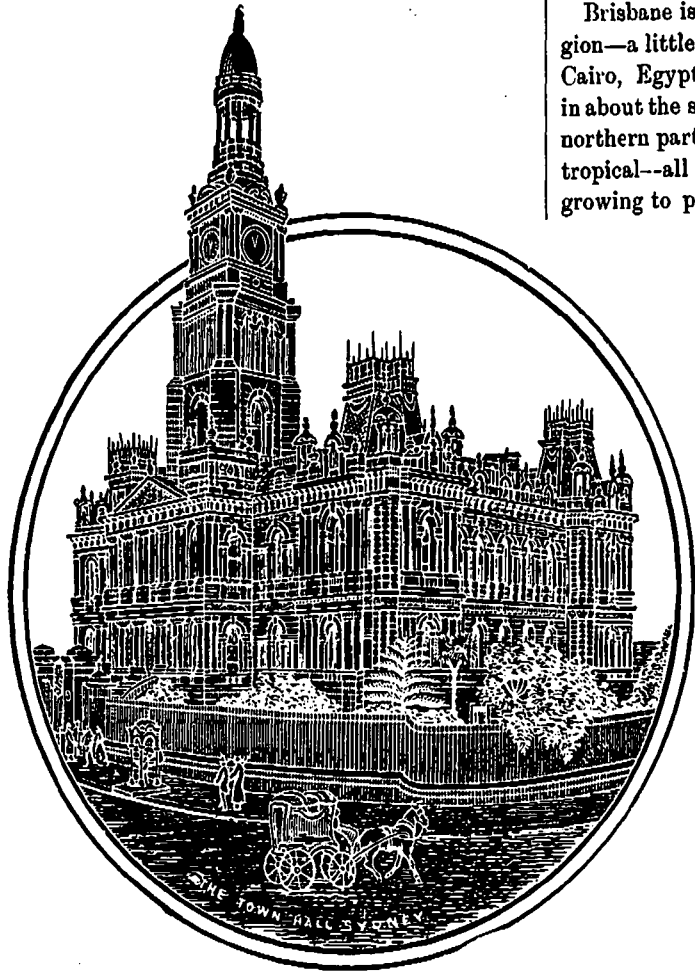


visitor in the capital of New South Wales will be the beautiful Park and Botanical Gardens both of which command charming views of the spacious harbor, dotted here and there with pretty little islands. In the large Botanical Gardens were to be seen trees, shrubs, and plants from all parts of the world most tastefully arranged, the park-like garden being beautified by pieces of statuary artistically placed.

New South Wales is professedly a free trade colony, though in point of fact it certainly is not. Each of the colonies being independent, arranges the matter of tariff according to its own liking.



Victoria, for instance, goes in strongly for protection. That the separate colonies should thus impose duties upon the productions of one entering into another seems highly absurd, and is a great detriment to the progress of Australia. For some time there has been an effort at Confederation, which, however, makes very little progress, though it is to be hoped it may ultimately succeed, or at least that an intercolonial commercial treaty may be agreed upon by them.

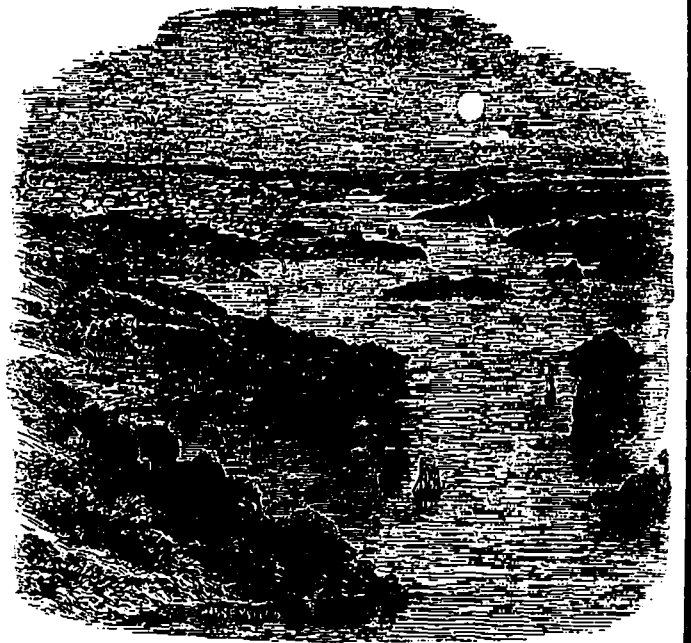
Two days by steamship from Sydney landed us in Brisbane, the capital and leading city of Queensland. The weather being especially fine, the trip was very enjoyable.

As we steamed out of Sydney harbor we were greatly impressed with the magnitude of the shipping interests of this city and colony just celebrating its hundredth birthday. On every hand were magnificent steamships and sailing vessels in great numbers. The harbor, in itself so beautiful, with the great commercial fleet was an inspiring scene. Just outside the bold and rocky entrance we saw large numbers of enormous sharks. Many a man has lost his life by these vicious monsters, which have become almost a plague, and are a constant source of danger to bathers. To go overboard is to be eaten. The coast-line was uninteresting—low and sandy, broken only occasionally by rocky cliffs. In the distance the outline of the mountains was just visible. Doubling Cape More-

ton, by a zigzag course across the bay, necessary to avoid rocks and bars, our ship entered the Brisbane River, when a pleasant ride of an hour up the stream brought us into the city. Along the banks of the pretty river were to be seen some sugar cane, patches of banana trees, and approaching the city, rural residences, the grounds about which were ornamented with palms, bunya trees, and the bamboo with its pretty feather-like boughs.

Brisbane is in the semi-tropical region—a little nearer the equator than Cairo, Egypt, or New Orleans, and in about the same latitude north. The northern part of Queensland is quite tropical—all sorts of tropical fruits growing to perfection. Brisbane is a pretty place, and considering the warm latitude in which it is located, displays a large amount of life and energy, and is in a flourishing condition. The population within a five mile radius was 73,000 by the census of 1886. Like the other principal Australian cities, Brisbane also has its Botanical Gardens, which are more than creditable.

These Australian cities, with their genial climate the year through, can well afford to maintain these beautiful gardens and parks, which are such a boon to the people; and great credit is due them that they have so early taken the matter in hand. Our visit to this charming city was necessarily very brief, and that we might see the interior country, we returned to Sydney by rail—

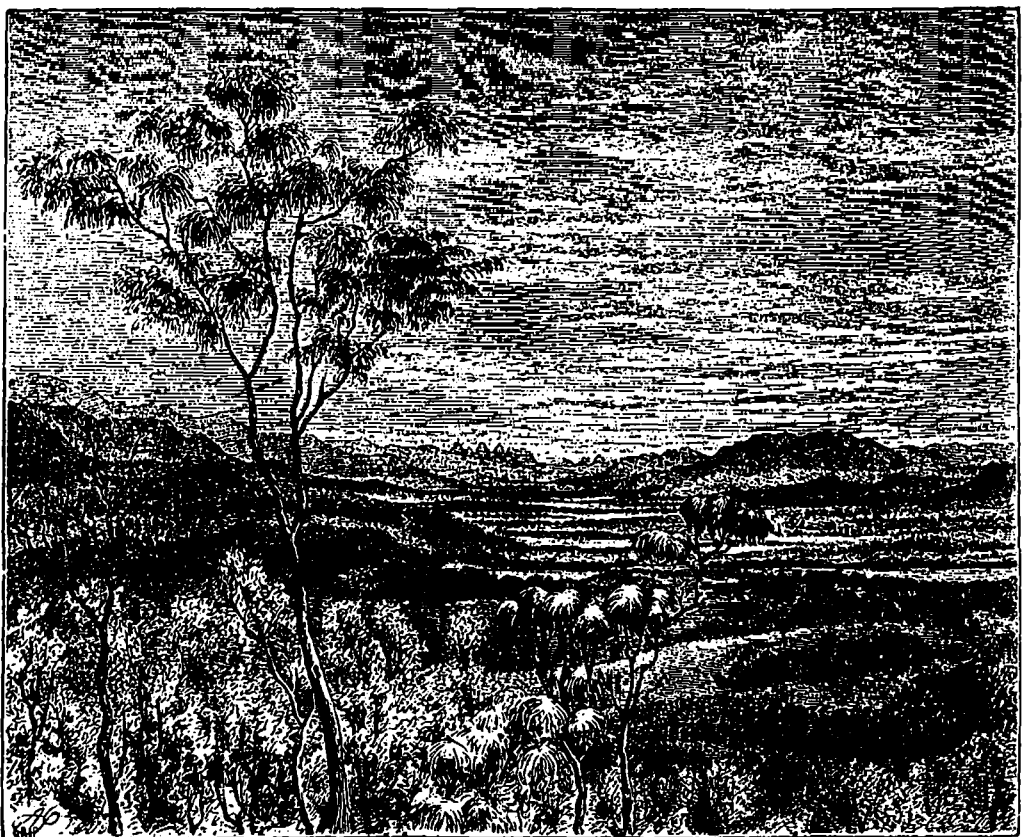


SYDNEY HARBOR (GENERAL VIEW).

726 miles—which, owing to the ill management of the railways and the poor accommodation, is a long and very fatiguing journey.

The railways in Australia are all under the management of the several colonial governments. I was once an advocate of government control over railways, but, from my observations in Australia and diligent inquiry into the success of the plan there, where it has had the fairest possible trial, I am now fully convinced it is neither the best thing for the progress of the country nor for the people, for the government to manage the railways; and further, that a government monopoly is the worst sort of monopoly.

A Colonial train is really a curiosity, there being no uniformity in the style of cars; some are English, some American, some a mixture of the two, while others are "Colonial." One has the advantage of choice, certainly, if the train be not overcrowded, which is generally the case. So great is



VALLEY OF THE BRISBANE.