

THE

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS Tourists Guide.

CONTAINING

accurate and full particulars of all

WATERING PLACES, SCENERIES, SHOOTING,
FISHING AND SPORT, HOTEL ACCOMMODATION, &c. &c.

IN

VICTORIA.

also a new and complete

Railway Map

*showing all the present and
projected lines.*

EDITED BY

JOS. PICKERSGILL.

Melbourne:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SANDS & Mc DOUGALL LIMITED.

1885.



PREFACE.

THE present GUIDE BOOK has been compiled to meet a want long felt by the travelling public of Victoria, and by strangers visiting the colony.

Every place possessing attractions to the traveller or tourist within the colony, has been personally visited.

Nothing has been left undone to make this "GUIDE" complete as to particulars of Scenery of Lake, Valley, and Mountain, Fishing and Shooting localities, Hotel and Hiring accommodation, Railway and other routes, etc.

The most complete Railway Map ever issued in Victoria accompanies the book, on which are shown all the lines at present opened, as also those in course of construction, and the lines authorised in the "*Railway Construction Act*" of last Session.

The Publishers will be glad to receive any suggestions that will enable them to make future editions of the work more perfect.

JOS. PICKERSGILL

EDITOR.

romantic scenery of the mountain region for which we are bound. The road, although a good and safe one, is tortuous and uneven, until sweeping round a curve cut into the hillside, and nearly enclosing a vast amphitheatre of low-lying bush and clearing, we see nestling below the dainty township of Fernshawe, a gem in its setting of dark green, purple, and olive foliage.

FERNSHAWE.

Leaving HEALESVILLE by coach or private conveyance, the tourist will not fail to note the magnificent road passing through the district on which he pursues his journey, a road only equalled, in the colony, by the Colac to Camperdown and the Sale to Rosedale tracks, the next to follow probably being from Myrtleford to Bright.

When the visitor reaches the Corduroy tracks higher up the spur, he will sigh for a return to the smoother travelling on the Fernshawe Road. The scenery *en route* to Fernshawe is most refreshing. Magnificent timber (which will again be eclipsed further on as regards base, girth, height, and straightness), pretty fern nooks, and a gradual but perceptible ascent. In the valleys below the views are delightful, when the atmosphere is charged with sunshine, and the dewy fern-fronds glisten with a thousand tints.

The enthusiastic tourist feels a thrill of new delight on first crossing the clear rippling Watts River, a river so unlike the majority of Australian streams. Fernshawe nestles calmly on the Watts' banks, tiny-looking, green, and just a little disappointing.

The Woods Point Diggings made Fernshawe, but the Watts River sent it up in value one hundred per cent. for ever. It has nothing of the grandeur of the St. Bernard Hospice scene on the Alps of Victoria; it is totally different as to impressions of magnitude from the Red Rock views near the Lakes at Colac; and yet Fernshawe's first impressions are delightful. Within its borders the tourist can haul up trout of English pedigree, and the novelty pleases the angler. To gaze upon drooping ferns, drooping boughs, and pools of water, with scarcely a sign of human life visible, affords relief to despondency. There is a music and a charm in the laughing waters foaming against the pebbly rocks which is peculiarly fascinating.

The two hotels here run on different lines, each possessing its own pleasing specialities. Boyle's would be immense without Jefferson's, and Jefferson's would become an irresistible temptation in the absence of Boyle's.

Once away from Fernshawe in the direction of the Black Spur, all sad thoughts vanish, for this is the land of high ferns and monster timber; and the tourist believes what his guide assures him, that nowhere in the known world is there a forest region that excels it for trees of stately height and gigantic proportions.

Most delightful walks abound around Fernshawe; every possible variety of fern indigenous to Victoria grows here; and picnic parties would never return to mine hosts Boyle and Jefferson, were it not that Fernshawe dampness and fogs, like the fern growths, are natural ordinations.

To return to sport around and in Fernshawe. Of course, trout fishing is the great attraction; it is better to wade the Watts than to fish from the banks, and the live grasshopper is the best bait. There is excellent shooting towards and up on the Spur. During its ascent the visitor is in the country of the "biggest trees in the world"—one tree felled here measured 81 feet in girth, 480 feet in height, with a diameter of 6 feet at over 300 feet from the surface of the ground.

Leaving Fernshawe for MARYSVILLE, the traveller will be in the midst of wondrous and magnificent scenery, from the sunny-topped ferns to the snow-peaked mountain. The tourist will have the TRUGANINNI FALLS at Myrtle Bank pointed out to him. These falls, although not great, are very beautiful, the marvellously rich verdure surrounding them appearing almost to be artificially planted.

At NAR-BE-THONG, a favorite place of summer resort, the tourist will meet with a cosy resting-place and good hotel accommodation, quietness beyond belief, and a clear bright stream known as Fisher's Creek quite handy, in which trout are now laid. There is a glorious covered-in bath in which a swim can be had in bright mountain water, and Nar-be-thong promises to increase in attraction every season.

MARYSVILLE.

Some sixteen miles from Fernshawe, sleeping in a valley, Marysville looks very much the same Marysville so familiar

 MARYSVILLE.

Keppel's Australian Hotel.

M. J. KEPPEL, Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED over twenty years, and for that period the favorite home of all Tourists, Families, Visitors, &c.

Near all the beautiful sceneries, such as Stephenson Falls, the magnificent Black Spur scenes, and the heart of all the splendid mountainous district leading to Alexandra, Wood's Point, &c.

Patronised by all the distinguished visitors to Victoria.

THE BEST OF WINES, CUISINE, &c.

The grand mountain water Swimming Bath, Fishing, Shooting, Sketching.

BUGGIES AND HORSES ALWAYS ON HIRE.

Depot of Cobb and Co.'s Coaches.

M. J. KEPPEL, PROPRIETOR.

to the Wood's Point pack-horse parties of twenty years' ago. The first impression made upon the tourist's mind is, which is Marysville? Is it Keppel's Hotel, or the police quarters near the river, a little lower down the street? All visitors enjoy a few days' residence at Keppel's famed hostelrie, and no wonder. The exquisite freshness of the mountain air of Marysville strikes the visitor with a peculiar sensation of delight, refreshing and soothing after the bits of corduroy coaching, with their accompaniments of vigorous interjections.

At host Keppel's the visitor refreshes in many ways. The delightful views across the River Steavenson, and up the mountains beyond, the mammoth covered-in bath in which a swim can be obtained in mountain water, and an excellent library in the parlor, all tend to make a visit here memorable.

The visitors' book at Keppel's is a book of rare interest, as a sample of the mental effects that good meals and mountain air can produce, upon men and women held to be respectably brought up, and free from all suspicion of insanity.

Opposite Keppel's, near the school-house, the visitor crosses the gurgling brook, and pursues a well-made bush-track, past wildflower, and fern, lovely shaded lightwood patches, blue-bells, and lizards. The murmuring waters are laughing in the gully to the left of the track, and sweet scenes are everywhere, tall stately ferns abound, the cheeks are aglow with health, fanned by the intoxication of crisp mountain air, the laugh, the snatch of song, or exuberant cooey. The first impressions of Steavenson's Falls are lasting, because they are sensitive. Tier on tier, away up the mountain side, the waters alternately leap and rest in pools, then plunge again in foamy freshness, and after a final leap of over seventy feet into fern basins are lost to sight in a fringe of the purely Australian vegetation so familiar to all tourists. The tourist will find a charming view from the first corner near the Falls on his homeward track, and he can spend a delightful time in fanciful calculations of the exact height of the Falls. Five hundred feet appears to approach the nearest calculation, to be made only by practical ascent of the three sections which constitute Steavenson Falls.

Some excellent scenery is to be met with on the lands above the Falls, accompanied by good shooting, and the shrill whistle of the dainty lyre-bird can be heard in these gullies con-

tinuously, heralding a sight of the gayest and handsomest bird in the Australias.

Excellent walks occur from Marysville, Robley Spur being a plucky climb, and Mount Grant looms up beyond, inviting the stout-hearted pedestrian to try his form and lungs, rewarding him on its summit with views of hill and valley of great beauty, wildness and mountain fascination.

Mount Arnold, on the Matlock and Woods Point track from here is a favourite spot for a day or two's sporting-camp, generally rewarding the visitor with a few brace of Wonga Wonga pigeons, the most delicate of all game birds in the colony.

Mount Bismarck frowns from above, square and grimly, upon Marysville. The Cathedral dome looms up over the Goulburn Valley, reminding one of the "Remarkables" at the head of the blue lake Wakatipu, in New Zealand, and Tommy's Bend must be visited from Keppel's to be understood.

Tommy's Bend is a short journey from Keppel's, and a spot thought by many to be more fascinating than the "star" Falls.

There is a wildness of scenery around and in this spot perfectly bewildering to gaze upon. It is as if Nature herself had run riot in planting in this one beautiful spot all specimens of her mountain growths of sassafras, intermingled with clumps of delicately greened lightwood and dewy-fronded ferns. Beeches of rare novelty abound around the Bend—quaint-looking, moss-covered specimens uncommon to Australian eyes—and while the eye is enchanted with the scene around, the lungs drink in the purest bracing air, 3,000 feet above sea-level, and never tainted save by a teamster's camp-fire.

The return journey to the hotel can be enlivened with black fishing, and a trout is not an uncommon catch. Some years ago Mr. Keppel deposited trout in the river from the Acclimatization Society of Victoria, and they have thriven heartily.

Mr. Keppel furnishes saddle-horses, buggies, etc., and drives can be accomplished from here to Alexandra, Mansfield, Woods Point, and across to the north eastern country.

One very pretty drive of seven miles on the Woods Point Road is to the Bellell River, ere it loses itself in the Yarra Yarra, similarly as the Stevenson River mingles with the

Goulbourn and Murray, being, as it is, the last stream that assists in swelling up the big rivers so familiar to Australian ears.

MELBOURNE TO ECHUCA.

The main northern line of railway from Melbourne to Echuca passes through a most important part of the colony, rich in respect of mining and agricultural pursuits. Starting our journey at the Spencer Street station, we soon leave Melbourne and its suburbs behind us; we pass over the widely-spreading stretch of agricultural and grassland known as the Keilor Plains, celebrated for the shooting and coursing they afford, and on through

DIGGER'S REST,

A famous place in the early days, as its name imports, but now having a scattered population of small settlers. There are, however, some fine vineyards under cultivation, and Jackson's Creek or Macedon River is a favorite sketching-ground for artists, as well as a place of resort for votaries of the gun and rod. A reformatory stands on a hill close by, but nearer to

SUNBURY,

Which is three and a half miles further on, or twenty-three and three-quarter miles from Melbourne. The country here is elevated and interspersed with beautiful flats; the scenery, especially near the creek (Jackson's) is very romantic and picturesque, and is greatly admired by tourists; and a favorite place of resort for picnic parties and excursionists. Large and flourishing vineyards, which produce the choicest grapes, are to be seen on every hand, especially on the slopes of the volcanic hills Mount Holden (or Lyon) and Bald Hill, each one and a half miles distant.

A very considerable portion of the land in this district belongs to the Hon. Sir W. J. Clarke, Bart., one of our Australian millionaires, who has by his liberality and sound judgment made the whole estate what may fairly be termed a model farming district. The proprietor has erected a palatial residence (Rupertswood) with suitable ornamental