

are the public gardens, or Reserves, as they are named, affording green walks and shady retreats, and mainly assisting to bring much of the health, and some of the pleasures, to those whose business may keep them in town.

Such is this truly wondrous place—a city which has risen to its present proud position as if by magic; but it is only another evidence of the energy and perseverance of the English race.

While in Victoria, I had opportunities of seeing much of interest, and to join in many pleasant excursions in the suburbs; amongst others was a trip by rail to Ballarat. On leaving the Spencer Street Railway Station, after a run of somewhat over 100 miles, the destination was reached, which since the gold fever of 1853 has been metamorphosed from a few canvas tents to an extensive and beautiful city. From the discovery of the riches of Golden Point—the first opening of those famous “jewellers’ shops”—the progress of Ballarat has been steadily onward.

At the present time there are about one hundred and twenty streets, some of them containing handsome buildings; there are forty or fifty schools full of scholars; hospitals, asylums, a town-hall, and police-courts; several banks, mechanics’ institute, two or three theatres, gasworks, foundries, machine-works, flour-mills; and a fine commodious market has been built; reserves, and an