

them was about eighty miles in length, and for the whole distance there were not more than five or six miles of level, and those are chiefly due to the planning of the engineers. The road is constantly ascending or descending, and on every side, as far as the view extends, is a succession of mountain ridges, their summits rising in detached peaks, and their declivities terminating in narrow and deep gorges. Their sides are sometimes clothed with a scanty growth of dark evergreens, but in very many places presented only bare and rugged masses of brown sandstone rock. The whole scene for the first forty miles, is wild, dismal, and monotonous beyond description. In the latter part of the route through the mountains, the scenery begins to improve, and finally becomes very striking, the sandstone being succeeded by trap and granite. The descent of Mount Victoria is celebrated for its beauty throughout the colony. This road was laid out by Major Mitchell, the Surveyor-General of the colony, and by him the mountain was named. The descent of this mountain is more than a mile in length, and in some parts is inclined at an angle of five degrees. The road is cut in the solid rock, it is hard, smooth, and accurately graduated, and notwithstanding its great angle of declivity, heavily laden teams ascend with less difficulty than would be supposed. At the foot, the road is carried along a high embankment or viaduct, which has been thrown across a deep chasm, and the river flowing on either side is fine. On the left is a wide deep gorge, encircled by high and naked precipices topped with the sombre hue of the gum trees; on the right, an open valley, with a rivulet winding through it, sloping gently towards the northeast, gives a totally different current to the feelings. Governor Macquarie has named this the Vale of Clwyd, after a similar scene in Wales.

A little beyond this descent is the Weatherboard Inn, the land about which is, according to Major Mitchell, the only spot among the mountains fit for cultivation. He mentions, in order to show the difficulties the surveyors had to encounter, that one of them, a Mr. Dixon, penetrated the valley of the Grose, which, until then, had not been visited, where he was lost for four days, having been bewildered by the intricate character of the valleys; and when he finally emerged from them, he, in his official letter, "thanked God he had found his way out of them."

Shortly after leaving the inn, two small rivulets are passed, pursuing opposite directions. One of them falls into Cox's river, a branch of the Hawkesbury; the other, the Fish river, discharges into the Macquarie. Not far distant is Mount Lambie, the last and highest eminence of the range, from whose summit the lighthouse of Port Jackson is visible, at a distance of sixty miles. The road passes within a few