

# The Charms of Dunedin.

By "ROINA."



**APPROACHED** from the East Coast by a channel passing between the greenest of hills, the Southern city gives a most pleasing impression. Dunedin is the place of soft rains and mists. This abundance of moisture probably accounts for the extreme verdancy of the surrounding hills. Most of them are cleared and under cultivation, which thus imparts a tamer aspect to the approach of Dunedin, as compared with its Northern rivals. The channel through which the vessel steams from Port Chalmers is quietly beautiful. We travel slowly, for the channel is not yet very deep, although, thanks to strenuous exertions and unwearied labour, navigation becomes, each year, easier.

Fairly round the bend, Dunedin appears—a green-walled city. The business portion is built on the comparatively small area of level land, of which the greater part is due to reclamation, still in progress. By a road built through the water, the upper portion of the harbour, known as Loch Lomond, is shut off. From this part one sees, running right round the near circle of hills, a belt of native bush. The authorities of the town deserve warm congratulation for preserving nature within five minutes walk of city life. Indeed, one cannot speak too highly of the value of this lung of Dunedin. It is a surprise to Northern eyes to see native bush valued as it should be. Not only is the growth left in its wild state, but to enhance its value, well-made roads run through every part of the bush, and many are the charming walks through it, the ferns and shrubs being under pro-

tection. From "The Drive" an excellent carriage road, in winter white and hard with frost, in spring gay with blossoming sides, may be seen an excellent view of the harbour, with the opposite hills round Broad Bay. Towards evening the effects on these are beautiful. Soft, hazy blue tones contrast with the water, thrown into deep, grey shadows, and, in the open, reflecting the brighter sun tints. Out to the South is the wide sweep of ocean, and between is the level isthmus that looks so low that one expects the Ocean Beach waves to break across to join the harbour waters. Undoubtedly, Dunedin is a pretty town; and its surroundings are all the more charming that they are so near and so easily accessible. Glance, for instance, at the Northern Cemetery. One does not expect such a place to be denoted as a beauty spot. The road leading to it runs along the hillside, bordered with bush. The latter is not imposing, is by no means forest growth, but it is bush, scrubby, if you will, but still native New Zealand bush. The road is damp with the damp of the side growth; and in its twists and turns one feels a freedom strange when so close to a city. In the graveyard one runs full tilt upon a monument reared to the memory of those who perished, in Northern seas, in the wreck of the Wairarapa. After this reminder of civilization, we look down on the green, weed-covered waters of Loch Lomond, and past them, o'er the blue harbour to the wild Ocean Beach. When so well kept, and so prettily approached, even so mournful a place as a cemetery has a distinct charm. Leaving it, we