

**AN AUSTRALIAN RIP VAN  
WINKLE, AND OTHER PIECES;  
BEING A SKETCH-BOOK AFTER  
THE STYLE OF WASHINGTON  
IRVING**

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An Australian Rip Van Winkle, and other pieces; being a sketch-book after the style of Washington Irving by William Hay

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**WILLIAM HAY**

**AN AUSTRALIAN RIP VAN  
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BEING A SKETCH-BOOK AFTER  
THE STYLE OF  
WASHINGTON IRVING**



AN AUSTRALIAN  
RIP VAN WINKLE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

## THE ESCAPE OF SIR WILLIAM HEANS (AND THE MYSTERY OF MR. DAUNT)

A ROMANCE OF TASMANIA IN 1840

SELECTIONS FROM NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

**THE ATHENÆUM.**—"The scene of the story is Hobart, Tasmania; the time between 1830 and 1840 . . . and the plot—how Sir William Heans, an English gentleman, transported for a crime against society, finds his captivity insupportable, and makes three attempts to escape, of which the third is successful. But this simple plot is only the stem pushing up painfully into the forbidden light; from it there grow many dark, intricate branches and ashy fruits; the half-blind little girl, Abelia, clings to it smothering and pale like a clematis, and always wandering near is the old native woman, Gonapanny, with her hidden bracelet of black hair. . . ."

"All is bathed in the unendurable half-light and flicker that comes before a storm: great puffs of wind blow through the book, the sea arises, tossing and shaking—and the storm never breaks. . . . So, when Sir William finally escapes, his ordeal and his sufferings in the bush seem quite simple and endurable. We almost lose sight of him before he reaches the bay, where the little broken-down ship sails in at last to rescue him. . . ."

"It was a moment therefore of intense relief when the ship jibed about and moved imperceptibly away on the south-eastern tack. Slowly the sound of the waterfall softened, and slowly the great walls dimmed over the silent pool and slowly they sank under the wings and pinnacles of the forests, while those with their thousand shouldering sentinels slowly—very slowly—softened in the smoke of morning."

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This is a book apart; the author has surely made his corner in fiction."

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AN AUSTRALIAN<sup>11)</sup>  
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INGTON IRVING · *By* WILLIAM HAY  
*Author of "Captain Quading," "The Escape of Sir William Heans,"*  
*etc.*



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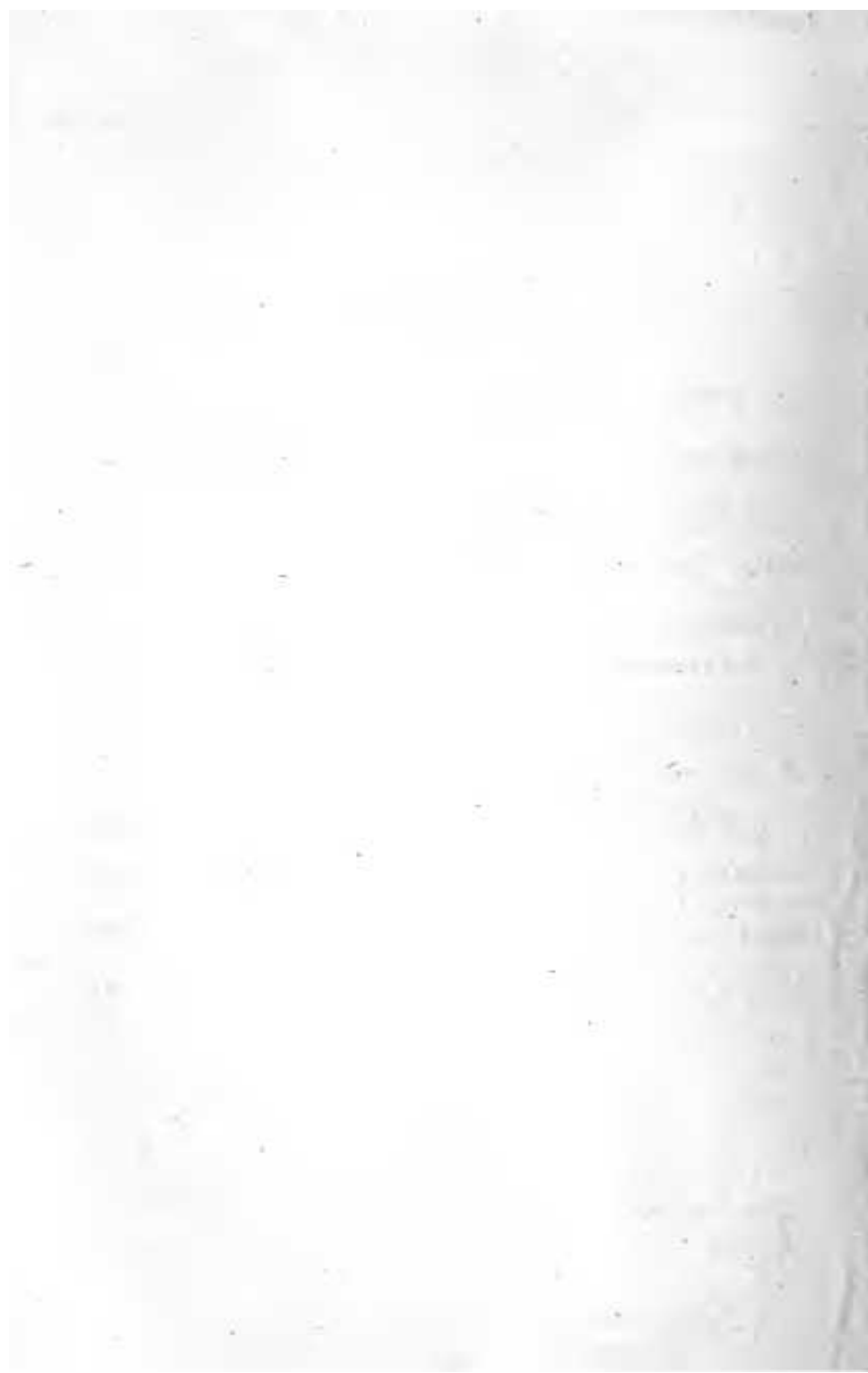
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## AN AUSTRALIAN RIP VAN WINKLE

**I**N some states of Australia—especially in the South—there are those curious survivals to be seen as you thread the wild ranges in motor or coach—the roads that lead nowhere. Many will recognize the phenomenon indicated. There used to be scores of them threading the hills and flats that rise immediately over Encounter Bay. And it is the same to-day ; as you flash along the fine valley causeways, you see winding up into the uninhabited bush-land on either side, these tracks of white sand, just wide enough to take a vehicle, and choosing one, you can sometimes trace it with the eye before you are away—ribboning for miles over the silent piney ranges.

Of course those neat little roads leading so persistently where by all human conjecture there is *nothing*, and never was anything, of permanent consequence (appearing so startlingly in the boundless scrub like a path in an enchanted shrubbery) have quite a steady romantic interest for youth, and a certain family of children which this story concerned, who sometimes took their pleasure on these high flats over the sea, would often turn their cobby little horses into some specially inviting road to *nowhere*, only to find it breaking off into lesser new ones, or threading unalteringly into the unknown, beyond their courage or the daylight.

The charm of these roads may be painted in a paragraph. The soil of the uplands is almost entirely whitish sand, and as bush-fires are not infrequent, there is hardly any