



## Written Interpretations

*Of Mt Wellington '...being visible at almost every station was very serviceable in connecting the different parts of the bay and river together.'*

Matthew Flinders, 1798

*'At length, crossing a little cove on our left, appeared the white houses of Hobarton, covering a sloping hill under a huge, black table mountain. It was picturesque beyond measure.'*

Free settler, 1820s

*'Had a fine north view of Mount Wellington at Hobarton, the sight of which occasioned an emotion more easily to be conceived than described...'*

George Augustus Robinson, 1831

*'Who can look upon that magnificent mountain which towers above our city, without feeling a pleasing gratitude for the gift of being rendered capable of perceiving the intellectual and glorious delights of the sublime and the beautiful?'*

A.J. Bicheno, date unknown

*'Late in the evening we anchored in the snug cove, on the shores of which stands the capital of Tasmania. The first aspect of the place was very inferior to that of Sydney; the latter might be called a city, this only a town. It stands at the base of Mount Wellington, a mountain 3100 feet high, but of little picturesque beauty: from this source, however, it receives a good supply of water.'*

Charles Darwin, 1839

*'Tiers of hills rose one above the other in grand confusion, until they culminated in the towering height of Mount Wellington, keeping guard in majestic silence over the lonely little city that encircled its base.'*

Jessie Couvreur aka 'Tasma', 1891

*“...but suddenly Mount Wellington, massive and noble like his brother Etna, literally heaves in sight, sternly guarded on either hand by Mounts Nelson and Rumney; presently we arrive at Sullivan’s Cove – Hobart!... Back of the town rise highlands that are clothed in woodland loveliness, and over the way is that noble mountain, Wellington, a stately bulk, a most majestic pile.’*

Mark Twain, 1897

*‘When I think of growing up in Hobart, two images spring to mind: the mountain at the top of the street; ships at the bottom of the road. The mountain wasn’t always there, of course; there were days when it disappeared, when it was covered with mist, and a white blank filled the top of the street where the mountain should have been. And of course there were days when there were no ships at the bottom of the road. But these were the exceptions and for me Hobart remains framed between the mountain and the sea.’*

Vivian Smith, 1989

*‘Each Hobart day begins with the sun lighting the mountain from its eastern dawning, a sight sometimes most wondrous with only the tip of the mountain at first glowing red while all beneath remains beholden to the cold dark blue of night. As the sun rises, its light slowly climbs down the mountain to awaken Hobart. In different seasons the mountain presents itself anew: sometimes a huge, almost overwhelming massif, so brightly lit as to astonish even those who have lived in the town below all their life. I know a man who once drove off Davey Street onto the pavement, fortunately without injury to himself or others, so taken was he with the extraordinary sight of the mountain looming in front of him, as if it had suddenly leapt forward and was embracing the town. At other times clouds appear, sometimes only a garland below the Organ Pipes, at other times enshrouding the mountain so completely it disappears from all sight: then the swirling clouds lift, fall, hover, and as a hundred thousand woodheaters are loaded with logs, the mountain is closely consulted for sings of the workings of the natural world: to foretell fire or snow, good weather or ill.’*

Richard Flanagan, 1996

*‘It begins to create, quite early, this sense of Tasmanian patriotism, that is, the love of the landscape. So Mount Wellington plays an extremely important part in that...it has been part of Tasmanian life for so long;...this sense of belonging to the place amongst white Tasmanians, amongst the colonists and their descendents... The sense of Mount Wellington being important and beautiful goes back a long, long way, and is very deep in the history of settlement of Europeans in Tasmania.’*

Henry Reynolds, 2001

*'...The mountain being such a dominant part of the skyline, tends to draw people into its foothills, its environment, its clutches almost. It has a particular atmosphere.'*

Ted Cornish, 2001

*'It is a sight that is to some, deeply familiar; to some, new and strange; to some, striking; to some ordinary; and to some, ominous. It is a celebrated, disputed, managed, remembered and photographed mountain.'*

Emily Stoddart, 2004

**Sourced from:**

- *On the Mountain*, Dombrovskis, Flanagan, Kirkpatrick, 1996
- *From Along these Lines – from Trowenna to Tasmania*, at least two centuries of peripatetic perspectives in poetry and prose, edited by C.A. Cranston, 2000
- *Thylacine, The tragic tale of the Tasmanian Tiger*, David Owen, 2003
- *the mountain...a people's perspective*, Emily Stoddart, 2004