

WEST COAST



LOCH MILLIE
GEORGE S.

SOUNDS
OF

NEW ZEALAND

Illustrated by

R. Haweridge.

J. Wilkie & Co. Dunedin, N.Z.

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THE WEST
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Described by
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NEW ZEALAND:
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DUNEDIN.



TAIAROA HEADS (OTAGO)

West Coast
SOUNDS
OF
NEW ZEALAND.

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of ealm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

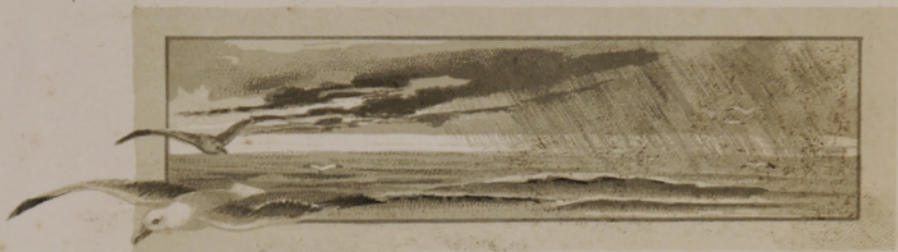
—ALTON.

Having embarked on the beautifully appointed "Tarawera," steamed out from Port Chalmers, passed Taiaroa Heads, and rounded the southern end of the South Island, we find ourselves,



Plyseur
Point P.Z.





GULLS

after a short voyage, about to make acquaintance with the far-famed West Coast Sounds of New Zealand; and, as our ship glides slowly into the gateway of Preservation Inlet, under the shadows of the great mountains, Milton's lines, above quoted, are forcibly brought to mind. There, among these sounds, all is peaceful and calm, much as it was when that intrepid explorer, Captain Cook, long before the dawning of the steamship era, first sailed into them. Preservation Inlet, with "its islands and islands here seen glittering and shimmering in youngest and freshest-looking verdure, with never a leafless branch or branchless stem," makes a vivid first impression which is not likely to be blotted out



CUTTLE COVE
(PRESERVATION INLET)




Across The SANDFLIES.

while memory lasts. On either hand the mountains tower aloft, while, beneath us, are the ealm, unfathomable waters, and, over all, a brooding solitude that is a strange and pleasant change after city toil or sight-seeing. Islands and mountains seem to pass us by as we steam slowly on. There is Forgotten Peak, 3,682 feet high; yonder Needle Peak, over 4,000 feet; and a host of others, seeming to rise sheer from the water's edge. Long Sound follows, and then we find a safe and calm anchorage for the night in Cuttle Cove, a pleasant concert by passengers and crew making the hours fly quickly till bedtime. The Union Company has thoughtfully provided a quartette of trained singers, and a clever pianist, whose services are fully availed of in the evening. Thus passes away the first day in the West Coast Sounds.



CREEK

PRESERVATION INLET.



On the morrow the ship's boats are brought into requisition, and fishing, sketching, exploring, and picnicking parties are the order of the day. The Sound teems with fish, and patience here is not a necessary virtue in the Angler. On shore, the Botanist, the Geologist, and the Mineralogist find themselves transported to a wonderland of specimens. In the evening, when we are all together again, there is an impromptu concert, and, after that, we "trip the light fantastic toe" till midnight.

Next day we find ourselves in the historic waters of Dusky Sound. Here it was that Captain Cook landed on his first voyage round the world in 1773. It is the largest of the Sounds, being of considerable breadth, and twenty-two miles in length. We steam slowly up the Sound, past



HEAD OF
OCC JACKET ARN
of (Disky S)

numerous islands, and at the foot of great mountains, amid ever-changing scenes. At length, having drunk our fill of the wonderful scenery, we return down the Sound, and pass out through Acheron Passage, between Resolution Island and the mainland, to find an anchorage for the night in Wet Jacket Arm. Here, after dinner, we have another entertainment, and all goes "merru as a marriage bell."



ENTRANCE OF DAGG'S SOUND
(FROM THE OCEAN)

Early on Sunday morning we up anchor and leave for Doubtful Sound and Smith Sound. Doubtful Sound, with its many-winding arms and varied scenery, proves wonderfully attractive. Smith's Sound is simply a continuation of Doubtful Sound, and at its head stretch away Hall's Arm and Deep Cove,

beyond which, among the
mountain fastnesses, leads
the pass over to Manapouri,

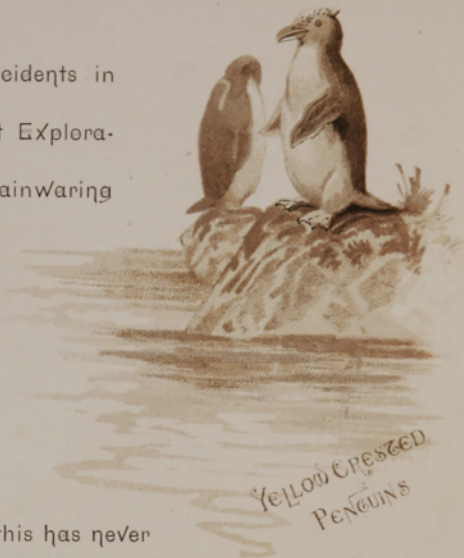


BALL'S ARM. DOUBTFUL SOUND

discovered by the writer some
few years ago. It was here,
among the mountain tops
near the summit of
the Pass, that

one of the most tragic incidents in connection with West Coast Exploration—the loss of Professor Mainwaring Brown, of the Otago University—occurred. He wandered forth one day in December, 1888, from his companions in the tent, and from that day to this has never

been seen or heard of, though every effort was made to trace him, both by his companions, by Messrs. Mitchell, Barber, and Murrell, and subsequently by the "Otago Daily Times" Search Expedition. He must either have met with some accident or lost his way among the mountains and perished in a terrible snow storm which came on shortly after his leaving the camp. A small cairn and a rude wooden cross now mark the spot where he was last seen, and higher up, some-



YELLOW-CRESTED
PENGUINS



LOOKING TOWARDS MANAPOUHI
-HILL'S ARM
(DUNEDIN)

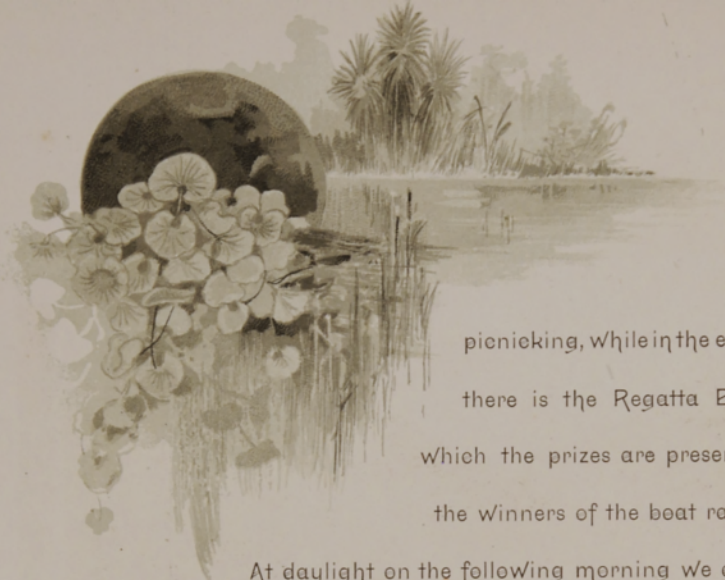
where among the snow-capped mountain tops, near the beautiful lakelet which bears his name, he has no doubt found a last resting place amid the wild and wonderful scenery of that unexplored region—in Summer, musical with a score of rippling brooks and noisy waterfalls, and beautiful with all that is lovely in Alpine flora; in Winter, more exquisite still under a pall of virgin snow with all the streams held silent in the cold, icy grip of King Frost.

But we only get a distant glimpse of these mountain tops, and our good ship "Tarawera" steams on amid the ever-changing scenes. We pass through Thompson Sound and along the coast to George Sound, where the "Tarawera" Regatta is held. Specially-built boats are provided for a Ladies' Race, which generally proves to be an interesting and exciting event. The Regatta is held in the morning, leaving the afternoon free for





THE ANCHORAGE, (FROM THE WATERFALL)
GEORGE S.



picnicking, while in the evening
there is the Regatta Ball, at
which the prizes are presented to
the winners of the boat races.

At daylight on the following morning we are out of the Sound and steaming merrily along the coast line, en route for Milford Sound. The wonders of Milford Sound have been dinned into our ears since the commencement of the trip. After all we have seen, we can scarcely believe that there is anything grander in store for us, but, as someone has fittingly remarked, "the end crowns the work." As we near the Sound all is expectancy. Soon we are steaming slowly through the entrance, where the grim sentinel rocks keep guard on either hand, looking



LAKE ALICE
George S.




CLEMATIS.

as rugged and grand as they no doubt did at some period thousands and thousands of years back when the great subsidence which formed these deep sounds took place. Milford is smaller than most of the other Sounds, being only nine miles long and narrowing down at one point to about five hundred yards in width. Yet within this comparatively small compass, and at the head of the Sound, there is more variety and grandeur of scenery than is to be met with in so small an area in any other part of the world. The scenery of Milford Sound is grand under almost any circumstances, but it is perhaps in the Summer or Autumn, after heavy rain, that it is seen to greatest advantage. The mists begin to rise gradually, giving us a better view of the

THE MILFORD SOUND



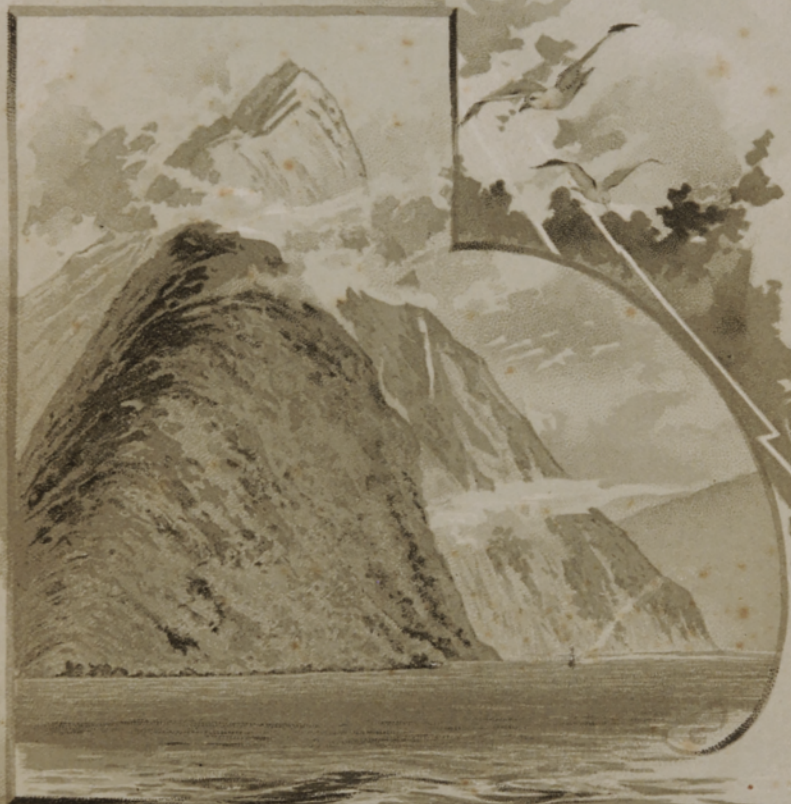


precipitous mountains
that flank the Sound.
Anon they wreath themselves about the heights, completely obliterating the gaunt precipices, or occasionally rending themselves asunder to reveal the snow-capped towers that feed a hundred waterfalls. Thin white

STIRLING
FALLS.

falls, like mere threads of silver in the distance, come streaming down here and there, while others of larger size, brought into sudden life by the copious rains and the melting snows, rush down over precipices two and three thousand feet high. Many of these, however, are not perpetual falls, and vanish after a few weeks' fine weather. Once we are fairly past the entrance the steam whistle is sounded—a wild, weird shriek at first, but we listen

Mitre Peak.
MILFORD S.



expectantly awhile, and then, from far up the mountain side, there comes a splendid echo, clear and loud, while immediately afterwards other hills take up the sound and carry it on and on, steep calling to steep, and glen to glen, till echo mingles with echo, and at last the music dies melodiously far up on the shoulders of the distant mountain heights. Slowly our vessel—a puny thing compared with the vastness around us—glides up the Sound, new wonders revealing themselves on every hand, and all the while the capricious mists are playing fantastic freaks on the snow summits.

There is the “ghost of a cloud,” of which Ruskin writes, sailing by yonder clump of trees, “not stealing by them but haunting them, wreathing around them; now falling in fair wave line like a woman’s veil; now fading, now gone, till some strong



enchanter charms it into fond returning, or binds it fast within



Mt. PEMBROKE
Harrison Code.

the bars of bough." Higher up, the mists form and reform, revealing some jagged crag or snow-clad slope gleaming in the morning light. On the left is the Stirling Fall, 500 feet high, then the noble form of "the Lion" comes into view, and beyond that again we catch a glimpse of Pembroke Peak, 6,710 feet high, with a fine glacier coming down almost from its summit. Ahead, on the starboard side, is the strangely-shaped Mitre Peak, 5,560 feet above us; and still farther ahead, on the left, the great foaming Bowen Fall shoots over a cliff into a basin scooped out of the solid rock, from which it issues again in graceful curve, making one long leap to the rocks at the head of the Sound. We are in the land of the waterfall—of the "mountain and the flood." On either side foaming torrents come down the steep slopes—not the little meandering streams from the



Toi-Toi



The Arthur River.



Milford Sound.



"haunts of coot and heron"—
but strong and lusty, springing
from the icy heights above the
alpine flowers, and leaping out
with a mad plunge over the bleak
black rocks, through ravines and over
huge boulders, on past the eidelweiss
and the more beautiful ranunculus, then
clothing the stones with rare ferns and
mosses, till, lower down, they lave the
beech-tree roots, and, singing softer music,
disappear into the quiet deep waters of
the great Sound. At last we find ourselves at
the anchorage at the head of the Sound; and as the steamer
remains here two days, the more adventurous of the excursionists
have ample time to proceed up the valley of the Arthur
River to the great Sutherland Falls, which, nearly 2,000 feet high,
with other falls and rapids above this, may justly be reckoned the





WATSON RAPIDS
(ARTHUR RIVER)

highest waterfall in the world. The scenery along the route is wonderfully beautiful. The river winds down the valley, here in a series of foaming rapids, there in quiet reaches, amid a wealth of virgin forest, while on either hand the giant mountains tower skyward. Some few miles up is Lake Ada, with here and there the tree trunks of a submerged forest visible above its placid waters—a lovely lake,

Withdrawn among the hills;
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
Built by the giant race before the flood.

The scenery becomes more remarkable as we proceed. At one point we get a glimpse of the upper part of the Sutherland Falls, and, early in the evening, we find ourselves at the Falls themselves, some seventeen miles distant from the head of the Sound. The Fall is fed from the glaciers beyond the Arthur Valley. It is seen issuing between two mountains,





Lake Aca
MILFORD SOUND.

each over 6,000 feet high, and it descends with awful roar in three leaps over a precipice 1,904 feet in height. So great is the rush of the waters that a strong wind is caused, sending the spray some distance from the foot of the Fall, while

From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits.

It takes some time to realise the great height of the Fall, but gradually the eye begins to appreciate its magnitude and the wonderful grandeur of the surroundings. Far above (it cannot be seen from the valley) rises a great mountain glacier, crowned, and here, at the foot of a wall of perpetual ice, are born the waters of the Sutherland Falls. Down from the ice, over the

rocky sides of the mountain, they come in a series of rapids, eventually gathering themselves together in a small lake



ROARING CREEK



FIRST SIGHT OF THE
SUTHERLAND
FALLS.

above the dark precipices as if to prepare for their first long leap of 815 feet. High up on the face of the cliff they tumble into a basin worn in the hard rock, spouting forth again in another gigantic leap of 751 feet, and eventually falling with awful roar into a cauldron at the foot of the great precipice. The Falls are at their grandest in the Spring and Summer when the snow is melting, or after a heavy fall of rain, when the volume of water is largely increased.

Looking up at the dizzy heights beside the Fall one would never think that they had ever been scaled by man, yet such

is the case, a young man named Quill having twice made the perilous ascent. He subsequently lost his life during some further explorations from the Wakatipu side, through missing his footing and falling over a fearful precipice into the valley of the Cleddau.

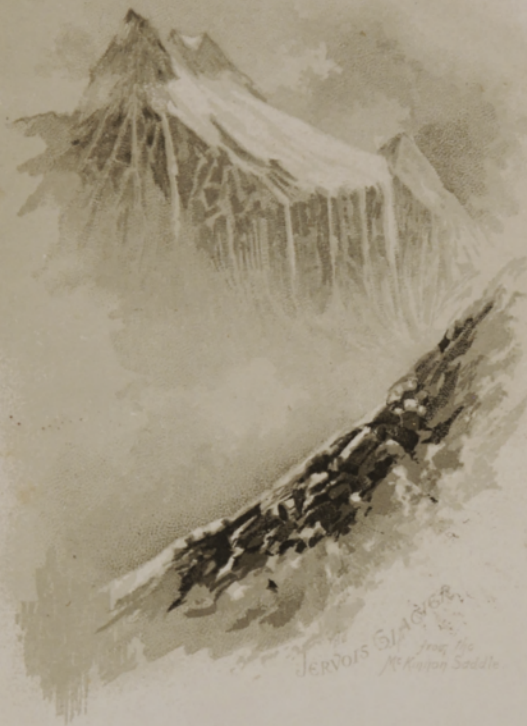


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THE
SUGARLOAF
FALLS

AS SEEN FROM
THE FOOT






Jervois Glacier
from the
McKinnon Saddle

Returning some little distance to the beech hut, and following the valley to the left, the tourist finds himself on the track to Lake Te Anau, and, provided he is not afraid of some rough walking and the somewhat primitive accommodation afforded by the huts along the route, he will be amply repaid for all his toil and trouble.

The Pass, which reaches an elevation of about 3,000 feet, was discovered only a few years ago by Mr. McKinnon, an intrepid West Coast explorer. Since its discovery a rough track has been formed and a number of huts erected at convenient halting-places, so that it is now



THE SOURCE OF THE
SUTHERLAND FALLS.



THE
SUMMIT OF
MT BALLOON
FROM THE
MERRINCK SADDLE

possible for ladies, who are good pedestrians, to accomplish the journey. The scenery all along

the route is indescribably grand—mountain, glacier, waterfall, river, and lakelet alternately claiming the attention; while from Mount Balloon and some of the higher peaks near which the track winds, the rumble of avalanches may be continually heard. The track passes close by Mount Balloon, which may be easily ascended if the tourist is desirous of obtaining a good

view of the surrounding mountains. At the head of the Pass the scenery is of the wildest description; Mount Jervois, with the Jervois Glacier, from which, in warm weather, there is a continual fall of avalanches, being a prominent feature in the landscape. At this point the Botanist is offered a fine field for research and investigation among the alpine flora, which is seen to great advantage in the Summer time. Following the track



"ON THE
CLINTON
RIVER"

CASTLE NE (MT BALLOON) ES

THE ST QUENTIN FALLS.



On the Track

some splendid snow-capped mountains are passed, Mounts Mitchelson and Mackenzie being particularly noticeable, while lower down still, the scenery of the Clinton River, with its beautiful

“forest primeval” stretching away on either side, engrosses the attention of the traveller. Then there is the sail down Te Anau, which is World-famed for the grandeur and beauty of its scenery.



But it is impossible, in such brief compass, to give anything like an idea of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery viewed during one of the Sounds Excursions. Even photographs and paintings give but a poor idea of the reality, and the best thing the visitor can do is to come and see for himself. He will here have a ten days' picnic, such as cannot be obtained in any other part of the world.





ON
LAKE TETON

(FROM NEAR PORKY POINT)

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M^t BALLOON