

The  
**"CAVALIER"**  
in the  
WEST COAST  
SOUNDS  
N.Z.



PART II.

The writer with a brother artist in the photographic line, proceeded up the Arthur river to the level of the waters of the Sound. Between us and the cold waters on the further bank of the river, the cliffs rise high, the bush being here and there relieved by the bare granite rocks that higher up culminate in the Devil's Armchair and other irregular peaks. Reaching Lake Ada, a boat left here by the desire of the Government for tourists' use, was baled out, and by means of her we were able to row out and obtain an exquisite view of the mountains on either side of the lake. The waters were somewhat relieved of their gloom by means of sunlight, and the presence of quite a large number of ducks playfully sailing about, which on our approach flapped off to some retreat near shore. The energy of man has made the passage of this lake by boat unnecessary now, for a track has been cut along the western margin by the Government, enabling the tourist to avoid the lake and its dangerous snags. This track is very devious, and is continu-

ally dodging in and out around the spurs, crossing below the Giant's Gate Falls, and under Terror Peaks, culminating, so far as the difficulties of construction are concerned, in a pass around high and almost perpendicular rocky cliff. This was made by blasting away the granite faces, and with the assistance of the pick and a long period of labour—some forty men being employed—a permanent way of about eight feet wide on a grade of one in six, has been constructed. This new route around the lake makes the Falls excursion more direct, and a mile further on another Government hut is reached, where shelter may be obtained from the continued rain or thunder storms so quickly developed in this region. The track follows on to the Beech Hut, a resting place for visitors to or from the Sutherland Falls, or those who desire to pass over McKinnon's Saddle, to the Clinton Valley, thereafter following the river to Te Anau Lake. From here the difficulties of travel are at an end, as the new steamer "Tawera" plies down the lake

to the comfortable hotel near its foot. The coach from Te Anau runs to Lumsden to meet the train for either Invercargill or Dunedin. We spent some four and a half days in this Sound, with many rambles and excursions, including repeated visits to the Hermit Sutherland, and his most agreeable wife. On rowing up the longer arm of George Sound, which we next visited, the hut lately built by the Government was deserted with enthusiasm. This convenience enables the tourist of alpine ambitions, to climb the backbone of the country crossing

existed over a spur in a deep basin. We quickly climbed the side of the fall, and quite unexpectedly discovered a "flatty," as the flat bottomed boat is known to bushmen, by the help of which three of the party rowed upon its quiet deep waters to the further limit. This lake, like others, surrounded by high mountains and shut in from the winds, presented a dark and melancholy appearance, mirroring the different varieties of foliage everywhere growing round its shores. The whole effect was depressing as well as remarkable, and as in a number of other experiences of the writer in lonely places a feeling of insecurity seems to limit the delight anticipated. The following day proved very miserable, a mist settling over the mountains, followed by pouring rain, which lasted the whole day, and it was only by a series of short tacks, beating to and fro all day, that old ocean was again spread before us, our craft standing out on her course for Thomson Sound. On Saturday, February 24th, we arrived late in the afternoon at Blanket Bay, near the entrance of Thomson Sound. Quite an exciting experience was met with during our passage, the "whirl-whirl," or churning of the waters, being seen in the distance. The scenery here is of greater interest than any we had yet experienced, saving Milford. The next day being Sunday we spent a quiet day near the entrance of Doubtful Sound, amidst mountains, woods, and waters. On the following morning the wind had changed to a favourable direction, so two hours after breakfast we were making our way out of this remarkable arm of the sea. To the tourist



BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.



GOVERNMENT HUT, HEAD OF LAKE ADA.

lesser heights, and three lakes, en route to Lake Te Anau. The head of Middle Fiord is reached at the end of a day's work. Bouts are placed on the lakes to facilitate the trip. It was intended to visit the hut, but a heavy drizzle setting in, and the fact that we would have had to row for about five miles, proved too much for our ardour, so we let it go for the present. The following morning was bright with a pleasant breeze, so we had another opportunity to examine the place. A fine waterfall augmented by the great rain, was the first thing to claim particular attention, and a gentleman of the medical profession, ardently devoted to photography, encouraged us to visit the locality, he having seen it years before informed us that the source of the fall was a lake—Lake Alice which

visiting this locality the name "Doubtful" is easily accounted for, the entrance being blocked by a large island Kanu Island while nearer seaward, quite a labyrinth of lesser islets and outlying rocks restrain the impulse of the ocean, at this time appearing with perhaps more than usual energy and throwing up immense masses of foam, which was whisked off in thin spray, in some cases hiding the shore. Surely this would delight the marine painter. This iron bound coast of the western Sounds. No ordinary lens could portray these wave masses dashing high against the headlands. A half-plate F 16 eq-focuss took in very little, probably a telephoto attachment would have proved effective to catch pieces here and there, but the distance required for the safety of our craft