

rendered the scene impossible to delineate with our limited apparatus. The remainder of the day was spent in gaining an offing, and running for Breaksea Sound, with a fine wind right aft, driving us along the heavy swell. Later in the day we entered the Sound, passing Entry Island, and following on passed up the Acheron passage. Running up Wet Jacket Arm we anchored in a quiet cove some miles up the Arm. More than usually fine scenery is found here, which seems to become more imposing towards the head of the Arm, the peaks in view being probably identical with those seen from the western limit of Lake Te Anau. As the sun subsided, the whole of the southern side of the long array of peaked hills was lit up with a warm light, which changed the usual colour of the vegetation into a warm cadmium. The rock masses on their summits were bathed in the richest burnt sienna,

But Mr Henry was unable to communicate anything new. Coming aboard, he settled down with us to a good dinner at 7 p.m. The following morning proving fine, a party exploited a high peak, returning with the much valued mountain lily (*Ranunculus Lyalli*), some fine specimens of daisies, and other rare botanical forms. Another party was away photographing the archipelago of islands, while yet a third party visited Indian Island, Facile Harbour, and revelled in the associations of the early visit of Captain Cook, exploring the garden made by his men, and now grown over with high scrub. It will be remembered by the reader that Cook reached here in H.M.S. Resolution in 1773, on his second voyage. He anchored in Facile Harbour, but subsequently his lieutenant induced him to go into a cove near by, and quite land locked. Cook chartered this as Pickersgill Harbour. We an-

peditions and the trying-out of the oil. This enterprise was at its best between the years 1820 and 1830, sealing being carried on at the same time with great activity. It was arranged that we should proceed to Mr Henry's rendezvous,

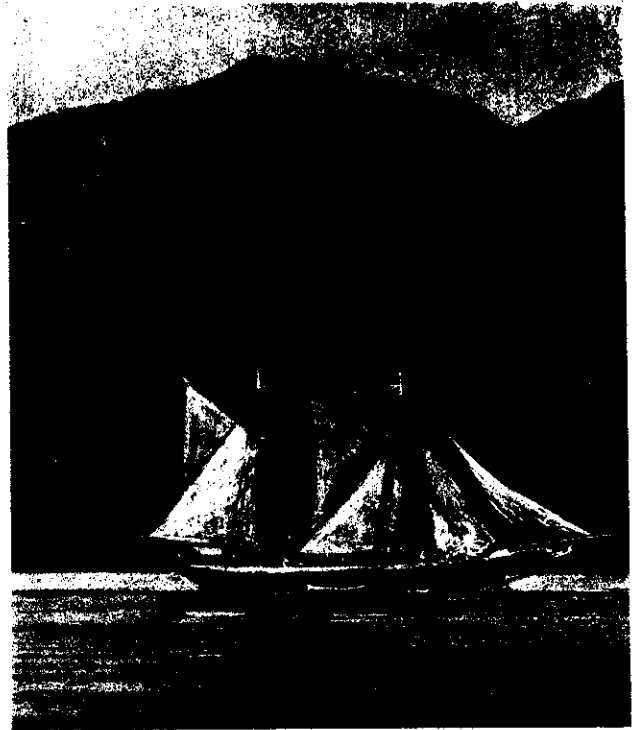
Pigeon Island, where Mr Henry has established his quarters. From him we were enabled to learn much of interest to the naturalist and the botanist, for although his work is supposed to be confined to the study of bird life, fishes, etc., yet he has made



TRACK, LAKE ADA, MILFORD.

while the water, still and cold, added something to the colour effect by its deep purple gray colour, reflecting in the wavelets the greenish tint of the zenith. How different the scene appeared in the early morning following when the woolly clouds were drifting past the extreme distance, and heavy rain was approaching, accompanied by stiff squalls of wind. After breakfast it was decided to set sail for Dusky Sound. Beating up the Acheron Passage the rain increased, and the wind blew almost to a gale; little was seen but an occasional shoal of porpoises, and the freshening of the wind and consequent lurching of the vessel, accompanied by the shrieking of the wind amongst the ropes, and the taking of the seas over the weather bow, led most of our excursionists to seek the quiet of their bunks below. After a heavy rain-fall, lasting all night, which we found a day later, on meeting with Mr Henry, curator on Resolution Head, had been registered by him as 5 8-10 in. in 24 hours—the heaviest experienced here—the night settled down very dark, and some considerable difficulty was experienced in entering our retreat—Duck Cove. The following morning being fine, the scenery evoked the usual expressions of approval. It was indeed a pretty place, with Mount Phillips dominating the scene. A few hours after breakfast we sailed on to Pickersgill Harbour, picking up quite unexpectedly Mr Henry in his fine sailing boat, who was extremely glad to see our vessel, and at once changed his course and bore down on us. We meanwhile hoisted our ensign, and firing off an old Snider rifle as a salute, thus removing any fear in his mind that we were Boers. We now hoped to hear some details of the Transvaal campaign, not having heard of the experiences of our countrymen since the sad story of Spionkop, some three weeks before.

chored here for some time. The writer and others visited Captain Cook's luncheon cove, and Mr Henry, who had gladly offered to show us some of his discoveries, pointed out in turn huts used by the Maoris, made of fern stumps crossed and covered with vegetation, a secure place to crawl into during the frequent rains. He also showed us another group of better arranged huts, with floors corduroyed with tree fern trunks, marking the period of whaling ex-



IN DUCK COVE, DUSKY SOUND.

on Pigeon Head, so we got under weigh at about 8 a.m., followed by Mr. Henry in his yacht. After proceeding some five miles the wind rose suddenly, and so violently that Mr Henry advised us that we could not make our way among the intervening islands, and after one or two tacks the wind came down in a heavy squall, and the loud call of the captain was heard crying to lower the foresail. Our captain soon put the vessel about with fore and main-sail already reefed, and we ran back to Pickersgill Harbour, to spend the remainder of what, perhaps, was the most miserable day experienced during the trip. The day following was scarcely an improvement, and having in memory the loss of the Grafton in a harbour at the Aucklands by the breaking of an unsound cable, the lower anchor was let go to prevent the vessel drifting during the night. The following morning was fine, so we again set sail for

a complete study of the flora of the district, and the Government have certainly been most fortunate in securing such a man for the post which he occupies. He encouraged us to visit the wreck of the Endeavour—not to be confused with Cook's vessel of the same name. This vessel would appear to have been in Sydney, then Botany Bay, about the year 1795. A number of convicts, said to be fifty or over, seized the vessel, and compelled the captain to come down on the West Coast of New Zealand on a whaling cruise. Arriving in Dusky Bay, as it was then called, they concluded the place was little short of an earthly paradise, and scuttled the ship in Facile Harbour. A few fragments of the vessel still remain, seen at low water, around a long mound of broken stones—Sydney freestone, forming her ballast. From the knowledge one has now of this part of the colony, the misery endured by a number of human



MOONLIGHT, PICKERSGILL HARBOUR, DUSKY SOUND.



LAKE ALICE FALLS, GEORGE SOUND.