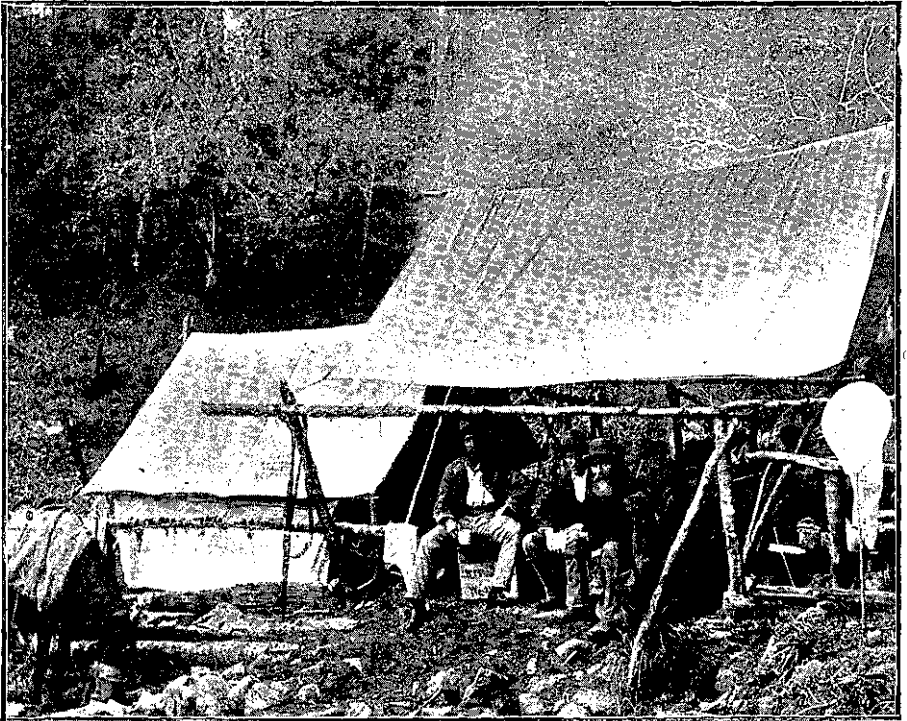


the middle of the stream. He was only rescued by being lassoed and thus hauled in.

After a day or two of rest, we set out with a pack load of stores for a camp already pitched under the spurs of Mt. Lyell. The road follows the Lyell Creek, zigzagging and winding up the side of the Lyell hill, and is very beautiful, parts of it reminding me of pictures which I have seen of passes amongst the Swiss mountains. We passed the

the South Island. I also found a gentian growing higher up on the side of the track, which is new to the botanical authorities.

Our camp was reached about mid-day, and after parting with our packer, we were once more left to the solitude of the birch forest about ten miles from Lyell. We soon made our tent habitable, but it was not nearly as good a camp as the one we had left. Water had to be carried up out of a deep gully



Our Camp, with Packer having Tea.

Alpine Battery and the little settlement of Gibbstown, peopled by miners and their families.

Still upward our route lay, and I was pleased to find the mossy watercourses which we crossed beautified by mats of the native *calceolaria*, which adorned the wet rocks with its purple-spotted flowers. The same season Mr. Cockayne found it growing further south, and these are, so far, the only records of its being a native of

some chains away, and insects abounded in it. The presiding wood-hen was in this, as in our other camp, a good fighting bird, but could only boast of one feather in its tail, and as it erected this scanty appendage at every step, it presented a very ludicrous appearance.

A sheep-track led us to Mt. Lyell, and we met with no special difficulties in climbing up the western slopes. We had a short saddle to