



Mountain Daisies and Spear Grass.

up to the landing, the rope gave way on the opposite side, and went trailing down into the river, leaving us in rather an awkward predicament. It was too late in the evening to think of effecting repairs, and as there was no other means of crossing that night, we were obliged to camp out in the open, within a few chains of our hotel, but unfortunately on the wrong side of the river. We had brought no provisions with us, and were without blankets, but it was a fine night, and sleeping under the canopy of Heaven was no great hardship. We made a frugal supper of three blackberries and a drink of water, and our bed consisted of a narrow bit of

scantling with a bad warp in it. We raised a fire by breaking up an old fence, but it did not suffice to drive away the mosquitoes which proved a nuisance. I do not remember ever having a better opportunity of studying the stars than on that occasion, and we were glad when daylight enabled us to see our way along the old Lyell track, bringing us, after a seven miles tramp, safely to our desired haven, and breakfast. We warned a Chinaman who was in the habit of using the chair, that the line was adrift, but that morning he disregarded our warning, and loosened the chair which we had made fast, got into it, and was hung up over