

from about sea level on the one side and descended to the same on the other. As we climbed higher and higher, by many a score of intricate twists and turns of the road among the hills, the magnificent grandeur of the scenery unfolded itself. On the one hand, fern-clad ravines, stretching down and away in the distance, just as they did centuries ago, are here and there spanned by the bright wire of the electric telegraph, which signifies even for these remote places subjugation to civilization. On the other hand are steep papa cliffs broken here and there by the top end of a gully, round which the road passes. At last we reached the top, and look back. A magnificent panorama was opened before us. Away in the blue distance, beyond wave upon wave of forest-clad ranges, was grand old Egmont, her perfect snow-capped peak, kissed by a warm beam of the afternoon sun, rising some thousands of feet higher. The descent is not so steep, and we thought we might venture to drive down. But when in the conveyance the heights and depths seemed to grow on one, and the driver was offered much superfluous but well-meant advice. "Hug the bank,

undulations after our drive in this part of the country.

The additional telegraph wire to Auckland, which will relieve the present congested state of the East Coast lines, is now being erected, and we met the party of linesmen about three miles north of Mount Messenger, and a snapshot reproduced here is a memento of our meeting. The log was part of a dead tree which endangered the line and had just been felled. We drove up in time to assist in removing it from the roadway.

One of our party was an enthusiastic specialist in the provision trade, and he "improved each shining hour" with little disquisitions on the relative values of various foods. One was an eulogy of the green tomato as an excellent and mild corrective for the digestive organs. As we drew near the banks of the Tongaporutu, where we intended camping for the night, we stopped while our friend called upon an acquaintance for a supply of milk. He returned with the milk, and in addition, his handkerchief full of his favourite green tomatoes, which were snugly packed away in the express. But, alas! fortune's smiles are fleeting, and

the tomatoes were not seen again. There might have been a "doubting Thomas" amongst us, who, fearful of the effect of such strong food upon his health, quietly dropped the tomatoes over the tailboard, but this is mere conjecture.

Our first night's camp was pitched at Tongaporutu Ford, a distance of some forty - three miles having been covered that day. We were



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BUSH ON THE MOKAU RIVER.

New Plymouth.

Joe," "Keep the leader to the cliff," etc., etc. On our return hills that had appeared steep on the way out seemed but gentle

unable to cross that night owing to the state of the tide. After a period of unrest, on the part of several who were