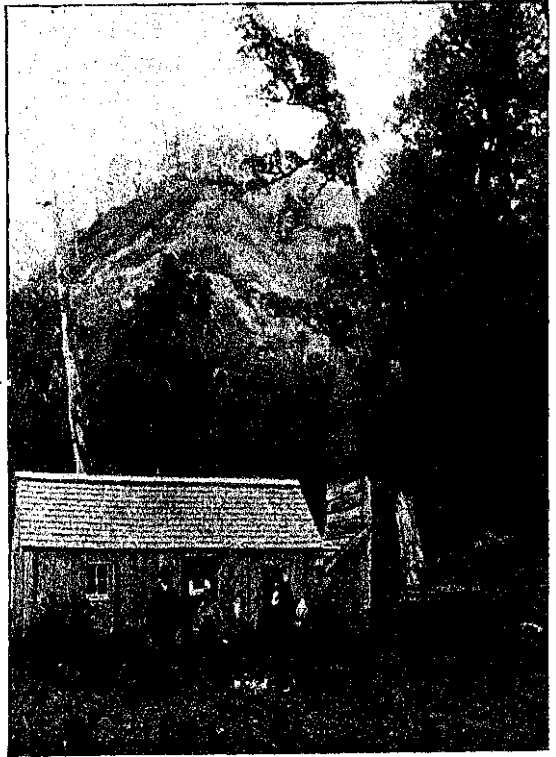


novices at camping out, the dawn of Tuesday found us with tent struck, all ready to cross the river, as it was low tide at five a.m. The Tongaporutu is the only river south of the Mokau not yet bridged, and it will be shortly, for the contract is let at something like £4,000, and is to be completed in two years. The site for the bridge is about a mile above the ford. The driver took across our baggage in the express, while I rode the leader to prevent any trouble, as the horses were not accustomed to river work. The others followed in a canoe shortly after, and ascending the bank, we set out breakfast on the plateau between the Tongaporutu and Mokau. The country changes its character here, and the run on to Mokau is fairly level. Starting at half past seven, we reached the latter place very comfortably by eleven o'clock, and took several capital photos on the way. From the part of the road looking south, a splendid view of the Taranaki peninsula is obtained, showing the whole of the coast line as far as New Plymouth.

Arrived at Mokau two of us crossed in the ferry to the township, and failing anything better, managed to arrange for the use of a leaky whaleboat through the good offices of an obliging stockman, who also volunteered and was accepted as our boatman. After much preparation on the part of our impromptu sailor, we set off for the other side again to pick up the rest of our party, and proceeded up river to a point about a mile away, where we proposed to lunch. This place, I may say, was strongly opposed by our boatman, and his opinion was supported by both tide and river current, which were against us. But go we did for all that, and this was the manner of our going. The "gentleman" of the party," as we styled the man, who was so fond of work that, like Jerome, he stood and watched others do it, took the stern oar. His reputation as an oarsman rested on the fact that he had once

visited Henley when the famous boat race was *not* on. The rest of us had no reputation, and were glad. I, with a large oar, took



GOVERNMENT WHARF, TONGAPORUTU, FOR USE OF
Geo. H. White, TELEGRAPH LINESMEN. New Plymouth.

stroke and a seat, while the "old tar" (out of compliment) took a small oar, and for want of a seat, faced round to me, standing, and "backwatered." The consequent unevenness of our stroke was only matched by the marvellous steering ability of our "Henley" cox, and the combination gave such erratic movements to the boat that the land lubbers feared for their lives, vowing they would never "put to sea" with such a crew again. For an hour commands and counter-commands flew all over the boat, and on the part of the nervous ones became so imperative and vociferous as to threaten the peace of the party. However, although our route was circuitous, we at last reached our destination, and as we landed for dinner, a very genuine and simultaneous sigh of relief escaped us.

This point was once the site of the Rev.