

within a stone's throw of the beach, and the boom of the surf was our nightly lullaby, not that we needed much soothing to sleep after inhaling the tonic ocean breezes, and exploring the rivers and mountains often from sunrise to sunset. Brighton is about a mile from McCarthy's, and at low water it is a most exhilarating walk along the beach, but when the tide is in the paddocks must be crossed, although there is a road of a sort, generally ankle deep in soft sand. A boarding-house and Post Office, with a small school-house and a few scattered settlers homes constitute the township, and it is hard to realise looking at it now, that soon after gold was discovered, about the year 1866, by a party of Welshmen, on a terrace now known as Welshman's, the Brighton and Charleston districts carried a population of about 10,000, and that between the year of discovery and 1887, gold to the value of a million sterling had been won.

This population supported no fewer than ninety public-houses, I am informed; no wonder that the old hands say that the West Coast used to be much wetter than it is now. In one of our strolls over the beach we came upon an extensive mound, grown over with grass, and as it had an artificial appearance we examined it closely, and discovered that it was a huge burial mound for "dead marines," as it consisted of emptied bottles piled gross upon gross, and one could not but think that the materials for public works of that nature must have been very costly at that time, and accounted for some part at least of the million.

From St. Kilda, where it is bounded by a series of bold cliffs called the White Horse Rocks, the sandy beach sweeps away to the south until reaching the mouth of Fox's River, where the way is barred, except at low water, by some peculiar isolated conglomerate rocks, with Seal Rock, a noted fishing ground, lying a little to the

westward. We have often stood upon this beach at high-water, and watched the great combing waves of the Tasman Sea lashing the shingle-beach which skirts the sand, throwing the pebbles up the slope only to bring them rattling and grinding down again as they receded, and we could observe the wear and tear which goes on eternally as the stones are rubbed down and gradually milled into beach sand, whilst fresh supplies of shingle are brought down the river with every flood.

Pieces of greenstone and agates are sometimes picked up on this beach.

Fox's River is spanned by a wire suspension bridge, the great resort for the herring-fishing part of the community, and good sport is often obtained when the tide is in.

Passing over the bridge and skirting the rocky bluffs for a mile or two Woodpecker Bay is reached, where the ill-fated barque "Alexandra," of which a photo is given here, went ashore a few days after we had left.

Upon the wooded slopes nikau palms and towering tree ferns dominate the lower growth, and lend grace and charm to the scene. In this bay a settler long known as an authority on the weather has received a rude shock on learning that a centigrade thermometer had all these years done duty for him as a weather glass.

St. Kilda and Brighton are flanked by a line of limestone hills, and it is between this low range and the sea beach that the auriferous wash occurs, both as gravel deposits and leads of black sand, and in some parts of the district this sand is found at an elevation of nearly 600 feet. Behind these limestone hills lies a valley closed in to the eastward by the mountains forming the Paparoa Range. The Nile, Four-mile and Fox's Rivers, with Bullock Creek, take their rise in these mountains, course across the valley, and have success-