

usual food was ice, and that the allowance had been stopped for a day or two.

The scenery was charming. The widening river-bed; and ever winding, ever rushing stream; the changing patches of bush and scrub; the lofty hills, backed by the towering mountains, clothed in their bright snowy garments; and then the glacier, picturesque and beautiful, bathed in the sunshine and clinging to the mountain with icy hand; blood red blossoming rata, contrasting with the dull green bush.

On the road up, sketches of the glacier were taken by Mr Fox and by Mr Brown, and on reaching the camping ground, the hon Premier set to work painting with a freshness and vigor that would have led one to suppose that he had only been taking a 'gentle constitutional', instead of making a difficult and tedious journey. All hands but the artists turned to and formed the camp. The horses, with the aid of a few strokes of a billhook, were all placed in natural stalls in the scrub of the river bank, and fed; fires were lit, dinner cooked, and tents pitched. A journey up the river is a splendid appetiser and ample justice was therefore done to the provisions provided, and indeed, to anyone in search of an appetite the journey is to be strongly recommended. A few hours passed pleasantly, chatting around the camp-fire, and the party turned in for a good night's rest so as to make an early start in the morning. The whole party were astir at daybreak on Thursday morning. Ablutions were performed on the river bank, during which the snowy water was generally allowed to possess powerful cooling properties; the astonishment of the party can be therefore conceived when they observed Mr Fox walk down to the river and take a 'header' in a deep hole. The sight was enough to send a shiver through any looker on who had just returned from bathing his face and hands in the ice stream, and we could almost expect to see the remains of the Premier floating downstream in the shape of a big icicle, instead of which he returned to the camp as fresh and as warm and lively as a three year old — just as if he had been in the habit of taking an iced bath every day of his life. Breakfast had, and horses fed and watered, the journey afoot up the river was commenced. The highest point attainable by horses is the forks, and a distance of about two miles has to be travelled afoot to reach the glacier. The first part is over the stones at the side of the river, where the stream has washed away the terrace, and afterwards up an old river bed. The former is not very easy travelling, and on a warm day very fatiguing; for one has to spring from boulder to boulder, and at times the way is very much impeded by fallen timber and big rocks, but the late heavy freshets have cut so far into the terrace as to render the travelling far easier than heretofore. In some places the river appears to have risen about thirty feet, and occasionally to have completely covered the summit of its banks. Approaching nearer, ever changing views of the