

Quite a colony of fishermen with their wives and families are settled on the northern and western shores, and are principally Italians. There was not much expanse of water to be seen today, as the lake has to be let out periodically, especially after heavy weather to prevent an overflow. This is done by cutting a passage through the dike, which the pressure of water keeps open during the first rush of drainage. A great portion of the flat is thus left in a swampy condition, from which the odours emanating as we passed were anything but balmy and refreshing. The dangerous and rapid River Selwyn flows into the lake, and various small creeks contribute their quota to its enlargement. Our way lay through a cultivated district, farms all around and large horse hedges on either side in full bloom, giving forth their sweet spring scent. One of the prettiest spots we passed was a place named Kirilij's Brook,

with a delightful glimpse of running water, bordered by a plantation on one side and willows *toi toi*, and native grass on the other. The trees and herbs with luxurious undergrowth gave ample materials for a very pretty sketch. Skirting the shore for a short distance we came to the timber yard where stood a forsaken looking shed; piles of timber lay around, and a rickety wooden jetty close by, not a person visible about the place, all was unbroken solitude. Dr. Chapman explained to me that the trade ^{which had once been flourishing,} had fallen off, principally owing to the supplies of timber becoming exhausted, and the fatal shortsightedness of the people in neglecting to plant trees either on barren spots or to replace those cut down. Thus the trade had drifted away into other channels. The timber is cut down on peninsula side, among the hills, and floated across in large punts worked with a sail and manned by two or three men. At one time they were taken in