

Trip to Mount Cook. 1888.

We started on Monday the 26th of November, the party consisting of Miss Hastings, Miss Davis, Mr. Rutherford and myself. I rode as far as New More on Stumpy to give the Middletons notice of our approach as we were to stay the night.

The station is a very pretty one, especially at this time of year when the willows and poplars are so green. Next day we drove on to the Ohou river over which hangs a stout cable for the attachment of an exceedingly cranky and primitive and diabolical (so called) cage, which I can only compare to a dining room table turned upside down, there being no side supports of any kind. When we got to the river we took the horses out of the buggy and Mr. Middleton swam them across. Miss Davis went off to sketch,

An unfortunate accident occurred to Mr. Rutherford in taking the cage across, he had nearly reached the other side when the wheel of the cage by which it runs on the rope came back on his left hand and severely jammed the fingers, taking the nail almost entirely off one. The rest of us and the luggage and buggy crossed safely enough and then we went on to Mr. Davis's station New Ohou, where I dressed the fingers with vaseline. New Ohou is situated at the base of the mountains which skirt the Mackenzie Plains on the western side. The view from the station is an extensive one, embracing the whole of the Mackenzie country and the series of ranges which bound it. In winter I believe this part of the country is covered with two feet of snow. At one time a huge