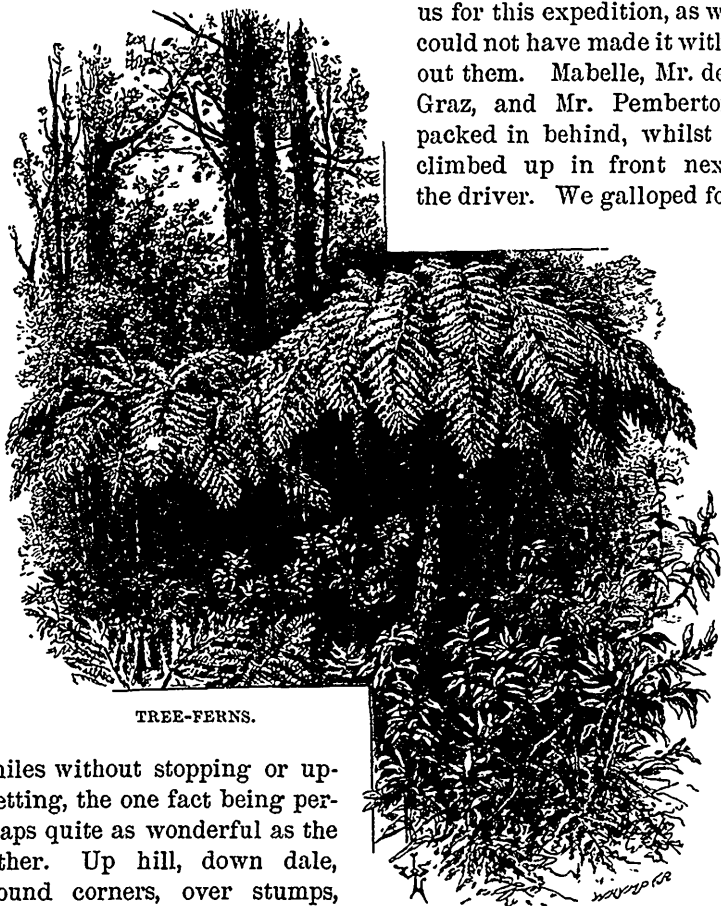


*Thursday, May 12th.*—Half-past nine was the hour appointed for our departure. Mr. Roach, the landlord of the "White Hart," was to drive us in a comfortable-looking light four-wheeled waggonette with a top to it, drawn by a pair of Government horses. 'The latter are generally used for carrying the mails or for the police service, but the Governor had telegraphed orders that they were to be lent to us for this expedition, as we could not have made it without them. Mabelle, Mr. des Graz, and Mr. Pemberton packed in behind, whilst I climbed up in front next the driver. We galloped for



TREE-FERNS.

miles without stopping or upsetting, the one fact being perhaps quite as wonderful as the other. Up hill, down dale, round corners, over stumps, along rough roads, through heavy sand—on we went as hard as our horses could gallop.

Chorkerup Lake Inn, our first change, fifteen miles from Albany, was reached in rather less than ninety minutes. It is a long, low, one-storeyed wooden building, but everything was scrupulously clean. In a few minutes the table was covered with a spotless cloth, on which fowls, home-cured bacon, mutton, home-made bread, potted butter, condensed milk, tea, and sundry other