

he penned it."

Out of kindness to the parties concerned I have so far refrained from referring to the stop we made at the Kealesville Post Office, though much might be written of how Peggy sat and ate cold buttered buns in the main street; how I sat and ate cold buttered buns in the main street; how Peggy tried to destroy the magnificent oaks with which the aforesaid main street is planted; how I tried to frustrate her hideous intentions; how Peggy threw an acorn at one of the houses; how I offered Peggy peppermint creams; how Peggy accepted them &c &c. No! I absolutely decline to divulge any of these happenings).

To get back to the horse trough (it doesn't seem a very pleasant place to get back to, does it?) the coach recommenced its journey and in about an hour's time we arrived safe & sound at Nyoaa.