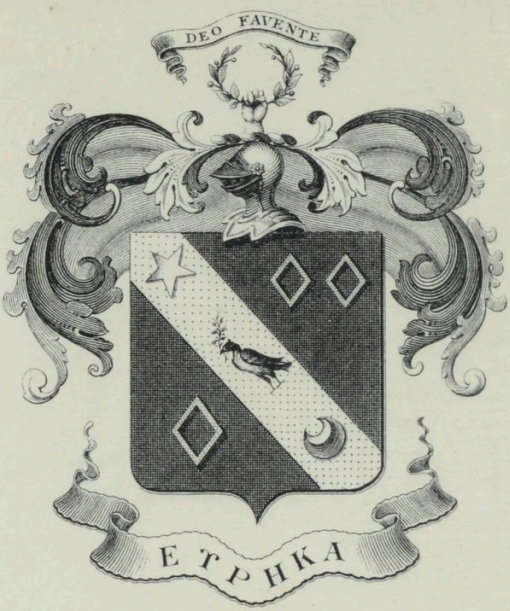


David Scott Mitchell.

HOT LAKES, VOLCANOES, & GEYSERS

OF

NEW ZEALAND

WITH LEGENDS.

By TERENCE GORDON.

PRICE, 1/6.

Napier, Hawke's Bay, N.Z.:
DINWIDDIE, WALKER & CO., LTD., PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, BOOKBINDERS, &c

1889.

D. Mitchell.

HOT LAKES,

VOLCANOES, AND GEYSERS

OF

NEW ZEALAND,

WITH LEGENDS.

Napier, N.Z.:
PRINTED BY DINWIDDIE, WALKER & CO., LIMITED, TENNYSON STREET.
1888.

PREFACE.

THE Publishers insist that it is necessary by way of preface to give a reason for the appearance of these pages.

Maui was the son of Makeatutara and Taranga. Muri-ranga-whenua, the old witch who used to work all kinds of witchcraft by means of a magical jawbone with which she had been endowed, was an ancestress of his. Her jawbone took the place of the broomstick of later days. This old woman lived in solitude away from her people, and food was carried to her by Maui's father or mother. Maui, who was then quite a boy, took it into his head that it was his duty as a son to save them that trouble. So he offered to carry the food daily to his aged relative. But day by day he carried the food to a secret place and hid it. And each day as the old lady became more and more hungry she would sniff the air and wonder what had happened. After many days Maui appeared before her, and she asked, "Why have you treated your grandmother in such a way?" Then Maui explained that he had long desired to become possessed of her magical jawbone. She answered, "Take it; it is yours." Obviously a jawbone would not be of much use without food, even to a woman. Possibly, some may raise the difficulty that food would be equally at a disadvantage without the jawbone. But that is neither here nor there in Maori history. Maui got the jawbone.

Now Maui and his brothers did not pull together. They always tried to dodge him. One day they were going out in their canoe to fish. Maui knew it was no use asking them to take him, so he hid himself under the bottom boards of the canoe until they

had got well out to sea. When they saw him they started to go back to put him ashore, but, by his incantations, he spread out the sea until the shore was further away than ever. Then they allowed him to remain to bail out the boat while they fished. When they had got a long way out to sea, and each of his brothers had caught a very large fish, Maui said, "Let me have a try!" And his brothers replied, "Where did you get a hook?" And he answered, "Never mind, I have a hook of my own." Then he drew forth a most enticing hook, made from the jawbone of his aged relative, and decorated with mother of pearl and hair drawn from the tail of a dog. His brothers refused to give him any bait, so he knocked his nose on the gunwale of the boat and baited his hook with the blood that came. Then he cast his hook, and when it sank down to a great depth he felt a tug. So soon as he began to draw in his line, it was plain that he had caught something very enormous. Soon above the surface of the sea there rose, hanging from the end of Maui's line, first a carved house, then a hill, and then many plains and valleys. So great was the weight that it became necessary for Maui to repeat the incantation that is called "Hiki," which makes heavy weights light. By this means was New Zealand created an island in the Southern Seas. If Maui had not fished it up this publication would have been unnecessary.

THE AUTHOR.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN NEW ZEALAND HISTORY.

YEAR.

Binot Paulmier de Gouneville, of Harfleur, said to have visited New Zealand ... ... — 1504

Tasman visited New Zealand 1642

Cook visited and took possession of New Zealand in the name of King George III. of England ... ... Nov., 1769

De Surville, a French naval officer, visited New Zealand ... Dec., 1769

Marion de Fresne, another French seaman, visited New Zealand May, 1772

Cook visited New Zealand a second time ... ... March, 1773

Cook visited New Zealand a third time, leaving pigs, goats, potatoes, &c., with the natives ... ... Oct., 1773

Cook again visited New Zealand ... ... Oct., 1774

Cook again visited New Zealand ... ... Feb., 1777

Captain Vancouver visited New Zealand 1791

Admiral D'Entrecasteausx visited New Zealand in search of La Perouse 1793

Samuel Marsden, the first missionary to New Zealand, landed at the Bay of Islands 1814

First attempt to colonise New Zealand by a company formed in London with the aid of Lord Durham. Sixty settlers sailed for the new colony, arrived at Hokianga, found an intertribal war going on, and were so scared by the sight of a war dance that most of them left after a short residence; £20,000 were squandered in this attempt.—*Thomson* 1826

James Busby was appointed first Resident Representative of England in New Zealand, on petition of native chiefs in the Bay of Islands for Imperial protection 1833

The New Zealand Company formed for the purpose of colonising New Zealand. Governor, the Earl of Durham. Under charge of Colonel Wakefield and others the representatives of the company sailed for New Zealand and landed at Wellington. Before the end of 1840 no fewer than 1200 settlers landed at Wellington under the auspices of this company 1839

The Treaty of Waitangi 1840

Captain Arthur Wakefield and 21 settlers massacred at Nelson .. June, 1843

The British troops, under Colonel Despard, of the 99th, were repulsed at Oheawai, Bay of Islands; 34 killed and 66 wounded ... July, 1845

Sir George Grey arrived in New Zealand as Governor of the Colony ... ... Nov., 1845

Colonel Despard defeats the natives at Ruapekapeka ... ... Jan., 1846

Severe earthquake, destroying £14,000 worth of property in Wellington 1848

New Zealand receives from the Imperial Government a representative Constitution 1852

Beginning of the King movement, as an anti-land-selling league ... 1857

The Taranaki war 1868

The rebel natives continue at war with the settlers and troops ... 1861-1866

Seat of Government removed from Auckland to Wellington ... Sept., 1865

Te Kooti and other rebel natives imprisoned at the Chatham Islands take possession of "The Rifleman," a schooner conveying stores to them, escape to Poverty Bay, and massacre 29 Europeans and 32 loyal natives 1868

Repeated attempts to capture Te Kooti ... ... Jan. to June, 1869

Eight European troopers killed by Te Kooti's men at Opepe .. June, 1869

Engagement between loyal natives and Te Kooti at Tauranga, Taupo ... ... Sept., 1869

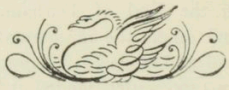
Duke of Edinburgh visits New Zealand 1870

The Maori king submits to the British Government 1875

First shipment of frozen meat to England 1882

Eruption of Mount Tarawera, near Lake Rotomahana, by which the White and Pink Terraces were destroyed, the country for miles around covered with boiling mud discharged from the volcano, and several native villages destroyed and their inhabitants buried alive 1886

NOTE.—The most of the above dates are taken from Mr J. H. Wallace's "Manual of New Zealand History."



SOME BOOKS USEFUL TO THE NEW ZEALAND TOURIST.

MANUAL OF NEW ZEALAND HISTORY, by J. H. Wallace; Wellington, Edwards and Green.

MAORILAND; Illustrated Handbook to New Zealand. Issued by the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand; Melbourne, Robertson.

THE KING COUNTRY, OR EXPLORATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND, by J. H. Kerry Nichols; London, Sampson, Low, Marston and Co.

FERNS AND FERN ALLIES OF NEW ZEALAND, by G. M. Thomson.

MANUAL OF THE BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND, by Sir Walter Buller, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.; Wellington, George Didsbury.

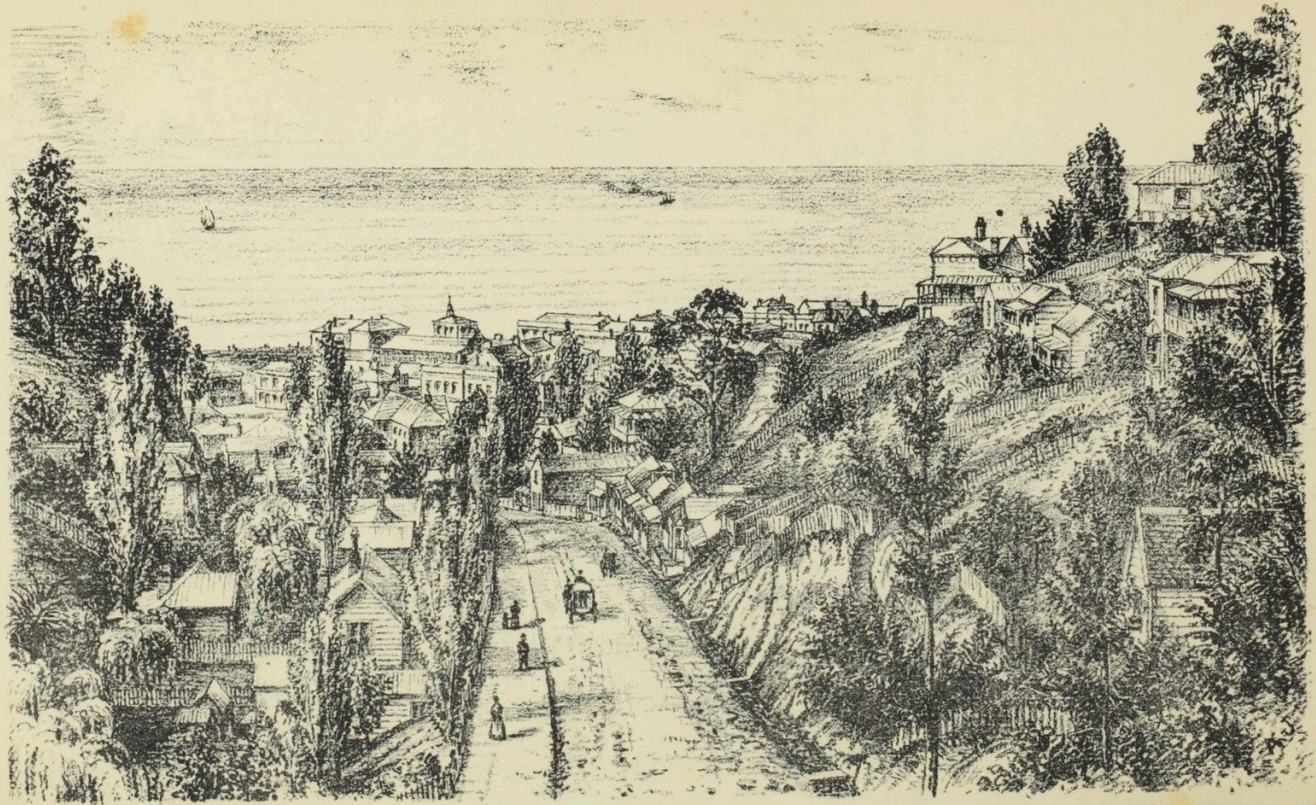
HANDBOOK OF NEW ZEALAND, by Sir James Hector; K.C.M.G., F.R.S.; Wellington, George Didsbury.

REPORT ON THE TARAWERA VOLCANIC DISTRICT, by Professor Hutton, F.G.S.; Wellington, George Didsbury.

THE ERUPTION OF TARAWERA, NEW ZEALAND, by S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S.; Wellington, George Didsbury.

NOTE.

The Author and Publishers desire to express their thanks to Mrs. J. McCosh Clark for her kindness in permitting them to use her Sketches of Tongariro, Rotoaira, Waihi Fall, Huka Fall, and Rotorua.



Herald Lith.

Napier.

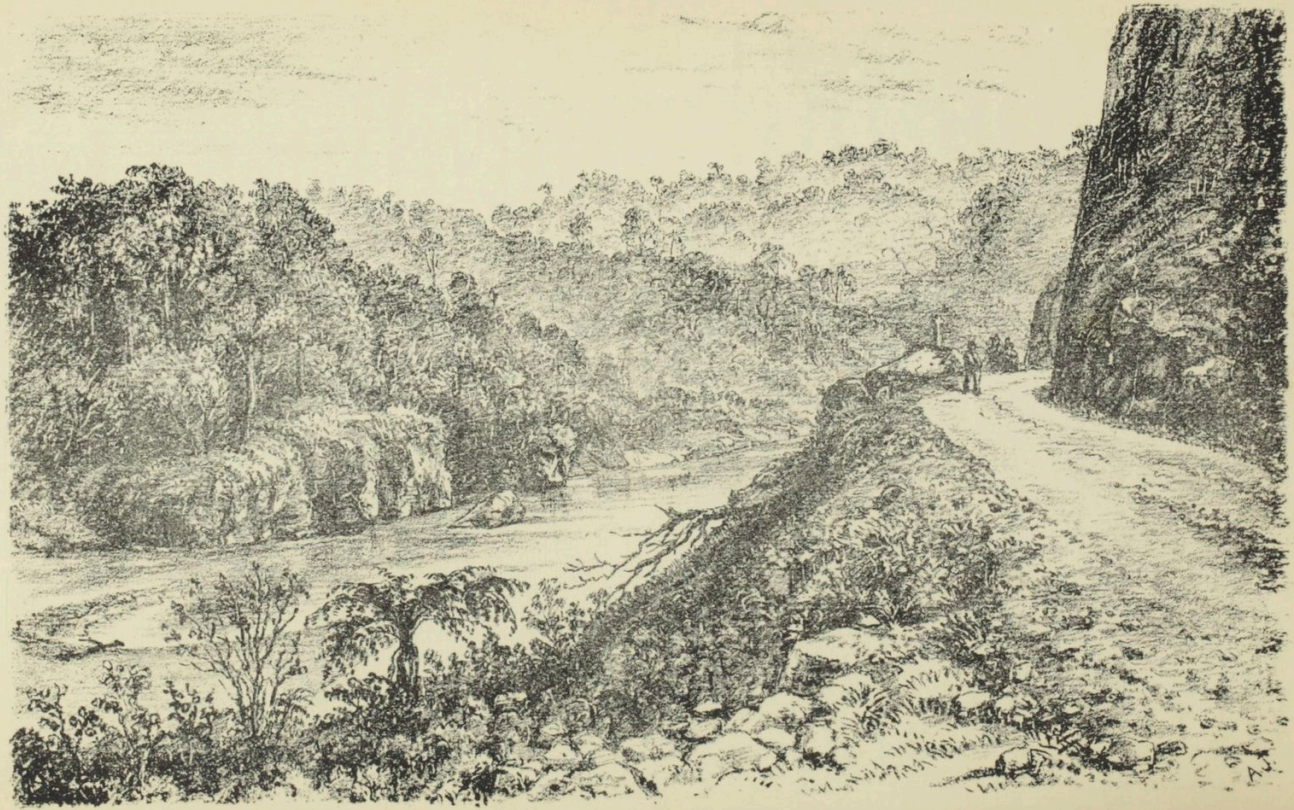
THE TOURISTS' PARADISE.

New Zealand is the Tourists' Paradise. From north to south it is the land of mountain, lake, and river. Both islands are for the most part of little breadth, and are intersected by a great backbone of mountainous ranges. These ranges are the source of innumerable rivers and streams which, cutting great gorges in the bush-clad hills, furnish some of the grandest and most luxuriant scenery in the world. In the South or Middle Island are the ice-cold lakes of Wakatipu and Wanaka, and many others, and great mountains, and glaciers, and gorges, the temptation of the energetic tourist. But the tourist of easier habits will find that for him the chief interest is centred in the northern part of the North Island. The beauties of the Southern lakes, the solitary grandeur of the Sounds, and the difficulties of the glaciers in the Southern Island have many attractions, but it is in the warm North that are found the distinctive charms which mark the home of the sun-loving Maori. It is when he approaches Hawke's Bay that the British traveller begins to feel that he is 16,000 miles from the fogs of England and the rains of Scotland, and in the real home of the Children of the Sun, with their luxuriant surroundings of semi-tropical vegetation. Nor is it only to the traveller from the distant fields of England that Nature here presents all the attractions of extreme diversity. To the Australian living less than 1300 miles away the contrast with his own country is as great. Australia is a continent of one river, while in New Zealand the multitude of rivers on either side give to a map of the Colony the appearance of a railway map of England. In Australia, again, mountains are only found in the East; in New Zealand they are everywhere. It is no doubt to some extent owing to the great natural

divergences that there exists an equal dissimilarity in animal and vegetable life between the two Colonies, mentioned by Wallace in his "Island Life," and by Professor Heilprin in his "Distribution of Animals"—a dissimilarity which, as Wallace points out, is infinitely greater than that which exists between the animal—especially the bird and insect—life of countries so far apart as England and Japan :—" Let an inhabitant of Australia sail to New Zealand, a distance less than 1300 miles, and he will find himself in a country whose productions are totally unlike those of his own. Kangaroos and wombats there are none, the birds are almost entirely new, insects are very scarce and quite unlike the handsome or strange Australian forms, while even the vegetation is all changed, and no gum-tree, or wattle, or grass-tree meets the traveller's eye."—(Wallace's " Island Life," p. 5.)

The traveller will find that he cannot in any part of New Zealand study those differences of animal and vegetable life, or any other of the attractions of our Colony, under conditions more favorable than those offered by the Northern provinces, Hawke's Bay and Auckland.

Napier is the principal town of the Province of Hawke's Bay, and Hawke's Bay is admitted by all who are not interested in some other portion of the Colony to be the most fertile and lovely of the provinces. The town may be reached from Wellington either by sea or rail. One of the Union Steamship Company's splendid line of coasting steamers leaves Wellington every Friday, arriving at Napier on Saturday about mid-day. Frequently there are mid-week steamers, but they are irregular as to the day of departure. The steamer usually rounds Cape Kidnappers and enters the Bay in the forenoon. This cape, which is on the southern point of the Bay, takes its name from Captain Cook, who christened it Cape Kidnappers, because here the Maoris carried off Taiota, the Tahitian boy whom he carried as a means of communication between himself and the natives of the various South Sea Islands. (The flavor of the boy was never discovered. He eluded his *butchers* and swam back to his



Herald Lith.

Manawatu Gorge.

Cook.) As the steamer sails up the Bay the town is seen stretching along the shingly beach, and behind it the hills covered with the residences of those who are fortunate enough to be able to live out of the town. As these become clearer to the view the broad verandahs of the villas, and the semi-tropical plants which flourish in the gardens give one the feeling that here it is always summer. The air is clear and balmy, and free from moisture. Mrs Butler, in her "Glimpses of Maori Land" says, "The air of Napier is life-giving. It seems to me still that I have never elsewhere breathed anything like it." The swarms of children about the streets testify to the truth of Mrs Butler's observation.

The shipping arrangements of the port have long been far short of its requirements. The existing harbor cannot receive the larger vessels. These remain in the safe shelter of the roadstead, and send their passengers ashore by a smart little launch. A breakwater is in course of construction at a cost of at least £300,000.

The tourist who loves the bush and dislikes the sea will take one or other of the overland routes from Wellington to Napier. The one is by Masterton and Woodville, the other by Palmerston North and Woodville. The former is by rail, over the Rimutaka range of hills—a triumph for a young and impecunious colony in bold and extravagant engineering. By the other he takes rail along the west coast to Palmerston North, and thence coaches through the famous Manawatu Gorge to Woodville. From Woodville the train takes him to Napier. Both routes take the traveller through the immense tracts of bush known as the Seventy Mile and the Forty Mile Bush. In a year or two it is expected that by both routes a through line of railway will connect Wellington and Napier. There is no more imposing scenery in the colony than the great glens or gullies and steep hillsides clothed in luxuriant bush, with its dense undergrowth of tree-ferns and cabbage trees, convolvulus, and twining supplejack.

The stately tree-fern . . . . . .
. . . . . with its starry crown of radiating fretted fans

And proudly springing beauteous crest
Of shoots all brown with glistening down,
Curved like the lyre-bird's tail, half spread,
Or necks opposed of wrangling swans
Red bill to bill—black breast to breast.

In summer the sombre green of the rimu (or red pine) and kahikatea (or white pine) is relieved by the bright red glow of the rata flower. This extraordinary tree is a parasite which begins life as a vine, timidly clinging to some arm of a full-grown king of the forest, strikes root when it reaches the ground, and continues to throw out great embracing arms until the deluded monarch gives up his life to his protége. It is to the parasitical nature of the forest growth that the density of the New Zealand bush is due. "The New Zealand forest owes its tropical luxuriance to the countless parasitical weeds, ferns, to the *Pandaneæ* and *Orchideæ* covering trunks and branches, and to the creepers which cover the ground as with a natural netting, which coil round every stem, run up every limb, glide from head to head and entwine the topmost branches of a dozen trees in Gordian knots. Thus the forests become impenetrable thickets which sun and air can scarce penetrate and which have to be cut through with the knife or sword at every step the traveller makes into the untrodden wilderness."—(Hochstetter p. 135.) One finds it easy to enter into the spirit of the musings of

Young Ranolf, as he lay at ease,
Profaning (must we needs confess?)
With chestnut-glossed pet meerschaum the pure breeze.

. . . . . .

Glorious! this life of lake
And hill-top? toil and tug through tangled brake,
Dense fern and smothering broom;
And then such rests as now I take
In sun-fleck'd soft cathedral gloom
Of forests immemorial!—(Ranolf and Amohia, vol. II., p. 121.)

The clear bell-note of the tui or parson-bird in the day time, and the croak of the ruru or morepork (the native owl) in the evening, supply the music.

From Wellington to Napier by Palmerston North is a day's journey, and ere long the railway on the Masterton route will probably be so far completed as to place the routes on an equal footing as to time. Passengers by sea find themselves landed at the Spit, about a mile from Napier and will take a cab or 'bus to the town. The railway station is about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town.

Napier is well supplied with good hotels, of which the tourist will probably prefer the Criterion, the Masonic, or the Clarendon. The town and suburbs are built upon a peninsula called, but little known as, Scinde Island. The views from the several points on the hills are varied and beautiful. Strangers are much struck by the clear green of the ocean, and those who have never seen the Bay of Naples invariably notice a striking resemblance between that Bay and the curve of the sea which sweeps from Napier to the Kidnappers. The prospects from the Lighthouse Hill, the Reservoir Hill, and the Hospital Hill are particularly pleasing. The Botanical Gardens, on the Hospital Hill, enable one to form some idea of the ease with which the most delicate plants and shrubs can be grown here in the open air.

The streets of the town are adorned and enlivened by groups of Maoris, young and old, male and female. There is not, as a rule, much of the picturesque about the males, who dress for the most part in European costume of a common and uninteresting kind. The ladies, on the other hand—especially the younger ladies—dress stylishly. They are highly artistic, though not always æsthetic, in their notions of costume. They are fond of bright colors, such as red and orange, and these are very becoming to them. They move along, generally in pairs, talking and laughing and chaffing, or sit in groups on the door steps of the shops, basking in the sun. The traveller begins to realise that now at last he is in Maoriland. The Spirit of Poetry takes possession of him and he sings—

Yes, yes, it must be—
It is Titi-rau-kura,
Whose left eye we know

Is now glaring at all of us
Yes, yes, at all of us.
How red he has turned
By the heat of the sun ;
Yes, yes, by the sun
Of the hot summer's day.

Perhaps it was the hot summer's day that made him so red—and perhaps it wasn't. Anyhow he liked being red, and in the winter, when the sun was scarce, he found an effective substitute round the corner.

Having arrived at this state of feeling the visitor will see nothing unusual in the fact that throughout the town the streets are named from poets and philosphers — Shakespeare (not yet changed to Bacon), Tennyson, Browning, &c.—names which were given by New Zealand's greatest poet, the Hon. A. Domett, author of "Ranolf and Amohia," then Crown Lands Commissioner for Hawke's Bay.

OUTSKIRTS OF NAPIER.

The traveller, whether he be a resident in New Zealand or fresh from England, will find much to interest him around Napier. The land for many miles east and south is probably the richest in the colony. The Ahuriri plains, which adjoin the town, contain 80,000 acres, and are famous for their fertility. Beyond the plains the low limestone hills supply sheep as fine as any in the world, and no better beef will be found anywhere than is fed on the low lying flats in the bottom of the valleys. Here and there—always on the best of the land—are native reserves, *Kaiangas*, or Maori villages, and occasionally *pas*, or native fortifications. The nearest is the *pa* of Wai-o-hiki, (the water of the fish-charm) about five miles out of town. This *pa* has now very few residents, but it still retains the stockading—the chief feature of a *pa*. Here was the residence of Tareha, the famous Maori ally of the Europeans, who by his force of character and thorough loyalty was largely instrumental in maintaining peace on the East Coast throughout the native difficulty. Here is his *whare runanga* or house of assembly, and here too is his tomb. About three miles further inland is the battle field of Omaranui. Here, in October, 1866, a body of rebel natives of the Ngatihineuru tribe, to the number of 100 fighting men, assembled in their trenched and stockaded stronghold by the river. Colonel—afterwards Major-General Sir George—Whitmore selected 180 heroes of Napier, tore them from their peaceful pursuit of the nimble penny, and sat down with them in front of the Omaranui village. Mr. Locke, with 200 warlike natives, gave them a moral support and fished for eels in a neighboring swamp. The rebels did not like the position, but refused to surrender. Their prophet had been cruelly deceived by the *atua* of the Hauhaus. He had been informed by that high authority that the party which fired the first shot would lose the game. Our men,

ignorant of this, but anxious for the Victoria Cross, forded the river almost under the rebel ramparts to the attack. Had the natives taken advantage of the opportunity so generously offered, the commercial interests of Napier would that day have changed hands. Instead of that they allowed the pakeha to march right on up the high river bank, and open fire on them almost simultaneously with a heavy cross fire on all other sides. Of the rebels 23 were killed, 28 wounded, and 44 taken prisoners, at a cost to the victorious Europeans of one white man and two natives killed, one officer, eight Europeans, and four Maoris wounded.

Beyond this again, by a good road, are other native villages—Tututiopaki, Omahu, Owhiti, &c. The roads around Napier are good, and so are the cabs. The drives after the first two or three miles immediately outside the town are through pleasant country. The warm air, tempered by the sea breeze, is everywhere. It is invigorating to the invalid and cheering to the healthy. For both there is no pleasanter way of spending a leisure hour than by driving over and about the suburban hills. The best of cabs and the most obliging of drivers will take a party for five shillings an hour. Then there is the drive by the Puketapu hill and valley, and back by Redcliffe, in the course of which one has a series of views of the extensive plains with the green bay stretching beyond. Then there is an afternoon's drive to the hill on Greenmeadows, (distance about five miles), from which one can view the expanse of the inner harbor with all its inlets; the round by Taradale and Meanee, (about ten miles); the round by Omahu and Hastings, (about thirty miles); and the drive to Petane (Bethany) and Petane Valley (about ten miles). In this valley is the station known as Carr's, where in 1866 a detachment of Maoris, on their way to join the natives already disposed of at Omaranui in an attack on Napier, were intercepted by Major Fraser and his forty warriors The short story of the still shorter conflict which ensued is thus told by Lieutenant Gudgeon in his interesting volume "Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand":—"While the events related, (the Omaranui fight), were in progress Major Fraser was not idle;

they had marched from Napier at 2 a.m. on the 12th, and at 8 o'clock the following morning reached their destination, Captain Carr's station in the Petane Valley. Major Fraser at once sent round to the neighboring settlers, ordering them to come in and reinforce him; but before they could do so two officers, who had gone to bathe in the river, returned and reported that a body of mounted men were approaching the station. The party proved to proved to be Te Rangihiroa, Paora Toki, and Anaru Matete, with 22 Hauhaus, who were marching to assist the Omaranui men. Major Fraser first sent a party to cut off the enemy's retreat by a small gorge through which they had to pass, and then, barring the way with the remainder of his company, called upon them to lay down their arms and surrender. But Te Rangihiroa, like his compatriots at Omaranui, behaved with remarkable boldness, and although he knew that his retreat was cut off, and that he was confronted by nearly double his number of well-armed tried men, he refused to surrender, and retired to a small house for cover. Fraser immediately ordered his men to open fire, and a very sharp affair ensued, but lasted only a few minutes, for our men, judiciously posted under cover of a fence, held the Hauhaus at their mercy. We had only one man wounded, whereas the enemy had twelve killed, one wounded, and three men taken prisoners. Te Rangihiroa was killed, but Paora Toki and Anaru Matete managed to escape, fording the river, much to the disgust of our men, as it was at the instigation of these two chiefs that their followers refused to surrender."

Those who have come by sea to Napier should take a run by rail to Takapau (59 miles), or, if time permits, as far as Danevirke or Woodville, that they may enjoy the magnificent and luxuriant scenery of the Seventy Mile Bush. To Takapau the railway goes through pastoral country, then altogether through bush. In the colony special inducements are offered by the Railway Department to scenic tourists. The speed of the train is so regulated as to enable them to grasp all details of the scenery on either side. If they should be artistically disposed, no

difficulty will be experienced in making a pre-Raphaelite sketch of any prospect which strikes the fancy. Then the railway servants are so superior. There is about them that magnificent air to which in the Marquis of Hartington has been given the Parliamentary name of "bedamnedness." There are good hotels at Waipawa, Waipukurau, Danevirke, and Woodville for the traveller or the botanist who cares to spend a night in the country or the bush.

NAPIER TO TAUPO.

The tourist must now prepare to leave the abodes of men and take his way through the solitudes. The Taupo line of coaches, which is in the hands of Messrs. Crowther and McCaulay, will carry him safely and comfortably through. Leaving Napier between 6 and 7 in the morning, the coach proceeds across the Napier hills to the Spit, and thence over the outlet of the lagoon known as the Inner Harbor, by the Ahuriri bridge—a bridge of unusual length. Formerly all traffic in this direction was conducted by punts and boats. At the further end, on the Western Spit, is a little fishing village, after leaving which the road runs for six miles along a narrow level peninsula of shingle, dividing the sea from the lagoon. Across the lagoon are the low hills and little inlets of Maraetara and Poraite, looking their best in the morning sunlight. It is getting near to 8 o'clock when, leaving the shingle, the coach pulls up at the Petane Hotel, a comfortable holiday establishment supplying its guests with cricket ground, tennis lawn, dancing hall, and even a racecourse. Leaving this, the road ascends the Petane hill, from the top of which the traveller, looking back, has a pleasant view of the way he has come, and then proceeds through the beauties of the Petane valley for about six miles, when the river Esk is reached. It is then time to say farewell to green pastures. Throughout the rest of the journey the eye looks in vain for anything of the kind. For the future the beauty of the scenery lies not in its verdure. The way—for it can hardly be called a road—now lies in the river bed for a distance of six or seven miles, in the course of which the river Esk and its tributary, the Mangakopikopiko, are crossed in all about 50 times. Many attempts have been made by passengers to count the crossings, but the actual number is still

doubtful. The most determined effort to set the question at rest was made by a party who took with them five dozen of Bass, and drawing one bottle at each crossing reserved the corks for subsequent enumeration. The reckoning somehow went wrong about half way through. The tedium of this part of the journey is relieved by various effects of light and shade on the fern covered banks and the steep hill sides, which, before the river is left, form a narrow pass. From the last crossing the coach ascends the Kaiwaka cutting, and makes its way along an elevated plateau about 1200 feet above sea level, through apparently uninhabited country to Pohui. This is 25 miles from Napier, and about the same distance from the halting place for the night —the settlement of Tarawera. A halt is accordingly made for luncheon. The fare provided is homely, but it is in contemplation, in view of the increased tourist traffic by this route to supply something better. On leaving Pohui we pass through a very charming little piece of bush, and shortly after begin the ascent of the Titiokura saddle, on which we find ourselves about 2500 feet above sea level. From this point one can see, appearing over many hundred acres of bush, the Napier hills, Cape Kidnappers, and the bright blue of Hawke's Bay. A rapid descent is now made of 1400 feet in about five miles, finishing with the famous Mohaka cutting. This part of the road is cut out of the side of an almost perpendicular hill, at the foot of which flows the broad Mohaka river. Crossing this by the bridge, the coach pulls up for a few minutes near the Mohaka Hotel, when the traveller has time to look back upon the latest of his achievements. In doing so his attention is arrested by a waterfall of considerable height, but which, in summer, makes a very moderate display. It is remarkable that the Mohaka river in this part of the country marks a decided line between fairly good soil on the one side and absolutely undiluted pumice on the other. As the coach takes the rise from the river everyone is at once struck with the obvious fact that he is no longer on earth, but on pure white pumice. On the left, as the coach ascends, may be seen imbedded in the wall

of pumice remnants of charred wood buried many feet deep, and these continne to reappear every now and again on all stages of the journey to Rotorua. In point of fact we are now on the outskirts of what Dr. Von Hochstetter has called the Taupo volcanic zone, of which further notice will be taken later on. Pumice now pervades the soil in a greater or less degree all the way to the Hot Lakes. In a short time there comes into view a peculiar building constructed—as most of the colonial buildings are—of wood. This is known as the Te Haroto block-house. It is square in shape, with an overhanging top, from which an assailing enemy might be attacked. It was erected in the year 1866, as an assistance in the military operations directed against the native rebels. It is in a commanding position, taking in a view of the surrounding country for many miles on all sides. Shortly after it is passed, the road winds through somewhat scattered and not very majestic bush. The wild or native fuchsia lines either side of the road for several miles. It bears a small flower formed like the garden fuchsia which developes into an edible berry. In the middle of this bush the road reaches its highest point, Tupurupuru, 2980 feet above sea level. From thence there is a gradual descent to Tarawera. The road runs for over five miles winding in serpentine fashion down the face of the Tauranga-Kumara, till it reaches the Stoney Creek stream, 1380 feet lower than the Tupurupuru summit. From the road near the top the view is magnificent. An immense valley, long and deep, lies at the foot of an almost perpendicular hill. On the right and left mountains rise straight up into the blue sky. Great gullies, mostly clothed in fern, but occasionally in light bush, divide the ranges. Away in front lies the village of Tarawera, a mere speck in the distance. The great head of Tatara-a-kina threatens the traveller all along the descent from the opposite side of the main valley, and, as he approaches the foot of the hill, almost overhangs him. No more impressive or more extensive prospect can be imagined than this view from the top of Tauranga-Kumara, although the tourist may complain of the absence of the bush and

water which generally lend so much beauty to the scenery of New Zealand. In a wonderfully short time the foot of the hill is reached after turning many startling corners, and again the road penetrates a group of low hills of pure pumice. Along the steep sides of these, in some cases on the very face of a perpendicular cliff, the road is cut. It is surprising to find the consistency with which the pumice holds together under the weight, not only of a coach, but of great waggons carrying several tons of goods, and drawn by five or six heavy draught horses. Tarawera is finally reached through a narrow pass between two terraces of pumice, opening out at the further end of the valley from the top of Tauranga-Kumara. The village consists of a few houses, a school, an hotel, and a post and telegraph office. The houses were until recently occupied mostly by members of the armed constabulary, but the village is no longer a military station. The hotel stands about the middle of the village, the back windows peeping up at the top of the great Tatara-a-kina. The post and telegraph office is alongside the hotel. Behind the hotel, reached by a path alongside of the post-office, is a modest relic of the times of war in the form of a decayed rifle pit. It is built of great square logs of wood, and is itself square in shape, having rows of little loop-holes along its walls. Looking across the gully, behind the rifle-pit, is a large flat, on which the experienced tourist may discern the remains of an ancient Maori fortification. He will also be struck with the strange terrace formation of the district, the various terraces appearing to indicate a triple period of construction. A favorite amusement is to theorise on these results of time, and it would be unfair by offering any conclusive observations on the subject to deprive future visitors of a resource which has afforded so much entertainment in the past.

Not far from the village, but in opposite directions, are two hot springs—Tarawera Spring and Park's Spring. The one is about a mile and a half distant, the other about three miles. Little or nothing has been done to develope them, and there is consequently small inducement to the traveller who is going

further on to visit either of them. They are chiefly remarkable for the iodine they contain, the Tarawera Spring showing .714 of iodine in 99.956, and Park's Spring showing 1.012 in 200.939. The detailed analyses will be found in the appendix.

Leaving Tarawera between 6 and 7 in the morning, the coach, after several ascents and descents, steadily climbs the Pakaranui hill, rising to a height of about 1000 feet above the level of Tarawera. The windings of the road through the bush and the luxuriance of the ferns which clothe its banks make this part of the journey very attractive. The umbrella fern *(Gleichenia Cunninghamii)* and the Pennigerum are in some spots very abundant, and occasionally the delicate crape fern *(Todea Superba)* is seen in large specimens. The way along the Pakaranui hill is by a gorge, 250 feet deep, full of dove-tailing spurs, round the base of which winds a stream supplied in part by a waterfall visible on the left. Crossing the stream, the tourist finds himself on the margin of the great Runanga plains, a pumice desert of great extent. He is astonished to find on the outskirts of this great solitude the dwelling-house and shop of the ubiquitous blacksmith, and the Maori wife who, with a tribe of healthy children, shares his joys and sorrows. Through the plains, then to the Rangitikei river, where luncheon is waiting at Crowther and McAulay's hotel, then on again through more plains, and past the now extinct little settlement of Opepe to Taupo. As the traveller approaches Opepe, he will see at some distance on his right the burying place of those who were slain in what is known as the Opepe Massacre, an incident which does much to dispel the common notion of the Quixotic honesty of Maori warfare.

Te Kooti, well-known to the reader of New Zealand history as the leader of the escape from the Chatham Islands, and the chief actor in the Poverty Bay massacre, had been haunting the country further south, acting in concert with the other Hauhau rebels. Colonel St. John was engaged in investigating the positions in Taupo available for military purposes, while a number of his men mounted guard at Opepe. What followed is described by

Lieutenant Gudgeon in his "Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand :—"Te Kooti and his party left for Taupo, and on the 7th of June came in sight of Opepe. The notorious Peka led the advanced guard, and was astonished to see smoke rising from the deserted whares, as they had not anticipated meeting anyone at this place. Word was sent back to Te Kooti, who ordered some of his men to saunter up to the whares and pretend that they were Arawas, while the main body crept up one of the numerous ravines which intersect this part of the country, and cut the people off from the bush. The orders were well carried out. The Hauhaus walked up to the unsuspecting men, who proved to be a party of the Bay of Plenty cavalry, acting as escort to Colonel St. John, while that officer inspected the various positions in Taupo with a view to future occupation. The escort were somewhat startled by the sight of these armed natives, but were reassured by their calling out and saluting them in Maori fashion "*Tena koutou*," and more still by the Opotiki troopers recognising among them some of the Opotiki tribe who said they belonged to the Arawa contingent. Others said they were Taupo natives who had come to ascertain who it was occupying Opepe. During this conversation the Hauhaus had gradually got between the troopers and their arms, which had been foolishly left in the whares. One or two of the men who seem to have had doubts as to the character of their visitors, seeing other Maoris coming out of the bush in skirmishing order, tried to get at their weapons but were stopped by the Hauhaus, who, having no further need of concealment, commenced the massacre. Nine troopers were killed immediately, but Sergeant Dette, with Troopers Leary and Stephenson, succeeded in getting into the bush and escaped, arriving at Fort Galatea, forty miles away, on the following day, when they informed Colonel Fraser of the almost total destruction of their party. Cornet Smith, who was in command of the escort, escaped also, although severely wounded, and managed to reach Galatea some days after the attack. Colonel St. John, Major Cummins, Captain Moorsom, Lieutenant Clark, and an orderly, had left only a few hours

previously to visit Pohipi's Kainga at Tapuaharuru and thus escaped the fate of their escort."

From Opepe the road descends by a gentle slope to Lake Taupo. While yet some miles from the lake the prospect of the Taupo sea, as it is called by the natives, with its snow-capped background of Ruapehu and Tongariro, bursts on the traveller. As he draws nearer he begins to wonder whence the beauty of the great scene is derived. Taken in detail, there is little to be called beautiful. The shores and the surrounding hills as seen from the township are not covered with lovely bush, the lake is not studded with verdant islands, nor is it alive with native canoes. Still there is a beauty in the scene which is undeniable. On the right is Mount Tauhara, 3600 feet, looking as quiet and sedate as if it had not been once upon a time one of the wildest of volcanoes.

Dr. Von Hochstetter divides the volcanic formations of the North Island into three separate districts. The central zone is the Taupo zone. "It contains the grandest and rarest volcanic phenomena that New Zealand can boast of. Quite close to the centre of the Island, on the southern shore of the large inland lake, Taupo, the waters of which fill a deep reservoir upon a sterile pumice-stone plateau of about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, the two giants among the volcanic cones of New Zealand, Tongariro and Ruapehu, rear their colossal heads. The Tongariro volcano, 6000 feet high, with two powerful ever-steaming craters, is still active, at least as solfatara; the Ruapehu, on the other hand, which is over 9000 feet high and covered with perpetual snow, appears to be totally extinct. These two mountains are surrounded by a number of smaller cones likewise extinct, such as Pihanga, Kakaramea, Hauhanga, and others which the natives call the wives and children of the two giants. A third giant, so says tradition, named Taranaki, stood formerly beside Tongariro and Ruapehu, but having quarrelled with the latter he was obliged to flee to the West Coast, where, a lonely exile, on the coast he now rears his hoary head among the clouds; this is the snow-capped Taranaki or Mount Egmont, 8270 feet high."

Nothing could be more satisfactory to the scientific student than the conclusive manner in which the peculiarities of the volcanic districts are accounted for by native tradition. The difficulty of scientific explanations lies in their variety and contradiction. They never agree, and are generally dependent upon many "Ifs." In Maori tradition there is no "If"; there is nothing but a simple statement of undeniable fact. For example, the origin of the volcano of Tongariro, properly called Ngauruhoe, and of the hot springs which form a direct line from White Island by Maketu, is put beyond all doubt. When the Maoris first arrived in New Zealand those who took up their abode around the south-western portion of the Bay of Plenty came in a canoe called the "Arawa." The chief of this cargo was named Ngatoroirangi (Great Runner from Another World), and with him were his aged wife and his slave, Ngauruhoe. They had been many days at sea when they sighted Whakari Island, now known as White Island, and the sacred fire of which the old lady had charge had fallen very low. The prow was turned upon the island, and there the fire was re-kindled. More was made than the old lady deemed it necessary to take with her. What was left behind accounts for the fact that the island is now a perpetual furnace of burning sulphur. This incendiary family landed at Maketu and settled down, but before long the old gentleman longed to investigate the interior, and travelling with his slave, Ngauruhoe, proceeded to the summit of Tongariro and the adjoining cone to survey the surrounding country. The everlasting snow, which was probably mistaken by these novices for grated cocoa-nut, induced a sensation of chilliness, to which, by-and-bye, Ngauruhoe succumbed. His limbs were cold and inactive, and it dawned upon his astonished chief that he wanted warmth. He accordingly lifted up his voice and called aloud to his faithful spouse to bring along the sacred fire. The distance is only 120 nautical miles. The old lady heard, and hurried along, and in her haste dropped all along the line burning sparks from her basket of fire. The evidence of that journey remains in more

than a thousand hot springs and steam holes, which make almost a bee line between Maketu and Tongariro. Quickly she climbed the mountain, still dropping the seeds of young volcanoes, until she reached the summit. Then she proceeded to warm up Ngauruhoe. But he would not melt. Indignant, she flung the remains from her basket upon the top of the cone. It sunk deep into the centre of the mountain, and is alight unto this day.

The traveller alighting at Taupo finds himself just about the middle of this interesting line of fire. From thence he can investigate the principal evidences of the old woman's impetuous journey. To the west are Lake Taupo, filling the crater of a huge volcano, the hot springs or *puias* of Tokaanu, the steam holes of Tongariro, and the volcano itself, called, as already mentioned, Ngauruhoe. To the east and north are the beautiful and wonderful geyser valley of Wairakei, the sulphur lake of Rotokawa, the fairyland alum cave, and the luxurious springs of Orakei-Korako, and many other marvellous and lovely sights.

TAUPO.

The township of Taupo is really a relic of the Maori war, which engaged the attention of the authorities from 1860 to 1870. The redoubt, with its curious little magazine of pumice-stone, and its diminutive barracks, is still in good preservation. The garrison now consists of something like three members of the Armed Constabulary force. Up to a few years ago it was considered necessary to keep from 20 to 30 men here, but they were gradually reduced. Major Scannell, who had, and still has, command of the forces, might almost be said to have grown with the township. As his military duties have been lightened, he has directed his energies towards more peaceful pursuits. As Resident Magistrate and Judge of the Native Lands Court he now dispenses justice equally to those who sixteen years ago were mortal enemies; and amidst his many duties he finds time to cultivate a knowledge of the sciences and to delight the soul of the travelling scholar who is fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

The name Taupo is said to mean a place of darkness, and Dr. Hochstetter suggests that it has its origin in the obscuring of the sky by clouds of ashes from the volcano. This name is properly applicable to the district, the township being named Tapuaeharuru ("rumbling footsteps"), no doubt from the constant reminders there experienced of the presence of the neighbouring volcanoes.

In the township are two hotels—Gallagher's Lake Hotel and Noble's Hotel. Gallagher's Hotel is the one which will probably be chosen by the traveller remaining in Taupo. The accommodation is good. The pleasantest hour in the township is that which everyone spends on the balcony of this hotel after dinner on a summer's eve. The view extends the whole length of the lake, and

when clouds do not intervene includes the snowy summits of Tongariro and Ruapehu. The Waikato river is also seen taking its leave of the lake, and starting on its northerly course, deep and clear. Anyone interested in the subject of pumice will examine the orchard and the well of water behind the hotel. There is nothing in such soil—if it can be so called—to invite the efforts of the fruit-grower, but one is surprised at the results of the application of a little energy and some manure. The well, which has been sunk to a depth of 30 or 40 feet, is no doubt supplied by the waters of the lake oozing through the spongy pumice.

TAUPO TO TOKAANU.

The first difficulty which the tourist will encounter after exhausting the slender resources of the township will be to decide whether he should first investigate the lake and its surroundings or the beauties and wonders of Wairakei. To some extent the solution will depend on his future intentions. If he has resolved to proceed to Rotorua he will no doubt determine without much hesitation to see what is to be seen around the lake before going further, as Wairakei is on his way to Rotorua. As most travellers, especially those from a distance, will complete the journey by Rotorua to Auckland, it will be more convenient before going further in that direction to describe the Lake Country first. Tapuaeharuru lies on the north east corner of Lake Taupo ; Tokaanu, or Tokano, on the south west corner.

Until very recently Tokaanu could be reached only by crossing the lake, or by riding partly along the beach and partly by bridle track over the hills. There was no road. But within the last few years a fair coach road has been constructed by the Armed Constabulary force, and Tokaanu can now be reached by coach or buggy. The route lies for the first two miles along the Taupo-Napier road, and then strikes through sandy country. For five miles it proceeds within sight of the lake, through heavy sand over which it is impossible to go at other than a walking pace. Then it leads through an immense but narrow gully, between almost perpendicular hills of pumice, until it emerges on the border of the lake close to a native settlement or kaianga known as Atipi. After driving about two miles further it is advisable to stop for luncheon, which the traveller must bring along with him, for there is no place of entertainment between Taupo and Tokaanu. At the place of rest are the relics of an ancient missionary plantation of fruit trees

—chiefly peach trees and vines. These having been allowed to grow wild, the fruit, even when permitted by passers-by to mature, is not of a quality which, if it had prevailed in the Garden of Eden, would have justified the Fall. A stream of clear water flows through this grove into the lake, but from this, as from most streams near Maori settlements, it is not prudent to drink of the water neat. In most instances the travellers will have the remedy at hand. From this point the road is very interesting, following the margin of the lake, and in several places by cuttings in the rock, making careful driving a wise precaution. The scenery becomes more varied and graceful. There are little bays in perfect semicircles and long slender peninsulas graced with the Yellow Kowhai, a native shrub, frequently attaining to the dignity of a tree, and bearing a pendulous yellow blossom. All along the Kaimanawa range of mountains runs at some distance off on the left, and from its slopes several streams flow into the lake and have to be crossed. The principal of these are the Waitahanui, ("Water of the Big Calabash"), the Hinemaia, ("Brave Girl"), the Tauranga ("Place of Anchorage"), and the Tongariro. With the exception of the last of these the streams are small and easily forded, but the Tongariro, rising many miles off in the valley between the Kaimanawa range and Ruapehu, is in winter, and sometimes even in summer, a formidable river for the unaccustomed traveller. This river is frequently called the Waikato, as being the same river which flows out of the lake. It is the largest of the numerous streams which flow into the lake. It does so at a point opposite to that at which the Waikato leaves the lake, and it follows the same northerly course.

The last part of the journey is by a road leading round an extensive swamp, then round the foot of a hill by a badly-defined track. In no part is the drive from Taupo to Tokaanu dull or uninteresting, although the road is occasionally heavy and sometimes bumpy. The whole of the country through which you have come is understood to be the property and ancient abode of the native tribe Ngatituwharetoa. It was originally occupied by the Ngatihotu, a tribe said to have come in the canoe named Tainui, with the first migration from Hawaiiki.

This is how it all happened. In Hawaiiki there lived a young lady named Hine-tu-a-hoanga, and a young gentleman named Ngahue. The young lady had a precious green jasper stone named Whaiapu, and the young gentleman owned a useful obsidian named Poutini, besides quantities of the Whaiapu, or green jasper. Hine-tu-a-hoanga quarrelled with Ngahue about his obsidian, which was used for grinding down the jasper in order that ornaments and hatchets and other beautiful and useful articles might be shaped from it. Ngahue fled from Hine-tu-a-hoanga, and landing in New Zealand at a place in the South Island named Orahura, deposited large quantities of his green jasper there. Having done this he returned to Hawaiiki by the East Coast of the North Island, calling at Tauranga (on the Bay of Plenty) on the way. He so enchanted his friends with his description of New Zealand that they forthwith felled a totara tree in Rarotonga, which lies on the other side of Hawaiiki, and from this tree was hewn the Arawa canoe. A chief named Hoturoa ("a long sigh") then built in the same way the Tainui canoe. The other canoes then built for emigration were the Matatua, the Takitumu, the Kura-hau-po, the Toko-maru, and the Matawhaorua. The Tainui was the first to arrive. It touched the coast near Whangaparaoa in the Hauraki Gulf. It was the crew of this boat or their descendants who by-and-bye settled in the Taupo country and were known as the Ngatihotu. But in course of time a tribe named the Ngatikurapoto drove the Ngatihotu from that country and took possession of it. In later years the great-great-great-granddaughter of Kurapoto married Tupoto, who was a great-grandson of Tuwharetoa, a chief of renown, and a branch of their descendants came to be known as the Ngatituwharetoa, the present occupants of the country. The legends of the district are part of the history of this tribe and of its chiefs. Many of them are interesting, not only from a psychological but also from a geographical point of view. There are, for example, the legends of the Tokaanu river, a modest stream flowing through the settlement. This stream has at least twice changed its course.

About ten generations ago, when Taringa, a grandson of Tuwharetoa, flourished at Tokaanu, the river ran in an old bed which is still to be seen branching off from the present one, near the footbridge, where there are hot springs on either side of the road leading to the hotel. In those days the river formed a small lake or lagoon on its way to Lake Taupo. It was the delight of the more manly of the natives, after luxuriating in the soft elysium of the hot springs, to plunge into the bracing waters of the colder pool. Taringa had a favorite son, the Achilles of the pa. In war and in love he was equally successful. A child wandering to the margin of the pool one day slipped in just by the edge of the current, and before its cries could be heard by this young Achilles, who was bathing in a neighboring spring, it was borne to the deepest part of the water. In hurrying to its aid our hero sustained an injury, and in his efforts to save the child was himself drowned in the lagoon. Taringa was inconsolable. His son, the hope of his heart, and the terror of his enemies, had been swept from his gaze without a last look or a spoken farewell. It seemed as if there would be at least some comfort in recovering his body, and to do this Taringa directed the river to be turned into a new channel and the lagoon to be drained. Although by this means the body was found, the father's grief did not diminish. For many days he did not cease to lament, and found no comfort in constant tears; life became unbearable. Secretly rolling up in his mat a weight of stones, he cast it round him, and putting off alone in a canoe he paddled it to a distant point in the lake, and jumping overboard he went to the world of spirits through the same element which had overwhelmed his beloved boy. That is how the first change took place in the course of the Tokaanu river.

The second change occurred soon afterwards, but by very different means. About 12 miles from Tokaanu is Lake Rotoaira. It is a small lake. To look at it one would say it had no pretensions. But in those days it would have been very unsafe to sneer at it. All lakes of any consequence had a *taniwha*

(a fabulous water monster) and Lake Rotoaira boasted a very great *taniwha* indeed, named Hurukareao. This Hurukareao was a near relative of the Taniwha who lived at Horomatangi in Lake Taupo. Now it will be remembered that in our young days fairies were of moderate size, and were contented to take one good child at a time under their protection. But these *taniwhas* were not to be put off with an individual. Nothing less than a whole *hapu* (tribe) would suffice. But as it was impossible to find more than one without an admixture of evil, they both took under their protection the same *hapu*. Unfortunately the name of this unusually virtuous people has been lost to history. It is, however, with only one member of it that we have to do—a young lady whom we shall call Hineutu (Lady Revenge). Going on a visit to Ohinemutu—which, as all good tourists know, is a place where wickedness prevails—Hineutu went to bathe in one of the hot springs in the settlement. The young people of Ohinemutu, ignorant of the dread fact of her favour with the *taniwhas*, gathered round and unmercifully chaffed her. To submit to such treatment with two whole *taniwhas* at her back was not to be thought of. She returned to her abode by the shores of Lake Taupo, and bringing the whole force of her incantations to bear on Hurukareao and his cousin who pervaded Lake Taupo, she called upon them to avenge her insults. These incantations were executed with so much success, that the *taniwhas* began to deal death and destruction all round before they had time to discover the just sphere of their operations. First, splash went a whole innocent pa at Rotoaira clean under water; then on sped the avenging spirits to Tokaanu, upsetting many things, and again changing the course of the river into its present channel; then along the margin of Lake Taupo till splash! down goes another vicarious pa; and finally reaching the root of the crime at Ohinemutu, when, their energies having become almost exhausted, they have to content themselves with drowning only half the pa of the actual offenders. Thus was the course of the river Tokaanu changed a second time. If anyone doubts it he will find the proof of it in the spring on the banks of that river, which spring is called

Hurukareao to this day, and in the submerged villages on Lake Rotoaira, Lake Taupo, and Lake Rotorua, all named Hurukareao to this day. If further proof is wanted, there is the submerged Cave of Horomatangi, on the western side of the Island of Motutaiko, in Lake Taupo, in which the monster still resides, and from which, whenever a boat or canoe passes along, he works a small but effective whirlpool.

TOKAANO.

The settlement is situated on the banks of the Tokaanu stream. The European residents are few in number—somewhere under twenty. The native houses are built in more than the usual regularity, and generally the people and the place have a clean and orderly appearance. The hotel, which is conducted by Mr. George Blake, a most attentive host, is comfortable without being luxurious. Mr. Blake is well up in all the peculiarities and beauties of the surrounding country, and is always ready to place his information at the disposal of his visitors. The hot springs, or *puias*, are of course the first and chief attraction. The tourist who has been travelling the greater part of the day, and feels the fatigues of a somewhat tiring journey, will find five or ten minutes in one of these natural baths sufficient to completely banish all sense of fatigue, especially if the warm bath is followed by a plunge in the cold water of the river. The *puias* are within two or three minutes' walk from the hotel. They are as nature made them, open to the blue sky of heaven. There are no pegs whereon to hang your garments, and no walls whereon to place a peg. One of the *puias* is somewhat more retired than the others, but it is frequently of a temperature which forbids bathing. These baths are contained in natural basins covered with a silicious deposit, and having in several cases curious rims of peculiarly twisted worm-like excrescences having the appearance of polished coral of a flinty colour. The scientific tourist will find it interesting to account for this odd formation. In some cases one runs over into another, and in the case of two of those situated nearest to the road it will frequently be found that although there is a space of only about twenty-four inches between them the one may be boiling while the other is at proper bathing temperature. A sample of these waters, taken by Dr. Hochstetter and analysed by Dr. Kielmaier, shewed the reaction to be alkaline. The sample was found to contain :

Silica	0.210
Chloride of Sodium	4.263

The presence of magnesia, lime, and sulphuric acid was also proved, but the small quantity of water taken for analysis did not admit of their quantities being ascertained. Over 70 samples from the various mineral springs of the colony have been analysed under the supervision of Sir James Hector, the results of which will be found in his valuable "Handbook of New Zealand," officially published by the Government printer in 1886. It, however, contains no report on the Tokaanu springs.

These springs are each distinguished by characteristic names given them by the natives. There is the large column of steam visible from any point near Tokaanu called "Porori," signifying "rolling along as a ball"; Tekorokoro o Topohinga, meaning "the jaws of Topohinga"; Atakokoreke and Te Puia-nui, "the large pool." The natives call the clear water springs *papa puia* and the mudpools *uku puia*. Dr. Hochstetter, who appears to have gained very accurate information as to these springs, states that he was informed in 1859 by the natives that in March and April of 1846 a basin which he saw only as a boiling mud-pool threw out hot water to a height of nearly 100 feet, so that the village was completely flooded by it. "It is evident," he says, "from other sources that in that range of springs continual changes are going on, and that those phenomena are periodical with a great many of the springs, similar to the geyser and strokkr in Iceland." He also gives the somewhat alarming information—which to the nervous visitor will appear uncomfortably correct—"that a crust of silicious deposit, three feet thick, under which fine clayey mud is bedded, covers the larger portion of the spring region." This surface has the appearance of an immense shell, and one has the feeling in walking over it that it is not only hollow, but that the lower regions are at no great depth. In the proximity of the springs this surface is so hot that in winter the natives keep themselves warm by squatting on it. Many of the springs and steam-holes are used by them for cooking purposes.

But the hot springs are not the only attractions of Tokaanu. "The name Taupo reminds me of one of the grandest natural sceneries I have ever seen, and at the same time of the generous hospitality of the Rev. Mr. Grace and his amiable family. The missionary's house is only a few hundred yards distant from the Maori pa, Pukawa, picturesquely built against a bluff upon a terrace 200 feet above the lake. Beneath its hospitable roof I passed five days, during which time I was engaged in sketching a detailed map of the lake. Mr. Grace, by virtue of his exact local knowledge, was of great assistance to me in this work; he accompanied me on my excursions, while the arrangements of the excellent lady of the house made us utterly forget that we were sojourning in the remotest interior of New Zealand. The picture of that happy family circle, blessed with a number of blooming children, was truly calculated to awaken the most grateful emotions. How oddly contrasted with this picture the Maori character, such as it was represented with all its former pagan splendor in the neighboring pa in the person of the celebrated Maori chieftain, Te Heu Heu." This was the scene which presented itself to Dr. Hochstetter in April, 1859. Since then, however, many things have happened.

Pukawa is only a few miles from Tokaanu by land or lake. Mr. Blake, the landlord of the hotel, has always at hand a native canoe. He is an accomplished paddler, and what is perhaps more mportant, an accurate weather prophet. The favourite canoe now in use is one about 50 feet long, capable of carrying 50 to 60 natives. Gliding along the coast in this, the first object of attention is the tomb of the great Tukino te Heu Heu, the founder of the glory of that family. Standing about seven feet high, his thick silvery locks clustered in heavy curls around a massive head, full of dignity and authority, and blessed with the affection of six admiring wives, Te Heu Heu was a man to command respect. So much did he command that his fellow men regarded him more as a god than a man. When Mr. E J. Wakefield saw the grand old man at Pukawa in 1842 he found in him a strange confusion of apparent

superstition and wisdom. The aged chief insisted that the Mountain of Tongariro was his ancestor, and as such was *tapu* He refused permission to ascend the mountain saying "You must not ascend my tipuna (ancestor)." Mr. Wakefield suggests that probably the wary old man traded on the mysteries of the volcano to add to his importance, and that he knew that investigation by the white man would dissipate these mysteries and dissolve his influence. Te Heu Heu shewed some acquaintance with English History—a remarkable accomplishment so early in the period of English occupation. He strongly objected to the introduction of Christianity because "he saw in the converting of his people the inevitable levelling of ranks, and the end of his regal sway." In May, 1846, his pa, which stood on the steep hill side, commanding a view of the length of Lake Taupo, was overwhelmed by a land-slip, and he and his six wives, with 54 others, were buried alive. This land-slip is the tomb of the great Te Heu Heu.

The first thing that strikes one on seeing the spot is that, if before his dwelling became his tomb, the hillside presented the fiery and rotten appearance which it does now, Te Heu Heu must have courted that particular kind of unostentatious funeral. It is estimated that the whole hill side, to a height of over 500 feet, is one mass of boiling, steaming clay.

One of the finest examples of Maori poetry is the song composed by the brother of Te Heu Heu as a lament. The following is a fairly literal translation of part of it :—

Breaks the morn, oh ! mighty chief,
O'er Tauhara's mountain peaks ;
Dawns the day on floods of grief,
Te Heu's voice no longer speaks.
No longer does thy powerful breast
Cleave the wild waters of the deep ;
Thy giant strength is forced to rest,
And I am left alone to weep.

Greatest of the great then go !
Go ! terrible and undismayed !
Thou, who never feared a foe,
Nor failed a friend that wanted aid.
Who has raised his angry hand

Of our fathers' mighty Gods?
Flung thee down from high command
Right into the jaws of Death?

Take thy rest then, friend and father,
In that house which all men dread;
Rest the arm which thou hadst rather
Lost, than tarnished Kaukau's braid,
That badge of braid Ngahere gave
To every son of his brave race,
And bade him wear it as the sign
Of chivalry and chieftainship.

The coast-line of the Lake at this end is clothed in dark green native shrubbery or light bush. It is very steep, but is green to the water's edge. In the side of the cliffs are many secret burial places almost impossible of discovery, in which rest the bones of many of the great warriors of the past. In some the skeletons rest at full length; in others the skulls are in advance of the rest, and meet the intruder at the mouth of the cave. In one of the most inaccessible of these lie the bones of Tututawha and his brother, the great Te Rangiita, who gained his wife Waitapu through half killing her father, Atainutai. This was how it came about. Tuwharetoa, the gentleman already mentioned, begat Rakeihopukia, who begat Ruawehea and Taringa. Taringa begat Tututawha and Te Rangiita. Now Ruawehea had enslaved a tribe known as Ngatitama, who thenceforth lived and did his bidding on the shores of Lake Taupo. But Ruawehea was a hard taskmaster, and it was his custom to address these Ngatitama in a manner which ruffled their sensibilities. And they, being devoid of that extreme patience which is necessary to the efficient exercise of the tyrant's art, conspired to bring this unpleasantness to an end. So on one occasion, when Ruawehea and his nephew Te Rangiita were expected at the settlement of the Ngatitama, called Te Whakanenuku, it was determined by these slaves that if, according to his usual practice, Ruawehea should call to them with curses to have food prepared, they should receive him with welcome, and knock him on the head. In due time a canoe approaches from the breadth of the lake, and while it is yet impossible to distinguish its

appearance from that of a bullock dray, volleys of vigorous curses come floating across the water, informing the humble Ngatitama that if on the arrival of their Lord and Master, food is not prepared, their heads will be treated as potatoes, when they are boiled in the pot. The wary slaves proceed to burn the feathers of the tui and the pigeon in the hut prepared for his reception, that he may be led by his nose to believe that they have prepared his dinner. As Ruawehea bends his head to enter the low door of the hut, he is felled to the ground by the natives inside, and done to death. Meantime a cry is raised that the giant is dead, and this is borne on the breeze to the ears of the boy, Te Rangiita, who is paddling about at a little distance from the shore. At once he turns the bow of his canoe to the home of his people, the Ngatituwharetoa, and informs them of the murder of their chief, Ruawehea. A war-party is organized and despatched to attack the Ngatitama in their pah called Hikurangi, which is at Waikaha. Te Rangiita, though not yet of fighting age, is determined to witness the avenging of his uncle's death, and accompanies the war party in his canoe. Paddling about at a little distance from the shore, he witnesses the triumph of his friends, followed by preparations for a feast from the bones of the enemy. Suddenly he is startled by the bobbing up of a black head a few yards from the bow, to which he addresses the usual Maori interrogatories—What is your name? Where have you come from? Where are you going? and, What are you going to do when you get there? These questions elicit the information that the black head belongs to Rongohape, one of the chiefs of the vanquished Ngatitama, that he was escaping from the slaughter, and that he desired to enter the canoe of Te Rangiita with the view of making a voyage to a place of safety. The generous child, unable to refuse, grasps the black head, and, aided by the buoyancy of the water and the terror of the fugitive, he gets Rongohape into the canoe, where he instructs him to lay himself out in the bottom of the boat, cover himself with ferns, and trust in him. Then, guiding the boat ashore, he instructs the confiding Rongohape to remain perfectly quiet, and proceeding to the spot

where the slain are being cooked, informs his friends that he too has brought a contribution to the feast, which they will find safely stowed in the hold of his canoe. At first incredulous, they refuse to believe, but on going to the landing place they find the chief Rongohape, who is immediately "mered" and placed in an oven. Forthwith, Te Rangiita is established as a chief of the Ngatituwharetoa, and his *mana* is very great. Now, it will be observed, that all this has nothing to do with the courtship and marriage of Te Rangiita, but it must be remembered that this is a Maori tale, and all proper Maori tales commence long before the beginning. Well, out of this fighting between the Ngatituwharetoa and the Ngatitama, further fighting arose in course of time between the Ngatituwharetoa and their natural and historical enemies, the Ngatiraukawa. This tribe resolved to make one grand effort to annihilate their foes, and gathering all their forces, invaded the territory of the Ngatituwharetoa. Then all the men of that tribe flocked together to the pah that is called Whakaangiangi at Waimarino, and amongst them was Te Rangiita, with his *hapŭs* from Waingaere. The Ngatiraukawa, under the command of Te Atainutai, having burnt down the house of Te Puku, an having captured his father Waikari, made a vigorous attack upon the pah. Here they were met by an equally vigorous resistance, Te Rangiita, as usual, in the thick of it. Singling out the leader of the enemy, Te Rangiita hurled his spear straight at Atainutai, and wounded him severely, but not mortally. So much pleased was that warrior with the delicate manner in which the blow was delivered, and so reluctant to have it repeated, that he at once called a truce, and addressing the enemy through the pallisading, expressed his opinion that the people of either side were too brave to justify their continuing to kill one another, that the man who hit him was the bravest of all, and, that it would be a very good thing indeed that that man should marry his daughter Waitapu, and by their marriage heal all ancestral divisions. Thus it was that Rangiita, the renowned of Taupo, came to marry Waitapu, and thus it is that the quarrels of many generations were ended in

love, and this Te Rangiita was the ancestor, six generations ago, of Hohepa Tamumutu, who tells you this tale.

A little further on from this cave, on a steep hill side covered with green shrubs to the edge of the lake, is Poukawa, the site of the mission station established by the Rev. W. Grace. Here, in 1859, Dr. Hochstetter lived with Mr. Grace and his family, and from here he drew most of his geographical information concerning Lake Taupo. He found Mr. Grace a solitary European in this purely native district, living in a civilised fashion contrasting strangely with his savage surroundings. This valorous missionary had built a comfortable English house on a terrace from 100 to 200 feet above the level of the lake.

This terrace is the first of a series of three terraces which appear distinctly at various points on the side of the lake. The first of these indicates, according to native tradition, the level of the lake before it made an outlet for itself, where the Waikato now flows from the Northern end, and this theory is borne out by the similarity of the formation of this terrace to that of the beach of the lake. The origin of the second and third terraces is not so easily explained, although the higher or third terrace appears to be formed of pumice ejected at some distant period from one or more of the neighbouring volcanoes. Here Mr. Grace had planted an orchard of the of the best English fruit trees. Here, too, he had brought into cultivation—partly for his own use and partly for the use and instruction of the natives—several hundred acres of the surrounding land. His house had something of the look of an English farm in the hands of an industrious tenant, and afforded to both pakeha and Maori that excess of hospitality which is the characteristic alike of an English gentleman and a Maori *rangatira*. Probably nowhere had a European laid so strong a hold upon the affections of the natives, nor the Christian religion taken such root, as Mr. Grace and his teaching had at Poukawa, on Lake Taupo. But the whole strength of his position, spiritual and temporal, was blasted by the appearance of a new religion. Recognising the strength of a creed

as a bond of union, the crafty rebels established Hauhauism, a name given because of the frequent use of the word "Hauhau" in the incantations used by its followers. It was an adaptation of the Christian religion, but even its devotees had no definite idea of its details. The main principle of it was that its adherents should accomplish the utter destruction of the pakeha by any and every means, and consequently its priests were apostles of murder and destruction. The Pukawa natives became converts, and in 1865 Mr. Grace had to flee with his family, leaving his house and his property at the mercy of those whose creed involved the blotting out of all European improvements. In a few short years the whole of Mr Grace's cultivations had become a mass of briars, and his house a ruin. Since then his son has rebuilt the house, is gradually reclaiming the cultivations, and is ready to offer a welcome to visitors.

At some little distance from Pukawa and about two miles from Tokaanu, the Waihi stream runs into an inlet of the Lake, close to its outlet, where, surrounded by thick bush, it falls a height of about 180 feet in three perfect cascades, the first of which is about 25 feet in height, the second about 140 feet, and the third about 20 feet. By the side of the stream are artificial basins, into which the natives have conducted the hot water from springs rising from the conglomerate layers forming the beach. Dr. Von Hochstetter was struck by some of the peculiarities of these springs. He points out that "conserves of a magnificent emerald green cover the places where the water flows, and silicious, not calcareous, sinter is deposited in them. But, strange to say, there is amid those alkaline springs also a chalybeate one of 156.5deg. F., which deposits large quantities of iron ochre." Returning from this expedition, the sportsman naturally desires to know if fish are to be caught in the Lake. He will be disappointed to find that, although the lake abounds with fish, they are of a species which, like the truthful Washington, have never known the rod. They are called by the natives inanga, and belong to a larger species known to the natives as kokopu, and to the scientific as *galaxias fasciatus.*

Herald Lith.

Waihi Waterfall.

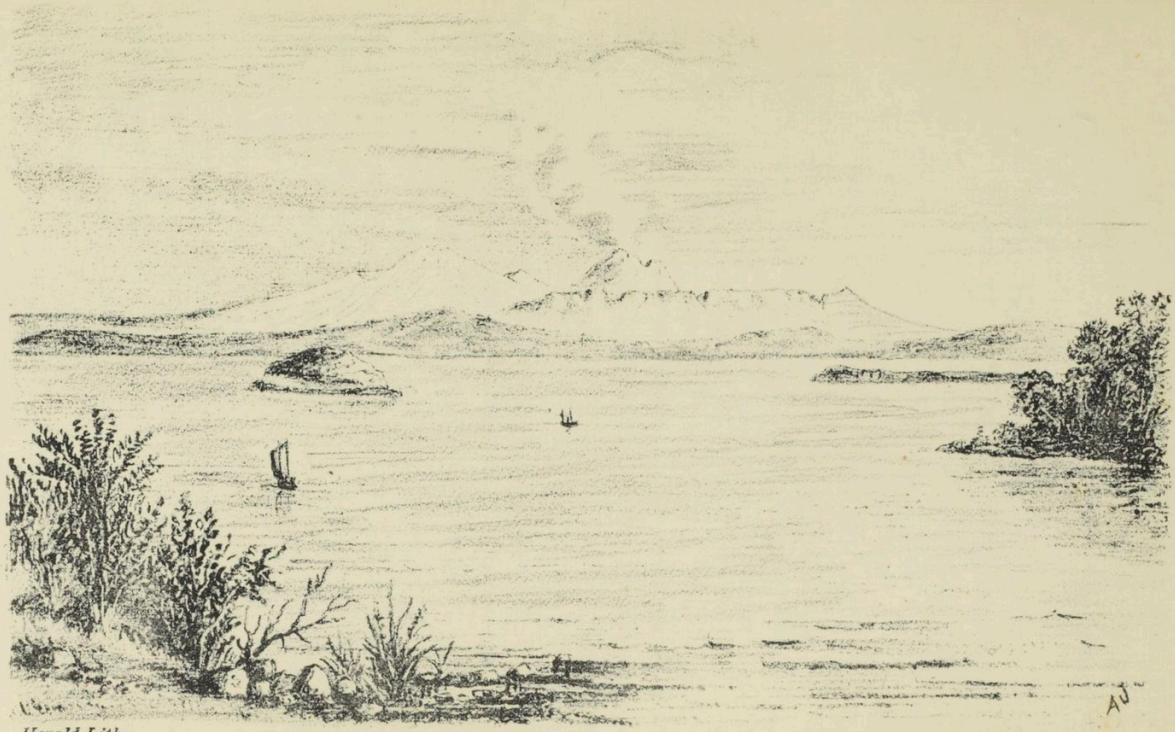
K.E.C. del.

From October to January, or as late as March, the young fry are found in swarms, and form a large proportion of the native food. They are caught "where streams enter the lake, with fine-meshed nets woven of green flax. Several bushels of them are caught at one time, and are immediately piled on hot stones and covered with mats and earth for half an hour or so, in the usual manner of Maori cookery, but without the addition of any water. Thus prepared, if not for immediate use, they are firmly packed in tightly plaited baskets, and in this state will keep for months, at least sufficiently well to suite the Maori taste, which is not fastidious." (Hutton's "Fishes of New Zealand," with Notes by Sir James Hector.) Some years ago English trout were introduced into the lake and the river Waikato by Major Scannell. But although an occasional specimen of these is seen they have not yet so multiplied as to tempt the efforts of the angler.

TONGARIRO AND RUAPEHU

The tourist who thinks it finer to go to the top of a hill and look down, than to sit at the bottom and look up, will now probably turn his attention to Tongariro. This mountain has been described by Mr. Kerry Nicholls as "one of the largest, grandest, and most perfect volcanic cones of its kind in the world." Its base is about 12 miles from Tokaanu. The greater part of this distance can be traversed by a buggy, but it will probably be found advisable to do it on horseback. Very few persons have up to this time ascended to the top. The natives have a superstitious regard for it. Te Heu Heu, as has been said, called it his ancestor. Until quite recently no one was allowed by the natives to ascend, because the mountain was *tapu*. The *tapu* has now been removed.

Ngauruhoe is the name of the active mountain. It stands immediately to the south of the cone which is properly named Tongariro. Ngauruhoe is an active volcano, whereas Tongariro can shew little more than the remains of a once magnificent cone with half a dozen extinct craters, two of which continue to emit steam from fissures in their sides. The name of Tongariro is, however, usually applied to Ngauruhoe. This is the only one of the six extinct volcanoes in the Taupo zone whose crater is still really active, although, in the case of the others, as Mr. Percy Smith points out, the volcanic forces have simply changed their position and the character of their activity. Each one of them has hot springs quite close to its base. The first European who reached the top of the mountain was Mr. Bidwell, in March, 1839, and the next was Mr. Dyson, in March, 1851. Since then several persons have succeeded in looking down the crater, amongst them Mr. Kerry Nicholls, who, in his interesting book "The King Country," gives a graphic account of the undertaking. The first lady to ascend was Mrs. J. McCosh Clark, of Auckland, to whom you are indebted for the sketch of the mountain here appearing,



Herald Lith.

Ruapehu. Tongariro.

Lake Taupo

K.E.C. del.

as well as for several of the other sketches which appear in this volume. The first thing to do is to provide oneself with a pair of stout boots, an old suit of clothes, and an Alpenstock, which, for part of the way at least, will be found useful. The next is to make arrangements for resting, during the night prior to the ascent, at the base of the mountain. The ascent will be found to occupy about six hours, and the descent from two to three. Dieffenbach inferred from Mr. Bidwell's observations a height of 6200 feet. Hochstetter estimated that the highest point attained "probably an absolute height of 6500 feet above the level of the sea," and said that "estimates of height exceeding 7000 feet are at any rate over estimated." But Mr. Kerry Nicholls states with confidence that on the edge of the crater he stood 7376 feet above sea-level. Mr. Percy Smith puts the height at 8481 feet.

Dyson did not find any vegetation on the cone; Bidwell appears to have found a small grass and a snow-white Veronica on the lower part of the cone. Mr. Kerry Nicholls on the other hand found "the last sign of vegetation in the small alpine plant *gnaphalium bellidioides*" at a height of 6600 feet. Some later visitors say that at 5500 feet they saw the last sign of vegatation—*gentiana saxosa*—a white flower with pale green stripes and dark leaves.

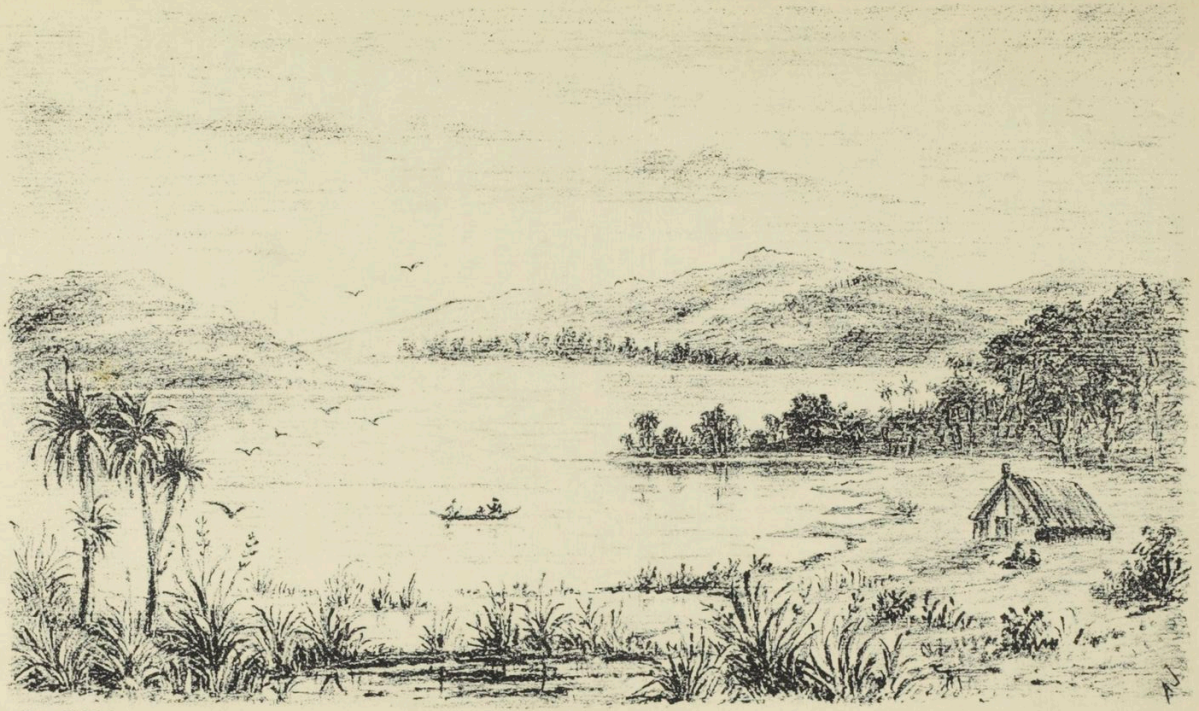
Hochstetter says, "The Ngauruhoe does not reach the limit of perpetual snow; yet the natives assured me that in winter time, when the lower parts of the mountain are covered with snow, the latter would not stick to the Ngauruhoe; so that the whole cone seems to be heated from within." Mr. Kerry Nicholls found ice on the higher part of the cone, which continued to the very edge of the crater, and mentions a striking illustration of the power which lava-flows have of retaining heat. "At 6950 feet we found enormous icicles adhering to the rocks; the lava ridge, up which we had with great difficulty kept our course, became very steep and rugged, while the climbing was exceedingly difficult and tiring. The mass of dark, black lava stood out in some places like a huge wall, and while on one side the thermometer marked 48 deg. Fahr.

on the other, where, there were big clusters of icicles over a foot long, it indicated 30 deg. In this way we could enjoy a great variation in temperature at any moment."

The crater appears to be constantly emitting more or less steam, and is said occasionally to send forth cinders and mud. The latest outburst happened in 1870, when, from Taupo, streams of fire were seen to run down the side of the cone, and what appeared from that distance to be large sparks of fire were shot up into the air. These were supposed to be red-hot boulders thrown from the mouth of the crater.

Dyson estimated that the crater is 600 yards in diameter. Hochstetter considers that this estimate is far above the mark, and that the diameter can scarcely be more than 500 feet. Mr. Kerry Nicholls supports Dyson by putting the circumference of the crater which, he says, is in the form of an almost complete circle, at nearly a mile.

Dyson was prevented by clouds of steam from seeing more than thirty feet down into the crater, but Mr. Kerry Nicholls appears to have observed its formation to a depth of no less than 400 feet, while others claim to have seen to a depth of 500 feet. The description he gives of it is very graphic. "In some places the sides of the crater were perpendicular and fell with a sheer descent, while in others they were more disturbed and broken. At the bottom of the crater there were scattered about huge rocky ridges, from the large crevices and fissures of which enormous jets of steam burst forth with a roaring, screeching noise, which echoed from the depths below like the wailings of the condemned. Hot springs sent up streams of boiling water, which ran over the rocks and then lost themselves in the hot, quaking soil, which sent them high into the air again in the form of coiling jets of vapour. Miniature cones of dark smoking mud rose up in every direction, while around all was a seething, fused mass of almost molten matter, which appeared to require just one or two degrees more of heat to transform it into a lake of liquid lava. In every direction



Herald Lith.

Rotoaira.

K.E.C. del.

were large deposits of pure yellow sulphur, some of which assumed a rock-like formation ; at other places it formed a crust over the steaming earth, and where the thermal action was less intense, the glittering yellow crystals covered the ground like a thick frost. No fire was visible in the crater, nor was there any indication of a very recent volcanic eruption." Then follows a description of the inner or second crater, and of the general surroundings. There is nothing more fascinating in all Mr. Nicholls' interesting book than the full account which he gives of his ascent of Tongariro.

He camped at Tangarara, a deserted Maori pah at the edge of a bush about two miles from the south-eastern foot of the mountain. The safer course for the unaccustomed visitor will be to search out the residence of Mr. Roderick Gray, a shepherd residing towards the south-east of the base of the mountain, and procure his services as guide.

Ruapehu is an extinct volcano rising from the centre of an extensive elevated plain. It ranks amongst the highest mountains of that class in the world. Its height has been given by the English sea-maps as 9195 feet, by Arrowsmith's map as 9000 feet, and by Taylor's map as 10,236 feet. Mr. Kerry Nicholls, who in estimating his heights adopted a system of barometrical measurements and topographical observations, puts it at 9050 feet. As he actually stood on the highest point, and appears to have proceeded in all his investigations with great care for accuracy, it may be assumed that his estimate is not far from the truth, although Mr. Percy Smith, who is at least as exact, gives it as only 8878 feet The plateau from which the mountain rises takes a variety of names. On the north, it is the Tongariro Plain, towards the west the Waimarino Plain, on the East the Rangipo Desert, and on the south the Murimotu Plain. These plains stretch in long slopes so gradual that one is surprised to find that the variation above sea level is from 1000 to 3000 feet. Between the base of Tongariro and that of Ruapehu is a stretch of about six miles. Approaching it from the north, it presents four peaks, the highest being at either extremity. It is extremely difficult of ascent. Its sides are

strewn with immense rugged boulders, and are intersected by distressing gullies and irritating ridges of rough scoria. The limit of perpetual snow in the latitude of Ruapehu as given by Hochstetter is 7800 feet; a considerable part of the climbing is therefore through snow and over ice. Mr. Kerry Nicholls, the only traveller who has published an accurate and exhaustive account of the ascent, took pack-horses with him to a height of 4450 feet, carried his tent to an elevation of 6200 feet, and camped there for the night. Just after midnight a breeze looked him up, carried away his tent, and drove him for six hours to sit under the lee of a neighbouring boulder with a thermometer which at 6 o'clock in the morning registered 8 degrees of frost. After scaling several immense walls of lava conglomerate and trachytic rocks covered with deep snow, and guarded by great icicles, he reached the rounded top of the northern peak and stood only 150 feet below the icy summit, upon which he erected a cairn of rock about four feet in height, planted his flag, and bestowed the name of Point Victoria. The difficulties of the ascent as described by him are considerable, but were fully repaid by the grandeur of the scenes which everywhere met his view.

Mr. Kerry Nicholls does not appear to have seen any indications of present volcanic action on Ruapehu, and it is very probable that at the time of his visit there were no such indications. All that Mr. Kerry Nicholls has noted rather tends to shew the absence of any thermal action. The large crater, which he saw, presented no signs of recent development and was filled with snow. Sir George Grey is said to have scaled the mountain before the investigations of Hochstetter, and to have founed a crater there with hot springs, but then the early achievements of the Great Dictator have always been surrounded with a halo of romance. It is more probable that the name by which the mountain was frequently known some years ago—Ruapahu—was a correct exponent of its true character. *Rua* means concussion or earthquake, and *pahu* means noise. Hochstetter appears to have accepted this when he points out that "natives understand by

Ruapahu a man who makes much ado about nothing. The name Ruapahu therefore probably originates from the fact that occasionally a subterranean noise emanates from the mountain, but without volcanic eruptions." There is not amongst the natives any tradition of any activity on the part of Ruapehu, although the fact that the water of the Wangaehu River, which rises on the mountain, tastes strongly of sulphur would naturally attract attention to the question.

It is now, however, undoubted that about a year prior to the eruption of Mount Tarawera Ruapehu shewed signs of volcanic action. In March, 1884, Mr. Cussen, surveyor, on ascending the southern peak remarked that the lake in the "crater-like hollow" near it had the appearance of being warm. Unfortunately he was not able to test the accuracy of his suspicions at the time. In March, 1886, he again ascended the southern peak, and found the waters of the lake steaming and causing the snow on the margin of the crater to melt. Since then he has repeatedly seen a column of steam rise from the crater-lake to a considerable height. This is undoubtedly the same lake which Mr. Kerry Nicholls refers to, and which, he says, is filled by subterranean springs. When he saw it there appears to have been no sign of heat in the lake. The conclusion drawn by Mr. Percy Smith from these and other evidences is that it was only about a year before the Tarawera Eruption that the volcanic forces of Ruapehu developed renewed symptoms of activity, which have continued ever since.

Having now exhausted the wonders of the southern end of Lake Taupo, the tourist will return to Tapuaeharuru by way of Tokaanu, and, as he has already seen all that is to be seen about the township, will probably determine to make his head quarters for the remainder of his stay in the neighbourhood, either at Wairakei or at Joshua's Sanatorium.

WAIRAKEI.

Just as a few years ago no one could be said to have seen New Zealand who had not seen the Terraces, so now no one dreams of leaving the colony until he has seen Wairakei. The terraces were in themselves beautiful, but were set in desolate surroundings. It is a feature which characterises almost the entire Hot Lake district that the wonders are without beauty. Many of them are positively hideous. But in Wairakei it is otherwise. The Valley of Wairakei exhibits at once the most marvellous and most charming scenery in the Hot Lake District. There has just been formed a good road leading from Taupo, the distance by which is about three miles. The estate of Wairakei contains 4200 acres, and is the property of Mrs. Robert Graham, widow of the late Robert Graham, the pioneer in the development of the thermal districts of New Zealand. It is bounded on the east by that part of the Waikato River which includes the famous Huka Falls. The road from Taupo to Rotorua runs through it, and the Wairakei Stream bounds it towards the north. Within its limits are found every conceivable kind of geyser, hot spring, fumarole, and solfatara, the number of which hath not yet been reckoned. The waters are powerful, and the air is dry and pure.

The residence at Wairakei is a happy combination of the tourist cottage, and the homely farm-house. It stands on an elevation, and has a little flower garden in front, from which steps descend to the most perfect of natural warm baths. This bath is formed in the natural course of the running stream, the bed of which has been laid with wooden flooring, and alongside of which has been conducted a stream of cold water divided off by a wooden platform.

The Geyser Valley is distant about a mile from the cottage, and is reached either on horseback or on foot. The path follows through one of those numerous but curious terrace formations so

characteristic of the pumice country. The Valley itself stands about 1000 feet above sea-level. It is the most active portion of the line of hot springs that mark the course of the old lady already mentioned—the wife of Ngatoroirangi, who dropped fire all along her journey from Whakaari to Tongariro. It is almost the only spot in which the miracles of thermal action are set off by the beauties of vegetation. The Wairakei stream flows down the valley to the River Waikato through steep banks carpeted to the water's edge with luxuriant ferns and mosses in great variety, here and there broken by miniature terraces of various colours. The path, which winds up the valley, reveals fresh wonders at every turn. The first of these is the Steam Hammer, the name given to a pool of hot water which appears to be supplied with great reluctance by the powers below. Every fresh gulp is accompanied by a heavy "thud, thud" just below where you are standing. The thud has lost some of its vigour since it paid its contribution to the burst of Mount Tarawera, but the blow of the hammer is still quite distinct. A few yards further up is the active intermittent geyser Tahuatahi; from which the boiling water springs at irregular intervals of from four to eight minutes from a basin about ten feet in diameter to a height of several feet. It is said that formerly this geyser rose to a height of seventy feet, but the surroundings indicate that this is probably an exaggeration. Across the stream, some yards further up, is the beautiful fawn-coloured terrace, "The Throne of the Twins," Terekerehe and her sister—two geysers, which amuse one another all day long by alternately sending up hot spray to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. "The boiling water comes from a great depth in the cavity; comes with a gurgling roar till the cauldron is filled; then a bright column shoots up several feet in the air; and falls back in a brilliant fountain like showers of glittering drops."

Just beyond this is another terrace of somewhat smaller dimensions, and on the bank above it the Crystal Pool. Next in order, following the stream, is a young geyser known as the Prince of Wales' Feathers. These keep up a constant effort to form the

royal emblem, and sometimes, but not always, succeed. As a rule the middle feather comes right, and generally one of the side sprays is fairly successful, but just as the third is coming into shape the other two show symptoms of collapse.

A short way off is the Heron's Nest (named by Mr. Kerry-Nicholls the Eagle's Nest). This is an intermittent geyser rising to a height of from five to seven feet. The "Nest" is on a little point or perch of the bank overhanging the stream, and derives its character from a collection of manuka branches, scattered as if by a bird of peculiar bathing proclivities around the mouth of the geyser. These have been coated over and silicated together by the steam and boiling water shot up from the cavern below.

On the hillside, a little beyond, is the Pot of Common Porridge, and farther up on the same side is the Pot of Pink Porridge, in appropriate proximity to the Milk Basin. These are mud geysers in a perpetual state of bubbling activity. Just before coming to the Pink Porridge there is the Blue Pool, a miniature lake of perfectly blue water, in the midst of a rich natural fernery.

Crossing the stream from the Blue Pool you come to the lion of the valley—the Great Wairakei. This magnificent geyser bounds from the depth of a deep triangular chasm beneath the high embankment in the background, and sends up vigorous spouts of glistening crystal to a height of more than thirty feet. This geyser is very energetic, but intermittent in its action, resting from its labours for four or five minutes after each effort, each eruption lasting about two minutes. The water, which is of the clear, blue colour pervading the hot springs of this valley, flows away in little streamlets, and spreads itself over the silicated terraces lying between the geyser and the Wairakei stream. Nature here asks only a very little assistance from the hand of man to enable her in a very short time to produce terraces equal to those now buried under the volcanic mud of Tarawera.

Immediately below the Great Wairakei is the Little Wairakei, a boiling pool with small fretted white terraces; and a little further down is one of the most beautiful and striking sights in the valley—the

Champagne Pool. This is a miniature lake of the clearest water in a constant state of very active effervescence. Standing on the path above it, one can distinguish innumerable tiny geysers and little springs of bright blue water rising from the bottom of the pool. The level of the water rises and falls at short intervals. When at the higher level it runs off by a narrow silicated channel whose edges have a formation somewhat resembling the teeth of a shark.

Further down, again, on the same side is an active little geyser rising to a height of five or six feet. Indeed, there is scarcely a square yard in this part of the valley that does not boast its own individual thermal curiosity. Every shape which hot water and its results can assume is here produced within the smallest conceivable area.

Besides the curiosities of the valley, there are scattered over the estate wonders almost as grand and beautiful. Perhaps of those, the one possessing the greatest beauty is Pirorirori, or the Blue Lake, situated about two miles from the cottage. This lake is of oval shape. On one side the bank or cliff is formed of clay exhibiting a variety of colours ; on the other it is covered with dense vegetation. By the side of the lake is an interesting cavern, in which may be found a number of mosses and ferns, some of which are not readily found elsewhere. The tone and colour of the water are the results of the action of the effervescent hot water on the surrounding clay.

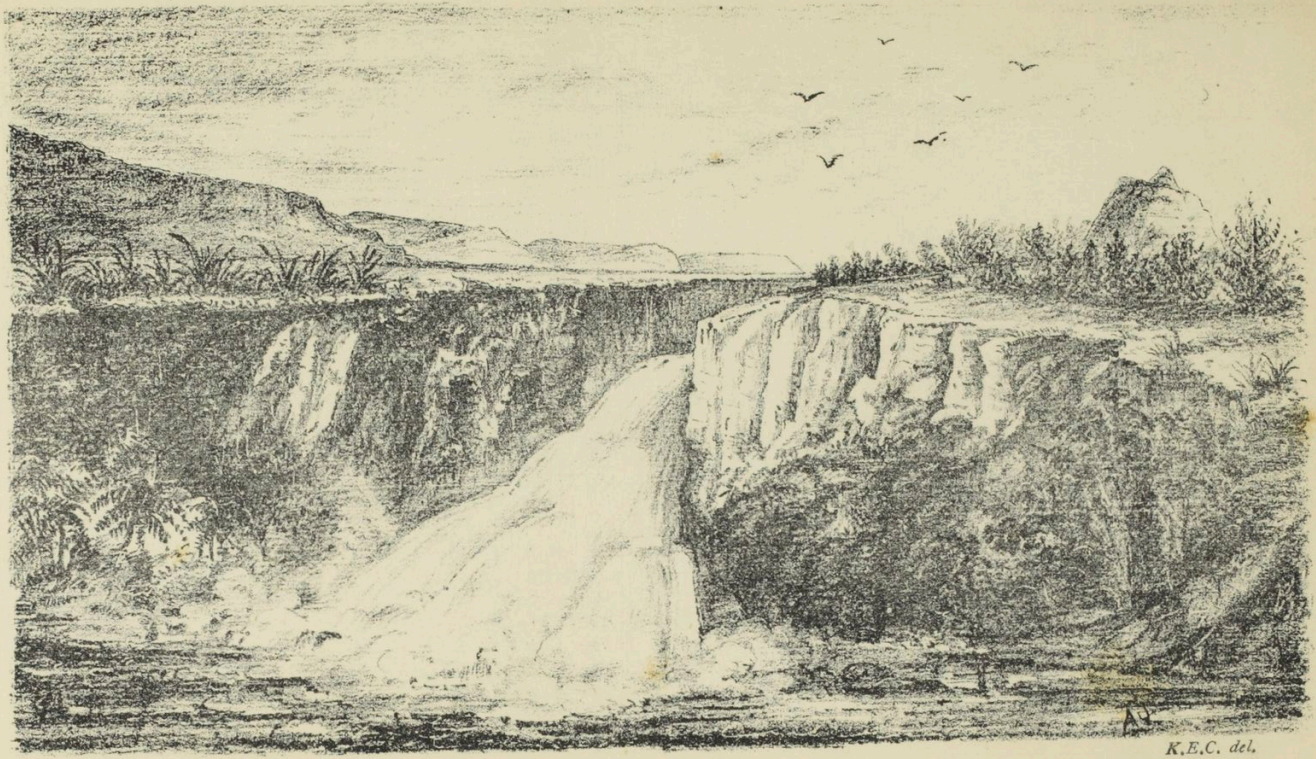
The coloured springs known as Okurawai are on a hillside about a mile and a half to the south-west of the cottage. They are said to be over a hundred in number, and present mud of almost every colour, from which geysers spring or pools bubble.

Towards the south of Okurawai is the landmark of the country—Karapiti. It is a thundering steam hole, apparently without depth, emitting columns of steam with such force as to render them visible at a distance of fifty miles. Mr. Kerry-Nicholls saw these columns distinctly from the sides of Mount Ruapehu. He says that it is the largest fumarole in the Lake Country.

Most of the hot springs on the Wairakei estate show a temperature of over 200deg. Fahr. The steam of Karapiti reaches 220deg. Fahr. In the valley, in the immediate vicinity of the more active geysers, even the soil at a depth of several feet shews a heat of over 210deg. Fahr.

One turns with a sense of freshness from these eruptions of mud and sulphur to the dashing cold waters of the Huka Falls. These are in a line almost due east from the Karapiti fumarole. They are approached to the greatest advantage by following up the river for a short distance. The Falls are formed by a break in the level of the terraces through which the river Waikato runs, and owe much of their grandeur to the river being confined for about 150 feet above the Falls, within a channel about 50 feet in width. Through this channel the waters of the river which, above that, extend to about 300 feet in width, race with tremendous speed, and dash in spray over a precipice of 50 feet. The guide will shew a steep but safe path down the bank to the side of the race, leading to the cool retreat of a little cave, where cold refreshment and an accurate estimate of the force of the waters can be obtained. Mr. Kerry-Nicholls ascertained by the dangerous experiment of getting under and behind the falls from either side that there is no passage under the falls from one side to the other.

Just as now and again Niagara tempts some wild adventurer to try its passage by navigation intended only for quieter waters, so the Huka Falls have in their day had their victims. Many generations ago a Wanganui tribe, accustomed to the more navigable rapids of the Wanganui river, were on a visit to their friends of the Ngatituwharetoa tribe at Taupo. Boasting of their skill in shooting rapids, their hosts offered them an opportunity worthy of their words. They accepted the invitation stipulating only for a guide from amongst their entertainers. Led by this hostage, who, like the young Prince of Wales in the *Graphic*, steered from the bow of the canoe, they paddled down the river, followed by words of encouragement from numerous friends along the banks, who looked forward with admirable cheer-



Herald Lith.

K.E.C. del.

The Huka Falls.

fulness to the certain result of the contest. As the canoe approached the race the speed increased. At the entrance to this race the river bends slightly to the left, and rushes over several boulders into its narrow channel. No sooner did the canoe feel the grip of the rushing waters than the crew realised that they were on the road to inevitable destruction. With a wild yell they rose to their feet and upset the canoe, and never was one of them seen again, with the exception of the cautious guide, who had wisely taken to the boulders as the canoe entered the race, and so reached the shore. If anyone is inclined to discredit this adventure he will find the proof of it in the stones at the entrance to the channel, and he may even see the taniwha, or ghost of the canoe, at the bottom of the Falls.

A bridge has recently been erected across this channel, and from this a road leads to Joshua's well-known Sanatorium. The buildings constituting Mr. Joshua's establishment are erected in a picturesque and retired spot, surrounded by sheltering hills and adjoining one of the pleasantest of hot baths. This has for many years been a favorite resort for invalids, and many trophies are exhibited, in the shape of retired crutches, of the wonderful curative powers of the waters.

At a short distance from the house, or rather houses, by the side of the river, is the Crow's Nest, one of the most famous of the geysers of the Waikato. From the "Nest" at irregular intervals the water shoots up unexpectedly to a height of 50 or 60 feet, and falls in a brilliant mass of spray. The Crow's Nest is composed, like the Heron's Nest in the Wairakei Valley, of silica incrustations upon branches of manuka or ti-tree, probably placed in position by the natives. During the months of October, November, December, and January, the geyser is most active, occasionally rising to a height of from 80 to 100 feet. It is said during these months to rise to that height every six hours. The activity of the geyser during these months is attributed to the rising of the Waikato river when swollen by the melting of the snow under the summer sun.

About 30 yards further down the river is the Little Crow's Nest, and a little beyond is the Hannah Geyser, which throws jets of boiling water to a height of seven feet. Below that again are Satan's Glory and other minor geysers. Not far from this is the Witches' Cauldron, a boiling pool gurgling up from under the overhanging bank, and emitting dense masses of steam. On the higher ground, and across the road leading from Mr. Joshua's to Taupo, is Big Ben, a very remarkable mud spring, driven by audible beats from a deep funnel of red clay. All around are active and extinct hot springs of every possible variety. These the visitor will never tire of exploring unless he neglects the advice which cannot be too often repeated, to walk warily, or still better, go nowhere without a guide.

The next point of interest is the weird lake Rotokawa. This lake is to be found about eight miles from Taupo, or six miles from Joshua's. It lies towards the north-east of Taupo and about 50 feet below the level of Taupo. It is possible to drive to the brow of the hill which overlooks the lake, but the road is bad and it is better to go on horseback. The water of the lake is of that sky-blue colour so often found in the waters of the hot lake district. It is of a bitter taste, and unfit to drink, being strongly impregnated with alum. To this peculiarity it owes its name (*Roto*—lake; *kawa*—bitter). From parts of it the steam of the alum water, mingling with the fumes of sulphur, emits a smell that would disperse the Salvation Army. At the further end are numerous sulphur and hot springs and a few small geysers. It is here that the best specimens of sulphur can be obtained. They are found under little mounds of rounded crust, but are so fragile as to make it almost impossible to carry them any distance. They can best be protected by being packed in cotton wool. In the season a few wild ducks can be got on the lake—at least they can be shot there. The puzzle is to get them.

Tapapahuau.

Ladies' Bath.

Baths.

7 ACRES.

OTUMUHEKE.

Steam Holes.

High Manuka.

Holes; Steam

Witches' Cauldron.

Geysers.

Crow's Nest.

HOMESTEAD

Paddle Wheel.

Steam Holes.

ROADS.

Sulphur Bath.

Alum Bath.

To Taupo.

WAIKATO RIVER

Plan of

JOSHUA'S SPA.

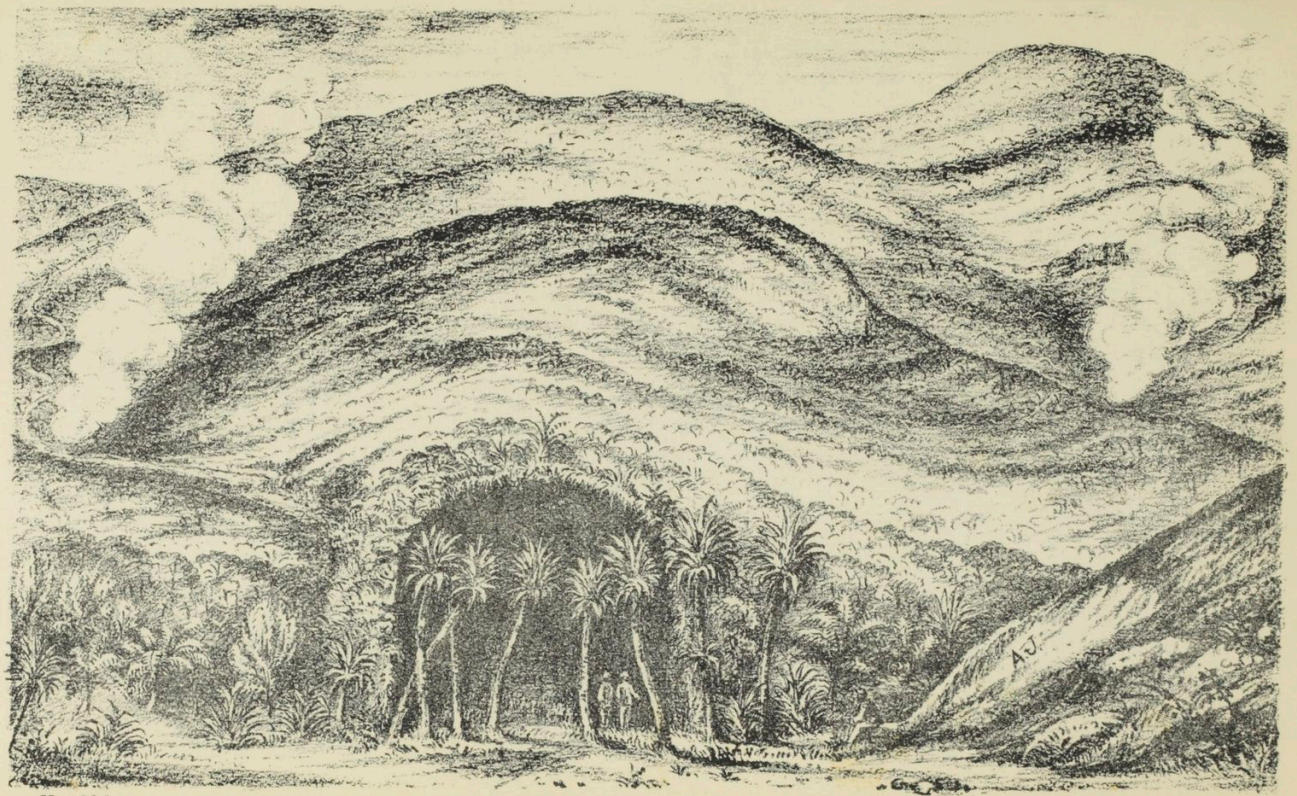
SCALE—10 CHAINS TO 1 INCH.

ORAKEI KORAKO.

About eighteen miles from Taupo, fifteen from Wairakei, or sixteen from Joshua's, are the *puias* or hot bathing pools of Orakei Korako. The way to these is along the main Rotorua-road to a point eleven miles distant from Taupo, leaving that road where the telegraph wires strike across country to the right, and following a well-defined bridle-track for about seven miles amongst the hills. It is not unusual to take a coach to the point where the bridle track leaves the road, carrying saddles, leave the coach by the road, and ride the coach horses to the pools. As the track leads through very high manuka in many parts, it will be found prudent to wear nothing delicate. Orakei Korako is the site of an ancient *pa*, as well as of thermal phenomena. The *pa* stood about 200 feet above the river on a terraced mound further up the river than the pools, but close to them. It has been used as a fighting *pa* as lately as 1859, when an attack was anticipated from the north. There is now a residential *pa* standing lower down with a very complete *wharepuni*, or sleeping-house, ornamented by the tatooed figure of the renowned Rahurahu. At Orakei Korako the Waikato flows between two ranges of lofty hills with a somewhat rapid current. On either side its banks are studded with hot springs, geysers, and steam-holes, so thickly that from some points there may be counted no fewer than 80 of one kind or another. Of these many alternate in their action in the most curious manner. Some of them act with great regularity, others are spasmodic, and several appear to be frequently interrupted in their course by the eruption of others. It is evident that, by the suppression of some, certain others might be made to reach a very high stage of development. For nearly a mile on either side do these phenomena extend, the majority of them being on the eastern bank of the river and almost inaccessible on account of the rapidity of the river and the dangerous nature of the ground surrounding them. Those most attracting attention are at Papa Kohatu, a large flat covered with a crust of grey silicious deposit. There, close by the river, is the famous and

delicious *puia* Te Mimiahomaiterangi. This and a neighboring pool derive supplies from an intermittent geyser which sends its waters when active to a height of twenty feet. The water has properties apparently similar to those of Madame Rachel's Bath at Rotorua. It imparts to the skin a feeling so smooth as to give the impression of a fine enamel. It is probably the most luxurious and enervating bath of the whole district. To remove the lassitude resulting from the use of this bath, and in deference to the tastes of European visitors, the natives have constructed a basin in a stream of cold water running close by, large enough to admit one bather with difficulty. While you are by means of these baths getting rid of the stiffness induced by your ride, your native guide, if alive to your coming necessities, will cook for you a kit of potatoes in one of the many adjacent steam-holes. These you will eat, Maori fashion, without knife, fork, or plate, and if properly cooked *a la Maori* you will think them finer than any previous potatoes. A true native detests knives and forks. He will tell you that if he uses them his arms are tired long before his appetite is satisfied.

The second *puia* is the one which gives its name to the place—Orakei Korako. It is about thirty yards distant from the geyser, and is about ten feet long by five broad, and oval in shape. All around are numbers of springs and basins of boiling mud. Many of these are very difficult and dangerous of approach. It is impossible to be too careful in seeking them, especially such of them as are to be found among the low scrub which covers the soil. Towards the foot of the mound above Papa Kohatu is a geyser which is constantly in action, sending up to a height of several feet a continuous stream of water impregnated with sulphur. From this flows the water to which the crust of the flat is due. This geyser, the natives assert, for some years after the earthquake which in 1848 brought down the chimneys of Wellington, rose to a height of 100 feet, but it is to be observed that, as a rule, natives are not accurate in the matter of figures, and that in a circumstance of this nature they do not underestimate.



Herald Lith.

Entrance to Alum Caves, Orakeikorako.

K.E.C. del.

THE ALUM CAVE.

It is after luncheon that the finest sight to be seen in the neighborhood awaits you, and one quite unique in the whole thermal district. This is the alum cave on the opposite side of the river. The crossing is made in a canoe about a quarter of a mile down the river from Orakei Korako. At this point the river runs smoothly by either bank, but moves with a rapid current in the centre. On the opposite side a few trying spurs have to be mounted. Then the path leads to a terrace of some magnitude, but dirty in colour. It has the same coral-like formation as the lost Pink and White Terraces, and might be found to have some of the same beauty if industriously scrubbed for a week or two. It was not generally known that this process occasionally became necessary with parts of the White and also of the Pink Terrace. At present the terrace just mentioned is as ugly as these were beautiful, but it is mainly so because of its colour, which appears to be mostly owing to a covering of mossy growth. It has the same large geyser and pool at the top, and the same umbrella-like droop in front, besides many other points of similarity. From this the track follows on through tepid water towards another spur, and over that to the alum cave. The mouth of the cave is sentinelled by a grove of tall tree ferns, varying from 15 to 20 feet in height, standing forth an oasis of the freshest green amidst a desert of desolate scrub. The time to enter the cave is when the sun is in the western sky, opposite to the entrance. Then it shines with modified light through the shade of the waving fern leaves, and dances and glitters along the frescoed roof that has not its equal in Fairyland. Red, mauve, brown, grey, white, black, and green of all shades blend together all along the roof and back and sides in a harmony reached only by the efforts of nature, and reflect their ever-changing perfections upon the surface of a beautiful pool of perfectly clear, green water at the furthest recess of

the cave. The floor is blocks of alum of a glistening white, strewn with graceful carelessness along the slope from the entrance to the pool below. The descent to the foot is easy and perfectly safe. The cool and grateful shelter after the fatigues of climbing under a hot sun add to the disposition to enjoy to the full this paradise of colour and shade. The following dimensions of the cave have been supplied by the kindness of Mr. Cussen, surveyor :

Width of open	30 feet.
From mouth of cave to spring at bottom ...	128 „
Greatest height inside	64 „
Width inside	42 „
Angle of slope	40 deg.
Diameter of pool	35 feet.
Depth of pool	20 „

On the left side is an offshoot of the cave, in which is a pool of the darkest water, running out of sight into the bowels of the earth. In the cave is also a small spring bubbling and rumbling as if to shew that what was at one time a very active natural fire-work of some description has still some remnant of life. The illustrations of the cave are from drawings also supplied by Mr. Cussen. The cave lies from 100 to 150 feet below the level of Taupo. It resembles in shape and position the ancient mortar. Still it is impossible to hurry from it, and one feels that the slow reluctance of one's exit is out of keeping with the apparent origin of this lovely relic of a dreadful past.

WAIRAKEI TO OHINEMUTU.

The distance from Wairakei to Ohinemutu is about 52 miles, and the country is almost level all the way. The road is still through the everlasting pumice, scantily clothed in tussocky grass. About midday the coach stops to change horses and to allow the passengers to have the simplest of refreshments at the Ateamuri accommodation house. This building stands in the shelter of a valley, through which the Waikato continues its northerly course in a confined and rapid channel. The descent to the valley from the great Taupo plain winds at some distance off round the remarkable natural pyramid Pohaturoa (tall rock), a solid precipitous rock rising to a height of 400 feet from a basin that is strewn with gigantic boulders. It is without vegetation except on the top and on the slopes formed at its base by soil which has partly fallen from the top and partly been blown against the rock. The top of the rock is said to have been in early times the site of one of the permanent pas of the Arawa tribe, but this is not supported by native tradition. That it was frequently used as a place of retirement for the women, children, and aged men of the tribe when the younger men went forth to war is undoubted, notwithstanding the evident difficulty of procuring supplies of water. The only means of acquiring such supplies are by carrying it from the river below—a feat which presents some objections, while several hostile tribes are squatting at the base. On one occasion a band of refugees did seek the safety of the pinnacle, and were besieged by their pursuers, whom they defied for a week, and harassed with natural missiles from above. At the end of the week, just as the want of water was about to accomplish the ends of the besieging party, the siege was raised and the besiegers retired—no doubt out of compliment to the mettle of the garrison The name of the Rat's Tooth is frequently given to the spot where the accommodation house stands by the bank of the river, and it is

often supposed that the name is derived from the shape of this Pohaturoa, in consequence of which many travellers having seen Pohaturoa carry away a very false impression of the appearance of a rat's tooth. The name "Rat's Tooth" (*Niho-o-te-kiore*), is derived from an insipid legend of a native traveller called Ihenga, who had a mania for naming places. Ihenga had been from home, and on his return saw his wife, Hine te Kakara, standing by the river side with a quantity of what looked like something to be eaten. He asked what she had for his dinner, when she held up a bundle of native rats, and, pointing to their teeth, remarked that these were the teeth of rats, in case he should imagine them to be the tusks of an elephant. That is how this lunatic Ihenga came to call the place the Rat's Tooth.

Leaving Ateamuri, the road crosses the Waikato by a bridge at its narrowest point, and again ascends to an extensive pumice plateau. Towards the close of the afternoon a mountain of unusual shape, at no great distance from the road, comes into view. This is Horohoro. It rises almost sheer up from the level of the surrounding plain to a height of several hundreds of feet, and stretches in an apparently straight line for a considerable distance. It is said to be a remnant of an antecedent tableland of the same level—2400 feet above the sea. In the early evening the Hemo Gorge is reached, and then you are a little more than two miles from Ohinemutu. Through this gorge the road, cut on the steep of the hillside, runs runs at a height of about 100 feet above the stream below, gradually declining, until at the bottom the level of the stream is reached. Then the first view of the enormous plain surrounding the village of Ohinemutu is obtained, studded in all directions with steam jets, and putting forth the perfumes of a real Scotch Hell. It is easy to imagine that the descent through the valley of Hemo leads down to another world. On the right of the road is the great Geyser-Garden of Whakarewarewa, and further along, on the left, the great steaming, smelling, sulphur bed known as Sodom and Gomorrha. In the meantime the coach arrives at the village, and it is necessary to decide upon a hotel. Of

these there are several. Lake House, whose unpretentious front looking on to the street gives no just idea of the luxurious balconies overlooking Lake Rotorua and the garden, through which the path leads to the house of many baths, stands in the centre of the town. Mrs. Morrison's hotel is just on the outskirts as you enter, and MacRae's Palace Hotel is at the further end of the village. All are comfortable, clean, and well-managed.

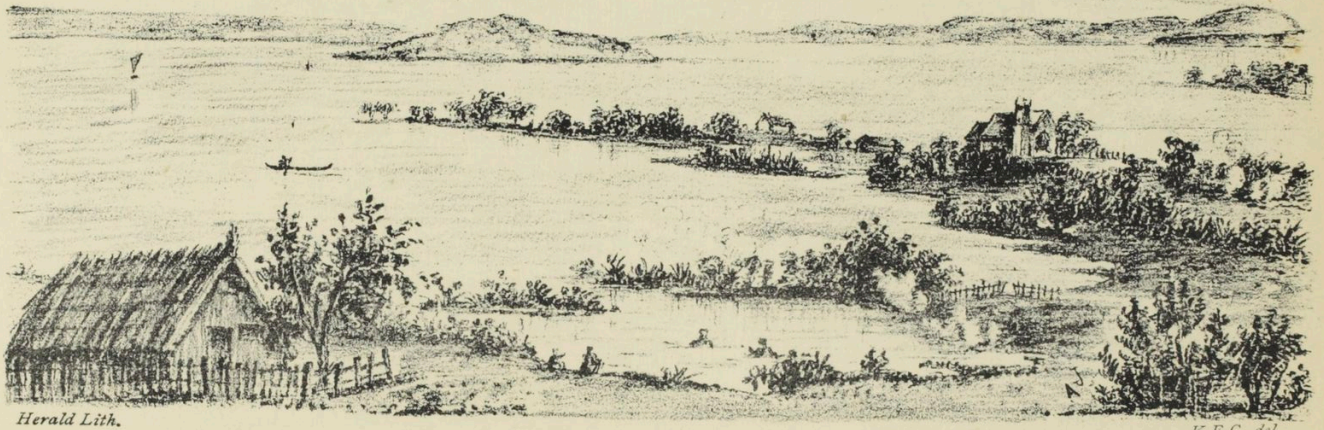
OHINEMUTU & ROTORUA.

Ohinemutu is the name given to the village; Rotorua is the name of the lake and of the district. The latter is also the name assumed by the township about a mile from Ohinemutu, laid off some years ago by the New Zealand Government, about a mile from Ohinemutu on the Taupo side. The long slope on which the village of Ohinemutu stands is called Pukeroa (long hill), and commands a view of the whole length and breadth of the lake. The streets, or rather street, are without beauty, and the native village lying between the European portion of the town and the lake is scattered in all directions, the guiding principle in the erection of the *whares* evidently being that each family should gather round its own hot spring.

This village is the centre from which to visit all the greatest phenomena of the Lake District. The site of the famous White and Pink Terraces, now almost equally interesting as the scene of the recent volcanic eruption, is just sufficiently distant to admit of going and returning in a day. Whakarewarewa, Sodom and Gomorrha, the Rotorua baths, the black mud geysers of Tikitere, and the island of Mokoia are within still more easy distance.

Lake Rotorua or the Basin Lake (*Roto* meaning lake and *rua* here meaning a basin or cup-shaped hollow), is about six miles across, and is almost circular in shape. The village of Ohinemutu is situated on the north-western side of the lake, fringing a little inlet called Ruapeka Bay. In the centre of the lake is the famous island of Mokoia, a place more heard of than any other in Maori song and story as the scene of Hinemoa's courtship and marriage.

This is the true story of Hinemoa's courtship and marriage. Like other Maori tales it begins before the beginning. Rangiuru was the wife of Whakarekaipapa, and they two were the parents of Tawakeheimoa, Ngararanui, and Tuteaiti. But although Rangiuru had never been in London, she became enamoured of Tuwharetoa,



Herald Lith. *K.E.C. del.*

Rotorua.

the great chief of the natives living around the Taupo Lake, and with him she eloped. Tutanekai was their son. By-and-bye she returned to her first husband, taking with her her son Tutanekai, who was adopted and treated as a son by Whakarekaikaipapa, and from that time they and the other children of Wakarekaipapa lived a happy family on the Island of Mokoia. On the south-eastern shore of Lake Rotorua there lived a maiden of famous beauty, Hinemoa, the daughter of Umukaria and Hinemaru. Everybody wanted to marry Hinemoa, especially the sons of Whakarepapa. But her parents were also rather fond of Hinemoa, and turned off all admirers. Now Tutanekai had met Hinemoa for a short time on several occasions, and each wished that their meeting had not been short. Denied the happiness of lovers' meetings, Tutanekai determined that Hinemoa should not, at all events, forget that his heart went out to her. So he erected a balcony on the Kaiweka hill, which stood right opposite to the stone on the shore on which Hinemoa was wont to squat when she cast her glances towards Tutanekai's home. From this balcony sweetest strains of lover's music, with variations, were directed from a horn towards the listening ears of Hinemoa. Then would Hinemoa say to Hinemoa, "These are the words of the heart of Tutanekai, which I hear," and she would interpret them to herself, and find in them many warm expressions of devotion. Then again would these two meet, when all the people would gather together for conversation and potatoes, and each would long to press the other's hand, but even in the darker corners of the runanga, or assembly house, they did not venture on any step so definite, for each thought, "Perhaps I am not loved in return." But Tutanekai's heart was swelling with doubt, and his once sturdy limbs were taking quite an opposite course, so he despatched an ambassador to Hinemoa to lay his heart at her feet. Then was Hinemoa glad, and sent glad messages to the longing Tutanekai, on the memory of which he lived for many days. But Umukaria and Hinemaru, the parents of Hinemoa, would not listen to any proposals for the hand of their daughter, so Tutanekai set forth the advantages of an elopement.

It almost appeared as if these hard-hearted parents had heard it all, for every night they slept with one eye open, and pulled all the canoes high up on the beach. So that the proposal of Tutanekai that, when he should blow a certain message from his horn, Hinemoa would paddle over to him, was of no avail. The horn was blown until it almost raised a gale—but no Hinemoa came, for all the canoes were out of the water and high upon the beach. Then did Hinemoa squat upon the stone by the edge of the lake and use strong language towards her parents in her heart. Just then came another terrific blast from the distant horn, and Hinemoa trembled for the lungs of Tutanekai. It was apparent to any child, she said, that she should never reach him in a canoe. Then she clasped her hands over her right knee and thought for a long time, and when she unclasped them she had made up her mind. She would be her own canoe. She got together six dry gourds, and, fastening three upon her right side and three upon her left side, she went to the point which is called Iriirikapua, took to the water, and swam for the island. Resting only for a breathing space by the stump of a sunken tree which stood in the lake, she went on in the darkness, the despairing strains of Tutanekai's horn her only guide. When she reached the shore of Mokoia it was not at all strange that she should find herself by the warm bath that is called Waikimihia, for that bath is just below the home of Tutanekai. The hot bath was very ageeable to Hinemoa, for she was very cold, and, besides, having divested herself of her garments on taking to the waters of the lake, she had no other covering at hand. Now it chanced that the musical efforts of Tutarekai had impressed upon him a great thirst, and he ordered his servant to take a calabash and fill it from that part of the lake which is close by the warm bath. When the servant came down to the lake Hinemoa was afraid, and asked in a voice like the growl of a thirsty man, "Who is to have that water?" And the servant answered, "It is for Tutanekai." Then Hinemoa asked that it should first be given to her. And when she had placed her lips to that part of the calabash which she guessed had last kissed the lips of Tutane-

kai, she threw it down and it was broken. Then the servant demanded an explanation, but none was given. He returned to his master and informed him of what had happened—that the man in the bath had broken his calabash. Then Tutanekai sent him a second time with a second calabash, but a second time did that servant return with the same tale. A third and a fourth time did this happen, and at last the servant told Tutanekai that all his calabashes had been broken by that man in the bath. Then said Tutanekai, "What man is this that dares to break my calabashes when he knows that the water is for me?" Then he took his club, assumed his most martial appearance, and strode off to the bath, and sure enough there it was, and some one in it. Then he called out and demanded to know who was there. But Hinemoa's voice had not lost its affectation of manliness, and when she replied, "It is I, Tutanekai," he did not recognise the charm of the voice his ears had been longing for, and he wanted to know, "Who may 'I' be?" Then Hinemoa answered in her most embracing tone, "It is I; it is your own Hinemoa!" Then Tutanekai's doubting was at an end, and he said, "Oh, it is you, Hinemoa. My house has long been waiting to receive you." Then, in the dusk of the night she arose from the bath and yearned for a trousseau. But Tutanekai threw a garment of flax around her, and led her to her future home. And in the morning, when some one looked into the house of Tutanekai, to call him to his morning meal, he saw their feet together and he recognised Hinemoa, and he went and told all the people that Tutanekai had brought home Hinemoa. And some were astonished, but the sons of Whakare were incredulous, for they could not believe that Hinemoa would have regard to the charms of Tutanekai, while their's were to be had for the asking. But when they saw Hinemoa come forth from the door of Tutanekai's house, like the midsummer's sun rising over the lake, they agreed that it was true. This, then, is the true story of the courtship and marriage of Tutanekai and Hinemoa, and if any one still doubts it, let him go and see the stone whereon she used to squat and the stump of the tree whereon she rested in

the middle of the lake, and the bath by the shores of the island, and there they will find the descendants of these two, and then will they believe.

A safe and comfortable yacht, besides canoes and rowing boats, can always be had, by which visitors can, according to their various tastes in navigation, cross to this scene of Hinemoa's wedding. At no part is the lake known to be more than five or six fathoms in depth, and in many parts it becomes inconveniently shallow. It is on almost the same level as Lake Tarawera—about 1050 feet above the sea. Hochstetter concludes that "Rotorua, like all the other lakes of the Lake District, was produced by the sinking of parts of the ground upon the volcanic tableland."

WHAKAREWAREWA.

This remarkable group of geysers is fully two miles distant from Ohinemutu. It is frequently passed unnoticed, because of its lying somewhat off the beaten track, and because there is not amongst the natives any arrangement by which these lions are forced upon the attention of visitors. To get to Whakarewarewa is necessary for a little more than a mile to go back upon the Taupo-road and then to go in a south-easterly direction. The geysers here seem to be better set up to view, and to be more powerful than those at Wairakei or Ohinemutu. The principle of these is Waikiti, an intermittent geyser issuing from an elevated cone about fifteen feet in height and one hundred in diameter. It is, like the Crow's Nest at Taupo, of strangely festive habits, its most vigorous outbursts occurring in the months of January and February. On ordinary occasions it sends up a volume of water seven or eight feet, but in the beginning of the year it frequently rises to a height of over thirty feet, and has been known to rise as high as sixty feet. There are also innumerable other springs of more or less importance, the best of which are close by the Puarenga Creek. These are very eccentric in their action, preferring, it is said, easterly winds. These have been seen at times all to rise to a height of about thirty feet simultaneously, but this has not happened of late years. In these pools, as in those of Ohinemutu, the natives are constantly to be seen, the young ones frivolling with all the thoughtless innocence of youth, and their elders smoking their pipes and discussing the business of the next Native Land Court. They live their lives more out of doors than in, and the water offers a resting place more tempting than the rough surface of the surroundings.

SULPHUR POINT.

In some respects the most remarkable springs are those at Sulphur Point, which is situated over a mile from Ohinemutu. Here the spring Whangapipiro rises, filling a large basin-shaped pool with clear blue water of a temperature that almost reaches boiling point. It is from this spring that the famous baths in the Government Bath Pavilion at Sulphur Point, known as Madame Rachael's Baths, are supplied. Near this spring is Te Kauwhanga, which, from its power of extinguishing the pains of rheumatism, is known as the Pain Killer. From this spring an open bath, formed on the edge of the lake, is supplied. The bath is more efficacious in its results than tempting in appearance, and its use is generally followed by a plunge in the clearer waters of the lake. Its temperature is about 214° F. Close by this is another spring, also named Te Kauwhanga, which emits continuous discharges of gas, rendering its use somewhat dangerous. The exciting effects of this have procured for it the name of the Laughing Gas Bath. Its temperature is about 108° F. Adjoining this again is yet another Kauwhanga Spring, which also throws off a quantity of gas. This bath is used by means of a rope, by which the bather ascends and descends. In this case also it will be found necessary to resort to the lake to get rid of the light mud which pervades the pool, and which has earned for it the name of The Coffee Pot.

Near these springs are the Sulphur Cups—circular hollows about 4 feet in diameter, coated with bright sulphur crystals, and the Cream Cups—smaller hollows from which there is a continuous discharge of sulphurous gas and steam. These springs are all within the Rotorua Sanatorium Reserve, and it is not unusual for patients to pitch their tents under shelter of the adjacent manuka bushes, that they may have them constantly at hand. The Government Sanatorium is a building intended to furnish the comforts of a hospital to those whose complaints necessitate the use of the

baths. It is neat and tasteful, but unpretending in style. It is under the charge of a qualified medical practitioner. Into the building two springs of opposite qualities and distinct uses have been conducted, and, by this means, sixteen baths have been constructed which can be enjoyed in privacy. Of these, eight indoor baths, and four outdoor, are from Whangapipiro, and are known as Madame Rachel's Baths, because of the luxurious softness of the water, and of the wax-like smoothness which it imparts to the skin. It has, in addition, remarkable curative properties to some of which attention was first called—so Dr. Lewis says—by the Maori method of dressing wounds on the backs of their horses with the silicious deposit which lines some of the mud springs. The other baths in the Sanatorium are supplied by Te Pupunitanga, and are known as the Priest's Baths. These are also credited with great powers of healing. It is always advisable that anyone proposing to use any of the hot baths medicinally should first consult a practitioner having some knowledge of their distinguishing properties. It is not always prudent to adopt treatment intended for liver complaint when you are suffering from "cold feet."

The bathing pavilion is open during the summer months from 6 to 8 a.m., 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and 2 to 5 p.m., and during the winter months it opens an hour later in the morning and closes an hour earlier in the afternoon. As these hours are liable to be changed from time to time, it is advisable to ascertain beforehand what alterations have been made. The charges for bathing are a shilling a bath, or twelve baths for six shillings.

TIKITERE.

The perfection of infernal hideousness is to be found on earth only at Tikitere. The phenomena there have so much in common with earlier ideas of the place of fire and brimstone that it is only what one expects, to find the way to it a way of pleasantness. Arrangements should be made for a coach the day before it is intended to visit Tikitere, and luncheon should be taken from the hotel. The road skirts the southern shore of the lake for seven or eight miles, when it leaves the lake and takes a route of its own across country. Near the point of departure it passes the garden and plantations of the early missionary station, the residence, for forty years, of the Rev. Thomas Chapman. The valley in which the Tikitere horrors are to be found is about three miles from the main road. The track to it is trying to the springs of the coach and the bones of the passengers. The principal feature is a lake of about sixty feet in diameter, in which the boiling mud is thrown about with great violence, emitting an odour which consolidates all the smells of Venice. Over the surface of the lake hangs a sulphurous cloud swaying in the breeze, and occasionally disclosing the thermal monstrosities which it is attempting to conceal. The basin is surrounded by a thin crust of sulphur and pumice which here and there overhangs the gurgling mud below. From the centre the mud gushes up to a height of 12 or 15 feet, and rushes violently about, seeking the level of the lake. A gentleman named McCrory has attempted to anticipate the terrors of a future state by taking up his residence close to the charms of Huritini, and is prepared at a moderate cost to gratify the desires of those who have similar tastes, or who are prepared to recognise the virtues of these ugly waters. A bath has been formed under cover, into which the sulphur waters of the lake are conducted, and these are said to have cured many a victim of rheumatic troubles.

Above Huritini, on a small plateau, is a collection of mud geysers and springs, each one more repulsive and hideous than the other. It is impossible to conceive of anything more dismal than the dirty black sputtering mud springs collected in this little space. If it be true, as Sheridan says, that "there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness," surely this is the place to come for consolation. These demons of thermal life continue at intervals to Rotoiti, on the shore of which the last of them—Ruahine—spouts its muddy waters and its column of sulphurous steam, called by the natives Te-Wata-Kai-a-Punakirangi.

Rotoiti ("Little Lake") is as beautiful as the mudpools are revolting. It is about six or seven miles in length, and varies from one to two miles in width. Numerous little peninsulas run far into the lake, forming crescent bays. It is connected with the Rotorua Lake by the Ohua creek, running from Rotorua into Rotoiti, and finds an outlet by the Okere River into the sea at Maketu on the East Coast. A narrow neck of land, about half-a-mile in breadth, lies between the two lakes, and is the site of the Morea native pa.

As a conclusion to the day's work, a sight of still rarer beauty than Rotoiti is reserved to dispel the depression induced by Huritini and his younger relatives. The blue waters of Rotokawau lie at a distance of about a mile from McCrory's house. The way to them is by a path of perfect beauty, leading through dense bush, in which the trunks of the trees are clad in all the rich parasitic loveliness of the New Zealand forest, and the floor is laid with a natural carpet of springing ferns. Here, then, comes the temptation to lunch and loiter until it is time to turn from the incongruities of the Tikitere valley and go back on the homeward journey.

THE SITE OF THE TERRACES.

The eruption which, on the tenth day of June, 1886, destroyed the Terraces of Rotomahana, altered the whole face of the country to within a short distance of Rotorua. It will, therefore, be possible to give a more correct idea of the changes effected by the eruption if a picture is first presented of the district as it was in its unaltered beauty.

The Terraces were, as every one knows, the Great Show of New Zealand. They had no competitor in any of the various phenomena of the world. They lay about nine miles to the south-east of Ohinemutu. It was usual to leave Ohinemutu in the afternoon or evening, drive to Wairoa, a distance of five miles, and start from Wairoa across Lake Tarawera in the early morning. The road to Wairoa lay along hill and valley for some miles, until it reached the perfect little Tikitapu bush, through which it ran for about two miles. The great charm of this bush lay, not so much in its being naturally more beautiful than other bush, but in the fact that the trees and undergrowth had been preserved to the very edge of the road. Most bush roads have been made by burning away the underscrub, and this has so charred the trees as, in many instances, to transform the inherent beauty of the bush into artificial ugliness. As the road emerged from the bush it struck the edge of Lake Tikitapu, a pretty sheet of blue water, covering an area of about 1000 acres. The lake had no visible outlet. It was thought that its overflow ran by a subterranean passage through the Rotokakahi mountain to Lake Tarawera. The natives have a tradition that bodies thrown into Lake Tikitapu have afterwards been discovered in Lake Tarawera. The Maoris are not a practical race. It never seemed to occur to them that there would be any value in ascertaining by any other means than throwing the bodies of one another into the lake whether such a subterranean passage did exist. The road skirted the Tikitapu Lake for about

a mile, then passed over a small hill to the lake Rotokakahi, a sheet of water a good deal larger than Lake Tikitapu, with a beautiful island appearing towards the south end. This lake ran out honestly by the Wairoa stream, which flowed without concealment into the Tarawera Lake. Just at the point where the stream left Rotokakahi, the village of Wairoa, with Lake Tarawera and Mount Tarawera in the distance, came into view, an extensive and lovely panorama.

The population of the Wairoa village consisted almost exclusively of natives. The presence of the few European residents there was owing either to Beer or the Bible. Both influences were much in demand, if necessity may be said to create a demand. The natives could not be induced even to dance without large supplies of the one, and the entire absence of any pretence to pakeha morality appeared an orthodox excuse for heavy doses of the other. The industries of the village, apart from the two first mentioned, were the conduct of tourists to the terraces, and their amusement in the evenings. Two ladies, named Sophia and Kate, were the official guides, and from the young men of the place were chosen the crew that should row the boats across Lake Tarawera. It appeared to be understood that the guide should regulate the movements by sea and land. She would refuse to have the sailing boat if there was a cloud in the sky or a nervous young lady in the party. She would direct the man at the helm, or, if the weather looked unusually dirty, take it herself. The row across Lake Tarawera occupied about an hour and three-quarters. The scenery around the lake was pleasing, but not such as to excite enthusiasm. The hills were considerable, but not gigantic, and in the little bush that was visible there was nothing grand. The chief beauty of the hillsides was the pohutukawa tree, which grew to a fair size and was very beautiful when in flower. The flower is similar to the rata flower which is found in the New Zealand bush, and to the iron-tree flower which is seen on the shores of the Southern lakes. Turning the point under Mount Tarawera, it was usual to call at a half-way *kainga* or Maori village, and there take on board a kettle

and other useful vessels. The eastern end of the lake was generally reached about 9 or half-past 9 o'clock, when some of the natives in attendance would take the luncheon basket and wraps by a canoe up a swift stream, which connected Lake Rotomahana with Lake Tarawera. The others travelled on foot for a distance of about a mile and a half. The White Terraces came into full view towards the end of this footpath, and to those seeing them for the first time the view was disappointing. They did not show to advantage at a distance. Sometimes there was an abundant flow of water, sometimes they were almost dry. Sophia and Kate, the guides, explained the scarcity of water to be due to the wind being in the north. Even on such occasions there was sufficient water to shew the full beauty of the pools, which lay along most of the terraces, and of the Boiling Cauldron on the top. The water was of a lovely blue of a deep shade, all the more beautiful when the sun shone from a cloudless sky. The beauty of the terraces lay in the brilliancy of their white formation, their delicate natural tracery, and the pure blue of the waters. The surrounding scenery was not lovely, consisting wholly of low hills covered with scrubby manuka.

The Boiling Cauldron was one of the most wonderful features of the White Terraces. When the supply of water was low it was generally seen from half to three-quarters full. On the one side the water bubbled and boiled spasmodically, rising occasionally to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet, and sometimes to a much greater height. Mr. Josiah Martin describes one occasion when he saw "a column of water rising suddenly and steadily upward from the top of the terraces to a height of more than twice that of the hill behind the cauldron, probably about 200 feet. This was suddenly enveloped in a column of steam, which rose to more than 500 feet above the basin, when it broke into a cloud which continued to ascend to a greater height." When not in eruption the margin of the cauldron was dry, and could be traversed almost entirely round. Here specimens of ferns and locusts and other things were found incrusted with a rough sort of enamel similar in

character to the formation of the terraces, tending to shew that such formation was not necessarily the work of any very considerable length of time. On the further side of the White Terraces a path beset with boiling and sputtering springs led to a shady spot in the manuka, where would be found spread-out the luncheon brought from the hotel, with potatoes cooked in some of the boiling pools. Above this the hillside was honeycombed with boiling springs and mud holes. Here, too, was the famous Devil's Blow-hole, a deep cavity of about fifteen feet in circumference, from the side of which, about five or six feet from the surface, issued a noise like unto the noise of many locomotives. Lake Rotomahana lay at the foot of the White Terraces, and across that lake a Maori canoe carried the traveller to the Pink Terraces. Rotomahana was but a small lake, little more than a reedy pond forming the basin into which the waters from the White and Pink Terraces discharged themselves before departing down the stream to Lake Tarawera. It was difficult to decide which of the terraces—the White or the Pink—was the more beautiful. The shade of pink was unusual, and has never been fairly caught by any artist. The Pink Terraces were fourteen in number, many of them over six feet in height. At the top was the Blue Lake, a large pond of the deepest, clearest, and most perfect blue it is possible to conceive. The blue sky appeared leaden in comparison. Even the steam from this lake was blue to a height of more than ten feet from the surface. The pools of the Pink Terrace afforded luxurious baths of various temperatures, and the high manuka, growing almost to the water's edge, offered a natural dressing room. This was the crisis of the enjoyment of a perfectly unique day, and was followed by the return journey, which was usually made by canoe down stream to Lake Tarawera, and thence by rowing boat back to Wairoa.

Now all this is changed. In the early morning of the 10th of June 1886 earthquake shocks were felt at Wairoa, accompanied by rumbling noises, increasing in about an hour to a continuous roar. This was followed by an immense cloud of smoke and steam coming from the direction of Mount Tarawera, and emitting vivid

flashes of lightning accompanied by bursts of thunder. The people of Wairoa, looking towards the mountain, distinguished three columns of fire, accompanied by volumes of smoke, rising from the flat summit of Mount Tarawera, from which shot flashes of lightning and balls of fire in all directions. Some of these balls of fire were seen distinctly at Gisborne, 75 miles off, and were estimated to have been shot up to a height of over 30,000 feet. Small stones began to shower around the village, and the great cloud developed into a downpour of warm mud which bore down trees and houses. In the meantime a violent storm of wind rushed from the direction of Mount Tarawera, and tore through the Wairoa valley, where it dragged trees up from their roots, and on others spat mud with such violence as to cake them on one side from top to bottom with a crust which remained for more than a year.

The eruption caused the death of a hundred persons, of whom six were Europeans and the others natives. The native village near the eastern end of Lake Tarawera was entirely buried, with, it is supposed, all its inhabitants. All the Europeans killed were at Wairoa.

Rotomahana, from which a column of vapour rose to a height of not less than 15,000 feet, scattered mud to the west and north. The country to within a few miles of Rotorua was covered in it to a depth which decreases as the distance from Rotomahana extends. The whole face of the country around the lake is entirely changed. Where the terraces were are now hillsides looking as if they had never been anything else, and as if the terraces had been but a dream. A great fissure, a mile and a half wide at Rotomahana, now extends with varying width for a distance of eight miles and three-quarters. In some parts this fissure reached a depth of 900 feet. All vegetation as far as Wairoa was completely buried, but in many places is to some extent reappearing.

The Rotomahana lake entirely disappeared. It is now nothing but a great ugly crater in the line of the great fissure. Before the eruption the shores of the lake were about 1100 feet above the

level of the sea, and now the general level of the plain surrounding the site is 100 feet below that level. Fragments of the White Terraces were found scattered around the northern side of the Rotomahana crater, and the ground upon which they formerly stood has been completely blown away. The ground upon which the Pink Terraces stood has also been blown out, and the level there is also 100 feet lower than before.

These results may serve to convey some idea of the violence of the eruption which robbed New Zealand not only of its greatest ornament, but of what was rapidly becoming a source of considerable wealth to the country. Notwithstanding all this, few scenes will present features of greater interest to the traveller than the volcanic phenomena of this neighbourhood.

THE WAI-O-TAPU VALLEY

About fifteen miles to the south-east of Rotorua stands Mount Kakaramea. at the head of the Wai-o-tapu Valley. From this mountain the Valley stretches in a southerly direction for many miles. The Valley has as yet been little visited by Europeans, but as there is a fair road to it, and as it now boasts the closest known copy of the lost terraces, it is likely to become popular. In the Valley, and about Mount Kakaramea, are many perfect thermal phenomena, such as the Yellow Lake and the Blue Lake, at the foot of the mountain; and hot springs of various kinds throughout the Valley. Amongst other curiosities are the Soda Lake, a short distance down the Valley, and the Black Lake still further down, besides several cascades of steaming water. The Primrose Terrace, like the White and Pink Terraces, is formed by the mineral contained in the water which overflows from a boiling cauldron at its head. From this the water trickles over an upper and a lower terrace into the stream below. The upper terrace is about 10 feet in height, 400 in width, and 600 in length. The lower is about 30 feet in width and 100 feet in length. These terraces are supposed to be of comparatively recent origin, and are said to be yearly increasing in beauty. They can never rival the White and Pink Terraces, but they afford to the imaginative visitor a fair idea of what was lost when the others were destroyed.

SAMUEL VAILE.] Telephone No. 134. [JOHN DOUGLAS.

Bankers: BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

VAILE & DOUGLAS,

HOUSE, LAND, & ESTATE AGENTS,

SHORTLAND STREET

(Next door to the General Post Office), AUCKLAND,

HOUSE AND LAND AUCTIONEERS,

Land Brokers under the Land Transfer Act,

SWORN VALUATORS OF REAL ESTATE,

Investors of Capital in the Purchase of Every Description of Freehold and Leasehold Properties,

INVESTORS OF CAPITAL ON MORTGAGE OF FREEHOLD PROPERTIES,

MANAGERS OF ESTATES,

Either LARGE or SMALL, for Residents and Absentees.

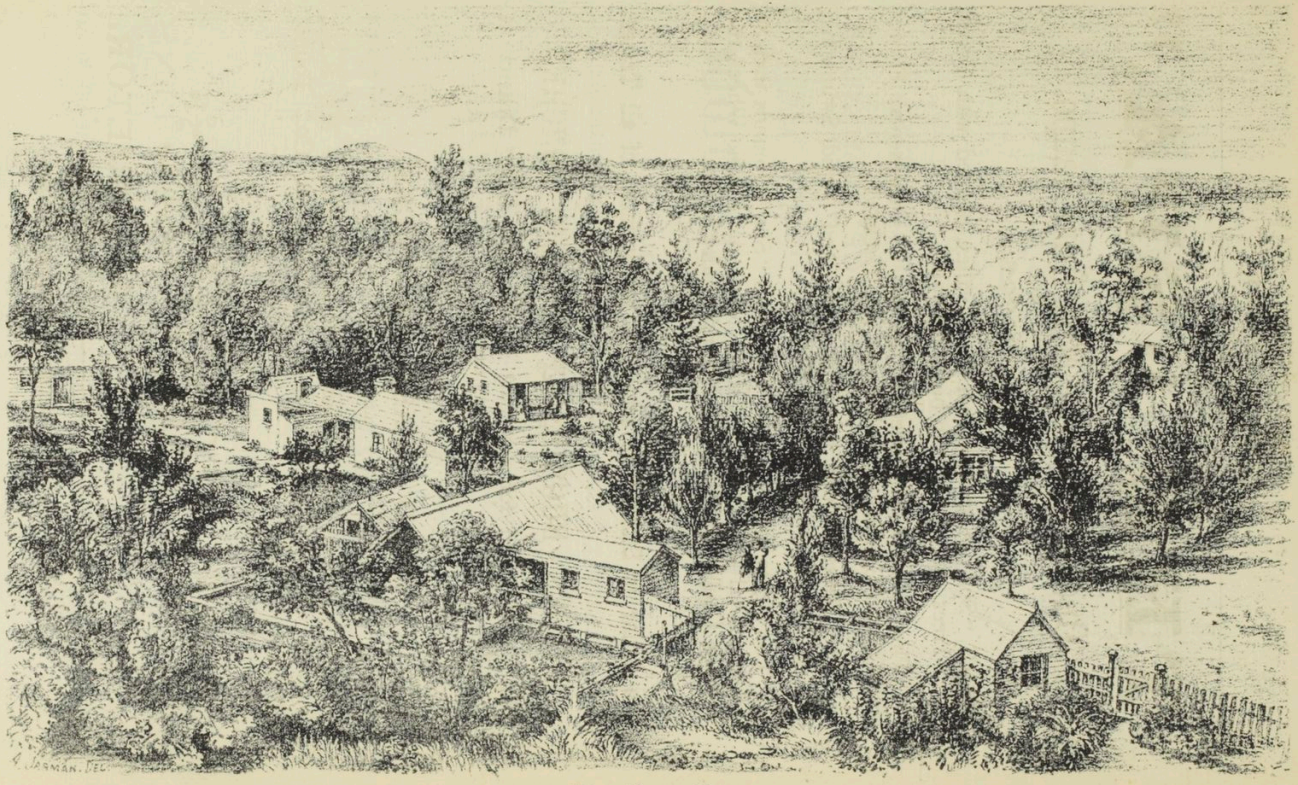
Every branch of Business connected with the administration and management of Real Estate attended to with the most minute care and exact promptitude.

VAILE & DOUGLAS,

LAND, HOUSE, & ESTATE AGENTS,

AUCTIONEERS, & VALUATORS.

NOTE.—Our lengthened knowledge of New Zealand, and more particularly of the Auckland Province, extending now over forty-five years, together with the great success that has attended the administration of Estates entrusted to us is the best guarantee that can be given for careful and profitable execution of business in the future.



The Spa, Taupo.

HOT LAKES DISTRICT.

TOKANO, TAUPO.

GEORGE BLAKE

DESIRES to draw the attention of Tourists and Health-seekers to this charming spot, situate on the

SOUTHERN SHORES OF LAKE TAUPO.

Much has been written and more has been said concerning the wonders and miraculous healing properties of the

Springs at Wairakei and Rotorua,

But by far the most wonderful of all the Hot Springs in the Thermal District are the

BATHING PUIAS OF TOKANO,

Their healing properties are simply marvellous, while to those in search of the Wonderland Tokano offers a wide field. The Scenery is superb, the climate most exhilirating.

TOKANO IS THIRTY-SIX MILES FROM TAUPO

AND MAY BE REACHED EITHER BY ROAD OR WATER.

Tourists and others are strongly recommended to pay a visit to this Wonderland, where they will meet with a cordial welcome.

Only the BEST BRANDS of WINES & SPIRITS kept in Stock.

CHARGES MODERATE.—SADDLE HORSES ON HIRE.

A Guide to Tongariro, Ngaruahoe, and Rotorua can be obtained on applying to

G. BLAKE,

TOKANO HOTEL, TAUPO.