

... OVERLAND ...  
FROM  
**NAPIER to AUCKLAND.**

**N**OW that the summer is fairly set in the streams of tourists and sightseers begin once more to flow towards the centre of scenic attractions in which the colony is so rich. As usual, the Hot Lakes' district, with its unique marvels, draws crowds from afar and near, and already the hotels are beginning to assume an animated appearance. One of the most interesting avenues of approach to our New Zealand Wonderland is the road from Napier to Taupo, and between the months of November and April it is in excellent condition for coaching or riding. Recently Mr Hawley, a first-class photographer of Napier, made a special tour along this route, and succeeded in getting a number of fine views of the most beautiful points on the road, as well as of the wonders at Tarawera, Taupo, Wairakei, and Rotorua. We have arranged for the reproduction of these pictures in the GRAPHIC, so that those who have never seen the scenery in this part of New Zealand may get some conception of it, and those who have had that advantage may be reminded of scenes we are sure they would not willingly forget. A few of those views appeared in the GRAPHIC last week, and to-day we reproduce a second series.

The time occupied in the trip between Napier and Taupo is only two days and the journey may be accomplished either on horseback or by coach or buggy. At present Messrs Crowther and McCauley run a coach once a week, but next month, in view of the increased traffic, there will be a bi-weekly service. No more capable 'whip' than Mr McCauley ever manœuvred a team along a difficult road. He has held the ribbons for over twenty years in different parts of New Zealand, and knows every turn in the road he now travels; and it is a road that

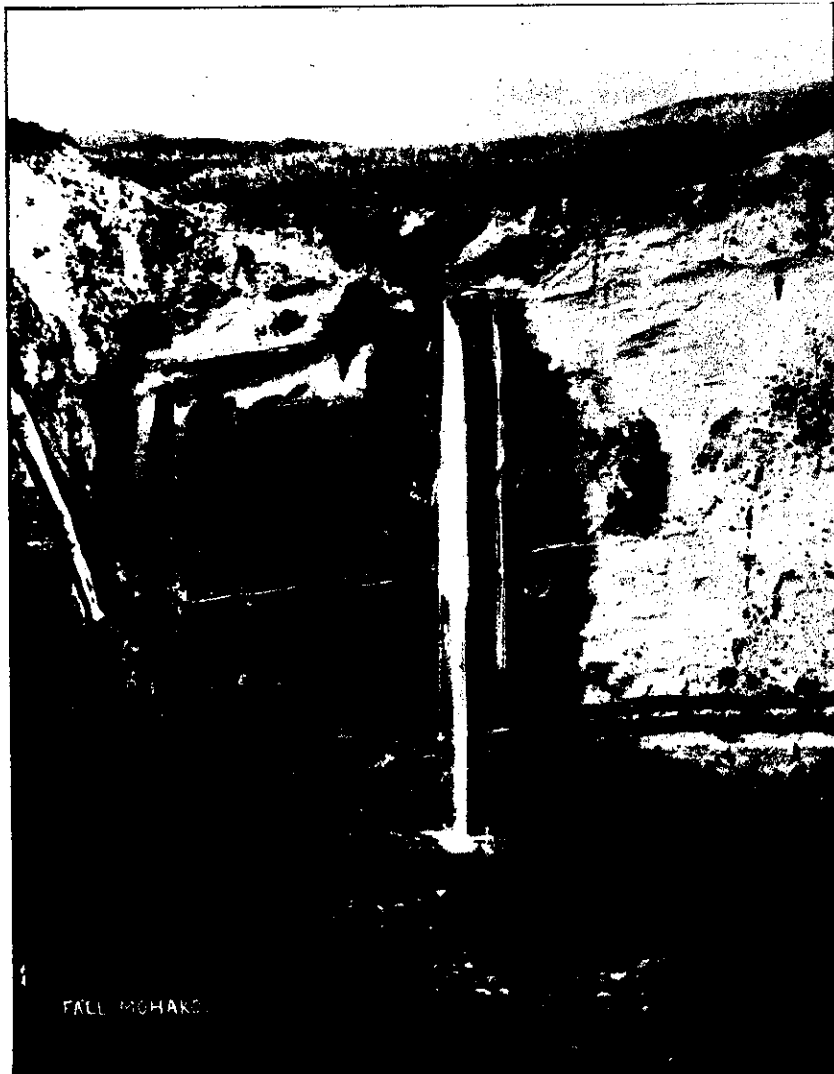
requires to be known before one can take four horses and a coach across it with safety. A correspondent who lately made the trip has furnished us with an interesting account of his journey. 'We left Napier,' he writes 'at 6.30 a.m., and after a short drive along the beach passed through Petane and entered the pretty valley of Eskdale. The country from this point on to

Pohui is not equal to the fine lands to be met with in most parts of Hawke's Bay. After lunching at Pohui and resting for an hour we clambered into our seats, and were off through a beautiful rimu bush. It was delightful travelling among these forest glades, from which every moment there came the liquid notes of the tui. As we proceeded the country became more broken, and the



Hawley photo.

THROUGH THE BUSH BETWEEN TARAWERA AND TAUPO.



FALL MOHAKO.

Hawley photo.

MOHAKO FALL—SOUTH OF TARAWERA.

scenery increased in ruggedness and grandeur till we reached Mohako, which lies on the banks of a beautiful river at the bottom of a very steep incline. A substantial bridge spans the stream, and from it a view of a pretty waterfall can be obtained. Leaving Mohako behind, we resumed our journey, and shortly afterwards drew up at the Coach and Horses Hotel, Tarawera. The host, Mr F. W. Herries (formerly of Auckland), was there to welcome the passengers who had arrived for the night, or who might feel inclined to break the journey for a longer period as many often do, and breathe the fresh mountain air at 1,500 feet above the sea level. The situation of Tarawera is so delightful, the climate so bracing for those coming from the seashore, the natural hot baths so refreshing, and the hotel so comfortable, that one might easily spend many days very pleasantly there. Our coach, however, started at 7.30 next day, and we had to be contented with a very short acquaintance with the place. The scenery among the Kaimanawa Ranges reminds one who has travelled in Europe of some of the most picturesque places in the Swiss mountains. About fifteen miles from Tarawera the coach descends into a deep valley, a portion of which has evidently been under cultivation. It is a tempting place for anyone who does not object to solitude to settle in. Our 'whip' pointed out to us a site known as 'The Nunnery,' which he informed us was occupied by Te Kooti's family at the time he was a prisoner at the Chatham Islands. When he made his escape, they and his other followers joined him in the Urewera Ranges. In the hills forming the valley are hot springs. The bush was extremely lovely in this part, the yellow kowhai being in blossom, and the white stars of clematis luxuriantly festooning tree to tree. Just before we emerged again into the open we crossed the Wairoa River, over a bridge near to which are two beautiful waterfalls. Our next halting place was the Raugitaiki Hotel, kept by Mrs Kemp. Here we lunched and then proceeded on our way, reaching Taupo about four o'clock in the afternoon. At Ross' Hotel we were made most comfortable after our long journey. This is a beautifully situated hostelry about two miles above the Taupo Lake. Entering Taupo one obtains a magnificent view of Mount Ruapehu and Tongariro, which at the time of my visit was tolerably active. The view across the Taupo Plains is very monotonous, and I wonder the Government does not plant trees over this large area. They would do well, and would add immensely to the attractiveness of the place. There is no doubt that the soil here is suitable for all sorts of English trees. I was shown over the orchard of Mr Park, the Postmaster, and must confess that I never saw either in Wellington or Napier anything equal to the display of fruit he has to show. The trees—apples, pears, quinces, red and black currants, gooseberries, etc.—were loaded.

'The cost of the coach from Napier through to Rotorua is £4. I would suggest that tourists should take as little luggage as possible. All that is really necessary is a Gladstone bag with a change of linen and an overcoat to safeguard against wet. For all else one can depend upon the resources of the local centres.'

(To be Continued.)