



A Martin photo. Wanganui.

RAPIDS WAITOTARI RIVER, WEST COAST, N.Z.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PANORAMIC VIEWS OF CHRISTCHURCH AND LYTTELTON.

CHRISTCHURCH, the City of the Plains, and the capital of the provincial district of Canterbury, is invariably singled out by travellers and tourists as the most English place in the colony. Globe-trotters, whether they be nobodies like the majority, or 'lions' like Christie Murray, Villiers, and Max O'Reil, almost always remark that, though not perhaps the most beautiful city in the colonies, Christchurch must be far the most pleasant from a residential point of view. Eight miles distant from Lyttelton, its port, of which more anon, Christchurch occupies an area of about a square mile exclusive of the reserve made for recreation, which is included in the city boundary, and which increases its size about half as much again. Its streets are laid out in parallel lines, and are named after English Bishops. A very extensive and very complete drainage scheme has been adopted at a cost of £130,000, and so well has this succeeded that the city is the healthiest in the colony. Our panorama is taken from the Cathedral, and looks over the south side of the square. The main street seen in the centre of the picture is Colombo-street. It runs due south to the Port Hills, and contains many fine shops and business premises. On the right corner of this sheet we see Morton's Buildings, one of the finest blocks of buildings in the city. Like the Bank of New Zealand on the opposite corner, this building runs through into Hereford-street. Further along to the right are the offices of the National Mutual Life, and the New Zealand Insurance Companies. The large red brick building on the right of the picture is the Post Office, and in the same building there are various Government offices, etc. On the left of Colombo-street is, as has been mentioned, the Bank of New Zealand, the entrance being on the other side of the building in Hereford-street. Next come some land agents' offices, and then the offices of the well-known firm of Dalgety. Towards the middle distance on the left hand of the picture may be seen St. Paul's Church.

The Cathedral, of which Christchurch people are so justly proud, is shown in a pretty medallion between two views of Lyttelton. Mr. Mountfort has been the architect in charge, but the original designs were drawn up by Mr. B. W. Mountfort. The spire is a famous land

mark, and can be seen for miles either by land or sea. The height is 202 feet—the same as the monument in King William-street, London.

SCENERY ON THE WANGANUI.

Weird is the wonderland, grand and impressive are the fords and southern sounds, noble and awe-inspiring the Alps, but the student of New Zealand scenery, tourist be he, or more fortunate still, resident, cannot but confess that of the many enchanted hours spent in admiration of nature in this very paradise of lovely scenery, none were more enchanted than those spent on the swiftly coursing Wanganui or its tributaries. To attempt to do justice to the beauties of this river, and to the alternating grandeur and sylvan beauty of the scenery through which it winds its way, would need an exceedingly bold and self-confident pen. The beauties of Wanganui river scenery have frequently been eulogised, and by the ablest descriptive writers, but none have ever done complete justice to their unique loveliness. Thanks, however, to artistic photography, it is possible to give pictorially what one must despair of doing with the pen. Our engraving is from a series of photos by Mr A. Martin, of Wanganui, mounted and arranged by Mr C. Kerry, a well-known New Zealand artist.

The first view, in the left-hand corner, is a typical view of the scenery to be found on the Wanganui River and some of its tributaries. This view is in the neighbourhood of the Manganui O-te-ua, where it joins the Wanganui. The centre picture—one of the most admirable photos we have ever seen—shows a rapid which is celebrated by the Maoris for its dangerous character. Like a good many other dangerous things—lovely woman to wit—it is exceedingly innocent and seductive to look upon. In the lower left hand corner we are given a grand view of the Wanganui river. It has been christened 'the drop scene,' because it forms the entrance to the grander scenery to be found above Pipiriki on the Wanganui and in the vicinity. Next to this, below the central view, is a pretty picture of the hot springs at Kaiwaroa, 40 miles up the river. A magnificent weeping willow (one of thousands planted by the missionaries) overhangs the pool, in which a most refreshing bath may be had, and the dusky proprietor, with his picaninies supply the scene with the requisite human interest. Next to this, in the right hand lower corner, we see another of the exquisite bends in the river which call forth the admiration of all fortunate enough to make the tour. This particular bend is near Pipiriki, of Maori war fame. The illustration above is of one of the caves which abound in the splendid cliffs above Pipiriki on the Wanganui and Manganui O-te-ua.

The cliffs are from one hundred to two hundred feet high, and in one of the caves there is a waterfall twenty-five feet high.

A MAORI PASTIME.

The spirited picture which we reproduce elsewhere, from the pencil of Mr Kenneth Watkin, gives a good idea of a favourite pastime of the Maori youths and maidens in the 'good old times.' The Maori swing or *moari* is generally to be found in every native village, usually near a stream of water or a small lake, and it was a queer source of amusement to the young people. The *moari* was often a tree stripped of its branches (as shown in the picture, or was formed by placing a long tapering rickety or spar firmly on some rising ground, and sometimes, for love of peril on the brink of a precipice. A number of flax ropes, according to the size of the tree or the spar, were fastened to the top of it, usually one below the other at intervals of a foot, and from these the people would swing, grasping the rope in their hands, and then running swiftly round and swinging off into the air over the sloping ground, river, or cliff as the case might be. Then as each person let go the *moari*, being relieved from the weight, sprang more erect, causing the individual yet revolving in the air to be lifted higher with a jerk, and experiencing a feeling as if the ropes were being dragged out of their hands. Serious accidents often used to occur. Some romantic tragedies occurred in connection with these swings. One is still pointed out at the secluded native village of Wahi, on Lake Taupo (where a great Kingiti meeting is to be held next year), where a Maori girl, crossed in love, swung out over a rocky river bed and threw herself on the stones and was killed. Another somewhat similar incident is related by Lieutenant Colonel T. McDonnell in his 'Tales of the Maori.' In this tale told by the Colonel 'a native *moari* claimed to be one of the tallest ever known it was in the North, near Hokianga, had ten ropes attached to it, and was situated near a precipice that overlooked a mountain torrent which hissed and dashed wildly over huge black-looking rocks and boulders. No accident had hitherto occurred from using this celebrated *moari*; perhaps the reason of this was that few dared stand the jerk of the outer ropes as the inner swingers landed. A handsome young girl named Takiri, who was betrothed to a young chief named Te Whetu, was amongst those who went to swing on the occasion of a great feast. She was jealous of other women, and thought her love was not returned, it seemed, and when all alighted from the swing but her, she carried a tragic intention which she had formed into effect. The *moari*, relieved from the weight of the others, straightened