

THE TOURIST RESORTS OF THE COLONY.

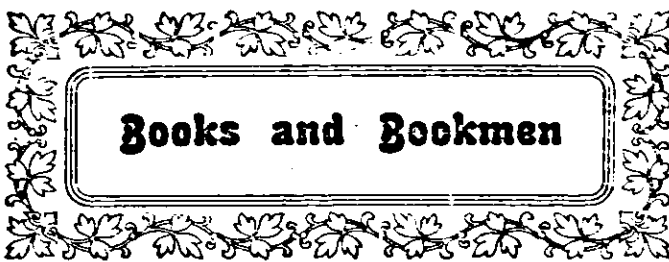
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murans the launch proceeds across the lake, and then enters the Ohau channel and emerges into Lake Rototika. A lovely sheet of water, for the most part surrounded by bush-clad mountains and backed by the majestic Tararua. Okere is situated at the head of an arm of this lake, and here the passengers are landed and refreshments are partaken of at the accommodation house. Thereafter a five minutes' walk enables the beautiful Okere Falls to be reached, and close alongside them is the power-house, which supplies the electricity with which Rototua is lighted.

Conveyances are in waiting to drive back to Rototua by way of Tikitere. This is a thermal centre of great interest, and upon arrival the party is taken in hand by the local guide, but, as the sights are all on Native property, a toll of two shillings per head is charged. It is a desolate-looking valley of geysers, mud volcanoes and boiling springs, and the ground is so treacherous and the crust in places so thin that it would be unwise to attempt to traverse it without an experienced guide. In the centre of the valley are two large turbulent boiling lakes, parted only by a narrow track of geyserite, and upon this neck one may stand almost enveloped in steam and contemplate the mighty forces, which must be at work below. This is called the Gate to Hades, and upon negotiating it, the Inferno is met with. This is a yawning black pit, with precipitous sides in which a great mud geyser is constantly boiling and seething. Just above the Inferno are the Hot Water Falls, which consist of three distinct streams leaping over broken rocky faces. Further on is Tarata, another immense mud crater, which is exceedingly active. There are also some very fine terrace formations here, and a few hundred yards away is the crater basin of Ruahine, with the Black Lake at the bottom, a large boiling mud pool from which arise about a score of mud fountains which produce the most curious colours as they glisten in the sunshine. Climbing the hill above Tikitere, the Great fumarole, a very powerful steaming crater, is reached. The roar of the escaping steam can be heard for some distance. From this eminence a magnificent panoramic view of the lake and district can be obtained. About half a mile from Tikitere is Rotokawan, a beautiful lake of deep blue, which is well worth the walk through the bush. The drive back to Rototua is a very interesting one, a good portion of it running alongside Lake Rototua, and as the township is approached, many pieces of interest are pointed out by the guides. The round fare for this trip is 17s. 6d., and the distance covered is about thirty-eight miles. The launch trip to the Hamurara Spring is about six miles, while from there through the Ohau passage to Okere is another seven miles. The drive from Okere to Tikitere is twelve miles, and from thence to Rototua about twelve miles.

From Rototua there is a coach route to Taupo via Atiamuri, a day's trip of fifty miles, the fare being 25s. The coaches on this route run on alternate days to those doing the trip between Taupo and Rototua, via Wairakei and Waitapu, the fare for either route being the same. Those who wish to do a little hill-climbing can go up to the top of Mount Tararua, and see the immense extinct crater, which caused so much havoc. To do this, an early start must be made to drive to Waitoa, where a launch picks up the party and to the foot of the mountain, which must then be climbed on foot. The distance from Rototua to the top of the mountain is twenty miles, and the cost is 11s. 6d., but if a party is arranged for the charge is only five shillings per head.

There are several other short drives and walks, and conveyances can be had at very reasonable rates at a moment's notice. Mention should be made of the fishing. This district is indeed an angler's paradise, for every lake and stream abounds with beautiful rainbow trout, and some magnificent baskets can be obtained without going any distance from the township.



Books and Bookmen

CHIPPINGE: Stanley Weyman. (Macmillan and Co., London.)

Politics as strenuous as the politics of the date of this story will scarcely be understood or given credence to by the present generation. But to an older and more politically ardent generation, this admirably true and concise narrative of the stormy passage of what was called the "Reform or People's Bill," through the House of Commons, only to be passed by a majority of one in one of the most packed Commons ever assembled, will be read with the keenest, liveliest interest, and reminiscences will crowd thick and fast upon those veterans whose fathers lived and were actually eye-witnesses of the fearful rioting which was almost general throughout the Kingdom. At this time the system of Parliamentary representation was rotten to the core, and the most extraordinary anomalies prevailed. What qualified a voter in one borough disqualified him in another. Fitness in a candidate was the last thing thought of. Lord Lowdale was the patron of 9 boroughs, Lancashire, with its large and wealthy population, sent a third of the number of representatives returned by the unimportant County of Cornwall; busy centres like Sheffield and Birmingham returned no members at all, while "Chippinge," the borough round which the chief interest of this book centres, with a population of about 150, and an electoral roll of thirteen, returned two members, of which one held his seat from "Sir Robert" Vermuyden, to oblige Lord Eldon, the other by right of purchase, also from the patron Sir Robert. The King, disgusted by the behaviour of the Commons, in practically rejecting the bill, and knowing what its fate would be if sent to the Lords, the Spiritual Peers of which were against it to a man, immediately dissolved Parliament, and issued fresh writs without delay, a measure which, while deplorable on the one hand on account of the inflamed and embittered feeling of the common people, and indeed of all right-feeling people, was the more likely to stir men to insist on a fairer and clearer representation in the future. Immediately the writ for "Chippinge" was issued, Sir Robert Vermuyden wrote to his cousin and heir, "Arthur Vaughan," asking him to come down immediately, and exercise his rights as a voter, as an opposition candidate was threatened. This summons placed Vaughan in somewhat of a quandary. Like the majority of the well-born young men of his day, he was in favour of the bill, not so much on account of his belief in the rights of the people, as because it was then the fashion for young bloods to seem ahead of the times, and the meteor-like brilliancy of Lord Brougham, the framer of the bill, had fired older imaginations than his. But Vaughan was honestly ambitious, and knowing that his only hope of advancement lay through politics, his visit to "Chippinge" was not rendered any more pleasing when he thought of his kinsman who, with the gift of two seats at his disposal, had not offered one of them to him. On his way down to "Chippinge" by coach, he has for a fellow-passenger, a young lady, who is on her way to Bristol to take up a post as assistant teacher. On his way to his seat Vaughan and Mary Smith's eyes met, and to quote the author, "A miracle had happened, a miracle will happen when the world is young." The description of the drive from London to Chippingham is one of the most delightful bits of writing in the book, so fresh is it. An accident occurs on the way down, and Vaughan saves Mary from mutilation, if not death. On reaching Chippingham, "Miss White," Sir Robert's agent, meets Vaughan, and Vaughan, having that the Opposition has withdrawn, and feeling his presence not so neces-

sary, he determines to see Mary safe to Bristol. But this plan does not meet with Mary's approval, as Vaughan is the sort of man she has always been taught to avoid, and the journey to Bristol is far from a pleasant one. Vaughan stays a few days in Bristol, but making no headway with Mary, he returns to Chippinge just in time for the Vermyuden election dinner. Pressed for his opinion of the bill, he, to the horror and disgust of Sir Robert, declares himself in favour of it. A serious quarrel takes place between Vaughan and Sir Robert, in which the latter expresses his intention of breaking with him and cutting off the allowance he has hitherto allowed him as his heir. But a mutual friend, "Sir Charles Wetherell," steps in, and Sir Robert is induced by him to offer Vaughan a lump sum sufficient to maintain the dignity of his position, when he shall come into the title, and a paper is given to him to read and sign, renouncing all further claim. But Vaughan is too incensed to read the paper, which would have altered his whole demeanour towards Sir Robert, as it clearly proves Mary to be the daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Vermyuden, who had separated from her husband while Mary was an infant, and had falsely sent him proofs of his child's death, but who had now seen fit to acquaint him that she still lived, and of her whereabouts. In the meantime the Opposition party in Chippinge, headed by Lord Lansdowne, approached Vaughan, with a view to nominating him as their candidate, which offer he, in honour bound refuses, but they nominate him, and on polling day he finds himself member for "Chippinge."

Arthur Vaughan could write himself Member of Parliament. The plaudits of the Academic and the music courses of the Debating Club were no longer for him. For the first time he had great success, the prize of which he had dreamed, and benefited all lay open to him. But, as a contemporary in a letter written on a like occasion says, he had gone through innumerable horrors to reach the goal. And he thought the result was worth it, and really he slipped away from his place, and from the oppressive good wishes of his new and occasional friends—the Williamses and the Blackfords; and shutting himself up in his study as a child, "White Lion," his creature was regarded with suspicion, he set himself to look the future in the face.

He had good reason of which he was ashamed. Circumstances had put him in a false position, but he had freed himself from bonds and hold, and every candid man must acknowledge that he could not have done otherwise than he had. Yet he was aware that the thing might be misconstrued. There were some, even on his own side, who would say that he had come to Chippinge prepared to support the bill, and that then, tempted by the opportunity of gaining the seat, he had faced about. Few would believe the truth—that twenty-four hours before the election he had declined to stand. Still fewer would believe that in withdrawing his "No" he had been wholly moved by the unworthy manner in which Sir Robert had treated him.

Yet that was the truth; and so, entirely the truth that but for that offer he would have resigned the seat even now. For he had no mind to enter the House under a cloud; he knew that to do so was to endanger the seat in which his fortunes were embroiled. But in the face of that offer he had resigned the seat even now. For he had no mind to enter the House under a cloud; he knew that to do so was to endanger the seat in which his fortunes were embroiled. But in the face of that offer he had resigned the seat even now. For he had no mind to enter the House under a cloud; he knew that to do so was to endanger the seat in which his fortunes were embroiled.

And with an anxious eye he looked at the clock. And he thought of his father, who had said, knowing no more than he knew what fortune he had won for them, what of his own course would take any mark that he had won for them. And he thought of his father, who had said, knowing no more than he knew what fortune he had won for them, what of his own course would take any mark that he had won for them.

...to give the thing he did not desire to wear, and make it into a man he must fall in after, say, 'The fall as Weyman and to fall as that' that all this might be his, if he were wearing. If the most of that great love no better man.

As Vaughan now lay under no obligation to Sir Robert in his choice of a wife, he determined to return to Bristol, and propose to Mary. Visiting the school where she is employed he is rather astonished at the difference in her appearance and manner. After some difficulty he succeeds in winning from Mary a confession of love and a promise to marry him. But just when the seal is being placed on their betrothal, Sir Robert appears, and indignantly asks what he does there, and on Vaughan replying that the young lady has promised to become his wife, breaks out into denunciation, and finally makes Mary believe Vaughan a fortune hunter. Afterwards, believing Vaughan to be entirely ignorant of the fact that she was Sir Robert's daughter when he proposed to her, and meeting him in London, Mary tries to effect a reconciliation, which Vaughan is naturally too hurt to think of. Shortly afterwards, going down to Bristol in compliance with Lord Brougham's wish to be near Sir Charles Wetherell, who had gone down to Bristol as Chief Justice on the western circuit, Sir Charles was well known as one of the most determined opponents of the bill, and the electors of Bristol had threatened his life if he appeared there. Again Vaughan and Mary travel down to Bristol by the same coach, but this time in silence, the coaching Bristol Vaughan finds the town in fearful tumult, rioting proceeding on a scale hitherto unequalled. By some means the people had got hold of the notion that this expression of popular opinion would please the King, and that portion of the Government in favour of the bill, and that any offence, however flagrant, would not be punished. To make matters worse, the officer commanding the military, sent for by the civic authorities, thought that undue severity to the rioters would be resented and punished by the King. It was afterwards discovered that this officer's mind had given way under the strain. Each day the riots grew worse, and it was plainly to be seen that unless some desperate measures were taken, the whole of Bristol would be razed to the ground. At this juncture Vaughan stepped in, and assuming for the nonce the command of the militia, speedily quelled the rioting, and reduced the town to order, and incidentally saved the lives, amongst others, of Sir Robert and Mary Vermuyden. Deeply impressed with Vaughan's behaviour during this dreadful crisis, Sir Robert, grown proud of his kinsman, seeks a reconciliation, and the fortunes of Vaughan are placed on a secure footing, both sentimentally and politically. The pictures drawn of the times, and the great personages who figured in them, their political schemes and tactics and limitations, are wonderfully vivid, and the delineation of Lord Brougham probably the fairest that has ever been penned of him.

For another and great person whose life touched Arthur Vaughan's own and those of whom, with all his faults, it was never said by his worst enemy that he feared responsibility or shrank the most of danger, a brief word must suffice. If Lord Brougham did not live to see that couple a downfall of the great Whig house which he had predicted, he lived to see their power ruinously curtailed. He lived to see their infamous letter under the blow which the Reform of the Corn Laws dealt the landed interest, he lived to see the Reform Bill of 1832, he lived almost to see the Compromise given to their leadership by the Reform Act. And in another year, as his property came true, as it had been with Burke and Sheridan and Ferris, it was with him. His faults were great, as his merits were transcendent, and posterity at the time of his death his high-

SYDNEY JONES, 146 KARANGAHAE ROAD, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

Advertisement for Sydney Jones, watchmaker, featuring an image of a pocket watch and text describing the largest watch sale firm in New Zealand.