

# New Zealand Scenery

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS BY "GRAPHIC" READERS.

We append selections from competition papers descriptive of New Zealand scenery:—

## THE MANUKAU FROM TITIRANGI.

What a glorious panorama meets the eye on every side—  
Fern-clad ridges, sloping seaward, lapped by each incoming tide;  
Forest ranges, where huge kauris high above the skyline tower.  
And the giant ratas dazzle with their gorgeous wealth of flower;  
Nikau palms and graceful tree ferns hem the bush as with a fringe,  
Living up the sombre foliage with a green of brighter tinge.  
On the listener's ear, like cannon slowly booming from afar,  
Falls the sound of ocean billows, breaking on the treacherous bar.  
From the hillside, sweetly tinkling, cattle bells their echo ring,  
Blending with the tui's warbled farewell to departed spring.  
Through high flax and white-flowered ti-tree, russet fern and tupaki,  
Steals a creek with tortuous windings, gliding onward to the sea.  
Trim white homesteads, bright and cheerful, in the early sunlight gleam,  
Sleek-skinned cattle slowly browsing by the sparkling, hill-fed stream.  
Sea-girt cliffs, with rocky outline, crimson with pohutukawa,  
Dotted o'er with ferns and pampas, freshened by a recent shower.  
Now a sportive mullet, jumping, glistens in the sun's bright rays;  
There, a white-winged seabird, skimming; yonder, sandy, fern-fringed bays;  
Here a silvery shoal of small fish, fleeing from some scaly foe.  
There two noisy, harsh-voiced gannets, gliding softly to and fro.  
Here, at eve, the stealthy shadows slowly vanish all too soon;

There at night the merry ripples sparkle 'neath December's moon.  
Melting in the hazy distance, bush-clad ranges pass from view,  
Even as in morning sunshine vanish sparkling drops of dew.

Auckland.

FRANK M. BURT.

## CENTRAL OTAGO IN WINTER.

Maniototo Plain is typical of Central Otago. From Mount Ida to Lanerlaw ranges is 40 miles across, with a river and small lake on one side. In winter, the serrated and grooved ranges surrounding this plain are covered in snow, which lies on the ground ten miles from their base. Dry and crystalline it remains thus for months, as the nightly frost is intense, but the days are clear, keen and invigorating. Mountains and plain being bushless and bare, the view presents an amphitheatre of hills in light and shade, glistening in the sun, with a white carpet bordering the plain. Dotting it are homesteads, belted with firs or poplars, and patches of frozen snow.

Rocks staring through the snow, gaunt, bare and brown, lie around the foothills, and perhaps, a hungry hawk. Here roses of speargrass; there tawny tussocks or snow grass; everywhere patches of matagouri, sheltering rabbits and wekas, a few native larks, with sheep feeding around. Raupo swamps border the Taieri lake, hiding pukeko and paradise duck. At sunset these ranges display colour scenes in purple, violet and dark blue, so vivid from the white background. The miners, workless during the winter, betake themselves to snowshoeing, curling or skating.

Tailhape.

BERTHA BEHRENDT.

## A KAURI BUSH 50 YEARS AGO.

A sudden descent brought us to the edge of the bush. A narrow road fringed with ti-tree, glowing in white star flowers, or flaunting in borrowed plumes of clustered clematis, ushered us into the bush proper. "The woods are God's temple." Here in very truth is an inner room, and the tall rounded trunks of finest symmetry are the pillars of the sanctuary. Reverence and awe, akin to worship, are the feelings uppermost in the mind on being admitted for the first time to the sacred precincts of this marvellous relic of the past. A stillness is here, solemn as that of cathedral aisle, but not for ever silent, for, as one involuntarily halts in an endeavour to realise the magnitude of the trees, the vista between the trunks, or the variety and delicate tracery of the foliage, the murmur of water dripping over obstructing roots is heard, while the ringing note of the bell bird answering to its mate, or the liquid call of tui to tui from topmost branch makes fit melody for this other Eden. Dominating everything are the lofty trunks of half a hundred kauri trees, rising direct from a carpet of green ferns and graceful toi; crape ferns, each delicate frond glistening with dew gathered from the dank air; kidney ferns of almost transparent hue; tall pungas, whose great black stems unfold gigantic fronds, protecting their lowlier sisters. So the curtain drops, while the sweet resinous scent, unique, remains a pregnant force able to make the scene live again and again.

## NGARUAWAHIA—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Maoriland holds many beauties, bosky dells and tree-crowned hills, rugged mountains, ferny gorges, foaming cascades, rippling rills; But there's one my mind's beholding, as I stand in fancy free,  
Where the rivers merge their waters as they flow to meet the sea.

There Waikato meets the Waipa—"water long" and "water deep"—  
Two in one in tranquil travel to broad ocean's bosom creep,  
While the pendant weeping willows kiss them as they flowing go  
Decked by dancing, sun-kissed wavelets, when the sighing zephyrs blow.

When the shafts of early sunrise dart across their confluence broad,  
Then it seems the shimmering waters are with sparkling radiance flooded;  
Soon they reach the western margin-glint upon the tree-clad range—  
Mounting, chase the shadows upward in an ever-varying change.

When the day's meridian glory glows with golden glamour bright,  
Then the rivers clash and quiver in the scintillating light,  
Silvery now, then liquid amber in kaleidoscopic change,  
As they flow and lap the margin of the lofty looming range.

Sweet, secluded, silvery reaches just above the confluence lie—  
River avenues of verdure; almost shutting out the sky;  
Right and left, soft sylvan beauty, and the towering range above—  
One might linger there for ever, deeply wrapped in Nature-love.

When the close of day approaches, and short summer twilight fades,  
Sweet it is to watch the shadows gather on the watery glades—  
Dark, then darker, grow the ranges, looming through the purple air,  
Till night's sable mantle falling, shuts us out from scenes so fair.

Lovingly I linger over thoughts of this riparian scene—  
They'll remain while memory lasteth, ever fresh and ever green;  
Oft in day-dreams shall I see them as I stand in fancy free,  
Where the rivers merge their waters as they flow to meet the sea.

Epsom.

W. C. CASTLETON.



# GRAHAM'S

Patent  
Permanent



# FOOT ROT CURE

A 10/- TIN will PERMANENTLY Cure 250 Sheep.

TESTIMONIALS from leading Squatters throughout the Dominion. Ask your Storekeeper or write direct to  
104 VICTORIA ARCADE, AUCKLAND, Or, 184 GLOUCESTER STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

BEWARE of Imitations.

All Tins MUST  
bear this Trade Mark and  
Signature.

