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see it is your own fault.' But madam was equal to the occasion. Drawing herself up to her full height, and she was tall and stately, she let out at him as follows:—'Musha, the devil fly away with you, you spalpeen. Do you imagine that whenever I have to light a fire, I must come 30 miles of a bad road to strike a match on the seat of your rotten old breeches?' From Kati Kati to Tauranga the distance is under 30 miles, and we reached our journey's end about 6 p.m., a fine summer's evening. Tauranga, a pleasant and picturesque town, stands on a spit of land jutting into the bay, which is sheltered by headlands and islands. The streets of the town are rectangular, well planted, and formed of white shells from the adjacent beach. For health and scenery Tauranga is surely a desirable place of residence; but the Oxford-Waikato railway has robbed it of its tourist trade to the hot springs. We found very comfortable quarters at the Star, a fine and well-managed hotel. Next morning we made an early start for Rotorua; distance, 43 miles; fare 25s, a large figure for the mileage. We soon reached the famous Gate Pah, where whilom were heard the clang of trumpets, the wacry of the natives, the shout of fierce battle, the crash of steel, the groans of the wounded and the dying. That Pah was the scene of brave defence and fierce assault, and heavy was the loss of the Imperial troops, naval and military. It is now a mere ruin, but no history of New Zealand would be complete without a record of the heroic stand the Maoris made there for their native land. Beyond the Pah commences the 18 mile bush, in the heart of which we get change of horses and grateful refreshments. In the midst of the "forest primeval," at the junction of two fine crystal creeks, we come upon a gorge of great beauty. A long zigzag of easy grade leads down the "meeting of the waters," which evoke sweet memories of the past. There is no bridge, but the coach passes gaily over a smooth bed of stone, polished by the ever-flowing waters. The sides of the pass are sometimes perpendicular, and high above stands out the noble forest in bold relief against the horizon. The abundance here of every variety of fern and underwood is simply astonishing. Verily here, if anywhere, is a fairy palace of luxuriant botany. Emerging from the bush we gain a vantage-ground, which affords a splendid view of distant Tarawera, the scene of the memorable explosion, in 1886. Over intervening lake and hill Tarawera's shattered broadside rises up in great majesty. The beams of the unclouded sun help to present its features in brighter and bolder relief. Most impressive indeed is the view of the disrupted mount from this standpoint! We are now descending the open and undulating hills to Lake Rotorua, wherein cold and hot springs commingle their waters. Near the road, at the foot of the hills there is a strong river of limpid water, whose swift tide rushes out from a cave to lose itself in the great lake. Some miles further down, the driver assured us, are other and larger springs of a similar nature. Evidently these subterranean streams are the drainage of the plateau we had traversed, and afford a solution of the reason why water is so scarce along that fine region, the scarcity, no doubt, retarding its settlement. It is satisfactory to find that the Government have in hand a scheme to open this district and supply it with water. The bush is a belt of splendid country, whose value will be greatly enhanced by the new railway which intersects it. Ohinemutu, which we have now reached, has a mixed population, the natives occupying the lower part on the margin of the lake, the Europeans the higher situation up the hill. The rival Government township of Rotorua is a mile further on down the valley, deriving its importance from the famous sanatorium. In point of situation, Ohinemutu is many degrees superior to Rotorua, and Europeans are very slow to settle on the dull flat. Strolling along these townships, or busy at their several avocations, may be seen "all sorts and conditions of men," while the toils and sorrows of the human race are also witnessed there. This is the centre of a region famous for marvellous wonders. All around are boiling and tepid springs "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," steam issuing forth in every direction, even from the creeks and gutters. The fantastic costume of the natives as they loiter about, imparts a variety and piquancy to the scene. Beside Ohinemutu there is a fine old redoubt where I took down some notes, after having visited the chief centres of attraction within a radius of 20 miles. These notes are the basis of the following pages. It is difficult, within brief limits, to observe order where a great variety of topics challenges attention. That comely island out in the bosom of the placid lake is Mokoia, famed in song and story for the adventures of Hinemoa, and for shape and situation well fitted for the glamour of romance. Three miles across the valley

to the right is Whakarewarewa, of which more hereafter. Nearward of Whakarewarewa is the high range called Tikitapu, whose forest was destroyed by the great eruption, the tall dead trunks, standing up against the horizon, bearing testimony to its former existence and the fury of the tempest that laid it low. A considerable portion of Tarawera is seen towering up behind Tikitapu. Apart from its terrors, how sublime the scene over there on the night of the great explosion! The darkness made visible by the lurid flames that shot forth at every fresh eruption! The earthquake shocks reverberating long and loud! The people who witnessed this from Ohinemutu must have realised almost the terrors of the last day! Nearward of the redoubt the scene shifts alternately from shapely hill to dreary plain, the latter somewhat relieved by patches of cultivation and steaming pools. Delightful is the aspect of the broad lake with the mellow sunbeams of evening dancing on its waves, and abounding in legend is Mokoia; but we must direct our gaze beyond these and learn something of Tikitere, the "Inferno" of the whole district. From Tikitere rises up forever a dark cloud of vapour, clearly visible from our stand point, and distant 10 or 12 miles across the lake. Dante's Inferno should be read in connection with a visit to Tikitere, and indeed the whole area of this wonderland. The illustrious Florentine has ten Bolgias or circles, varying in extent and horrors. An equal number of weird circles it would be easy to count up in the hot lake region. But Tikitere answers best to the Inferno. The place is simply bristling with horrors. Listen to the unharmonious sounds. Look down that big black mud-hole, a vortex grim and ghastly, exerting itself with terrible energy, and beating round in a half-circle against the unyielding bank. Behold the sable lake in a frezy with heat, emitting volumes of vapour that darken the air and charge it with sulphur. But there are in this valley of death two such lakes, and it requires strong nerve and much caution to pass over the uncertain ground dividing them. What is steam? A promising youth is credited with the following answer—"Steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration." That boy had never seen mud-holes and lakes of muddy water in a tremendous perspiration. Examine the abysses and crevices, which threaten to engulf one at every step, and tell me, is not the place fiendish? Look at that fumerole steaming for ever from the brow of the steep hill, acting as a safety valve, without which that hill would have been blown away like Tarawera. Toil up the rugged bed of the cascading creek and you shall find a second Bolgia, not so awful as the lower but yet very weird and dreary. A heavy shower added much to the unspeakable wildness and desolation of these sickening circles. Glancing at both together from a point by the smoking funnel they present a panorama of surpassing ugliness and terror. In very strong contrast is the scene some few miles away to the left, where you get a glimpse of the beautiful blue waters of Roto Iti, which receives the outflow of Rotorua and discharges it into other lakes beyond, Roto Ma and Roto Ehu, for instance. These lakes, greatly admired for their blue waters, impart a very pleasing feature to the district, and to eye and mind are a great relief after Tikitere. But I would not miss Tikitere for a thousand such landscapes. I think Dante saw it in vision. Anyhow it is unique in ghastliness, and has a most just claim to the title of inferno. We hereby challenge the "wild and woody west" of America, with all its boasted marvels, to show anything equal to Tikitere. Branching off from the sanatorium, on the shores of Rotorua, are two highways, one conducting by the lake to Tikitere, the other to Whakarewarewa, thence to Waiotapu and Taupo. Each road intersects the Bolgia, known as Sodom and Gomorrah, where sulphur springs and sulphur quarries abound; a dreary region, indeed with its suffocating odour; but not unprofitable, as it supplies the Auckland market with abundance of sulphur-stone. Hard by is Whakarewarewa, another circle of deep interest. The Native village here derives its support mainly from *backsheesh* levied on tourists. But the guides give value by conducting safely along the pitfalls, which, like a tangled web, beset and bewilder the unskilled tourists. Better pay the tariff than run the risk of perishing in some treacherous pitfall.

'But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circle in the night.'

Had Scott seen the circles of our wonderland, his caution would have included the broad daylight as well as the night. The *backsheesh* is not paid in vain, either here or in any of the other different Bolgias. The most striking features of Whakarewarewa are the