

which now not the slightest signs are visible, as it is completely buried with its thirty-nine inhabitants some forty feet below—not as much as a single soul having escaped to tell of their awful fate. At the place of our landing, several miles farther on, was formerly another well-kept native village of fifty-nine souls, which is buried to even a greater depth. These last were the natives who used to own, and who had charge of, the famous large Pink and White Silica Terraces—elegant specimens of nature's most

of Rotomahana, steam holes and hot springs were sending up vapor in scores of places below, and considerable water had again accumulated in the bottom. We also looked into the nearest crater—a deep, fearful-looking hollow, with very little activity now, nothing save steam and vapor coming from hot springs and crevices below.

In the hillsides all about the place are crevices, many of them very large and fully 100 feet deep—everything told plainly of some terrific upheaval or convulsion of nature. We were not sorry to leave this sterile region, but it was the opportunity of a lifetime to see it and one which we were glad of the chance of improving. Our weary return to Ohinemutu was pursued by the same route and manner in which we came, and bedtime was gladly welcomed that night, for we had accomplished a hard day's journey.

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*Extract from Fifth Letter by
Mr. W. E. H. Massey.*

Before leaving Ohinemutu we made the excursion to the pretty island of Mokoia, so dear to the natives, because of its historic associations and the legendary lore in connection with it.

The island is nearly round—is really a hill about a mile across located in the middle of Lake Rotorua. Amongst the bush we found a rusty gun barrel and some human bones, relics of a battle of over sixty years ago. An old Maori chief and part of his tribe live on the island and there raise the maize and potatoes upon which they subsist. The old chief came out of his grass hut and invited us in to have tea with him, but his countenance was not so benign nor his *whare* so cleanly as to induce us to accept, hence we respectfully declined.

The long, rough, and tiresome coach-ride of fifty-six miles from Rotorua to Taupo was through a barren, hilly country which afforded little interest, and we were right glad when the day's journey was completed. The only spot worth mentioning was at Ateamuri, where we crossed the Waikato river. Here there was an enormous isolated rock of great height, with almost perpendicular sides, thrown up by some strange convulsion of nature, around the base of which the pretty stream flowed in a graceful manner. Just before reaching Taupo we had a long, steep climb of 2,200 feet.

Tapuwacharuru (Taupo for short), which is a very small settlement, and now merely a coach station, is beside the Waikato river, just where it leaves Lake Taupo—the largest lake in New Zealand, being over twenty-five miles across. This lake is 1,175 feet above sea level, and is in almost the exact centre of the North Island. Taupo is a convenient stopping place for tourists desiring to see the sights of the neighborhood. Formerly it

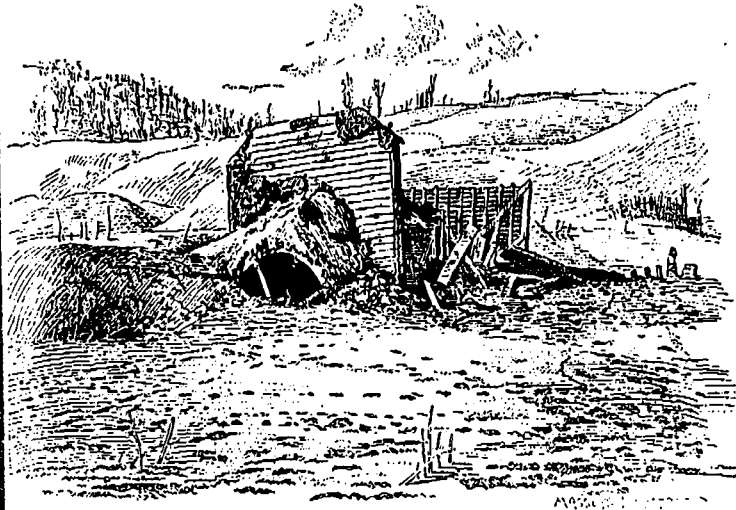
was a constabulary station for watching the natives, which would correspond to our North-West mounted police stations for keeping peace amongst the Indians. Here we spent several days in rest and sight seeing. The beach of the lake is composed almost entirely of pumice stone, which abounds in the vicinity.

Across the lake from Tapuwacharuru, distant thirty-six miles, is the large volcano, Tongariro (6,500 feet), still slightly active. From its crater steam may be seen ascending in a cloud on a clear day. One eve at sunset the effect was very pretty. Twenty-four miles farther on in the same direction is Mount Ruapehu (9,000 feet), a third of its height being buried in snow. Wairakie, another wonderful garden of marvellous hot springs, geysers, and fumaroles, is a ride of six miles from Taupo. "Glen Lofley," only three miles, is still another centre of springs of excellent curative properties—indeed there are hot and cold mineral springs all about the place. The charming Waikato river, which empties Lake Taupo, flows from it with a very swift current and has cut for itself a very deep channel. The river, too, is very deep and of a beautiful green color. The banks, or rather the walls which define its course, are bold and rocky in places and again covered with fern, and a more lovely stream it would be difficult to imagine.

A row of a few miles down this stream I enjoyed immensely. Being a very crooked river, the frequent and sometimes sharp bends added much to the charm of the scenery. The hot springs and mud holes along its banks, some of which are not only difficult but very dangerous to explore, were, however, the leading sources of interest. Chief of the numberless springs is the Crow's Nest Geyser, which throws a large, hot stream to an immense height, but at very irregular intervals.

(To be continued.)

THE volcanic region of the North Island (New Zealand) is a large one. On an area of one hun-



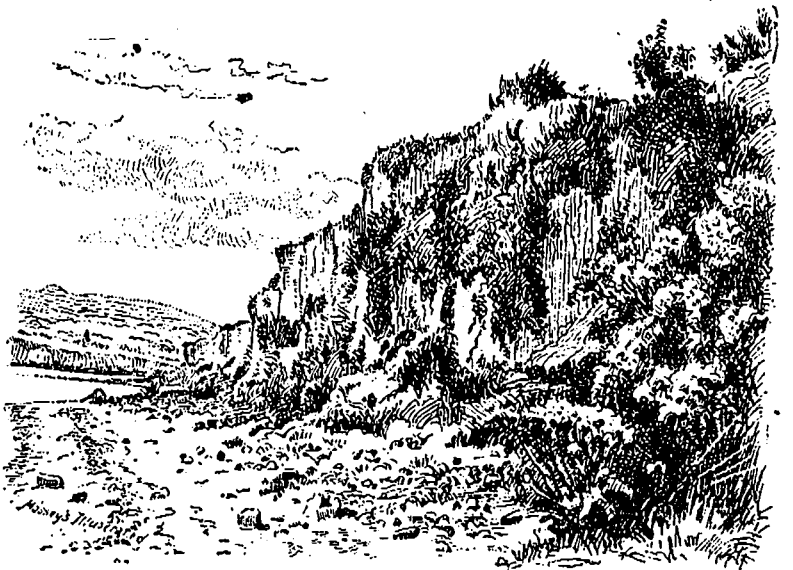
A PORTION OF THE VILLAGE OF WAIROA AFTER THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT TARAWERA—THE OLD MILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN MR. W. E. H. MASSEY'S POSSESSION.)

delicate and beautiful workmanship and the pride of all New Zealanders—located beside Lake Rotomahana, a little over a mile back of the village; here, too, tourists, who came from all parts of the world to see these wonderful terraces, used to land.

Ah, what a change! there was not the slightest indication that human being ever had or ever could have existed there. Before and on every hand, as far as the eye could reach, there was naught but most barren hills covered with baked mud and ashes. A territory many, many miles in extent of fearful desert waste.

As we plodded our way up to Rotomahana over the hills, through gulleys and over numerous fissures and crevices, all was desolation, and the scorching sun added none to the attractiveness of the scene.

There was nothing to rest the eye from this awful barrenness, and strange thoughts came over us in that desert place as we were reminded that we were twelve miles from other human souls. We tramped up to the edge of what formerly was the basin of Lake Rotomahana, once a lovely little lake surrounded with vegetation, while close to it were the Terraces before mentioned; but now there is nothing beautiful or desirable left—not even a weed to be seen anywhere. The whole aspect of the country round about has been most completely and effectually changed. The lake itself was blown up entirely, and the greatly prized and admired Pink Terrace probably went up in atoms, while the White Terrace is a hundred feet under mud, if it exists at all—and all this terrible, terrible wreck in a few hours of a single night!! A great rent or rift, commencing at the volcano, extends for miles across the country, running through the basin of Rotomahana, which is not far from Tarawera. It is the theory of scientists that the "rift" was first made, letting the water from the lake into the fires beneath, which being immediately converted into steam, caused the dreadful explosion at Rotomahana, whence came the mud, while the hot ashes and fire balls came from Mount Tarawera, which increased in height 160 odd feet, so it is said. As we looked down into the nearly empty basin



THE BEAUTIFUL PUMICE BEACH OF LAKE TAUPO, N.Z. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. W. E. H. MASSEY.)

dred and fifty square miles there are many thousands of hot springs of all temperatures from tepid to boiling, and of all sorts of composition. * * One spring has been so successful in curing skin diseases that it is known as the "pain-killer;" its ingredients are sulphate of potash, sulphate of soda, chlorides of sodium, calcium, magnesia, and iron, silica, hydrochloric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and traces of alumina, lithium, and iodine. What disease could stand such a combination as that?—THOS. W. KNOX, in the *Boy Travellers in Australasia*.