

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED

A JOURNAL OF
NEWS, LITERATURE, AND RURAL HOMES

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

New Series.
Published Monthly.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY, 1889

[Vol. I., No. 6.]

ROUND THE WORLD,

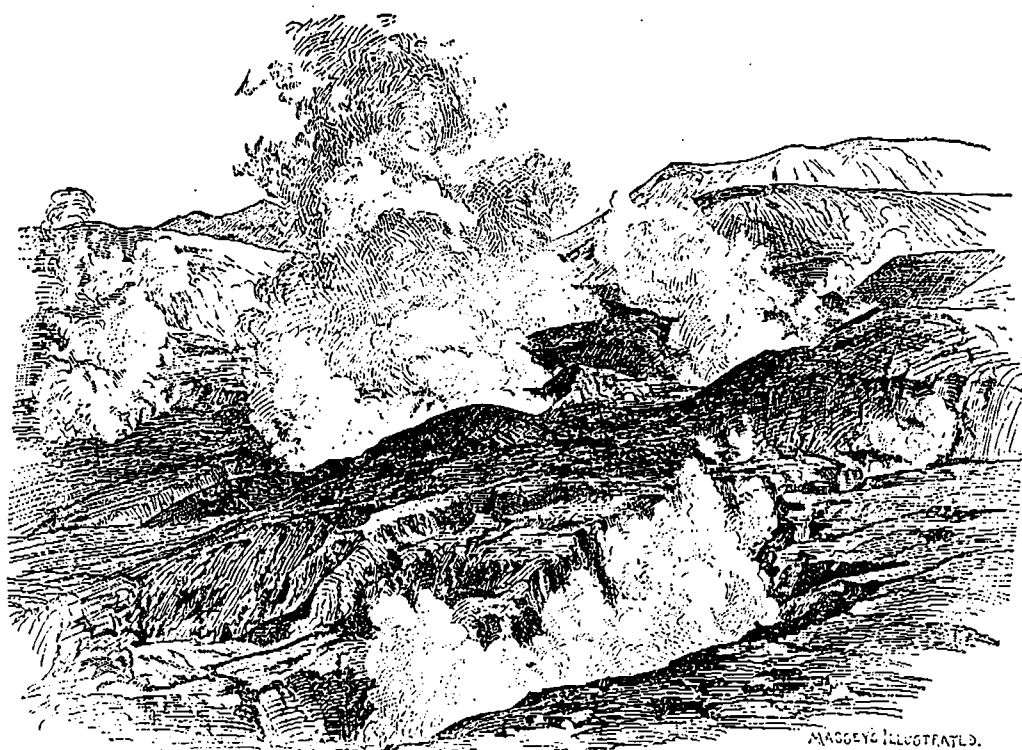
A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES,
and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employés of
the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq.)

NEW ZEALAND.

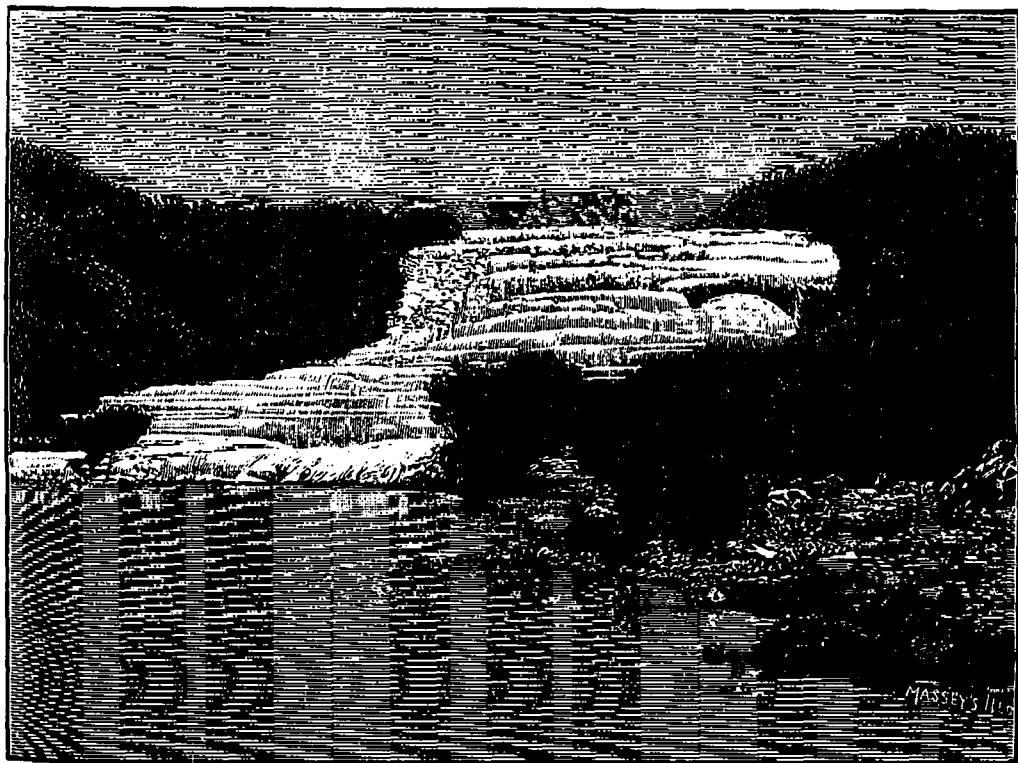
Fourth Letter, dated Hobart, Tasmania, Jan. 19th,
1888.—Concluded.

On our way back we turned aside to visit Whakarewarewa—the "geyser garden," owned by and in charge of the native settlement about it—about three miles from Ohinemutu. In Whakarewarewa alone there are so many natural and most interesting wonders, that could it be transported to a remote part of Ontario, thousands of eager tourists would flock to see them. There are great varieties of sulphur and mineral springs and geysers, and some hot and boiling pools which make excellent baths—having special curative powers for rheumatism and skin diseases. There are several large spouting geysers which "go off" at frequent intervals, the largest, so it is said, at times throwing a stream 60 feet high, though when I saw it 20 to 30 would be the limit. Time will not permit my expatiating upon the beauty of these spouting geysers,



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THE SITE OF THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES AS THEY ARE NOW AND AS SEEN BY MR. W. E. H. MASSEY
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN HIS POSSESSION)



THE PINK TERRACE, SEEN FROM BELOW, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE ERUPTION AT ROTOMAHANA.

though they are worthy of special mention. About them there was much sulphur deposit and beautiful silica formation. Strange gurgling steaming sounds were to be heard on every hand, and heated vapors were escaping from all sorts of crevices and holes. One of the prettiest features of the place were some lovely large and natural basins—very deep and lined with white silica formation—containing water of a beautiful green hue. It is a strange and curious fact that the water in one of these basins lowers some eighteen to twenty-four inches during the eruption of the largest geyser, and immediately fills again during the interval of rest. But I must leave off speaking of Whakarewarewa and our experiences on the thirty-three mile excursion of that day, if I am to tell you anything of our trip to the great and terrible wonder of this region of wonders—I refer to the scene of the awful disaster at Rotomahana in June, 1886.

Having a very hard and fatiguing journey of forty-two miles ahead of us, we made an early start next morning, the first nine miles being performed on horseback. The road skirts the shore of Rotorua for three miles, then turns away from the lake up over the hills, the bridle-path being very good at the first, but for the last five miles shockingly bad—at home at least it would be con-