

ten paces apart. Between these the whole descending river rushes for a distance of two or three hundred yards, churned into a mass of snow-white foam, and roaring with the hoarse voice with which great cataracts are gifted, till the confining walls suddenly receding, it shoots forth as if out of the barrel of a gigantic gun, and plunges in a solid white mass into a dark-green pool that lies waiting for it below at a depth of 50 feet perpendicular. A party of upwards of seventy Wanganui Natives, on a visit to Taupo, are said to have challenged the resident Natives of Tapuae-haruru to descend the Huka in canoes. The residents thought discretion the better part of valour; but the Wanganuis, in a fit of bravado, made the attempt. Their canoe was sucked under the moment it reached the foaming gorge, and only one Native, who leaped ashore, was ever seen again.

The next group of springs worthy of notice is at Orakei Korako, about twenty miles down the Waikato River. It presents one of the most remarkable groups of hot springs and fumaroles in the lake country, or anywhere in the world, and is capable of varied adaptation to sanitary purposes. The banks of the river for several miles, both above and below, consist of steep and broken terraces, from every part of which, at distances of only a few yards from each other, there burst out jets of steam or runlets of hot water. Hochstetter, when there, counted seventy-six steam jets at one glance of the eye, and at some seasons of the year more may be seen. The principal open *waiariki*, or bath, is a very remarkable one. It lies immediately beneath a Native village, which crests the high bank on the top of extensive old fortifications. A strong geyser, some 100 yards back from the river, has created a silicious terrace, called by the Natives Pahu Kowhatu, constructed in much the same manner as those in Lake Rotomahana, but of less extent and elevation, and less curiously carved or terraced. At the top of this structure, which is at right angles to the river, are three principal *puias* or *ngauchas*, much resembling those at Tokano. The farthest from the river, which has been the parent of the whole terrace, is in a state of constant and violent ebullition, at a temperature of about 202° (Hochstetter). The next to it, the temperature being reduced to bearable heat, contains a most perfect natural "Sitz bath," with elbow rests and a polished seat, let in as it were into the shallower and wider cistern which surrounds it. One peculiarity of this bath is, that in a very few minutes of immersion it covers the body with a most exquisite varnish or coating, quite invisible to the eye, but as smooth as velvet, and which gives the bather the feeling of being the most "polished" person in the world. This I do not remember to have perceived in any other of the hot springs in which I bathed. It was a sensation of Paradise to sit in this bath after a long and hot day's travel, watching the full moon rising above the craggy ridge of the lofty river banks, and gradually dispersing the dark shadows of the cliff which lay all along the deep eddying river below.

A stalactite cave is to be visited on the opposite side of the river; but without a Native guide it is not easy to find, and the Natives being all absent from the village I had not the opportunity of seeing it, but it is said to be worth a visit.

About ten miles below Orakei Korako, and about two miles above Niho o te Kiore, or the Rat's Tooth (where the river is crossed by a bridge), near to the Constabulary post, is an extremely beautiful waterfall, called the Rainbow Fall. A long and rapid reach of the river, of a breadth of two or three chains, suddenly turns at right angles to its course, and dashes headlong over a ledge of purple rock, rolling past a wooded islet in the centre of the fall, in broad green waves and lumps of foamy white, over which hangs suspended the beautiful rainbow, which gives it its name. Below, the river widened out, runs deep and swiftly through a large pool, in which is another islet covered with the greenest foliage, kept fresh by the ever descending spray. A few hundred yards below, on the eastern side of the river, and at its very margin, is a moderate sized cistern of hot water, capable of containing fifteen or twenty bathers, close packed. The facilities of this spot for bathing are not very great; but the combination of the picturesque Rainbow Fall and the neighbouring Powhati Roa, a gigantic pyramidal rock of 500 feet high, rising all alone from the bare level plain, and with a tradition of Maori history attached to it, might afford inducement sufficient for a moderate sized establishment.

From Niho o te Kiore, the road to Rotorua Lake leaves the Waikato River altogether, and the rest of that river's course is, I believe, westward of the limits of the hot spring district, as defined by Hochstetter. The road is uninteresting till within a couple of miles of Rotorua, when, after crossing a low ridge, it suddenly brings the traveller into the midst of a great group of most curious and repulsive-looking mud volcanoes, boiling in a sluggish and laborious manner like a very thick soup, and surrounded each by a viscous flooring of the same material, diversified with little spitting craters, from each of which sputters up a supply of the thick half-fluid mass. It looks like the natural home of a family of huge, ugly bull-frogs, who, were it not for the heat, would doubtless have been placed there by Nature to sprawl and croak and enjoy their slimy life. Though wonderful evidences of the fiery action going on below, they afford little attraction in their present condition for sanitary experiment. I would be sorry to say, however, that they will never be utilized for such an object. A good many years ago, a quack doctor travelled over England advocating as a cure for all diseases the burying of his patients up to the neck in the earth. A beautiful young girl who accompanied him used to be immured as an example. She was afterwards known to the world as the celebrated Lady Hamilton, whose name is historically connected with that of Lord Nelson. Though the man was a quack, his remedy is said to have been efficacious, and possibly the mud *puias* of Rotorua may some day be found capable of similar application.

In front, at a distance of a mile, lies Rotorua Lake, with the Native village of Ohinemutu jutting into it on a long narrow headland, and away across three miles of water is the island Mopoia. This is the scene of Mr. Domett's poem of "Ranolf and Amohia," in which, with a warmth of sentiment and fervour of expression of quite 212°, he has endeavoured to clothe savage life and character with charms and dignity which it would be difficult to recognize in the realities of any Maori pa on the shores of Rotorua at the present day, and which probably never had any existence except in the romantic day-dreams of the poet. I am bound to express, however, my admiration of the truthfulness and splendour of his descriptions of the scenery, and the thorough New Zealand atmosphere in which he has enveloped his, in many parts, beautiful tale.

Rotorua affords facilities for bathing "in the open," on the largest scale of any single place in the hot spring districts. The whole bay in front of Ohinemutu (Ruapeke), some hundred yards across,