

Krent's Gate House, Rotorua, New Zealand.

June 12th 1899.

Extracts from letter of W.^o C. F. Bridge to W.^o C. H. Bridge.

"We left Auckland for the Thames in bad weather, reached Te Aroha on Thursday last. There the weather was most unpleasant, howling wind day and night, it is not a bad little place but has a bad reputation for wind. It rained all Saturday for our journey here and that was tiresome, as the train runs through very pretty bush scenery, ^{with} beautiful tree ferns.

We are now established here for the present, and it has been fine since we came. It is a curious and wonderful country, not beautiful. We made a little excursion this morning to a place called Whakarewarewa. It is a Maori pah about two miles from here, a trap goes backwards and forwards to take visitors.

It is a desolate country, nothing but bracken and manuka scrub, but there are pretty peeps of the lake now and then. The pah is in a valley which is full of boiling springs,

you hear them bubbling all round, and you are every now and then enclosed in a cloud of steam. A Maori woman came forward and offered to guide us about, she took us to a Geyser that was playing, but ~~the~~ geyser that rose sixty feet has been quiet for four years. This is the place where terraces are being formed, we saw just a little bit that gave me a very slight idea of what the famous ones must have been. There were some fearful looking cauldrons boiling and bubbling. The pah is not in the least picturesque, chiefly old tumble-down hovels built in European fashion. We saw one carved whare, but that was spoilt by a square sash window and door. The Maori woman told us she was at Wairoa in the Tarawera explosion, but Will Rutherford laughed and said, "They all tell you that." I want to go to the native settlement here, Ohinemutu, there you see the Maories bathing and cooking in the hot water holes."