

Letter from Miss Hastings to Wm. C. H. Bridge.
December 8th 1901.

Karioi. Via Waunganui River.

"I expect you will have heard particulars of my journey which I enjoyed very much, except the night on the steamer. The voyage up the Waunganui is very pretty. Two boats started at seven a.m., the first stopped nowhere, I came in the second. The longer passage is made worth while by the picturesque scenes which occur as the boat runs into the bank and the Maories go on and off, their friends coming down the steep banks to welcome them or send them away. At Jerusalem, where we landed two miles, there was a large party of Maories, the women with bright clothes and streaming black hair. Kipiriki took me quite by surprise, a steep road took me up to an excellent hotel in a grand situation. As I sat in the verandah, I could have believed myself in Switzerland, such a group of heights to gaze at. A very comfortable hotel, 10p a day. When I arrived, I said to the landlord, "Wm. Great was to send an express here for me". A Maori

standing by, said "That's me", and shook hands with me at once. Next morning I started with him at eight o'clock, and to my mind that was the cream of my journey. For the first few miles after leaving Kipiriki the road wound through cliffs clothed in magnificent bush, ferns, countless tree ferns, I had never been so near the bush before. How grateful I felt to my dear friend for the slower express, instead of the rattling coach. Afterwards, the hand of man came in, burning, clearing, melancholy to see, but before arriving at Karioi, there was lovely bush again. Of my welcome I need not write. From the window of my room, where I write now, I see Kuapehu in solitary grandeur with his everlasting snows. A plain stretches at his feet over which flows the delicious air of 2,500 feet above the sea. A few hundred yards from the house a swift stream wanders about, by it is the wash house, and near is Janet's whare, hidden by a bank from the house. At this time she has given it up to