

Upper Reaches - Pipirilli -
New Years Day 1902

We left soon after rise, a party of about forty
rifely. The start was cold - and the atmosphere
damp - all the time we were on the upper reaches.
The scenery of these is certainly finer than
lower down, the cliffs bolder and higher, and the bush,
tree ferns and ferns generally most beautiful.
We had great trouble with one rapid, losing forty
minutes there, the rope had got caught round
a rock. There were a few Mitre peaks to be
seen. We were taken as far as the Deep Scene -
a particularly lovely spot - right in the heart of ~~the~~
~~World~~ ^{Nature} to speak. Returning we visited a
cave, the lowest I ever saw. We scrambled
over wet slippery rocks and sandy ledges to quite
a large cavern with high roof, a fine waterfall
pouring down, ~~and~~ ferns and other vegetation
lining the sides with moist greenery. Truly a
vision of beauty, and on a hot day must sink
deep as a refreshing memory. Our morning was chilly and
damp, but the beauty was felt. The reflections on
this river are very clear, though not superior to
our own Avon, or those in Akaroa Harbour.

We shot down the rapids easily enough, the
spray slightly splashing as we rushed through.
Back at Pipirilli at 11 a.m. going straight on board
the Aotea on which some of our fellow travellers
were already installed. The population as a
whole saw us off from the wharf, a group of Maories
adding picturesque and life to the farewell greet-
ings exchanged as we cast off at 11.15. from
pretty Pipirilli.

We called in at Jerusalem, being treated to
half an hour there to explore the place. We
went in a body to the Formidling House & Church
being escorted by men. Some tourists got up
a Maori Women's Race - a most lively affair.
Soon we were gliding down stream - passing our
classically named Kaiapas, and Moutoa Island
where the battle commemorated in Waiparangi
Gardens was fought. Saw once more Major
Kemp's pole, thirty feet high, elaborately carved
and set as a landmark and aukari 14 miles up
from Waiparangi. It was erected as a sign to the
Europeans of their limit, no farther could they
go up the river. We put in at a great many places
picking up and dropping passengers, who were
often Maories, and reached Waiparangi at half
past six - our three days wanderings on its
lovely river already at an end. Being New
Years Day, the town was crowded and we had to get
our luggage from Foster's and go to the Britannia
Hotel - more expensive, but comfortable, and cook-
ing excellent.