

# THE CASPER WEEKLY

PIONEER PUBLICATION

ESTABLISHED

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

JUNE, 1850.

NO. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

VOL. XLVI.

## WONDERS OF NEW ZEALAND.

PALMERSTON, New Zealand, Feb 18, 1893.—Tourists from all parts of the world are attracted to the "Wonderland of New Zealand."

The Hot lakes district is celebrated for its beautiful scenery, and the marvellous healing virtues of its innumerable hot springs. A line of volcanic activity extends from the central part of the North Island from the active volcano, Mount Tongariro, to White Island in the north, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Maori traditions, in various ways, explain the cause. The most popular story informs us that certain ancient rangatiras, or chiefs, were suddenly changed into mountains, whose snowy caps froze them, and held them captives. One of their descendants, a goddess of Hawaiki, left her far-distant home across the Pacific, and traveled under the seas with a burning fire-brand, with which to release her noted ancestors. At White Island she came to the surface and found that her destination was not yet reached, but the scene of her appearance from that time has been an active volcano. Her line of underground travel, through the Bay of Plenty district, is marked by the boiling springs, steam holes, and volcanoes. Mount Tongariro was reached and the famous chieftain was released from his frozen fetters, but since then the mount has been continually aflame, and is still an active volcano often sending forth immense quantities of rock, lava, etc. Islands, mountains and massive rocks are pointed out by the Maoris and described as their transformed ancestors, many of them being ancient goddesses.

The annual conference at Te Puke was held near the historic scenes, and Elders Kelson, Melkie and Goddard decided to take a sight seeing tour through the district. The little company started out well equipped. Blankets, clothing and provisions were loaded upon a pack-horse, and as the Elders mounted their faithful nags and jogged along the road passers-by would have some difficulty in determining their character. The roads were very dusty, and, after a few hours' journeying, the travelers would pass for indigent tourists, cattle buyers, sheep shearers or miners prospecting for new finds, but few would imagine that they were ministers of the Gospel.

After a ride of twenty miles they reached the Maori Pa at Korokoro, where a cordial welcome was extended to the "Pakehas." On learning the character of their visitors, the Maoris desired to learn something of Mormonism, and an interesting conversation ensued. It was therefore past midnight before they sought repose in their blankets, which were spread on the floor of the whare, about fifteen Maoris sleeping in the same room.

The following morning a visit was paid to Tekitere, a mile and a half distant, where black mud volcanoes and boiling springs may be seen on every hand in furious activity. Dense clouds of sulphurous smoke canopied the little valley, and the dull thud of the puias and ngawhas could be heard all along the road. The puias are geysers continually active, while the Ngawhas or inactive puias, intermittently send forth columns of steam. The only dwelling in the vicinity of Tekitere is a Maori whare, where a family resides for the purpose of collecting toll and guiding visitors. Near the whare are two immense boiling lakes, separated by a narrow neck of land about three feet wide. Standing upon the natural bridge, the spectators are completely enveloped in the sulphurous clouds of steam, the repulsive odor of which is almost suffocating. A gust of wind occasionally wafts aside the dense clouds of vapor, so that the terrible boiling cauldrons can be distinctly seen. The mighty forces of nature appeared threaten the visitors with immediate destruction, and their place of observation was appropriately named "The Gates of Hades."

Carefully traversing this treacherous region, a large yawning pit is reached, where a seething mass of black mud is dashed and tossed against the sides with perfect fury. It is almost terrifying to gaze into the hideous depths of this great mud geyser, termed the "Inferno." Sulphurous springs, mud craters and hot water falls are very numerous in the vicinity, and steam may be seen issuing from every hill side.

The sulphurous fumes in the air rendered a prolonged stay undesirable, and it was quite a relief to emerge into a purer atmosphere.

The beautiful and famous lakes of Rotiti and Rotorua were next visited, and near the south shore of the last named lake tourists find an agreeable

resting place at the little town of Ohinemutu, noted for its numerous mineral springs and healing waters. Commodious hotels have been erected for the accommodation of visitors and invalids, all of which contain wonderful natural baths, renowned for their curative properties. Physicians are in charge of these, and the town is like an immense hospital, with hundreds of invalids moving around upon their crutches.

About two miles distant is a Maori pa, situated in the midst of an interesting group of geysers. Some of these force volumes of steam thirty and forty feet high, while others send forth columns of water to a height of one hundred feet. Hundreds of these boiling springs may be seen in the vicinity, and they are attended by a variety of unearthly noises and evil odors.

From the adjacent hills a good view is obtained of the whole district. Scarcely a ripple could be seen on the clear, placid lakes, and it was difficult to imagine that such a peaceful scene had ever been disturbed by bloody battles, causing waters near the shores of the lake to be dyed with blood. The friendly and peaceable Maoris who so kindly entertained the Elders, are the descendants of a warlike tribe of Arawaes once so dreaded by their neighbors.

The scene of the great volcanic explosion in the year 1886 was next visited. Readers of the News may remember the story flashed across the wires from this scene of death and destruction. The inhabitants of the district have become so accustomed to steaming ngawhas and puias, filling the air with sulphurous odors, earth tremors, subterranean rumblings and the breaking out in different places of boiling springs, all of which they regard as the safety valve of the country, that they are not disturbed by slight earthquake shocks. At the time of the great calamity, Tarawera mountain towered 2000 feet above the beautiful lakes at its base, and the wonderful pink and white terraces, which nature had been engaged centuries in forming, were in the vicinity. On the night of Wednesday, June 10th, 1886, the whole of New Zealand was aroused by terrible earthquake shocks, which were also felt in Australia. Tarawera, which for at least five centuries had been dormant, suddenly burst forth and the