

Ngauhuroc is nearly circular, and, according to my computation, about 1800 feet in diameter. Its borders bristle externally with scorixæ and friable cinders; in the interior, I remarked great rocks of a pale yellow, evidently composed of sublimated sulphur. The rim of the volcano is not of equal height throughout its entire circuit, but I thought it might have been possible to accomplish the tour. It was impossible to think of a descent into the crater; I cast my eyes on a frightful gulf which yawned before me; dense whirling vapour-clouds impeded the view, and I could not see more than thirty feet in depth.

“I flung into the abyss several large stones, and trembled as I heard them rebound from rock to rock. I threw in some more stones, but not a sound was audible. All the time I was on the summit, I distinguished the hiss of smoke mingled with steam, as at the thermal springs of Rotomahana and Taupo; the sound resembles that of a steam-engine in motion.

“No eruption took place in my presence of cinders or water, and I could detect no sign of one having recently occurred; I saw no lava of fresh formation. I must confess that when I thought of the possibility of an outbreak on the place where I was standing, my sensations were anything but agreeable.

“About two o'clock I began to retrace the road by which I had ascended; I was enveloped in fog and cloud, and for some considerable time strayed from my route. I then caught sight of a lake between Tongariro and Ruapahou, about a mile in diameter. I could not discover any river issuing from this lake on the west; but at a short distance from Tongariro I came upon an extinct crater. It was already dark when I reached the river Whanganni, and though I am of a robust constitution, and a good pedestrian, I felt myself completely exhausted, and fell asleep in a ravine. The night was cold, but my sleep was prolonged until morning without inconvenience. With the first rays of dawn, I resumed my route, and at ten o'clock arrived at home, with my shoes falling from my feet in strips.”

To the south of Tongariro rises Ruapahou, the bases of the two mountains blending into one another by an imperceptible incline, and forming a kind of table-land about ten miles broad. On this table-land lie four lakes, two of which are about three miles across; the others considerably smaller. One of them is named Taranaki; the river to which it gives birth empties its waters into the Whanganni, and a singular tradition attaches to this lake.

The natives tell you that the mountain Taranaki (the *Mount Egmont* of the settlers) formerly stood, like a third giant, by the side of Tongariro and Ruapahou. They remained on friendly terms, as giants should, until Taranaki attempted to carry off Pihinga, the wife of Tongariro. Thereupon the latter quarrelled with him, and dealt him a blow on the head which made him fly. He descended the