

Amiria was now eighteen, and being the probable successor of Tawhiao, the Maori King, was sought in marriage by a number of chiefs from various tribes, but Te Rangi-o-te-Waitui (the Chief of the big sea) generally called 'Te Rangi,' who was the Chief of a large tribe at Hawke's Bay, seemed to be the favourite suitor. He was a bold, determined warrior, but ambitious and resentful of any interference. He wished to marry Amiria, for by so doing he eventually hoped to become King of the Maoris. He was assiduous in his attentions to her, but regarded Harry, the pakeha, with a jealous eye. On his proposing to Amiria, he was astonished and chagrined at her refusal, and finding she would not listen to him, taunted her with loving the pakeha. Hot words ensued between them, and they parted in bitter enmity. He retired to his own tribe soon after this, and Amiria hoped she would never see him again. Harry, hearing of this, from her father, and partly guessing the reason of her

husband. She rushed forward and flung her arms around Harry's neck, just in time to receive the bullet in her back. Harry's first impulse was to rush after Te Rangi, but Amiria restrained him with the cry, 'Oh, Harry! don't leave me.' He took her in his arms, and found the bullet had passed between her shoulder blades, and the blood was rushing forth at every breath she took. He realised at once that she could not live for more than a few minutes, and in his agony pressed her to him. 'Harry!' she gasped, 'I'm going to leave you,' and then appeared to lose consciousness. She turned to him again, saying, 'Good-bye, Harry; something tells me you will come to me soon,' and with one or two convulsive gasps she expired in his arms.

I was riding close by at the time, and hearing the shot in the bush, went towards the spot, and was bitterly grieved at the sight before me. We lifted her up tenderly and carried her home, and I thought it

they immediately found the trail and quickly disappeared from sight. Te Rangi, however, had a good start, and it appeared that, expecting to be pursued, he had done his utmost to baffle any who might follow him. They tracked him to Waiwhakarewarewa, near Rotorua, where they arrived in the early morning, and on questioning the natives there, heard that Te Rangi was asleep in one of the *whares*, but on surrounding it they found that the bird had flown. One young man who had slept in the same *whare* stated that about an hour before daylight he heard the dogs barking, and going to see what was the matter, he saw on the brow of the hill close by the figure of Te Rangi clearly outlined against the moonlit sky. The young chief and his warriors once more pushed forward as fast as they were able, and tracked Te Rangi to Orakikorako, and again on towards Wairaki Valley, now famous for its geysers and boiling springs, also its beautiful encrustations, petrifications, and other thermal wonders. On the eve of the second day the pursuers were beginning to lose all hope of catching Te Rangi, when they noticed his footmarks close to a small creek, and that the water near the edge of the creek was still slightly muddy, and therefore he could not have passed more than half an hour before them. This gave them renewed hope, and they pushed onward and entered the Wairaki Valley, and suddenly caught sight of Te Rangi ascending the hill on the opposite side of the gully. From his manner he appeared to have lost all fear of pursuit. Directly he had disappeared from view, they followed him rapidly, and on nearing the spot where they had seen him, they crept stealthily and silently along, well hidden by the ti-tree and scrub. Soon afterwards they saw Te Rangi in a small clearing sitting down to his evening meal. They separated and advanced stealthily towards him from different points, intending to capture him alive rather than shoot him. When within a few yards of him, some slight noise caused him to turn quickly, and on seeing his danger, he leaped to his feet, and with one blow from his *mere* stretched the foremost warrior dead on the plain. The other men pounced upon him, but he struggled long and desperately, knowing full well he was fighting for his life, and twice he fairly shook off his foes and rose to his feet, only again to be borne to the ground. They overpowered him at last, and bound him firmly, then carrying him down to the boiling, bubbling geyser, now known as the 'Champagne Pool,' they threw him in. He rose to the surface, and giving vent to a blood-curdling scream of agony, disappeared for ever.

There is a tradition amongst the Maoris that Te Rangi's spirit still haunts this pool, and they say that the wailing, moaning noise caused by the steam rushing from this geyser, just before it discharges a volume of boiling water into the air, is the last dying scream of Te Rangi. They buried their dead comrade in a small cave close to the beautiful petrifying geyser, which is now known as the 'Eagle's nest.' The steam and water from this geyser has covered the surrounding ground, ti-tree, ferns and moss with a grey-coloured deposit which has turned as hard as stone, and as large pieces of ti-tree have fallen across this geyser, it faintly resembles an eagle's nest, whence it has derived its name.

It was expected that Te Rangi's tribe would avenge his death, but though threats were made, they afterwards seemed to recognise that true justice only had been meted out to him.

Amiria's death was mourned by all the tribe. In a few days she was buried under the shade of a clump of fern trees (*pungas*), which had formed a cool retreat for her and her child, and there, with the graceful fronds and leaves of the fern trees bending towards her, and forming a canopy of beauty above her, and with the creek singing a soft lullaby at her side, she was laid to rest. This spot seemed consecrated to her memory, and was a fit resting place for one who loved nature so well.

Harry appeared to feel his loss very much, and thinking to divert his thoughts, I proposed a trip to England. To this he agreed, saying that everything on the farm reminded him of Amiria.

In passing through the Suez Canal, he caught some kind of a fever, and whilst in a delirium, dreamt he saw his wife coming to him. He got out of the bed and staggered on deck, and although we found him soon afterwards, and did our utmost for him, he died the next day and was buried at sea. Miriam, their only child, then became my special charge, and I soon learned to love her as a daughter. She has now grown into a fine young woman, and is the light and joy of my life. We have far more wealth than we require, and Miriam seems only to be thoroughly happy when she is doing good. She reminds me at times of both her father and mother, but as I watch her loving and self-sacrificing disposition, I often think of Amiria, the Maori Princess.

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M R J. I L O T T

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AMIRIA NOTICED TE RANGI WITH A RIFLE POINTED AT HER HUSBAND.

refusal, spoke to her and was well rewarded by noticing the depth of her affection for him. They were married within a month, and lived very happily for over a year, and were blessed with a little baby girl, who is now my niece Miriam.

I returned to New Zealand about this time, and although at first I did not regard the marriage with favour, I was so much struck with their thorough happiness that I clearly saw it was for the best, and I soon learned to love Amiria as a very dear sister. All went along peacefully and hopefully until Te Rangi appeared on the scene once more, and finding Amiria alone one day, tried to persuade her to leave her home and return with him to Napier, and he threatened if she did not he would kill both her and her husband. Fortunately her father, who was passing, interrupted Te Rangi, who left, swearing to be avenged on the accursed pakeha, who had robbed him of his bride. Amiria told Harry of this, and her father warned them to be careful, and promised to have Te Rangi watched. Te Rangi soon afterwards, however, left for a neighbouring settlement.

better to leave Harry alone with his grief, for in such moments it is impossible to give expression to the sorrow or sympathy which we feel, and all words appear to be empty and expressionless. I considered it necessary that Amiria's father should be informed at once of the death of his daughter, and took the opportunity of riding over to tell him. I found him in his *whare*, and on imparting the news to the old man he buried his face in his hands and seemed to be overcome with grief, but the next moment he sprang to his feet, grasped his *mere*, and with flashing eyes and determined mien he left the *whare*. He issued two or three commands to some of his men outside, and in a moment all was bustle. He then returned to me and asked some rapid questions as to the exact spot, and the time of the shot. Scarcely had he done questioning me, than I noticed a young chief with five warriors stood at the door. They were all naked, except for a light Maori mat around the loins, but they were well armed. Kingi Hori turned to them, and speaking rapidly and in an excited manner, told them what had occurred, and explained all particulars to



THEY CREPT SILENTLY ALONG WELL HIDDEN BY THE TI-TREE SCRUB.

The next Sunday they visited her father, and on returning home had to pass through a piece of dense bush. The track was narrow, and Harry was walking a little in front, when suddenly Amiria noticed a movement in the bush, and there saw Te Rangi with a rifle pointed at her

them, and urged them to be revenged on Te Rangi. His last words as he pointed with his *mere* in the direction which Te Rangi had taken, being 'Go! and never return until Te Rangi sleeps with his fathers.'

I took them to the place where Amiria was shot, and