

drums, and, last of all, swallowing up our airy palace at one swoop, comes a rolling wave of fire, and Whitehall shrivels into a legendary name, painted up black and white at the corner of the Strand.

#### GOVERNOR SIR GEORGE GREY.

It is a rare occurrence for a colonial governor to be recalled by the Home Administration, and, after quitting the dependency he has ruled, to be invited to return to the same post by the powers that be, yielding to the unanimous request of the colonists themselves, sustained by the representations of influential men, mercantile and religious, in the mother country. This distinction has just fallen to the lot of the Sir George Grey who returned last year from the Cape, in obedience to the summons of Sir Bulwer Lytton, then at the head of the colonial department, and has been reappointed by his successor in office, the Duke of Newcastle. Estimable alike in private and public life, joyfully will his landing again on the southern shores of Africa be hailed by all classes of the people, among whom he won golden opinions by enlightened views of their moral and material interests, which were carried into effect with the energy which conquers difficulties, the patience and kindness which disarm opposition and win affectionate respect.

The correspondent of one of the London papers, after describing the prosperous condition of the colony, thus wrote on the day of Sir George Grey's departure for England (August 20, 1859):—

"For no small portion of this prosperity we have to thank Sir George Grey, whom the Derby Government, in their wisdom, thought it proper to recall. Sir George embarked to-day on board the mail steamer 'Celt,' after a five years' career of great, and, as respects this colony, unparalleled usefulness. The intelligence of his recall was received here about a month ago, and as soon as it became known, the act was denounced by men of all parties as uncalled for. The inhabitants of Cape Town met and voted an address, and appointed a committee to take steps for presenting to his Excellency a testimonial. At a subsequent meeting, however, it was intimated that Sir George would not accept of any testimonial from the colonists which could be appropriated to his own use; and thereupon it was resolved to erect a marble statue of his Excellency in some conspicuous place in Cape Town. Towards this object the sum of £600 has up to this day been subscribed. No Governor of any colony has ever received such an ovation as Sir George Grey during the past month. Addresses have been voted to him by every public body, and by every village and town to which the news has penetrated. By all he is lauded as a Christian, a statesman, and a gentleman, and characterized as 'the best Governor the colony has ever had.' We dare say that, until now, he himself little dreamt of his universal popularity. Even those few who at one time objected to some points in his policy, are foremost in expressing their sympathy, respect, and admiration, and in condemn-

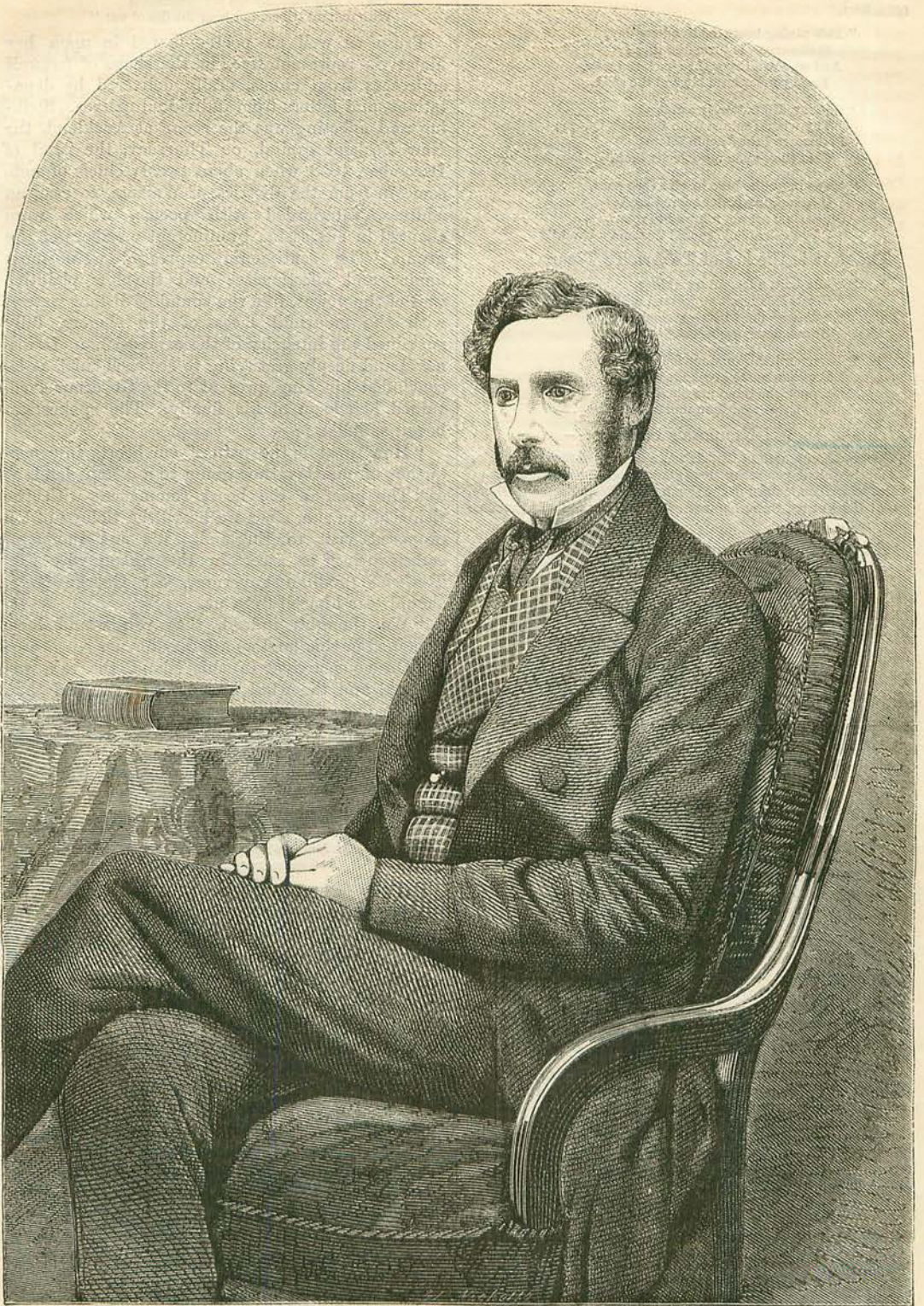
ing the recall. Wherever he has appeared, he has been lionized, and the inhabitants have by this mail forwarded to the Queen a memorial for his reinstatement. The population turned out *en masse* to-day to bid him farewell as he embarked on board the 'Celt.' Volunteers lined the streets along the route from Government House, the members of the Exchange occupied the jetty at the landing-stairs, a triumphal arch decorated the wharf, his carriage was drawn down Adderley Street by a body of gentlemen, and altogether the demonstration was of such a sincere and universal character as has seldom been witnessed in this colony.

"I have said that the career of Sir George Grey here has been of a highly useful character. Everybody admits it. He arrived shortly after Sir George Cathcart had subdued the Kaffir war, and when affairs were in a very unsettled state. By a course of wise administration he has disarmed the hostile tribes, and brought them, to no small extent, under civilizing influences. To every enterprise of a good, humane, and noble character he has lent the seal of his sanction, the power of his influence, and the aid of his pecuniary resources."

Joyfully, too, would his return be greeted to a more distant region, formerly under his government—New Zealand—especially by the natives, who watched with tearful eyes his departure from them, and lingered on the tops of the hills, after the ship that bore him away was out of sight, in the hope of catching again a glimpse of its sails. He was commemorated, to use their own words employed in valedictory addresses and songs, as the "Great one, the Peacemaker, the Honourable, the Friendly one, the Loving one, the Kind one, the Director, the Protector, the Far-famed one, the Lifter-up, the Pride of the people, and the Father." The views under which he occupied an onerous and important station will be best gathered from his reply to a farewell address from the bishop and clergy. "I have long thought," he remarked, "that if, as an empire spread to almost boundless limits, Great Britain rested its control over the nations successively adopted into it, upon their fears or compelled obedience, it became but weaker and weaker as it spread, and that before long a time must arrive when from its very vastness it must fall into fragments; while, on the other hand, I believed that if, as it spread its dominion, it spread also equal laws, the Christian faith, Christian knowledge, and Christian virtues, it would link firmly to itself by the ties of love and gratitude, each nation it adopted, thus strengthening as it spread, and rendering its dominion an object rather sought for than impatiently submitted to."

The writer of this paragraph, which is worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold upon every government house in the world, tried the experiment among the Maori, the proper name of the New Zealand natives; and he left its shores under a perfect shower of complimentary epithets and affectionate effusions, in poetry and prose, evidently the language of the heart.

Thus sung Te Ao, a young chief, upon the occasion. The translator has thrown the original



*H. G. Messer*

into English verse, but native ideas are faithfully retained.

"This pining heart the live-long day,  
O Governor, is turned to thee;  
And who will bring thee back the way,  
From yonder land beyond the sea?"

"O, Grey, I'll patiently await  
Thy wish'd return from Britain's Queen;  
Perchance I may again relate  
That thou upon our isle art seen.

"May nought be here to give thee pain,  
O friend, in yonder sacred land;  
Since thou art not allowed to reign,  
O'er Zealand's isles and Zealand's band."

The next is the lay of Te Ara Te Tinana:—

"While I sit, a fearful trembling  
Rends this heart oppressed with grief;  
Restless as the winds—resembling  
Kahakaha's aspen leaf.\*

"Governor! this anxious feeling  
Prompts me to invoke thy stay;  
But upon the mind are stealing  
Thoughts that thou must haste away."

This is Tamati Ngapora's offering:—

"The far-famed Queen of Britain's isle has called thee to her side,  
And thou along yon rocky steep shall watch the rippling tide;  
But when thou landest in the north, far off from Zealand's shore,  
Oh! think of us, these hapless ones, whom thou wilt greet no more."

An unnamed bard may now speak:—

"Go! while the sun is shining,  
Great Shelter of our land!  
Go! while the hearts are pining,  
Of this once savage band.

"Go! while the winds are playing  
In gusts above our head;  
The while our hearts are saying,  
'He's now to us as dead!'"

"God! and before the morrow  
Gaze on the dark deep sea;  
And then these hearts in sorrow  
Shall whisper, 'Where is he?'"

But we must make room for a specimen of these compositions literally rendered:—

"The northern breezes blow! and every gust  
That comes seems only to increase my sorrow  
And renew my tears. O Governor! what  
Means this evil? Thou didst not seek me out  
To tell of thy departure, nor did I even  
Hear thee say, 'Farewell.' I may not see thee  
Now; a range of towering mountains intercepts  
My gaze; but love can scale the highest hills,  
And whisper to the heart. We were separated  
When th' uplifted arm of Tarakainga  
Held the deadly weapon; † when the slain  
Were stretched upon the battle-field at Nakehangai;  
And when Te Ki in ambush lay, then darted  
Forth, and slew the foremost of the mighty  
Bands, and the loud cry resounded far and near,  
'Rush down upon them!' Ah! they were then  
Discomfited, and many heard the tidings  
Of their sad defeat. Hail! warning hosts!  
In olden time I gave you counsel; when  
The axe was sharp, and used to fell the forest  
Trees; but now it lies unheeded in the house.  
My thoughts are e'er on thee, O Tamamutu. ‡  
I dreamt that thou wert with me still, but on  
The morrow's dawn, alas! I sorrowfully  
Heard that thou wert far away. Methought thee  
Wayward when thou earnest first. § Lo! now

\* A tremulous-leaved plant growing in the forests, which yields a silky fibre as white as snow.

† The allusion is to an outbreak of hostile tribes cutting off the neutral from communication with the Europeans.

‡ The name of a renowned chieftain applied to Sir George Grey.

§ The natives were in a very disturbed state when Sir George arrived, and severities were expected from him. A conciliatory policy restored peaceful relations with the government.

I look around, and all is calm and peaceful;  
Yes! I may interchange my sentiments  
With distant tribes, nor hear the din of war."

Prose as well as poetry flowed in upon her Majesty's representative, in the shape of farewell addresses from chiefs, orally delivered by deputations, and letters from individual natives. Striking and affecting was the scene at Auckland, the New Zealand capital, on Thursday, the 22nd of December, 1853, when about twenty chiefs of note came in from the district of Waikato, to read an address, interlarded with poems, which were chanted in succession by different members of the group. The sentiments expressed were most tender and affectionate; and the low plaintive wail of the voices, like the sound of distant waters, with the mournful faces of the singers, fully sustained the integrity of the expressions. It was novel and deeply gratifying to see each chief, as he concluded his song, present to the Governor some valued heir-loom of his family. The spokesman began as follows:—

"How great is the pain of our hearts in consequence of our Governor going to a distant land.

"The grief of the heart commences with the rising of the sun, since we heard the tidings of his proposed visit to England. We are, therefore, endeavouring to ascertain the reason why this *Taniwha* (godlike governor), Sir George Grey, should tear himself from us.

"We thought, indeed, that you would have remained in this land as a father for us.

"On your arrival in this island, the rain was beating, and the wind blowing fiercely, and then you lifted up your voice to calm the raging elements.

"Cease from your strife, ye wintry blasts,  
And let our isle be free;  
Then western airs shall fan the land,  
And southern airs the sea.

"And darkness shall be seen no more  
To lift its gloomy form;  
And light-winged clouds shall gild the sky,  
And calm succeed the storm."

"Go, O father, to England, and may the Divine Being preserve you while you are voyaging on the great sea. When you go into the presence of Queen Victoria, and inquiries are made by her, say that we are blessed with peace owing to the good governors she has sent us. If you are requested to return hither, O father, then come back to us, your children, whom you have left in a state of uneasiness.

"Go, O father, and return to us all."

Two days later, about thirty of the principal men, with two or three dark ladies, came from the district of Rotorna, famous for its lakes. They were all attired respectably in European clothing, except a mat or two carelessly thrown over the dress, brought as a parting gift. After a song, in which all joined, but with a subdued tone, one of them commenced reading the address with proper emphasis and dignified gesticulation.

"This is our farewell to you, O friend, Governor Grey.

"The chiefs and people of New Zealand, especially those of Rotorna, let you go forth bearing their love. Suppose not, O Governor, that this

affection for you is merely an outside thing; no, it comes from the inward recesses of the heart.

"We hoped that your heart would rest here with us.

"Now hearken; when the missionaries first came to this land, there was little industry, and little good was visible, but there was much indolence, and much wickedness, and all lived in ignorance. Then God kindled his light, and lo, it became as day.

"After this came Governor Hobson; and then a little fear came over us. After him came Governor Fitzroy, and things went on in a similar way. But when you came, O Governor Grey, it was like the shock of an earthquake; your fame rose to the centre of the island, and extended to the waves of the ocean's shore. You came with two lights, and these are they—the lamp of God, and the lamp of the world.\* Your efforts on behalf of God's cause are—the establishment of schools, the erection of houses of prayer, thus following the footsteps of the Church. These are the things you did in regard to the body—encouraged industry in the cultivation of the soil, pointed out the means of acquiring property, and raised this island to its present state of prosperity. You have done these things. You have taught us to shun evil, and pointed out the bad practices of this world so that we might cast them aside.

"Although we heard of your projected departure, we thought nevertheless that you would stay. You cannot love us since you are determined to go. The people of Port Nicholson strove to detain you, and we, the tribes here, are endeavouring to hold you back, but you will not stay. Is this so? We thought that you would be to us in New Zealand as a father.

"Go then, thou great one—the pride of the people. On the day that the great one shall depart, let him be escorted, and let his attendants bear him along to the tides of Matirau (the ocean); and Father, when thou shall arrive at Waiariki, (the Queen) return, return to us."

From the private letters forwarded, the following is selected:—

"O, our loving father, the Governor.

"Salutations to you. Our affection for you is great, for your love has been great to us natives. Our hearts are sad on account of your departure. The Almighty will preserve you and guide you while upon the great sea.

"Go, O our loving father the Governor, to England. Our love for you will not cease. We are all thanking you for this large house (a school); and the thoughts of our hearts will go with you to England. If your relations are agreeable for you to return, then come back to us.

"Go hence, O our father! Go hence! This is our farewell to you, because we really look upon you as our parent.

"O Madam Lady Grey—Salutations to you. Great is our love to you both.

"O our father! 'Tis enough. The end.

"From your loving daughters, the native girls of Tararua."

The preceding extracts are made from a volume printed at Auckland, in the year 1855, entitled, "Maori Mementos; being a Series of Addresses presented by the Native People to his Excellency Sir George Grey." They are given in the native language, with versions by Mr. C. O. Davis, Translator and Interpreter to the General Government. The book is a far nobler memorial than ever was monumental bronze or marble, and it will survive all existing sculptured honours.

Anxiously did Sir George Grey counsel his "Maori children" in his farewell address.

"My children—

"Time flies on, and the work I have to do before the ship sails is so great that I cannot make an answer to all the tribes, and to each of the chiefs of New Zealand, who have sent such kind letters to me. I thank you all for what you have for so many years done for me, and for your affectionate farewells.

"Now listen to me. For the first time it has in this country been seen that ignorant and heathen men may become good citizens and real brothers of the Europeans; for the first time it has been seen that a people instructed in Christian knowledge and in Christian virtues may, however bad their previous state was, become a noble nation. Some yet doubt this; the time you have behaved well is yet too short to prove its truth; they are not certain that you will even continue as you are, much less advance further in good works.

"But oh, do you prove it to be the truth, for the sake of your children, for your own sakes, for the sake of those countless tribes of poor ignorant men, whose fate, as I have told you, hangs upon you; prove this to be true, and every age will bless your race, and the names of many amongst you will become dear household words in all lands and in all ages. If I cannot return to New Zealand again now, I shall, if God spares my life, at least come back when I am an old man, and once again visit those schools in which, in company with yourselves, I have spent so many happy days and hours.

"Farewell to you all. From your attached friend, from your Father and Governor, from

"G. Grey."

We sincerely hope the projected visit may be paid, and that the visitor will find many of those for whom he affectionately cared in their early life, orderly, industrious, and enlightened Christian adults, pointing out the good and the right way to a succeeding generation.

#### THE FO'CASTLE LAWYER.

I HAVE been so far fortunate, during many long cruises inland, overland, and around the land, as to steer clear of the "shore shark." Should you be curious regarding the habits and peculiarities of the "salt water shark," address my old friend Marlinspike. He's an old sailor, somewhat rough in outline, but at all times courteous. Fifty years, man and boy, before the mast, he began sailing deep waters as soon as he could put hand to rope, and can now "overhaul" such a heap of facts and

\* The Bible and the Royal authority.