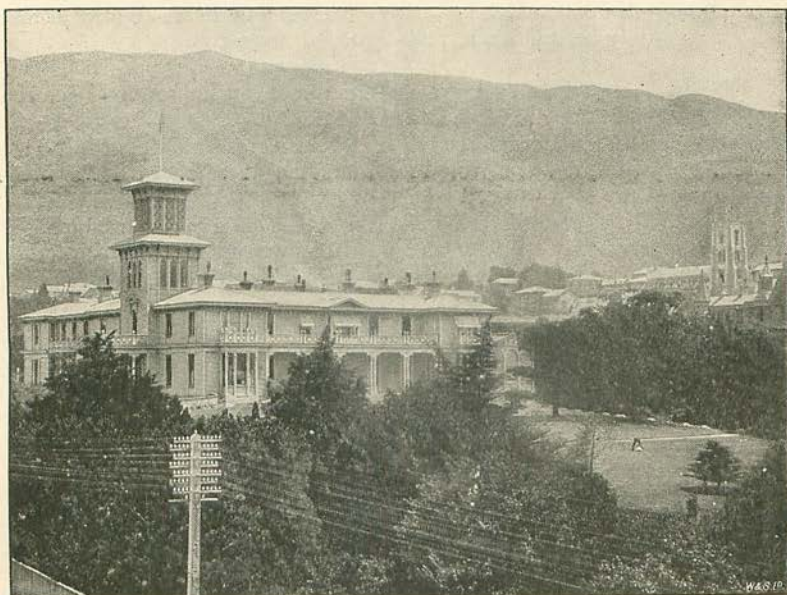


Illustrated Interviews.

XLI.—LORD ONSLOW IN NEW ZEALAND.

By CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE.



From a Photo. by]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—WELLINGTON.

[Wright.



THE reason which the Earl of Onslow gave when he accepted the post of Governor of New Zealand was—speaking in general terms, which to a non-political writer is always permitted—that he wanted to find out where the place was and all about it. I will assume in the same manner that the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* wish to know who Lord Onslow is and all about him. And this I will proceed to explain without further apology to such as are as well up as they should be in the history of Men of the Time, and to whom I may be able to tell little that they do not know already.

Lord Onslow can claim three Speakers of the House of Commons among his ancestors, and in this respect I believe I am correct in stating that he is unique. These members of the Onslow family were not only able to appropriate the Chair, but to retain it in their own possession; one of them, Mr. Arthur Onslow, sitting in it for no less than three and thirty years in succession. Lord Onslow tells some amusing and original stories of the

said ancestors, but I have only space for one, that of the Mr. Speaker Onslow who kept the House in order by means of the fierceness of his look and the awe-inspiring tones of his voice.

"Sir!" he would exclaim, if one more daring than another continued to "obstruct" after a first hint as to silence had been given; "Sir, I must name you!" And before this threat the disturber of the peace would shrink away among the benches. One of the Speaker's friends, however, who knew the Onslow bark was worse than its bite, whispered one day:—

"Tell me, Sir—what would be the consequence if you *did* name him?"

"The Lord in Heaven knows, *I* don't," replied the Speaker, mildly, and then he glared round the House to see who else might stand in need of correction.

One of these Speakers lived in the reign of Queen Bess, another in that of Queen Anne, and the third under George II. A fine picture, by Sir James Thornhill and William Hogarth, represents the House of Commons in 1730, with Mr. Speaker Onslow conferring

with Sir Robert Walpole, and this has the place of honour over the chimney-piece in the library at Clandon, Lord Onslow's seat in Surrey.

With these examples before him, it is little wonder that the young peer took kindly to political life from the first, and that he should aim at distinctions yet higher than those which he has already made his own. Lord Onslow has plenty of time in which to realize his ambitions, for he began life very early, and is now only forty years of age.

He, in fact, did everything very young. He succeeded that eccentric old man, his great-uncle, when he was seventeen. He married when he was only twenty-two, had held two Under-Secretaryships and a Court appointment, and was appointed Governor of New Zealand before he was thirty-four.

Before this he had been to the Rockies in search of big game, and the buffalo rugs and bear-skins which lie about the floors at Clandon are full proof that he found it; while a photograph of himself, surrounded by a group of grisly bears, buffaloes, big-horned sheep, and deer with fine heads and antlers, all brought down by his bow and spear, make the uninitiated wonder what defence he offered on his return to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he is a distinguished member.

Lady Onslow consented to throw all the conveniences of civilized existence to the winds and to accompany her husband on this expedition; and though she only now remembers it for its interest and adventures, the hardships she must often have endured under her canvas roof amid the snows, with an ardent sportsman to pronounce the inexorable words, "Move on," every alternate morning, may have been many. Still her courage and fortitude were equal to the demands made upon them, and it is likely that there are few of the memories of past life which she would less willingly forego than those attached to the tour in the Rocky Mountains.

On Lord Onslow's return he wandered into print, and published "A Cowboy's Christmas" in the Yuletide number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. "Just the life you'd like," writes the Earl, with lively reminiscences of his own ranch. "Nobody ever walks a yard. Horses cheaper than saddles, and the most magnificent climate in the world. I'll give you cowboy's wages and your keep, and mount you. After your 'round-up' work is done you can shoot bear and elk in the mountains, and perhaps

we could give you a share in the business by-and-by."

The title of another of Lord Onslow's literary productions, "The Dog in Disgrace," shows us a second side of his life. It was published during one of those hydrophobia panics to which dread of this terrible scourge reduces us from time to time. As a Master of the Hounds, as President of the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, and a whilom member of the Committee of the Kennel Club, Lord Onslow's opinion on this subject carries exceptional weight. First of all he adjures people not to let themselves be driven mad by their own fears; and for their consolation he points out that during the year of which he wrote, the London police force had not lost a single member from hydrophobia, though they had conveyed over sixty thousand dogs to the Home, and had been frequently bitten, sometimes by dogs known to be mad; while the keeper of that asylum had been bitten more than once, yet never suffered other than temporary inconvenience.

The kindly President also strongly advocated the use of a lethal chamber, where dogs which must die could pass away easily in their sleep. The construction is simple and inexpensive, Lord Onslow says, and it might be readily adopted in any city, and thus the present barbarous practices often resorted to for destroying undesired and undesirable members of the canine world could be put an end to. Lord Onslow moreover recommended that the custom in certain cities abroad of hanging a locket in the form of a metal ticket, with name and address, round every dog's neck, should be insisted on. He humorously said, further, that he was sure that if an appeal could be made to the common-sense of the more intelligent of the animals on the subject of muzzling, and so on, they would cheerfully endure the inconvenience, even as the wise and thoughtful of the human race put up with the annoyances of vaccination to escape small-pox.

It is a great temptation to quote largely from Lord Onslow on the burning matter of the Cow with the historic three Acres, the supply of allotments being one of his subjects, but as New Zealand awaits His Excellency with impatience, she must be allowed to remain undisturbed in the foreground, which she continues to occupy with that patience on which naturalists and statesmen have alike cause to compliment her.

In the year succeeding the Jubilee, Lord Onslow set sail for the Antipodes,

accompanied by his son Lord Cranley, who is now a "man" at Eton, by two golden-haired little daughters, the Ladies Gwendolen and Dorothy Onslow, and by his beautiful young wife—a daughter of that mighty hunter, Alan, Lord Gardner—who, as the gold-diggers of the southern islands remarked later, "had luck in her face." That other stalwart young member of the Onslow household, the New Zealand Chief, Victor Huia, did not appear till later.

The ubiquitous Interviewer, rampant in the Colonies as elsewhere, could not wait till Lord Onslow arrived in New Zealand, but attacked him at Adelaide. He, however, had the consideration to hope he was not an infliction.

"An infliction! Oh, no," replied the accommodating Governor, "I'm used to interviewing. I've travelled a good deal, and America was one of the places I visited."

Thus encouraged, the inquirer asked him to give his impressions of that Australia which was as yet unseen by the passenger on board the ss. *Victoria*, and the answer to this was a reference to the Henry Irving story, who, when interrogated in like manner off Sandy Hook, New York, said:—

"My impressions of America? With the greatest pleasure, but won't you allow me to land and form them first?"

The man with the note-book then proceeded to extract from his victim that he was passionately fond of hunting, that in a less degree he was fond of photography, that he liked racing, driving, shooting, and a few other things, after the conclusion of which Lord Onslow remarked: "You already seem to know so much about me and my peculiar likes and dislikes that I wonder you have taken the trouble to interview me at all!"

To turn for one moment to a graver subject—which in deference to the known prejudices of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE shall very quickly be again forsaken—it may be interesting at the present moment, when the words Australia and Finance are so indissolubly combined, to quote Lord Onslow's exact words on the situation as it then was:—

"The burden of debt resting on the Colony does seem very heavy," he said, "but then all young countries must borrow, and as long as the money is invested in reproductive works which pay interest on the capital, the principle is a sound one."

The usual display of gunpowder and gold lace followed the landing, the eager curiosity

of the crowds collected at the different points was turned into satisfaction and approval, triumphal arches looked down upon the train of carriages filing slowly beneath them, the familiar lines of the Union Jack floated abroad, garlands of lilies and roses, and all the other signs of welcome were duly hung out, and among the more modest offerings at the feet of greatness we read that, after one of the open-air *en route* receptions, a party of ladies remained behind when His Excellency retired, and each one of these solemnly seated herself in the chair wherein his august form had reposed, and remained there for a few seconds in awed silence before she resigned her place to a sister who performed the rite in the same impressive manner.

Sir William Jervois, a Woolwich man, Lieutenant-General, director of fortifications, etc., etc., was the out-going Governor, and a caricature of the day represents him meeting with Lord Onslow, who was judged, though perhaps mistakenly, to take life less seriously.

"Any good shooting about Auckland?" inquires Lord Onslow.

"Oh, yes," replies Jervois. "Very good practice indeed at Fort Cantley. Here's a plan of the forti—"

"Forty humbugs!" is his successor's indignant reply. "Shooting game, I mean! Are you making game of me?"

The reception in the city over, the doors of Government House, Wellington, were flung open before the new-comers, and life began in earnest, while for days and weeks together Lady Onslow saw her husband as rarely as if she were the consort of the engine-driver on the Wild Irishman or the Flying Dutchman at home. Still, her own time was well occupied, as not only had she to see that her own small party was well and pleasantly housed, and to pull about the chairs and tables of her drawing-rooms—for that which has suited the ideas of one woman was never yet known to fulfil the ideal of another—but she had to devise new and pretty costumes for each time she appeared in public, as the reporters would have been grievously disappointed if they could not have described the Countess's dove-coloured *delaine* of Saturday as being far prettier than her *eau de nil* silk of Friday, while adding that it altogether left in the shade her peach-coloured bengaline of Thursday, or the myrtle *crêpon* of the day before.

However, nonsense apart, Lady Onslow's share in her husband's public life was by no means confined to looking pretty and smiling

sweetly upon the people among whom he had come as ruler, for she worked most energetically from the moment she landed to extend the sphere of usefulness and influence of Government House.

During Lord and Lady Onslow's visit to the Hot Lakes at Rotorua, they first came across the Maori in his native condition. The earlier part of the journey was performed by rail, then they took to the road and drove through the lovely forest land, where the beauty of the tree-ferns and the exquisite creepers of the country excited their admiration, while the pheasants which rose to right and left made the fingers of one at least in the train of carriages, itch for his gun.

As they approached Utuhina Bridge, the calm and serenity of the sylvan scene was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of a young Maori, who darted forward, a scanty scarlet scarf about his waist as his robe of State, a garland of leaves round his head, a mere in his hands, and nothing else worth mentioning on any part of his person. With his weapon raised he imperiously commanded the driver to stop. His order was obeyed, and at the same moment the young warrior's suite, to the number of twenty, leaped from out of the bush, attired or non-attired, in faithful imitation of their leader, and performed a war-dance, their uncouth gestures, sharp, short cries, swaying limbs, and floating crimson scarves giving a weird grotesqueness to the scene.

The dance over, the chief leaped up behind the splash-board, and, with a silent gesture, ordered his followers to take out the horses and draw the carriage across the aukati line

into Maori Land. This they did, but when the other side of the stream was reached, a new party of "braves" leapt forth armed with guns and prepared to dispute the further progress of the Governor and his party. Lord Onslow's own contingent of Maoris, however, explained that his ways were those of peace, and when they were assured of this the opposer's band fired their guns in the air and joined the escort in pulling the carriage forward, a pause being made that a repetition of the wild dance and its accompanying chant might take place.

A few score spaces further on, still another band of savages sprang, like Roderick Dhu's Highlanders, out of nothing, and the same pantomime was gone through, and this continued till the strangers were introduced into the very heart of the Land of the Aborigines.

No man knows what fear is, so it would be words thrown away to compliment His Excellency the Governor on his courage and composure under this ordeal; but if those who now hold this page in hand do not instantly set up the Countess of Onslow in one of those niches they reserve for the

heroines of all ages, it is because this account of the advance of the Maoris is altogether inadequate to describe the scene, or that the history of the Aborigines of the Colony during the last fifty years has remained unstudied by the readers of this Magazine.

There is one point in the years which Lord and Lady Onslow spent in New Zealand to which allusion must be made, as, without it, this little record would be incomplete; but the reference shall be brief, as it was almost the only blot on an exceptionally happy and



From a Photo. by J.

A MAORI CHIEF.

(Pullman.)

fortunate page in the lives of the Governor and his family.

The sanitary conditions of Government House, Wellington, were not what they should have been when the new ruler took up his residence in it, and a few weeks after their arrival the typhoid fever, which had already committed ravages in other parts of the town, broke out there.

Lord Onslow's eldest son, Viscount Cranley, Captain Savile, his *aide-de-camp* and private secretary, and other members of

which, in a happier moment, she has described as making the island "a perfect paradise for children."

Lord and Lady Onslow were to see much of the Maoris before they left the island over which these able and warlike savages once ruled. They were destined even to become the parents of a Maori chief, the Huia to whom reference has been made; and it is not every Earl and Countess of the United Kingdom to whom it is given to rank a Maori chief among their sons.



From a

LORD ONSLOW'S FOUR-IN-HAND LEAVING FOR AUCKLAND RACES.

[Photograph.]

the household were struck down by it. For long the heir of Clandon hung between life and death, while the whole island shared in the despair of the devoted young mother.

Happily, however, her fears were not to be realized; the crisis came, then the slow progress back to health, and eventually Captain Savile, who had made many friends in the island during his residence, was pronounced well enough to undertake a sea voyage for his complete re-establishment, while Lady Onslow received permission to let her boy begin that life on the sea-shore

When they had been in New Zealand about eighteen months a little boy was born, and immediately every woman in the island, and some even who were not women, set themselves to select a name for him, reference to the wishes of the mother being put aside as a matter for possible future consideration.

The Mayors of the four chief centres agreed that the Sovereign at home must be approached on the subject of standing sponsor to the boy, a wish which was at once gratified by Her Majesty in her most gracious manner. On this there were no two opinions;

that one of the names should be Victor was, then, a foregone conclusion. But the other, what should it be? Colonial honour was at stake, and there must be no thought of baptism till due time had been secured for the deep reflection demanded by so weighty a cause! It was a matter of international importance, too. Was there not a Government House over the water where a daughter, native born, had been called Myee? Never must New Zealand stand behind when New South Wales had taken the lead.

Victor Wellington might do, thought the inhabitants of the First City. It was imposing and euphonious. Still there was a kind of imported fragrance about it. As far as is generally known, the Hero of Waterloo never visited the Antipodes, either as Arthur Wellesley or under his later title; and it was, geographically speaking, improbable that he had ever come to the Double Island even under a *nom-de-guerre*.

Besides, the earth supports many places named Wellington, and there must be no doubt at all as to where Lord Onslow's son was born. Homer, Mr. Gladstone, and others had already proved the inconvenience as to uncertainty on that initial fact in their existence. Then what would Dunedin, what would Auckland and Christchurch say, if Wellington were marked out for this crowning distinction? The results of former conflicts between native tribes would pale before those that would be in question here. No, search must be made further afield.

It ought to be a name of the soil, it was averred. One that would instantly call up before the eyes of the untravelled north visions of hissing geysers, rose-hued terraces, waving tree-ferns, strange, uncouth birds, and the wild leap of the war-dance, with the tattooed countenances of the braves.

What was the appellation that would

describe all this, and more, at one stroke of the pen? There was Honi-Maake-Hape, and Taiwhanga-Kanhanganni; there was Hira-te-Tuke Pukehawa, Riki-Te Mairaka-Taiaoroa, and Tame-Rangiwahia-Erihana, with many names of credit and renown; but none seemed to be precisely applicable to the personality of the tiny Onslow who slept selfishly on within his blue and white bassinette, indifferent to the stupendous nature of the difficulty there was, as his father remarked, to give him a start in life.

With some the name Roi found favour. You can call a boy Roi even if he be

destined for an English public school, and the Maoris would be satisfied, as Roi is a great name in their mythology, he being one of the five gods who divided Heaven and earth. A baby might be trusted to set the Thames on fire if he were the namesake of one who had divided Heaven and earth. However, it was pointed out that in their unfathomable ignorance men might come to spell the word with a Y, and then all association would be lost. No, they must try again. The witty wanted him to be called Taihoa, because the name meant "Wait-a-bit"—

"Wait - a - bit - On -

Slow!" It was an inspiration worthy of an American humorist. However, those who had failed to think of it first did not approve. It was felt it would have been such an annoyance to be reminded through life that one had not been able to make such an easy joke as that before anyone else.

Ultimately it was proposed that the name should be *Huia*. And Huia it was settled to be, and even now that he has arrived at the mature age of five, the little Onslow answers to no other call. Huia means most things, so it satisfied everyone. In Maori verse it is a synonym of all that is beautiful



From a) HUIA, THE BABY CHIEF. (Photograph.)

and divine. It is the name of the great sacred bird, now almost extinct, whose plumes were always to be seen in the head of the greater Maoris when they went out to war or assembled the tribes round them in the great ceremonies which inaugurated a period of peace. It is the name of a great Maori, of whom it is said, "Of the descendants of Huia, all the Elders are Chiefs and all the Sons are Warriors," and finally it is the name of the child of a noble English house who has returned to his home under the shadow of the oaks of Surrey, and who may be known by the single plume

tions given with this little sketch. There is the family group, taken at Auckland with the staff. There is the four-in-hand leaving for the Auckland races, the Governor, of course, with the ribbons in his hands here as when he brought his team to the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park on the other side of the world.

There is one of the ostrich-farms to which the household paid many visits, as the great, bald-necked creatures, with the big, black, soft ball of fluffy feathers which formed their body, were a source of unfailing interest to the young rulers of the home.

There is a flock of sheep, which make up



From a

LORD ONSLOW, WITH HIS FAMILY AND STAFF.

{Photograph.

he carries in his head-gear, "Ko ti tangata i te huia Kotalu."

The infant was carried to the font in a historic robe and veil, the latter being that worn by one of Lady Onslow's ancestors at her marriage during the last century, and the former that in which the baby's great-grandfather on the Onslow side was baptized. After the ceremony a single huia feather was fixed in the white cap, and the first chapter in the life of the little New Zealander was declared to be complete.

The pleasant home-life of Government House then went on as before, and indications of its lines may be seen in the illustra-

the trifling aggregate of five thousand, stealing through the mist, and for once safe from their insidious enemy, the kea, which settles on their backs, and plunges its cruel beak through the thick coat of wool that it may pierce through the skin and suck the blood from the living animal, till it faints and dies by the roadside.

That is a bad habit brought about by the action of the English, Lord Onslow says in describing this curious phase of animal life in New Zealand. The bird probably first saw the skins of the freshly killed sheep hung up to dry. It tasted and appreciated the fat upon it, and next day it saw the same skin

running about the fields, so thought: "Why not try if it is as good as yesterday?" The sheep might easily have protected itself by rolling over, as any rational beast would, but being a sheep that did not occur to its mind. Instead, it took refuge in flight, which suits its tormentor very well, as it is carried along with it till, worn out by fatigue, the heavy animal drops, when the bird is free to work its wicked will, and to tear out the kidneys with their covering of fat.

The sealions in Adam's Island must also be mentioned, and these, as well as the birds, that ardent naturalist, the Governor, has taken under his special protection. He has allotted to their use certain islands, on which no unauthorized human foot may tread; and this was fully necessary, for it was really distressing to mark the rapidity with which the rare and beautiful birds of the country threatened to become as extinct as the moa.

Through the sea-lions, which breed no one yet knows where, Lord Onslow predicts a future for the Antarctic regions that will do more to settle the vexed question of the Behring Sea Fisheries than all the talent of the Barons de Courcel or the Sir Charles Russells of the day combined, by drawing to the Antipodes the sealers who fly the Union Jack.

Finally, among the illustrations, I must mention the Bishop—*ne lui déplaît*—who is engaged in the unepiscopal occupation of climbing a steeple, though it must be mentioned that he did not swing himself up from point to point by means of the scaffolding

poles; but when he was requested to "well and truly lay" the last stone of the spire, he took his place in a basket-chair, in which he was safely raised to the required altitude, some irreverent snap-camera taking advantage of a momentary pause to take a pot-shot at him as he ascended.

"Shall we put that picture in?"

"Oh, yes! It's the best thing we've got!"

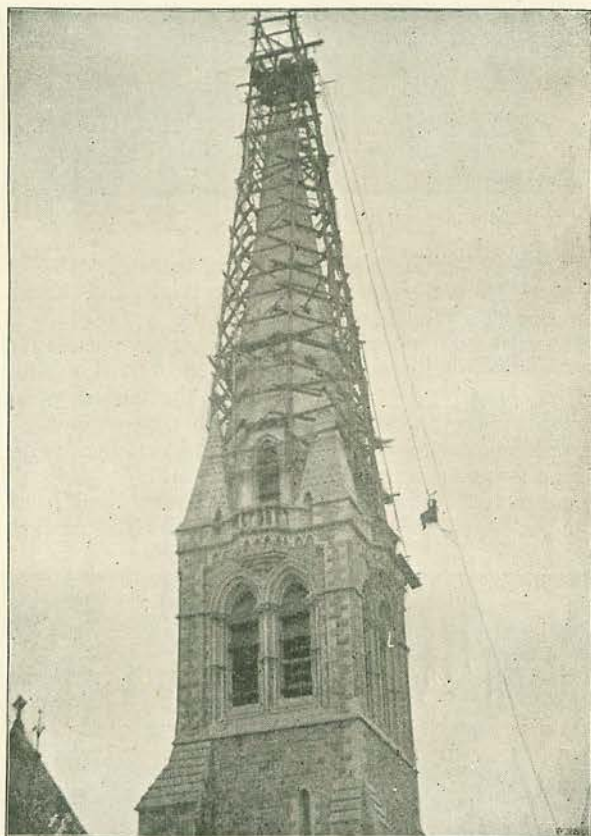
"Won't he mind?"

"Not a bit! Why should he?"

"Very well, we will share the responsibility in common."

As the chief, Victor Huia, came to months more mature, he gave expression to a wish, in the silent manner to which he was at that time of his life addicted, that he should be conducted for a space among his own people. Accordingly, a Royal progress was arranged, and taking the Governor and his staff, with the Countess of Onslow and the Ladies Gwendolen and Dorothy in his train, the young Maori proceeded to Otaki, having given due notice of his coming to the leading members of his tribe.

At Otaki he had opportunities of examining the curious carved houses of the natives, the quaint wooden pillars carved into the rude likeness of the island's divinities, with goggle eyes, grim mouths, teeth far apart, and feathers stuck upright in their skull. He saw the Maori mothers with their infants slung across their backs, the same long coarse cloak of reed or fibre enveloping them both. He saw the women of the tribe greeting each other by an inter-rubbing of noses, among them being Iatia Wirum and Te Wahanin,



[From a]

THE ASCENT OF THE BISHOP.

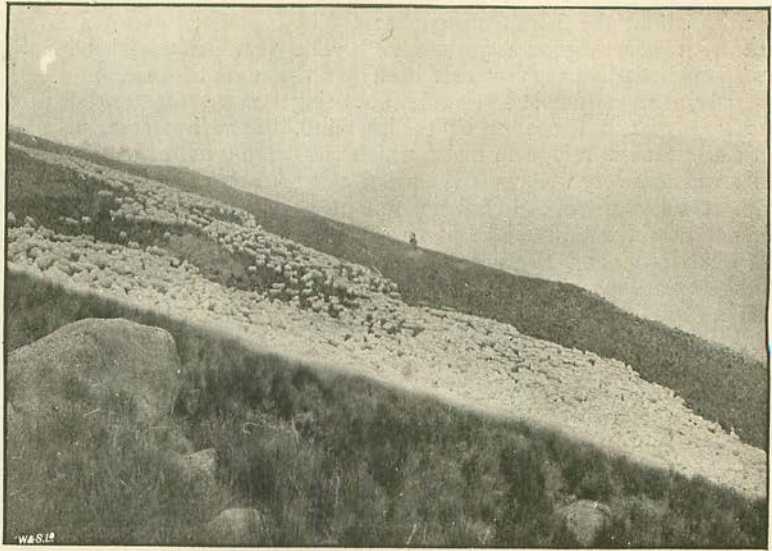
[Photograph.

who are represented here in the act of embracing. He saw the great, grim chiefs, every inch and corner of their features being marked out with elaborate designs, while the long, shapeless, coarse mats are drawn around their forms; an uncouth weapon is grasped tight in the dark-skinned hand, which is prepared to do doughty deeds in the service of its god or its own honour, while the characteristic feather is stuck

up among their strands of grey hair just above the ear, with as much precision as the aigrette in the dainty tresses of the belle of a London ball-room. An accurate notion of the appearance of such a chief can be obtained from the picture on page 667.

But the Hon. Victor Huia Onslow was not to remain at Otaki in the capacity of a mere traveller and inquirer into the manners and customs of an aboriginal race.

He was to be created a Maori chief, and,



From a]

A FLOCK OF FIVE THOUSAND SHEEP.

[Photograph.

as such, to receive the homage of his tribe, the Ngatihua, and the allied Hapus.

On the 12th of September, 1891, the Governor's party crossed the Marae, or open square, in front of the Rankawa, and passed between the carved pillars of the vestibule, in which they took their places, the whole way to it being lined with Maoris, shouting: "Haeromai!"

The square had been converted into a grove of fairy-like appearance, a perfect forest



From a]

AN OSTRICH FARM NEAR CHRISTCHURCH.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by] RUBBING NOSES—A MAORI GREETING.

[Pullman.

of palms and tree-ferns having been brought into it and fixed as if growing in the soil, while garlands of the lovely native clematis wreathed the slender stems and hung in festoons from tree to tree. An open way up the centre was covered with matting, and coloured banners waved lightly from the arches overhead.

The Onslow party and their suite were escorted to their places by a procession of the Maoris, the women of the tribe marching first, all wearing holiday attire, the black huia feather with its tip of snow in their hair. They chanted Kaingas and songs of welcome as they went, and on arriving in the square seated themselves on the ground in picturesque attitudes beneath the palm trees, while their leaders stepped forward one by one to address the hero of the day.

First among them was the chief, Kereopa-Inkumaru; then followed Wi - Parata, Tamihaia - Te - Hoia, Hoani-Taipua, Ropata-Te-do, and Maraku. The speeches were trans-

lated to their Excellencies by Sir Walter Buller, to whom, it should be mentioned, was due the credit of suggesting the name of Huia for the little Onslow.

Thus spoke the Maoris :—

“Welcome, O, Governor!

“Welcome, also, Lady Onslow!

“Welcome, O! thou young Huia, the representative of all the great chiefs who have departed.

“The old men of the tribe, where are they? Gone! All gone into the never-ending night. We thank you, O, Governor, for coming to Otaki to present your infant son to his people. But here you find us only a remnant of a great tribe.

“Our fathers are gone, but here are we assembled to welcome your noble son. You, our Governor, have proved yourself the most active of all our Governors. You have seen nearly every village in the land, and nothing seems to tire you.

“Now we are able to welcome you even here at Otaki, in the place where, fifty years ago, the Gospel of Christianity was accepted



From a Photo. by]

A MAORI MOTHER AND BABY.

[Pullman.



From a Photo. by]

A MAORI HOUSE.

[Burton Bros., Dunedin.

served for you, O, Governor, to pay this great compliment to the Maori people: that of giving to your son a Maori name.

"According to our ancient custom, no greater courtesy could be shown by one great tribe to another, and there was no surer way of cementing the bonds of friendship. It has long been said: 'Let the Pakeha (English) and the Maori be one people,' and you have given shape to this by accepting for your son the name of an ancient chief.

"We invoke the spirits of our ancestors to witness this day that in your son Huia the friendship of the two races becomes cemented.

"We thank you for this proof of your regard for the Maoris. You have heard the words of the tribe. There is nothing more to say!"

The Earl of Onslow then replied, after which Tamihaua-Te-Hoia, the young Hereditary Chief of the Ngatihua, advanced across the Marae and cried:—

"And now, O, Governor and Lady Onslow, bring forward the infant Huia, that the tribe may do him honour."

by the Maori people. We have been steadfast to the faith all through, following the precepts of our pastor, and never allowing the wars of the land to disturb us.

"All this time our tribe has been loyal to the Queen, and now we welcome you as the Queen's Representative.

"We salute you, according to Maori custom, as the White Crane, of rare appearance, the bird seen once in a lifetime. . . . Other Governors have said kind things and done kind things, but it has been re-

By the young warrior's side marched Heui Te Rei, a Maori princess, daughter of the late chief, Mateue Te Whiwhi, who, moving



From a]

INTERIOR OF MAORI HOUSE—WITH IDOL.

[Photograph.

lightly forward, took the beautiful little child in her arms, and then presented him to Tamihaua, who bestowed on him the tribal salute, while the women seated under the palm trees around rocked themselves slowly backwards and forwards, crooning out the low, soft lullaby, or whakaoriori, which had been composed expressly for the occasion.

The little fair son of the north was next restored to his place, while the Earl of Onslow made his reply; then the representatives of the Maoris approached and laid the offerings they had prepared at his feet.

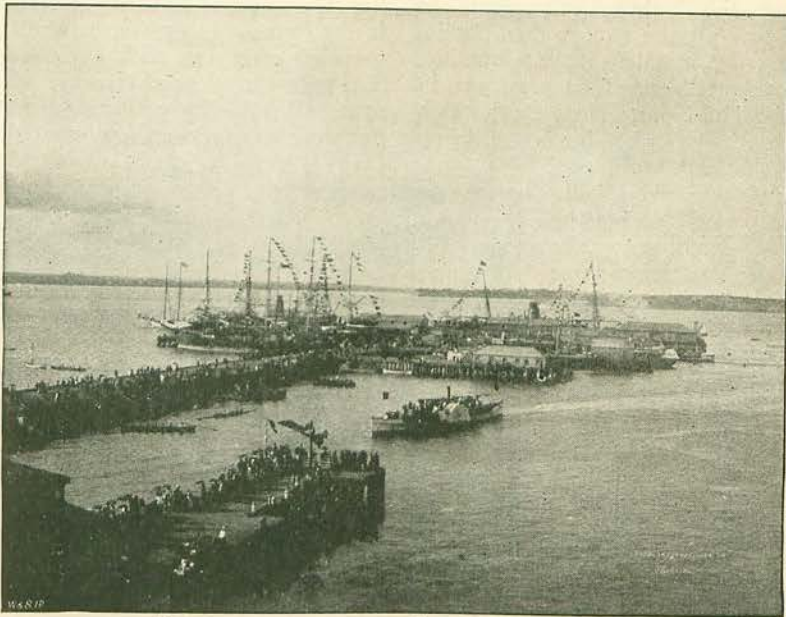
These included rugs and robes manufactured by his newly-made relatives; greenstone ornaments which had been handed down from father to son for untold generations; weapons which had been borne in battle by those chiefs who had "gone—gone into the never-ending night"; caskets of curious designs which had been carved by patient fingers, some even before the age of bronze among the Maoris had set in; and not least among the gifts were the dusky, snow-tipped feathers of the huia bird,

without which the little Onslow has rarely since been seen. To the intense delight of the Maoris, the young Countess of Onslow herself then advanced a few steps in the vestibule, holding her graceful little daughters by the hand, and in a few words, her voice being somewhat broken by emotion, she said that she thanked them from her very heart for the kindness they had shown to her boy, and then this function, unique in the annals of civilized history, came to an end.

In time the sojourn in the island of the Governor and Lady Onslow, too, came to an end, though not before they had done much more to deserve the golden opinions they had already won, and to hear the words of one of their friends echoed far and wide through the land in the distant south:—

"Go your ways, Earl Onslow! The best wishes of New Zealand are with you, and when we hear glad tidings of your successes at the other side of the world, we shall feel a thrill of gratified pride as we exclaim:—

"That man was *our* Governor once!"



"FAREWELL TO THE GOVERNOR." THE SHIP LEAVING PORT.
From a Photo. by J. Martin.