

No. 11.

COPY of a DESPATCH from the Right Hon. the Earl of CARNARVON to
Governor Sir GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

(No. 34.)

SIR,—

Downing Street, 11th October, 1866.

Sept. 12, 1866.

I have the honor to transmit to you a Memorial addressed to the Queen by a New Zealand Chief which has been forwarded to this office by the Rev. L. Parsly, a copy of whose letter is likewise enclosed. I also annex a translation of the Memorial, which has been made by Mrs. Colenso, to whose charge were confided the New Zealand Chief Pomare and his wife when they were in this country.

I request that you will cause the Chief from whom the Memorial proceeds to be informed that it has been duly received,—acquainting him at the same time that, in the event of Her Native subjects desiring to say anything to the Queen, it must be said through the Governor, who will not fail faithfully and carefully to report it to the Queen.

You will also inform him that Her Majesty has no intention of sending to New Zealand any great Judge from England, but that she is very anxious for the happiness of Her British and Maori subjects in New Zealand, and requires them all alike to obey the laws and to do their best to live at peace with one another.

I have, &c.,

Governor Sir George Grey, K.C.B.

CARNARVON.

Enclosure in No. 11.

The Rev. L. PARSLY to the Right Hon. E. CARDWELL, M.P.

SIR,—

British Hotel, Charing Cross, 12th September, 1866.

I have the honor, at the request of a Maori chief, to forward to you a letter for Her Most Gracious Majesty. I know nothing of its contents, but was assured by the Catholic Bishop of Auckland that it contained nothing which might not be submitted to Her Majesty.

I have, &c.,

The Right Hon. E. Cardwell.

L. PARSLY, Chaplain to the Forces.

Sub-Enclosure to Enclosure in No. 11.

Auckland, 14th of June, 1866.

(This is the second letter of the Maori chiefs, and you have not yet answered.)

Auckland, 16th March, 1866.

TO ENGLAND, TO THE QUEEN, THE PROTECTOR OF THE MAORI PEOPLE IN NEW ZEALAND,—

This, a communication to Governor Grey, in the year of our Lord. Go, this our letter to Governor Grey.

Friend, salutations to you. Here is our prayer for you, that God will preserve you, that you may live in all the years. The second prayer for you is,—Glory in Heaven, peace to the great transgressors as well as to the guiltless.

O friend the great Governor of New Zealand, salutations to you. We have heard that you are sitting on the stool of honor of the Queen, our good Sovereign the Queen, for the people who are sentenced by the law to die or to live. You save them. Let your thought be Christian-like, that you may be a partaker in the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. O friend, let your sympathy be towards us, and towards those prisoners likewise. From you must come the word of deliverance for Ngatiawa and the Whakatohea; if they perish your name will be spoken ill of to all the world. (Take care) lest you be a spectacle to the Maori people, and to the gentlemen of England the protectors of the Maori side in the great name of the Queen to Her Maori people in New Zealand.

This was the answer of Governor Grey to the Maori chiefs (in return) for our goodness to him. On the seventh day of May, at the eighth hour, two were murdered; at the ninth hour three were slain. A foul murder is this by the European on me the Maori, on the people of the parents of the Queen, on the people of Her children. Two were the smittings of Governor Grey. On the first day of May your letter was published in the Press of the South in Auckland, in which you called on Governor Grey to make haste and set up his Council to break up the evils of this island. This is the answer of Governor Grey to you and the Queen, in revenge for your exalting yourselves above him, (viz.) a rope—(To the Kakuere and Kariwera of the Queen, God preserve you and keep you alive)—on the neck of Mokemoke, of Solomon, of Zechariah, of Heremita, and of Michael. This is a token of non-submission on Governor Grey's part to you and our good Sovereign the Queen. Look you to the fruit (or meaning) of the letter of the chiefs of the assembled tribes of New Zealand.

A song of lamentation for those men who have been murdered:—

A shocking thing, indeed; feel deliberately, talked with deliberately in the house. O friend, remembrance rests and returns backwards. Almost goes back where? The dog caught by night. There is a dog caught and hanged by night. That speech turns to you.