

Sir George Grey himself preferred this fashion. After an *al fresco* lunch, the Europeans dispersed themselves about the encampment. Tents were pitched along the east side of the paddock. During the afternoon there were numerous battles royal between the dogs and pigs over quarters of beef promiscuously scattered about on the grass. The whole scene was one of the most admired disorder, but groups of Maoris, in rare colours attired, were scattered over the encampment, and made a picturesque scene.

THE PREMIER'S GALLANTRY PUT TO THE TEST.

During the afternoon Sir George Grey had to summon all his resolution to resist the blandishments of an aged rangatira, who yearned to rub noses with him. Sir George Grey and Mr. Sheehan during the afternoon saw Mrs. Morgan, wife of the man killed at Ngaruawahia. They will probably make some provision for her large family.

OUR CORRESPONDENT RECOUNTS HIS CAMPAIGNS TO REWI.

Your special visited Rewi, the great chief of the Ngatimaniapotos and general during the war, whom he found with three other principal Ngatimaniapoto chiefs in a small tent. On being introduced, Rewi shook hands warmly. He is a man slightly below middle height, his face closely tattooed, and slight whiskers inclining to grey. His features are somewhat thin, but more regular than the average Maoris. His hair is closely cut. His countenance is shrewd and intelligent, but beginning to show signs of advancing age; slightly wrinkled. He smiles good humouredly when pleased. He was attired in a fine flax mat with ornamental border. He reclined on the fern on the floor of his tent during the interview, but kept his eye fixed sharply on the countenance of your representative. The following conversation took place:—

Reporter : I am very glad to see you in this time of peace.

Rewi : Yes. It is good to live quietly in our own places.

Reporter : Perhaps you would be offended at the mention of the war in Taranaki, in which you were engaged.

Rewi : No; when war is over all our anger dies away. Speak.

Reporter : Do you remember your attempt to storm No. 3 redoubt at Hikurangi, Taranaki, when the sentries thought the attacking party were sheep?

Rewi (laughing) : Yes.

Reporter : I was a soldier then.

Rewi (apparently interested, again stretching out his hand, and shaking the reporter's cordially) : I welcome you. You and I have fought, but this is the first time we have talked face to face. Formerly gunpowder smoke obscured our eyesight.

After some further conversation Rewi asked for the loan of the reporter's pipe, which, being a meerschaum, appeared to take Rewi's fancy. It was therefore presented to him; whereupon he remarked, "This is a proof that there is no enmity between us; that you have forgotten old differences." When questioned regarding his views of Sir George Grey's coming, Rewi immediately became very reticent. He said sufficient, however, to show he did not desire to be supposed to take a very deep interest in it. When your reporter suggested to him the possibility of the present meeting resulting in the opening of the country for railways and roads, he merely smiled incredulously. The whole interview was most cordial.

THE OLD PRIME MINISTER.

Your reporter afterwards interviewed Manuhiri (Tamati Ngapora), the King's Prime Minister. Manuhiri looks to be fast breaking up. He is a splendid type of an old chief. His face is so closely tattooed that it is difficult to stick a pin between the lines. His eyes are deep set, quick, and keen. Another aged chief, who might easily be mistaken for him, sat beside him. The tattoo was almost exactly the same. The latter had the head of a pickaninny sticking out from under his mats. Manuhiri was engaged reading an old Testament, which he left in the church when duly ordained a clergyman of the Church of England at Mangare, near Otahuhu, and which was found ten years ago, covered with dust and cobwebs, in a crumbling pulpit, and was returned to-day by one of the European visitors.

After the usual salutations, Manuhiri observed, "I am very old now."

Reporter : Yes; and your old friend Grey is old too.

Manuhiri : He is not yet an old man.

In the course of conversation the subject of Mr. Firth's visit to induce the Kingites to come to Ngaruawahia to visit Prince Alfred cropped up. Manuhiri said, "If the Prince had come to them he would have been well received, but they would not go to him." It also transpired that Rewi, on that occasion, ordered Mr. C. O. Davis, who accompanied Mr. Firth, to leave the ground, but said Mr. Firth and his companion might stay. This never transpired before.

Another chief remarked: What was your Prince afraid of that he did not come? Was he afraid of being killed? We would have received him as a great chief.

PROSPECT OF ROADS.

Your reporter infers from his conversation that there is no present prospect of the railway going through Waikato, or the opening of roads. This may be when the obstinate old chiefs die off.

The Kingites have several schools of their own. No English is taught. The writing and reading is done in Maori only. Your reporter was introduced to a chief who occupies the position of Maori Minister of Education.

Manuhiri and Rewi kept very close during the day, scarcely ever going outside their tents.

Mr. Woods, the English sculptor, appear to greatly admire the muscular appearance of Tawhiao, especially the arms.