

my gells, Bill Jenkins is the only man wot ever thrashed old Robuller. I'm little, I am, but all of me's plucky, and Robuller 'e were a born coward. Me and him 'ad words over some rum I sold to 'is wife—leastways, one of 'is wives; as big as that she were,"—opening his arms wide. "She giv' me a pig for the rum, a good pig it were, too, an' then she went ashore to drink with the bos'un an' the carpenter. Robuller come aboard an' wanted 'is wife. 'Gone ashore, she 'as,' said I, a 'oldin' the pig. Then 'e wanted the pig back, an' I ses to 'im, 'Come on, old cock, d'yer want to fight?' An' with that I shaped up to 'im an' gives 'im one on 'is nose,"—the old sailor almost gave us one on ours in his growing excitement—"An' I ses, 'There's one for yer nob!' 'E goes down, my gells, like a log, an' 'ollers awful." Trembling and panting, the veteran came to an end, while we expressed our admiration of his feat, and our regret that he had not wiped out "Robuller" from the face of the earth. The world would have been rid of a ferocious conqueror, who did not scruple, in order to further his own schemes, to command a mother to smother her baby, nor to throw his slaves overboard to lighten his canoe. But well we know that the historic duel—Jenkins v. Robuller—must be accepted with discretion, for the mists of age are apt to magnify past achievements.

The mention of Kapiti awakens fresh reminiscences. He tells us of the good old days when whales were plenty and whalers many and prosperous; when six hundred men were busy at the trying-out pots on Kapiti, the remains of which are still to be seen. He pictures to us the thrill when first the whale is sighted, the stealthy approach of the boats, the poised lance, the whizz of its deft throw, the quiver as it settles in the huge body. In his excitement, he addresses the whale as "old gell." Verily these were perilously delightful times.

Kapiti to us is fraught with fascination, we have been told of stores of greenstone buried there by Te Rauparaha half a century ago, of great caves where are stored the bones of long-dead chiefs, of wondrous shells

found nowhere else than on its shores. There, in some obscure recess, lies Te Rauparaha himself. The old chief, pagan and cannibal to the last, died in a little *whare* or hut at Otaki, and there was buried. But his bones were carried secretly by night to Kapiti, for fear they should be desecrated by his enemies. There, maybe, his fierce old ghost, feathered and matted, *mere* in hand,



WE LEFT HIM GAZING ACROSS AT KAPITI.

still watches from his ruined fortress the quiet plain of Otaki, and moans over the passing of the good old times of war-fare and cannibalism.

It was on Kapiti that Jenkins saw the most horrible sight in his "born days." A winsome Maori lass, a captive, torn from her Southern home, was dragged out shrieking before the great chief, and clubbed. The oven was ready, the body was prepared, and the grim ogre Te Rauparaha feasted royally, in presence of the old whaler, one white man