

among many savages. "I'd take yer," he says suddenly, "an' show yer the caves an' the old whalin' station an' all. But ye'll be sick. An' I can't abide sick females."

It is impossible to contradict him, so we are obliged to stifle any wild plans, we had been cherishing, of traversing with this octogenarian the twelve miles of blue water between Kapiti and the mainland. Suddenly, turning from us, the old man strips what looks like a little table of many and varied ornaments and a crotchet cover, and, opening the top with the air of a Maestro, asks, "Can either of you play the 'armonium?" Of the intricacies of this special instrument we reluctantly confess our ignorance, but a knowledge of a treadle sewing machine enables one of us to get something out of it distinctly resembling an air. "Bee-utiful, ain't it?" cries old Jenkins, hanging enraptured over the side of the harmonium. "Ad that instrewment twenty-five year come mid-winter. But'ims is wot I like"

Here is another side to our old friend's character. As whaler, jockey, egotist, he has revealed himself to us, but he is also evidently somewhat of a musician. He earnestly declares he wants no "Dead March" played over his body. "Let me 'ave 'Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot,'" he entreats. "If yer don't I'll harnt yer. D'ye know the toon?" And then, in a voice of wondrous compass and melody, though

quavering a trifle by reason of his many years, he sings the first verse. The small, shrunk figure, standing among all his life-relics, and singing of "Auld Acquaintance," is a pathetic sight. There can be few or none left who have "paidolt" the burn' with old Jenkins. In his native Kentish village, he says, not one of his playmates is now living. We compliment him on his singing. He tells us that, years ago, he was begged by a friend to sing "Popesode to a Dying Christian," to soothe the last hours of the man's brother. "He died directly after, poor chap!" says old Jenkins with unconscious hurour. "An' seemed to go easior-like for the song." I racked my brains to discover what was meant by the first word in the title, when it suddenly was borne in upon me that it was an ode by Pope that sped, so to speak, the parting soul.

But much of the talk of the old man is not to be rendered into bald print. It wants the personality, the shrewd blue eye, the humorous toothless mouth, the nervous finger that literally poked you into attention, the little chuckle that rounded his phrases. We left him at his garden gate, and our last recollection of him is his little figure standing among his tangled flowers, while the golden sunset light streamed on his fractured bald pow. We left him gazing across at Kapiti, the scene of his historic triumph, and the resting place of his ancient foe "Robuller."

