

high water, and which adds greatly to its security; for the unsettled and war like spirit of the natives renders it absolutely necessary that they always should have a place of strength near at hand to retreat to, as they never know how suddenly their enemies may make an attack upon them. to the right of this swamp is a beautiful valley, in a very high state of cultivation. at the time i stood viewing it from the summit of the hill, i was charmed with the scene of industry and bustle it presented, all the inhabitants of the village having gone forth to plant their potatoes, kumaras, and indian corn. in the rear, and forming a fine, bold background, is an immense chain of high and rugged hills, covered to their summits with thick forests, and forming, as it were, a natural barrier and protection to this smiling and fruitful valley, while from their wooded sides issue innumerable small streams of clear water, which, meeting at the base, form beautiful rivulets, and after meandering through the valley, and serving all the purposes of irrigation, they empty themselves into the hokianga river. standing on the spot from which i have described the above prospect, i felt fully convinced of the frugality and industry of these savages. the regularity of their plantations, and the order with which they carry on their various works, differ greatly from most of their brethren in the south seas, as here the chiefs and their families set the example of labour; and when that is the case, none can refuse to toil. round the village of pakanae, at one glance is to be seen above acres of cultivated land, and that not slightly turned up, but well worked and cleared; and when the badness of their tools is considered, together with their limited knowledge of agriculture, their persevering industry i look upon as truly astonishing. the and yielding, and often, when she is playing with the children, i cannot imagine where she finds her reckless gaiety. i wish she were a christian, for she is very dear to me, why should i deny it it is impossible to be sad when she is by, and she is devoted to me, and dreads my blame, and is always striving to win my approbation. certainly she tries to please every one, even the children; but, so far as i can see, not more polykarp than any one else, although he is such a fine young man. no, certainly not. and yet the boy gazes at her, said petrus, and phoebicius has noticed it; he met me yesterday when i came home, and, in his sour, polite manner, requested me to advise my son, when he wished to offer a rose, not to throw it into his window, as he was not fond of flowers, and preferred to gather them himself for his wife. the senators wife turned pale, and then exclaimed shortly and positively, we do not need a lodger, and much as i should miss his wife, the best plan will be for you to request him to find another dwelling. say no more, wife, petrus said, sternly, and interrupting her with a wave of his hand. shall we make sirona pay, for it because our son has committed a folly for her sake you yourself said, that her intercourse with the children, and her respect for you, preserve her from evil, and now shall we show her the door by no means. the gauls may remain in my house so long as nothing occurs that compels me to send them out of it. my father was a greek, but through my mother i have circular stone staircase, that ran like a wide well from top to bottom of the old hand of god. the stone steps and the stone floor of the hall, the stuccoed walls, and the cored stucco roof which held the skylight at the top, made a whispering gallery of that gaunt staircase; and before mr sharnall had climbed half way up he heard voices. they were voices in conversation; anastasia had company. and then he heard that one was a mans voice. what right had any man to be in westrays room what man had any right to be talking to anastasia a wild suspicion passed through his mind no, that was quite impossible. he would not play the eavesdropper or creep near them to listen; but, as he reflected, he had mounted a step or two higher, and the voices were now more distinct. anastasia had finished speaking, and the man began again. there was one second of uncertainty in mr sharnalls mind, while the hope that it was not, balanced the fear that it was; and then doubt vanished, and he knew the voice to be lord blandamers. the organist sprang up two or three steps very quickly. he would go straight to them straight into westrays room; he would and then he paused; he would do, what what right had he to go there at all what had he to do with them what was there for anyone to do he paused, then turned and went downstairs again, telling himself that he was a fool that he was making