

maori welcome. i was much amused with the punctilios used in the visit of ceremony paid to king george. hongi, accompanied by about a dozen of his chiefs, advanced towards our settlement, leaving their guns and hatchets behind them; as they approached, all our tribe discharged their pieces in the air. when they met, all rubbed noses a ceremony never to be dispensed with on formal occasions. they were then conducted by king george to his huts on the beach, and in the enclosure in front of them the warriors squatted on the ground. hongi, being tabooed, or under the immediate protection of their atua, or god, still sat apart. then the mother of george, called tururo, or the queen, and who is regarded quite as a sybil by the whole tribe, approached hongi with the greatest respect and caution, and seated herself some paces from his feet. she then began, with a most melancholy cadence her eyes streaming with tears and fixed upon the ground, the song of welcome. all their meetings of ceremony or friendship begin with the shedding of copious floods of tears; and as hongis visit was such an unlooked for and unexpected honour, so much greater in proportion was the necessity for their lamentations. this woeful song lasted half an hour, and all the assembly were soon in tears; and though at first i was inclined to turn it into ridicule, i was soon in the same state myself. the pathetic strain, and the scene altogether, was most impressive. as the song proceeded, i was informed of the nature of the subject, which was a theme highly calculated to affect all present. she began by complimenting the wounded warrior, deploring the incurable state of his wound, and regretting that god was wanting him, and was about so under garment, which was quite inefficient to cover the still athletic mould of his limbs. petrus had heard nothing but good of paulus, and yet he measured him now with no friendly eye, for all that wore the aspect of extravagance repelled his temperate and methodical nature. paulus was made conscious of what was passing in the senators mind when, without vouchsafing a single word, he took the key from his hand. it was not a matter of indifference to him, that this man should think ill of him, and he said, with some embarrassment: we do not usually go among people without a sheepskin, but i have lost mine. hardly had he uttered the words, when phoebicius came back with hermas sheepskin in his hand, and cried out to petrus: this i found on my return home, in our sleeping room. and when have you ever seen polykarp in such a mantle asked dorothea. when the gods visit the daughters of men, replied the centurion, they have always made choice of strange disguises. why should not a perfumed alexandrian gentleman transform himself for once into one of those rough fools on the mountain however, even old homer sometimes nodded and i confess that i was in error with regard to your son. i meant no offence, senator you have lived here longer than i; who can have made me a present of this skin, which still seems to be pretty new horns and all. petrus examined and felt the skin, this is an anchorites garment, he said; the penitents on the mountain are all accustomed to wear such. it is one of those rascals then that has found his way into my house exclaimed the centurion. i bear caesars most part, for lodgers of mr sharnalls age are comparatively rare; it is a life of simple needs and simple tastes, for lodgings are not artistic, nor favourable to the development of any undue refinement; it is not a rich life, for men as a rule set up their own houses as soon as they are able to do so; it is a life of work and buoyant anticipation, where men are equipping for the struggle, and laying the foundations of fortune, or digging the pit of indigence. such conditions beget and foster good fellowship, and those who have spent time in lodgings can look back to whole hearted and disinterested friendships, when all were equal before high heaven, hail fellows well met, who knew no artificial distinctions of rank when all were travelling the first stage of lifes journey in happy chorus together, and had not reached that point where the high road bifurcates, and the diverging branches of success and failure lead old comrades so very far apart. ah, what a camaraderie and fellowship, knit close by the urgency of making both ends meet, strengthened by the necessity of withstanding rapacious, or negligent, or tyrannous landladies, sweetened by kindnesses and courtesies which cost the giver little, but mean much to the receiver did sickness of a transitory sort for grievous illness is little known in lodgings fall on the ground floor tenant, then did not the first floor come down to comfort him in the