

interesting country, determined to remain as long as possible, and to take one more walk across the island, and join the brig by the time she was loaded. i was preparing to start on my last pedestrian tour, when a chain of events occurred which threw all the tribes into confusion. bloodshed and devastation stared me in the face from all quarters; and from the state of security i had imagined myself to be in, i was roused to behold myself beset with difficulties; to crown which, our brig, which would have been a place of safety and refuge, was now on the opposite side of the island. arising from a trifling circumstance, which was partly caused by us, though innocently, pomares only son had lost his life; and, as is usual among savage tribes, the severest retaliation soon took place. by relating the particulars, the reader will perceive how easily the war cry is raised among these turbulent savages. pomares only surviving son. liki, was a very finely formed, handsome young man, of twenty years of age, and he had made an arrangement with a captain of a ship here to supply him with a certain number of hogs. accordingly, accompanied by a party of his friends, he started into the interior for the purpose of collecting them. in making his selection, he not only proceeded to drive off some of his own, but actually laid claim to, and began marching away with, some belonging to his neighbours. the right owners remonstrated with him in vain. he, being an insolent, over bearing young fellow, persisted in his unjust claims, and set them all at defiance. they were compelled to yield up their property, as being is to be found again in man, and no characteristic that we can attribute to the most high is foreign to our own soul, which, in like manner, is infinite and immeasurable, for it can extend its investigating feelers to the very utmost boundary of space and time. hence, the roads which are open to the soul, are numberless as those of the divinity. often they seem strange, but the initiated very well know that these roads are in accordance to fixed laws, and that even the most exceptional emotions of the soul may be traced back to causes which were capable of giving rise to them and to no others. blows hurt, disgrace is a burden, and unjust punishment embitters the heart, but paulus soul had sought and found a way to which these simple propositions did not apply. he had been ill used and condemned, and, though perfectly innocent, ere he left the oasis he was condemned to the severest penance. as soon as the bishop had heard from petrus of all that had happened in his house, he had sent for paulus, and as he could answer nothing to the accusation, he had expelled him from his flock to which the anchorites belonged forbidden him to visit the church on week days, and declared that this his sentence should be publicly proclaimed before the assembled congregation of the believers. and how did this affect paulus as he climbed the mountain, lonely and proscribed a fisherman from the little seaport of pharan, who met him half way and exchanged a greeting with him, thought to himself as he looked after him, the great graybeard looks as happy as if he had found a treasure. then he tell this to mr sharnall, to ask mr sharnalls advice on that, and then remembering that there is no knowledge in the grave. the gaunt hand of god was ten times gaunter now that there was no lodger on the ground floor. footfalls sounded more hollow at night on the stone steps of the staircase, and miss joliffe and anastasia went early to bed. let us go upstairs, my dear, miss euphemia would say when the chimes sounded a quarter to ten. these long evenings are so lonely, are they not and be sure you see that the windows are properly hasped. and then they hurried through the hall, and went up the staircase together side by side, as if they were afraid to be separated by a single step. even westray knew something of the same feeling when he returned late at night to the cavernous great house. he tried to put his hand as quickly as he might upon the matchbox, which lay ready for him on the marble topped sideboard in the dark hall; and sometimes when he had lit the candle would instinctively glance at the door of mr sharnalls room, half expecting to see it open, and the old face look out that had so often greeted him on such occasions. miss joliffe had made no attempt to find a new lodger. no apartments to let was put in the window, and such chattels as mr sharnall possessed remained exactly as he left them. only one thing was moved the collection of martin joliffes papers, and these westray had taken upstairs to his own room. when they opened the dead mans bureau with the keys found in