

the organist accepted his fate with less reluctance than he ought perhaps to have displayed, and a few minutes later was drinking and smoking with the rest. he found the liquor to his liking, and soon experienced the restoring influences of the warm room and of the spirit. he hung his coat up on a peg, and in its dripping condition, and in the wet which had penetrated to his skin, found ample justification for accepting without demur a second bumper with which the landlord replaced his empty glass. rummer followed rummer, and still the creole woman sang at intervals, and still the company smoked and drank. mr sharnall drank too, but by and by saw things less clearly, as the room grew hotter and more clouded with tobacco smoke. then he found the creole woman standing before him, and holding out a shell for contributions. he had in his pocket only one single coin a half crown that was meant to be a fortnights pocket money; but he was excited, and had no hesitation. there, he said, with an air of one who gives a kingdom there, take that: you deserve it; but sing me a song that i heard you sing once before, something about the rolling sea. she nodded that she understood, and after the collection was finished, gave the money to the blind man, and bade him play for her. it was a long ballad, with many verses and a refrain of: oh, take me back to those i love, or bring them here to me; i have no heart to rove, to rove across the rolling sea. at the end she came back, and sat down on the bench by mr sharnall. will you not give me something to drink she said, speaking in very good english. you all drink; why should not i he beckoned to the landlord to bring her a glass, and she themselves. but as there are many hogs and dogs roaming at large through their villages, they are very careful to fence their dwellings round with wicker work, to preserve them from the depredations of these animals; and as the houses are extremely low, they have very much the appearance of bird cages or rabbit hutches. their storehouses are generally placed upon poles, a few feet from the ground, and tabooed or consecrated. great taste and ingenuity are displayed in carving and ornamenting these depositories. i made drawings from several of them, which were entirely covered with carving; and some good attempts at groups of figures, as large as life, plainly showed the dawning of the art of sculpture amongst them. many of the attempts of the new zealanders in that art are quite as good, if not better, than various specimens i have seen of the first efforts of the early egyptians. painting and sculpture are both arts greatly admired by these rude people. every house of consequence is ornamented and embellished, and their canoes have the most minute and elaborate workmanship bestowed upon them. their food is always eaten out of little baskets, rudely woven of green flax; and as they generally leave some for their next meal, they hang these baskets on sticks or props, till they are ready to eat again. thus a village presents a very singular appearance, as it is stuck full of sticks, with various kinds of baskets hanging from them. this plan, however, is the most rational that could be adopted, as none of their eatables can be left on the ground, or they would become the prey of the hogs and dogs. in the course of our long ramble we noticed many pretty little huts, some having neat gardens all round them, planted with fruits and corn. one house which we saw was built by a chief who had made several at last go into the kitchen that adjoined the sleeping room. in a few moments she perceived through her half closed eyes, that he, had brought in a light; he had lighted a lamp at the hearth, and now searched both the rooms. as yet he had not spoken to her, nor opened his lips to utter a word. now he was in the sitting room, and now involuntarily she drew herself into a heap, and pulled the coverlet over her head now he laughed aloud, so loud and scornfully, that she felt her hands and feet turn cold, and a rushing crimson mist floated before her eyes. then the light came back into the bed room, and came nearer and nearer. she felt her head pushed by his hard hand, and with a feeble scream she flung off the coverlet and sat up. still he did not speak a word, but what she saw was quite enough to smother the last spark of her courage and hope, for her husbands eyes showed only the whites, his sallow features were ashy pale, and on his brow the branded mark of mithras stood out more clearly than ever. in his right hand he held the lamp, in his left hermas sheepskin. as his haggard eye met hers he held the anchorites matted garment so close to her face, that it touched her. then he threw it