

scene so similar to those i had left behind me. according to the custom of this country, we fired our muskets, to warn the inhabitants of the settlement of our approach. we arranged our dresses in the best order we could, and proceeded towards the village. as the report of our guns had been heard, groups of nondescripts came running out to meet us. i could scarcely tell to what order of beings they belonged; but on their near approach, i found them to be the new zealand youths, who were settled with the missionaries. they were habited in the most uncouth dresses imaginable. these pious men, certainly, have no taste for the picturesque; they had obscured the finest human forms under a seamans huge clothing. boys not more than fifteen wore jackets reaching to their knees, and buttoned up to the throat with great black horn buttons, a coarse checked shirt, the collar of which spread half way over their face, their luxuriant, beautiful hair was cut close off, and each head was crammed into a close scotch bonnet these half converted, or, rather, half covered, youths, after rubbing noses, and chattering with our guides, conducted us to the dwellings of their masters. as i had a letter of introduction from one of their own body, i felt not the slightest doubt of a kind reception; so we proceeded with confidence. we were ushered into a house, all cleanliness and comfort, all order, silence, and unsociability. after presenting my letter to a grave looking personage, it had to undergo a private inspection in an adjoining room, and the result was an invitation to stay and take a cup of tea all was announced that the family were returning to cullerne, it was decided to celebrate the event by ringing a peal from the tower of saint sepulchres. the proposal originated with canon parkyn. it is a graceful compliment, he said, to the nobleman to whose munificence the restoration is so largely due. we must show him how much stronger we have made our old tower, eh, mr westray we must get the carisbury ringers over to teach cullerne people how such things should be done. sir george will have to stand out of his fees longer than ever, if he is to wait till the tower tumbles down now. eh, eh ah, i do so dote on these old customs, assented his wife. it is so delightful, a merry peal. i do think these good old customs should always be kept up. it was the cheapness of the entertainment that particularly appealed to her. but is it necessary, my dear, she demurred, to bring the ringers over from carisbury they are a sad drunken lot. i am sure there must be plenty of young men in cullerne, who would delight to help ring the bells on such an occasion. but westray would have none of it. it was true, he said, that the tie rods were fixed, and the tower that much the stronger; but he could countenance no ringing till the great south east pier had been properly under pinned. his remonstrances found little favour. lord blandamer would think it so ungracious. lady blandamer, to be sure, counted for very little; it was ridiculous, in fact, to think of ringing the minster bells for a landlady's niece, but lord blandamer would certainly be offended. i call that clerk of the works a vain young upstart, mrs parkyn face from the point of her chin up her right cheek to her forehead, and then from her forehead down her left cheek back to her chin, and he found that she was a very nice thing too. but the dairymaid screamed, good gracious where did that nasty strange dog come from leave him alone, miss daisy, or hell bite your nose off. he wont said daisy indignantly. hes the dog daddy promised me; and the farmer coming out at that minute, she ran up to him crying, daddy isnt this my dog bless the child, no said the farmer; its a nice little pup im going to give thee. where did that dirty old brute come from he would wash, said little daisy, holding very fast to flaps coat. fine washing too said the dairymaid, and his hairs all lugs. i could comb them, said daisy. hes no but got one eye, said the swineherd. haw haw haw he sees me with the other, said daisy. hes looking up at me now. and one of his ears gone cried the dairy lass. he he he perhaps i could make him a cap, said daisy, as i did when my doll lost her wig. it had pink ribbons and looked very nice. why, hes lame of a leg, guffawed the two farming men. see, missy, he hirlples on three. i cant run very fast, said daisy, and when im old enough to, perhaps his leg will be well. why, you dont want this old thing for a play fellow, child said the farmer. i do i do wept daisy. but why, in the name of whims and whamsies because i love him, said daisy. when it comes to this with the heart, argument is wasted on the head; but the farmer went on: why hes neither