

At the other village, too, we also again stopped. I was again forced to accept the old man's hospitality; and this time he perfectly overwhelmed me by bringing me a plate of roast lamb and potatoes. As I strolled into the fields, in order to digest this banquet, I saw about half a mile off a curious arched structure, like the low roof of a waggon, planted flat amongst the furrows. When I came up to it, my surprise and pleasure were great. It was the identical church which Mr. Matthews had described to me as half buried by the extraordinary rise of the soil. It stood in a sunk enclosure, which was fenced round by a wall, and only its roof rose above the level of the surrounding country.

When I came back to the village the question finally presented itself, of whether the old man should be paid, or should not be paid? I had spoken to Captain Scott on this subject; and his answer was this—That the old man himself did just what Scotty said he did: he refused to accept anything in payment for his hospitality; ‘but,’ added Captain Scott, ‘his wife generally stands in the background, and when her husband is not, affects not to be, looking, you may slip into her hand any sum you please.’ From this I concluded that the old man himself, if the money were given him delicately like a physician's fee, would not be too delicate to take it; and as, when the time came for starting, his wife did not seem visible, I endeavoured, when I said good-bye to him, to press some coins into his