

a refrain of for all my hopes are cold and dead, and fallen like the fallen leaves, which were published in the clifton methodist, and afterwards set to music by a young lady who wished to bind up another wounded heart. he attempted to lie awake of nights with indifferent success, and hinted in conversation at the depressing influence which insomnia exerts over its victims. for several meals in succession he refused to eat heartily of such dishes as he did not like, and his mother felt serious anxiety as to his general state of health. she inveighed intemperately against anastasia for having refused her son, but then she would have inveighed still more intemperately had anastasia accepted him. she wearied him with the portentous gloom which she affected in his presence, and quoted lady clara vere de veres cruelty in turning honest hearts to gall, till even the rejected one was forced to smile bitterly at so inapposite a parallel. though mrs westray senior poured out the vials of her wrath on anastasia for having refused to become mrs westray junior, she was at heart devoutly glad at the turn events had taken. at heart westray could not have said whether he was glad or sorry. he told himself that he was deeply in love with anastasia, and that this love was further ennobled by a chivalrous desire to shield her from evil; but he could not altogether forget that the unfortunate event had at least saved him from the unconventionality of marrying his landlady's niece. he told himself that his grief was sincere and profound, but it was possible that chagrin and wounded pride were after all his predominant feelings. there were other reflections which he thrust aside as indecorous at this acute stage of the tragedy, but which, nevertheless, were able to exercise a mildly consoling influence in the background. he would be well knowing that it was contrary to the wish of all the white settlers that they should proceed to hostilities. indeed, europeans intrepidly mingled amongst them, urging them to a reconciliation, and threatening that, if they failed in their endeavours, the supplies of arms and ammunition should be discontinued. this threat had its desired effect on the minds of the natives; no blood was spilt, and each chief returned quietly to his own home. on the night we heard of the death of george and his wife, revenge and war was the universal cry. his party would not believe that it could be an accident, nor would they hear of any apology being received. at this time they imagined the tribes of hokianga were possessed of but very few firearms; and, as the skirmish took place in that district, it was determined that an exterminating war should be carried into the heart of it. however, before all the preparations could be made to carry their intentions into effect, they received certain information that the people of hokianga were even better supplied with muskets than those of the bay of islands. this intelligence occasioned an assemblage of the different tribes to be proposed, and when it took place the friends of george saw their opponents so well prepared for the tug of war that they deemed it judicious to come forward and to shake hands and to acknowledge that the death of shulitea proceeded either from accident or mistake. a curious circumstance took place in the midst of their debate. an old chief, who wished for a fight, and did not approve of the introduction of firearms, but was an advocate for the old method of new zealand warfare, proposed that each party should send away all their muskets and ammunition, and engage manfully with their own native weapons, and then it could be easily proved

leaden oppression checked the rapidity of his thoughts. he at first stammered out a few unintelligible words, but his opponent was in fearful earnest with his question; he seized the collar of the anchorites coarse garment with terrible violence, and cried in a husky voice, where did you find the dog where is but suddenly he left go his hold of the alexandrian, looked at him from head to foot, and said softly and slowly: can it be possible are you paulus, the alexandrian the anchorite nodded assent. polykarp laughed loud and bitterly, pressed his hand to his forehead, and exclaimed in a tone of the deepest disgust and contempt: and is it so, indeed and such a repulsive ape too but i will not believe that she even held out a hand to you, for the mere sight of you makes me dirty. paulus felt his heart beating like a hammer within his breast; and there was a singing and roaring in his ears. when once more polykarp threatened him with his fist he involuntarily took the posture of an athlete in a wrestling match, he stretched out his arms to try to get a good hold of his adversary, and said in a hollow, deep