

friends. as we had always been considered as a part of georges family, living under his protection, adopted by him, and admitted into his tribe, i entertained great suspicions that we also should be sufferers by the general plunder about to take place: besides, i was so circumstanced as to be obliged to cross the country with all my goods, and my route lay through the territories of all those chiefs who had been fighting against george; and i was at no loss to guess in what light they would regard me. depending, too securely, on the general tranquility, i had not sent my luggage by sea, as i might have done, and which would have saved me great anxiety, as i should have ventured alone without fear, but could not manage to carry what i possessed; and to engage any to convey them was an impossibility, for the moment i made the proposition to any even the meanest of the slaves to accompany me, they ran off into the bush, nor could any entreaty, presents, or threats induce them to venture with me; so, for security, i removed all the property i had, and went with it on board the marianne, whaler. for three days after the death of george, all gave themselves up to grief; no work was done, and not an individual was to be seen but in an agony of tears. i began to feel strangely affected with melancholy myself, when, on the fourth morning, a scene of bustle took place, and low spirits were banished by such witnesses as petrus and dorothea to bear the fact that his wife should have sought variety and pleasure at any cost, even at that of devoting herself to a ragged beggar, than that she should have given her affections to a younger, handsomer, and worthier man than himself. he had sinned much against her, but all that lay like feathers on his side of the scales, while that which she had done weighed down hers like a load of lead. he began to feel like a man who, in wading through a bog, has gained firm ground with one foot, and all these feelings gave him energy to walk up to the anchorite with a self control, of which he was not generally master, excepting when on duty at the head of his soldiers. he approached the alexandrian with an assumption of dignity and a demeanor which testified to his formerly having taken part in the representations of tragedies in the theatres of great cities. paulus, on his part, did not retreat by a single step, but looked at him with a smile that alarmed petrus and the rest of the bystanders. the law put the anchorite absolutely into the power of the outraged husband, but phoebicius did not seem disposed to avail himself of his rights, and nothing but contempt and loathing were perceptible in his tone, as he said: a man who takes hold of a mangy dog in order to punish him, only dirties his hand. the woman who betrayed me for your sake, and you you dirty beggar are worthy of each other. i could crush you like a fly that can be destroyed by a blow of my hand if i chose, but my sword is caesars, and shall never be soiled by such foul blood as yours; however, the beast shall not have cast off his skin for nothing, it is thick, and so you have only spared me the trouble of tearing it off you before giving you your due. you shall find no lack of blows. confess where your sweetheart has fled to and they shall be few, but if you are slow to answer they will irritability of providence, and seeing manifestations of it in any untoward event, from the overturning of an inkstand to the death of a lodger. perhaps it is a judgment, and he might have been alive now if he had refrained. what good would it do us if all dear martin hoped should turn out true he always said, poor fellow, that he would be 'my lord some day; but now he is gone there is no one except anastasia, and she would never wish to be 'my lady, i am sure, poor girl. you would not, darling, wish to be 'my lady even if you could, would you anastasia looked up from her book with a deprecating smile, which lost itself in an air of vexation, when she found that the architects eyes were fixed steadfastly upon her, and that a responsive smile spread over his face. she flushed very slightly, and turned back abruptly to her book, feeling quite unjustifiably annoyed at the interest in her doings which the young mans gaze was meant to imply. what right had he to express concern, even with a look, in matters which affected her she almost wished she was indeed a peeress, and could slay him with her noble birth, as did one lady clara of old times. it was only lately that she had become conscious of this interested, would be interesting, look, which westray assumed in her presence. was it possible that he was falling in love with her and at the thought there rose before her fancy the