

first part of my way with him, in his own canoe. accordingly, after having made preparations for my departure, i took leave of all my friends at the bay of islands, both civilised and savage. i must say i felt considerable regret when i found myself really going to take final leave of several native families, with whom i had been on terms of intimacy since my residence here, from whom i had received many proofs of personal regard, and whom, i felt convinced, i should never meet or hear of more; none i regretted parting with more than the family of poor shulitea; the mere sight of me seemed to rekindle all their grief for the loss of their kinsman, and to remind them more forcibly than ever of his tragical fate. his mother, old turero, in point of grief, had rivalled niobe; she had never ceased weeping and lamenting from the time she heard of her sons death, and had twice attempted to strangle herself. but even in the midst of her passionate sorrow, i could scarcely refrain from laughing, while observing her care and anxiety to get all she could from me. after deploring the sad fate of her dear son, you know, she continued, you promised him that you would send him a handsome new musket from sydney; and now, poor fellow, he is dead; and cannot shoot with it; but then you must remember that his brother kinney kinney is still alive, and he can shoot with it; and poor george would wish that his brother should have his new musket. this speech i felt quite irresistible; therefore, in order to comfort the old queen, i promised that i would send the musket for her second son; which declaration seemed to afford her great consolation, and considerably abated the violence of her grief. just at the dawn of morning we started from the bay in rivers canoe, accompanied by his wife, one child, and the two stout slaves he had petra, which rested yesterday in the oasis here; a woman, such as you describe, was running with it. when i heard what had happened here i wanted to speak, but who listens to a cricket while it thunders had she a lame greyhound with her asked phoebicius, full of expectation. she carried something in her arms, answered the amalekite. in the moonlight i took it for a baby. my brother, who was escorting the caravan, told me the lady was no doubt running away, for she had paid the charge for the escort not in ready money, but with a gold signet ring. the gaul remembered a certain gold ring with a finely carved onyx, which long years ago he had taken from glyceras finger, for she had another one like it, and which he had given to sirona on the day of their marriage. it is strange thought he, what we give to women to bind them to us they use as weapons to turn against us, be it to please some other man, or to smooth the path by which they escape from us. it was with a bracelet of glyceras that i paid the captain of the ship that brought us to alexandria; but the soft hearted fool, whose dove flew after me, and i are men of a different stamp; i will follow my flown bird, and catch it again. he spoke the last words aloud, and then desired one of the senators slaves to give his mule a good feed and drink, for his own groom, and the superior decurion who during his absence must take his place, were also worshippers of mithras, and had not yet returned from the mountain. phoebicius did not doubt that the woman who had joined the caravan which he himself had seen yesterday was his fugitive wife, and he knew that his delay might have reduced his earnest wish to overtake her and punish her to the remotest probability; but he was a roman soldier, and would rather have laid violent hands on himself boyhood the privileges and responsibilities of his birth. but apart from this objection, there was the further drawback that an early marriage might unduly burden him with domestic cares, and so arrest his professional progress. such considerations had due weight with an equally balanced mind, and westray was soon able to congratulate himself on having effectually extinguished any dangerous inclinations by sheer strength of reason. this happy and philosophic state of things was not of long duration. his admiration smouldered only, and was not quenched, but it was a totally extraneous influence, rather than the constant contemplation of anastasias beauty and excellencies, which fanned the flame into renewed activity. this extraneous factor was the entrance of lord blandamer into the little circle of belleue lodge. westray had lately become doubtful as to the real object of lord blandamers visits, and nursed a latent idea that he was using the church, and the restoration, and westray himself, to gain a pied a terre at belleue lodge for the prosecution of other plans. the long conversations in