

the men having been murdered; and i feel fully convinced no massacres will ever again be committed in any of the ports in new zealand where european vessels have been accustomed to anchor. i once saw, with indignation, a chief absolutely knocked overboard from a whalers deck by the mate. twenty years ago so gross an insult would have cost the lives of every individual on board the vessel, but, at the time this occurred, it was only made the subject of complaint, and finally became a cause of just remonstrance with the commander of the whaler. the natives themselves and i have heard the opinions of various tribes have invariably told me that these things occurred from our want of knowledge of their laws and customs, which compelled them to seek revenge. it was, they said, no act of treachery on our part; we did not invite you to our shores for the purpose of plunder and murder: but you came, and ill used us; you broke into our tabooed grounds. and did not atua give those bad white men into the hands of our fathers i am confident that a body of europeans may now reside in perfect security in any part of these islands. the late plundering of the missionaries at whangaroa was a peculiar circumstance, which might have happened even in civilised europe, had the seat of war approached so near their place of residence. if their houses and chapel had been on the plains of waterloo during the june of they would not have experienced a better fate. this recent tumult has brought a circumstance into notice highly interesting to all who may hereafter wish to settle here. it has hitherto been their custom, when an accident occurs, such as the sudden death of a chief, to make a general plunder of commonplaces in such circumstances, since man first asked and woman first refused. she thanked mr westray for the kind interest which he had taken in her, she was deeply conscious of the consideration which he had shown her. she was grieved sincerely grieved to tell him that things could not be as he wished. she was so afraid that her letter would seem unkind; she did not mean it to be unkind. however difficult it was to say it now, she thought it was the truest kindness not to disguise from him that things never could be as he wished. she paused a little to review this last sentiment, but she allowed it to remain, for she was anxious to avoid any recrudescence of the suppliant's passion, and to show that her decision was final. she should always feel the greatest esteem for mr westray; she trusted that the present circumstances would not interrupt their friendship in any way. she hoped that their relations might continue as in the past, and in this hope she remained very truly his. she gave a sigh of relief when the letter was finished, and read it through carefully, putting in commas and semicolons and colons at what she thought appropriate places. such punctilio pleased her; it was, she considered, due from one who aspired to a literary style, and aimed at making a living by the pen. though this was the first answer to a proposal that she had written on her own account, she was not altogether without practice in such matters, as she had composed others for her heroines who had found themselves in like position. her manner, also, was perhaps unconsciously influenced by a perusal of the young persons compleat correspondent, and guide to answers to be given in the various circumstances of life, which, in a tattered calf covering, formed an item in miss euphemias library. it was not till the missive was duly that is true, then fathers no doubt have ten, and you as many as argus, of whom the heathen legend speaks but there comes polykarp. petrus went forward to meet his son, and gave him his hand, but in quite a different manner to what he had formerly shown; at least it seemed to dorothea that her husband received the youth, no longer as his father and master, but as a friend greets a friend who is his equal in privileges and judgment. when polykarp turned to greet her also she colored all over, for the thought flashed through her mind that her son, when he thought of the past night, must regard her as unjust or foolish; but she soon recovered her own calm equanimity, for polykarp was the same as ever, and she read in his eyes that he felt towards her the same as yesterday and as ever. love, thought she, is not extinguished by injustice, as fire is by water. it blazes up brighter or less bright, no doubt, according to the way the wind blows, but it cannot be wholly smothered least of all by death. polykarp had been up the mountain, and dorothea was quite satisfied when he related what had led him thither. he had long since planned the execution of a statue of moses, and when his father had