

"Well I do declare, that is too bad!" said Eunice.

'Thinks I to myself, "Ah, sorrow," as poor old Minister used to say, and he was a book of poetry himself, he was full of wise saws, "Ah, sorrow, how close you tread on the heels of enjoyment! The rose has its thorn, the peach its worm; and decay lies concealed in the chalice of the flower. All earthly things are doomed to pass away. The feast ceases; the day expires; the night wears out at last; joy departs when most enjoyed. The cord snaps in twain, and is parted for ever. Life is not a dream, 'tis but a gleam. The sunny spot of the morning, is the shady side of the evening. We have no abidin' place; we must move with the changing scene, or it leaves and forgets us."

How well I remember his very words, poor dear old man.

How mysterious it is, he used to say, that in the midst of gaiety, serious thoughts like unbidden guests, should intrude where they are neither expected nor wanted. All however is not affected alike. The hearse and the mourner pass unobserved in the crowd, one contains a dead body and the other an aching heart, while all around is noise, frivolity, or business. Poor old soul, nobody talked like him I do believe. "Yes it is a sudden partin', but it is better that is so, Lucy," thought I, "for we haven't had time to be quite foolish, and the knowledge of that makes even folly agreeable."

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE wind came in slight puffs and died away, sportin' about here and there, just rufflin' the surface in places, but not heavy enough to raise a ripple. The sailors called these spots cat's-paws. It continued in this way until the tide had ebbed so far as to obstruct our passage over the bar, and we were compelled to remain where we were until the morning. While walkin' up and down the deck with the Captin, talkin' over the evenin' of the day, we observed a boat put off, and steer for the Black Hayk. There was no mistakin' the man in the stern; it was Phinny, the dangertype-man.

"Who in the world is that feller?" said the Captin.

"A countryman of ourn," I said.

"And no great credit to us either, I should think," he replied.

"It takes a great many strange fellows to make a world; but I wish ours would stay at home, and not make us ridiculous abroad. No sensible man ever dressed that way, and no honest man would like to publish Fimsch a rogue. What does he want?"

"I'll soon find that out," said I; "for tho' I wouldn't care to be