

—one, too gentle to share the fortunes of such a bold adventurer."

"Touch not on that theme!" said La Tour, starting with almost frenzied violence. "Time may wear away every other remembrance, but the treachery of a friend remains indelible and unforgiven."

"Solitude perchance may calm your moody feelings, and I will leave you to its soothing influence," said D'Aulney, in a tone of assumed indifference, which was contradicted by the angry flash of his eye. La Tour returned no answer, and the next moment he was left to his own reflections, and, bitter as they were, he felt that to be again alone was a state of comparative happiness.

But whatever else he endured, in his mental struggle, not a shadow of fear obtruded on the mind of La Tour. The shame of defeat, perhaps, most deeply goaded him, and his interview with D'Aulney had awakened many dark and stormy passions in his breast. But he looked forward with hope to a speedy termination of his captivity, for he could not doubt that De Valette would use every exertion to regain his freedom, and he trusted that the efforts of his nephew would be aided by Stanhope, if he had been fortunate enough to escape the storm.

In the meantime, Arthur Stanhope remained entirely ignorant of La Tour's misfortune; and the morning light which stole as tardily through the grated window of La Tour's prison room, shone brightly on the waters of the bay, where the young Englishman had anchored through the night. Stanhope was awake at an early hour, anxious to obtain information of La Tour, but the place where he found himself, was so singularly wild and solitary, that no human being seemed to have approached it. There were no fishermen to be seen, though their little craft usually penetrated every creek and inlet; and Stanhope had just come to the conclusion that he had best proceed to Pemaquid, when he observed a small boat, at some distance, approaching the extremity of Mount Desert Island. He impatiently waited its approach; but instead of making the nearest point of land, the solitary oarsman suddenly tacked, and bore off from the shore, sweeping gracefully round a narrow headland, which projected into the bay.

The little skiff moved slowly on its course, as if guided by an idle or unskillful hand, and the oars were dipped so lightly, that they scarce dimpled the clear waves, or moved the boat beyond the natural motion of the tide. The earliest blush of morn was spreading along the east-

ern sky, and tinging the glassy waves with a roseate hue; and as Arthur watched the progress of the boat, he observed the person who occupied it, slowly rise from a reclining posture, and stand erect, leaning with one hand on an upright oar, while he employed the other in steering the frail and rocking bark. His tall figure, habited in the dark garments of a Romish priest, floated loosely on the air, and gave him, as he moved alone, along the solitary deep, a wild and almost supernatural appearance. His face was turned towards the shore, and at times he bowed his head, and folded his hands across his breast, as if absorbed by mental devotion, or engaged in some outward service of his religion.

Arthur Stanhope could not mistake the person of Father Gilbert; nor was he greatly surprised at seeing him there, as he had heard much of his wandering course of life, and knew that he was in the habit of extending his pastoral visits to the remotest cabins of his flock. Arthur had no doubt the priest could communicate some tidings of La Tour, and he therefore threw himself into a small boat, with two expert rowers, in the hope of overtaking him. But Father Gilbert had already disappeared behind the projecting land, and when Stanhope doubled the point, he was no longer visible. Still he followed on, passing between lovely isles, till he entered a gulf, which ran in on the southern side of Mount Desert island. A boat was lying there, from which no doubt, Father Gilbert had just landed.

Leaving the boatmen to wait his return, Stanhope sprang on shore, and rapidly followed the windings of a narrow path, uncertain if it were trodden by wild animals, or the foot of man. Shortly, a wood which he traversed, terminated in an open plain; a spot rich in verdure, and retaining marks of former cultivation, for there some Jesuit missionaries had taken possession at an early period, and planted a cross, calling it by the name of St. Saviour. It shared the usual fate of such settlements in that rude age, the weak yielding to the stronger, for a party of English from Virginia soon after claimed it for their king, on the plea of first discovery; and then again, it was deserted by both nations, and the improvements which they commenced fell into decay.

Stanhope's attention was soon arrested by the object of his search. In the midst of the plain still lay the cross, which the English had overthrown, in their zeal against popery; and close beside it, Father Gilbert was kneeling, as motionless as if life had ceased to animate him. His eyes were fastened on a crucifix, that he held in