

me to come before the Justice, right or wrong.—It'll blow past in a day or two.—But, Mr. Wellon, *I KNOW where Skipper George's daughter is!* I thought it might be: *now, I KNOW it.*—I must tell it fast.—O' Monday night, between nine and ten, by the moon, I was over beyond the priests' place, there, at Bay-Harbor, looking at the back of that building they say is a nunnery. There was a light burning in one particular room, with just a white curtain down against the window. I was just thinking: 'there are no gratings on the window; but it seems to me, if I could only once see into that room, I should see where Lucy Barbury was kept.' Exactly at that very word, as the thought came into my mind, there was a sort of stir in the room, and the light veered, and there was a shadow on the curtain. I could see more than one woman,—in their nun's dress, I suppose it was;—and then there was a picture painted on that curtain, as clear as the lines of a cliff in the lightning: there was a woman this side and t'other, *and in the middle was Lucy Barbury*, just as plain as that fir-tree."

"What! Are you sure of your senses?"

"They've had thirty-six years of pretty good practice," said the smuggler.—"No, sir; there's no mistake: I see a thing, when I see it. It was as if they'd taken her out of bed, and had her in their arms; and there was her face—just the side of it—and the bend of her neck, and her lips open, as I've seen her for hours and hours, take it altogether, when I've sat and heard her read. The back of the house, and where I was, was pitch-dark; for the moon was afront, scarce rising; it couldn't have been plainer, and I wasn't a stone's throw off. It didn't last half a minute, perhaps, but it lasted long enough; and then I was startled, and came away. I've never told