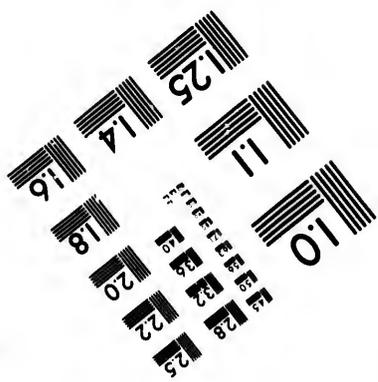
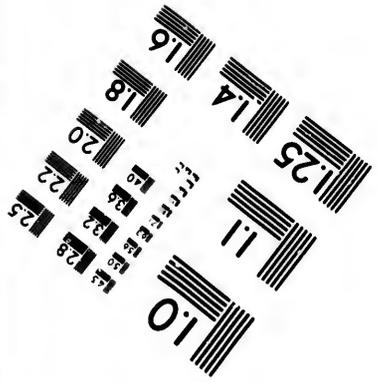
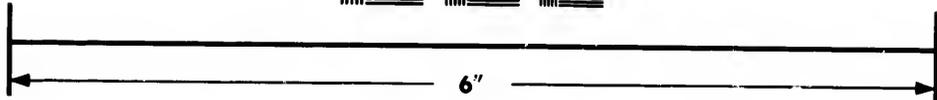
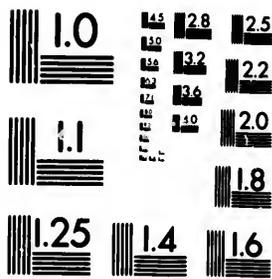


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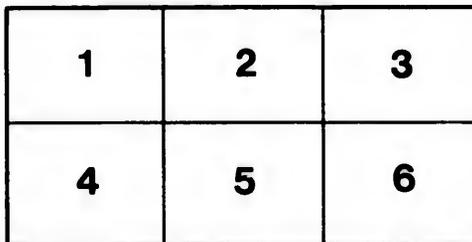
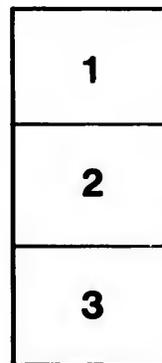
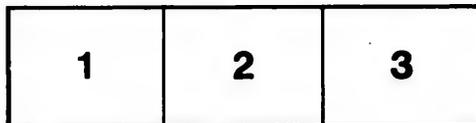
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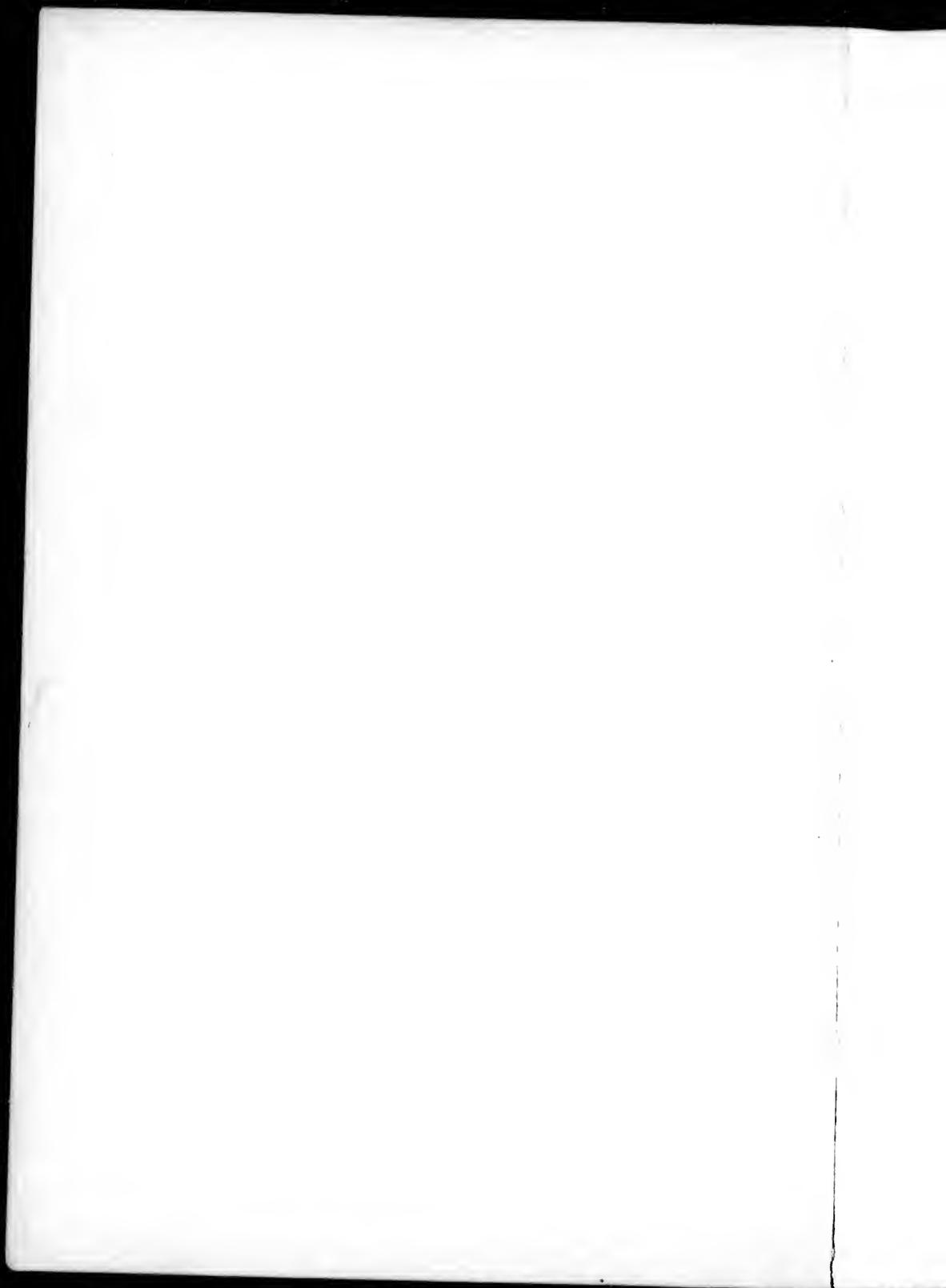
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Αἶλιον, αἶλιον, ἐπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

ÆSCH. AGAMEM.

Woe! woe!
But right, at last, though slow.

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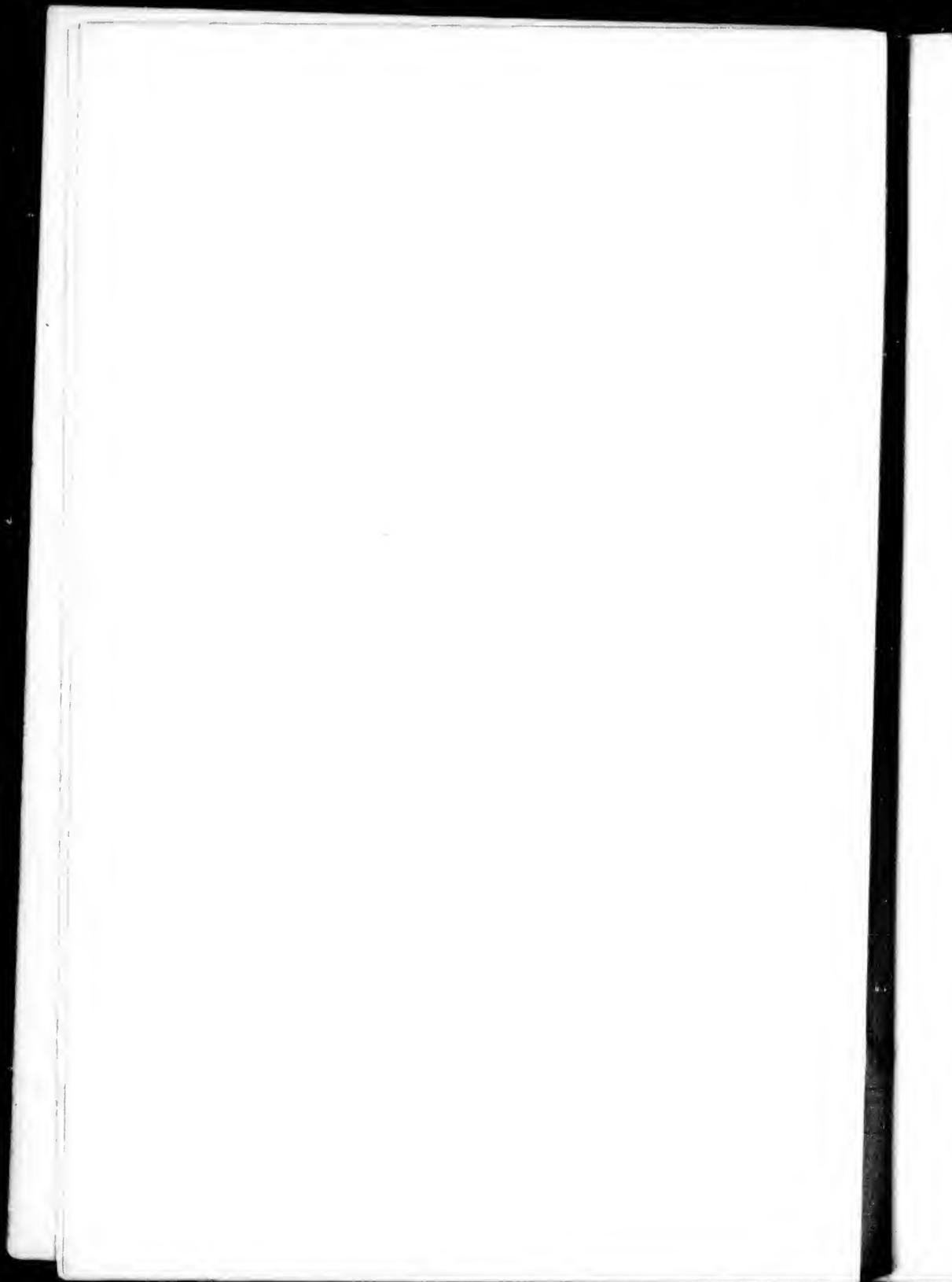
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ONE, TO WHOM I OWE ALL, WILL HE TAKE THIS
AT MY HAND, THE BEST I HAVE?



PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

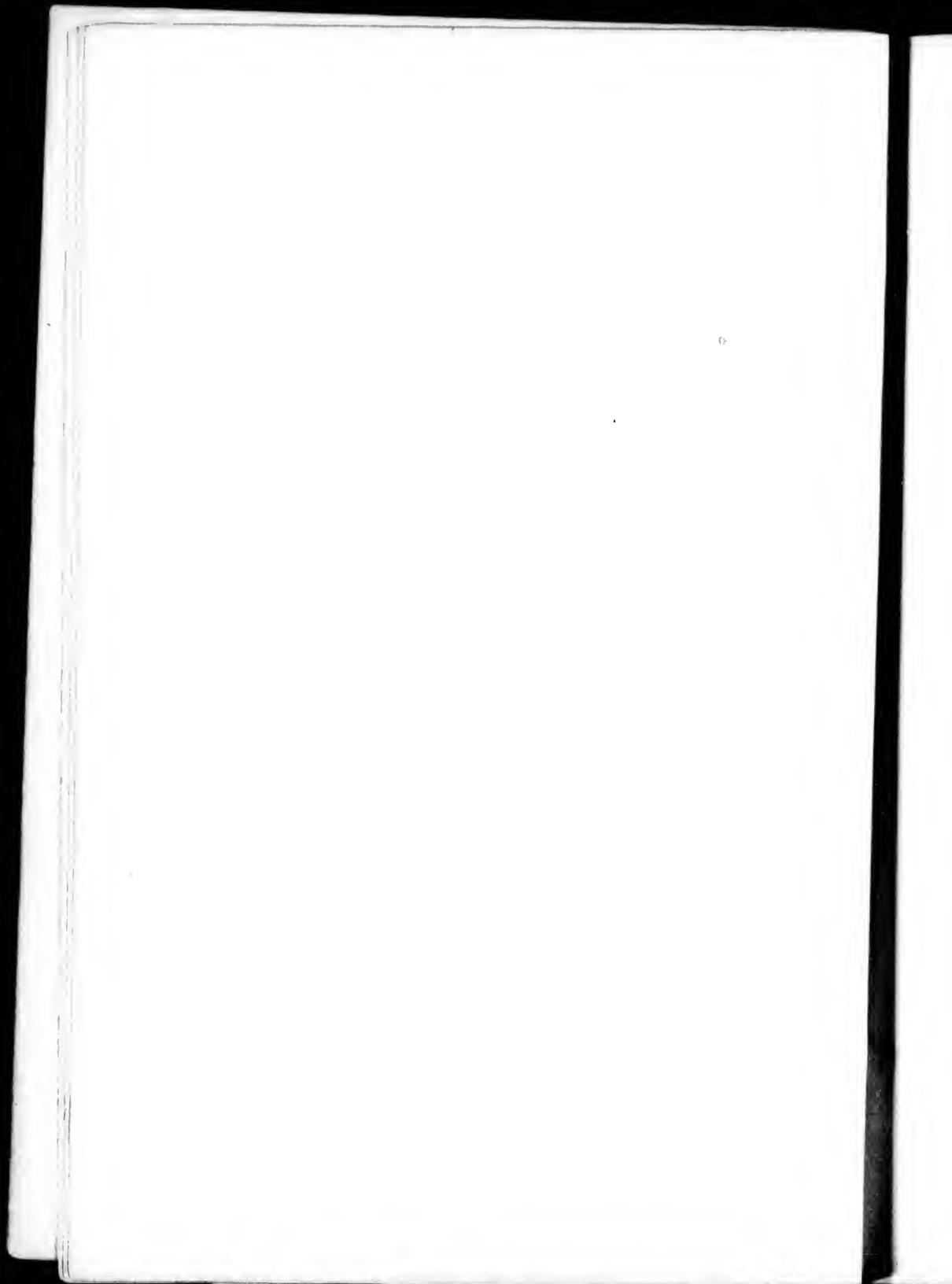
THIS book was given out long ago, without the author's name, with a fluttering of heart, but with a strong hope of winning liking and praise, which men love. The beings that he had made were to the maker living and fresh, and of that better manhood whose life — having more or less wealth, knowing more or knowing less — is of the true life. Their sea and sky and land and weather, and their ways, as he had drawn them, he knew to be true. Might not, then, all be to others living and fresh and true as to him?

The book was taken kindly then and when republished.

Having been for years out of print, "The New Priest" is to be sent forth afresh; and the author has gone over it all, touching it in very many places, shading and lighting here and there, — making it, it is hoped, better.

R. T. S. L.

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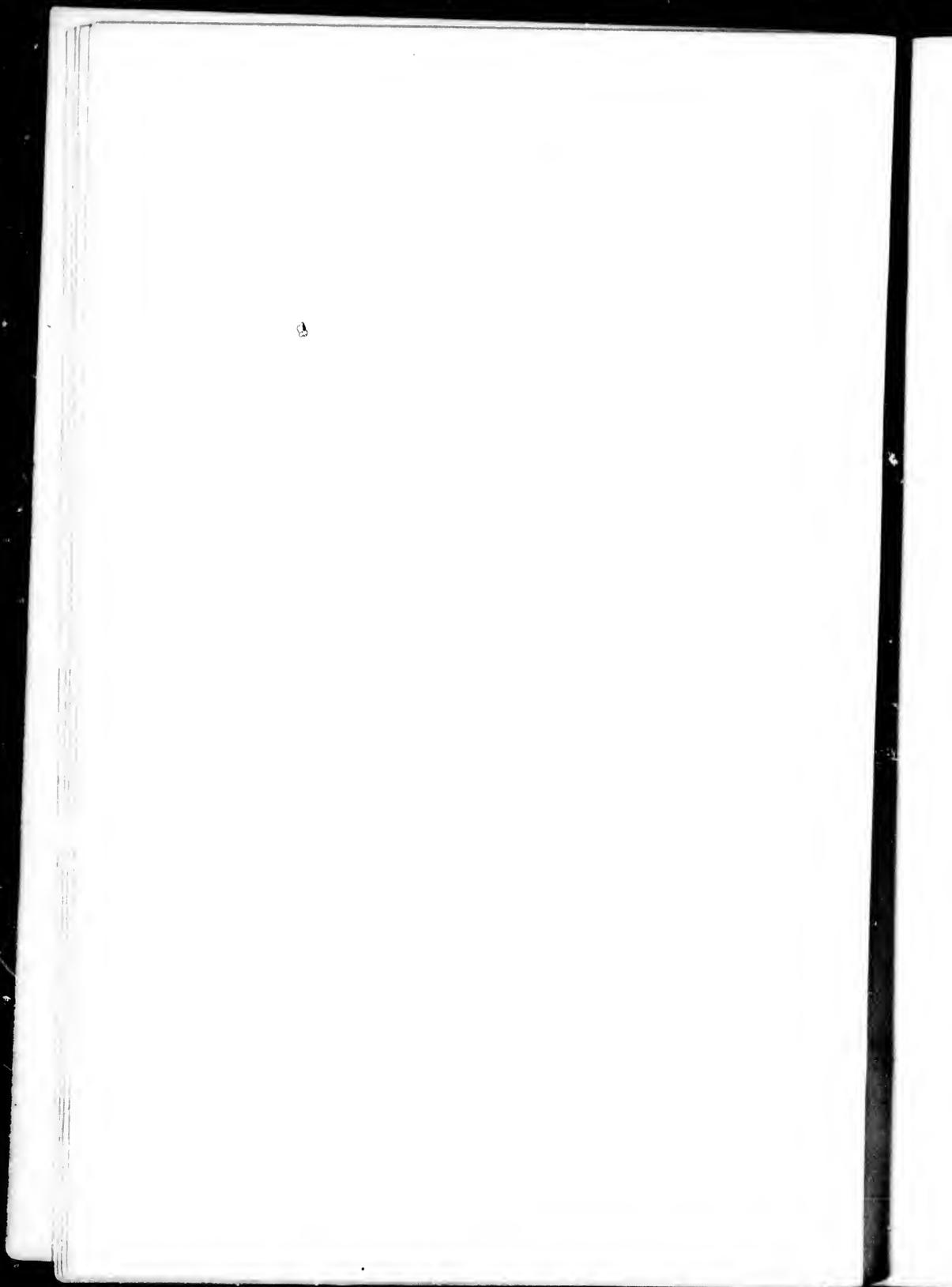


FOREWORDS TO FIRST EDITION.

RELIGIOUS novels there are many; this is not one of them.

These Figures, of gentle, simple, sad, and merry, were drawn (not in a Day) upon the walls of a House of Exile.* Will the great World care for them?

* A willing exile, as a Church-missionary, in Newfoundland.



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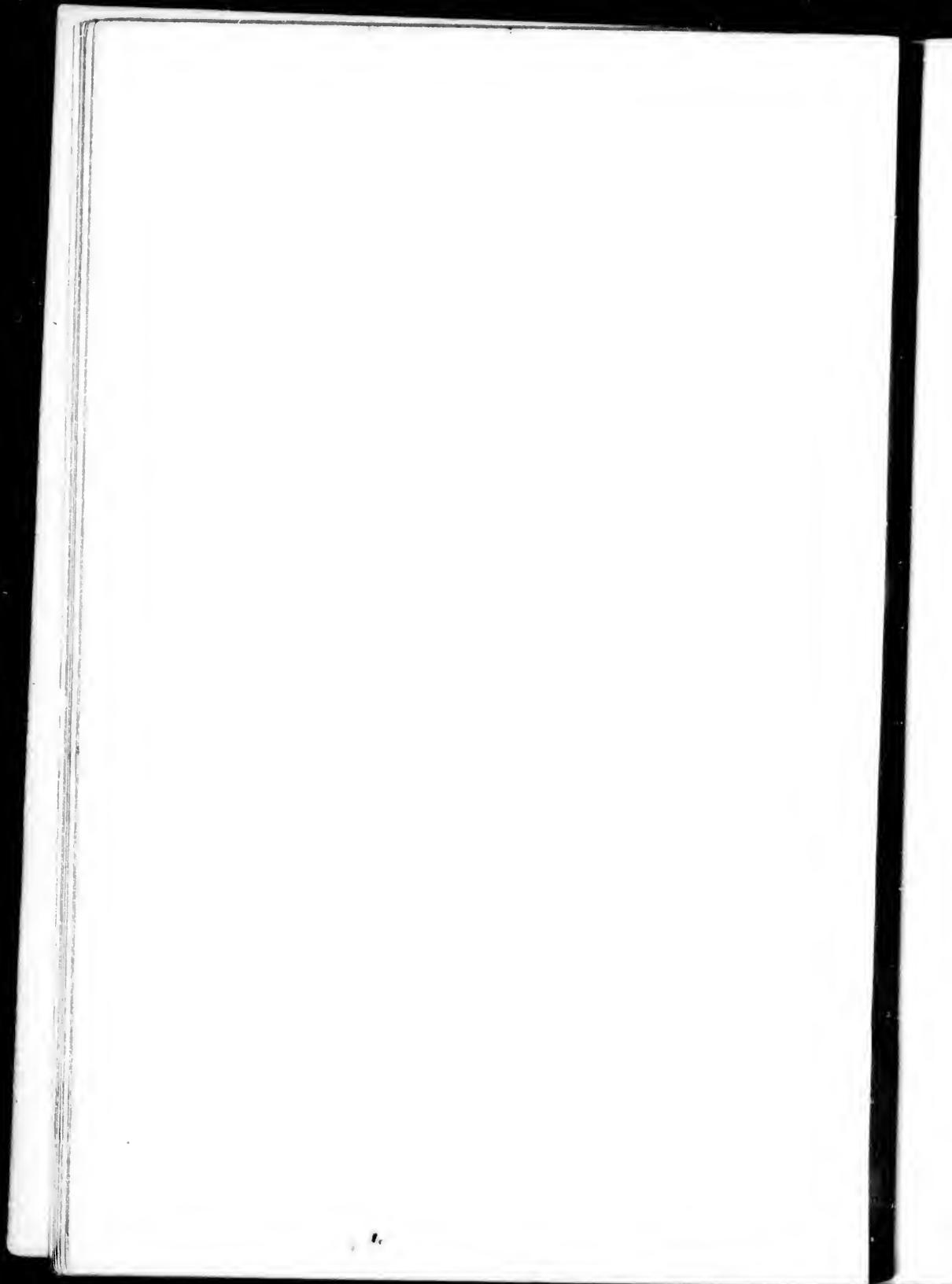
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THE STORY OF THE NEW PRIEST.

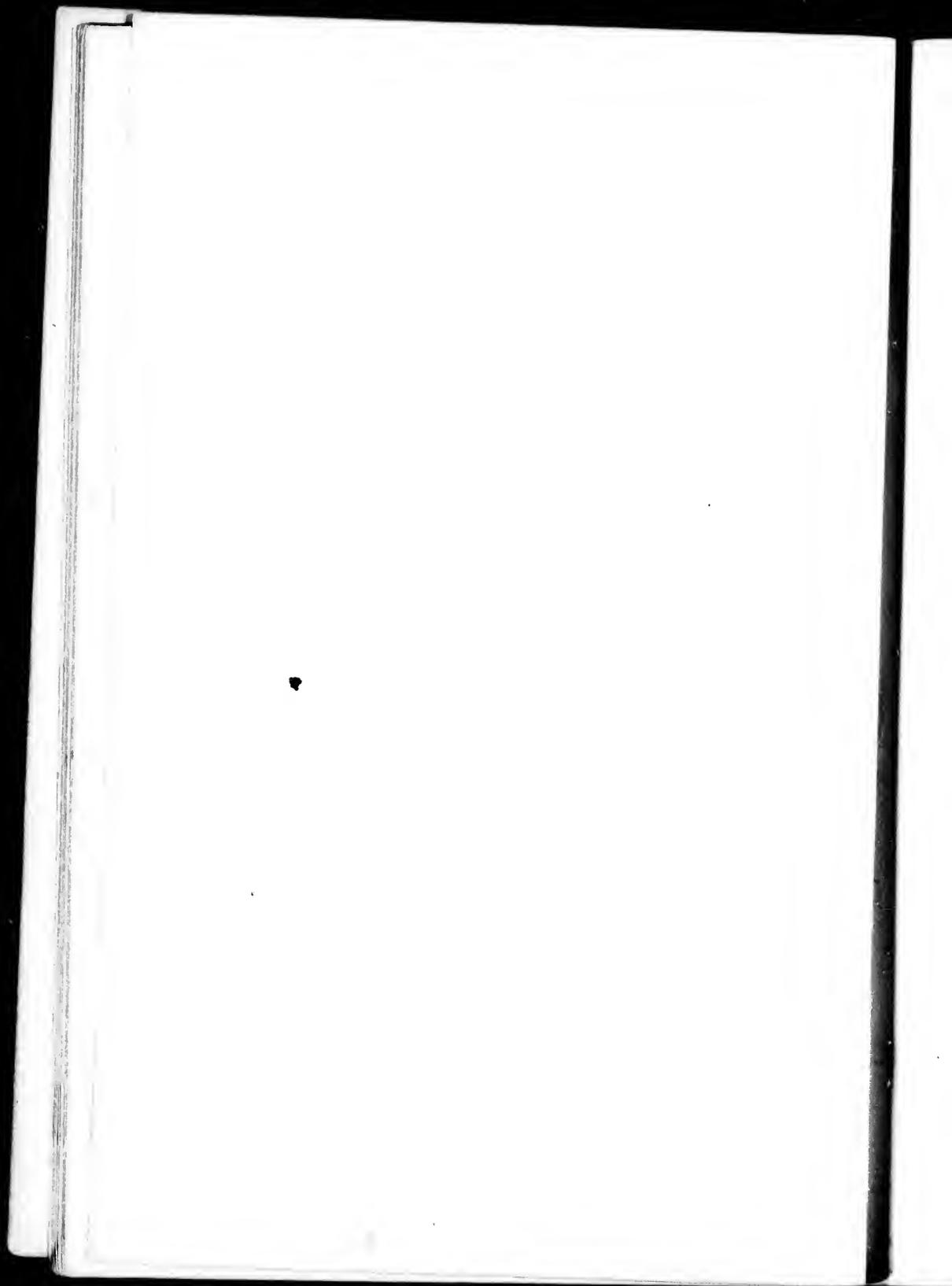
A CHAPTER BEFORE THE FIRST.

A SETTING OF OUR SCENE.

UP go the surges on the coast of Newfoundland, and down again into the sea. The huge island stands, with its sheer, beetling cliffs, out of the ocean ; believed, for a great part of its three hundred years, to be a monstrous mass of rock and gravel, almost without soil, — a strange thing from the bottom of the great deep, lifted up suddenly into sunshine and storm, but belonging to the watery darkness out of which it had been reared. Inland all was untrodden and unguessed.

Avalon — a bit at the southeastern corner, almost cut off, and where most of the people have lived, to be near the fish — is rocky, indeed. The eye accustomed to softer scenes finds something of startling beauty in its bold, hard outlines against the sky. It has been the home of hardy, faithful, kindly people.

Among these lies the scene of our story.



CHAPTER I.

A RARE INTRUDER.

THIRTY years ago, or longer, one bright day in August, the Church missionary, the Reverend Arthur Wellon, left his house in Peterport, with strong step, and swinging his cane; a stoutly-built Englishman, of good height, not very handsome, but open, kindly, intelligent, and reverend-looking; in dress just grave enough and just enough unlike other gentlemen to mark his office to those who would not know it from his face. He is the central person, though not the chief actor, in our story. This is what was thought of him:

He was a frank and kindly man; straightforward, honest, and, in a rather homely way, a little humorous. He had seen something of the world, in living thirty years, and to good purpose; had a mind large enough (because it opened into his heart) to take in more things than the mere habits of his order or his social rank; and while he loved, heartily, the faith and services of the Church, he had that common sense without which English folk would never have got and kept our Common Prayer. He was a good scholar, too, as well as a good parish priest. "The Pareson," his people called him.

When near his gate, without turning, he called, with mock sternness, "Epictetus!" — A dog's black head

rubbed his hand softly; and he patted and stroked it. As they went down the harbor he broke forth, now and then, in a cheery snatch of (not profane) song.

The first turn in the road brought him in sight of two persons walking in company in advance of him,—a gentleman of about his own age, and looking like a clergyman, and a tall, large, strongly-moulded fisherman of some sixty years. The former seemed to be listening, rather than talking, while his companion spoke earnestly, as appeared from his homely gestures.

On the hill-top, near Beachy Cove, (named from its strip of sand and shingle edging the shore,) they stood still; and Mr. Wellon, who was not far behind them, could scarcely help hearing what was said. The fisherman still spoke; his voice and manner having the gentleness and modesty almost of a child. On one arm was hanging a coil of small rope; and in the hand he held, with a carefulness that never forsook him, a bright-colored seaweed. The gentleman listened to him as if he had the honeyed speech of Nestor. It was some story of the sea, apparently, that he was telling, or commenting upon.

Our pastor looked curiously toward the group, as they stood, not noticing him; and then, after a momentary hesitation, went across a little open green, and into the enclosure of a plain, modest-looking house, about which creepers and shrubs and flowers, here and there, showed taste and will more than common. Epictetus, having loitered his little while near the talkers, came — a noble great black fellow — to his master, here, and waited at his side, as he stood before the door, after knocking.

The parting words of the stranger, thanking his companion for his society in their walk, and of the stout fisher-

man turning meekly back the thanks, came through the still air, across from where they stood.

"It was very good of 'ee, sir," said the latter, "to come along wi' me, and hear my poor talk.—I wish 'ee a very good mornin, sir, an' I'll carry this bit of a thing to my maid,* please God. One o' the neighbors sen'd it. She makes a many bright things o' such."

When he had done speaking, his strong steps were heard as he went on his way, alone; for the whole scene was as it had been for hours, still and quiet, as if, in going to their fishing, the people had left no life behind them. There had been scarce a moving thing, (if the eye sought one,) save a light reek from a chimney, (a fairer thing, as it floated over the poor man's dwelling, than ducal or royal banner,) and a lone white summer-cloud, low over the earth; where the wind, taking holiday elsewhere, left it to itself.

Finding that Mrs. Barrè, for whom he asked, had walked down the harbor with Miss Dare, Mr. Wellon went forth again, toward the road.

At the top of the hill, where he had stood with the fisherman, the stranger was still standing, now gazing over the water, toward the hills in the far southwest; a very striking and interesting looking person he was. It was impossible for a well-bred man to go by without salutation, and the dog loitered. The stranger returned Mr. Wellon's greeting gracefully, and came forward.

"This atmosphere becomes the scene extremely!" he said, as if sure of speaking to a kindred taste.

His way was very taking; and there was a realness (and no affectation) in his speech. He was fine, too, in face and person; with features full of life; a fresh hue; eyes of open blue, deep-lighted, and a broad glance.

* Maid is pronounced *myde*; bay, *bye*; play, *plye*; neighbor, *nye-
bor*, &c. Let the '*Chaucer Society*' mark this *lastingness*.

A sudden mermaid could hardly be more strange. Our lone pastor cast his eyes over the landscape.

The summer weather as, at its best, it is there, was beautiful. The eye did not seek shade, as in other countries; and it seemed almost as if the air were so bright that shadows did not fall. The waves came slowly breaking on the beach, or in great cool dashes against the rocks. One little clump of trees, spruces and firs, tame captives from the woods, stood on the rising ground, not far away. Rocks showed themselves on every side, breaking out through the soil, sometimes as ridges, sometimes in single masses; and beyond the low woods which could be seen a mile or two inland, great, bald, rounded, strange-looking heads of mountain-rocks.

"Yes, we've got our rough beauties, I suppose," said the Parson; "a good ocean, and a pretty show of rocks."

"Some handsome rocks, indeed," said the stranger; "those over on the other side of the Bay, for example, with their strong red, and green, and white, as if all the colors of grass, and leaves, and flowers, had been laid on a huge stone pallet, before painting the earth with them."

"Not many have ever been laid upon the land," said the Parson; "they all stayed upon the pallet; and an Indian tradition was, that Newfoundland was the heap of rubbish that the Great Maker threw into the sea, after He'd finished the neighboring continent."

"And yet," said the stranger, warmly, "Cormac, the first white man that ever crossed the Island, brings word that there's a great rich country there, like other great countries! — But — for beauty — sea and rock, alone, make plenty; give woods, besides, and sunshine, and shade, and passing clouds, and twilight, and night, and it's inexhaustible. — Then, too, if you look along such

cliffs (as on the other shore) you know that many a little bay turns in and is lost behind the great wall; and that there (you'll excuse my Virgil)

'Omnis ab alto

Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.' *

Does n't the very heart yearn after them, as if it might find sweet peace in those far still retreats?"

A glow came with a part of this speech, and a slight melancholy touched the last sentence.

After a short pause, our parson said:—

"You've a better eye than mine. I go up hill and down, into the coves and across the water, without thinking much more of sea and rock than as places for catching or drying cod."

"I don't think that," said the other. "Who can look at those mountains yonder coolly, knowing that one can float over their likes, at Wadham Islands, standing up thousands of feet in water, as these in air, and gaze down their dreadful sides, just as one can stare up at these. They'll be coming long distances, yet, to see Newfoundland!"

"Why! you know the country!" said the Parson. "May I say that at first I took you for a stray Church clergyman, and wondered how you got by my house?"

"No, I'm not," said the stranger, embarrassed; "but I ought to know the country; I grew up in it."

"Pray excuse me!" said our pastor. "Black cassocks are fewer here than 'white coats,' † and I jump at one."

"I ought to apologize for looking so," the other said. "I *am* a parson of my own sort.—May I walk with you? I'm for the Backside, wherever it is."

"I know every track," said the Peterport parson, "and will make you free of all for your company."

* Every wave from the deep Is broken, and fritters itself into far inlets.

† Young seals.

This hearty speech the stranger met heartily.

"Just now," he said presently, "a planter interested me greatly. He really has a most touching way of telling a story, and draws a moral wonderfully."

"Yes," said the fisherman's pastor, "George Barbury." The stranger, with surprising interest, went on:—

"He was giving me an account of the wreck of one James Emerson, which you, very likely, know all about: (I can't tell it as he told it me, but) 'the man was going to run his boat into a passage between a reef and the shore, where nothing could save him scarcely from destruction; all his worldly wealth was in her, and his son; the people on land shouted and shrieked to him through the gale, that he'd be lost (and he knew the danger as well as they did); suddenly he changed his mind and went about, just grazing upon the very edge of ruin, and got safe off';—then, when all was plain sailing, ran his boat upon a rock, made a total wreck of her and all that was in her, and he and his son were barely rescued and brought to life.' After telling that, with the simplest touches of language, he gave me his moral, in this way: 'Ee see, sir, 'e tempted God, agoun out o' the plain, right w'y; an' so, when 'e'd agot back to the w'y, agen, an' thowt 'twas all easy, then God let un go down, and brought un up again, athout e'er a thing belonging to un but 'e's life and 'e's son's.'—That moral was wonderfully drawn!"

While he was speaking and Mr. Wellon listening, they had stopped in their walk. As they moved on again, the latter said:—

"Ay, the people all count him more than a common man. He's poor, now, and hasn't schooner or boat, and yet everybody gives him his title, 'Skipper George,' as they would the king."

His companion spoke again, earnestly :—

“ Few men would have drawn that moral, though all its wisdom is only seeing simply ; indeed, most men would never have drawn any ; but undoubtedly, Skipper George’s interpretation is the true one, ‘ *God let him go down,*’ and not for coming back, but for having gone astray.—*He saved his life.* It was not easy to draw that moral : it would have been easy to say the man might better have kept on, while he was about it.”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Wellon, “ that repentance, coming across, would throw common minds off the scent ; George Barbury isn’t so easily turned aside.”

The stranger continued, with the same earnestness as before, as if full of deep, strong thought :—

“ It was the FATE of the old Drama ; and he followed it as unerringly as the Greek tragedist. It needs a clear eye to see how it comes continually into our lives.”

“ Skipper George would never think of any Fate but the Will of God,” said his pastor, a little drily, on his behalf.

“ I mean no other,” said his companion. “ The Fate of the Tragedists—seen and interpreted by a Christian—is Skipper George’s moral. There might have been a more tragical illustration ; but the rule of interpretation is the same. Emerson’s wreck was a special providence ; but who will try to wrench apart the link of iron that this downright reasoner has welded between it and the wilfulness that went before ? The experience of paganism and the Revelation of God speak to the same purpose. Horace’s

‘ *Raro antecedentem scelestum, Deseruit—Pœna,*’ *

and the Psalmist’s words (in the English translation), ‘ *Evil shall hunt the wicked person, to overthrow him,*’

* HOR. O. III. 2. Rarely has Penalty [with limping foot] let off the guilty one ahead.

come very near together. To see the illustration clearly, in a special case; to assign the consequence, as in this case, to its true antecedent—not the near, but the remote—is rare wisdom!”

“Oh! yes,” said Mr. Wellon, “only I keep to the old terms: ‘providence,’ ‘special providence,’ ‘visitation,’ and so on. It’s good that Skipper George isn’t a man to be jealous of, or your admiration might move me.”

The stranger smiled. As there was often to be noticed in his voice something like an habitual sadness, and as there lay sadness, or something very like it, in his eye, so his smile was not quite without it.

Not answering, unless by the smile, he asked,

“Is his daughter like him?”

“She’s a marvel; only, one who knows her does not marvel: every thing seems natural and easy to her. I ought to inquire whether you’ve any designs upon the family?”

“Not of proselyting. Oh! no: none of any sort whatever. I had heard of them from one who did not like them, and now I’m correcting the impression.”

As they passed the church, in their walk, the stranger-clergyman bestowed upon it a sufficient degree of polite attention to satisfy all reasonable requirements (for a parson with his church is like a sailor with his ship); and they went on, talking together.

Often, as the conversation grew animated, they stood still, and sometimes were interrupted by a passing colloquy between the pastor and members of his flock. They talked of many things and lands; and the stranger’s language made the readiest and most fitting dress for his thoughts. If he spoke of woods,—such as bristle this land, or overhang the sultry tropics,—his words seemed

to rustle with leaves, or to smell of the freshness of the forest, or to flicker in light, and fleck the earth with glowing shade. The waves swelled and sparkled in his speech, and there was such a wealth of illustration, that the figures with which he set off what was thought and spoken of seemed to light down in bright plumage to his hand continually, as he wanted them. Imagination, which is the power of embodying things of spirit, and spiritualizing and giving life to material things, he was full of. The slight sadness, and a slight now-and-then withdrawal of manner, implied that he was not altogether taken up in what he spoke or heard.

They passed, without remembering, the first and chief path leading to the Backside, and then, lower down, the second; and, when they recalled the oversight, Mr. Welton turned back with his companion and put him in the best way, and they parted with mutual pleasant words. Epictetus put himself forward for a share in this demonstration, and was caressed in turn.

"This old fellow is friendly," said his new acquaintance; "perhaps we shall know one another better, some day."



CHAPTER II.

MRS. BARRÈ AND MISS FANNY DARE.

THE English priest, when alone, walked fast; but he had walked for half a mile down the winding road before the fluttering garments of the ladies were in sight, as they lingered for the loiterings of a little girl. He overtook them at a place where the hill is high, at one side of the way, and goes down, on the other, steep and broken, to the water; and where, at every turn, there is a new and pretty outlook upon the harbor, or the bay, or the picturesque coves along the road.

Mrs. Barrè first heard his footsteps, and turned round with a nervous haste. Sadness, and thought, and strength, and womanly gentleness, mingled in her great dark eyes, and pale face, and made her very striking and interesting in appearance—an effect which was increased by her more than common height. No one, almost, could look once upon her, and be satisfied with looking once.

Miss Fanny Dare was both handsome and elegant—rather paler than the standard of English beauty, but a fit subject for one of those French "*Études à deux crayons*," if it could only have done justice to the life of her fine features and glancing eye, and wavy chestnut hair.

Little Mary Barrè, a sweet child, threw her arm, like

a yoke, around the great dog's neck, where it was almost hidden in the long black locks.

The pastor, like one used to feel with others, spoke to the widowed Mrs. Barrè softly and slowly, and mostly in the Lord's own words, of her fair boy, lately dead, and of her greater loss, not long ago, and of the hope that is in Christ.

Miss Dare led her two livelier companions on, leaving our priest and Mrs. Barrè to walk more slowly; and the gentle wind on shore, and the silent little waves in the water, going the same way, seemed bearing them company. The child's voice was the only sound that went forth freely into the wide air.

As the two slower walkers came near, Miss Dare invited them, by a single gesture, to look from the spot where she had been standing.

The place was like a balcony; in front one could see down the shore of the harbor along the sea-face of Whitmonday Hill, and over more than one little settlement; and out in the bay to Belle-Isle and the South Shore, and down towards Cape St. Francis. It was to a nearer prospect that she pointed.

"Isn't she a dear thing?" she asked, after allowing them a moment to see the sight, which, as it has to do with our story, our reader shall see, by-and-by.

"Lucy Barbury and little Janie!" said their pastor, looking genially down. "Yes; if any thing can make good Skipper George's loss, his daughter may." Mrs. Barrè moved a little further on, after looking down, and stood apart.

"Don't let her see us," said the young lady eagerly, "or it will break up my scene; but must n't we get the school for her, and have her teaching, as she deserves? I want her off my hands, before she knows more than I

do. As for the schoolmaster and mistress, poor things, I fancy they look upon her performances in learning much as the hen did upon the duck's taking to the water, when she was showing him how to walk."

"I should be very glad of it," said Mr. Wellon, "when she's old enough."

"Ah! Mr. Wellon; her head's old enough inside, if not outside; and what are you to do with her in two or three years' waiting? Besides, I want to see it, and I probably shan't be here by that time." (A graver expression came near occupying her face at these words. She kept it out, and went on speaking.) "You must put the Smallgroves into the Newfoundland Society's school at Indian Point, and we'll support our own here, and she shall teach it." The worthy priest smiled.

"How would she take on the gravity and authority of it?" said he.

"Admirably; I've seen her at it. I caught her, one day, with her singing class, out behind the school-house, on that stony ground: about twenty children, of all sizes, *so big*, and *so big*, and *so big*," (graduating, with her hand, in the air,) "practising just like so many little regimental drummer-boys, but all with their hands behind them. Lucy's back was towards me, and of course the scholars' faces; and so forty eyes swung right round towards me, and one little body wriggled, and an older girl simpered, and Lucy knew that there must be a looker-on; but, like a little disciplinarian, she brought them all straight with a motion or two of her hand, and then turned round and blushed all over at my formidable presence, as if it had been his Reverence, the Parson, or her Majesty, the Queen."

"Well, we must see what we can do about it," said the

Parson, looking down again over the cliff. "And what's this about young Urston?"

"And what makes you think of young Urston, just now, Mr. Wellon?" asked Miss Dare, reflecting, archly, the smile with which the good man had uttered his question. Then, without waiting for an answer, she continued:—

"I believe the Romish priests, at Bay-Harbor, have a fancy that Lucy is our sly Church-emissary, assailing popery in one of its weak points,—the heart of the young candidate for their priesthood.—I don't speak by authority," she added, "I don't think it ever came into her head."

"Assailing Popery, in his person?—Nor I!" answered the Parson sententiously, and with his cane unsettling a small stone, which rattled down the precipice and took a new place on a patch of green earth below. Little Mary was cautioning her four-footed friend not to fall over the cliffs and kill himself, because he pricked up his ears and watched the falling stone to the bottom.

"No; nor assailing James Urston;" said Miss Dare, smiling again; taking, at the same time, the child's hand into her own. The parson also smiled, as he answered:—

"Well, if it hasn't come into her *head*, it's one thing, certainly;—though the head is not the only womanly organ that plots, I believe.—But seriously, I hope that girl's happiness will never be involved with any of them; very seldom any good comes of it."

"You put *him* quite out of the case, as if it were not possible that his happiness could be involved, or as if it were not worth considering. He's said to be a fine young fellow," said the young lady.

"But, as you said, he's not only a Roman Catholic, but a candidate for that priesthood."

"No! I'm told the complaint is, that he's given up all thoughts of the priesthood."

"That leaves him a Roman Catholic," then said her pastor, like a mathematician.

"And a Roman Catholic can be converted," rejoined Miss Dare.

"In a case of that sort it must be made sure, beforehand;—if there is any such case,"—he answered.

A sigh or motion of Mrs. Barrè, drew their attention to her. She was still standing apart, as if to give freedom to the conversation, in which she took no share; but she looked much agitated.—Miss Dare proposed to her that they should go home; but she declined. Her friend turned to a new subject.

"Have you heard of the American that intends setting himself up in Peterport?" she asked.

"No, I haven't;" answered Mr. Wellon, again looking down from his height, and busy with his cane: "in what capacity?"

"Oh! in a multifarious character,—chiefly as a trader, I think, but with a magic lantern, or some such thing, in reserve, to turn lecturer with, on occasion."

"No; I hadn't heard of him; but I'm not sure that I haven't escorted in another new-comer that bodes less good. You know we're to have a Romish priest here; I've just walked down with a clergyman of some sort, and very likely, the very man. He isn't altogether like it; but I can't think what else he is. He reminded me, too, of some one; I can't think whom."

"What sort of person is he, Mr. Wellon? I never saw one of his kind," said Miss Dare.

"Very handsome; very elegant; very interesting: with one of the most wonderful tongues I ever heard.—I shall

have to look to my flock:—*especially those members of it that feel a friendly interest in Roman Catholics*: Eh, Miss Fanny?”

“Yes, it *is* he!” said Mrs. Barrè;—“that is Father Debree.”

She was apparently endeavouring to keep down a very strong excitement.

Her two companions turned in surprise; Fanny Dare’s lips being just on the point of speaking.

“Why! Do you know him?” asked the clergyman.

“Yes;” she said.—She was very much agitated. Before either of her companions spoke, she added, “We’re nearly related; but religion has separated us.”

The Parson and Miss Dare may, in their minds, have connected her own recent coming with that of the Romish priest.—There was an embarrassed pause. Mrs. Barrè spoke again:—

“I must go home, I believe,” she said, “I haven’t learned not to yield to my feelings, in spite of all my schooling.” She called her child to her, and hurriedly took leave. Miss Dare did not stay.

The two ladies walked up the road, with little Mary; the child persuading her shaggy friend to go a few steps in her company. Mr. Wellon continued his walk; and the dog, slipping his head out from under Mary’s arm, turned and trotted dignifiedly after his master.

CHAPTER III.

A PRETTY SCENE AND ITS BREAKING-UP.

THIS Whitmonday Hill, in Peterport, of which mention was made in the last chapter, is, on its travelled face, steep enough for a practised beast (if there were such in Peterport) to slide down, and on the water side, stands up three hundred feet and more of almost sheer precipice—gravel, and rock, and patches of dry grass. On that side, at the bottom, it has an edging of rounded detached rocks, with here and there among them a bit of gravel that has fallen down and lodged. This edging stretches along as debatable ground between the hill and the sea, to Daughter's Dock, (the little cove where a "Seventh Daughter" lives,) and, when the water is high, is plashed and played with by the waves, as on this summer's afternoon on which we bring the reader to it.

With a fine breeze in from the eastward, and the bright sun shining from half way down the sky, the waters came in glad crowds, up the harbor, and ran races along the cliffs. Here and there a little in-coming sail was rising and falling smoothly and silently, as the loaded punt floated before the wind.

The scene, to a sympathetic eye, was a pretty one of home life; but the prettiest part of it was on the water-edge of Whitmonday Hill. At the upper end of it

(speaking harbor-wise, and meaning *towards the inner part of the harbor*) stood a little stage—a rude house for heading and splitting and salting fish—whose open doorway showed an inviting shade, of which the moral effect was heightened by the sylvan nature of the house itself, made up as it was of boughs of fir, though withered and red. A fisherman and his wife had just taken in the catch of fish from a punt at the stage's ladder, and a pretty girl, of some seventeen years, was towing the unloaded boat along beside the hill, by a rope laid over her shoulder, while a little thing of four or five years old, on board, was tugging with an oar at the stern, to keep the boat's head off shore.

The older girl was one whose beauty is not of any classic kind, and yet is beauty, being of a young life, healthy and strong, but quiet and deep, to which features and form give thorough expression and obedience. She had a swelling, springy shape, dark, glancing eyes, cheeks glowing with quick blood, (the figure and glance and glowing cheek all at their best with exercise,) while masses of jetty hair were lifted and let fall by the wind from below the cap, which she wore like all girls in her country. Her dress was different from the common only in the tastefulness that belongs to such a person, and had now a grace more than ever, as it waved and fluttered in the wind and partook of the life of the wearer. She wore a frock of dark blue, caught up a little in front, and showing a white woollen petticoat; a kerchief of pretty colors was tied very becomingly over her bosom, and a bright red ribbon along the front of her cap lay among her black hair. Her shoes and stockings were rolled up in her apron, while her blue-veined feet—not large nor small, but smooth and well-shaped—clung to the uneven

surfaces of the rocks, and strained upon them, as she walked against the wind and sprang from one rock to another; and they dipped now and then in the water, as the little waves splashed up. Over all, both face and figure, was a grace of innocent, modest maidenhood.

Nothing could be prettier or more picturesque than this little group. The elder girl, who dragged the boat, skirted the edge of the water with the lightness of one of those little beach birds, that, with a shadow and a reflection in the moist sand running along beside it, alternately follows and retreats from the retreating and advancing waves; and the little navigator, towards whom her sister continually turned, had her plump little legs, in their wrinkled yarn stockings, and her well-shod feet set apart to keep her balance, while her head was tightly covered in a white cap, and a kerchief with a silk fringe went round her neck and down the back of her serge gown, so that one could not but smile at her and her work. At intervals she prattled, and for longer intervals she worked with all earnest gravity in silence.

There was another beauty about these girls to those who knew them, as will appear in its time.

Splash! went the water against the bow, spattering every thing, and among other things, the little white-capped head and silk kerchief and serge gown of the sculler at the stern. Anon a wave came up from beneath the keel, and, thrusting a sudden shoulder under the blade of her oar, would lift it up out of the scull-hole in spite of her, and be off. Then she would grasp her weapon womanfully, and get it under her arm, and lay it laboriously into its place again. In England one may see the father's horse going to stable with a young child on its back and another walking beside. Here they were

taking the punt to a snug place, where she was to be hauled up for the night.

“ Pull! Pull!
For a good cap-full
Out of the great deep sea, Oh!”

cried the maiden in a mellow, musical voice, (evidently for the little one, for she herself had her own thoughts, no doubt;) and as the great deep sea illustrated the song, practically, the latter repeated, laughing, (with a somewhat staid and moderate merriment,) and in the broken speech of a child, working very hard,

“ Oh! what a good cap-full
Out of 'n g'eat deep seeo!”

and she was very near losing her oar again.

As they came on in this way, the elder sister helping and sharing the child's laborious frolic, and at the moment looking back, a dark, winged thing flew across the path.

“ Oh! my s'awl, Lucy!” exclaimed the little one in a hopeless voice, but tugging, nevertheless, at her oar, while she looked up sadly to where the black kerchief with the silk fringe which she claimed as a shawl had been whirled by the wind, and had caught and fastened upon the prickly leaves of a juniper bush, that alone of all trees occupied the steep.

“ My pooty s'awl you gave me!” she cried again, working harder than ever at the oar.

“ I'm sorry, Janie,” said her sister; “ we'll get it again, I think;” but as they looked up, the hill was a sheer steep, and the gravel very loose.

Poor little Janie, with her distracted thoughts, and without the draught of the rope, which Lucy held slack-

ened as she lingered over the mishap, could not keep the boat off, and it came ashore. The elder sister came up to comfort her.

“Janie, shall I shove you out again?” she asked, “or shall I jump in and scull you round?”

Before the little girl could answer, the scene which they had had so much to themselves was broken in upon.

“Look out, man!” was shouted in a sharp, quick tone from above.

“Why, James!” exclaimed Lucy, looking up the loose-gravelled precipice. There stood, at the moment, far up, a young man poised upon it, while an older one leaned over the upper edge. The loose gravel came rattling down to the pathway of rocks over which the maiden had been walking.

“Jump wide, if you must!” the man at the top called out again, in the clear, quick way of men accustomed to shipboard work.

In an instant the elder sister shoved the boat forth toward the clear water, and sprang into it, leaving Janie’s oar, which had floated away; got the other into the scull-hole, and worked the punt out from the shore.

The waves came playing, up to the rocks that edged the precipice’s foot, waiting for the young man who had no way to go but downward; and who, though we have been long, had not been able to stand still an instant.

Down he came, like an avalanche; the cheaty gravel giving way from his feet; all the on-lookers breathless, above and below; the cold waves frolicking on the surface of the deep sea;—but the young man did not give himself up to the usual fortune of heroines or heroes.

With a strong will he conquered what could almost be called a fall, (so steep was the precipice down which he

came,) and controlled it as if he had been winged. He went down aslant, the gravel rattling down at every slight touch of his foot on the face of the steep, and ere one could tell how, he was three hundred yards away, at the edge of the water on the little beach beyond the great hill. Before he reached the rocks at the further end he had checked himself, and not even the shallow waters on the sand had so much as touched his feet.

"Well done!" said the man—a fisherman very shabbily dressed—who was still standing at the top against the sky. He saw the danger at an end, and then, turning, went away. Now, therefore, the scene without the danger had only beauty in it. The waves ran away from the wind, sparkling in the sunlight; a little sail was flitting over the farther water; and the maiden, whose glancing eye had followed the young man's giddy run, had a new color in her cheek. She had waited among the crowd of mischievous waves at a few fathoms' length from the shore, and now that it was clear that he needed no help, she turned again her little vessel toward the land. Midway to the rocks floated a straw hat, half-sunk, which the wind had snatched from the young man's head as he came down, and thrown there.

"Min'ter's dog!" cried little Janie, attracted now by the approach of the great black fellow panting over the wave-tops, his long black hair floating wide. The young man who had just taken the wondrous flight had now seated himself, flushed and panting, on one of the rocks. As the dog neared the hat, Lucy was too quick for him, and drew it, dripping, into the boat.

"I'll leave the oar for him," she said; and the brave brute, having turned up a kindly face to her, made for the floating oar, and, seizing it by the hand-part, bore up

with it against both wind and tide toward the little beach. That was the place, also, of the punt's destination, toward which it was now urged gracefully by the maiden who stood sideways in it, as men stand at sculling, and looked forward with bright eye and lips apart and flowing hair.

A company of neighbors had gathered hastily at the beach, four or five in number, and near them stood the pastor; and in all faces were excitement and curiosity. Before her boat touched the sand, Lucy seated herself upon a thwart and modestly put on her shoes. The performer of the late feat still sat apart, getting his breath again.

"I don't see the man that staid at the top of the hill," said the clergyman.

"'Twas Willum Ladford, sir; 'e 've gone away, seemunly. 'Ee know 'e's very quite, and keeps to 'issel, mostly," answered one of the women who were eagerly waiting for the explanation of the strange things that they had just seen.

"Did 'e push un off, do 'ee think, Prude?" inquired one of the most eager.

"Oh, no! what would 'e push un for? Will Ladford's too sober for pl'y, an 'e's too paceable for mischief."

The short colloquy was deserted hurriedly, as the boat came sliding up the beach, and its fair sailor leaped blushing from its gunwale to the sand. Lucy, first curtseying to the pastor, was bearing the trophy rescued from the water, to its owner, when little Janie was instantly beset by two or three of the most enthusiastic inquirers after truth, who questioned her, half aside, and half with a view to being overheard.

"Where did Mr. Urston come from, Janie?"—"What was 'e down there, fust gown off?"—"What made un go

down?" were the assaults of three several female minds at the subject. Little Janie was bewildered.

"He couldn't keep his footing," said Lucy, hearing and answering, although she had no more information than the questioners might have had;—a circumstance that perhaps did not occur to her.

"The road's wide enough to walk on, atwout atumblin' over, is n' 'e?" said one of the questioners, in a kind of side-speculation, with a good-natured laugh and pleasant voice.

"But I don't think he tumbled over the top," ventured Lucy, again, who saw the absurdity of his not being able to keep his footing on a highway whose width reached the stately dimension of ten (at least, eight) feet, statute measure, and kindly wished to protect his reputation from a charge of such preposterous clumsiness.

The questioner had been longer in the world than our young maiden; and she advanced with her next question, in this way:—

"Oh! 'e was n' walkin' on the road, was 'e? but pleasurin' down t' e side;" and she looked up the great outline of the hill, as loose and gravelly as a freshly-made glacia, but steeper than a Dutch roof. The allusion threw the company of women (who followed, at the same time, the direction of her eyes) into a sudden laugh; Lucy, also, laughed innocently, and looked abashed; and Mr. Wellon, who had not yet resumed his walk, smiled with them.

This last effect of her wit was not unobserved by the speaker, who turned again to her charge, with new spirit, addressing the neighbor-women:—

"What do 'ee think 'e sid,* to make un be in such a tarrible hurry to git down? Do 'ee think, mubbe, it was

* saw.

a fish e sid? Could n' 'ave abin he know'd e'er a body was a walkun down on the rocks?"

But like the mouse who gnawed the toils in which the lion was inclosed, an unexpected deliverer came to Lucy's aid, just as, in pretty confusion, and blushing, she had turned to busy herself about her little sister, away from the embarrassment of this unexpected and hitherto undetected attack. Urston was just coming toward her from his resting-place upon the rock; but it was little Janie that brought the rescue.

"I think," said she, very gravely and sententiously, "e wanted to get my s'awl."

"You funny little maid!" cried her elder sister, laughing.

"And 'e falled down;" continued the little explorer of causes, to make her statement of the case complete.

"Janie's handkerchief blew up against the little tree on the hillside, and held fast," explained Lucy to the women, who had interrupted their raillery, and with their eyes sought further explanation;—"and so she thinks he was trying to get it," she continued, turning on him, as he came up, a look the brighter and prettier for her confusion, and with a tone as if she were near thinking that Janie's was the true explanation.

Urston did not look like a fisherman, though he wore the blue jacket and trowsers; and his eye had evidently been familiar with other things besides the way of the wind on the water, and the "lay" of the rocky land. At the moment, he still showed in his face the excitement of his late adventure, and breathed hard from the struggle by which he had conquered.

"Thank you," said he, looking as well as speaking, while he took his hat from the fair hand that bore it. "It wasn't my fault if I didn't get a good ducking, myself."

"Why, you came down with a swoop, like a sea-gull!" said Mr. Wellon, who was not far off; "how you ever managed to give yourself that turn in to the beach, I don't know.—Your crown ought to be made of something better than straw, for a feat like that."

"I suppose it's something, when you've made a blunder to get the better of it," said the young man, modestly.

"That's the way the best part of us is brought out, often," answered the Parson, drawing a moral, as men of his cloth will; "but if you always manage to tumble down as strongly and safely as you did just now, you can take good care of yourself in the world."

The maiden's bashful eye and cheek and mouth brightened and quickened, with a sweet unconsciousness, at this compliment; but there were other interested persons, who did not forget themselves.

"Did 'ee get my s'awl?" inquired little Janie, as the Parson walked away, to the road.

The young man smiled, and, putting his hand into his jacket-pocket, drew forth and spread before their eyes the missing treasure, and then returned it to its owner. She took it with joy (and, no doubt, thankfulness); but her countenance fell, as she remarked that "it was all full of prickles!"

Some one of the women made (in an undertone, which could be heard at some distance) her comment, thus:—

"It's my thought ef Janie had n' 'ad a sister, 'e wouldn' ha' doned it."

At or about the utterance of this speech, Luey withdrew, with Janie, along the path which she had been traversing a short time before.

At the same instant, the dog, having brought his charge

safe to land and carried it up high and dry upon the beach, and left it there, came back to perform his toilet where he could have the society and receive the congratulations of his friends. He took his position near the last speaker, and, with special precision, spattered her all over, from head to foot. Those in her neighborhood did not quite escape; and the gathering dispersed, with good-natured and rather noisy precipitation.

Epictetus, for his part, went off, also, in search of the good man, his master.

While Urston busied himself with the boat, two women, walking away more deliberately than the rest, said, one to another:

“Ef ’e wants to go a-courtun e’er a maid in Peterport, ’e might jes so well look a’ to’ther side o’ the house, to my thinkin’.”

“Ay, as come after Skipper Georgie’s da’ghter,” said her neighbor.

Young Urston’s case was this: his father, born and bred a gentleman, (as was said, and as seemed entirely likely,) had, as others like him have done, come, young, to Newfoundland, and become a planter. He had married a pretty woman, half-sister of Skipper George’s wife, but owing to difference of religion, (the Urstons being Roman Catholics,) the two families had had little intercourse.

The boy grew with finer instincts and quicker faculties than common; taking, it seemed, from both parents; for the mother, also, was not only a fair Irishwoman, but one of feeling and spirit. She died early; and, while she was dying, commended the fostering of her child to an attached servant; and the two parents devoted him, if he lived, to the priesthood.

So, at the age of twelve or thirteen years, Father O'Toole had taken him into his own house, made him at first an altar-boy, taught him as well as he could, and loved him abundantly. He had no difficulty in keeping the boy's mind up to his demands; but after some time, (it must be owned,) it would have required an effort which Father Terence would not make, to keep it down to his limits; for the boy was a very active fellow, in mind and body; and when he had gone through all his spiritual and religious exercises, and when he had wrought out all the work that his director could put before him, must, of course, do something. By way of vent, the good father connived at his reading any solid-looking books which he could borrow from friendly gentlemen in Bay-Harbor (and the youth did not fancy any thing lighter than history); Father Terence, also, did not trouble himself about his pupil's sipping off, in a blue jacket, to go out upon the water:—an indulgence understood to be an occasional relaxation for the mind.

His own father refreshed the learning of other years, for his son's sake, and taught him as he had opportunity. At seventeen years of age, the young candidate was to have gone to France and Rome, to finish his preparation; but he was now a year and a half beyond that age; for, just as he came to it, a new priest, whose learning and abilities were very highly spoken of, replaced the assistant in the Mission at Bay-Harbor, and, getting a good many things into his hands, got this young man away from Father Terence, under rule, with hard penances. Suddenly, Father Nicholas went up to St. Johns; was away, from month to month, for many months;—and, at last, young Urston withdrew, and said "he should stay away."

CHAPTER IV.

A WALK AND THE END OF IT.

IT was a delightful day, soon after, when Miss Dare, who was as much with Mrs. Barrè as at her Aunt's, Mrs. Worner's, where she was living, persuaded her friend to a walk; and, once out, they kept on, without turning or flagging, beyond sweep of road, hill, cove, pass in the rocks, the whole length of the harbor, to Mad Cove.

The two ladies did not talk much as they went, but they talked pleasantly, and what they said was chiefly of the beauty of the different views, which Fanny pointed out, on land and water,—and there are very many to be seen by an open eye, in walking down that harbor road.

The nearest house to the top of the slope in Mad Cove, was that of Widow Freney, a Roman Catholic, and one of Mrs. Barrè's pensioners; the next—a hovel at a little distance—was that of a man with the aristocratic name of Somerset, who was, in American phrase, the most “shiftless” fellow in the harbor.

The ladies knocked at Mrs. Freney's door, and the door swung open at the first touch.

The widow, however, seemed surprised at seeing them, and confused. The place had been tidied up; the children washed and brushed; and Mrs. Freney wore the best dress that had been given her, and a ceremonious

face. She asked the ladies to be seated, less urgently and profusely than her wont was, and answered with some embarrassment. One of her children was sick.—The ladies did not stay.

“Oh, mother!” exclaimed a child, who had opened the door to let them pass, “he’s here! the Praest’s here!”

Miss Dare was passing out, when, as the boy had just announced, a gentleman was on the point of entering. Seeing her, he silently lifted his hat and drew back.

When Mrs. Barrè came, he started in extreme astonishment, and was greatly—even violently—agitated. In a few moments, he so far recollected himself as to withdraw his astonished and agitated gaze from her, and turned away.

Mrs. Barrè’s look was full of the intensest feeling. Miss Dare watched the sudden and most unlooked-for scene in surprised and agitated silence; Mrs. Freney and her family in wondering bewilderment.

Mrs. Barrè spoke to the priest; her voice was broken, and tender, and moving.

“Shall I not have a word or look of recognition?” she said.

He turned about, and with a look of sad doubt, asked, gently, but very earnestly, “Are you a Catholic?”

She answered instantly, “Yes! as I always was, and never really ceased to be for a moment.”

Perhaps Miss Dare started, but a glance at him would have assured her that he was not satisfied. The doubt in his look had not grown less; the sadness kept its place.

“No more?” he asked again; “not what I believed when we took leave of one another? Not what you were in Lisbon?”

Mrs. Barrè, with a woman’s confidence and directness, turned to what must have been a common memory between them:—

“No more than what I was when I was a happy wife in Jamaica, and had a true and noble husband and two blessed children! No more, and the same!”

She did not weep, though she spoke with intense feeling. He seemed to feel almost more strongly. He put his hand upon his forehead, pressing both brows. Neither seemed to regard the presence of witnesses; yet when Miss Dare moved, as if to withdraw, the priest hastily begged her not to go away; and then to Mrs. Barrè, who stood looking fixedly upon him, he said sadly:—

“How can I, then, but say *farewell*?”

“How can you not hear, when I come asking?”

“No,” he answered, “I follow plain duty; and not unfeelingly, but most feelingly, must say *farewell*!” and he turned and walked away from the house, toward one of the knolls of rock and earth.

“Then I must wait!” she said, turning her look up toward the sky, which did not hide or change its face. Then Mrs. Barrè’s strength seemed giving way.

“Come back into the house and sit a moment,” said Miss Dare, who had her arm about her; “and Mrs. Freney, will you get a little water, please?”

Mrs. Barrè, though unable to speak, mutely resisted the invitation to go back into the house, but persisted in going, with tottering steps, up the hill toward the path, and still kept on, though almost sinking, for some rods farther,—until she had got within the pass through the rocks,—there she sank upon a stone.

“Thank you. Don’t be afraid for me,” she gasped; “I never faint.” Then resting her elbows on her knees, she covered her face with her hands, and so sat. “Oh! Fanny,” she said, “you saw that he was one very near to me, though so utterly separated!”

At the sound of a hasty step approaching, she started and looked forth. It was Mrs. Freney with a mug of water.

"Here's some drink he bid me bring 'ee ma'am," she said, courtesying; "an' sure I'm very proud to bring it to such a kind lady as y' are."

Mrs. Barrè thanked her, but declined the water; and the woman, expressing a hope "that she wouldn't be the worse of her walk," offered to procure a punt that she might be rowed back, "if she'd please to let her get it." This offer, like the other, was declined, with thanks.

The ladies walked back more silently than they had come, and more slowly, Mrs. Barrè resting more than once by the way, and looking hurriedly backward, often. At home she threw herself down, and lay long with her face buried. At length she rose, and wiping away her tears, said:—

"Ah Fanny, it isn't right that a bright, young spirit like yours should have so much to do with sorrow. Your day is not come yet."

"You don't know that," said her friend, smiling, and then turning away. "Perhaps that was the very thing that brought me to you."

Mrs. Barrè drew her to herself and kissed her. The tears were falling down Fanny's cheeks this time.

A sweet breath of summer air came through the open window.

"You brave, dear girl!" said the widowed lady, kissing her again.

"Never mind," said Fanny, shaking the tears away; "but will you let me be wise—though I haven't had much to do with Roman Catholics—and ask you not to ex-

pose yourself to this Romish priest, even if he's your own brother! Let him go, won't you? You can't do him any good, and he won't do you any."

"Nothing can make me a Roman Catholic!" said Mrs. Barrè, "and I can't help having to do with him. I wouldn't for all this world lose my chance!"

"Ah! but we think our own case different from others," said Miss Dare.

"If you knew what was past, Fanny, you'd trust me for what's to come, under God. If I come to too deep water, be sure I'll ask Mr. Wellon."



CHAPTER V.

A FEW MOMENTS OF TWO YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIVES.

TWO or three days passed before our young people, who separated at Whitmonday Hill, met again.

The night had been rainy; but the morning was delightful. An occasional cloud floated, like a hulk from last night's battle, across the sky; but the blue, where it appeared, was of the very bluest; and the air fittest for breathing and being glad in. The high, rocky walls of coast, the ridges and the far-off woods, were as fresh and clear as could be; the earth was cool and strong under foot, and one might feel the wish-wash of the water where he could not hear it.

Skipper George had part of his old father's garden, on the slope below the ridgy boundary of the little plain on which his own house stood, and Skipper George's daughter, like other maidens of the land, was early busy in it, full of the morning freshness and beauty of the day. A step drew near, and James Urston, coming to the fence, wished her "good morning," and lifted his hat, gracefully, as if he had had his schooling somewhere abroad.

"Oh, James!" said she looking up, with her face all glowing, "you hurt yourself the other day!"

"No. I've got over it before this; it was nothing." His face, too, had its fresh touch of brightness and spirit from the morning.

"It might have been something, though. You shouldn't have run the risk for such a trifle."

"There was no risk; and if there had been, it wasn't for little Janie only that I got the 'shawl!'"

Lucy's bright eyes perhaps looked brighter. "Are you going out on the water to-day?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Yes, To-day, and To-morrow, and To-morrow, I suppose; but I hope, not always!"

"Would you go to Bay-Harbor again?"

"Never on the old errand, Lucy; I can have a place in Worner, Grose & Co.'s house; I think Miss Dare must have spoken about it."

"Did you know," said Lucy, drawing nearer to the fence, and bashfully hesitating, "that she had spoken to the Parson about making me mistress in a school?" The maiden blushed, as she spoke, and very prettily.

"And he will; won't he?" said Urston, interestedly, but rather gravely.

"Oh! I don't know; he told me that he might be able to soon; but I don't think there's any place for me," she answered, busying herself with the garden.

"Yes; and more than that, by and by!" said he, decidedly.—A nice ear could have detected a little sadness in the tone with which he said these words of happy augury.

She looked hastily up.

"And some of these days *you'll* be a merchant!" she said.

"*Something*, please God; something, Lucy, that wants mind in it, I hope, and that one can put some heart in, too; something that will give one chances to think, and learn, after having once begun as I have."

"Oh, you'll go on learning, I'm sure," she said; "you know so much, and you're so fond of it."

The morning was fresh and clear, the water bright and living.

"You think a good deal of my knowing a little Latin; but only think of what other people know!—this very Father Nicholas at Bay-Harbor. *You* know ten times as much that's worth knowing as I do!"

"Oh! no," said the maiden, "it wasn't the Latin, only—"

"I know the 'Hours,' as they call them," he said, smiling, "and some of the 'Lives of Saints.'"

"Oh, no! all those books that the lawyer lent you."

"If it hadn't been for those, I should have been worse yet;—Father Terence hadn't many;—yes, I've read enough to want to know more;—but the pleasantest reading I ever had was reading your English Bible with you those two times."

"Was it, really?" the maiden asked, with a glad look, in her simplicity, and then she blushed a little.

"Yes; I've got every word of what we read, as if it were written in my mind deeper than ever those Northmen cut their words in the rock."

She was silent a moment, looking beautifully thoughtful out into the air; but then suddenly recalled herself, and said,—

"But they cut their words deeply, to stand till now, ages after, with the sun shining on them, and the storm beating against them, and the ice freezing over them, year after year,—if they are there, as people say."

"There are writings in the rock; but I don't know if there are any of the Northmen's. It doesn't matter much; no one sees or cares for them."

"Men oughtn't to forget them!" she said, with glistening eyes.

"Poor men!" said Urston, in his turn, "they hoped for something better! But hopes are happy things while we have them, and disappointed hope doesn't hurt dead men. It's the living that feel."

The young man said this as if he had begun a man's life, such as it is, most often. Perhaps he thought only of one disappointment, that at Bay-Harbor.

Lucy was busy again with the garden.

By and by she asked, "What do you think they wrote?"

"Perhaps only their names; perhaps the names of some other people that they cared for at home; and the time when they came."

"There may be grave-stones as old," Lucy said, "but this seems stranger, cut by strange men on a great cliff over the sea;—I should like to look for it."

"You know they say it's somewhere on the face of Mad-Head,"* said Urston; then looking towards the ridge, he said, "Here comes my father!" and wished her hastily "Good-bye!"

* So it is believed, in Peterport, of a certain cliff; and, very likely, in other places, of other rocks.



CHAPTER VI.

A WRITTEN ROCK, AND SOMETHING MORE.

MR. SMALLGROVE, not jealous, had invited Skipper George's daughter to come in, as often as she pleased, to the school; and generally contrived to make this something more than a compliment, by getting her occupied, when she came, with teaching the more advanced scholars, while Mrs. Smallgrove taught the younger, and he, with calm authority, presided.

This day Lucy Barbury had sought the scholastic hall, and there Miss Dare called for her, just as school hours were over.

The haunts of childhood have an attractiveness of their own about them, for those that were children once, and Miss Dare, as Lucy came bashfully out, pointed, with a silent smile, to the stain made upon the door-post by little hands holding against it while little feet were lifted to the height of the threshold; and read, with a smile, a legend traced with tar upon a bit of board which leaned against the school-house. It was a timely moral for the young votaries of science, indicted by one of themselves, inspired:—

“Yo that wool larn,
Don fall Estarn.”

“I'm going down to make some drawings,” she said,
“would you like to go, Miss Lucy Barbury?”

"Yes, if you please, Miss Dare; if you'd like me to. Are you going to Mad Cove?"

"No; I wasn't going to Mad Cove, but I will go, if you'd like it."

"I think that writing must be so strange, that they say the Northmen left on the Head ages ago."

"But why, out of all the ages, is it so interesting to-day?"

"I only heard to-day where it was. Do you think it is their writing, Miss Dare?"

"So it's thought; but it isn't always easy to make sure of such things. I saw an account of a stone dug up, the other day, in the United States somewhere; and an Indian scholar said that the letters were hieroglyphics, and meant that 'seven sons of the Black Cloud made three hundred of the Wolf's cubs to fall like leaves of the forest;' and a great Oriental scholar read it, 'Here the Brothers of the Pilgrim rested by the graves of the dead;' and he said it was a trace of the lost tribes of Israel; but a scholar in the Scandinavian languages, of Sweden and Denmark, said it was a relic of the Northmen, who went from those countries and discovered North America; and that it meant, 'In the rolling fields we make our home that used to have a home on the rolling waves.' And there it is, you see. This writing on our rock is also said to be by those Northmen."

"And it may be by Captain Cook, who set up the stones at Sandy-Harbor," said Lucy, smiling.

"Yes; it may be," said Miss Dare, assenting to the possibility suggested.

"But it may be by those men," said Lucy again, returning to the other possibility.

"Certainly," answered Miss Dare, assenting again; "and it may be by the Lost Tribes."

Luey kindled as if a spirit of the old time came over her. Her eyes swelled and brightened, and she grew pale.

"If it were, they ought not to leave it hanging out there over the sea; but I suppose they'd be afraid to move it," said she. "And if it were those Northern men had written there, I should almost be afraid to look at it so long after they were gone; it would be almost as if they had come back again to do it; but they did sometimes write simple little things like a man's name, didn't they, Miss Dare?"

"That's been a trick of the whole race of men in all ages; writing their own names and other people's," said Miss Dare, "on walls, and trees, and rocks."

It took them a good half-hour—though they walked well—to get to the mysterious rock, over Whitmonday Hill and by Frank's Cove and lesser neighborhoods; but pleasant talking about many a pleasant thing, and frequent greetings to the neighbors, as they passed, perhaps made the time short.

By and by they stood on Mad-Head; the fresh wind blowing in from the bay; the great waves rushing up and falling back far down below them; the boundless ocean opening forth, beyond Bacaloue Island; this cruel sea close at hand being of the same nature as that without, only a little tamed. They both stood, at first, without speaking. At length Miss Dare recalled the object of their visit, and said,—

"Now, Luey, use your eyes, please; and see which is this famous stone. I am rather impatient now we're so near it."

Lucy, too, was quite excited.

"This is the very rock, I think," said she; and she threw herself upon the ground, and holding by an up-standing point of the rock, and by its edge, leaned over, bodily, and looked down the hollowing face of the huge cliff. Steady as a girl of her life was, in eye and hand, she did this with the same composure with which she would have leaned over her father's fence. Miss Dare threw back her bonnet and let the wind do what it would with her hair, while she got down upon her knees and looked over also.

These two pairs of bright eyes had looked some time when they began to make out something like letters on the great grained and wrinkled and riven surface, and about an arm's length down, and yet so hidden by the over-browning of the rock, as not to be seen without stretching far over. Fearlessly, and full of interest, they leaned over in turn; each, also, in turn, holding the other.

"If it should be Greek or Hebrew, it will be too much for me: Roman, or old English, or German Text, I fancy we may make out," said Miss Dare. "Stay! I was reading upsidedown, like those inscriptions in the Desert. — I'll begin at my end;"—and she began drawing. "That looks as if it would come out like the old Black Letter, or German Text."

"James Urston might have read it if he'd only looked; he writes German Text beautifully, and knows all kinds of writing I suppose," said Lucy.

"Perhaps James Urston never heard of it," suggested Miss Dare.

"Oh! I forgot! he told me where they said it was, but I don't think he had seen it," said Lucy.

"Ah?—Well," Miss Dare continued, keeping to her

work, "if we turn that upside down it looks like '**L**,' certainly; doesn't it? We must allow a little for the difficulty of cutting, and a little for difference of writing, and a little for age. Why, if it all goes as well as this, we shall make a noise with it in the world. Now you get the next, please;—very likely a date!" added Miss Dare, in fine spirits. "There must have been a letter before it, but there's no trace of one now."

"Here are two out here by themselves, Miss Dare!" said Lucy, who had been looking over at another place, while the drawing was made, and who was excited with her discovery. "They're very plain: 'I-V.'"

"What can that be?" said Miss Dare. "Four? Four what? 'I-V.' it certainly is," she said, after taking her turn in looking over. "Well, we can't make any thing more of it just now. There are no other letters anywhere along. Let us go back to our first work."

The next letter they pronounced "**u**," after getting its likeness on the paper.

"That's no date," said Miss Dare again: "'u?'"—

"'o,'" suggested Lucy Barbury; "it may be a prayer."

"Well thought again! So it may be! Let's see,—what's the next?—'r!' Good! But stay: this'll take down the age of our inscription, mightily, if we make that English. That other letter's '**u**,' depend upon it. '**L= u=r=**'—some sort of Scandinavian name—and—'**p**!' '**Lury.**' That looks pretty well and sounds pretty well. Why, that's a grand old Norse name! '**Lury!**' It sounds like Ruric, the Russian conqueror, and '**FURY,**' and '**LURID.**' That's an old Viking."

"How strange!" said the pretty fisher's daughter, thoughtfully, "that one name, of all, should be there; and just the name makes us think of a particular man, and

how he looked, and care something about him—doesn't it? He was the commander, I suppose."

Miss Dare, full of eager discovery, was bending over, in her turn. It was slow work, stretching over, looking carefully, and copying a little at a time.

"We shall have more trouble about the next word," said she, "for that won't be a name; they only had one name in those days. It may be 'somebody's son,' though; yes, it may be a name."

"And, perhaps," said Lucy, smiling, (for they really had but a mere thread of conjecture to walk upon, across a boundless depth,) "perhaps this is no man's name. It may mean something."

"We haven't got that third letter exactly, after all," said Miss Dare, comparing and correcting. "It's 't,' not 'r.' It *doesn't* make a man's name now, certainly."

"There's a Saint Lucy in the Prayer-Book, I'm sur—," said her namesake. "I suppose they landed on her day, just as they did at St. John's, and St. George's, and St. Mary's, and the rest."

"This is a Lucy that hasn't been canonized yet, for there's nothing before her name; and I've got a key to the other, so that it doesn't give me as much trouble as I expected. I believe it *does* 'mean something.'"

Lucy Barbury leaned over the rock again in silence, but presently drew herself up as silently; and as Miss Dare looked at her with a smile, she said, (and no pencil could have given the prettiness of the blushing cheek, and drooping lid, and head half held up,)—

"I'm sure I don't know what it is."

"But I do," said Miss Dare: "'**B-a-r-b-u-r-y.**' That's more familiar than one of those hard old Norse names, isn't it? It seems to be a woman's name; but it

makes you 'think of a particular man,' perhaps, as you said, 'and how he looked, and care something about him?'"

"Oh! Miss Dare," said Lucy, quite overcome with confusion, "I didn't know it was there."

"Nor I; but since it's there, somebody put it there; and somebody that *understands German Text*. But I was only in fun, Lucy. Don't mind it. You didn't cut it."

Lucy would not have minded it, perhaps, if she had cut it herself.

"I'm afraid somebody 'll see it," she said.

There was, indeed, more than one body (female—and, indeed, an old man too,—) hastily getting up along the cliff's edge, looking over, all the way along. Few people were in the Cove at the time, and the greater part of the few had been busy; but still the long sitting, and above all, the strange doings up at Mad-Head, had not been unobserved, and at length it was impossible for the beholders to keep away.

"I don't believe they'll see it," said Miss Dare, as they came near, "and if they were to they wouldn't make much out of it; not many of the *women* understand German Text. There are those Roman letters, beyond, that could be made out more easily; but there again, unless they were pretty familiar with such things, they wouldn't be the wiser."

"I wonder what they mean," said Lucy, who, after the revelation of the Black Letter, might be glad of a safe subject for speculation.

"I fancy that they might be interpreted by one who 'understands all kinds of writing,'" said Miss Dare, with a smile,—but speaking so that the approaching neighbors

should not hear,—“but I and J used to be the same letter and so did V and U.”

Lucy blushed more deeply than ever at the intelligence that lurked in this sentence.

“Oh! don't tell them, Miss Dare, please,” said she.

“Did 'ee loss any thing, Miss?” said the foremost of the advancing inquirers.

“Yes; I'm afraid we've lost our time; haven't we, Lucy?”

“I thought, mubb'e 'ee may have alossed something down the rocks.”

“No; we were looking for the old writing, you know, that they say is cut in. Lucy here, had read about such things and she was very anxious to see one.”

As Miss Dare said this, she looked gravely at her companion, but that pretty maiden was, or seemed, altogether taken up, with the tie of one of her shoes.

“Did 'ee find 'un,” inquired another of the curious, as all their eyes wandered from one explorer to the other.

“No; we found some marks, but they don't look like old letters.—How do the fish go to-day?”

“They'm ruther sca'ce Miss, but the bait's plenty.”

As Miss Dare and her scholar went home, they said nothing more to each other of their discovery. The neighbors, dispersing slowly, wondered “what made young Lucy Barbury look so frustrated like,” and concluded that it was because of her not being “so sharp about they things as Miss Dare, and how could she?”

CHAPTER VII.

TRUE WORDS ARE SOMETIMES VERY HEAVY.

EARLY next morning, whoever passed along that part of the harbor, might have seen young Urston standing under the Cross-way-Flake, which covers with thick shade a part of the road beyond Merchants' Cove, and the approach to the old unpainted house, in which, with his youngest son and family, lived the patriarch of his name, old Isaac Barbury, and his old wife.

From where the young man stood, the fair blue heavens without, seemed like smooth walls rising about the earth, over the top of which inclosure had now begun to pour, and by and by would come in a flood, sweeping away the airy walls,—the fresh and glorious day.

Steps drew near, on the top of the flake, and the young man left his standing-place and went forth. It was a handsome woman, of middle age, who stood above, with some fish which she was preparing to spread, and whom he saluted respectfully, giving her the title of "Aunt."

She returned his salutation kindly, but distantly; and, as he lingered still in silence, addressed him again, while she continued her work.

She asked, "Have you given up being a priest, Mr. Urston?"

"Yes!" he answered, in a single word, looking before him, as it were along his coming life, like a quoit-caster,

to see how far the uttered word would strike ; then, turning to her, and in a lower voice, added, "I've left that, once and forever.—But why must I be so strange, that you call me 'Mr. Urston?'"

She looked at him searchingly, without speaking. He kept his eyes fixed upon her, as if expecting her to say more ; but as she turned to her work again in silence, he said—"I'm a fisherman, just now ; I may be something else, but it won't be a priest."

"James Urston !" she said, abruptly as before. "Do you know you're trifling with the very life?"

The young man started. "I don't understand," said he ; "do you blame me for not being a priest?"

No ; I'm glad of it : but what is there between you and my daughter Lucy?"

The young heart, as if it had been touched in its privacy, threw a quick rush of blood up into James Urston's face. "Nothing," he answered, much like a lover ; being confused by her suddenness.

"There ought to be nothing, and nothing there must be!—I've told her, and I tell you, Mr. James Urston, you must not meet any more."

"But why?" he asked, not recovered from his confusion.

"You can see, easily," said Mrs. Barbury. "I needn't tell you why."

Is there any thing so hard, or that goes in so deep, as air made into words?

"No, I don't see," he said. "I see how different she is from any one else."

How could he let himself see that wall, so suddenly built up, but so surely?—It *was* not, yesterday.

"I know she is," said the mother, "and I thank God

for it; He made her so: but her feelings are like other people's, only they may go deeper.—They can't be trifled with."

"How could I trifle with her?" he asked, warmly. "Trifling is not my character,—with man or woman!" There was a strength in this self-assertion, in which every feature took part with the voice, that must have impressed Mrs. Barbury.

"I believe you don't mean wrong," she said; "and that makes it easier to speak plain to you. I haven't language like yours, but I can say the truth. I'm her mother, and must answer to God for what care I take of her. It would be wrong for me to let you go on, and for you to go on, against my forbidding."

The young man's face was flushed. Happily, no one but Mrs. Barbury was near; and happily, and rather strangely, no one else was drawing near.

"If you forbid it, it's wrong; I don't know what else should make it wrong," he said.

"*Difference of religion*, James Urston," she said, slowly and gravely,—“as you must know yourself. I wouldn't be unkind; but it can't be helped.”—It was plain that she was thoroughly resolved.

He answered bitterly:—

"If you *don't* blame me for not being a priest, you'll take good care that I never come any further. There mightn't always be a difference of religion."

Mrs. Barbury looked steadily at him, and severely; she said:—

"I didn't think you'd given up being a priest for any woman—"

Urston did not restrain himself, but broke in upon her speech:—

"I *never* gave up the priesthood for any thing but conscience! because I must be a hypocrite, if I kept on. I can't believe evcry thing, like good old Father Terence; and I can't be a villain, like ——" (he did not give the name.)

She answered:—

"You speak quite another way, when you say that I ought to risk my daughter for the chance of making you a Protestant! I've no right to sell my daughter's soul!"

Again the young man took fire. "We needn't speak of trafficking in souls," he said, "I'm sure nothing would buy her's, and I wouldn't sell mine,—even for Lucy Barbury."

"Then do right!" said the simple reasoner who was talking with him. "You can't be any thing to each other!"

Gentle as her face and voice were, the sentence was not to be changed. It is not only in drowning, that the whole life past,—ay, and the future's hope,—meet in an instant's consciousness, as a drop reflects the firmament; for, in any crisis which has power to quicken every faculty to its utmost, all that is past comes with a sudden sadness, and all that might have been; while, at the same pulse, comes the feeling, that, between past and future, we are losing hold and slipping down, forever; quitting the results of what is gone, and the opportunity of what was to come. Whoever has had the experience of love discovered in his heart, only that it may be chased and killed, may know what Urston felt.

"You can't help what she *has been* to me," he said, sadly. "You can't take away the memory, at least. You can't take away noble thoughts she's given me. You *can* take away what might have been, yet,"—he added, bit-

terly, as well as sadly, "it's hard for a young man to have to look back for his happiness, instead of forward! I didn't think it was to be my case!"

No man living, and certainly no woman, could help feeling with him. Mrs. Barbury and he were still alone together. She spoke (and gently) :—

"Happiness isn't what we're to seek for; but it comes after doing what's right.—It isn't always easy to do right," she said.

"Not so easy as to tell others to do it," he answered, bitterly, still.

"And yet, it is to be done; and many have done as hard things," said Mrs. Barbury, "and even were the better for it, afterwards."

"When it takes away the very best of life, at the beginning"—. The young man gave way to his feelings for a moment, and his voice broke.

"We may live through it, and be the better for it," she said.

"Take away the best of life, and what is left?" he asked, with his broken voice, which had been so strong and manly only a little while before. "Or break the heart, and what's the man, afterwards?"

Mrs. Barbury's answer was ready, as if the question had come to her years ago.

"A 'broken heart' is the very thing that God asks for; and if it will do for Him, it may do for this world," she said. "I know what a woman can do, James, when she must, and I think a man should do as much."

"How do you know?" he asked. "Not by your own feeling!"

"Yes, by my own feeling!"

The young man looked up at the fair, kindly face,

which, in familiarity with the free air, had given away some of its softness, but had its wide, clear eye unchanged, and gentle mouth.

We, young, are often bewildered by a glimpse of the unpublished history of some one of our elders: (for the best of these are unwritten, and we sometimes catch a glance at them.)—Ah! covetousness, or low ambition, or earnest drudgery, as well as hatred of mankind, or madness, or too early death, has taken many a one that led another life, up to a certain time; and then it was broken off!

So, too, a happy peacefulness and quiet strength have taken place, like sunshine, and a new, green growth, in many a heart where the fierce tempest had laid waste. It may have been so with Skipper George's wife.

"You'd never know from the water, when it lays smooth in the sun," she said, presently, "what storms it had been in, outside.—I was as young as you or Luey, once."

She smiled, and it seemed almost as if her young self, fair and happy, came, at a call, up within her, and looked out at her eyes and glowed behind her cheek. Urston could not help listening.

"I was brought up in England, you know, from a child, in Mrs. Grose's family. I was a play-fellow with the children, and then maid.—One time, I found I was going to be wretched, if I didn't take care, for the sake of one that wasn't for me; and so I went into my room, and didn't come the first time I was called; but when I did, I was as strong as I am now."

"You weren't in love!" said Urston.

"I wasn't, *afterwards*: but I was much like you, before—only, I wasn't a man."

She was as calm and strong in telling her little story, as if it had not once touched her very life. So the boat swims, full-sailed and fearless, over the rock, on which, one day, at half-tide, it had struck.

"Not every one can go through, so easily," said the young man, moodily.

"James Urston!" said she, looking steadily in his face, "you're a man, and women's feelings are not the easiest to get over."

"Well, I can't stay here," said he, looking out seaward, as so many young lovers have done, before and since; some of whom have gone forth wanderers, according to their word, and helped to fill the breath of the Northeast Wind with this long wailing that we hear, and some of whom have overcome or been overcome by hard things at home.

"Take it manfully," said the woman, "and you'll conquer it."

He pressed his lips together, shook his head once, with a gesture of anguish, and then, straightening himself and throwing back his head, walked up the harbor.

*"Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Und geht Nichts Grosses dabei;
Doch wenn es eben passiert
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei."**

It's only an old, old story,
That there goes but little to make:
Yet to whomso it happens,
His heart in two must break.

So sings, most touchingly, the German poet, of love

* *Wefnc.*

with cruel scorn tossed back. He sang out of a heart that knew what was the dreadful crush, and dizzying, destroying backset of the life's flood, when its so many channels, torn from their fastenings in another's being, lie huddled upon themselves.

A little further up the road, there is on the left hand, where the hill goes down—rocky, and soddy, and stony—to the beach, a little stream, that loiters (as it leaves the bosom of the earth and comes out into the air,) just long enough to fill up a hollow with its clear, cool water, and then goes gurgling on its short way to the salt sea. There is no superstition in the regard the neighbors have for this spring; but everybody knows the place, and some have tender memories connected with it, from gatherings of lads and maids about it in the clear summer evenings. Har-pool, (or Hare-pool,) they call it.

If James had thought of this association, (perhaps he did,) it would have given another touch, still, to his sadness, to remind himself of it at the spot; but he crossed over, and went down to it, and, where the streamlet fell out of its basin, caught the cool water in his hand, and bathed his brow, and drank.

His side was toward the sun, that came along, as he does, in his strong way, not hindered by our unreadiness. The young man's shadow, long and large, was thrown upon the hill-side. Another shadow joined it. He turned hastily, and saw the old parish-clerk, Mr. Williamson coming. He went out into the road; met him, exchanging salutations; passed under the Crossway-Flake, and down the harbor.

CHAPTER VIII

SKIPPER GEORGE'S STORY.

ON the evening of that day, which had been beautiful to the end, Skipper George's daughter seemed more full of life than ever. In the last hour of daylight she had given her lesson to her little sister, who was no great proficient at learning, and who was, by degrees, (like some other children, with other words,) getting broken of making "c-o-d" spell "fish." She tripped across the even ground in front of the house, to meet her father, with a lighter step than usual, and was busier than ever within doors. When supper was over, and after the three-wicked lamp in the chimney was lighted, she read, out of a book that Miss Dare had lent her, a story of an ancient mariner, and his strange voyage; while the mother knitted a pair of woollen leggings for her husband, and the stout fisher sat upright, with Janie on his knee, sometimes looking at his daughter as she read, and sometimes looking, musingly, into the fire, where the round bake-pot stood, covered with its blazing "splits," and tinkled quietly to itself.

George Barbury was a large, strong-bodied man, more than six feet in height, with a broad chest, and every way a pattern of a stout, healthy fisherman. His rusty clothes, —jacket, and vest, and trowsers,—patched evenly and cleanly at the knees and elbows, had a manly look; so

had his shoes, with their twine-ties, and his strong, thick-ribbed stockings, and thick woollen shirt, and plain black kerchief round his neck; but, above all, that weather-beaten face of his, with grizzled whiskers half-way down, and the kind, simple eyes, that looked out over all at one, and the bald head, with grizzled, curling locks, of those that always look as if they never grew beyond a certain length and never needed cutting. All this great, massive head and kindly face were open now, for, in deference to the reading,* he sat uncovered. The little girl had listened, at first, with great interest, to the wondrous rhyme, but was soon asleep, with one arm stretched at length over her father's, with the little, busy hand at rest, having dropped the chip which, at first, had illustrated the story; one wing of her cap was pushed up from her chubby face, and one stout little leg was thrust forth, so as to show a shoe studded with nail-heads all around the sole.

The daughter, by natural gift of God and happy growth, was, in some ways, a different being from her parents. Much beauty of outward things, much beauty of inward thoughts, and an ideal world,—with its sky above, and earth and boundless sea below,—which lies in the mind of every speaking or mute poet, as the old Platonists supposed it to lie in the divine mind;—these things this girl saw, and her parents saw not; even her mother, only partly. In the vision of these, the daughter was beyond the one; apart from the other. But in how much more had she deep sympathy with them and kindred to them, because she had lost nothing while she had gained so much! All human hearts and minds that have not quenched that light of Christ “that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,” can know and feel truth,

* Their readings are generally from the Bible and Prayer-book.

heartiness, manliness, womanliness, childlikeness, at sight, much or a little; and the conscience which Lucy brought to judge of higher things and things farther, was the self-same that the rest of them applied to lower and near things. Some sentences of false religion she quietly changed in reading, and only spoke of them when all was done.

The fisherman approved the painting of the icebergs, and the bending over, and pitching and swaying of the ship, and the shaking of the sails, and the dropping down

"Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top,"

and the mother approved the moral that bade us love all things, both great and small, after that more than once the tears had come to her eyes as she sat knitting; and Lucy's voice, as gentle and musical, and clear as the gurgle of a brook that the rain has filled, would sometimes run fuller, and sometimes break, and sometimes cease to be heard for a while, and she would sit and gaze at the burning lamp or the fire, or up through the wide chimney at the starry sky; and they all thought that the words about the silent sea, and the wondrous harmonies made by the blessed spirits through the sailors' bodies, were exceeding beautiful. And after it was done, the father and mother, and the bright girl,—who had so many more, and so much fairer, fancies than they,—all agreed in this judgment: that no man had a right to bring false religion, or a lie against the honor of God, into poetry, any more than into the catechism.

"'Tis n' right to put in about 'Mary, Queen,' and the 'Mother of Heaven,'—for I suppose 'e was a larn'd man that could write what 'e woul', Lucy?" said the father, in a tone of regret; "'e should n' help the wrong, when

there's so many taken by it, and mubbe lost forever! We got no right to 'make mention o' they names within our lips,' as the psalm says."

The mother spoke, perhaps not less sadly, but more severely :

"Yes, child, it's just that part will do mischief;"—the mother had been a Roman Catholic, it will be remembered. "They can't go such a voyage, or see such sights, but they can call her queen, and pray to her."

"Yes, indeed," said the bright-eyed daughter. "It's all a wild thing, and one part no more true than another; but I think it might do mischief."

"And it's not well having much to do with Roman Catholics—with the ways they have now," continued the mother, more pointedly; while her daughter sat with a gaze fixed upon her face, and dropped her eyes when the mother looked up from her work.

"They'm not all bad," said Skipper George, "though they're all wrong in religion surely. Thou wasn't very bad, Mother," he continued, with a tender smile at his wife, "when thou was one o' them; though 'ee 're better sunce, that's a sure case. I walked a good piece wi' a pleasan'-lookin' gentleman, (much like a reverend gentleman 'e seemed,) an' so 'e said we musn' think they'm all bad."

At him, again, the daughter looked with a long, fixed gaze, holding her book upon her knees. Presently, the fisherman got up, and, laying down his little load at length upon the bench, went forth into the evening.

A full, round moon was shining in a sky so clear that it seemed, really, as if space were empty. Half day it was, and yet full night; and as the fisher, crossing the green before his house, mounted the ridge and leaned

against a lone tree or mast that stood up from the earth of a cleft in the rocks, the harbor-road below him was shown plainly, and the houses at its side, and in the cove not far off, stood plainly outlined,—larger and smaller, dark and white,—some in their own inclosures, some as if there were no land in any way belonging to them but the public thoroughfare; yet was there no sight or sound of living thing, except the frequent bark of dogs, and the innumerable waves, rising and falling everywhere, in their most glorious cloth of silver, which they wear only at such times.

As he stood silently, a man came near.

“A good evenun, sir! I beg pardon for makun so free to hail’ee,” said Skipper George, recognizing the gentleman of whom he had spoken a few moments before, and who, turning aside, heartily gave back the fisher’s greeting.

“You had the best lookout in the neighborhood,” said Mr. Debree, walking to the spot on which Skipper George had been before standing and looking abroad from it. “This tree didn’t grow here,” said he, looking up at the gray trunk glistening in the moonlight.

“No, sir; ’twas set there,” said the fisherman.

“Is it a landmark?”

“’Is, sir, it may be, in a manner; but not for s’ilun on those waters. ’Twas set there when riches was taken aw’y. Riches came agen, but ’twas laved, for ’e’d larned partly how to value riches.”

The gentleman looked, as the moonlight showed, interestedly at the speaker: “Another story with a lesson in it?” he said. “If it were not for keeping you out so late, I would ask you to do me the favor of telling it.”

“Ay, sir,” said Skipper George. “I said there were amany lessons sent us. This one comed nearer to me

again than the tother. I hope I've larned somethun by that story! Fishermen don't heed night hours much: but it's late for you as well, sir. Mubbe 'ee'd plase to walk inside a bit?" he asked, with modest urgency. "It's a short story, only a heavy one!"

"Another time, perhaps," said the strange gentleman; "not now, if you'll excuse me; but if it wouldn't be too much trouble I would thank you for it where we are. One hour or another is much the same to me."

At the first words of this answer Skipper George turned a look of surprise at the stranger, and when the latter had finished speaking asked,

"Be 'ee stayun hereabouts, then, sir?"

Perhaps he may have thought it strange that one who looked so like a clergyman should be staying for any length of time in the neighborhood without being better known.

"I am a clergyman," said the gentleman, frankly; "but not of your church; and I don't feel free until I'm better known."

Skipper George apparently weighed the answer. He did not urge his invitation; but his open face became clear and kindly as ever.

"Then, sir," said he, "ef 'ee'd plase to be seated here, I'd tell the story. I know it well."

Before beginning it the fisherman cast a look at his house, and then gazed awhile upon the restless waves which here glanced with the gleam of treacherous eyes, and there were dark as death.

"Do 'ee mind about ten years ago, in Newfoundland, sir?" began Skipper George, turning his steady eyes to his hearer, and speaking as if the date or the years since the date had been painful to him; "the hard

year that was when they had the 'ralls,'* they called 'em?"

"Yes; though I was in England at the time, I know pretty well what happened in Newfoundland. It was a sad time."

"Ay, sir, 'twas a sad time. Many people suffered: some wanted food, and more agen got broken in spirit, (and that's bad for a man,) and some got lawless like. 'Twas a sad time, indeed!" Skipper George, having lingered thus before his tale, began it abruptly: "Well, sir, 'twas on the sixteen day of January,—a Thursday 'twas,—I was acomun down Backside from the Cosh, hauling a slide-load o' timber, an' my youngest son wi' me. It had abeen a fine day, first goun off, (for a winter's day,) wi' just a flurry o' snow now and agen, and a deal o' snow on the ground, tull about afternoon it begun to blow from about west and by nothe, or thereaway, heavy and thick, an' growun heavier an' heavier, an' bitter cold. Oh! 'twas bitter cold! We did n' say much together, George an' I, but we got along so fast as ever we could. 'Twas about an hour or two before night, mubbe; and George says to me, 'Let's lave the slide, Father!' 'Twas n' but we could ha' kep' o. wi' it, though 'twas tarrible cold, hard work; but 'twas somethun else!

"So we turned the slide out o' the way and laved her, and comed on. 'Twas blowun gales up over Backside; we could sca'ce keep our feet; an' I hard somethun like a voice—I suppose I was thinkun o' voices—an' I brought right up into the wind. 'Twas just like beun at sea, in a manner, and a craft drivin' right across our wake, an' would ha' been out o' sight an' hearun in a minute. Then I knowed by the sound 'twas the Minister—(we did n'

* (Rallies?) riots in the distress from the American and French wars.

have e'er a reverend gentleman of our own in they days ; but 'e lived over in Sandy Harbor and 'e'd oose to go all round the Bay.) We could sca'ce bide together, but I was proper glad to meet un, (for a minister's a comfort, 'ee know, sir;) an' 'e said, '*Is any body out?*' 'There's two o' brother Izik's orphans, sir, I'm afeared, an' others along wi' 'em,' I said. So 'e said, 'God help them!' 'Where are *your* two other boys, James and Maunsell?' 'Along wi' brother Izik's two,' I said. 'Twas blowun tarrible hard, and cold, and thick; an' the Minister turned wi' us, and we comed up, ploddun through the driftun snow, and over the rudge. When we opened the door, first the mother thought there was four of us; and so she said, 'James!' for we was all snowed over; but she sid there was only three, and 'twas the Minister wi' us two. So she begged his pardon, an' told un our poor boys were out agunnun, an' she was an ole punt they had. We were all standun (for we didn' think o' nawthin but the boys) when two comed into the door all white wi' snow. 'Twas n' they two, sir, but 'twas my nevy Jesse an' another. 'Haven't they comed?' 'e said. 'Dear, what's keepun they?'

"Jesse had abin out, too, wi' Izik Maffen and Zippity Marchant, an' they were all over to back-side o' Sandy Harbor together; on'y our poor young men were about three parts of a mile further down, mubbe. So, when it comed on to blow, Jesse an' his crew made straight for Back-Cove an' got in, though they were weak-handed, for one had hurted his hand-wrist,—and so, in about three hours, they got round by land, an' thought the tother poor fellows would do so well. 'What can us do, Uncle Georgie?' 'e said; for he's a proper true-hearted man, sir, an' 'e was a' mos' cryun. 'First, we can pray,

said the Minister ; an' so he said a prayer. I make no doubt I was thinkun too much over the poor young fellows ; and the wind made a tarrible great bellowing down the chimley and all round the house, an' so I was ruther aw'y from it more 'an I ought. Then the Minister an' Jesse an' I started out. My mistress didn' want me to go ; but I couldn' bide ; an' so, afore we'd made much w'y up harbor agen the wind, an' growun dark, (though twasn' snowun,) we met a man comun from tother side, Abram Frank, an' 'e said last that was seen of our four was, they were pullun in for Hobbis's Hole, an' then somethun seemed to give way like, wi' one of 'em rowun, an' then they gave over and put her aw'y before the wind, an' so as long as they could see any thing of 'em, one was standun up sculling astarn. (That was my James, sir !")

A very long, gently-breathed sigh here made itself heard in the deep hush, and as Mr. Debee turned he saw the sweet face of Skipper George's daughter turned up to her father, with tears swimming in both eyes and glistening on her cheek. She had come up behind, and now possessed herself quietly of her father's hand.

" So we turned back, an' the Minister wi' us, ('twas a cruel night to be out in,) an' the wind a'mos' took an' lifted us, an' sot us down by the foot o' the path over the rudge ; but when we got atop here, and it comed athwart, it brought us all down kucelun, an' we could sea'ce get over to the door. The poor mother got up from the chimley-corner and came for'ard, but she needn' ask any thin ; an' there was a pretty young thing by the fire (*this* girl was a little thing, asleep, but there was a pretty young thing there) that never got up nor looked round ; 'twas Milly Ressle, that was troth-plight to James. They

was to have been married in a week, ef the Lord willed : and 'twas for 'e's house we were drawun out the timber. She just rocked herself on the bench.—She's gone, long enough ago, now, sir!

“So the Minister took the Book, and read a bit. I heard un, an' I didn' hear un; for I was aw'y out upon the stormy waters wi' the poor young men. Oh, what a night it was! it's no use! blowun an' bellowun an' freezun, an' ice all along shore to leeward!

“Well, then, sir, about two hours o' night, there comed a lull, an' then there was a push or shake at the door, an' another,—an' another,—an' another,—(so it was, we all thought,) and then the door banged open. There wasn' a one of us but was standun upon 'is feet, an' starun out from the kitchun, when it opened. 'Twas nawthing but cold blasts comed in, an' then a lull agen for a second or two. So I shut to the door; an' the poor mother broke out acryun, an' poor Milly fell over, an' slipped right down upon the hearthstone. We had a heavy time of it that night, sir; but when the door banged open that time, this child that was a little thing then, lyun upon the bench sleepun, made a soart of a gurgle, like, when the first sound comed to the door, and then when the flaws o' wind comed in she smiled, and smiled agen, and laughed, as ef a body m'y be sayun pooty things to her in d'y-time. Jesse sid it, an' plucked me by the coat-sleeve, and I sid it, too.

“Well, sir, night passed: 'ee may be sure we didn' sleep much, on'y cat-naps; and once or twice I falled into a kind of a dwell,* an' started, thinkun *they* was speakun to me. Mornun comed slow and cold—colder than night. So the nighbors comed in at mornun, and

* Doze.

sat by; and now an' agen one 'ould say they were fine young men; an' after a bit another 'd say James was a brave heart, and how he saved a boat's crew three years ago, scullun them into B'y-Harbor; an' so they said how he begun to teach in Sunday-school Sunday before; an' how brave 'e was, when they sid the last of um, scullun aw'y round the point and over the b'y, for t'other side, or for Bell-Isle, or some place to leeward. So they said James 'ould take 'em safe, plase God, an' we'd hear of 'em some place over the b'y in a d'y or two. Then they said they wondered ef the young men could keep from freezun their handès, an' said nubbe they wouldn' git touched, for they was all well-clothed, an' James 'ould keep up their spirits, an' brother Izik's little George was a merry boy, an' great play-game for the rest; an' my Maunsell an' 'e's tother cousin, John, were steady young men, an' wouldn' give up very easy; but they were both quiet, and looked up to James, though John was a good bit older.

“Wull, sir, the day went on, cold, cold, an' blowun heavy, an' the water black an' white, wi' white shores, an' slob-ice all along;—an' more, agen, an' heavier, to leeward, sartenly. We could n' stir hand or foot that day, nor next; but the Lord's day came in softer, an' we got a good crew an' a stout punt to sarch for the four poor boys that had been three days a missun, and old Mr. Williamson, the clerk that is now, sir,* made a prayer over us before we laved. When we come to put off, they left me standun; I make no doubt but Jesse maned to spare me; but I called un back, for I said, why should I be settun wi' my hands folded, or walking about, lookun out over the water, and I may just so well be down some-

* Parish-clerk.

thun like a father for my sons an' for my brother's orphans?

"We made for Broad Cove; for so we thought the wind would ha' driven the poor young fellows a-Thursday; but we couldn' get into Broad Cove, for the slob an' cakes of ice. The shore looked tarrible cruel!"

Skipper George sate thoughtful a moment, and then began again.

"At Port'gal Cove," he continued, looking over the water, "they did n' know about e'er a punt, an' no more they did n' at Broad Cove, nor Holly-Rood; for we staid three days, an' walked an' sarched all over. An' so a Thursday morn agen we comed back home;—'twas cold, but still. So when we comed round Peterport-Point, (that's it over at the outside o' Blazum Head, yonder,) every man, a'most, looked over his shoulder, thinkun mubbe they'd got in; but 'twas n' so. They had n' come, nor they hadn' been hard from. So my mistress, an' Milly, an' George, an' I, an' this maid kneeled down after I'd told 'em how 'twas, an' prayed to the good Lord.

"An' so we waited, an' did n' hear from the four poor boys, not for a good many days!"

Skipper George stopped here again for a while.

"Awell, sir, then there comed word over, that some men had abin found at Broad Cove!—It was n' known who they were; but we knowed. So they got Mr. Worner's boat, an' a crew of 'em went round, an' Skipper 'Eney Ressle, an' Skipper Izik Ressle (that was Milly's father,) an' Skipper Izik Marchant, ('e was n' Skipper then, however,) but a many friends goed in her,—I could n' ge that time, sir.

"'Twas about sun-goun-down, s'he comed in. Never a word nor a sound! She looked black, seemunly; an' no

colors nor flag.—'Twas they! Sure enough, 'twas they!

"A man had sid a punt all covered wi' ice, an' hauled her up; an' when he comed to clear away the ice, there was a man, seemunly, in the for'ard part! He called the nighbors; an', sure enough, there 'e was, an' another one, along wi' un; an' both seemunly a-kneelin an' leanin over the for'ard th'art. They were the two brothers, John an' little George, frozen stiff, an' two arms locked together! They died pr'yum, sir, most likely; so it seemed. They was good lads, sir, an' they knowed their God!

"So, then, they thought there was n' no more ——"

The fisherman here made a longer pause, and getting up from his seat, said "I'll be back, after a bit sir;" and walking away from Mr. Debee and his daughter, stood for a little while with his back toward them and his head bare.

The maiden bent her gentle face upon her knee within her two hands. The moonlight glossed her rich black hair, glanced from her white cap, and gave a grace to her bended neck. At the first motion of her father to turn about, she rose to her feet and awaited him. Upon him too,—on his head, bared of its hair, above, on his broad, manly front, and on his steady eye,—the moonlight fell beautifully. Mr. Debee rose, also, to wait for him.

Skipper George came back and took up his broken story.

"Bumbye, sir, when they comed to the after-part of the boat, there they found a young man lyun in the starn-sheets, wi' no coat, an' his—an' his—his poor, lovin arm under 'is brother's neck;—an' the tother had the jacket rolled up for a pillow under his head, an' I suppose 'e died there, sleepin upon the jacket, that 'is brother rolled up for un."

The voice of the father was very tender and touching but he did not give way to tears.

“ So, sir, that young man had done 'is part, and sculled 'em safe right along wi' the tarrible cruel gale, aw'y over a twenty miles or more, to a safe cove, an' his hand-wristès were all worn aw'y wi' workun at the oar; but 'e never thought of a cruel gate of ice right afore the cove; an' so we made no doubt when 'e found that, in dark night, and found 'e could n' get through, nor 'e could n' walk over, then 'e gave hisself up to his God, an' laid down, an' put his tired arm round his brother; an' so there they were, sir, in short after that, (it couldn' ha' been long,) there was four dead men in their boat, awaitun, outside o' Broad Cove, tull some one 'ould come an' take their poor bodies, an' strip aw'y the ice from 'em an' put 'em in the ground, that comes more nat'rai, in a manner, sir!

“—They did n' find e'er an oar,—whatever becomed of 'em; but they found their poor guns, an' the two orphans had their names cut 'John Barbury,' an' 'George Barbury,' an' one of 'em had 'Pet—' for Peterport, an' couldn' cut no more, for cold—an' death.

“There was three guns cut; an' one had 'James Barb—,' that poor Maunsell must ha' cut, poor fellow, afore the deadly cold killed un. So the kind people that found the poor boys, they thought James was a respectable young man, an' when they comed to lay 'em out, in the school-house, (they were proper kind, sir,) they put a ruffle-shirt on him, o' linen.

“So, sir, the Minister comed over an' buried the dead. Four coffins were laid along the aisle, wi' a white sheet over every one, because we had n' palls: James, an' Maunsell, of George, an' John, an' little George, of Izik;

an' we put two brothers in one grave, an' two brothers in another, side by side, an' covered them!

"There was two thousand at the funeral; an' when the Minister couldn' help cryun, so I think a'most every one cried, as ef 'twas their own; an' so we hard that people that lived on Kelley's Island hard singun gown by in the dark, like chantun we haves in church. They said 'twas beautiful, comun up an' dyun aw'y, an' so, gown aw'y wi' the wind. It's very like, sir, as Paul an' Silas sang in prison, so they sang in stor...

"Then Milly, poor thing, that never goed back to 'er father's house, took a cold at the funeral, seemunly, an' she died in James's bed a three weeks after! She was out of her mind, too, poor thing!"

After another silence, in which Skipper George gazed upon the restless deep, he said,

"I brought home wi' me the best stick from the timber, and laved the rest, an' no one ever touched it, an' there it staid. So next winter, sir, my tother poor young man died in the woods, o' masles; (—thank God! we never had to move in * till I lost my fine boys.) an' the next sixteen day of January I set up my pillar, as Jacob set his pillar, an' this is my pillar, sir. I said the Lord gived, an' the Lord have tootk away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—All the riches I had I thought 'twas gone."

"You said riches came again," said Mr. Debre, deeply interested and affected.

"Ay, sir. My maid is gone back to the house. I can' tell 'ee what she is, sir. There's a plenty in the harbor will speak o' Lucy Barbury, sir. I hope 'ee'll excuse me for keepin 'ee so late."

"I thank you, with all my heart, for that beautiful

* Into the woods to be near fuel.

story," said Mr. Debree, shaking the fisherman's hand. "Good night, Skipper George! You have learned a lesson, indeed, and, with God's grace, it shall do me good. It's a noble lesson!"

"The Lord showed me where to find it in my Bible an' my Pr'yer-book, sir. I wish 'ee a good evenun, sir."

—So there was a historic beauty (to those who knew them) about the girls in that house.

They were the only remaining children of George Barbury. Skipper George, as he was called, though he neither owned nor "sailed" a schooner, had lost his greatest wealth (as things go here)—three fine sons,—all three in early manhood; two at one time, and afterward his last. This was a great loss. It made the father stronger in himself, standing alone and stretching upward; but it desolated this world very much for him. Those sons would have enlarged his family; with them and theirs he would one day have manned his schooner for "the Labadore."* He would have been another man at the head of such a race.

They were all gone now; and the father was, perhaps, the better man for it: (a brave, good, kindly man he was;) and the people respected him, and they called him "Skipper" as a token of respect.

One of these girls remained, and one was given to him after his loss; and Lucy had grown into a young woman; and in her case, most certainly, it was a good thing that her father had made up his mind never to set his heart on any human thing. He had her with him often on the water, and he was glad to watch her at her work at home and hear her read; yet steadily he threw her on herself (in his homely wisdom,) to make a woman of her; and

* Labrador.

himself looked out of his more lonely life, with great fatherly eyes upon her; rejoicing in her beauty and goodness, and thoughtfulness, and hoping much from her; but counting her as not altogether belonging to himself.

She had her own end before her from her childhood, which seemed to be to do her utmost work in the world; and, first, to fill her brothers' place. She did not ask or talk; but she took heed, and heard, and saw, and felt and thus grew and learned. At ten years of age she first made up her mind that she would never grow into a man, and so fill up her father's loss. When some chance conversation first brought her to this point, (which, very likely, she had feared before,) there was seen a flow and ebb of blood; and tears got as high as the level of her lids; and then, without asking or saying, she knew that it was a woman's place she was to have. So in all girls' ways she did her utmost, and into whatever she did or learned, she threw herself with all her might.

Her mother was a most sensible woman, with much the same spirit as her husband's; and being younger, by ten years or so, than he, was, for that reason, more a companion of her daughter. For other teaching than she got at home and on the water, there was the school which Mr. Wellon had succeeded in establishing, where Lucy Barbury outlearned every thing; and Mr. Wellon, finding this quiet, pretty little girl so bright, taught her himself, in some things, and lent her books. Miss Dare made much of her, too; talked with her, and listened to her, and encouraged her, and read with her; and Lucy grew astonishingly in wisdom and even in what is learned from books.

This night, within the house again, for a while, Lucy Barbury sate looking, with absent eyes, at her father, who

himself sate late ; then she trimmed the lamp, and busied herself with paper and pencil.

It was all silent till their evening prayer-time ; then, late as it was, Lucy read the New Testament lesson for the day ; and the father used the evening collects of the Common-prayer-book, holding little Janie again in his arms ; and then the little gathering was broken up.

It was the parents' way to leave their daughter to her own times, and she trimmed her lamp and sate in the chimney after they were gone to bed.

The next morning they found her lying, in her clothes, upon her bed, burning with fever.

Dr. Aylwin was sent for, from Brigus, and said that "it was severe, and would not be over in a day—or two."



CHAPTER IX.

A MEETING.

DAYS, fair and foul, went by; the fever kept about its slow work in Marchants' Cove, and Skipper George's daughter was sick. There came a very beautiful afternoon, on the twelfth of that August. All was fair, as if there were no provision in either sea or sky for rain.

The wind from the sea was sweeping steadily over the "gould" bushes on the Backside; the sky overhead was clear, and if a cloud floated, it was above the wind; and there it sailed slowly, as if it were a barge from which some lovely spirits gazed upon the happy earth. The little breakers played quietly, (at this distance no sound comes up from them,) rejoicing, apparently, among themselves, as if they were, what they are often called, living "white horses."

The wind took little notice of the childish trees that lifted up their heads among the bushes, but scarcely yet above them, and swept on toward the farther woods and inner barrens, there to lay by what it was bringing of health and freshness from the main.

The day was such as often draws one's longings forwards, forwards, as the sweet wind goes, and brings into the mind a gentle sorrow, because it cannot go along farther or faster than the heavy body.

This neighborhood has seldom any stir of human life, and birds and insects are not frequent here. The paths are travelled most in winter; for they lead over to the woods, crossing some swamps and ponds, perhaps, in the way; and these are frozen at that season. They can be traversed, however, (some of them,) at other times, by those who are familiar with them, with no worse risk than that of getting a wet foot at a careless moment, and they are shorter ways of communication between the houses on the harbor-road in Peterport and the next settlement, towards Bay-Harbor, than the main highway.

Some simple flowers grow here among the stones and shrubs, and berries in their season. The *linnæa borealis* puts up its pretty pinkness, (confounded with the blossom of the cranberry by the people;) spiked willow-weed; golden-rod; the sweet flower of the bake-apple, and other pretty things grow quietly upon this ground, which is scarce habitable for man. The graceful maidenhair, with its pretty, spicy fruit; plumboys, bake-apples, crackers, partridge-berries, horts, and others enrich the barrenness, and make it worth the while for women and children to come and gather them.

On this particular day, at this particular time, the single figure of a gentleman in black dress was crossing the surface of the shrubbery, just about midway between the harbor's head and the outer point. He was walking moderately, and any one, who saw him nearly, would have seen his hands clasped before him, and a thoughtful, serious look upon his face. Whoever knew him would have known afar that it was the new Romish priest.

Just as he turned a short corner, where the growth of little firs was rather thicker than elsewhere, there started up at his step a pretty thing; no bird, but a sweet little

girl, with the flushed face of one who had been stooping long, and the loose locks, that were a fairer covering for the lovely head than the straw-hat which hung adown her shoulders. The little thing, before collecting herself,—before seeing fairly the person who had come so suddenly upon her,—said in a startled way, “Who are you?”

After looking at him for a moment, however, she came straight up to him, with her eyes fixed on his face, and said, “I’ve got a great many berries.”

At the same time she held up, in a sweet way, still looking straight upon his face, her apron, heavy with the load that she had been gathering.

“Thank you, my little child; I don’t want any of them,” answered Mr. Debree, scarcely heeding the child, who was looking up so steadily upon him. Then, as the little creature was about to turn away, rebuffed and distanced by his manner, he recalled himself from his abstractedness, and, condescending to her, asked,

“Do you wish me to take one of your berries?”

“Yes, if you please, a great many. Were you looking for me when you came here?”

“No, my child,” answered he again kindly, “I didn’t know that you were here.”

“Oh! yes. I’ve been here a great while; I’ve been here a great many hours; I don’t know how long I’ve been here. Do you know my mamma?”

“No. I don’t know your mamma,” said he, patiently keeping up the conversation with the talkative little thing, whose voice was as pleasant as her look, and who evidently wished to become better acquainted.

“Does your mamma let you come and stay here so long all alone?” inquired he on his part.

“Why, no! I’m not alone. Don’t you see?” said the young thing, with that directness and satisfaction of having the advantage of a “great man,” which also grown-up children show in the same way when they find themselves better informed in some particular than some others are.

As she said these words, there rose from the near bushes a merry laugh of little ones, who had been hearing all, unseen, and had been, very likely, on the point of breaking out before.

“Don’t you hear those children? They are with me; and there’s a woman over there, with a pink ribbon round her neck, sitting by that rock; don’t you see her? She’ll see that we don’t get into any mischief.”

Mr. Debree smiled as she reported so glibly these last words, words which sounded as if they had made a part or the whole of the request or injunction given when the children set forth from home. In the direction to which his eye turned, as she spoke, the woman “with the pink ribbon,” was plainly to be seen at no great distance.

These are tenacious little things these children; and a kindhearted man, though he be a childless Romish priest, cannot rudely break away from one of them that wishes to detain him. Father Ignatius, though a little reserved, was very gentle in his manner, and his voice had no repulsive tone in it; the child seemed, as children do, to draw towards him. She took his hand, although he had several times turned to go on his way, and prepared to lead him back again over his steps. He gently resisted.

“Where do you mean to lead me?” he asked.

She hesitated for a moment, as if abashed, and then, loosing her hold of his hand, and turning one little foot

round upon it's toe, swaying her body, at the same time a little away from him, asked timidly,

"Don't you want to go and see my mamma?"

"But I don't know your mamma, my child," he answered, taking this opportunity to effect his purpose of keeping on his path; so saying "Good bye!" he walked away. He turned his head ere long, and saw the child unsatisfied standing still upon the same spot; her hands holding up her loaded apron, her head bent forwards, and her eyes fixed upon him. He stooped hastily, and hastily came back, saying: "There's a pretty little flower for you that I found under the fir-tree yonder."

"Mamma said I was a little flower that grew in the shade," said the child, and then, as if trying again to establish an intercourse between herself and her chance-companion, asked him suddenly,

"Are you a minister?"

"Yes. What made you think so?"

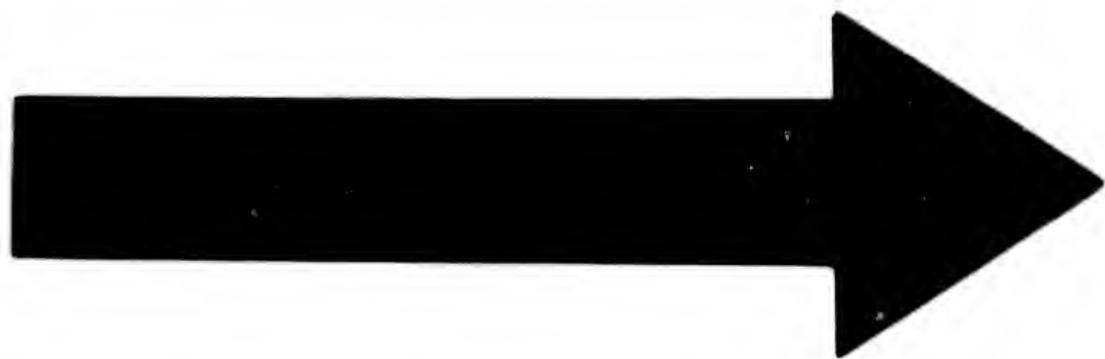
"Do you know Mr. Wellon?" continued she in her course of interrogation.

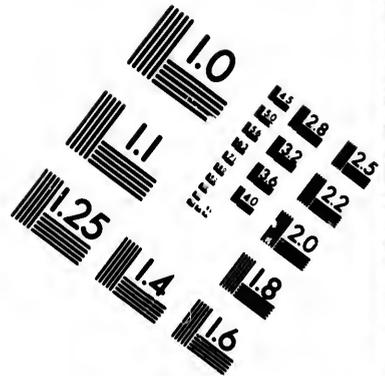
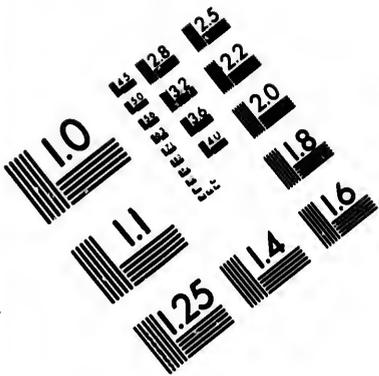
"Yes, I know him," he answered, once more turning to be gone.

"Do you love Mr. Wellon?" she went on, following out her own little train of thought. "I know him, and I love him very much; do you?" She put the second interrogative at the end of the sentence, to compensate for the diversion, in the middle clause, from the opening question, as one brings up, to its first level, a rope that has sagged in its length midway.

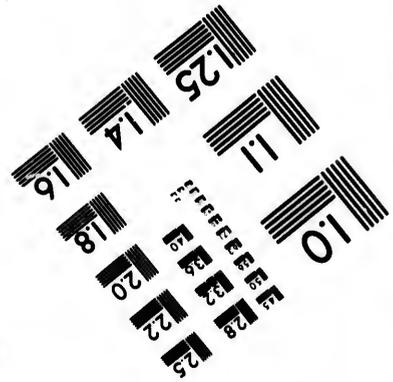
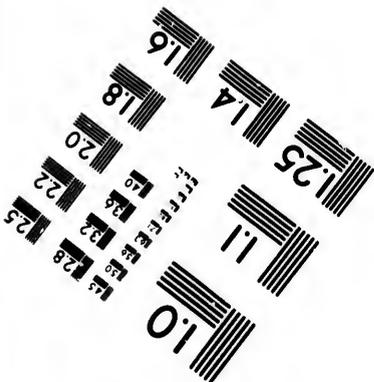
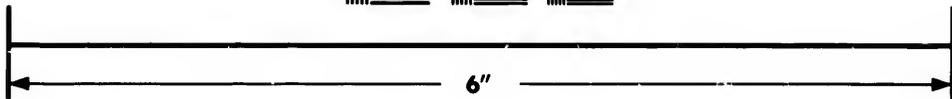
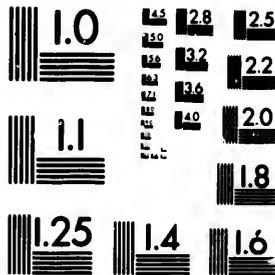
"Yes," said he, as kindly and quietly as before, and not persisting now in going on.

"Mr. Wellon hasn't any little children; have you got any little children?" she asked.





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"No," answered he, turning away.

"Are you a Romis' pries'?" was her next inquiry, using the words (except for childishness of pronunciation) as familiarly as if she had been reading and spelling out of a book of controversy, the little thing!

Seeing the gentleman change color slightly, or noticing, perhaps, some other slight change which a child's eye so readily detects and a child's mind interprets as well as it knows how, she hastened to ask him, looking abashed,

"Is that bad?"

"Oh, no. But what made you think of it? Where did you hear about Romish priests?"

"I don't know where I heard it. I heard it somewhere," answered the little one, in her simplicity. "I heard mamma say it, and Mr. Wellon."

"Did they say that I was one?" said he, in a lower voice than before.

"No; they didn't say you; they said some men were that."

"And what sort of man do you think it is?"

"I think it's a man like you."

"And why do you think it's a man like me?" he asked again, smiling.

"I don't know; I think it is," the little thing said, giving a child's reason.

"And is it somebody like Mr. Wellon, do you think?"

"Oh! no. It isn't a man like Mr. Wellon," said she, decidedly.

"What is Mr. Wellon, then? Do you know?"

"Oh, yes! I know Mr. Wellon is a pries' of God," she answered, looking up to him.

"Who is your mamma?"

"Her name is Mrs. Barrè, and my name is Mary Barrè. I'm her little daughter."

"And how old are you, child?" he inquired, looking away, over the water.

"I shall be a big girl pretty soon. I'm going on six. That's pretty big, isn't it? Mamma says I shall be a woman pretty soon, if I live, because my papa's gone."

Mr. Debee, at these words, looked back at the child, and said, "Where is he gone?"

She answered as if she were sure of having made a friend of him, "I think he's gone up in the sky; for my mamma wears black clothes, and cries sometimes; and that's what people do when some one goes up in the sky. I think he's been gone about thirty years." This last she said with the same innocent confidence as the rest; lavishing the time like any other treasure of unknown worth.

Her companion did not smile, but stood and looked at her, and then turned again and walked away; and the little thing, as if satisfied with having established so much of an acquaintance as to have let him know who she was, and how old, turned up the path, without looking back.

Presently she was singing at the top of her voice, as she sat upon a stone:—

The iceberg f'outs, all still and st'ong,
From the land of ice and snow:
Full fifty fallom above the sea,
Two hundred fallom below."

Then as if her little rhyme had been a sacred hymn, from Holy Writ or the Church Service, she added, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,—in the beginning,—ever shall be, world avout end, Amen."

The children, who had been playing or picking berries,

close at hand, started up like a covey of birds, and joined little Mary, and the "woman with the red ribbon," who was not far off, came at almost the same moment.

"What was 'e saying to 'ee, lovey?" and "what did 'e come back for?" and "what did he tell 'ee about a praste?" "Do you know him?" and other like, were the cloud of questions that swarmed about little Mary from the woman and the children; the woman not forgetting at the same time, to put the straw hat which had been hanging, as we said, from our little acquaintance's neck, into its proper place upon her head.

From amidst this swarm of sharp interrogatories, Mary started off to flee. She fell and scattered a good many of her berries before she got far, gathered up as many as she could, before the company, which followed slowly, overtook her, and then managed to keep in front of them, and then of such as were left of them, (for they dropped off by degrees,) until she reached her home.

Mrs. Barrè, in receiving her, thanked the woman who had kept her in sight, and bought, at the same time, some quarts of berries, by way of returning a favor; then took Mary up in her arms, and hurried to hear her account of her doings.

"Please ma'am," called the worthy neighbor after her, "there was a gentleman stopped and talked wi' she some while. He said no harm, I don't think, for I kept anight 'em, but 'e was this 'am' handsome-looking praste that's comed, as they says, to live in the harbor; 'is name's somethin, I don' rightly mind; and he gave her bit of a posey, ef she's a-got 'n now."

The mother thanked her again, and for informing her of the child's talking with that gentleman, saying she would ask about her afternoon's adventures.

To this the little adventurer herself, fresh from the excitement, assented very cordially.

"I talked very kindly to him, mamma," said Mary, when they were alone together, inside. "I told him I was your little girl, and he wanted to know what a Romis' pries' was, and I told him I thought he was a Romis' pries'; and he asked me whether my papa was gone up in the sky."

"Are you sorry that your papa is gone?" asked Mrs. Barrè.

"Yes, I always am sorry; why do you ask me that a great many times, mamma?"

"Sometimes I forget; and I want you to love Heavenly Father very much, and pray to Him. Where is the flower he gave you, darling?"

"There it is, mamma, and I'll give it to you," said the little one, dragging it forth from among her berries.

"Thank you, love," said her mother, kissing her, and taking the flower, which she did not give back.



CHAPTER X.

SOME GOSSIP AND SOME REAL LIFE.

IF an outlandish frigate had come in and furled her broad sails, and dropped her heavy anchors, and swung round to them, with her strange colors flying, and lowered away a half dozen black boats, and held them in tow at her side and astern, and lay there, with foreign-looking marines pacing in her main chains, and a crowd of foreigners swarming on her decks, there would have been some stir in the quiet little town of Peterport, and its quiet neighborhood. The people would, probably, have managed to go out to the ledge to fish, and the women would, probably, have contrived to spread and turn their fish on the flakes, and hoe their gardens,—all besides gratifying their curiosity; and those who might come from afar to gaze upon, and ask, and talk about, the outlanders, would, probably, get through their usual day's work besides; but, far and near, and for a long time, the thing would be in their thoughts and in their talk, on land and on water, at flake and at fireside.

So it was with the coming of the Romish priest to Peterport. The people talked, and wondered, and feared; and some one or two of the warmer-spirited wives proposed to have him driven off.

Mr. O'Rourke, the Roman Catholic merchant, was

either seen more, or more observed, and the remaining people of his persuasion, planters and others, were thought to have (very naturally) an air of more than common confidence and satisfaction. Still more was this supposed to be the case in Castle Bay, where, though the place itself was less considerable, the number of Roman Catholics was twice as large.

Young Urston's case, and the epidemic that had settled itself in Marchants' Cove, and seemed, now, to have laid hold on Lucy Barbury, divided, with the other topic, the public mind of Peterport. There was a general wish that the Parson were in the harbor, as well for the sake of the sick, (of whom, though none died, yet several were affected with a lasting delirium,) as for the safeguard of the place against the invasion of the adverse priest.

The upper circle was a small one:—The Clergyman, the widowed Mrs. Barrè, the Worners, and Miss Dare; the merchant-stipendiary-magistrate-and-churchwarden, Mr. Naughton; Mr. Skipland, a merchant; Mr. McLauren, the other churchwarden, living near Frank's Cove,—a worthy Irishman,—(the three latter being unmarried men,) and, lastly, the O'Rourkes, Roman Catholics, made the whole round. The members of it had some subjects of interest beside, but they had chiefly the same as those that occupied the planters.

Of course the harbor heard, from open mouth to open ear, the story of the widowed lady's strange interview with the Romish priest; nor was there little speculation about the unknown tie that bound, or had bound, them to each other. They had not met again, and he was seldom seen by day; sometimes, at night. Some said, of course, that "he walked in darkness." She, too, was not seen often.

Miss Dare came and went as ever. Only what follows of what was said and done between her and Mrs. Barrè, concerns our story.

As she came in, late on the afternoon of little Mary's walk, her friend answered her first question, which was rather anxious,—

“Do you know, my dear Mrs. Barrè, how you've changed within a few days? You must try to rest; certainly not undertake new labor.”

“I don't know,” answered Mrs. Barrè, “that I'm not as well as usual;” but there was an anxiousness in her eyes, and a careworn look about her face, as well as a nervous agitation in her manner.

“You won't insist, now, upon watching with Lucy Barbury?”

“Yes; I would really rather. It would be a relief, as well as a satisfaction to me,” said Mrs. Barrè.

“Well; then, I'll go back to my aunt's, and come down after tea.”

So saying, Miss Dare took her leave.

Late in the moonlight evening, she walked with her friend (there is no danger here) towards Skipper George's. There were no people in the road; but as Miss Dare felt a quiver in the hand that lay on her arm, she noticed, a good way off, a man whose gait and figure were remarkable, and, as they drew nearer, recognized him as the Romish Priest. No greeting or sign of any sort passed between them.

As the lady came, pale and thoughtful-looking, out of the night into the house where Lucy Barbury lay sick, the father, with his manly and dignified respect, welcomed her from his heart. The mother, overwatched and over-wearied, was persuaded to go to bed; but Skipper George kept his place, quietly.

There was scarce any sound, except from the sick maiden, who very constantly spoke or strove to sing.

As once a light was carried in and used about her, it was a touching sight to see the girl who lately was so glad.

A wet cloth commonly lay on her forehead, shading her eyes and hiding a good deal of her face. When it was taken off, it could be seen what work the fever had been doing. To be sure, her rich black hair poured out from under her white cap like a stream, and the soft, long fringes of the lids spread over her half-closed eyes like a soft fern-spray over the little pool at the tree's foot; and the bending neck and sloping shoulders, over which her white night-dress was drawn and held by a button, were still beautiful; but the eyes were deeply sunk, and the face was thin, and the lips chapped and parched.

Her kerchief and other things, that had looked so prettily upon her, lay with her prayer-book on a chair at hand.

During the night she dozed, sometimes, and generally her voice was heard in the low raving of half-sleep. It poured forth as steadily as water in a stream, and as changing and as formless; bright thoughts and strange fancies, and sweet words; being and hope, and beauty and happiness, and home and sadness; prayer, song, chant; things far off and things near, things high and low.

So the slow hours of night passed; and the pale, sad lady, the body of whose child had been so lately laid deep in the earth, ministered.

In the earliest morning, about four o'clock, a neighbor-woman came, and the fisherman gently insisted on seeing Mrs. Barrè home.

She slept late into the day.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO MEET AGAIN.

MRS. BARRÈ had rested, after her watch, and early in the afternoon she walked out, down the harbor; this time alone. She passed Marchants' Cove, and turn, and hill, and narrow way, to Franks' Cove; and crossing the stile, and going along the meadow-path, and through the gorge of the mountain of rock, she stood in Mad Cove. The stony slope went steeply hollowing down to the little shelf of land at the water-side; the ridge of rock went along to the left, and ended in the tall cliffs at the sea; near her was the widow Freney's house; a little farther down, to the left, the hovel of Tom Somerset; and down at the bottom of the slope were the eight or ten houses of the other people, and the flakes of the whole colony.

What difference there is between yesterday and to-day! The great earth has turned over its twenty-four thousand miles of land and sea, cities and woods and deserts, between; twilight, darkness, day, have come between; where a breath would have reached yesterday, there may be, now, wide waves and storms between.

Mrs. Barrè stood thinking or remembering at the verge of the cove.

By and by she drew near to Mrs. Freney's house, and knocked.

The priests of the Roman Catholic denomination do not visit generally among their people, unless to administer sacraments; but as the door opened, Father Debree was standing facing it, as pale and sad as the pale sad lady who unexpectedly confronted him. She started at the suddenness of the sight, closed her eyes for an instant, but stood where she was.

There was a likeness of face and expression, beyond that of the sadness and paleness, and of figure and bearing, also. There was the same high forehead, and (except that hers were darker) the same full, thoughtful, feeling eyes.

"Must this be?" he said.

"It is; beyond all hope!" she answered.

"How can you hope it?"

"How can I any thing else?" she said; "I have but one chief object in life."

"But what should bring us together, if there be no longer a common faith?"

"That there *may* be!"

"I did not know that I must meet this, in coming to this far-off place!" the other said. "I cannot feel the drawing of old ties!—I cannot see you!"

There was nothing like sternness or hardness in his way of saying this, but of gentle, fixed resolve.

"I must! I must, while I have life!" she said, not loudly but most earnestly.

Mrs. Freney stood, a silent and amazed listener; and the children looked up, wondering.

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Freney," said the lady; "I came to ask about your child."

Mrs. Freney was so bewildered, that she scarce knew what to answer:—

“She’s doing well, thank’ee, Ma’am;—I mean, he’s much the same.”

Father Debreë said, turning to her (not without agitation):—

“If you can send your eldest child with me, I will send back by her two or three little things for her brother!”

Again Mrs. Barrè spoke:—

“And I shall not follow you farther than just outside the door; but I must say something more, now God has given me opportunity.”

“Certainly,” he answered; “I cannot be harsh or rude to you. I will hear, this once, and bring all to an end. Come, child! go on!”

The girl opened the door and passed out; the lady gravely bowed to Mrs. Freney and followed, and Father Debreë, leaving a blessing in the house, went last.

He bade the girl sit down upon a stone, and walking a few paces onward, stopped to talk with Mrs. Barrè.

“Why should we meet?” he asked.

“Why should we meet! How can we help meeting, if there be heaven and hell hereafter, and if our Life and Death depend upon our duty done or undone? I have not changed; what I was, I am.”

“All human ties are loosed from me,” he said. “To do a priest’s work is my only duty, and my only wish. I cannot, even in memory, recall any other tie.”

“What! is all common life and happiness and hope and duty—is every thing that bound us together, perished forever? Can you strike it away, because you will not have it?—It all lives, here,” she continued, laying her two hands on her bosom, “and will not die!”

“But it is dead with me!” he answered.

A pang, as from a winged arrow, seemed to shoot

through her ; but when she spoke, her voice was little broken.

"It may be so!" she said. "O Walter! I claim no love. I do not ask for it. I only ask that there shall not be a wall harder than iron between us! I only ask that I may have leave, from time to time—only from time to time—to speak to you, or write to you, and that you will hear and answer me! That is not much!—not much from you to me! If you are as you say, it cannot hurt you!—Walter! Walter!"

Her eyes were only full of tears.

His face quivered ; his frame was shaken.

"No, I cannot!" he said ; "it must not be! It is impossible!"

"But I beseech you, for God's sake!" she said, clasping her two hands to him.

"No!" he answered. "For God's sake, I must not!"

Tears stood in his eyes ; how could he hinder them!

"Oh!" she cried, closing her eyes, and casting down her face.

"Even as a priest, you might grant me this!"

"As a priest, I cannot do it! Oh! do not think it cruelty or hardness of heart ; my very heart is being eaten out ;—but I cannot!"

She left him, instantly, and walked very hurriedly away.

On, on, on she went ; up the harbor, as she had come ; into her own pretty little yard, into her house, up to her chamber.

Little Mary came running into her mother's room, but stopped ; for her mother was kneeling at a chair, holding a letter.

The child went down upon her little knees at another

chair, laying her cheek down upon her arm, with her face toward her mother, and pretty soon beginning to play gently with the coral beads about her neck.

As Mrs. Barrè rose, she came across and set her lips upon the forehead of her pretty little daughter, and smoothed her hair.

"Now, darling," said she, "do you think you can do an errand for me exactly as I tell you?" As she spoke she folded the letter in white paper.

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Mary, eagerly, "I'm sure I can."

"There's a gentleman coming along, and you're to run after him and give him this, and tell him it belongs to him; and then you're to run back as fast as you can; and don't stop for any thing. Can you?"

The little ambassadress was sure that she could do just as she was bid, and Mrs. Barrè reiterated her instructions:—

"Mind; you're not to stop for any thing. If he speaks to you, or calls you, you're to run back to me as fast as you can."

The child assented, and repeated her mother's words.

"It's a costly thing!" said Mrs. Barrè, looking forth, as if from the quay her eyes were following towards the far off, fateful ocean, the full-sailed ship that bore her all in one venture.

"Now, dear! Quick! There he's going—don't forget!" she exclaimed, breathless. "Run! and come straight back!" The priest whom she had met in Mad Cove was just passing.

Little Mary ran down stairs, and then out upon the road, with her golden curls shaking and shining in the sunlight. The gentleman turned and took the parcel

from her hand ; then, having opened it, looked after her, as if he would call ; but presently he turned again and walked on.

Little Mary only varied a little from her orders. Having run away from him as fast as she could run, she stopped, as a bird might stop, and looked back ; but he did not turn again, so she came in.

This time, too, as before, her mother was upon her knees, and the child stood looking out of the window. As her mother rose, she said :—

“ That’s the same one I saw the other day, mamma ! ” Her mother was thinking her own thoughts.

Mary had a child’s way :

“ Why do you cry so much, when my papa’s gone up in sky, and brother Willie ? ” she asked.

Mrs. Barrè wept silently. The little prattler went on prattling

“ If I could go up there, I’d ask Heavenly Father where my papa was. He’d know, wouldn’t He, mamma ? Heavenly Father would know, because He knows every thing. He’d show me my papa ; and I’d go up to him and say, ‘ I’m your little girl Mary, that you left at mamma’s house when you came up here, ’ and then he’d know me.”

The little thing was not satisfied with the silent acquiescence that she got.

“ Mamma ! Mamma ! ” she exclaimed, “ I saw little brother Willie ! ”

“ When, dearie ? ” asked her mother, now heeding her.

“ Just now,—a little while ago,—and he leaded me by my hand near to where Heavenly Father was sitting on his great chair. Then Heavenly Father got up and

opened his closet and took down one of our little boy's playthings, and gave it to our little Willie ;—(He didn't give any to me ;) but He looked at Willie's little sister as if He was glad to see me. Little Willie knew who I was, mamma, because he saw my paper."

"What paper, darling?" asked her mother, entirely occupied with the child's story.

"My paper—don't you know? That you wrote 'Mary Barrè' on, for your little girl. I throwed it away up in sky, and wind blew it away up, so Willie could see it ; and Willie knew what little girl it was."

"Come with me, you dear little dreamer!" said Miss Dare, who suddenly appeared at the door ; and, snatching up Mary, she carried her off.

She set the child under the bowery branches of a seringa, and stood among the shrubs and floating sprays of creepers, which she had a year before gathered about the house, a fairer thing than the sunshine that was playing among them ; and she sang for the child's pleasure a song broken into pauses now and then, much as the sunshine was, here and there, broken into shade. Perhaps our readers have seen or will see how the song may have been suggested.

"Woe for the brave ship Orient!
Woe for the old ship Orient!
For in broad, broad light,
With the land in sight,—
Where the waters bubbled white,—
One great, sharp shriek!—One shudder of affright!
And—
down went the brave old ship, the Orient!"

Her voice was a fine, full alto, never needing any effort, but now apparently kept low, for Mary's ear. The air which she very likely adapted to the words, was

much the same in general as that of the 'Bonny house o' Airlie;' and her voice flew upward and flitted from part to part among the words, as a bird from bough to bough; but the song all lived in the singing.

The shriek seemed to split the air, and the shudder to be shaking strong hearts, and a wail to wander sadly over the sea, where the good ship had foundered. She paused here for a while, and then began again in a sweet, tripping measure:—

"It was the fairest day in the merry month of May,
And sleepiness had settled on the seas;
And we had our white sail set,—high up and higher yet,—
And our flag flashed and fluttered, at its ease;
The Cross of St. George, that in mountain and in gorge,—
On the hot and dusty plain,—on the tiresome, truckless, main—
Conquering out,—conquering home again,—
Had flamed, the world over, on the breeze."

However it was that she fitted the music to the words, it seemed much as if every line took its own form in leaving the singer's lips, in the fittest melody.

"Ours was the far-famed Albion,
And she had her best look of might and beauty on,
As she swept across the seas that day.
The wind was fair and soft, both alow and aloft,
And we wore the idle hours away."

A straying lock of her own hair was tossed by the playful wind between her lips, and she stood silent again;—the little girl clambered to the top of the fence and seated herself there.

"Please sing, cousin Fanny!" she said, when she was seated. Miss Dare sang again:—

"The steady sun heaved up, as day drew on,
And there grew a long swell of the sea;
(which seemed to grow in her singing, too,)

And, first in upper air, then under, everywhere,
 From the topmost, towering sail, down, down to quarter-rail,
 The wind began to breathe more free.
 'Ho! Hilloa! A sail!' was the topman's hail—
 'A sail, hull down, upon our lee!'
 Then, with sea-glass to his eye,
 And his gray locks blowing by,
 The Admiral guessed what she might be;
 And from top and from deck, Was it ship? Was it wreck?
 A far off, far off speck,
 Of a sudden we found upon our lee."

"Here comes Mr. Naughton!" said the child from her perch, like the topman from his lookout; "and somebody's with him,—it's James Urston!"

Miss Dare hastened to take the little one down; and as she was retreating into the house, the voice of the merchant-churchwarden-and-magistrate was heard, urging upon the young lover, who had abandoned his preparation for the Romish priesthood, the excellence of, a life of celibacy; and regretting that Mr. Wellon (though he was unmarried, certainly) was not under the obligations of a vow.

Miss Dare's song was broken off.



CHAPTER XII.

A SAD YOUNG HEART.

THAT quiet day was passing down to quiet night; the sun was near his setting, as young Urston came alone along the road and took one of the paths that led up over the hill to the Backside.

He started at his name, called in a cracked voice, like that of a parrot, at his very shoulder; and, turning his head, saw that he was passing unaware a group of two old women, who were standing against a fence, probably chaffing about the gossip of the harbor, or croning over memories of the time when they (old withered bodies!) were the young. There are more of these old people here than anywhere, almost, so many overlive the three-score years and ten. One of these elders was the Granny Pilchard, a woman whose quickness and activity were not exhausted yet, by a long use of eighty-one years of changing seasons, and as changeful scenes of life. The other gossip was "Old" Granny Frank, as she was called, though younger than her comrade by full seven years. The title "Granny," common to them both, is as well a medical and professional distinction, in Newfoundland, as one implying age. Granny Pilchard held at this moment a pitcher in her hand, which the young man knew out of a hundred,—a little white one, with just a

slender line of blue along the brim. At least he might have known it, and what fair hand had often borne it.

“ Good evening, Granny, and you, Granny Frank,” he said, rather impatiently, as if he did not wish to stop. When we have met with such a thing as had lately happened to young Urston, and wish to be alone, we have at the same time (at all events the *young* have, if not all of us) an apprehension that it is all written in English on our faces, or has been overheard, or carried by the wind or winged birds; perhaps James Urston thought so.

“ Thou’rt gown up over, Mister Jemmie Urston, I think,” continued Granny Palasher, (this was her vernacular name,) in pursuance of her object in addressing him, “ and ’ee’ll most likely want to stop and hear for ’eeself; and so Missis Frank says I’m wantun up at Riverhead, she thinks, and ’ee’ll plase take this pitcher up to *she*. It’s a marsel o’ water out o’ Har-pool she wanted,” (it will be remembered, as James, no doubt, remembered, how he drank out of that spring that morning.) “ and I’ve abin and got un. ’Ee see he’s so fresh and clear as the blue sky, in a manner. I wouldn’ lave her, only the mother ’ll be up, in short. I s’pose ’ee baint afeared to see her lovie? an’ nobody wi’ her but the tother little one? Lads didn’t oose to be fear’d o’ mauids, when *I* was one.”

Old Granny Frank, at this allusion to young days and their doings, gurgled in her throat with a cracked laugh, and, when she could recover the poor little wheezy remainder of her voice from its employment in laughing, uttered a few shrill and grating, though not loud, words with it, in confirmation of the last remark of her companion. These came, one after another, as if they were stamped and thrown out.

"They'd—oose—to be—tar-ri-ble—boy-ish—when—I—know'd—'em."

One of the laughy gurgles came after the words, like one that had been separated from its companions.

The more vigorous Granny Palasher proceeded.

"Now, will 'ee be sô well plased as"—

"I'm in a great hurry, Granny," interrupted the young man, not changing color, or seeming disconcerted, but with a look of grave determination, "and I can't very well call there this evening."

"Oh! 'Ee haven' agot time; have 'ee?" said the old woman; then explained to Granny Frank: "That's that pretty Lucy Barbury, Granny!" Upon which the latter urged another laugh up her dry throat, and a few more words.

"'Mm! So—I've—ahard!"

"I do'no what soart thes'am' young folks are, now-a-days," said Granny Palasher. "Go thy w'ys, then, Mister James Urston. I feeled for 'ee, but mubbe I'll get another young man I knows of, in a minit."

The young man did not stay for parley.

"You may get whom you like, Granny Palasher," said he. "I thank you for your goodwill; but I'm in a hurry just now. Good-day!" And, leaving the pitcher in the bearer's hand, he mounted the hill as fast as before.

The granny made this comment on his speech:—

"This'am' young chap thinks a body that's abin through wi' everything, don' know the manin' o' things!"

The thin, cracked voice of old Granny Frank went up after him as he mounted, jerking its words:—

"Isn'—'e—a—Ro-man?"

He was not yet beyond hearing, when Granny Palasher answered:—

“’Is; but there’s no danger o’ she.”

He hurried on, and left the old gossips to themselves. Up the path he hastened toward the ridge bounding the meadow, at the farther side of which stood Skipper George’s house.

Mounting, as the sun mounts up, seems fit work for the morning. There is a spring in the strong, young body, that almost throws it up into the air; and airy wings seem to lift one at either side. But it was evening, and this young Urston had been, and was now going through a terrible trial, and there was a heaviness about his motions, and a sad paleness about his face, that did not belong to him.

As he got up to the edge of the little meadow, and it lay before him, with its several less-distinguished tracks,—looking now so much like different ways, as the same one unstranded,—and the house, backing against the little cliff, he paused; and it is no wonder. They say that on some table-land, among the mountains of Quito, lies a gorgeous city, in which the old Indian race still holds its own. The roofs and battlements glitter with gold; for the people have kept, from father to son, the secret of richer mines than any that the whites have found in California. Now, fifty yards across the meadow, at the edge of which James Urston stood, glittered with many sheets of glowing gold, the house in which Skipper George’s daughter was lying sick. It was a plain, unpainted house, and, at any time when the gold, which the morning or evening sun laid on it, had been taken off, was but the dwelling of an honest, poor man. Yet he looked long; and it seemed as if he dared not set foot upon that meadow, any more than if it and the house were an enchanted scene. There was not a hundred yards of space between

him and the house; but what a world of separation lay between him and Skipper George's daughter! The very golden glare of the sunlight from it in his face—now fading—increased the separation. The reflected glow faded from his person, and he hastily crossed the ridge, and passed on.



CHAPTER XIII.

A GREAT LOSS.

ON the night of the day of which we have been writing, (that fifteenth day of August,) Mr. Wellon, who had come across, in his way home, from Portugal Cove to Sandy Harbor, in a boat belonging to the latter place, was sitting late in conversation with Mr. Kewers, the clergyman of Sandy Harbor, when suddenly the 'Society'* schoolmaster, a man of an inquiring and excitable turn of mind, came knocking at the door, and announced, eagerly, that some strange work was going on in Peterport. He said that lights were moving about, and there was an unusual noise; something must be the matter there: it was like the "Ralls," years ago.

At this intelligence the two clergymen hastily started forth, in company with the schoolmaster, for Blazing Head,—the lower and back part of Sandy Harbor,—from which a view of Peterport (when it was to be seen) could be had. They reached, after a few minutes' walk, a high point, and saw the lights, like running sparks in chimney soot, and heard plainly, over the water, in lulls of the wind, the sound of human voices. At this hour of night, and with the wind bringing in the great murmur of the sea, the far-off sound of human voices was far more than commonly impressive. Our pastor took hurried leave.

* Of the Newfoundland School Society.

In an hour (with his utmost speed) he was in a punt rowed strongly through a drenching rain ; and, in an hour more, toiling, through rain and night, to the Backside.

On the road he met no one as he had met no one in Marchants' Cove ; but as he drew near the meadow in which Skipper George's house stood, he heard women's voices, and by-and-by came upon a company, whom by the ear, not by the eye, he could distinguish as Old Granny Frank and others of the neighbors. They recognized him, and announced among themselves, as he drew near, "the Pareson !"

People in this country take no heed of weather, (when they have good reason to be out,) except to dress accordingly.

"Well Mrs. Frank!" cried he, addressing the eldest, (as Olaus addressed the old man of the chorus,) but turning for answer to the others, "what has happened?"

The old woman was doubtless making up her mouth to speak, but, happily, her grandson's wife spoke for her.

"Haven'ee hard about Skipper George's darter, sir,—that's Lucy Barbury,—how she's been atookt out of her father's house, ever sunce last evenun, and never a word comed about her, sunce, whatever?"

"Taken away!" exclaimed the Parson, turning from one to another in amazement, "How do you mean?"

"'Is—sir,—an'—her—bed—wi'—her ;" gurgled the Granny, gaining her speech.

"They'm bin sarchun all over, sir," added Patience Frank, "an' Skipper George 's inside now, w'itun for 'ee."

"Let me see!" said the pastor, staying for no further talk, but hurrying towards the house.

The old and young women, and others, loitered for a little gossip, and to hear the end.

"Did 'ee see the Pareson, Grannie, when I told un? Did'ee see un shake his head?"

"To—be—sure—'e—would," answered Old Granny Frank oracularly.

"'E did then; shookt it just this w'y," continued Patience. "What do 'ee think, Granny?"

"It—'ll—be—sid," answered the granny, in her jerky way. "'E—doned—I—two—shillun—worth—o'—good—wi'—a—pr'y'r—e'—made—t'oth—er—d'y."

"Did um, then? I shouldn' wonder!"

"Wull!—some—says—an-gels—an'—some—says—faa-ir-ies;—but—I—knows—what—I—thinks,—” said the possessor of threescore years of observation and experience.

"All so, Granny!" assented Patience, who, if she should live so long, was in a fair way to be as wise, "I thinks gezac'ly the same."

"Ay,—child,—it—'ll—be—sid— a-fore—ma-ny—d'ys—be—up;" and the old body hurried away, while she had her mystery entire.

As the two speakers separated, the little gathering drew nearer to the cottage-door, with new food for speculation in the granny's utterance, which had, somehow, invested the subject in a more ominous perplexity than before.

The clergyman passed straight to the chimney, where the afflicted father sat, among many others, indeed, but the one of them all. There he was; not even smoking the accustomed pipe, but with his hands upon his knees and his chin buried in his breast, looking upon the kitchen fire. He did not sit despondently and slouchingly, but upright like a man; and like a man who, having done

whatever could be done as yet, was waiting to set forth again and do whatever might be left for man to do. A crowd of neighbors made their way in, after the Parson. All but the father rose: he neither saw nor heard.

“‘Peace be to this house,’” the pastor said, “‘and to all that dwell in it.’”

At this, immediately the father took off his weather-worn straw hat and stood.

“Amen!” he said (as others with him); presently adding, “Sarvant, sir; you’re very welcome home, again.”

A more honest, manly, kind, true face than his has seldom met the open air and the broad sunlight, or fronted tearing wind, or chilling wet, or driving snow; or met warm welcome, as it was seen by a wife through the half-opened door; or beamed, friendly and fatherly, on frolics of children at the hearth. Now, it was clouded.

“Why, Skipper George!” said the pastor, “what is it, my good friend? Do tell me!” Then, pressing the father to a seat, he silently sat down to listen.

“Ah, sir,” the father said, “I’ve a-sid heavy misfort’n sunce the last sun as ever rose. It’s my Lucy, sir; you know’d her sir,”—his voice breaking,—“so well as I a’most, an’ she loved the good Lord an’ E’s dear Church! well, sir, she was sick from short after you laved the harbor tull this evenun: that’s ’isterday evenun, I should say.”—He sighed as he thus reminded himself of the time already gone, by which the separation had been so much widened.—“She was gown through the worse of it, and we thowt, naterally, that as she didn’ get no worse she would get better, if it was *His* will, and so the doctor said, (that’s Dr. Aylwin, sir, of Brigus.) So when I turns out in the marnin ’isterday,—which I doned nearly about wi’ the first sun,—after I’d said my bit of a pr’yer, I says

to myself, as a body will, you know, sir, I says, now I think I'll jes go down to B'y Harbor, mubbe, after I got through fishin', and get a marsel o' figs,* or sech-like, for my poor, dear maid; hopin, mayhap, the faver m'y take a turn, and then they'd help her to goody a bit; and anyhow I had a two and sixpence that I'd a-kep this many's the d'y against I may want it, and a body likes to do summat cheery for a sick darter when he can; so I goes and I looks upon her, and, to my seemin', she looked jest as ef it wus an angel a layin' there, that had put on my gal's look, and her face, and her hair. She looked so bright somehow,—so oncommon bright, I was a'most afeared to kiss her; but I did, sir, thank God; I did, sir, and it seemed in a manner, to bring my darter back; for she says, very low like, 'Father!' she says, 'What lovey?' says I; 'Dear father!' says she, and nothin' more; and I couldn' help it, but I cried much as I'm doin' now, sir; but I do'no why I'm so long a tellin' it, on'y I'm afeared to get upon the rest of it. However, I went out and comed home wi' my few fish, and hurried and got off and went over to Backside, and got myself put over to Bread an' Cheese Cove, and so travelled afoot the rest part o' the w'y, and got the trifle o' things, and came round by Castle B'y river-head. I s'pose I might be gone a matter of six hours, most likely; when I got to the top 'o the hill by the church and sid the house, I s'pose I might 'a felt it was empty; but I didn't, sir. It seemed, in a manner, as ef strength blowed out of it, somehow, to me, I growed so much livelier; and I stowed aw'y my little parcels in my pockets, thinkin', perhaps, she'd feel in 'em, pl'ying like, as she'd oose to do, when she feeled herself better. So I walks up to the door, and lo and behold it

* In common parlance this word means raisins.

was open ; but I thought nothin' strange and I went in, and right into the place where I'd aleft her, sir, and she wasn't there. 'Mother!'—says I ; but my missis wasn't there : 'Granny!' says I, but she wasn't there ; then my t'other little gal that was sittin' down by the door, tryin' to tie her shoe, and cryun', said, 'Daddy, she's gone aw'y, Daddy,' she said, 'Daddy, she's gone aw'y, Daddy ;' and my heart went once jest as a fish would go, and I never asked her who she maned, but I sid there was somethun tarrible strange ; and so I sat down on the binch and gave one great sigh like, that seemed to ase me ; and then I got up and tookt my poor little papers and put them on the bed, and follyed right out to see ef I could find what had becomed of her. So we sarehed all evenun, and we've asarched all night ; and so—I'm sittun here, as I be now, sir,—'Twas a bad night for she !—Ah, well ! God knows."

As he said this the bereaved man sat and wept, openly and steadily, in silence. Not a motion was made nor a word said until he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and turned his honest, manly face again, and said :—

"I found my mistress ; an' I found Granny Palasher ; an' I sid Miss Dare that was just comun up ; I could find every body ; but we never found my dear young maid ! It isn' like we woul', sir. God's will be done, however. 'E'll do what 'E sis best."

The simple story ended, he turned quietly away from his hearer, as if there were nothing more for him to say, and he would listen now.

The pastor rose up and took his hand in both his, and said "Amen !" There was a general motion among the company, and many repeated the word. The pastor's voice trembled as he said—

“God bless you! Skipper George; we must find her, or find ——” He paused.

The fisherman made that most expressive gesture of head and hand which is read in all languages, and touches any class of men, meaning—

“Ah! you needn’t say it, sir! I know.”

“Let’s see where we are,” said the Parson, and he turned toward the company, among whom was the constable. “Mr. Gilpin, you know all about it?” he asked of this worthy man, who was, also, one of the two smiths of the place. Charles Gilpin—“Mr. Galpin,” “Mr. Gulpin,” “Skipper Charlie,” as he was variously called, was an Englishman, middle sized, with a face dark by nature, and always wearing a shade of grime from his “forge,” and slightly pitted by the varioloid. His right eye was wanting, having been destroyed by an accident in firing a salute on the king’s birthday, in one of his own younger hours. The remaining orb in that firmament seemed as much brighter as if the other had been absorbed into it, and had joined its fires. He was an intelligent, pleasant looking fellow, with that quick motion of the muscles about the eye that marks the possession of humor.

“I’ve done my best at it, sir,” answered the constable, with modest brevity.

“Who saw Lucy last?”

“I can tell ’ee, sir, ef ’eell plase to let me,” said the brave old fisherman. “I’ve got it all by heart, in a manner. ’Twas Granny Palasher happened to be bidin wi’ her, (for we didn’ oose to have reg’lar watchers d’y-times, sir, only we never laved her long,) an’ so Lucy waked up and called for a drink, granny says; an’ she didn’ want tay, an’ she didn’ want spruce,* an’ she wanted

* Spruce beer; a common beverage.

a drink from the Harpool—that's it in the hollow under the bank, t'other side o' the church, you know, sir; an' so the granny went aw'y to fetch it, never thinkun o' naw-thun, of course, an' nobody's sid a sign of her sunce, only poor little Janie said she goed round the corner."

"How long was the granny gone?"

"I can' be exac'ly accountable, sir, how long she was aw'y; she m'y ha' stopped to pass a word wi' a nighbor, sartainly, but 'twouldn' be long, it isn' likely."

"Who lives nearest on the Backside? The Urstons, I think."

"Is, sir; Mr. Urston that married my missis's sister."

"The father of the young man that was going to be a Romish priest?" asked the clergyman.

"'Is, sir; but 'e've knocked off beun' a good while sunce, and 'e's a good lad," said the father, shutting off all suspicion in that quarter.

"How do things stand between your family and their's, now?" Mr. Wellon asked.

"Mr. Urston's wife was my missis's sister, 'ee know, sir,—that is, half-sister,—and then my missis is a good bit younger, and was abrought up in England, mostly, tull she was a woman. 'Twas Mr. Urston an' his son put me over from Backside to Bread-and-Cheese Cove. I maned to ax Tummas Turtas,—lives a bit beyond they,—when they were goun down to waterside, and offers me a passage, an' I could n' deny 'em. Ah!" he said, coming back to his great grief, "she's alossed now, that I would n' loss for all the fish in the sea, and swiles on the ice, and fruits o' the land! Thank 'ee, kindly, sir; I ax pardon for bein' so troublesome. 'Ee'll plase to excuse me, nighbors." So saying, Skipper George prepared to go forth again.

"It isn' d'ylight, yet; is it?" he asked, putting great restraint upon himself.

"Light's beinnun to come up over, Uncle George," said Prudence Barbury.

Here the memory of the pleasant times and pleasant words that were gone, or the thought of sadness present or to come, again overcame him, as also his words and his condition were more than some of his sturdy neighbors could bear.

"She was too good for this world," said one; "an' that's where she's gone, most like."

"No, Nahthan, it won't do for 'ee to say that," said the father; and then explained. "They manes that God have tootk her, sir, (blessed be 'E's name!) as 'E tootk Enoch, in a manner, because o' what Jesse sid; (that's my nevy, Jesse of Abram,—lives under the brow o' the hill,—Jesse Hill, we calls un;) I didn' tell 'ee, sir. 'E was over on the water against Backside, wi' another, jiggin' for squids,* an' 'e sid somethin' like a maid or a 'oman, all dressed in white, like an angel, gown over Backside-w'y; and, all of a suddent, she was gone right aw'y like. 'E couldn' tell ef the groun' was stove, or parted under her, or how, 'e said; but it seemed to be gone right aw'y, an' they never sid her come, no more; and so 'e comed right aw'y home, and told the people 'e thoft 'e'd asid a spirit; but sure, there's nawthin' in that, sir; is there? On'y, mubbe, it might be a kind of a visage,† like, that my poor child would never come back."

"There may be a good deal in it," answered the Parson.

* Catching a fish that serves for bait.

† Vision.

The eyes of all were intently fixed on him, and the father, even, lifted his from the fire.

"I don't think it was any spirit," continued their pastor. "What clothes had Lucy on, most likely?"

"Oh! nawthin', sir, but just as she was in bed. It 'ud make a strange body cry, a'most, to see 'er poor frock hangin' up there, and 'er two shoes standin' by the side o' the bed, an' she aw'y, an' never comun back, most likely. Many's the time I've alooked at they, sunce, an' cried; it looks so heartless, like."

The people about Skipper George were no "strange bodies;" and some of them could not help doing as he had done, and as he did.

"Now, sir," said he, rising to depart, and holding his weather-worn straw hat in his two honest hands, "I think 'ee knows all."

"I wouldn't have you go out again, just yet," said Mr. Wellon. "I'll take my turn, now, and any fresh hands that I can find."

"Here's one, then, sir," exclaimed the constable, starting to his feet.

"Haven't you been out all night?" asked the Minister.

"Yes, sir, but not all day yet; we've got the day before us. I can sleep when we've got done."

"Then I'll be back, God willing, in little more than half an hour; and, if you please, we'll go as far as we've any thing to guide us. I wish to go over the ground, at least, if nothing comes of it."

"I'm sure 'ee woul', sir," said the father, in a very kindly way. "It's no use; I can't lay out plans now. I've got my handè, and something to make 'em work;" (one might almost see a great, grieving heart heave, as

he said this.) "I'll bide 'E's will; an' ef I never sis her walking on this land, I may in a better, ef it's 'E's will."

As he spoke of not again seeing her, in the body, he brought up, with the palm outward, his honest, hard hand whose fingers were bent with long years' toil, and thrust away some too attractive vision, and, as he said the last words, brought it down again to its former occupation of holding the rim of his hat.

He stood still with his grief; and, as Mr. Wellon pressed his honest, hard hand, he lifted to his pastor one of those childlike looks that only come out on the face of the true man, that has grown, as oaks grow, ring around ring, adding each after-age to the childhood that has never been lost, but has been kept innermost. This fisherman seemed like one of those that plied their trade, and were the Lord's disciples, at the Sea of Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. The very flesh and blood inclosing such a nature keep a long youth through life. Witness the genius, (who is only the more thorough man,) poet, painter, sculptor, finder-out, or whatever; how fresh and fair such an one looks out from under his old age. Let him be Christian, too, and he shall look as if—shedding this outward—the inward being would walk forth a glorified one.

"Sit here, among your neighbors, Skipper George," the pastor said; "I mean to be back shortly.—Another great grief and mystery in our little harbor!" he added, as he turned away.

With these words, he left his sorrowing parishioner's house, and went forth.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW MAN.

AS Mr. Wellon left the room, the attention of the company was drawn to a new voice, that seemed almost to have been started mechanically by the general rising, so suddenly, and without warning, it began,

“Why, she’s cleared out ’n one ’f her hot spells, an’ when she’d got light-headed; ’s no kind o’ doubt o’ that ’n my mind.” said the strange voice.

The speaker was an under-sized man, of thirty-eight or forty years, with well-looking features, and bright, intelligent eyes. His scanty hair went curling downwards from a bald spot on the top of his head, for which, also, a part of the neighboring locks were compelled to furnish a thin covering. The baldness had been worn rather by the weight of the months’ feet that had gone over it, than by their number, or had been dried by inward heat of busy thought; his dress was such as would become a higher sort of mechanic, or a trader on a modest scale.

The sentence seemed to be delivered forthright into the middle of a world all full of opinions, and questions, and determinations, to find itself a place. He looked before him, but with eyes that seemed to look at the same time to either side, and his tone had a character of continuance, as if—having begun—it rested with circumstances when his ending would be.

The company having composed itself, after the Minister's departure, the new speaker was seated, tilting back in his chair, with his right ankle resting on his left knee, and his hat in his lap.

"Wall then," he continued, "question is, which way d'd she go? 'F course every body's got to judge f'r 'imself 'n that point, but I guess w' might come p'ty nigh it, 'f w' were jest t' talk it over a little."

While saying this the speaker took an opportunity to glance at each of the remaining speakers of the former dialogue, and at the rest of the company generally, and meeting with no let or hindrance, seemed to think that he had found a place for his opinion, and went on more confidently than before. He did not look at Skipper George, at whom he chiefly talked, but looked to the left hand of him.

The father regarded him with grave earnestness. The constable, after flashing his eye at Skipper George, watched, curiously, the new interlocutor; and the other neighbors listened with different degrees of eagerness.

"'S I understand f'm what's ben said t'-night, 'n 'f'm what I've heard before I come—('m pooty much t' home. 'n Peterport, ben here twelve hours o' daylight, an' 'taint a large place)—'t's pooty gen'ly und'stood, I guess, 't this young lady, 'r gal—whatever ye may call her—'Ster Barbury's daughter, here," (turning to the fisherman, who said, "Is, sir, thank'ee, my darter, an' more than darter for the like of I;") 's be' : sick 'f a sort 'f a—typhoid they call 'em 'th us,—same 't they've had down 'n Marchants' Cove, there, 's ye call it. Wall! I never saw s' many folks out o' their head 'th that fever 's they is here, not reg'lar hoppin mad, but out o' kilter 'n the upper regions, 's th' sayin' is. Wall, now, 'n the hot fit come

on, 't 'd make her stronger, an when her mind 's out o' the way, ye see, 'twould, likely, make her want t' try an' do somethin'."

The interest with which his hearers had been listening was evidently not flagging.

"It's Mister Banks, the American marchant," said Patience Frank, (for she was there,) to a neighbor-woman.

"Wall, then, question comes: what *would* she do? Why, 'cordin' to. She wanted a drink o' water, f' one thing; wall, s'pose she 'as very dry, sh' might go off to git some, likely. 'F all she wanted was water t' cool her, sh' might take 't into her head to git into the water; but, then, bein' crazy don't make a fool 'f a gal, 'f sh' wa'n't one b'fore; and they wa'n't any thin' lik' that 'bout this young lady. Then, don't ye see, the' was lots o' folks, by all 'counts, on the flakes, (ye call 'em,) an' round, an' one of 'em 's her mother; so she didn't go down that way, whether or no. Wall, then, again, 'tain't likely she was all thust; she had some notions b'sides that: (we ain't all flesh and blood, I guess.) Le's see."

It was strange to see the unflagging attention of the audience to this lengthened argument, given, as it was, with no attractions of oratory, or enforcement of gesture, except an invariable sticking of the thumb and forefinger of the right hand into the palm of the left, (much as we have known a good old Greek professor to practise with his pencil and a hole in his inkstand.) There was a persistency and push in the arguer's voice, and an adhesiveness in his expressions, that carried his reasonings in, and made them stick. So there was a general assenting in words, besides silent affirmations and negations of the head, as he affirmed and denied.

"That's a clear case!" "Surely!" "All so, sir!" and

the like, refreshed the speaker much as the parenthetic "hear" and cheers of the House of Commons, or as the plaudits of the Athenians gratified Demosthenes.

The constable, as if his cue were only to keep official eye and ear upon the speaker, let him go on, without meddling with him, and kept silence. The father heard Mr. Bangs with steady attention.

"Wall!" continued the reasoner, "then comes question again; which way? Sis' says right, no doubt. Sh' went right round the corner o' the house, an' down to—back part o' the place, here—"

"'Is; Backside, sir, we calls it," says a neighbor.

"Wall, 't's a good name, no doubt. The's two roads goin' 'long, up an' down, I believe—"

"'Is, sir," said one of the neighbors; "there's the summer w'y and the winter w'y, by Cub's Cove, and the Cosh, and so into the woods."

"Fact, I' ben on both of 'em myself," continued the speaker. "Then the's a path goin from Skipper George's (s'pose I ought to call him)—"

"It's a compliment they pays un," said the constable.

"Don't heed it, sir," said the stout fisherman; "George is plenty good enough for I, alw'ys; and, most of all, now."

If the kindness that lies in such compliments embellishes common times, there is no danger of times of sorrow wanting them. The reasoner resumed, keeping the title now that he had got it.

"The's a path from Skipper George's right acrost these two roads, (that is, ye call 'em roads 'n this country) wall, I guess she kep' the path t'll she got to these two roads, ('f ye call 'em so,) f'r 't's plaguey hard makin tracks outside of a road, here—(fact, 'tain't al'a's the easiest trav-

ellin' in 'em, b't that's 'nother question,)—she kep' the path t'l she got t' these two roads, an' then question is, which way? She'd take some way certin. I guess ye'll think we might 's well try t' hear 'em 'lectioncerin' 'r talkin' politics 'n the moön, 's try t' guess what was in her mind; but look a' here, now; s'posin' she'd heard o' the old gentleman's goin down t' Bay Harbor; she might want to go after him; but then, here's this story o' Jesse Hill—f that's his name. He saw her, accordin' to his story, (f'r, I take it, th'r ain't 'ny reas'nable doubt b't 'twas the gal he saw,) where she must ha' ben on t'other path. Now I understand gals sometimes take a notion t' care f'r other folks b'sides their fathers; 't seems to ha' ben the way with 'em, by all accounts—f'm Grandm'ther Eve, 's fur 's I know. I don't say how 'twas in this case, but she must ha' ben a takin' piece herself, b' all accounts—an' then, if the' was a k'nd 'f a runnin' idea 'f someb'dy 'n *her* mind, why, somehow 'r other, she'd be very apt to folla that idea. She didn't show any sensitive feelins, did she?"

"I don' rightly understand 'ee, sir," said the father, "I ben't a larn'd man 'ee know."

"Sh' didn't feel 'ny tender 'motions, I s'pose? That 'is, she hadn't taken a notion to one more'n another?—*young* man I mean, livin' somew'e's round?"

The father answered gravely, but with the same hearty readiness as before—

"I know a father can't, mubbe, feel proper sure, alw'ys—to say sure—of his darter's heart; but so fur as a man can be sartain, I'm sarten sure my Luey would never have agrowed to e'er a body, knowunly, athout my knowun it, as well. There was a neighbor's son, surely—that's young Mr. Urston we spoke about—mubbe there

might have somethun' come out o' that; but they'm Romans, and my poor, dear maid loved her Savior too much to hear to e'er a Roman. She'll folly her own church, thank God, while she's livin', or ef she's dead, as is most like, she'll never change now, to ought else, only better an' more."

"No more she woul', Skipper George; that's a clear case," said Zebedee Marchant.

"Wall, on'y jest started proposition; 'hope 's no harm done. Ye think the' wa'n't forbid to keep company; do ye? Wall; on'y 'f 'twas my gall, (but the' ain't 'ny *Miss Bangs*, yet, I guess,—but if 'twas,—) should be willin' t' bet a fourp'ns hap'ny—('t's a coin ye hain't got 't's equal to,—wall, 't's a small sum o' money, b't if bettin's t' settle it, should be willin' to bet)—they know som'th'n 'bout her 'n that family. Ruther think the folks 'n that house,—(called in there, a minit, an' as'd f'r a drink o' water, seein' the' was a light burnin; didn't see anythin out o' th' way, p'tic'lar, *but*,)—rather guess, 'f they were put to't, they've seen or heard of her, one o' th' two. Ye see, there's that punt, 's ye call it, 't the cap'n the brig, there, saw 'th th' nuns, or what not, in't; (fact, I saw 'em m'self,—that is, I saw one great black one, 'n' a couple 'f other women,"—here there was great sensation among the hearers,—“w'n I's peekin' round the house, to see what's goin on;) should like, pleggily, to know what the nuns were up to, 'th their punt, an' what 'twas they kerried down—Wall, 'f those folks *do* know, it's pleggy strange though! Wh', anybody 't had got the feelin's 'f a man, 'd go on his hands 'n knees round all outdoors—wall, he'd go a pooty long chalk, any way—f'r a neighb'r 'n distress."

"Young Mr. Urston 's a good lad," said the father; "an' the family ain't a bad family, ef they *be* Romans."

“Wall, I’ve said ’bout all I’ve got t’ say, p’ty much. Ye’re welcome to it f’ what ’t’s worth. ’Find th’ ain’t goin’ to be much to do, ’n the way o’ business, t’ll they come back f’m Labrador, ’thout I take to lecturin’ a spell, —(got ’n exhibition o’ dissolvin’ views; used to charge one an’ six, Yankee money; m’t make it a shillin’, currency, here; but)—’f the’s anythin’ goin’ on, while I’ve got spare time, here’s one man ready.”

“Thank’ee, kindly, sir,” said Skipper George. “I’m sure, it’s very good of ’ee to take so much consarn wi’ strangers.”

“Wall, ’don’t feel’s though folks *ware* strangers, when they’re in trouble. B’t ’t’s ’bout time f’ me to be trav’lin’, I guess,” concluded Mr. Bangs, who had taken up his hat, and made a start out of the way of thanks. “Do’no ’xac’y customs here, ye know;—l’k a fish out o’ water, ye may say. Make my compliments t’ th’ Parson, ’s ye call him, ’f ’t’s ruleable, ’n’ tell him ’promised t’ put up ’th s’m folks ’long down the harbor. Wish ye good-night, all!”

So saying,—the gathering of neighbors in the room opening and letting him through,—he went out into the open air and the morning twilight, and walked away with short, quick steps, swinging one arm.

“Well!” said the constable, releasing his long attention in a deep breath, “there’s a fellow that’ll git under way without waitun for tide to float un off, any how;” and, with this remark, the constable, also, went hastily forth.

CHAPTER XV.

TRACES OF THE LOST.

WITHIN the half hour that he had mentioned, the Parson had got back from his own house, and the constable joined him near Skipper George's door. It was a dull, dreary-looking hour of day, so thick that Mr. Wellon and his companion soon hid themselves "multo nebulæ circum amictu." *

"Jesse Barbury will join us presently," said the former, as they crossed the ridge. "I wish to follow out his story, if nothing comes of it, even. We'll keep down the path, and he can't miss us, though the light is long coming, this cloudy morning. We can wait a little for him at the rock, there. I should like to hear something more about her sickness."

The earth and its growth were wet, and hung with drops, but it was not raining now. The early morning air was chilly and thick, and nothing at a little distance could be seen. While Gilpin was telling the story of the maiden's fever, of which the reader knows more than the constable told, the light of day gradually spread itself; at first exposing the mist, and afterwards driving it away.

* Æn. I. 412. With a thick cloak of cloud about them.

In the little time that they were standing, a short, sharp fall of rain came down upon them, and then the clouds began to break. The light fast opened the whole landscape of the neighborhood in which the sad and mysterious event had taken place.

"It's clearing off finely," said the Parson, with a hopeful tone of augury.

"Yes, sir," said the constable, with little sound of the same feeling in his answer.

"That's a queer chap, that Yankee that was in the kitchen, sir," he resumed, after a pause; "and he's got some pretty 'cute notions, too. He says she's gone off to the Urstons' house in a fit o' craziness. You know it's said, sir, there was something between the young people; however he found it out."

"Most likely she *has* gone out in one of those fits," said Mr. Wellon; "but Jesse Hill's the point that we're to begin at, I think; I've sent for Jesse ----."

"And there he's coming now, sir, over the gool'-bushes yonder. I see his great fur cap, and his great red whiskers under it, like a forge-fire."

"We'll find out about this sight of his first, if we can," said the Parson. "By the way, we forgot to take the dog!" added he, suddenly.

"No, sir, he came along. There he is, sir, nosing about yonder. We've had a dozen of 'em out, and he too;—Susan brought un."

"We'll give him another chance to-day," said his master; "but this rain isn't much in his favor, or ours either."

"Jesse Barbury, or Jesse Hill, came up, conspicuous for red whiskers and freckles, but looking honestly sad. "Sarvant, sir!" he said to his pastor, lifting his hat;

and in a lower and more familiar voice to the constable, "Hope 'ee're hearty, Mister Gulpin."

"We're going down the Backside, Jesse. Will you go along and see if we can make out whereabouts that white thing was when you saw it?"

"Sartin, sir," said Jesse Hill, falling into the rear while they took the path through the bushes, as a boat in tow might fall astern.

As they were far enough over to have the land going right down between them and the shore, Mr. Wellon, keeping his eyes toward the water, inquired of Jesse whereabouts his punt had been the evening before at the time of the vision.

"Sir!" said Jesse, emphatically, by way of exclamation, not question, and evidently glad to be opened, "ef 'ee plase to bring yon var (fir) on wi' the road at tother side, sir, up over, we was about a fourth part o' the w'y acrost, sir; and Izik Maffen, that was along——"

"And where was the figure when you first saw it?" asked the Parson, cutting gently off the tail of Jesse Hill's discourse.

"It comed right out of a big bush, seemunly, sir,—to my seemun, sir, and Izik Maffen——."

"Would you know the bush if you could see it?"

"Mubbe I mought, sir. I can' be rightly sure, sir—to say sure, sir."

"What color was it, Jesse? Was it yellow, or red?" asked the constable.

"Wu!, Mr. Gulpin, it was dark lookun; I couldn' say gezaacly, but 'twas dark-lookun; and Iz——."

"That's pretty well, Jesse; you kept all the wits you had about you, if you did get frightened. Can you see it from here?"

The fisherman surveyed the whole surrounding scenery with an eye that from infancy, almost, had learned to note landmarks; and here were plenty of bushes to choose from,—a wilderness of them,—but he recognized none. Here and there, at a distance, were still scattered a few persons who seemed to be searching.

“Ef I was down at tother side o’ they bushes,” he began.

“Surely, Jesse, that’s only reasonable; you’re a better sailor than I be.”

“Ay, Jesse,” said his pastor, who had been looking with eager but sad eyes over the waste; “get down somewhere where you can see it as you saw it before. That’s Mister Urston’s house over there?”

“Is, sure, sir; that’s ’e’s house, sir,” answered Jesse.

“There’s that new popish priest, talking with Skipper George!” said Gilpin; and as our Parson turned, he saw the companion of his walk of a few days before, standing uncovered, (perhaps out of respect to the bare head of the sorrowing father,) and so engaged as not to see Mr. Wellon and his party.

“Yes, that *was* he!” exclaimed Mr. Wellon.

“Yes, sir, and that’s just their way of going on,” said the constable.

“He won’t lead George Barbury astray,” said our pastor, giving a long look, however, in that direction.

“’Deed, ’e wou’n’t, then,” said Jesse Hill; and the party again set forward, Mr. Wellon last.

“Thisam’s the path from Uncle George’s w’y,” said Jesse, as they struck it. Having gone down some distance upon it, Jesse said:—

“Woul’ ’ee be so well plased as bide here a spurt, sir? an’ I’ll come back to ’ee, in short.”

Behind them, just at a turn of the way, was a large bush. Jesse walked down the path, noting the bearings on each side, and turning round once, he soon came to a stand.

"Plase to fall astarn a bit, Mr. Gulpin," he called out; and the constable-smith did as directed.

Suddenly they were all startled by the running of one of the distant parties towards them. The dog gave a short bark. "There's Izik, now, sir!" said Jesse, loud enough to be heard from where he stood.

"Have you found any signs of her?" asked Mr. Welton, as the new party drew near. Their answer destroyed all hope from that source; they had only come to offer to help the Parson, "seeing he seemed to be sarchin', like."

"Well, Jesse!" said the constable.

"Avast, a bit!" was Jesse's answer. "So!" and he came back again.

"Thisam's the bush, sir," said he. Ef 'ee'll plase to look, just as Mr. Gulpin's a comun out from behind un, sir, jesso what I sid comed out, an' goed right down here, didn't 'em, Izik?"

The substance, who had come to represent the name that had hitherto been so frequent on Jesse's tongue, was a gaunt, hard-featured fellow, and why Jesse should have been his leader and principal, (unless because he was not quite as ugly, or was, perhaps, better off,) was hard to say.

The bush stood in such a way at the turning of the path, that a short man or a woman might, on the other side, have been hidden for a little distance; the ground being for a few rods hollow, and then going up again.

Izik Maffen, appealed to, looked dutifully at Jesse Hill from under his woollen cap,* and made his answer:—

* or Paisley bonnet.

"I's sure 'e did, then, Jesse."

"We can come back this way; let us go down to where she disappeared, if we can find it," said the Parson, setting out.

"Do 'ee think has the Pareson got track o' she?" said one of the new followers, aside,—a silent, quiet man, who generally kept himself back.

The sun, rising, as he was, had found a place between the clouds to look out through upon the earth, and upon the sad search that these few men were making, without a trace to guide them, and where all had been already searched. The sea shone before him, and myriads of rain-drops glistened on all sides; the green was fairer and brighter everywhere than usual; but if there could have been any possibility of tracing, at any time, foot-prints on the rough and gravelly path that they were following, this rain had washed all slight prints, of whatever kind, away, had made its own marks, heaped up its little black gatherings of mould from the bushes on the white earth, and filled all lesser hollows with water.

"Did it go all the way down here, Jesse?" asked Mr. Wellon.

"'Is, sir," answered Jesse Hill; "sometimes we sid it, an' more times agin we didn' see it; but it goed like a white sail, in a manner, sir, passin' by the green bushes; it didn' walk, seemunly, to my seemun; and Izik Maffen, that was along wi' I, ——."

"Where did you see the last of it?"

"Down a bit, sir, by the house."

Mr. Urston's house stood along by the bank or cliff, and for some little distance round it the bushes were cleared off. The garden, inclosed with its "pickets," stretched before it, towards the land, (or behind it, if the

other side towards the water were counted front,) a dozen rods, perhaps; the house itself was uninclosed, and, in our country style, a comfortable looking dwelling, and in good keeping-up. Some firs and other growth, which had got far enough up the precipice to stand a little above its edge, would have prevented any person very near the house from being seen from the place in which Jesse Hill and his comrade had been on the water.

The dogs of Newfoundland are not unlike the dogs of other countries in their dealings with one another; and the intrusion or near approach of a stranger is a thing about which the dog at home gets to his feet, and puts up his tail, and bristles his mane, and shows his teeth.

As the Parson and his 'following' drew towards the house, great care was taken to prevent a fight between his dog and a large brindled fellow that lay growling on the flat stone before Mr. Urston's door; and the fight was prevented; the proper occupant of the place being left undisturbed to his occupation, and the other being marched off, with the tramp of many shod feet, and exhortations from several voices mingled with his own, toward the cliff or steep bank (for the shore was in one place one, and in another place the other) at the water-side.

A wild and picturesque chasm, called the "Worrell," was broken out of the rock near the house, approached on the eastern side by a slope of the land which was continued in a ledge down the face of the landward wall, to some broken masses of rock at the bottom. A bit of gray beach lay among and beside these rocks; and while the water came freely in, and was sheltered entirely on three sides, there was also a jutting out of one of the

rocky walls in such a way as to throw a barrier half across the opening, and to form a little safe cove with a sand bottom, entirely defended by cliffs. Here Mr. Urston kept several punts, and others resorted to the spot for a convenient landing-place. Small trees had got a foothold here and there on the broken walls of this hole in the shore; and near the top, where soil had been washed over, bushes were growing.

The fishermen looked to the Parson as he scanned carefully all sides, and the rocks and beach at the bottom; and they also examined with their eyes the neighboring ground, and in a low voice carried on their speculations with each other.

"How long did you stay where you were after the white thing had disappeared?" he asked, turning round to Jesse, who, with Isaac close at hand, was waiting to be called upon again.

"Well now, I couldn' rightly say, Pareson Wellon, how long it was, sir; not to say gezac'y, sir; but it were a short spurt; for Izik says to I, ses he, —."

The actual Isaac seemed not to have supplanted the historical one, whom Jesse had so frequently introduced; but Jesse had no touch of any thing but solemn seriousness in his way of telling what he knew.

"Did you keep on looking?"

"'Is sir, 'deed we did, sir; we kep' lookin' so str'ight as a needle pointin', in a manner, sir;—but we never sid nothin' after that,—no more, sir."

"No more we didn', sure enough," affirmed his faithful Isaac, solemnly.

"I can tell 'ee now, sir," said Jesse, who had recollected himself; "we'd jest asid a punt comin' round Castle-Bay Point, when we first cotech sight o' thisam'

white thing. Quick as ever I sid the punt, I ses to Izik, I says——”

“And when you came away, where was the punt, Jesse?”

“When we comed aw’y, sir, they was about a half w’ys up to we sir, wi’ oars an’ wind, doin’ their best; an’ I sid it was Nahthan——”

“How long would that take them?”

“Could n’ ’ave abin less than five minutes, sir; that’s a sure case.”

Isaac was appealed to by a look of the speaker, and affirmed the statement.

“That’s a sure case, Jesse,” said he.

“And you watched, all that time?”

“’Is, sir, we did, sir; an’ a long time arter that; so long as ever we could see the place, while we was rowing aw’y.”

“Was it getting dark?”

“No, Pareson, it wasn’ gettun dark; the sun had ject aknocked off. It mought be a’ twilight, sir. We was jes comun home, however, sir, an’ I ses——”

A sudden noisy altercation of the dogs diverted for the moment all attention toward the house. Mr. Urston’s “Ducker” had come out to the path, and it had needed but a moment to embroil him with the stranger.

“Mr. Gilpin!” exclaimed the Parson, at this alarm.

“’E isn’ ’ere, sir,” answered one of the company; but at the moment the constable appeared at the corner of the house, and set himself, understandingly, to the work of keeping the noisy debaters asunder.

Immediately behind appeared a woman of about sixty years, announced among Mr. Wellon’s company as ‘Granny Calloran’! whom we have called young Urston’s nurse.

She was one of those women in whom the process of drying away with age seems to leave the essence of will and energy, concentrated, after the manner of a chemical evaporation. Her features, too, had that expression of standing out, that befits such a character.

Without noticing Gilpin, who had Mr. Wellon's dog by the collar, she set herself directly in front of the other, putting her apron over his face. At the same time, with a brisk blow of the foot, she sent what had, very likely, been the object of contention into the open hole of the dog's kennel, under the corner of the house, near which Gilpin stood. The constable, as suddenly snatched it out.

"It's a bad ould book, that's afther bein' burnt," said Mrs. Calloran, who saw the motion, holding out her hand for the blackened and shrivelled mass, which had been, moreover, disfigured by the teeth of the dog.

"Jesse, lay hold o' the dog, a bit, will 'ee?" said Gilpin, as the men drew up; and four hands were immediately laid upon Eppy, and a fur cap and a woollen bonnet met together in the operation.

"It's got pretty good stuff in it, for a bad book," proceeded the constable, as he carefully disengaged some of the leaves from their sticking together. "Here's prayers, for one thing."

"Ah! thin, it's me darter's prayer-book she was lookin' for, this while back, an' niver got a sight of it, good or bad," said Mrs. Calloran; "an' I'm thankful to ye for findin' it this day."

She again held out her hand for it; but the finder seemed in no hurry to part with it.

"You may thank the dogs for that," said he, continuing his examination; "it's an English Prayer-Book, any

how. The one it belonged to isn't very near to you, I don't think."

"An', sure, isn't all our prayer-books English? D'ye think, do we pray in Hebrew-Greek?" retorted Mrs. Calloran, getting warm; "ar what?"

She attempted to recover the book by a sudden snatch, and set the dog free by the same movement. The one-eyed constable was too quick for her; but the dog muttered, mischievously.

At this moment, the sound of horse-hoofs upon the stony ground made itself heard, even among men whose attention was occupied as was that of Gilpin and his companions.

"There's another of 'em!" muttered the constable, aside.—"That's Father Nicholas, they calls un.—There's rather too many of those gents for my likin'," he continued, in his aside, "'t isn't eight o'clock, yet; two of 'em, in two or three hours, don't mean any good, I'll go bail."

The horseman was coming, at a good quick trot, along the path near the edge of the cliff, from the direction of Castle-Bay.

Mrs. Calloran, as if aware, by sight or hearing, of this powerful reinforcement close at hand, (informed, perhaps, by Gilpin's remarks,) renewed her strength; and her face gleamed with satisfaction, even in the midst of its looks of vexation. She secured the dog, however.

While this animal was working himself up to a rage, and the other, also, who was in charge of the fishermen, answered growl for growl, young Mr. Urston appeared, and changed the state of things. With his voice and his foot, he speedily persuaded Ducker to go inside of the house, and leave the field to other arbitrators.

"I'll talk with Mr. Gilpin, Granny," said he.

"An' can't I do that, meself?" asked she. "Well, thin, Mr. Galpin, (an' Mr. Galpin I believe it is, indeed,) let's have no words upon it (an' yerself a man that's set over the peace); but will ye give me the book, quite an' paceable, that ye tuk from this house? an' meself 'll lave ye to yer company: an' there's enough o' thim that ye wouldn't feel lonely, walkin' away from this, I'm thinkin'."

"If Mr. Urston will look here a minute, (I suppose he won't be afraid of one Church-book,) I'll show him, in a jiffey," answered the constable. "There!" said he, as the young man followed his invitation. "I'm sure if that isn't Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury isn't Church. 'Articles agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy:—and there's 'Articles of the Church of England.' Does that book belong here?"

"No, indeed," said James Urston, "it's not your book, Granny, and it does not belong to any one here."

"There seems to be some little misunderstanding between you and your excellent neighbors," said a new voice, very blandly; and the speaker, whom Gilpin had called Father Nicholas, appeared, on foot, near the house. He was a man in the prime of life, and of an appearance that would strike even a rude man, at first glance. His eyes were deep-set and dark, with a high forehead, firm, sharp lips, and a complexion like slightly-yellowed ivory, contrasting strongly with his black hair. There was a settled look of authority about him; and he had the reputation of being one whose influence was not less that of a man of superior mind, than one who bore a sacred office. Almost less was popularly known or reported about this gentle nan's history, than about that of the

new priest who had come to Peterport; although Father Nicholas had been two years and more in the neighborhood,—and the other, two weeks.

His appearance disconcerted and drove into temporary retreat behind the picket-fence one of the Peterport population, (the silent and withdrawing man,) rather abashed Jesse and Isaac, who were holding the dog, and even slightly startled Mister Charles Gilpin, smith and constable; but men's minds were serious and saddened, and not likely to yield to passing emotions;—Gilpin's blood was warmed, and that of his followers was ready to back him; and so, with the second breath, religious antipathy gave them a very determined manner, and the eye of their leader took a new brightness. Their Parson, before the altercation began, had gone down into the Worrell, (the chasm before-described,) and had not come up.

The priest having given the different parties time to compose themselves, spoke again:—

“Perhaps your neighbors will excuse you, Mrs. Calloran. James, will you do me the favor to come in?”

“If you please, sir, we'll understand about this book,” said Gilpin. “He belonged to a friend o' mine, and if Mrs. Calloran wants to claim un, she knows where to come, and if she'll prove her property, she shall have un. It's worth more now than ever it cost.”

“There must be some mistake, Mrs. Calloran,” said Father Nicholas. “You'd best drop the thing where it is.”

“Lave Skipper Charlie alone for talk,” said one to another of the constable's followers, naturally feeling not a little proud at his force of tongue. The constable himself suddenly took another subject.

“Mrs. Calloran,” said he, “did you see Mr. Barbury's daughter since yesterday morning?”

"Misther Barbury's darter! an' did I see her? Do ye think is it visitin' her I was, that wasn't in it or nigh it, those many years! How would I be secun Misther Barbury's darter? There's *other ould women* in Peterport, I'm thinkin'."

"Ay! but did you see her?" repeated the constable, holding on like a mastiff.

"An' sure," answered the woman, "wouldn't wan answer do ye? An' what for must ye be afther comin, that has no call to it, an' the father himself beun here last evenin?"

"But you might answer a plain question, and a short one, with a plain, short answer, I think," persisted the constable.

"Sure is this the place to come askun for Lucy Barbury? An' isn't her father's house the fit place to look for her, besides axun meself, when it's sorrow a sight I seen of her in years, I suppose? What would I do wid Lucy Barbury?"

"I can't make you answer, if you won't answer of your own accord; but there's some that can," said the constable.

"An' didn't ye hear me sayun I didn't know if I seen her in years? I dono did I or no," answered the unconquerable woman.

"But that isn't answering my question either; I asked if you'd seen her since yesterday morning," persisted Skipper Charlie.

Young Urston seemed rather inclined to have this examination go on than to interrupt it. The priest, however, mediated.

"Mrs. Calloran will doubtless be willing to answer any reasonable question," said he. "I suppose you have some

good reason for asking. You wish to know whether she saw this young person, or old person, whichever it is, yesterday? Whether she got some message from her, perhaps?"

"No, sir," said Gilpin; "Mr. Barbury's daughter's missing, and we want to find her, or find out what's become of her."

"Is it left her father's house? Sure that's not a very good story of a young woman," said Mrs. Calloran, moralizing.

"Granny!" said young Urston, sternly, "you'll please not to speak disrespectfully."

"If it's lost she is, thin may God find her!" said she, more softly.

"Of course it will be cleared up," said the priest; "there's some explanation of it; and I only hope it will come out happily for all. You can say whether you know where she is, or any thing about her, Mrs. Calloran, and you needn't keep your neighbors waiting."

"Sure thin, yer riverence, Father Nicholas," said Mrs. Calloran, "it's not meself asked thim to wait; but if it's where's Lucy Barbury, indade I dono, more than I know where the injens is."

"Now, Mr. Constable, I shall be glad if you're satisfied, as I'm pressed for time; but I won't hurry you."

"I haven't got any thing more to ask just now, sir," said the constable.

"Then I'll wish you good morning," said the priest, and went into the house, followed by Mrs. Calloran.

Before going in after them Mr. Urston said,—

"She nursed me as early as I can remember, almost; but if it were necessary to dig down my father's house to find a trace, I say, go on! I'll build it again."

CHAPTER XVI.

SEARCHING STILL.

AS the constable and his company drew near the "Worrell," whither Epictetus, the Parson's dog, had gone immediately on finding himself at large, Mr. Wellon and the man whom he had taken down with him were coming up.

"Here's something that may have been her's," said the former, turning to his companion, who held up a plain white cap, which all crowded about and looked upon, in sacred silence.

It was marked with red thread, already faded, "L. B."

Jesse had uncovered his honest red locks before it, and more than one of his comrades put the back of his hand to his eyes.

Presently the general voice said sadly, "That's Lucy's, and no mistake."

"It was part of that figure that Jesse and Isaac saw, I think," said Mr. Wellon, in the same tone.

"Do 'ee think 'twould wear a real cap, sir?" asked Jesse, who doubtless looked upon what he had seen, on the evening before, as a preternatural sight.

"I think it was her real self," answered Mr. Wellon, looking wistfully upon the path, which seemed to have been the path of death, or strange disaster, to the girl

who had so lately been one of the chief joys and beauties of the place.

"Where did you find it, sir?" inquired the constable.

"At the bottom of the Worrell, on the sand under one of the punts that Zebedee turned over. It may have floated in on the tide.—I think you told me that boats were out along the shore here and round the point?"

"Ay, sir, Cap'n Nolesworth and George Kames, you know, his mate, were round Castle-Bay harbor, and some are down now, by land, to Bay-Harbor, and to Brigus; Jonathan Frank one way, and Skipper Henry Ressle t'other way. Young Urston, here, was out all night wi' a lantern, sculling into every place along shore; but there wasn't a scred nor a scrap to be found; and Solomon Kelley and Nahth Marchant were out till morning; but I think now we'll get some track of her, please God, dead or alive."

"Certainly," said Mr. Wellon, "if she's alive, as I hope, we must hear from her; or if she's lost in the water, as she may be, we may hope to find her body. (God help us!) We must get word to every place that she could go to."

The lifeless relic that they had recovered, heavy and dripping with the ocean water, while it brought them near to her in one respect, yet gave deep meaning to the suggestion that she might have perished in the sea; and in this way it seemed to impress them all.

"If I can get a crew, by and by, I'll go round the shore, and give one look by daylight."

"Ef 'ee'll plase to take me an' Izik," said Jesse Hill, "we'll be proud to go along wi' 'ee, sir."

"' Deed we woul'," said Isaac Maffen.

"You've been out a good deal already, though," said Mr. Wellon.

"Well, we can afford a little time, Pareson Wellon," said Jesse. "I don' know who's got a right, ef I haven'," and Isaac assented: "All so, Jesse."

"An' I'll make another, if 'ee plase, sir," said Zebedee Marchant.

A fourth offered immediately, and the crew was complete. This fourth was the quiet man several times mentioned.

"We'm got somethun to be doned first, afore that, I suppose, sir," said Jesse, turning gravely round toward the wet cap which Zebedee Marchant bore, and which, at this reference, he raised in silence.

"I think we'd better keep that until we come back," said Mr. Wellon, "and then we shall have something, at least, if we get nothing more. Will you take charge of it?"

"Whatever 'ee says, sir," said Jesse gravely; "I'll take 'un ef 'ee says so, sir;" and so saying, the honest fisherman, Skipper George's nephew, spread a great blue handkerchief upon a rock, and taking the cap from Zebedee, placed it in the handkerchief, and carefully turning over the corners, said:—

"Thank 'ee Zippity; 'e'll be safe wi' me; so 'e was wi' you, too." He then carefully held it with both hands.

"We'll take time to get something to eat, and then be off, as soon as we can," said Mr. Wellon.

The excited state of Jesse Barbury's feelings may have given readiness and directness to his words, for he said immediately, addressing his pastor:—

"Pareson, would 'ee be so well-plased now, mubbe, sir, as come an' take a poor morsel o' tay wi' us, ef I

m'y make bold. It's poor offerun' sir, I knows; but my missus 'ull be clear proud."

Isaac Maffen enforced the invitation in his fashion; saying, in a moderated voice, "'Deed she woul', that's a clear case."

Mr. Wellen accepted, at once, the ready hospitality; and Jesse, saying "Come then, Izik," led the way over to his house, with a very steady, careful step, and without speaking. Skipper Charlie was not among the company at the moment; the other fishermen, besides Jesse and his mate, took care of themselves.

The cap was deposited safely upon the Family Bible, to await their coming back from the new expedition; and then Jesse's wife, a pretty woman, once Prudence Frank, from Frank's Cove, (glad enough to exercise hospitality for the Parson,) urged him, modestly, to "plase to make use o' the milk," (which is quite a luxury among planters of the out harbors,) and of the 'scrod,'* and all her simple dainties.

In a few minutes they had finished their hurried meal, and were shortly at the water-side. Zebedee and the other were already there.

They skirted the shore along by Frank's Cove, and Mad Cove, and round Mad Head and Castle-Bay Point. Nothing had been seen or heard that would throw light upon the mystery, and the Parson set out to go back on foot along the beach and the little path by the water's edge on the Peterport side, while the boat's crew made the best of their way by water.

The beach was strewed with empty shells, and weeds, and rubbish, and whited with a line of foam, and, as it chanced, among the other worthless things there lay a

* A fresh young fish broiled.

woman's shoe which Mr. Wellon ran to, and snatched eagerly, but saw at a glance, was nothing to his purpose. He threw it from him into the water, and his dog, exulting, leaped in and secured it. His search was done, and he went slowly home.

When at length after waiting hours, that information, if any were to come, might come, he sought Jesse, who was the depositary of the little thing recovered from the sea; the day—the last of the week,—was drawing towards evening, and twenty-four hours had passed since Lucy's strange and sad disappearance.

"I said I wouldn' start un tell 'ee comed, sir," said Jesse.

"'Ee did so, Jesse," said Isaac, who was still with him, and without delay the little procession set forth.

The fisherman bore the relic reverently in his two hands, and carefully and quickly, as if it were an unsubstantial thing of frost, that might be wasted by the way. Near the door of the house of mourning, Jesse and Isaac drew aside and would not go in, and Jesse gave the slight memorial into the Parson's hand, and he, uncovering himself, went in alone.

Skipper George, who sate silently in his chimney-side, with his wife and little Janie, rose up and took off his hat on seeing his pastor; the wife courteseyed and wept.

The visitor put the relic into his hand, without speaking.

"Have 'ee—? 'Is, sir,—'Is, sir," said the father, confusedly, taking the precious thing, but turning it over as if he could not see it, for something in his eyes, "it's her's, it's her's. Ah! God's will be done!"

Mr. Wellon said nothing of the constable's hope or expectation of tracing her.

The mother sobbed once, and wept silently, and Skipper George rallied himself.

"So! so! mother," said he, soothingly, "this 'll never do! There, there! take it and put it by; mayhap the dear maid 'll wear it agin, in short, please God."

Mr. Wellon's eye was caught by a lead-pencil-drawing, that lay on the bench.

"That's her doun, sir," said the father, sadly.

"I did n't know she could draw," answered his visitor, taking into his hand the paper, blurred somewhat, and blistered.

"No more did n' I, sir; it was the last doun she doned; we found it next day where she dropped it, when she went to bed. She must ha' larned o' Miss Dare, or the widow-lady."

The visitor gazed long at it, and then said,—“I don't know much about drawing; but I should say there was great talent here. I can't think how she should be able to do this ice.”

“Athout she minds about the ice comun in, years ago, when she was a little thing, about so big as Janie.”

“It's wonderful, really!” said the clergyman. “This vessel going off, and the man left behind.”

Skipper George said, in a low voice,—

“Ay, sir, that vessel never comed home again! Nor no word ever comed of her!—Will 'ee plase make a pr'yer, sir?” added the father.

All kneeled down by the fireside; the mother crying; the father full of woe as he could hold, but more full of faith and will, and little Janie holding fast in both hands some stones with which she had been at play.

The pastor prayed for help to find the lost child, and for grace to do and bear God's will, and to learn meekly His lesson.

“Would n' 'ee be plased to set fast, sir?” asked the

fisherman, as his Pastor moved to go. "Well, sir, we shall be proud to see 'ee again; and—it comes heavy to bear; but we'll do our best, wi' God's help."

The sturdy man then followed silently to the outside of the house, and then, lowering his voice, said,—

"I've abin to B'y-Harbor, sir, an' I've abin to Brigus but there's nawthun, sir!"

"By land?" asked Mr. Wellon.

"'Is, sir, an' put my poor ol' sorry face into amany, many houses—but they were kind, sir, they were all kind, sir. They sid I was heavy hearted, an' they were very pitiful over me."

"Why, you've been forty miles!" said Mr. Wellon, rather to himself. "It must be; besides being out all night. You must take rest. It's a duty."

"'Is, sir, an' to-morrow 's Sunday, and even when the Lord was dead, they w'ited an' 'rested on the Sabbath-day, according to commandment,' afore ever they 'd 'balm 'E's blessed body. There isn' e'er a thing to be doned now, sir, that I knows, an' I m'y as well rest bumbye, an' ef I can't, mubbe, get sleep right aw'y, I can pr'y for un, however."

"And good days will come, I hope, shortly."

"Ay, sir, they 'll come," said Skipper George. "They 'll come!"

How far ahead he looked, he gave no sign; but he spoke confidently.

"An' I know she'll find home," he said, "ef she never comes to this place no more, sir. There's others have agot sore hearts, so well as we. That good lady that's loss'd 'er husband an' 'er child, takes stren'th, an' comforts them that wants, an' I musn' give up."

Mr. Wellon pressed his hand and left him.

As he came out upon the ridge from which he was to go down to the road, his eye was caught by the flash of a white sail, and he stopped to gaze.

It was the Spring-bird gliding fast by the land in her way out to Bay-Harbor, from which she was to clear for Madeira. A ship's silent going-forth is a solemn thing, and to sad minds a sad one. There was silence too on board the brig, in this case, in tribute to the prevailing sorrow of the little town, and she had no streamer or flag flying at peak or truck.

—Does the sea hold the secret?

Along the wharves, along the little beaches, around the circuit of the little coves, along the smooth or broken face of rock, the sea, which cannot rest, is busy. These little waves and this long swell, that now are here at work, have been ere now at home in the great inland sea of Europe, breathed on by soft, warm winds from fruit-groves, vineyards, and wide fields of flowers; have sparkled in the many-coloured lights and felt the trivial oars and dallying fingers of the loiterers on the long canals of Venice; have quenched the ashes of the Dutchman's pipe, thrown overboard from his dull, laboring *treckschuyt*; have wrought their patient tasks in the dim caverns of the Indian Archipelago; have yielded to the little builders under water means and implements to rear their towering altar,—dwelling,—monument.

These little waves have crossed the ocean, tumbling like porpoises at play, and taking on a savage nature in the Great Wilderness, have thundered in close ranks and countless numbers, against man's floating fortress; have stormed the breach and climbed up over the walls in the ship's riven side; have followed, howling and hungry as mad wolves, the crowded raft; have leaped upon it,

snatching off, one by one, the weary, worn-out men and women; have taken up and borne aloft,—as if on hands and shoulders—the one chance human body that is brought into land, and the long spar, from which man's dangling cordage wastes, by degrees, and yields its place to long, green streamers much like those that clung to this tall, taper tree, when it stood in the northern forest.

These waves have rolled their breasts about amid the wrecks and weeds of the hot stream that comes up many thousands of miles, out of the Gulf of Mexico, as the great Mississippi goes down into it, and by and by these waves will move, all numb and chilled, among the mighty icebergs and ice-fields that must be brought down from the poles.

Busy, wandering, reckless, heartless, murderous waves! Have ye borne down into the ravening mouths of the lower Deep, the innocent body of our missing girl, after that ye had tossed it about, from one to another, un-twining the long hair, one lock of which would be so dear to some that live; smearing the eyes that were so glad and gladdening;—sliming the——

Oh! is that body in the sea?

——There is more than one mystery in little Peterport.



CHAPTER XVII.

WHICH WAY SUSPICION LEADS.

THE pastor had had no time for Mrs. Barrè, or any thing but the search. That Saturday evening he and the constable sate together in consultation in the former's study, putting together their information and conjectures. Gilpin's suspicions had been aroused as soon as his eye fell on the Prayer-book that he had secured at Mr. Urston's; and he had found, in the middle, a book-mark bearing a drawing of a lamb, with the legend, "I am the Good Shepherd," and the letters "L. B." in delicate German text. This mark Miss Dare had already recognized as one which she herself had given to Lucy Barbury, since her sickness. On the inside of the cover, however, was the name "Lucy Barbury" still legible, from having been also written in German text, though with a less practised hand. The latter had been identified by the mother as Lucy's own writing.

The present condition of the book, taken in connection with Mrs. Calloran's conduct in regard to it, made it probable that it was in her house that it had been given to the fire.

Moreover she would not answer a plain question whether she had seen the missing maiden since Friday morning.

—“ But she contrived to tell different stories about the Prayer-book,” said the clergyman ; “ why shouldn’t she,—if she had occasion,—about seeing Lucy Barbury ? ”

“ Sometimes they won’t lie to a straightforward question ; and they’ll lie fast enough, of their own tongue : and then the priest was there that time, and he wasn’t, the other.”

“ You’re too severe upon Roman Catholics,” said Mr. Wellou, “ Many of them are much like our own people.”

“ Not upon *her sort o’* Roman Catholics,” answered the constable ; “ I know ’em, sir,—too well.”

“ We seem to have traced her to just about that place,” said Mr. Wellou, musing ;—“ so far she seems to have gone on her own feet,—and alone.”

—“ And there they picked her up, when she fell down,” said the constable, “ and then those nuns carried her off.”

“ What nuns ? ”

“ That Cap’n Nolesworth saw ; and this Yankee,—Mr. Banks, they call un, sir,—he was prying about there, last night, just when these nuns were going away from the house. When he was telling his story he said they carried something ; and so I followed un up. He couldn’t tell what it was, for the night was dark ; but there were two or three women, and carrying something among ’em down the Worrell, there. Being a stranger, he didn’t want to be brought in, he said ; ’twould knock up his business.”

“ It’s a pity he hadn’t helped carry her down, while he was about it ! ” said the Parson ; “ and then we should have had some better evidence.”

“ Then there’s Cap’n Nolesworth knows what he’s about ; and he come right across their punt, and had a good look at it, with his lantern. They pulled for dear

life: but he says he's sure he saw somebody they were holding up.—That's how her cap got down there," concluded the constable.

The clergyman was struck with Gilpin's statement, which was confirmed, slightly, by the few circumstances and facts of the case within their knowledge.

"But," said he, "there's no proof, and who do you suppose is at the bottom of it?"

"I believe Granny Calloran is, sir; and that priest, Father Nicholas." Mr. Wellon smiled.—"And then that new priest just coming here!" exclaimed the constable.

"It's a 'popish plot,' with a vengeance!" said the Parson: "with priests and nuns and all. But what should she do it for? and what should the priests and nuns be concerned in it for?"

"If Granny Calloran got a fair chance at one of Mrs. Barbury's daughters,—ay, and one that young Urston was leaving their priesthood for,—she'd do it fast enough, sir, I'll go bail. She'd steal 'em to make Romans of 'em; and she'd steal her to get her out of his way; and the priests and nuns'd be ready enough to lend a hand at that work, and no mistake. 'Twas only t'other day there was that ease at home, in Lancashire."

"Ay, but Lucy can't have conspired with them," said the Parson, upon whom Gilpin's convictions made some impression:—"if there's any thing sure on earth!"

"I can't say for that, sir," said Gilpin; but then, correcting himself, did justice to Lucy, without injustice to his argument. "Oh no!" said he, "if there's truth on earth, she's got it; but she's been crazy, by spurts, ever since she was sick, you know, sir."

"To be sure," answered the Parson; "but she hasn't

run away every day; and I don't suppose these nuns have been over, every day; and they happened, somehow, to be just in time."

"So they might, sir, they might; just as it happened there was nobody with Lucy, and nobody in the way, on the whole path. The nuns *were* there, any way, sir; and Lucy *was* down there,—Jesse saw her on the road;—and there's her Prayer-book,—come out o' the house; and the nuns carried something down; and you found her cap down below; and there was the one Cap'n Nolesworth saw in the punt," answered the constable, summing up, very effectively; "and Granny Calloran afraid to answer, till the priest told her how; and doing her worst not to let me have that book; and he helping her."

"How do you mean 'telling her how to answer?'"

"Asks her, 'Have you seen Mr. Barbury's daughter, since yesterday morning?' three times; and she puts me off with Irish palaver; and then he says, 'you needn't keep 'em waiting, Mrs. Calloran; you can tell whether you know where she is;' and so she says, fast enough, 'No; I don't know, any more than I knows where the Injins is;' or 'the wild Injins.'"

"Do you think young Ureston is concerned?"

"I don't think he is, sir; he doesn't seem like it. He didn't seem to be one of 'em t'other day. He's very much cut up, and he's been out all night; but that isn't all. When I saw things looking that way, I thought I'd make one of 'em, if I could, while that priest was there; and I got one ear in among 'em, far enough."

"The priest talked very serious to the young man, and said 'he was sorry for his disappointment; it seemed a visitation of God,' he said. 'Now he'd find he couldn't set his heart on earthly things; and the only way was to

fly to God while the wound was fresh ; to think of his promises ; and to think what he'd cast away.' He said ' others had been through it ;' (and it seemed as if he'd cry, while he was about it ;) ' but,' he said, ' they'd found the balm,' or ' the myrrh ' ; and then he came to business, and told un ' to-morrow was the very day for un to go to St. John's ; and he'd go along with un, and there was a glorious path for un.' Mrs. Calloran only vexed un, with telling him how Protestants despised un."

" You listened to some purpose," said the Parson.

" Well, sir, I'd good reason."

" And how did he take it all ? "

" He told the priest ' he was sorry to disappoint un ; but his mind was made up, and he'd given over being a priest ;' and then there was a stir among 'em, and I come away, and in two or three minutes the priest was riding away home."

The clergyman sate a little while in thought, and then said :—

" If they carried her away, it's a very strange thing ! There seems certainly a clue as fine as a spider's web, leading to that suspicion."

" It looks as plain as a ship's wake to me, sir," said Gilpin, his eye shining like the star that guides sailors on a trackless sea.

" But what can we make of it, beyond suspicion ? "

" If we had a magistrate that "—— the constable began, in a tone of small observance towards the greater official under or around whom he moved.

" We've *got* a magistrate," said the Parson, smiling taking the words as if there had not been a " that " at their end ; " and we must get all this before him. Will you go to Mr. Naughton, and tell him what you've seen

and heard? and I'll make a memorandum of what we've been over to-night, to serve, if there's occasion."

"And we'd better not talk, sir, I suppose?"

"Oh! no. Is that Mr. Bangs, the American, to be had, if he's wanted?" asked Mr. Wellon.

"He's going to set up a shop here, in fall, I believe, sir. I shouldn't wonder if he'd gone down to Bay Harbor (whatever he's after):—he asked me if I thought he could do a little trading with the priests, there.—And Cap'n Nolesworth's at Bay Harbor, by this time."

"Well, then, we can't do more, now, than pray. If anything turns up, to-morrow, please let me know." The constable had something more upon his mind; and, as he rose to go, said hesitatingly:—

"I suppose you heard about this noo priest, an' the widow-lady, Mrs. Berry, sir?"

"I don't know," said the clergyman.

"There's stories going about the harbor that they've had meetings down at some Roman's—in Mad Cove, they say—and passed some high words. One of 'em seems to have some sort of claim on t'other, or they're relations or something. Some says it's about a great fortin; that he's her brother, and wants to get all away for his church. (They say he looks like her.) I hears he got into a great passion.—I don't believe very bad of un; an' Skipper George an' everybody gives un a good name for being civil-spoken an' kind."

"You're right, Charles!" said the Parson. "Good-night!"

A week's work was done: a heavy burden lay over!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAY FOR REST.

ON the next day, Sunday, it may well be thought that the church showed signs of general sorrow; tidings had come from every quarter, and nothing could be heard of Lucy Barbury. Before the flag (which had not, that morning, flung its white cross abroad upon the fresh air, but had hung heavily) was hauled down, the little parties, by land and water, gathered, anxious and agitated-looking, instead of wearing the Day's peace; and silently and straight down the road, with his broad head bowed, came Skipper George, without his wife, and escorted by Jesse Hill and Isaac Maffen on the one side, and Mr. Skilton (the second smith) on the other. Several women, of his family and neighbors, followed him in silence. As the brave man came to the point at which he was to turn up from the road to the church-door, he gave one glance over to the sea, and one over the land; then, as if forgetting himself, took off his hat in the open air. At the instant, every man's head was silently uncovered, and every woman dropped a silent courtesy.

It had been customary to chant the Canticles and Doxology, as well as to sing the Metre-psalms and Hymns; but this day, the chief bass (Skipper Charlie) was not in his place. Mr. Piper's violin,—which, for love

of the owner, a good-natured Irishman, was allowed to set the pitch and go with the voices,—did not appear; and (what was the great want) there was no heart for singing. Even the Clerk, Mr. Williamson, trying to lead, broke down. The answering of the people was more full than usual; and when the priest, at the petition “to succor, help, and comfort all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation,” added, “especially George Barbury, our brother, and his family,” thus binding their special sorrow to the prayer of millions, and of ages, the great voice of the congregation trembled; and again, at the next petition, for them that travel by sea or land, there was a general feeling, as if a wind from the deep Bay or dreary Barrens had blown in. So morns went by at church, sadly. The Minister preached, out of his heart, about the Lord’s having all in his hand.

After the forenoon service, Jesse edged himself up to the Minister, and said:—

“’Ee could n’ ’ave e’er a funeral sarvice, could ’ee, sir, for Uncle George, to comfort un up, a bit?”

Gilpin was near enough to hear, (indeed, good Jesse looked aside to him, during the saying of it, for his suffrage,) and the eye of the constable twinkled; but he did not smile at the honest fellow’s mistake.

“Please God, we may find her alive yet, Jesse,” said he.

“I wish we mought, indeed, Mr. Gulpin,” returned the fisherman; “but I don’t think it.”

Isaac Maffen shook his head, in melancholy confirmation.

“You won’t forget Mrs. Barrè,” said Miss Dare, to the Minister, when she had opportunity.

Gilpin followed the magistrate, Mr. Naughton; and,

having come to speech with him, began to lay his case before him.

"It 'll be cleared up, Charles," said the magistrate, sententiously, by the time they got to the solid part of it.

"Not without taking the law to it, I'm thinking, sir," said Gilpin.

"You couldn't do any thing about it on Sunday," answered the stipendiary.

"It isn't a civil proccess, you know, sir; it's criminal."

"That depends upon what it's called," said the magistrate; "but I'm obliged to go away, as soon as possible, out of the harbor. If there's any thing to be done, I'll attend to it when I come back. I shall act deliberately."

So saying, the Stipendiary hurried through his own gate.

Gilpin looked after him, a moment, with a curious twist on his lips; then, nodding his head, as if he knew of another way, went up the harbor. Mr. Naughton's house was apart from the road, and near the cliff on which the flagstaff stood.

The constable passed the drung* that led up to his forge and dwelling, and keeping on, to Mr. Worner's, knocked at the door, and asked for Miss Dare.

He took off his hat, and scratched his head with his forefinger, in the presence of the young lady; and then, having obtained leave to speak with her a moment, on important business, he changed her astonishment into extreme agitation, by saying, "I've come about Skipper George's daughter, please, Miss Dare."

"What of her?—Is she found?—Is any thing heard of her?" she cried, turning paler than ever, but keeping command of herself.

* Narrow way: Old English from the same source as throng.

"Not exactly, Miss; but there's some track of her, I believe. I think there's some living, and no great ways off; that could tell about her, if they were made to."

"Well, I know you've got plenty of honest hearts and hands to help you: but if money is needed, or will do any thing, don't spare it. It won't be wanting:—and do follow out the least thing, won't you? I wish I could do something more about it."

"I'll try and do my part, with a heart and a half," said the constable; "and there *is* something, Miss, if you'll excuse me for thinking of it;—it's a little uncommon, I know. If you'd only just please to speak to Mr. Naughton, and get un to do something."

"But I'm not the person," said the young lady, "to speak to Mr. Naughton about his duty."

"It looks strange, I know," answered the constable; "but Mr. Naughton isn't like everybody. I've been to un about it, and I couldn't do any thing with un. 'He hadn't time: he was called away.' I knows un. He'll be out o' the harbor in half an hour."

"But Mr. Wellon would be the proper person to speak to him."

"It's a busy day with his reverence," said Gilpin; "and besides, Miss, there's no time to lose; he'll be along, directly."

"But what am I to try to do?"

"To get him to take up some parties that are suspected, please, Miss Dare."

"What! not of murdering her!"

"No, Miss; I don't know what's been done to her."

"Well, I don't want to think about it, till we know something more; but if I can do any thing, I'm sure I

will, with all my heart, as you say. Certainly I'll speak to Mr. Naughton, if that's the case."

"Thank you, Miss; and I'll go out the back way, if you please; he mustn't know that I was here."

After the constable's departure, Miss Dare stationed herself near the garden fence by the road, and presently the solid, flat horse-tramp, which brings to the mind instinctively the image of a man rising and falling in the saddle, on a very hard and slow-going beast, came to her ear. After a time, the horse and his rider made their appearance, the latter seeming to be getting on faster than the former, except that he never got over his head. Which saw Miss Dare first, (for, though there was some shrubbery, there were no trees of any consequence on Mr. Worner's premises,) cannot be said; the effects on each were simultaneous. Mr. Naughton did not let it appear that he was conscious of her presence, unless involuntarily, by blushing and looking very deliberately to each side of the road, and by showy horsemanship. The horse (called "Donk" for his tail) seemed to think that a little sidling might be useful and ornamental, and might bring them up to the fence, where the young lady stood; and then he could nibble the grass, or shut his eyes and meditate, while the two human beings amused themselves with conversation.

The beast succeeded: Mr. Naughton put the best grace upon it that he could, and sat up on his steed, a short man, with small eyes and large whiskers.

Miss Dare's address to the magistrate gave no evidence of her having seen anything ridiculous in his progress.

"You're not going away just now, of all times, Mr. Naughton, surely," said she, "when you're the only magistrate?"

"Am I to flutter myself, then, that my going or staying is of any consequence to Miss Dare?"

"Certainly; and to everybody in the place."

"I knew a magistrate was of some little consequence to the state and to the community," returned he.

"There can be only one feeling in the community," said the young lady, as Mr. Naughton drew suddenly up the rein, to resume his progress.

Animation seemed to be diffused through the body of the quiescent Donk by electricity, (though not so fast as lightning,) for the memorable tail went up by a jerk, like that of the more intelligent member, to which the bridle was attached, though with a slight interval. Mr. Naughton, this time, attempted no caracoling or capricoling, but studied to combine the several wills of man and beast on one continuous (and pretty rapid) motion. If he did not at once nor entirely succeed, even with frequent sharp spurring, Miss Dare was not there to see.

At Evensong, the magistrate was in his place at church; half an hour afterward, having briefly listened to Charles Gilpin, he issued the decided order:—

"You'll bring those parties before me by ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I shall want a warrant, you know, sir," said Gilpin.

Whether the stipendiary had forgotten, or wished to consult his "Justices' Assistant," he maintained his dignity, and, at the same time, the symmetry of his arrangements.

"You'll call for that at ten o'clock this evening," said he.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUSPECTED PERSONS.

WE pass to the next day, the vane of suspicion having, within twenty-four hours, (though no man could say that any wind had been blowing) got round, and pointed straight to Mr. Urston's house.

On the Sunday afternoon, young Urston had been at church, and, after service, Skipper George had called the young man to himself, and walked with him quite over to the Backside. He was not suspected; but rumors had got about that three females went away in the punt, in which only two had come.

On this Monday morning, that sound so interesting to boys and men, of hammer ringing upon anvil was not heard at Skipper Charlie's smithy; nor that other, of blended human voices, telling, asking, speculating upon the news or gossip of the place; for here, where are no barbers shops or coffee-houses, every thing that is to be told and heard is brought to the smith's forge, and, being heated hot, is laid upon the anvil, pounded, turned, and pounded into a final shape. The smith and constable himself,—whose manifold name of Gilpin, Galpin, Gulpin, might remind one of the derivation, NIPKIN—*napkin—diaper—draper—TAILOR*, or the more classic *άλώνηξ—πίξ—pax—pur—fuchs—FOX*—was, at about eight o'clock, walking quickly, with several companions,

along a path that led from near his house downward on the Backside. With him were William Frank, commonly called Billy Bow, Zebedee Marchant, Nathan Marchant, Jesse Hill, and Isaac Maffen, who had severally (except the last two) fallen in behind him at different points, like the involuntary followers in some of the German **Kinder-märchen**.

"Can 'ee walk in ef the door shouldn' be open, Skipper Charlie?" asked Billy Bow, who was considered a great humorist by his neighbors.

"It'll go hard if I can't get into e'er a house that's got a door or window, open or shut," answered the constable.

"'E's got to keep the king's peace," said Billy Bow; "an' I'm afeared 'e'll get it broke into a good many pieces."

"Ef the constable kicks up e'er a rout, boys," said one of the others, "'e've got a good many craft in tow, that can keep un from hurting 'isself."

"It would'n' be good subjecks, an' show respec' to the king, ef we didn' favor 'e's constables, after 'e's abin and tookt the trouble to appoint 'em, an' 'e's trusty an' well-beloving yeoman, Mr. Charles Gulpin, petic'lar; we mus' give 'em a chance to do their dooty, 'ee knows, Skipper Charlie," said another of the *posse comitatus*.

"Let me ketch ye givin' me a chance, (without there's good cause for it,) and I'll do my dooty on you, very quick," returned Skipper Charlie.

With such simple attempts at wit, did the quiet and good-natured Newfoundlanders follow their "officer;" and with such downright authority did the officer maintain the dignity of the law and the constabulary. Other topics also occupied them: Jesse was engaged in literary criticism; having listened at the window of the Wesleyan Meeting-house, at a funeral, and then given, to a Wes-

leyan friend who asked it, the opinion he was now repeating:—

“‘Abner,’ I says, ‘there was text out of Scripture, sure,’ I says, ‘an’ a little about how we ought to do,’ I says; ‘jus’ like anybody; an’ then varses an’ scraps o’ poultry, an’ such; an’ then more, agen, an’ so on; but ’e wasn’ a proper-growed sarmun, at all,’ I says; ‘not what I calls proper-growed.’ So then he couldn’ say nothin’; when I telled un that, ’e couldn’——”

“Come, Jesse, he couldn’t answer *you*,” said the constable. “Now, you half, go across here,—(I don’t want any more; if any comes, send ’em back,)—and, when ye git within hail o’ the house, bring up, all standing, and lay to; an’ don’t stir tack nor sheet, till I tells ye. They’ll be just about coming in from the water.”

So—giving his orders, like a good general, in his people’s familiar tongue—Gilpin went on with the other half of his followers. Presently, he sent off a second detachment, with like instructions. While still a good way off the place, he and his companions were astonished at seeing in front of them, going fast in the same direction, the tall, strong figure of the bereaved father. As Skipper George went into the house, they kept close to him.

“I’d best call himself,” said Mrs. Calloran; “he’s just at the Worrell, beyont.”

“Ay! call un, please,” said the constable; adding, as she passed out of hearing, “but, if anybody knows any thing, you’re the one, I’m thinking.”

The father, while they waited, stood with his face against his hand upon the wall; his grizzled locks looking so innocent and touching, that, as William Frank said afterwards, “a body could sca’ce look at un wi’ dry eyes; it was so feelun, like.”

Mr. Urston came in very frankly, showing no surprise at the number of persons present, and answered, before he was asked the question, "that he did not know where Mr. Barbury's daughter was; he wished he did; he wouldn't keep it to himself long."

Skipper George, who had turned round at the sound of footsteps, sank heavily down into a chair. It was evident, from the effect of these words upon his feelings, that, in spite of himself, he had not only feared but hoped something from this visit, and that the hope was now smitten within him.

"Look to un, some of ye!" cried Gilpin. "Handle un gently."

"N'y lovies," said Skipper George, catching his breath, as if he had been through a severe struggle in the waves, "thankee! Whatever was o' George Barbury,—thank God! thank God!—it bides here yet; on'y two tarrible heavy blows on the same place,—that's lossin' 'er before, an' now, agen, lossin' that false, foolish hope,—have abrought me down. I'm a poor, sinful Christen; but I am a Christen, an' I can get up.—I believes 'ee, Mister Urston; I'm sorry to trouble 'ee; but 'ee knows I've alossed *my child!* Some thinks 'ee'd want to turn her from her religion; but, ef 'ee had e'er a chance, 'ee wouldn' make a cruel trial of her dear, tender heart, nor her faith in the dear Saviour she loved an' sarved sunce ever she knowed 'E's blessed name! Would 'ee?"

There was something very affecting in this speech and the father's tears that accompanied it.

Mr. Urston said that "if ever he should hear of her, or find her, or any trace of her, the father should hear of it as soon as he could get the word to him;" and he said it with much feeling. "They were of a different religion,

perhaps, but not of a different nature. He felt for him from the bottom of his heart."

"Her faith's nothing that can be turned about," said James Urston. "It would go through fire unhurt."

At this, Mrs. Calloran made some remark, aside which could not be overheard. Skipper George thanked the young man, and rose to go, declining, kindly, the hospitable invitations urged upon him.

"Go with un, Jesse," said Skipper Charlie; and Jesse and his adherent went out with him.

"Now, I've got a bit of disagree'ble dooty to perform," said the constable, as he proceeded quickly to lay his hand upon one after another of those present, and to arrest them.

"This is my Warrant," said he. "I'm doing my dooty, and I'll do it as civilly as I know how. I'm commanded to have the bodies of Bridget Calloran, and Thomas Urston, and James, 'before me, the worshipful Ambrose Naughton, Esquire, Stipendiary Magistrate, &c. &c.; as witness my hand and seal of office.'"

Gilpin's proceeding astounded Mr. Urston and his son, and was very exciting to all present; to whom capias, and warrants, and writs, are strange things. Even the smile with which Gilpin (who was more familiar with such things—theoretically, at least—) read Mr. Naughton's indirect assertion of his official dignity, did not take from the excitement.

"Sure, an' is this English law, thin, that they brag about? Bring up their bodies to examine thim! Kill thim first, an' try thim after!" exclaimed Mrs. Calloran. "Is this the way it is wid yes? an' is this Protestant justice? Sure, it's small justice ye can do

an a corrupt! And do you raly mane to kill us, thin, ar what?"

Mrs. Calloran was ready to contend with her tongue, as in the encounter of two days before; but a look from Mr. Urston,—who acted and spoke with a self-possession and dignity that contrasted strongly with his surroundings,—put her to silence.

"He could not understand this most extraordinary proceeding," he said, "and knew no more of 'abducting or carrying away' Mr. Barbury's daughter, than the father did; but would make no resistance to a legal warrant."

For Mr. Barbury's sake, he begged that his premises might be thoroughly searched. The constable complied; but the search found nothing.

Mrs. Calloran's submission in Mr. Urston's presence, could not prevent her crying out at this point,—

"Will ye sind for the praste, thin? Sind for the praste! There's Father Ignashis is at Misther O'Rourke's beyant; they'll niver deny us the sacramints from our own elargy! Will ye sind for the praste?"

"May be we'll have to send for them bimebye," said Gilpin aside. He then comforted Mrs. Calloran with an assurance, "that she should hang like a Christen, if she was found guilty."

The preparations for going were soon made; the constable assuring his prisoners that, at any rate, they could come home a bit after the examination, even if the magistrate should commit them. So they set forth for the worshipful magistrate's presence.

One after another of Gilpin's former escort made his appearance by the way. Jesse Hill, also, and Isaac Maffen reappeared.

Mr. Urston complimented the constable upon his generalship; but assured him that he didn't want so much help.

"It's good to have enough of a good thing," said the constable, glancing with his one eye over his troops. "William, you take command o' these limbs o' the law, will ye? Keep about two or three cables' length astern, if ye know how much that is; or as much more as ye like."

So Billy Bow took charge of the posse, except Jesse and Isaac (who, with the constable, made one for each prisoner). These attached themselves to the immediate escort, and were not meddled with. Jesse and Isaac were two important witnesses.

Near the bush, from behind which Jesse had seen his apparition come forth, the new Priest was lingering to meet the approaching party. Jesse, at sight of him, bristled, a good deal like a sturdy mastiff, and Isaac felt contagious animosity. Mrs. Calloran expressed herself by tongue.

"Don't look at us, yer riverence, Father Ignatius," she said, though he could not hear her, and could only have seen the zealous and eager courtesy that she dropped, afar off; "don't look at the way they treat us for being Catholics."

"You may as well keep a stopper on your tongue, while you're my prisoner," said Gilpin, peremptorily. "I've heard a good name of this gentlemar; and I don't want to bring un into trouble for meddling with an officer in the execution of his warrant."

Father Debree stood quite unmoved at the evidently hostile expression of the escort; or, at least, if not un-

moved, his face did not lose any thing of its very handsome openness and dignity. His manner, however, was agitated.

He saluted the prisoners and constable, and even Jesse and Isaac, who looked gruff and implacable, exceedingly, and scarcely returned the salutation. The constable, though not cordial or over-courteous, kept himself from showing any active dislike. The priest addressed him in a very prepossessing voice,—

“I think you’re the constable,—Mr. Gilpin,—are you not?”

“I’m constable, sir, for want of a better,” said Skipper Charlie; “and blacksmith, too.”

“May I have a moment’s conversation with you?”

“Not about my prisoners; I’m going with ’em to the magistrate’s. You can go along, sir, if you please,” said Gilpin, but falling, at the same time, in the rear.

“You mistake me,” said the Priest; “I’ve no wish to interfere between you and your prisoners. If I could be of any service, in a proper and lawful way, to any one whose friend I ought to be, I’m sure you wouldn’t blame it; but I want to ask if you have found any thing to throw a light on Skipper George’s daughter’s fate?”

“I hope we shall find out about it,” said the constable, ambiguously.

“Are these prisoners arrested on suspicion of being connected with it?”

“It’ll appear on their examination, sir,” answered Gilpin.

“I don’t wish to ask any improper question; but I know the father, and I know her, and I know them, and feel very much interested;—I ask as a friend.”

Gilpin's one sharp eye had been fixed on the speaker's face.

"I don't think it was any friends have made way with her," said he, and, bowing, moved his company on.



CHAPTER XX.

AN OFFICIAL EXAMINATION FROM WHICH SOMETHING
APPEARS.

THE magistrate's house, to the party now approaching it, looked as a house might look, which, built in very ungainly style and of no large dimensions, was dignified by its association with the magistracy, and now clothed in all the awfulness of an official want of animated life. Not much impression seemed to settle upon "Mr. Gulpin," or his prisoners, who walked, with little apprehension, up to the front door; unmindful how the gravel-stones were scattered from their heels; but to the valiant Jesse and the valiant Isaac an awful figure of spectral personation of Authority or Infliction seemed to possess the gate and plant its shadowy terrors directly in the way. They drew off to each side; accounting for their movements by the remark: "He don't want none of we yet, I don't suppose, do 'e?"

On the arrival of a second squad, however, the first, as if they had received a sudden summons, anticipated the new-comers by a hasty movement, which brought them to the door in time to make their way into the kitchen; while their official leader and his captives went, under the guidance of Mr. Naughton's maid-of-all-work, into the presence of the magistrate; if presence it could

be called, where he sate with his back broadly towards them.

“Please your worshipful,” said the usheress, “it’s Mr. Gulpin, sir; wi’ some that ’e’ve caressed, most like, sir.”

“Directly!” answered the official voice; which then proceeded to read in a low tone, and hastily, out of some book before him, “‘both houses of parliament, and’—I must look at that again; seven hundred and twenty-seventh page.”

Meanwhile, the constable leaving his charge, for a moment, standing at the stipendiary’s back, went out long enough to give a message, of which the last words were heard, as he enforced them:—

—“And mind ye, Jesse, bring un along: don’t come without un; and come back as quick as you can.”

The ermine, or other fur of the magistrate, set itself up at this, and he intimated to his subordinate that ‘order and silence were necessary at that investigation.’—With a large dignity, he invited Mr. Wellon, who was entering, to a seat.

Having, at length, received the constable’s return, he proceeded to business by ordering that officer to swear the prisoners at the bar. Gilpin looked, with twinkling eye, at his prisoners, and then at the magistrate:—

“What’ll I swear ’em to, Mr. Naughton?” he asked.

“There’s a copy of the Holy Evangelists here,” said the stipendiary.

“I can find Bibles fast enough, sir: but they’re not witnesses.”

“I may ask them some questions and desire their answers to be under the solemn sanction of an oath,” answered the magistrate; but when Mr. Urston had the Sacred Volume held out to him, he decidedly objected;

insisting that if he and the others were there as prisoners, they were not there as witnesses; and desiring that the accusation might be read, and the witnesses examined.

The magistrate assured him, with dignity, that that was not the regular order of judicial proceedings, but that he would waive the point.

Having, in his own way, made the prisoners acquainted with the charge, he said, "There must be a record of the proceedings of this court! Mr. Williamson, you will act as clerk. Constable, qualify Mr. Williamson, and summon the witnesses."

The constable having qualified the clerk, called "Jesse Hill!" but there was no answer; and he called Jesse Hill again, and again with no answer.

"I sent him after Mr. Banks," explained Gilpin.

"Sending one witness after another is quite irregular; I trust that it will not occur again. It will be my duty to suspend the proceedings until you can produce Mr. Hill, or Barbury."

At this moment, Mr. Naughton noticed Father Debree near the door, attended by a shuffling of feet and a low buzzing of the waiting public. The magistrate with dignity invited him to a seat, but the other preferred standing. Mr. Wellon attempted conversation with his new neighbor, but found him this day so reserved or preoccupied as to give little encouragement to the attempt.

Mr. Wellon, during the absence of the constable, was entertained by the stipendiary with an argument for having a "lychnoscope" introduced, as a sacred accessory, into the new chancel of the church; the earnest advocate for ecclesiologial development claiming that the thing

was so old that its very object and purpose were entirely unknown.

Gilpin, as he returned, with Jesse (and Isaac) behind him, said, in an under voice, "I told un not to come without Mr. Banks; an' so he stuck to his orders. I found un sitting on one rock and Isaac Maffen on another, neither one of 'em sayin' a word."

The Stipendiary now crowned his brow with the awful rigors of justice once more, and sat as the chief figure of the scene. The witness, having been sworn, was questioned:—

"Mr. Barbury, proceed. Are you a witness?"

"Is, sir, ef it's wantun, I'll tell what I knows."

The noise of heavy shoes on the feet of those of the public furthest back in the entry, testified to the unabated interest with which Jesse's story was expected.

"What's your name? is the first question."

Jesse was redder than usual; but he saw his way, and gladly opened his mouth.

"Oh! 'ee wants it that w'y, do 'ee, sir? 'N or M' is what it says."

"Ha! *you're* not much acquainted with legal proceedings," said the magistrate, throwing a sentence loaded with about the usual amount of official wit, of about the usual quality, and glancing at Mr. Wellon to see if he took the joke.

"What *is* your name? that's all," said he again, to the simple-minded testifier.

"Jesse Barbury's my name, sir. I sposed 'ee knowed that, sir!"

"The Law knows nothing, Mr. Barbury. Our information is from the evidence. You will proceed with your story, Mr. Barbury."

Mr. Barbury proceeded as follows, the magistrate ostensibly neglecting to listen, and studiously, with much flutter of leaves, comparing one place with another in his great book.

"I was aw'y over, t'other side, a-jiggin squids, I was; and Izik Maffen was along wi' I; and I says to un, 'Izik,' I says, 'ee knows Willum Tomes,' I says, 'surely.' 'Is, sure,' e says, 'I does,' to me, agen. 'Well, Izik,' I says, 'did ee hear, now, that e 've alossed e's cow?' I says."

The magistrate officially cleared his throat of some irritation; the Parson wiped his face with his handkerchief, a circumstance that seemed to have an encouraging effect upon the witness. He went on:—

"So Izik e says to I agen, 'No, sure,' e says, 'did un, then, Jesse?' 'Is, sure,' I says, 'e've alossed she, surely.' With that e up an' says to I, 'A loss is a loss, Jesse,' e says. 'That's true,' I says."

This moral reflection brought the Parson's handkerchief suddenly to his face again. The constable received the saying with less self-control, though it was as true as any sentence of the Philosophers. William Frank, who was further off, commented: "Wull, wisdom is a great thing; it's no use!"—Jesse continued.

"'Izik,' I says to un, agen, 'Izik,' I says, 'do ee think, now, would n' the squids do better a little furdere up?' I says. With that we takes an' rows up tow'rd's River-head, a bit. Wull, after bidin' there a spurt, I axes Izik what e' thowt sech a cow as that might be worth. I says"—

"You must remember, Mr. Barbury," interposed the Stipendiary, "that the time of a magistrate is valuable, not to speak of the time of the others that are here."

"Be e, now, sir?" said the poor fellow, getting abashed,

“so ’e must be, surely; that’s a clear case. That’s a’most all I’ve agot to s’y, sir.”

“Begin just where you’re going to knock off, Jesse,” suggested the constable.

“Wull, Mr. Gilpin, I were goun to tell about what I sid myself.”

“That’s the very thing,” said Mr. Naughton; “no matter what you said, or what was said to you, you know.”

With these directions, the witness paused a little, handling his sou’wester (hat).

“Whereabouts was we, Izik?” he asked of his adjutant.

“’Ee was talkun about the cow, Jesse, ’ee was,” answered Isaac, anxious that Jesse should do justice to himself.

“Wull, sir.” Then the straightforward witness for the Crown began: “I was jest a sayin to Izik, I was”——

“Your observations and those of your companion (or friend) are of comparatively little consequence, Mr. Barbury,” said the magistrate, who must have had a standard for estimating speech.

“He means, he doesn’t care what you and Isaac said,” the constable prompted.

“’Is, sir, surely. Wull, Izik says to I”——

“Never mind the sayins, you know,” persisted the constable.

The witness looked like some animal in an inclosure; but he did hit upon the opening in it.

“Wull, sir, I sid a some’at all in white clothes a comin’ down Backside-w’y, (an’ Izik Maffen, ’e sid the same, so well;) like a woman or a mayd, like, an’ it comed right along tull it goed right aw’y, like, I dono how. I never sid no more of it.”

"Did you stop to look?"

"Is, sir, surely; I says to Izik, 'Izik,' I says, as soon as ever I could speak,—for I was dumb-founded entirely, first gown off,—'Izik,' I says, 'Did 'ee ever see 'e'er a angel, Izik?' 'No, sure, Jesse,' he says, 'how should I?' 'Wull then,' I says, 'that was a some'at looked very like one, seemunly, to my thinkin,' I says, 'O, Lordy!' he says—that's his way, you know, sir,—'what 'ave abecomed of 'un? Jesse,' he says. 'Mubbe' I says, 'it was a gown somewhere, tull it sid we; an' now it's adone a doun of it, for a notion its ahad I says; sartainly we tookt swiles, of a Sunday, last spring,' I says. 'Hows- ever,' I says, 'mubbe we'd best knock off now,' an' so we done, sir, an' comed right home, sir, round the land-head. That's all the witness I knows."

"You may retire, Mr. Barbury; (unless any of the prisoners at the bar desire to question you.)"

This privilege the prisoners did not claim.

There was a monstrous discharge of pent-up breaths at the conclusion of this evidence, showing that a good many of Jesse's friends were in the passage communicating between the kitchen and the parlor, who felt that Jesse had more than satisfied the highest expectations that could have been formed about his testimony, and had contributed to the fund of information which the magistrate was gathering, as wonderful an ingredient as any that was likely to be produced that day. To his friends, as he modestly withdrew from the blaze of importance, he gave the information for the hundredth time, perhaps, that it was Friday evening that this occurred; that he did not hail the apparition; that it did not come within hail; that "he shouldn't have a know'd what to say to it, ef he'd awanted to."

"No more 'ee would'n; that's a sure case," said Isaac Maffen.

"Any evidence as to the credibility of Mr. Barbury and his friend, will now be admissible," said the magistrate, with dignity tempered by condescension.

"Haw! H—" burst from the constable, very untimely; a laugh cut off in the middle.

Mr. Wellon, at this point withdrew.

"Call the next witness!" said the magistrate, waiving further interruption.

"I dono how to call un, exactly; I believe his name is Nahthan; but he's got an 'L,' stuck before it, I thinks, from the way he spoke it."

"—— L. Nathan Banks! L. Nathan Banks!" Gilpin called, making his comment also. "Well, if that isn't a way of writing a name! I've sid L's and D's stuck at the end, but sticking 'em at the beginning 's noos to me."

Our readers have seen the world some days farther on than Gilpin had, and are familiar enough with a fashion of which Mr. Bangs, whose name happened to be El-nathan, was quite innocent.

Mr. Bangs did not appear. "I thought surely he'd turn up, as he did t'other night," said Gilpin. "I didn't tell un he'd be summonsed; but he's got a sharp nose."

"I understood that Mr. Wellon could testify," said the stipendiary.

"Ay; but without Mr. Banks you can't weld the evidence together, sir."

"You'd best summon him; and that point can be determined."

"'E's just out in Tom Fielden's house," timidly suggested Nathan, or Zebedee, or some one of them, not

thinking his voice fit to intrude in so awful a presence.
" 'E went there, however, a bit sunce."

" Present my compliments to him then, please, one of you ; ' compliments of his worship, the Stipendiary Magistrate, to the Reverend Mr. Wellon,' and ask if he'll please to step here for a few moments."

The " one " who undertook this errand must have had an unusual number of feet, or of shoes upon his feet, if one judged by the multitudinous clatter that followed.

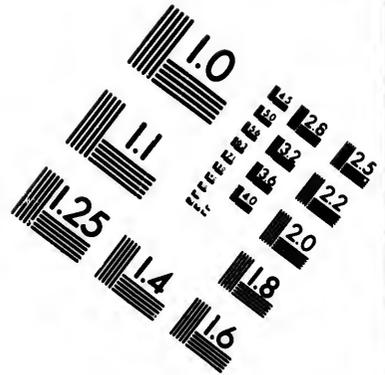
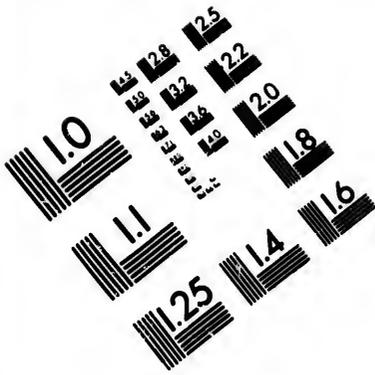
The clergyman on coming in again, gave his short account of finding the little cap at the Worrell ; and that was all. The stipendiary spoke :—

" The evidence just received may go towards establishing the nature of the crime by which Mr. Barbury's daughter has been assailed ; but, in my judgment, it would be insufficient to fix the guilt with unerring certainty upon any individual. — I shall now adjourn the court." As for bail, he would say fifty pounds each, for Mr. Urston and his son ; and would consider them responsible for the appearance of Mrs. Calloran. " The day to which he had adjourned the court," he said, " would be appreciated by the persons chiefly interested ; it was the fifth from that of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and following that of St. Lambert, Bishop and Martyr. In consideration of the result of the patient and deliberate investigation which had afforded him peculiar gratification, he would himself be responsible for the usual costs."

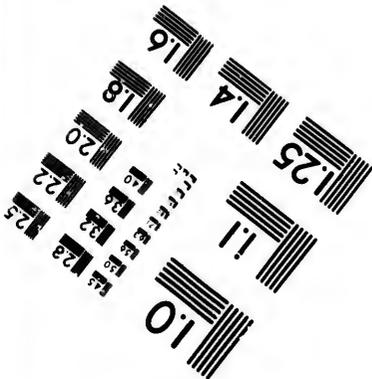
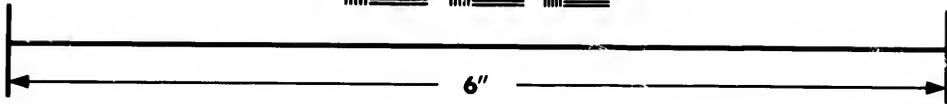
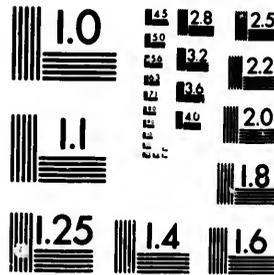
Mr. Wellon offered himself as surety, and was at once accepted.

Gilpin, on getting into the open air, as he did very speedily, surrounded by the open-mouthed and eager public, did not prevent himself from exclaiming, (while





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he looked flushed and chagrined,) "Well, if that isn't law, with a tail to un!"

An irreverent voice from among the public (strongly resembling Billy Bow's) asserted that "The King (ef 'twas the king 'isself that doned it) might as well take a squid or a tom-cod for a magistrate, as some 'e'd amade," and then proposed "three cheers for Mr. Charles Gulpin, Constable of his majesty in this harbor and the neighboring parts."

The cheers were begun lustily, though at Gilpin's mention of Skipper George's loss, they broke off, and just as they were dying away, the door of the Magistrate's house opened, and he appeared, looking from side to side, and with a modesty that sate gracefully upon dignity and authority, said that "Words would fail him to express his sense of the generous confidence of the people of Newfoundland; that he was glad that his humble efforts had met the applause of his fellow-subjects, which was next to the award of an approving conscience. He looked with confidence to the approval of his sovereign. In conclusion, he begged all present to partake of a little coffee, which he had given orders to have prepared."

"Three cheers for 'e's woshup, the Sti-pendery of Peterport"; cried the voice again, "and may the King soon be so well plased to put un in a berth better fittun to his debilities!" Over this there was more subdued laughter than shouting.

Meantime the sad loss was just the same, and just where it was. The noble old father whom they had seen bearing it like a hero a few hours before, had carried home a heavy

load; the gentle mother was heart-stricken; the whole company of neighbors, the moment they got away from the examination into the open air,—like those who had not been at the Magistrate's,—bore a share of the sorrow.

Billy Bow and others staid to share Mr. Naughton's hospitality; but Jesse Hill and Isaac Maffen went silently away in one direction, Skipper Charlie moodily in another, and many more dispersed.

—"I wish they'd appoint Parson Wellon, as they do at home," said Gilpin, as he went along by himself.

"And I hope they'll just let parsons be parsons, and magistrates magistrates," said a voice behind.

"I didn't know your reverence was so near;" said the constable; "but I wish they'd do something."

Captain Nolesworth, having had no opportunity of delivering his testimony, went back to Bay-Harbor with the intention of making his affidavit there, before he sailed. It was to be to the effect that he saw three females in the punt leaving the Worrell; that one of them was supported as if sick, and that there seemed to be a fear or strange unwillingness to be neared, and that a male voice, (as he judged, of some one having authority,) called out to "Keep on! Keep on! Don't stop!"

This was to be the substance of the captain's evidence, as he detailed it, walking up the harbor. He pronounced at the same time an opinion upon the magistrate, somewhat enigmatical, as follows:—

"Mr. Naughton 'll live a good while, sir, I think, if he doesn't meet with an accident; *that sort* most generally does."

The reader may take the captain's speculations as to the stipendiary's longevity, at what he pleases, and may

estimate the captain's evidence as he thinks fit; but Capt. Nolesworth himself gave his opinion, as follows:—

“Depend upon it, sir, if that punt is followed up, you'll follow *her* up. I wish I could stay to see it out; but I expect to be off to-morrow. If I'd known enough tother night, I'd have known more of that punt, one way or another.”

“It won't stop where it is,” the clergyman said; “the authorities will take it up.”

“It wont be amiss to lend a hand and help along justice, I think, at any rate,” said the captain.

The Parson turned aside and went in at Mrs. Barrè's house.



CHAPTER XXI.

AN OLD SMUGGLER.

T was not long after the magistratual examination was completed, before the ccastable made his appearance at Mr. Wellon's door, followed by Jesse and a company.

"Please, Mr. Wellon," said he, "here's a bit o' something Jesse's brought; Skipper George found un in the path by his house, this mornin'. That's what made un take it so hard not findin' her at Mr. Urston's to-day, I'll go bail."

"'E was lyun jes this w'y, sir," said Jesse; ("so Uncle George told I,) wi' 'e's broadside to, an' a string fast to un, 'e said, otherw'ys Uncle George wouldn' ha' tootk notus to un, 'e said, (didn' um Izik?) an' the string cotch 'e's foot, sir."

The thing was a chip, smoothed on all sides, and bearing an inscription, rude and illegible enough, but which Jesse repeated very glibly in his own English.

"YER MEAD IS SAFE ANF."

It was determined that the bit of wood was an oar-blade, and that the meaning was,

"Your maid is safe enough."

Gilpin dismissed the fishermen and went, as he had been desired, into Mr. Wellon's study.

The writing upon the chip was not the only literary effort to be scrutinized. There had been left at the Parson's door, during the night, a bit of paper on which (the handwriting being better than the spelling or syntax) was written as follows:—

“Thers som prodstins bisen about sarchen that's not to Gud is niver thafe ar smuglar Emunx thim id lik to no Ef al tels bes thru—plen Spakun.”

Gilpin made his way through this much more readily than Mr. Wellon had done, smiling at the word “Emunx” which he said “was one way o' spellin' it!”

What the writer meant to have written, it was concluded, was,—

“*There's some Protestants busying about searching, that's not too good. Is (there) never (a) thief or smugler amongst them, I'd like to know,—if all tales bes true? —Plain Speaking.*”

Gilpin said, “It was easy enough to see what that meant; it meant Ladford, who fished with Skipper George, and who was said to have been a wild and desperate fellow years ago, and to have a price on his head. He *had* been very active in the search; a quiet man that kept back, as Mr. Wellon no doubt had noticed, on Saturday. But if ever a man had repented in this world, Ladford had repented, Gilpin believed, and he had been a great many years in the country. Withal he was the very handiest man in the Bay; could work a frigate, Gilpin believed, single-handed, and twirl her round in her own length.

“As for Skipper George's daughter, everybody knew that Ladford considered her as an angel, or something more than earthly; and it was no more to be thought that he'd harm her, than that her own father would. There

was something between Ladford and Skipper George; but whether there was a relationship, or what, nobody knew."

This was Gilpin's story; and with what Mr. Wellon had heard before, determined him to find out Ladford and talk with him; to give the letter to the magistrate just then, was not thought likely to further the ends of justice; nor was it thought advisable to mention it.

Captain Nolesworth's opinion, about the punt, seemed well worth attending to; and it was determined, if possible, to follow it up. Messrs. Worner & Co.'s head clerk had expressed a willingness, on behalf of the house, to put down their names for fifty pounds towards one hundred, to be offered as reward for finding the lost maiden,—or one half of fifty pounds for finding her body; and it was understood that the other merchants of the place (including Mr. O'Rourke,) would make up the full sum. Undoubtedly Government would take it up, if the local magistrates could not do any thing; and whatever facts, if any, should come out, implicating any persons in the guilt of abduction, could be laid before the Grand Jury.

Ladford's house, on the southern side of Indian Point, was the worst there,—and scarcely a house. He was near,—a man of middle size, or more, and upright, except his head. He had a high, smooth forehead; deep-set eyes, looking as if their fires were raked up; slender nose, and thin cheeks and lips;—the whole face tanned by life-long exposure to the weather.

Beside a battered "sou'-wester," thrown backward, his dress was made up of a shirt of bread-bag-stuff, sewed with round twine, in even sailmaker's stitches, and clean; and of trowsers cut out of tanned sails, and sewed as neatly as the shirt. His feet were bare.

"I've come upon some private business with you," said the clergyman;—Ladford started. His visitor, noticing it, said: "but I'm not an officer; you needn't be afraid of me."

"I oughtn't, sir, surely, of a man of God," said Ladford.

"No; and needn't. You see I know something of your case; and we should have known each other, if I could have found you before; for I've been here two or three times."

As he mentioned his fruitless visits, a startling—most repulsive—leer just showed itself in Ladford's face; but it disappeared, as suddenly and wholly, as a monster that has come up, horrid and hideous, to the surface of the sea, and then has sunk again, bodily, into the dark Deep; and is gone, as if it had never come, except for the fear and loathing that it leaves behind.—This face, after that look, had nothing repulsive in it, but was only the more subdued and sad.

There was a short silence; and then Ladford spoke:—

"Some men," said he, "mus'n't keep upon their form; for it won't do for them to be found by every one; but I'm sorry you came for nothing, sir; I'd have been here if I'd known you meant it."

The Parson took the anonymous letter from his pocket, and read it.

"There!" said he, "that's what I came about; but I come on God's behalf, you know, and therefore as a friend."

"I believe it, sir," said Ladford, who had been looking in his face, and now bowed. "I don't blame any man for thinking ill of me, or speaking ill of me;—I'm a poor fellow;—but this does me wrong. Why, sir! it may sound strange, but I'd give my *life* to find that girl! Poor Susan!"

"Lucy?" said his visitor, scarcely aloud.

"No, sir; it's another makes me sorry,—one that's dead. Ah, sir! I was brought up to wickedness, for a trade! Oath-breaking, Sabbath-breaking, oath-breaking, heart-breaking, swearing, drinking, fighting,—thirty-six years I was among all that, and more; shamed by it, and hating it, till I got away from it.—Then, after all, to feel a devil inside of you, that you've got in a chain; and to feel him climb up against the sides of you, in here, before you know, and glare, with his devilish look, out of your eyes, and put his dirty paw and pull up the corners of your mouth, and play with the tackle in your throat, and make the words come out as you didn't mean, and then to feel that this fellow's growth is out of your own life!"

Mr. Wellon, as he looked at the man, during this speech, could see, in a sort of fearful pantomime, the struggle started and stifled between the poor fellow and his devilish beastly familiar.

"But you do get him down. Christ will trample him under foot. The more you need it, the more help you get; 'He giveth more grace,'" said the Minister of God, pouring out encouragement to him.

"I haven't been a man," said the poor fellow, showing, by the very words, that he had never lost his manhood; "I never was a son, nor a brother, nor a friend——."

"Were you ever married?" his visitor asked.

"No sir; never. I ought to have been, and meant to have been; but I wasn't.—There's one that knows that story, if he choose to tell it;" and saying this, Ladford looked at the Parson humbly, as if waiting for further question, and then proceeded: "It's just about that part of my life I'll tell,—if you'll please to hear; 'twas the

happiest and 'twas the most terrible sad, and mournful in it all. And it'll come in very well just now. Perhaps, you'll know me the better when you've heard it. I tried to do my duty like a man, to one thing, and there's all that's left of it," taking the black ribbon out of a Bible,— "It's all right,—it's all right!"

Many well-bred people would have been content with seeing this poor man's relic, and would have kept their touch and smell far off from it; but Mr. Wellon, with the senses of a gentleman, had a man's heart, and was a minister of Christ. He saw that the owner wished to lay it in his hand, and he held out his hand for it and took it.

"That riband," the story went on, "used to be about a little boy's neck; a pretty little fellow:—like this Lucy; very like!—It isn't likely that he'd have been a wonderful scholar, like her, but oh! as pretty a little fellow as ever God made to grow in the world. He was so straight!—and he stood right up and looked in your face; as much as to say, 'Do you know God? Well, I belong to Him.' There!—There!"—said poor Ladford, overcome with what he had been saying and thinking, and falling down on himself,—his breast on his Bible and his head between his knees—and giving two heaves of his body, forward and back. He then raised himself up again; and, as his hearer, of course, said nothing, he began again, when he was ready: "His hair was as thick and solid, as if't was cut out of stone; and his lip had such a curl to it, just like the crest to a wave;—you know Lucy's,—it was much the same. I can't tell you his eyes. You could look into 'em, and wouldn't think there was any bottom to 'em. It seemed as if you could look miles into 'em.—Oh! that boy!" he exclaimed, in such an intense sort of way as might have fixed one of the

trees into listening, and then suddenly appealed to his visitor:—

“You’re not tired of hearing, Mr. Wellon?”

“No, no.”

“Oh! that ——! He’s gone! —— and ’twas this hand! this very hand ——!”

The voice was one of sorrow and not of remorse; but, having in mind the wild life that this man had led, and, perhaps, having his heart full of the child that had seemed, a moment before, to be playing close by them, Mr. Wellon cried out—

“Why, what did you do to him?”

“Oh! no! not so bad as that.—Not worse than I am, though,” said Ladford, the indignant voice changing to self-reproach; “but I couldn’t have hurt *him*, unless I was drunk, and I never was drunk in my life.”

“Whose child was it?” asked the clergyman.

The smuggler looked at him, with a start, and answered instantly,—

“He was God’s child!”

Having waited for any further question, and none being asked, he again went on where he had left off:—

“I took him to the church myself, on this arm, and two real good Christians were godfather and godmother, for the poor mother’s sake. I was over in the far corner; *she* wasn’t there. I didn’t carry him back from church. I wouldn’t have opened my arms to take him in any more than if he’d been the Lord Jesus Christ, in a manner. They did love him dearly—poor motherless, fatherless darling!”

“Why, what became of the mother?”

“Oh! she died. *Naturally, she died,*” answered the smuggler, shaking his head and looking down. “I can’t

talk about her, sir—but the boy growed; and the sea, that had had so much wickedness done on it, got that boy.”

“I thought he never came near it,” said the Parson, much as if he thought that he could save it all yet, and keep the pretty boy, by thrusting in an impossibility made of words.

Poor Ladford looked mournfully at him, and wistfully, almost as if he, too, half hoped that it might not all be as it was, and then, glancing at the black ribbon, continued his story:—

“He never did, sir; but it got him, just as much as if it had a great rope of seaweed fast to him and dragged him in. One day when I was going down the cliff, thinking of nothing, what should be there, like a beautiful bird or a butterfly on the path, but that handsome, handsome boy! I was confused and mazed like, I suppose. It was so strange to see him there; I don’t know if he’d ever been told not to come to the sea; but he’d been kept about home; and when I saw him, if I’d only once had the thought to speak to him;—but I hadn’t. I was frightened, I suppose, and I put out my hand to save him—just this way—and that’s all. That was the last ever was known of that beautiful child, alive. There’s *my* mark,” said Ladford, showing the lower half of his left arm with a knob on it, where it might have been broken.

“Ah! that’s a bad break. That was broken in more than one place, or it hadn’t good surgery,” said Mr. Wellon.

“You know about surgery, sir?” said the smuggler. “It *was* broken more than once; but I think the surgeon did his best. I went over the cliff, too.”

“And the child was lost and you saved, though all the probability was the other way.”

"Yes, indeed. They say I gave a great spring, like a madman, and cleared every thing, (except what did this, and nobody could tell what that was,) and *he!* he went right down to his death. There was a rose-bush all there, where they buried him, and his spirit and life and all his dear, blessed beauty was gone away out of the world; and whether it took something out of my eyes I don't know; but there isn't such a brightness on the leaves, or grass, or any where. I saved that bit of ribbon; it went down with me and came up with me.—Now, sir," said Ladford, suddenly gathering himself up, "I want to get this girl of George Barbury's. It's a good thing that it wasn't me that went down; ay, it's a merciful thing, that it wasn't me taken away without e'er a hand or a word raised up!—But, Parson Wellon, if there's a way on earth, we must find George Barbury's daughter. God only knows what I'd give to be the one to find her!—I owe George Barbury life's blood, and more!—Only one thing beside, I care for."

The listener waited, but Ladford added nothing.

"Then that brought you up?"

"I *was* brought up at last, but it was years first. I stopped many a bad thing being done by shipmates or landmen after that, and at last I knocked right off. I had a house and a garden and a fishing boat, and I meant to sell the whole of 'em, and give away the money to something good; but they got out a warrant against me, long after I'd given up, and just when I was going to try to do some good after all my bad, and so I got away, and came off; and the neighbors know what I've been since I've been in this country."

"You haven't given over honest labor, I hope, now that you are repenting?" asked Mr. Wellon, his question

being one that might be suggested very naturally, by the appearance of the former smuggler's house and dress.

"No, sir; I do a man's work," answered the smuggler; "perhaps more."

"But you don't drink"—

"And yet I live in that wretched place, and dress like a convict, you might say," answered Ladford with a quiet, sad smile, drawing the contrast in words, that his visitor had, most likely, in his thought.

"For a man's work you can get a man's wages, can't you?"

"That wouldn't follow in *my* case," said the poor exile; "but I do."

Mr. Wellon understood the sentence and replied—"But certainly, any body that employed you would pay you?"

"Not so surely; but I'm laying up wages *in one place*, I hope. I live, and all I can do in a day's work, is for others, and I hope I'm laying something by."

Just as Mr. Wellon was leaving him, a voice was heard from above, in the little woods, and Ladford answered—

"'Is. I'se a comin'. I'll be with 'ee in short, and bear a hand about that chumley." And so entirely had he taken the words and way of the country, that he seemed almost another man.

His story had not been a very complete one; but there seemed to be a tie that bound Ladford to Lucy's father, or herself, through that boy and the boy's mother.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTERVIEW OF TWO WHO HAVE MET BEFORE.

IN the whirl of happenings and doings we must not too long forget some of our chief characters. Fanny Dare, who saw most of Mrs. Barrè,—indeed any one who knew her, could not but see the change which a little while had made in her; for she was changed. There were tears oftener in her eyes now than before; and they were formerly not seldom there. Her cheek was something thinner and more pale; there was a fixed and intent look in her eye when she was listening to another, or was in thought; and when she spoke,—if her thoughts were not apparently abstracted,—her words came so few and strong, that it seemed as if all she did were done with a great might. Yet she was gentle and tender.

There was a wakefulness about her, as if she were ever fearing or expecting something; and she had that expression, which, to the best hearts, is most touching in the human face; not of asking pity, but of needing it. Her eye grew fuller, as her cheek became more thin and pale.

It is very touching to see one to whom life is so earnest and serious a thing, as it evidently was to Mrs. Barrè; (there was no trifling, or play, or idleness with her;) and it was quite as touching to see how unforgettingly she kept her burden from bearing on the young life of little Mary.

It was on Monday evening that she sat in her chamber, whose window looked to the west, and gazed upward into the sky. Her smooth forehead, whose clear brows were bared by the falling-back of her dark hair, and her large eyes fixed, made her a fit figure for the silent time.

Miss Dare sat near her.

Before them both hung one bright star, in air; and on the earth was the still land and water; and far off, the inland hills, which, at this distance, and in this waning light, and standing in a land as unknown as if it were yet undiscovered, look like a rim of some happy, hidden valley.

Mrs. Barrè had never opened her mystery, further, to her friend; nor of course, had Fanny sought to look into it; only, that there was something, was understood between them.

Mrs. Barrè broke the thoughtful silence, saying, "Sometimes what I am striving and hoping for seems as hopeless and unattainable as the star that the child reaches after." (Such was the bright star shining down to them, mildly as it had shone so many—countless many—nights since first this world knew darkness.) "And yet," she added, "anguries are nothing. The faith of our best wisdom, and clearest conscience, and simplest trust, is right!"

So she spoke, in faith; and so God heard, who orders all things. There are, to us, no gates,—the "*geminæ somni portæ*,"—through one of which fleet disregarded hopes and prayers unheeded: while, through the other, go glad prayers accepted and bright hopes to their fulfilment; and yet in our day, as of old, one strong wish forces its way through rugged, rocky soil, grows up from sturdy root, and comes to ripeness; another falls and leaves not

a wreck of froth upon the ground, where stood a perfect globe of loveliest hues.

While she was speaking, a man came across the little open green towards the house. He was of an unfamiliar look and unlike the harbor-planters, but he came straight forward, turning neither to the right nor left, and not hesitating, up to the gate and through the gate, to the door, and there he had a message for the lady of the house ; for Mrs. Bray, as he called her.

Mrs. Barrè was much agitated, and pressed Fanny's hand, as she rose to go down to him, and leaned against the stairs in the hall, as she stood to hear his message.

The man was an uncourtly messenger. "A Catholic clergyman," he said, "desired his compliments, and would like to meet Mrs. Bray at Mr. Henran's, at any time she might please to set."

The lady's voice testified to her agitation, as she answered, "I shall be happy to meet such a person as you speak of; but, of course, I cannot make appointments out of my own house."

"It's a Catholic praste," said the messenger, almost gruffly.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"That I don't know any thing about, ma'am; I was to say 'a clergyman.'"

"And what is your own name?"

"Froyne is my name."

"Yes; then have the kindness to say that I am at home now, and expect to be at home to-morrow, till three o'clock."

The man turned on his heel, and with an ungracious or awkward ceremony departed.

Mrs. Barrè, after standing a few moments where she

was, went up stairs to her seat opposite the bright star, taking Fanny's hand and holding it. Presently she spoke of the appointment she had just made, and hoped that Fanny Dare might be in the house when the meeting took place. They both started, as again a man's dark figure came upon the green; Mrs. Barrè, clasping her hands, turned away to the wall.

A knock was heard; not long nor loud, but even, regular, decided; the work of a hand whose weight was exactly known.

"I didn't expect him to be on us so soon," said Fanny Dare; "what shall I do?"

"Just stay here, if you'll be so good. Don't go further off; there's a good girl," said Mrs. Barrè.

"But it's almost the same thing as being in the same room," said Fanny, in a whisper.

Mrs. Barrè was too occupied to answer, and the servant announced a gentleman to see her, waiting in the parlor below.

Mrs. Barrè came to the door of the room, pale, and earnest, and straightforward, as she always was in all things; but as she paused upon the outside, so on first entering the room, the door of which she did not shut entirely, she paused, with her sight fixed upon the floor.

When she raised her eyes, she found the gentleman standing respectfully; it was Father Nicholas. In the light of the candle, which marked distinctly the well-cut outlines of his features, and threw the deep lines and hollows into shadow, he looked more handsome and thoughtful than even by day. His simple black dress was just as fit, and seemed as much to belong to him as his smooth, shining cassock or soutane.

Mrs. Barrè started, but said, instantly, "You are no guest in my house, Mr. Crampton."

He stood meekly and unobtrusively, looking on the floor.

"I hope," said he, "that any harsh feelings or injurious suspicions, formed in other days —"

"I know you, Mr. Crampton!" she said, holding the door wide open. "You have no claim on my forbearance, and less than a right to expect me to talk with you. We shall have no further communication together."

He bowed formally; but there was an intensity in his look which showed what was roused within him. His face was livid and his forehead moist. He passed out, with another slow inclination of his body, saying,—

"Not now, but very likely hereafter. I think you will not forget—I came with little hope of saving you, but to clear my own soul."

"I couldn't help hearing," said Fanny Dare. "I wish I had been deaf; I can be dumb."

They sat long silent, and she held Mrs. Barrè's hand. Mrs. Barrè sat long after Fanny had gone home.



CHAPTER XXIII.

FATHER DEBREE AT BAY-HARBOR.

BAY-HARBOR is a town of some importance in Conception Bay, and a good deal of trade and business. It is also the chief town of a district, as respects the Roman Catholic Church; and the chief clergyman of that denomination officiating in Bay-Harbor is superior in rank and title to the others in that district.

At this time the Romish clergy there were the Very Reverend Father O'Toole, the Reverend Father Dunne, (absent for some months,) and the Father Nicholas, whom the reader has already met.

The elder priest had been for a good many years at Bay-Harbor, and was generally liked and thought of, as kindly and warm-hearted men are apt to be. He held the reins of discipline gently; had been, until quite lately, a frequent visitor in families of other faiths, and had given his horse to the English clergyman.

The nature of Father Nicholas's position there, or connection with the mission, was not very evident. By short and frequent steps he had made his way into the very midst of every thing; had got Father O'Toole's right hand, as it were, in his; while the latter had, for the last few months, (since the withdrawal of the priest who had been associated with himself for years, and who was ex-

pected again,) submitted so quietly to the absorption of much of his own work and authority, that it might have been thought to be an arrangement that he liked. Many people thought the new comer to have been sent out specially by the Holy Father himself, and it was reported that he kept a record of every thing done and said in the important town of Bay-Harbor, (people think their own town a place of great consequence in the world;) and that the Court of Rome was kept regularly informed of every thing that transpired, and a good deal more. It was agreed that his father had been once a merchant in Jamaica; afterwards in Cadiz; and that Father Nicholas had been brought up in Spain.

Some sharp people said of him that it was not likely that a man of his talents would be kept in the sort of obscurity that even Bay-Harbor must be considered as imposing, unless for good reason; and that it was probably a kind of banishment, inflicted or allowed by his superiors; but others as sharp maintained, in opposition, that Father Nicholas was intrusted with every priestly function and authority, and that it was a vulgar prejudice only that attributed to the Church of Rome the tolerance of unworthy men in its ministry. Many Protestants accordingly showed particular attention to this priest.

His own character gave no more encouragement to one supposition than to another; but might be reconciled to any. Elegant, even to extreme, at times, in his intercourse with ladies or men of intelligence, he was, sometimes, negligent and even abrupt or rude to either sex. Highly educated and studious, as he was thought to be, he was not free from a pedantry, (or affectation of pedantry,) in conversation. There was another habitual

antithesis about him ; he allowed himself often in a remark, whose freedom betrayed his familiarity with the ways and wisdom of the world, or whose sarcasm, bitterness, or even venom showed the cheap estimate at which he held men ; while, on the other hand, he would utter, habitually, lofty principles of virtue, and warm and moving arguments for truth, and quoted (in their own language,) the offices of the Church and the authorized Scriptures, very frequently and with great solemnity.

It was curious to see the influence of his new associate upon the plain old Father Terence. Nominally and ostensibly at the head of the clergy of the district, and enjoying the title of Very Reverend, he put the other forward, very often, or allowed him to put himself forward, both in doing and counselling, in a way which proved his own indolence, or the intellectual or other superiority of the younger man.

In one respect the influence of the younger upon the elder was amusingly exhibited ; the worthy Father Terence, having resumed his studies, and making a point of quoting Latin and also of discoursing ethics and logic when the presence of Father Nicholas tempted him. He prevented the recognition of his own precedence from falling into desuetude, by asserting or inferring it, on occasion, when there was need.

Father Nicholas, for his part, proclaimed his own subordination.

So matters stood in Bay-Harbor, at the time of our story, and to the house in which the two priests lived, not far from the chapel, we are now to bring our reader.

It must have been about seven o'clock, on the Tuesday morning, that Father Debree was leading the horse from

which he had just dismounted, into the premises of the Roman Catholic mission at Bay-Harbor.

"Ah! thin, it's the early bird catches the fox," cried a good-natured voice from above. "Can ye tie him some place, a bit? an' I'll be with ye, directly."

While the utterer of the proverb was coming, or preparing to come, the dismounted horseman looked about for the "some place" at which to hach his horse, a thing more easily sought than found. Posts there were none; trees there were none; and at length the horse was fastened to the paling near the road.

"Y'are younger than meself," said the voice, which had before addressed him, and which now came through the door, "and ye haven't that weight of cares and labors; but I'm glad to see ye," it added heartily, as Father De-bree came up into the door and received a very hospitable shake of the hand.

"I beg pardon for being so unseasonable, Father Terence," said the visitor. "You didn't expect me so early?"

"Ah, brother, if ye do ever 'be placed in a conspikyis and responsible post, ye'll know that it's what belongs to us. I am continyally, continyally,—but come in!"

As he talked thus, Father Terence had gone, with dignity, solid and substantial, before his guest into the parlor. The dignitary's most "conspikyis" garment was not such as gentlemen of any occupation or profession are accustomed to appear in. It was not white, and yet it was not black or colored; it did not fit him very handsomely; was somewhat short in the legs, with a string or two dangling from the lower ends, and, indeed, had the appearance of something other than a pair of trousers.

His stockings were not *in* "conspikyis"; being one of gray and one of black-mixed, very indulgently pulled on and crowded into two slippers, (not a pair,) of which one had the appearance of being a shoe turned down at heel, and the other was of a very elegant velvet, though of a shape somewhat wider than is elegant in a human foot. He had a long black coat opening downward from a single button fastened at the neck; and on his head a close fitting cotton nightcap coming down cosily about two good thick cheeks and tied below his chin.

The face above this body was plain, but kindly-looking; the eyes being narrow, the nose longish and thick, and the mouth large; but a good, honest face it was.

"Take a chair, then!" said the nightcapped head, bowing with dignity.—"Now, brother—"

"I've hurried you too much, Father O'Toole," said the younger. "I can wait, till you're ready to come down."

"Am n't I *down*, then?" asked Father Terence, conclusively. "Do ye mind the psalm where it says, '*Præ-revererunt oculi mei, diluente ut meditarer*'?"*

"Excuse me, Reverend Father Terence," said a third voice; "you never lay the harness off—"

"Ah! don't flatter, now, Father Nicholas!" said the elder, but looking complacently to his guest.

"Permit me," said the other, "to entertain an old neighbor and friend, while you allow yourself a little time for even so insignificant an object as dress."

Father Terence had evidently not bestowed a thought upon so insignificant a thing; and, glancing downwards at 'the harness which he had not laid off,' hastily gathered the skirts of his black garment over his knees, and retreated—quickly, but with homely dignity.

* My eyes have hastened to Thee, in the dawn, to meditate.—Ps. 119. 148.

Father Nicholas was not liable to censure on the score of having neglected his dress; for nothing could impress one with a sense of thoroughness, more perfectly than his whole personal appearance; black,—somewhat glossy,—from his throat down to the floor; contrasted about the middle by his two white hands, (of which one glistened with a signet-ring,) and relieved above by the pale, yellowish face, with its high forehead, and dark, shining eye, and the emphatic, determined mouth. Above the face was glossy wavy black hair, cut short.

“I’m sorry to have seen so little of you,” he said, in a courtly way, without warmth, to the guest, who gave no sign of being aware of his presence;—“we’re so busy!”

So the other turned, and said gravely:—

“I’m glad that *my* time is pretty well taken up;” then (while Father Nicholas, folding his arms, paced the floor) reminded himself, aloud, of his horse, and went out.

The ‘old neighbors and friends’ greeted each other.

Solid steps were heard; and, soon, were bringing Father Terence back. “*Bonum est viro, cum portaverit jugum ab adolescentia sua!*” * he was saying.

“A mind stored with sacred precepts! ‘*dulciora super mel et favum,*’ † Father Nicholas exclaimed, while he also quietly left the room.

The worthy elder came to emptiness.—He said, cheerily:

“The present company seems mostly to be absent!”

His guest, just then, came in and apologized.

“Ah!” said Father O’Toole, “I know, meself, it’s square things they do. I’d one, gnawed his mane and tail off, manny’s the time, when my eye was off him. The children all said the one thing of ’um; and sure, they’d

* It is good for a man to have borne the yoke from his youth.—
LAM. JER. 3. 27.

† Sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.—Ps. 19. 10.

the best chance to know, having nothing else to do, mostly, but to be watchin' him at his pasture." His guest could not help smiling at this simple notion of the necessity of looking after a valuable horse who had come some miles at a good rate, lest he should eat off his own tail and mane.

"Ye'll stay the day, then, like a man of good sense, won't ye," asked Father O'Toole.—"It's not that much time I give upon the externals;—'turbamur'—'what's this it is?'—'*erga—plurima*;' * *one thing's necessary* : ' but I'm more conforming and shutable, now."

Indeed he was; dressed in a long, black cassock of camlet, or something like it; black stock and black stockings, and shoes with small silver, (at least shining) buckles on them; and irongray locks behind; respectable, if not venerable, he looked like one of the Irish Roman priests of the old time, who had been twenty or thirty years in the island.

"We'll be having breakfast shortly," said the host; "it's not good talking too much with only air in your belly; and after breakfast we'll hear how ye're getting on"

The old gentleman went to see after breakfast, or some other matter, and Mr. Debreë was left to himself.

Nothing appeared in the room to occupy the attention of the visitor but two remains of books, one painting on the wall, and a box upon the mantel-shelf. The furniture was scanty, not quite clean, and many of the pieces occupied with things of many kinds. Of the books upon the table, one was a breviary without covers, and almost without contents; for a great deal of what had formerly been paper was now nothing. Of what remained in type and tissue, a greasy flaccidness had taken hold. The other was an odd volume of Mr. Alban Butler's Lives of Saints,

* We are troubled about many things.

of which it would be hard to say why it had lost one cover; for the inside showed no such marks of use and wear as would account for it. Some places had been fingered, and here a scrap of a tobacco wrapping-paper, and there some grains of snuff, showed that, by accident or of set purpose, its bulk of pages had been sometimes broken.

Father Terence soon called him to breakfast, and said, "*He* takes his meals by himself, mostly."

As may be supposed, no duty of hospitality was omitted by the kindly Irishman, and a good example was set in his own person how to treat an honest hunger.

There were several subjects on which the two priests were to confer, or did confer; but Father Debree was still occupied with the loss of Skipper George's daughter, and the suspicions attaching to the Urstons and to the nuns from Bay-Harbor. The old priest took a kindly interest.

"Indade, it's a sad thing for a father to lose his child!" said he.

"But he's a Protestant," said Father Debree.

"And hasn't a Protestant feelings? Ay, and some o' them got the best o' feelings. I'm sure yerself's no call to say against it.—It's in religion they make the great mistake."

"I'm not inclined to deny it, Father Terence, and this is a noble man, this Skipper George; but"—

"And who's Skipper George, then? Is he the father? Oh! sure there's good Protestants; and it's hard to lose a child that way, and not to know is she dead or living, or torn to pieces, or what!"

"Not every one has such good feeling, when the father's a Protestant."

"But the Urstons are not that way, at all; and James was a good boy!" answered the old priest.

"It's a mystery, and a deplorable one! I couldn't think they've taken her; but she was last seen near their house, probably; and some things belonging to her have been found at the house and near it; there's no doubt of that;"——

—"And haven't ye the direction of them?" asked Father Terence.

"Mrs. Calloran confesses to Father Crampton. I never see James. She tells me that he's leaving the Church."

"No! no!" said the old priest, with great feeling; then shook his head and added, "I hadn't the charge of him, this while back.—I mind hearing this girl was leading him away, but I can't think it of him."

"I don't believe she has done it, Father Terence, from all that I can hear. He may have fallen in love with her."

"And why would she let him, and him going to be a priest?"

"There were some nuns, so it seems, at Mr. Urston's house that evening," said Father Debree, returning to the former subject; "and it's said that they were seen carrying some one away."

"It's little I know about the holy women," Father Terence answered, "more than if they were the Eleven Thousand Virgins itself; but what would they do the like for? And would *any one* belonging to this, whatever way it was with the girl, without me knowing it?—but will ye see to the boy James? And couldn't ye bring him to speak with me?"

Father Terence forgot and neglected his own break-

fast, though he did not forget his hospitality. He seemed almost impatient to have his commission undertaken immediately.

His guest, too, appeared to have little appetite ; but he lingered after they left the table, and presently said :—

“ There was another subject, Father Terence ”——

“ Come and see me again, do ! and we'll talk of every thing ; and don't forget the lad. I'd not let you go at all, only for that.”

The young priest accordingly took his leave.



CHAPTER XXIV.

A CALL AT A NUNNERY.

RDJOINING the priest's house in Bay-Harbor was a small building of later construction, entered from the opposite direction. At the door of this building, a pretty loud not continuous rapping was heard early in the forenoon of Tuesday, the nineteenth day of August ; and again and again.

"Wall, s'pose I may's well go 'n' stir up the neighbors a mite, 'n' see what's the matter here. 'Guess they've got a little o' the spirit o' slumber in 'em, b' th' way they act," said the visitor.—A truculent man was hurrying to him, from his work.

Presently a noise was heard within the house, and the door was unlocked, unbolted, and opened. The workman stood still.—The visitor was already at some distance from the scene of his late exercise, and, in his way of walking, was making many long steps between it and himself. At the opening of the door, he came back with alacrity ; glancing, only, at the watchful workman.

"Wanted to see the head o' this Inst'tootion a minute, 'f 'taint too m'ch trouble. Wun't you jest ask her to step this way?" he said, as he came to the door.

The janitress hesitated ; but, saying 'she would speak to Sister Theresa,' shut the door gently between the holy women and the man from the world without.

Another nun appeared, and meekly waited until the visitor should declare his errand. The visitor, for his part, had not his former fluency of speech.

"'Twas on business o' some 'mportance t' the cath'lic church," he said.

"I must refer you to the reverend clergy, sir. You'll find one of them at the other door, Father Terence or Father Nicholas." She was very definite, though very gentle.

"Wall, ma'am," said the American, "'f ye think I'd bes' go 'n' see holy Father Nichols, first, wh' I'll go. 'M sorry 'f I've disturbed ye; 's no harm meant, I'm sure. If ye'll make my compliments t' the rest, I'll say ' Good mornin', ma'am ' ;" and he held out his hand for a parting courtesy. He might as well have held it out to the moon; and, seeing this, he said:—

"' Hope the's no hos-tile feelings; wish ye ' Good-day,' ma'am."

The sister bowed gravely, and gently shut the door.

"Wall, look a' here," said Mr. Bangs, as he found himself alone with himself, on the outside, turning round to survey the building and neighborhood.

"Have you business with some one here?" asked a voice that made him start a little; and he saw Father Nicholas, such as we have described him.

"Wall! ol' Gen'l Isril Putnam's wolf was a fool to this," said Mr. Bangs, in a low voice, by way of reinstating himself in his self-possession; then aloud, "Oh! How d'ye do, Mr. —? Can't 'xactly call ye by name—Holy Father guess 'll do. Wall, I did have a little business with 'em, 'r some of 'em. Seems to be c'nsid'ble rural retirement 'bout this—nunnery, s'pose 'tis,—. This country don't seem t' have much natch'l gift 't raisin' trees

—don't seem 't take to it.—Bangs, my name is. Come f'm th' States."

"And may I ask, Mr. Bangs, what particular business you had here?"

"Certin; 's no harm 'n askin', ye know. 'T's the motto 'f the R'public, ye may say."

"I should be glad to know, then," said Father Nicholas, drily.

"Shouldn't wonder 'f 'twould 'ford ye some pleasure; though guess ye'll be ruther 'stonished, f'r a spell. Come to look int' this r'ligion-business a mite. Don't mind tellin' *you*. Prove to E-l Bangs"—

Father Nicholas smiled: "Oh! Mr. Bangs, from Peterport, the American merchant!" said he. "Your nation is becoming distinguished——," ("they're 'bout it, I b'lieve," inserted Mr. Bangs, by way of commentary,) "for intelligence and enterprise." ("The' is such a thing's bein' cute, certin," said Mr. Bangs.) "So you wanted to make some religious inquiries?"

"Wall, 'smuch that 's any thing, 'guess," said Mr. Bangs, who, as he concentrated his force upon his words, knitted his brows, and looked a little to the left of the person he was addressing, as we are taught to look at bright bodies in the sky. "D'ye s'pose they'd gi' me a chance to git conviction? 'T any rate, t' look into it and join, 'f I felt like it?"

"Oh! yes," answered the priest, "any body can have a chance. There's a way wide enough."

"Yes.—Bible says, 'Wide is the way,'" said Mr. Bangs. "Ye see the's all my folks are Protestants, 'n' al'a's were, fur's I know, f'm th' beginning of the Bangses, and stood p'tty high, too,—that is, some of 'em did. Why, my great uncle was Deacon Parsimmon Tarbox—lived at Brain-

tree, 'n Massachusetts. 'Tain't likely you ever heard of him; but I dono what 'd come over 'em to hear 't one o' the family 'd turned Catholic."

"But let me ask, If you wanted to see me, how came you to call here?"

"Wall, sir. I didn't exactly come to see you. I come t' see some o' the folks that keep this 'stablishment."

"What sort of establishment do you take this to be, then?"

"Why, a nunnery, 'r a convent, or somethin' o' that sort."

"But you don't expect to take the veil, do you?" inquired the priest, with an unqualified smile.

"No. 'Vale o' tears 's all *my* veil, I guess. But you see, it's these nunneries, and mummeries, 'n' what not," (Mr. Bangs looked very harmless,) "are gen'ly counted about the hardest thing *in* the Catholic religion; and my way is, al'a's to go chock up to head quarters, when I want to know about a thing, and so, thinks I, I'll jes' go and see for myself."

"Did you expect to walk right in and look about for yourself?"

"Wall, I thought, you know, 'taint like one o' those Eastern hairims, where they wun't let a fellah go in, any way, 'cause the women all belong to 'em, and they're afraid to have 'em ketched or snapped up. Says I, This is a Christian institootion, all open and above board."

"Yes, you're right, to a proper extent. There is no concealment but what is necessary for the object; which is, retirement from the world in peace and safety. *Men*, of course, are excluded, because this is a house of holy women."

"Cer-tin. 'Stablishment I'k' this 'd make a church of

itself, and might have meetin',—*mass*, ye know,—all t' themselves, and a priest o' their own. Why, 't the Lunatic 'Sylum up to Worcester, they have a preacher, and keep the men and women—wall, keep 'em separate, any way. Say here's where the females sit, all 'long here," (waving his hand,) "then here's what ye may call a broad aisle——."

"May I inquire what particular object you had in view in seeing the head of the family here?" asked the Priest.

"Wh' ye know th' Protestants 'r' pleggy hard upon convents;—clappin' gals up, an' keepin' 'em 'n prison, 'n' dungeon, 'n' what not. When the's so much 'f it, ye want t' hear t'other side. Over here to Peterport, th' wanted me to go 'n' testify 't I saw the nuns acarr'in' off that gal, (down the rocks, there;) but I come away 'n' left 'em, s'pose ye heard;—s' such a thing 's goin' too far. Sometimes they *want* to be carried off; 'n' sometimes the' aint 'ny carr'in' off 'bout it. Thinks I, 's nothin' 'gainst my goin' 'n' callin' 'n a fash'nable way, 'n' takin' a look. The's ben some pleggy smart men 'n the Catholic church; (there's Cardinal Wolsey;) and these Protestants, s'pose you'll admit, are a little the slowest race!—kith, kin, kit,—the whole boodle of 'em. Their wits ain't cute 'nough to find the holes in their heads, *I* b'lieve. Why, there's their Magistrate can't stand it: shouldn't wonder 'f he turned."

At this point Mr. Bangs waited for his companion, who had been apparently rather entertained by the American's matter and manner.

"You saw Sister Theresa, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; 'n' found her quite the lady. Don't seem t' come out, 'xactly, l'k' some—owin' to bringin' up, likely—but what ye'd cal! a fine woman. Now, 'n th' States,

ye walk right up to a public inst'tootion, 'n' they invite ye in, and show ye the whole concern, 'n' ask ye to write your name 'n a big book t' show 't you ben there."

"Well, Mr. Bangs, it's unusual, but your case is peculiar, being a citizen of the Great Republic, and disposed to be impartial. Perhaps we might make an exception in your favor. I suppose the sooner the better, in your opinion. For instruction I shall introduce you to the Very Reverend Father O'Toole, by-and-by."

"Wall, sir, the's a hymn (dono's y' ever heard it) goes—

'Now's the day, an' now's the hour:
See the front o' Babel tower:
See approach proud Satan's power:
Sin an' Slavery.'"

"I's all'a's brought up t' know the value 'f time, 'n' *do* a thing while ye're about it. I's brought up there by Boston, ye know,—close by, out to Needham, that is, where they had the Gen'l Trainin', (used to, 'n I's a shaver, 't any rate.) Never had t' tell me, 'Go to yer aunt, ye sluggard.' Wall, folks al'a's hed the credit o' bringin' up p'ty fair specimens, about Boston, you know. 'Course your province-people (that is, dono 'bout the *priest*-part, but province-folks gen'lly) know all about Boston 's well 's I can tell ye. Why, fact, up here in Canady, ('ts all same thing, s'pose,) they used to call all the people in the States 'Bostonese,' or 'Bostonase,' or whatever the French word is. Wall, the bringin' up 'bout Boston 's p'tty well known. I's a mere runt to some of 'em; but, 's I's sayin', about this Peterport, 's they call it—might 's well call it Potter-port, 'n' be done with it—for such a potterin' and pokin' about their business, I never saw. Yankee Doodle 's our naytional toone,

ye know ; and there aint 'ny *stop* about that ; when our Yankees set out with that, something's *got* to go, ship-shape or shop-shape, 'r some way. A fellah must hev a plaguy sight of *stick* in his shoes that don't go ahead to that toone. 'Twa'n't so much the fault o' the British, 's 'twas becos nothin' *can* stand before our Yankees when they're hitched on to it and that toone agoin'. Wh' 't Bunker—that's 'bout wars and battles, though ; don't concern us, now ; but I dono's ye ever noticed what a solemn psalm-toone that 'll make, only put it slow enough. Faw-sol-law !" he sang, straightening his neck and swelling out his throat, as if beginning an illustration of the adaptedness of his favorite air.

The Priest smiled. " We'll try, then," said he.

So saying, he turned to the door on which the knuckles of the American had been playing so persistently, and knocking three times, and ringing a bell, gave the sentence, " Ave, Maria Sanctissima !" * in a clear voice. An answer was made by a woman, " Sine labe concepta," † and then the entrance was made open to them.

Father Nicholas went forward into the nearest room, Mr. Bangs following, and the sister being in the rear. He then turned square about and said : " Sister Agnes, this visitor from the United States of America is making inquiries into the truths of our Most Holy Faith. He has a desire to ascertain whether our religious houses are prisons. Have the kindness to say to Sister Theresa, that, with her leave, we are come to see this simple little house."

—" What's your will, Father Nicholas ?" asked Sister Theresa, meekly, as she entered.

" Mr. Bangs, Ma'am,—you recollect," said the American, recalling her memory to himself.

* Hail, Mary Most Holy!

† Without stain conceived.

"I only wish to ask permission, in favor of Mr. Bangs, here, to go through your little establishment in my company. It is not for the gratification of idle curiosity, but for important reasons, which I will explain hereafter," said Father Nicholas, looking significantly, less at Sister Theresa than at the visitor, who answered, with an expression of intelligence, "Jes' so."

"Will you have the kindness to direct me?" asked she, in return.

"We will follow you, if you please."

"And where shall we begin?" asked she again, still in uncertainty.

"Any where. Here, for example, at the beginning, if you'll let me take the guide's office," said the Priest. "This room, Mr. Bangs, is the parlor. Not very splendid, you see."

"Certin. This paintin' ain't a common work, by consid'ble. One o' the best things o' *that* sort, I 'most ever saw." In saying this, the American put himself at a distance, inclined his head a little to one side, and applied his hand, made into a tube, to his right eye, closing the other. "Seems to freshen on the gaze! don't it!"

"This room, with this sort of hole in the door," continued his reverend guide, to the tasteful American, not too abruptly, opening the door communicating with the room in the rear, through which the nun had come to the former interview with her curious visitor, "is a sort of back-parlor, having this opening to allow the ladies to communicate, if necessary, with persons here, without exposing themselves to the observation of strangers or others."

"Jes' so. Good 'l l'k' one o' the peek-holes at Bunkum's Grand Universal Skepticon, down to Boston; greatest thing o' the kind in the world, they say. I don't s'pose

Sister Theresy ever had much notion for those things ; but you're aware there *are* great,—wall,—”

“ Here we are at the last room on this floor. This little place is a private retiring room, for prayer,” interrupted the Priest, gently and easily,—Mr. Bangs accepting the interruption as quite regular.

“ Don't seem to make much provision f' the wants o the flesh, any how,” said the latter. “ First house, pretty much, 's I may say, I ever see 'thout a kitchen. Wall, I didn't s'pose 'twas a fact, but they used to say, you know, that nuns lived p'tty much like Injuns, on parched corn, and so on.”

“ The Sisters' simple cooking is done in the adjoining house, belonging to the Reverend Father O'Toole,” explained his guide, “ for the Mission, in this place.”

“ Very solemn fixin', certin,” said Mr. Bangs, as Father Nicholas and the lady stood silent, after having crossed themselves at sight of the crucifix, and one of the usual representations of the Virgin and Child, before which “ fixin',” as it had just been called, stood, on a little bracket-shelf, a metal candlestick and candle and a few very artificial flowers, with one real moss rose and three real rose leaves among them.

“ I ain't quite used to doin' that, yet,” continued the visitor, referring to the crossing, and gesticulating after some fashion of his own. While he was making his demonstration, however, there was some sound of a cough or sneeze from more than one of the neighboring females, whoever or wherever they were.

“ Pupils, or servants,” said the priestly conductor, looking with something like asperity towards the Sister ; then, turning the end of the sentence to Mr. Bangs, “ We shall soon run through our narrow limits ; and you will get no

very exalted notion of the importance of our meek little community," continued Father Nicholas. "Our next steps go up these narrow stairs."

"Guess th'r' ain't much goin' *down*, f'r 't seems folks gen'ly, here, think the land turns to water, 'little way down. No need o' raisin' a cry o' dungeons, and lockups, and what-nots, under ground. Why, here's a little door—fact,—goin' down to some root-cellar, likely ;—' *should* like to see a cellar under ground, f' once, f' variety, in this country."

"You shall be gratified, certainly," said his ecclesiastical guide, "as far as may be ; but I fancy that not much is to be seen, unless the darkness is visible."

The American putting his eyes and nose down towards the opening, remarked upon it, very summarily, "why, 't *is* 's dark 's a pitch-pipe,' 's the boy said, and smells strong 'f old straw or hay ; but 't's a comfort to see it, any how. You see, comin' right f'm the States, where a man 'd jest 'bout 's soon think of hevin' no pockit in his pants, as not hevin' a cellar to his house, it looks strange to me not seein' one, all the time I've ben here : one o' your real old-fashioned ones comes in well. What curis sort o' partitions they have here, compared 'th real walls o' lath and plaster," he concluded, knocking, at the same time, with the knuckle of one finger, on the thin deal that separated one room from another.

"These are slight houses, certainly ; but religious persons, of all people, may be content to have what will last their day : '*Non, enim, habemus hic*—for we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.'"

"Certin," said Mr. Bangs. "We ought to, any how."

The visiting procession passed now up the little creaking stairs, the priest leading ; Mr. Bangs accompanying

him by going up two stairs at a time, and then, poising himself for a moment, so as to keep the same relative distance between himself and the rest of the party, before and behind; the females bringing up the rear.

"This is 'recreation-hour,' is it not, Sister Theresa?" inquired the guide, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, added, "I shall have great pleasure, Mr. Bangs, in giving you an opportunity of seeing every member of the household, without any exception; the list is not as long as the roll of Xerxes' army, or the immortal Washington's. We number only five, all told, I think: one sick. Sisters Theresa, Agnes, Frances, Catharine, and Bridget; two professed, as we call them; one lay, one novice, one postulant."

"Yes: postulate means *wanted*, or *as'd*, I b'lieve; one 't you want to have join, I guess."

"Reverse it, and you have the meaning of postulant, exactly; one that asks to be admitted."

"Oh, *postulant*! I's thinkin' of *postulate*. I got that out of an old book o' my father's, time I was keepin' company o' Casty—wall, a good while ago."

"This room is what you'll understand, at once," opening one to the left, of some ten feet by twelve, with a recess at the further end, about five feet deep and six feet wide, railed across even with what was left of the wall; which latter was occupied entirely by a closed door on one side, and an open one on the other, showing a little closet opening into the recess before spoken of, with a screen or paling.

"That, you see, is an altar; these pictures around the room are what we call stations, used for marking different places to kneel and pray."

"I see!" said the visitor; "solemn-lookin' place,

fact ;” then turning away, as before, with a bow, he said to Father Nicholas, “this house stows more, atop, ’n down b’low, ’s they used to tell o’ the York Dutchman and his hat.”

“You’ve an excellent eye, sir. This room is taken out of the next house that I spoke of. If you’d fancy it, you shall see the whole arrangement of that, also, by and by. Ah! here is Sister Frances; and there is Sister Ursula.” (They all, except Sister Theresa, stood with their backs turned toward the visitors.) “You see all of the family but one. These rooms are dormitories,” opening one of the doors which led into a plain room, (like those with which the reader is familiar enough,) containing several bare and hard-looking beds, and little furniture of any kind, beside.

Mr. Bangs cast a sharp side-glance into this room, and then looked forward for further progress. Before the next door were standing several of the Sisters; Sister Theresa explaining that this was the chamber of the sick.

“Please to let our visitor see the inside of the sick-room, in which the gentle hands of our religious smooth the pillow of the afflicted, as a sister. ‘*Universum stratum ejus versasti*—thou hast turned his whole couch in his sickness.’ Is the sufferer awake?” the priest asked, in a tender and sympathizing tone.

“No, Father Nicholas, she has been sleeping for some time, quite heavily,” answered, in a whisper, the nun who held the door, and who, as she spoke, threw it open and drew herself aside, as did Sister Theresa, who had been standing beside her in front of the entrance.

The American, not changing either his place or posture, except to bend his head, with unwonted reverence, downward, stood, *demisso ore*, with a subdued look, bent first

towards the bed on which the mere outline of the sick one could be seen, and then gradually turned to other objects in the room. There was such perfect silence, that the heavy, regular breathing was distinctly heard from within. The change which had passed upon the visitor, in presence of this scene of human need and helplessness, was very striking, as he stood thus subdued, with his hands before him, one holding his hat, and the other the opposite wrist. He was as still as if his very breathing were too loud.

But it would be too much to look for very long standing-still or silence from him; and soon, indeed, abruptly turning to his reverend guide, he spoke in an awkward whisper, considerably above his breath, which he had kept down so carefully, as follows:—

“Dono’s ye ever noticed it, about sickness—” when,—precipitated by an ungainly gesture accompanying his words,—a shower of things out of his hat dispersed themselves within the sickroom and about the floor on which the company stood. The accident affected every member of the party, even those whose backs were turned. These last rustled a little; and a sound almost like a giggle came from some one or more, the most impulsive. Sister Theresa crossed herself, as soon as she recovered from the first shock of this rude and most unnecessary indecorum. The priest at first came near to smiling, unintentionally; but instantly visited the unsanctified misadventure with a frown that gathered over the still lingering smile, like a dark cloud above the streak of sunset-sky. The short word “bah!” escaped his lips.

The author of all this commotion,—interrupted in his well-meant speech, glancing round the company, brushing up one side of his hair over the bald, and saying, “Do

tell! wall, don't stir," all at the same instant, almost, and before any one had had time to recover,—dove forward after the most remote articles of his scattered property.

In doing this he made little more noise than a cat, and was just about as expeditious in his motions, following a lead-pencil to one side of the chamber and a penknife to the other, not leaving behind the habit of his nation, even in this unexpected visit; but drawing near and casting a glance, in passing, at a colored engraving of a saint, as very likely he would have looked in a glass, had there been one in the place, which there was not.

The handkerchief and an outlandish-looking newspaper, which had dropped down in the passage-way and remained there, lay where they had fallen, when he came out, and then resumed their former place. "Hope ye wun't think hard o' my hat," he whispered, loudly, by way of reconciling matters, "'t don't gen'ly act like that. However, b'lieve no harm's done. Don't let me keep you, sir, awaiting, and the ladies."

The remainder of the visit was soon dispatched. Father Nicholas appearing not less kind, if less cordial than before, and saying,—after a brief exhibition of the adjoining room,—“You have now seen the whole, sir, and I hope you'll remember your visit with pleasure. I told you at the outset that you were treated with very rare consideration, because I didn't believe that in your case it would be thrown away. I shall be happy to give you any further information which may be in my power.”

“Very much obleeged to you, 'm sure, sir. 'T's done me good. Jest what I like. Come and see for m'self and ben treated like a gentleman. 'F 't 'adn't ben for that—wall, 'accidents *will* occur, you know,” 's the fellah said once. 'Wish all success to the ladies, adoin' good

and I'll jest go straight to the other priest,—that's the Rev. Mr. Terence's or O'Toole's,—and do a little business 'th him, 'f I find I can."

As Father Nicholas and his guest withdrew, Sister Theresa was heard saying, "We will now go to our office, sisters, and we have something to make up." The machinery of the establishment (after the obstruction had been removed) began to go as before. We go with the retiring party as far as the outside.



CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAGISTRATE DEALS WITH OTHER SUSPICIOUS
PERSONS.

THE world was going on in Peterport also. Public suspicion had, of course, repeatedly touched Father Debree, but had never been able to fasten on him. One or two overwise bodies undoubtedly thought him the more dangerous, because (as they said) "he was so deep, and made people think he was harmless;" but almost every one (with Skipper George) absolutely discharged him, before the third day. To have found out what was his painful and mysterious connection with Mrs. Barrè, would have been a great deal for the public.—It did not yet appear.

He was seldom seen in the harbor, and was soon little spoken of; the fever too, in Marchants' Cove, which killed no one, ceased to occupy men's tongues, or the tongues of their wives. Mrs. Barrè's sorrow and her mystery were left to silence, while steadily the general thought busied itself with following the lost maiden.

James Urston, it was said, had been with the priests at Bay-Harbor; but it was also said, that he was threatened with excommunication, or some great penalty, and public opinion naturally sympathized with the bereaved lover and the disaffected Roman Catholic, (if he was dis-

affected;)—the public eye still looked darkly at Mrs. Calloran, and beyond.

Mrs. Calloran herself had said,—very truly,—that “there were other old women in Peterport,” and the hands of justice, again feeling about, grasped Granny Palasher and held her to an examination. They were to have laid hold on Mr. Bangs, (this time,) and Ladford; but these had both slipped between, like other little men of old time, between those of another giant. Of Ladford’s movements nothing was reported; but of the American, William Frank had this to say, That he had sent some important communication to the vice-consul of his country, at St. John’s, and had left the harbor for parts unknown.

The magistrate made little out of the Granny, except that her name was properly Ann Pilehard, and that the public suffrage was with her when she asserted that she “had an occupation and knowed it ’most so good as some other folks did theirs, mubbe.” Having in the course of a day elicited so much, he adjourned his court.

Awaking from the sleep which had settled down upon a mind and body jaded with the long day’s and night’s work, which went before and followed the last adjournment of his “court,” and yet another full day’s painful deliberation, he was informed by his servant, that there was a paper on the front-door, and that “he” (the paper) “looked mostly like a print, seemunly.” The color rose in Mr. Naughton’s cheeks, and his fingers trembled as he proceeded to examine this new decoration of his house. He evidently suspected it.

He walked leisurely and stopped at more than one thing in the way, and when he got out of doors, looked up at the sky and down at some vegetation on which he

had expended a great deal of manure, before approaching the object which had stimulated the curiosity of his maid. When he did at length deliberately turn to view it, he saw a huge broadside of wrapping-paper, bearing the words (in charcoal), "the FaytFul megistrun."

He certainly looked fateful, (as the poster unintentionally called him,) when he had read this thing.

"Ha!" said he, "parties may burn their fingers, if they don't look out;" and he conspicuously,—that all the neighborhood or the world might see it,—tore the paper first into long strips and then into little bits, which he gave by instalments to the winds. He then walked deliberately up and down in front of his house, turning his face, (considerably reddened by the activity of his mind,) frequently to the road, with an "Hm!" as if to show the world that there he was, unmoved, and ready to be the mark of any animadversion.

*"Si fractus illabatur orbis (sedente ipso, sc., in cathedra),
Impavidum ferient ruinae."**

So for some time he aired himself, before going in to breakfast.

That the impersonation of Justice in Peterport was not weary of its efforts, was soon made manifest. Gilpin, the constable, hinted the propriety of having Mrs. Calloran up again, and giving her a "hauling-over."

This proposition the magistrate disposed of summarily, by a legal aphorism: "A person can't be tried twice for the same offence, Mr. Gilpin, according to English law;" and he forestalled an argument over which the constable's eye was twinkling, and which he was just making up his mouth to utter, by putting into that officer's hand a warrant, and saying authoritatively,—

* If tumbles all the world to wrack, He in his seat will sit square back,
And take all, fearless: Crack! Whack!! Thwack!!!—(Adapted.)

“You’ll see that Mrs. Frank is brought before me with all diligence.”

The constable’s eye twinkled as much as ever; and, putting the writ in his pocket, before he went forth upon his errand, he made a new suggestion:—

“She’ll never be able to stand it, sir, will she, poor old thing? she’s had a good deal o’ worriment over this already, they say.”

“Justice is absolute, Mr. Gilpin; if you find her health impaired, you will report it.”

So the constable went about his business.

Granny Frank was at the time upon a few days’ visit to her grand-daughter, Jesse Barbury Hill’s wife, and thither the constable proceeded, to subpoena her, or rather fetch her with him to the magistrate.

There was a little commotion in the house as Gilpin came to it, which prevented his tap at the door from being heard, and he walked in, accordingly, unbidden.

A child or two were playing in the sitting-room; but all the older members of the family had drawn together in a bedroom at the side. The constable came silently across, and was not noticed; for Jesse and his wife, and Isaac Maffen were busy about a bed, in which the shrivelled and exhausted old woman lay, heaving long, slow sighs for breath.

“Jes-se,—child—,” she was saying, with longer than her usual intervals between the syllables, and more feebly than usual,—“un-der—my—rump!—heave—I—up,—I—wants—to—go—high”——

Jesse Hill, as dutifully as a child, and as tenderly as might be, did her bidding; and raised the slight body up.

“She’s *gone!*” said Gilpin, as he scanned her face; “that’s her last word in this life, you may depend!”

"Do 'ee think so?" asked Jesse; "why, she's sca'ce got through wi' talkun!"

"Next time she speaks it won't be here," said the constable gravely.

"God rest her, then!" said her grandson-in-law; "I'm glad we was all w'itun upon her when she goed, anyhow."

"It's good one trouble for nothing was saved her!" said the constable.

So they laid her down again, decently, upon the bed, and sent for the different members of the family, while the constable lingered, without mentioning the errand upon which he had come.

"What have you got here, Jesse?" said he, as his eye caught sight of a parcel standing on the mantle-shelf.

"Mr. Banks give it to I to bring up, for un, from B'y-Harbor. 'E said 'twas 'a mighty bundle,' so 'e said."

"Why, it's for the Parson, man; why didn't you deliver it?"

"He on'y asked I to bring it," said the trusty depository; "an' so I kept it, tull 'e'd call, 'isself. I never knowed what it was."

"Well, bad readin' 'll never spoil you, Jesse. How long was the old lady sick?"

"She never was sick; not that we knowed of; but just visitun, an' layun on the bed, as comfortable as could be, tull just a few minutes sunce;—as it might be, two-three minutes afore you comed in."

"Well, she's had enough of it, if she was ready. She might have had too much, if she'd staid longer. Is Naath home?"

"No; we'll wait the funeral tull Monday, I suppose, to give un a chance to come back."

The constable took his leave, and went to make his return. Jesse went too.

Both the men started back, and made a reverential salutation, as they met Mrs. Barrè, on coming into the road. Her look was more troubled than usual.

"It's easier partin' a gran'mother than it is a husband or a child," said the constable, shortly after.

"All so, Mr. Gulpin," said Jesse, "that's a clear case; you've got to part *they*. I hard Parson Kingman's wife say, 'death *is* an alteration, surely, an' can' be helped.'"

There were some loiterers about the magistrate's premises;—people that can always spare time for public affairs; and whom, now, the mission of the constable had stimulated to strong expectancy. The magistrate was immersed in mental and manual occupation: reading and writing.

"There was some one to summons her before I, sir," said Gilpin.

"How do you mean?" asked the magistrate, nervously; for though he got along very well with plenty of sea-room, the prospect of a collision or conflict of jurisdictions was a new thing to him.

"She's dead," said the constable.

"Dead! Why, that can't be," exclaimed Mr. Naughton, "she was alive yesterday."

"And so she was the minute she died, sir; but she won't be again, in one while, unless the Day of Judgment comes."

The comparison, so strongly drawn by the Almighty between His might and the Stipendiary's "absolute justice," affected Mr. Naughton considerably.

He went to the window, (the public being outside,) and through it spoke,—

"I am given to understand," said he, "that Mrs. Abigail Frank, commonly called Old Granny Frank, who had been summoned as a witness, is dead. I shall, therefore, prorogue this court, as is customary, until after the funeral. Mr. Gilpin, this warrant is dismissed;" and he solemnly bowed away the constable and a few of the more adventurous neighbors who had got a place within.

"Good!" said Gilpin, as soon as they were in the king's highway; "I hope the next thing, he'll hear the Emperor of Egypt's dead, and adjourn for a twelvemonth."

The people dispersed, (to better occupations, perhaps,) and Granny Palasher having certified herself of the fact, from Jesse, commented upon it as many another old woman has commented upon a like case:—

"Poor thing! she alw'ys seemed to ail o' somethun, these few years back; but I do wonder what 'ave atookt she, at last!"

From the magistrate's, Gilpin made his way to the Parson's.

"The 'Spring-Bird' has sailed, sir," said he; "o' Tuesday night, Jesse says; so Cap'n Nolesworth's off."

"Is he?" said Mr. Wellon. "I'm sorry he couldn't have staid to help us clear this up!"

The "little mite of a bundle," as the sender had designated it, proved, when developed, to be a quaint-looking letter on a foolscap sheet, addressed to "Mister Wellon, the English episcopalian minister at Peterport, to the kindness of Mister Barbury, with Dispatch."

The clergyman, having read it with varying expressions in his face of surprise, amusement, and interest, handed it to the constable, saying,—

"You seem to be concerned in this."

The latter took it, with a look of astonishment, and having prefaced his work by the remark, "Well, that's a queer-looking concern, any way," proceeded to read aloud, in a subdued voice, and here and there with difficulty, as follows:—

"Mister Wellon, Sir:—

"Thinking you may be aware of a little surcumstance that happened here, and knowing your concern in people's souls, is my reason for writing, to let you know what, maybe, will prove interesting. You see I took a notion to look into this Holy Roman Religion, a might, while I's about it, and not having any thing partiklar to do till fall business commences. I think best to inform friends and all concerned, *I may be converted*, and I may not: suppose it ell be according to. I have ben in one of those Nunneries, ye may call it. Never saw any thing the kind managed better, in my life. Sister Theresy is as genteel a lady as I should wish to see. A little accident occurred while I's holding inspection, as you may say. My hat, you may have taken notice to it," ("Well, this is a pretty fellow!" said Gilpin,) "it went and come right out of my hand, away into the middle of the floor, in a room where they had a young lady sick. Most everybody carries a few notions in his hat, I guess, and so I had a pocket-handkerchief, and a knife, and a razor, and a comb, and what not? and they all went sescatter. Pen-knife, one of your Congress knives, present from honorable Tieberius Sesar Thompson, Member Congress, went away off under a picture; see it was "Saint Lucy," right opposite the bed; same name of your Miss Barbury: pretty well executed, I sho'd judge; only a might too red in the face, supposing she fasted as I should say she had ought to, if she was a Nun. Lucky I didn't wake the

sick, but, most likely, she'd had medicine, as I took notice to her breathing, ruther heavy and dead. Should judge they kep her ruther covered up. All I could see was jest an atom of her face and a might of black hair: should say she ought to have fresh air. I thought of the shortness and uncertainty of human life—seemed to be about eighteen nigh as I could judge; but Father Nicholas, they call him, that showed me round, seemed to feel bad about the accident, and I come away, and took a courteous leave.

Sir, I needent say to you that writing about religious experience is private and confidential, without it's a friend like Mr. Gilpin, the constable. Shouldent like to hurt the feelings of the old gentleman, that's Father O'Toole, who is willing to take unbounded pains ateaching. I told him if he ever had occasion to call on the Governor of Massachusetts, to mention my name, and say Mr. Bangs of Needham that used to be. Believing, sir, you know how to act about correspondents of a confedential character, I remain, Yours truly, and to command,

ELNATHAN BANGS."

"Well!" exclaimed Gilpin, looking up, with his one eye twinkling, when he had finished the reading, "if that isn't a letter and a half!"

"These Americans have strange ways," said Mr. Wellon; "but do you notice any thing particularly in his letter?"

"About the sick girl? and the black hair? and about eighteen years old?" asked Gilpin, nutting these things together with a directness that would not have been unworthy of a policeman of abundant practice; "yes, sir; and 'St. Lucy!' How should that happen? Or do you think Mr. Bangs put that in?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Wellon; "that's just what they would do, very likely, if they were trying to make a convert; they'd hang up a portrait of her patron-saint, as they call it. All this confirms our suspicion. Thank God it comes just in time. I never thought of the American making himself so useful."

"Dropping his hat!" said the constable. "If that isn't one way of getting into a place! That *is* a joke! 'Holy Roman Religion!' There's a convert for 'em! But that sick girl——"

"That's a pity!" said the clergyman, thoughtfully,—the constable eyeing him curiously the while. "If we could use his evidence——"

"I take it, sir, we can use it by the time we want it."

"Ay; but in the mean time this poor man will get entangled, perhaps, beyond help."

The constable still looked curiously and inquiringly.

"The *maid*, sir? Lucy Barbury?" suggested he, by way of amendment to the word "man," in the Parson's sentence.

"No; I was thinking of this American,—Mr. Bangs."

"But it won't do him any harm, sir; will it?" asked Gilpin, still puzzled.

The clergyman answered:—

"To be sure, he wasn't a churchman before; but I should be very sorry, nevertheless, to see him become a papist. If he should see this plot, it might cure him."

"He sees it fast enough, sir, or I'm much mistaken," said the constable.

"But," answered Mr. Wellon, "I can't think he understands the whole thing; and if he could be rescued——"

"From Father O'Toole, sir? The Yankee 'll take care of himself, I'll go bail. We needn't trouble ourselves

about saving him, sir, any more than a fish from drowning. If he isn't up to any of 'em, he's no Yankee. It's my opinion, they'll find it slow work converting him."

The Parson smiled good-humoredly, as his solicitude for Mr. Bangs was blown away. "It's strange that he should get in there," said he.

"They've been too cunning, and not cunning enough," answered the constable. "They thought he'd tell every body he'd been all over the place, and people would think it must be all right, if they weren't afraid to let un in. Father Nicholas, there, thought he could keep un safe enough; but he didn't think about his hat!"—

So, this evening, the old suspicion, setting towards Bay-Harbor, and the nuns and priests there, possessed the Parson and his council more strongly than it had done since Lucy Barbury was lost.



CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. BANGS HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD OF
THE MISSION.

WE left Mr. Bangs at Bay-Harbor, in charge of Father Nicholas, coming from the nunnery, which he had just inspected. Under the same sacerdotal guidance, he walked towards the priests' quarters.

They passed into the hall, Father Nicholas leading, and awaited, next, the result of the latter's knocking thrice upon an inner door.

The word "Enter," surrounded, so to speak, by a sound of bustle,—much as a word is written by painters in a surrounding of cloud,—called them to the dignitary's presence. He sat, sedate, in his wide chair,—his dress carefully arranged in his style of state,—and was intent, in studious zeal, upon a book. Looking up gravely from his work, he fidgeted a little, trying to wear a calm, high dignity, in waiting for an explanation of the visit,—(which, by the way, it may be thought he understood beforehand,)—and ended with a kindly bustle of bringing chairs.

"This *gentleman*, Reverend Father Terence, is an American, descended from an eminent stock in the republic——"

Mr. Bangs,—who sat with his right ankle resting on his left knee, his chair now and then rearing under him, like a trained horse, and coming down again on all fours, —said, meekly: “Oh, some of ’em ’ve got their coats-’f-arms, ’n’ what not; that’s beyond me; but I know jest as wall who my gran’ther was as can be. You know, I told ye about the deacon—Parsimmon Tarbox—on mother’s side; but, on father’s side, they were Bangses all the way up to Noah’s flood, ’s fur ’s I know; Jedidiah, and Jehoshaphat, and Jeshimon, and Joshuy, and what not, —church-members and s’lectmen, (some of ’em,)—an’ so on, all down.”

“*Atavis regibus*; they are all kings and sovereigns in that favored country,”—(“Cer-tin,” said Mr. Bangs,)—“and he professes a desire to be acquainted with the Catholic Faith, Father Terence, and, indeed, a readiness to be converted. I bring him, of course, to yourself,”—(the dignitary bowed, with as smooth and steady a swing as that of a pendulum, and said “Of coorse!”)—“knowing that if there was any one to do extraordinary work, that one was the very Reverend Father O’Toole;”—(again a smooth, slow bow from the dignitary, who spoke thus:—

“And, by a strange forchuitous accident, what should I be engaged upon at this identical, present moment, but a very *ab’s*truse work upon that very country! It’s a rare work, too, I’m thinkin’. I’ve here the second volume, which I procured with great difficulty through Barney Baine,—(did ye know Barney?) and he had but the one. I’m not sure is there another copy iv it *ex-tant*.”

“You’re quite recondite in the authorities you consult. I should have thought that credible writers on that coun-

try could be found with less trouble, and in a complete form."

"Ay; but, d'ye see? it's but little they've known of writing and the like o' that,—those Amerikyins,—until those late years, (the most o' thim, that is,) being all mostly savage Indgins, I suppose, (with a small sprinkling of Europpyins and Irish, certainly.) Some o' thim took to learning, I suppose, naturally, for the man here's got a name of his own that would puzzle a Tom'hawk himself,—(that's one of their tribes, d'ye know? as they call them.) To be sure, the most of it seems to be in plain English, surely; but then, d'ye see? the great learning that's here, undoubtedly, all in the original tongue," said Father O'Toole, shutting the book.

"Have you mastered the 'original,' then, already, in your retirement, and without a teacher? What a figure you'd have made in the Sacred Congregation, or in our College at Rome, to be sure!"

The portly personage complimented thus, rose up to put away the book, while the younger priest, with a grave courtesy, followed him, and, asking permission to look at the learned treatise, secured it, when laid down, and read aloud "Diedrich Knickerbocker," as the author's name, and added, as comment, "What a Dutch-sounding name it is!"

"Ye may say that; and ye'll remember, be-the-by, the Dutch has much trade with the Indies and the neighboring parts, and has had, those many years. It's to be feared they've been teaching them their own religion, too, mostly."

The other inquired:—

"Do you find this writer orthodox? The name sounds as if it ought, fairly, to be found in the Index: 'Diedrichius

Kniekerboeker. *Storia di Nuova York, quacunque lingua impressa.*"

"Oh, it's for reference, just, that I keep them,—books o' that kind! It's a learn'd work,—it's a very learn'd work, this, doubtless, in its way,—but not sound in t'iv' one point. They're to stand up in a library, and it's not too often that a busy man, like meself, can get a look at them. It's only dipping into it, that I've done, just to get at the marrow of it. But here is our excellent friend ready to throw behind him all the Dutch and Indian religion,"—"Cer-tin," assented the American,)—"and to take up the old anncient faith."

"Wall, I'm looking that way, to see what I can make of it," explained the American. "It's conviction, 's much 's any thing, that I want, I ruther guess. There's that hymn,—I do'no the Latin of it,—(anyhow it's seven hunderd forty-seven in 'Revival Rhapsodies':)—

When I can leave this load o' clay,
And stretch my limbs, and soar away,
And breathe the upper air;
Then let the world go all to smash;
I'll lift my head above the crash,
And take fast hold by prayer.

"The way Elder Tertullus Taylor used to give that out at Eastham Camp-Meeting* would do a body good. There! You know, he w's a long kind of a slob-sided chap, an' when' he come to 'load o' clay,' he wriggled his shoulders, you see, so fashion," (doing it as he sat,) "an' pulled an' tugged 't his coat, like all possessed; but when he got to 'stretch my limbs, and soar away,' why

* This exposition, used by Mr. Bangs at the period of our story may give archæologists an unexpected hint as to the age of the name and the thing.

the most I can compare it to was,—wall, he up 'th this arm, 'th the book in it, an' then 'tother, an' kicked down his legs, jest 's if he was goin' to stick the hymn-book away up through somew'er's, an' go right up after it. Why, all the old women, 'most, put right out to git hold of him by the heels, or what not, singin' ' Glory!' jest as tight 's they could stretch.—But, as you say,"—(nobody but himself' said any thing.)—"this ain't the question now. Question is: What's about the shortest an' quickest way o' gitting at this Catholic religion? 's you may say."

In the presence of this active elocutionist, Father Terence looked, for the moment, as if the world that he belonged to had been knocked away somewhere, and he himself had tumbled down among strange things and people. Of course his apparatus, argumentative, was useless as a battery of cannon against a freshet or other incongruity. He almost instinctively glanced around at the odd volume of Knickerbocker's heretical History, which the Holy Father (*Sanctissimus Noster*.) has put upon the prohibitory Index, but which he had had in hand, before this unusual encounter.

Father Nicholas, for whatever cause, adapted himself at once to the character of the man, and said, with grave appreciation of the American's performance, (which had been given with as thorough zest as if he had had a sly fancy for astonishing the old priest.) "That seems to be to the life, Mr. Bangs. You appropriate the religion you belong to and make it your own; and if you once take the true faith fairly in, no doubt will naturalize that, also. It's just the thing for an independent thinker."

"Guess I should; make no kind o' doubt of it; and that's the way. Your folks 'll find it out one o' these days,

and do according. I tell ye what it is: 'E'll take a pretty smart chap, and he'll have to unbutton his galluses, to ketch our real Yankees. What's the use o' talkin' about winkin' madonnys or maid of honors, or what you may call 'em, to fellahs that think any thing o' the value o' time. Why, lor', jes' to consider that the Almighty, 't knows what a man's soul 's wuth, should set down to that sort o' work! —'T looks 's though 'twa'n't consistent. *Don't* it, now?"

"You see, Father Terence, how the uncatholic mind goes in the same path with the heathen," said Father Nicholas, solemnly, "this is the '*nisi dignus vindice nodus*'* of the great Roman critic."

"Ye see they hev to be taught and reasoned down to it (or *up* to it, 't suits better,) b'fore they can swaller what you may say 's the truth, 'n that department o' science. After a man's once made up his mind, then 't's no odds; give him punkin and tell him it's custard, 'n', 'f ye want him to, he'll swear to't, an' cuss all out-doors, 'f they make 'ny bones about it; why, 'f you c'd only convert 'em, yer 'nlightened 'mericans 'll make the greatest foo—that is, fullahs for Catholics, agoin. They'll be jest the fullahs for mirycles, 'n' inyges, 'n' saints, an' what not. Why, take me, say. 'Tie a han'k'eh'f 'erost here," (setting down his hat, and going through the motions with his hands,) "and then jest make me think 'now you can't see, and I can; so you jest see what I see,' and then tell me there's a picture 't painted itself 'n' I take it f'r law 'n' gospel."

Hereabouts Mr. O'Toole seemed to have found his feet again, and to know where he was, and he joined the conversation with an assurance to the American that he was "well-pleased to hear him talk that way, and that he

* Hon. A. P. 191. Unless the knot be worthy of the champion.

would show him as much as he could reasonably expect of the like of that."

"I s'pose I'm 'bout's ignorant o' this nunnery business 's any thing, pooty nigh; haven't got the hang of it, yet ——"

"Indeed you needn't be botherin' yerself about these holy houses at all, for it's small concern ye'll have with them, anny way, unless ye've a sister or cousin, or the like o' that, ye'd want tó devote to the service of God; but we'll put ye into the direct way of learning all the whole order and system of the Catholic religion, all out, meself will discourse ye, and Father Nicholas, here, —— he that *was* here, a moment since, anny way, for it's not here now that he is, —— we'll all take ye in hand, and we'll make short and sure work of ye, if ye're ready for it," and Father Terence proceeded to lay down a programme for the impending course of teaching.

"Me good sir, ye'll consider, ye know, my avycations, in some degree; but a jue proportion of me time shall be given, doubtless, to the important work ye're proposing. Yerself'll mostly give yer whole time to it, iv course."

During this speech the Reverend Father took down his pipe from his mouth, filled and—after a good deal of exercise with a flint and steel, between which too great familiarity had bred a mutual contempt—lighted it.

"Guess I e'd git ye some ' the real stuff, 'n th' way o' t'bacca, 't less 'n cost and no commission, —— but, sir, 'bout this religion-business,—when sh'll I call?" said Mr. Bangs, killing two birds with one stone, whether he aimed at two or not.

"Ye'll just come every day, beginning the morrow— not too early, ye know, be rason iv the church juties. Yerself'll desire an hour or two for early devotion and

meditation, and will practice abstinence; takin' yer tea or coffee, and bread and butter, and a morsel of fish, or the like. In the meanwhile ye'll put yer thoughts upon two things chiefly: the first, Will ye submit to the Vicar of Christ, that's His Holiness the Pope,—and second, Will ye believe as the Church believes? that's the ancient Church that's never changed? Ye'll find it a great help, no doubt, if ye consider that rason and history and the Word of God are all upon the one side, entirely, and upon the other just nothing at all but private opinion and nonsense."

Having thus given a salutary direction to the thoughts of the religious inquirer, the Very Reverend Father ceased.

"Wall!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, "if Casty-Divy ——"

"Ah thin, y'are not that ignorant o' the holy Latin tongue but y'ave got a bit iv it at the tip o' yer tooth!" said the Priest.

"Oh! Casty-Divy? That's Casty-Divy Scienshy Cook, 't used t' live—(does, now, fur's I know,)—jest 'cross lots f'm our house.—S'pose 't's this Nunnery, much's any thing, made me think 'f her. Used to stiek 'n m' erop, 's ye may say,—ye know birds have a kind 'f a thing here," (pointing to the place and going on like a lecturer,) "'s I said b'fore, dono what 'tis 'n Irish—that is Latin,—wall, 't's what ye may call a swallah—'n sometimes the' undertake to git someth'n down, 't wunt go." This illustration from comparative anatomy, he was giving as if it were quite new with himself.

Father O'Toole was not in the habit of interrupting, but he interrupted here.

"Come, man," said he, "ye shall stretch yer legs a bit and we'll go into the chapel convenient, and it'll help on

the conversion, it's likely, and be a good thing to meself, at the same time, being at the beginning of an affair like the present. Ye'll follow me, just, and do what ye see me be doing."

Down went the reverend gentleman, as they entered the sacred door, crossing himself, touching himself with Holy Water, and going through a prayer, apparently, but with a half-glance towards his companion, now and then, who went through some performances of his own, which bore but a very far-off likeness to those of his prototype.

"Will ye have the kindness just to employ yerself in meditation? or, if ye please to go out, I'll say nothing against it; I've some sacred occupation, here, for a bit, and I'll join ye in the course of a few minutes, it's likely," said the worthy priest.

Mr. Bangs accepted the latter alternative, with the assurance, "Wall, sir; jest 's you say. 'T's indifferent to me;" and having occasion to look in, soon after, he saw the priest engaged apparently quite in earnest, in devotion before the altar.

When he looked in again, he saw two figures get up, where he had seen but one go down, and recognized, in the double, Father Nicholas.

Mr. O'Toole, as well as could be judged, was taken by surprise himself; and as our American drew in again within the chapel, he heard the last words of a short conversation which had already taken place between the priests, while they came forward toward the door. Father Nicholas was saying, "Your wisdom and experience may make something out of him in that way, which I have no hope to give any efficient help in, if it were needed. I see, perhaps, another way in which he may be useful."

With his eye fixed upon the strange neophyte that was to be, he finished his sentence, so that Mr. Bangs might have begun to think that he himself was not the subject of discourse.

"We are together again, it seems, Mr. Bangs," he continued quietly, in the same tone and manner, "and we meet in a good place," (crossing himself, and saying in a low voice, as to another inside of himself, "*Tabernacula tua, quam dilecta.*"* This is perhaps your first visit to a place like this."

"Wall, I must own ' never *was* in b't one. 'Must be a first time. We don't have all these fixin's 'n Protestant meetin's; now th'r' ain't a relic in the whole lot of 'em, f'm Massachusetts down to Mexico, 'thout 'ts a minister's relic', 'r someb'dy's.† They git to heaven as well 's they can without 'em; but lor! there ain't 'ny comparison. This's one of those cathedrals, likely, 't I've heard about."

"We have handsomer places than this, certainly, not a few, and a good deal larger," said Father Nicholas, smiling.

"Oh! Yes. There's Saint Peter's at Rome:—Le's see; *how* w's it that money 'as raised?—I've heard.—However, that's a pooty sizeable kind of a church, certain. Ye never heard o' th' 'Old South' at Boston, did ye? 'T Artillery 'lections, (that's the Ancient 'n' Honorable Artillery)—they hev' a celebration 'n' a sermon and what not—preachin' to 'em to shoot the enemy 'th sof' balls, I s'pose,—wall, any way, that house'll hold consid'ble many when't's chock-full's I've seen it, jest like huckleberries in a dumpling, where you can't see the dough 't holds 'em together. The way they make 'em's

* Thy tabernacles, how beloved!

† Mr. Bangs seems to confound two words.

this: take a mess o' flour, and make it into a kind 'f a batter, or whatever you may call it, and then stir in your —wall, that ain't exactly what I's goin' to say. That Saint Peter's must be great. You see the Protestants ain't likely t' stand 'ny sort o' comparison 'n the way 'f meet'n'-houses, b'e'se they think religion ain't s' much t' be looked at, 's to be joined in."

"It's refreshing to hear your hearty descriptions, Mr. Bangs, though your abundant information, upon points with which your friends are not always familiar, leads you a little wide, sometimes. Did you talk with the very Reverend Father O'Toole about the houses of God?"

"Wall, he seemed t' fight ruther shy of 'em, I thought. On'y wish those fellahs 't Peterport e'd see all I saw"—

"We shall arrange to send any messages or communications that you may desire," said Father Nicholas. "Your own time will be much occupied at first. I've got a pleasant family for you to stay in, close at hand here; and Father Terence, no doubt, will arrange hours, and so forth."

Mr. Bangs had got into a business-like arrangement, by which the sun of independence was to be considerably shorn of his beams. He took it, however, very genially, and as the priest left him to await Father Terence's renewed attention, he spread a blue handkerchief, doubled, on the ground, and taking a newspaper out of his hat, sat down to read.



CHAPTER XXVII.

ANOTHER RELIC FOUND.

THE bed stood in the little room at Skipper George's, unchanged except in having been made up; and so all other things, there, were as the maiden left them; nor was the door of that room shut.

After a sickness has been finished in a death, and after the burial is done, those who are left miss very much the round of duties that is so utterly at an end. They start at fancied calls; they find themselves putting their hands to things no longer needed; they lower the voice; they listen sometimes, and then recollect that there is no one now whose light sleep may be broken, or whose throbbing head may thrill at a slight sound; there is none now whose breathing may give token of rest from pain, or whose faint words can scarcely wing a flight in the still air.

And then the thought of earlier hours, and happier, comes up, when the departed one had the same home and the same household things with them, and shared their joys and sorrows. Now it is not so. One form—whose head has lain upon our bosom, whose hair our fingers played with, whose eyelids we have kissed, whose lips have found our cheeks, whose arms have held us,

whose hands have done so many pretty things or played us such sweet tricks of merryhood—whose look, whose laugh, whose sleep, whose waking, had each such beauty of its own—has gone like morning mist melted in air, like the blue cloud of smoke scattered forever; like the word spoken, like the bubble broken.

Skipper George knew nothing of the speculations and suspicions of his friends and neighbors, and of their information gained. They knew him well enough never to speak of these to him; and it was specially enjoined and urged on all occasions, by the Parson and constable, that nothing should be said to him about them. His wife heard more—hoped and feared more, no doubt, but yet took her prevailing feeling from the strong, steady character of her husband, and never told him of her hopes and fears.

The need of sorrowing hearts (as, indeed, men's need at all times) is faith in God, and work; this they both knew and acted on; yet she would sometimes sit down quietly to weep, and he would sometimes lean against the door-post of the little room, and lose himself in sad memories.

During this time of planning and consultation in Peterport, and searching for information, another memorial of the lost girl came to hand; such evidence as it contributed was from an unwished-for quarter. This was a silk neck-kerchief, taken from the water a little farther down, toward Castle-Bay Point, than where the former relic had been recovered.

The man who brought it said that he had seen it in passing with his punt along that shore, as it clung to a rock, and was tossed up and down with the wash. The cloth was wet with brine, and torn in many places; but

some old fishermen, who saw and handled it after it had been recognized as having belonged to Lucy, asserted without hesitation that it had never been a week in the water. Its fabric was sound and good, though it was a good deal smeared with sea-weed; and the rents must have been made before it had ever gone into the deep.

The finder showed the place where it was found; and it seemed strange that it could have been desecrated in such a place, unless by one searching. So reasoned the plain fishermen, and they looked with much suspicion at the thing (at last) because the man, though he told an honest story and was counted an honest neighbor, was a Roman Catholic, as it happened; and though they did not doubt his word, they "considered," as they said, that "he might have been put upon it unknowingly," to keep up the opinion that the Missing was drowned. They said, "her body was not in the sea, but somewhere else."

The neighbors consulted whether they could keep the knowledge of this new discovery from Skipper George, and determined at least to try it. They gave the kerchief, therefore, in trust to the Parson. The news, however, got to the father, as news always will, and the next day he presented himself, with his request:—

"Ef 'ee thinks best to give me what 'ee've got, sir, I'd be thankful over it."

He took the relic in his hand, wiped off the tears that fell upon it, and at length, handling it over, said—

"Those are cruel, grinding teeth, if they holes were made by the rocks."

Nothing could be more expressive than what he said, and his way of saying it, and saying nothing more. The grinding of the tender body of the innocent, sweet girl, upon those sharp rocks!

There are worse teeth in the water than those of the sharp rocks:—Did the father think of those, as another would think of them, from his words? Were his thoughts for his lost child as quick as other men's?

“I cannot think her lost yet, Skipper George,” the Pastor answered, saying as much as he would venture. The father still held the kerchief under his eyes, as he said:—

“There was a coat of many colors that had been on a dear child, brought home to his father, and 'e thought an evil beast had devoured un; but the lad was n' dead,—thank God!—I don' know where my child is, but He've got her.”

He looked up in Mr. Wellon's face, as he finished this sentence, and it was like the clearing off of the dark sky, that broad, peaceful look of his.

He folded the cloth tenderly, and bestowed it in his inner jacket-pocket and departed. He had now two recovered memorials of his Luey, since her loss.

His errand was up the harbor; and as he passed out of the drung from Mr. Wellon's, young Urston, who was thin and pale, but had thrown himself into hard work at Messrs. Worner, Grose & Co.'s, met him, and having respectfully saluted him, walked silently at his side, answering questions only. At length the young man broke the silence for himself.

“I think we can trace her, now,” he said, hurriedly, as if he thought he scarcely had a right to speak of Luey to her father. Skipper George turned upon him an eye mild as a woman's, and said,—

“James, thou doesn' know, yet, what an old father's heart is. See, here's an old hull wi' a piece knocked into her side; and I've laid her over upon the t'other tack,

and after a bit I'll mubbe get all mended up, and tight again, and then I'll go about, an' never fear ; but ef 'ee keeps her on the broken side, James, afore we've patched her and stanchd her, in comes the sea, James, and she'll go down, heavy and solid, afore 'ee can make land. I mus' n't think o' they oncertain things—" His eyes looked forth, as he spoke, open and broad, like another sky ;— " but ef 'ee 've any thing, go to the Pareson, lovie—our Pareson,—an' 'e'll hear it ; " and so James Urston spoke of his hope no more.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. BANGS A NEOPHYTE.

NOW, the worthy priest of Bay-Harbor, having Mr. Bangs in his hands to be converted, felt, or began to feel, the difficulties of that relation. To keep up dignity and authority, to convince the mind and engage the heart of this representative of the great Republic, were so many different objects in one. The case was, in a measure, like that of the "*Angli quasi Angeli*,"* standing for sale in the market of Rome, whose beauty led Pope Gregory the Great to undertake the Christianizing of their nation. This individual American was no beauty, certainly, but he was from a foreign heretical nation, and by his own account, scarce any of his countrymen knew any thing of the true faith. Mr. Bangs's account was, "Th' have made a convert 'r two. S'pose ye've seen a poor f'saken-lookin' chickin, pokin' after a lot o' pi—' animals, and hangin' on to 'em, fo' company? Ye want somethin a little mite stronger." Father O'Toole was convinced that, (as Father Nicholas also had said,) the opportunity was a golden one, and must not be let go.

On the other hand, the ecclesiastical combatant, finding himself in possession of such a prisoner, who had been taken "*nec gladio, nec arcu*," (suo.)†—by no weapon of his own—and was as multitudinous, in his activity, as the

* Angles, as if Angels.

† Neither by sword nor by bow (of his own).

company of men whom Father O'Toole's countryman once took by surrounding them, felt the difficulty of maintaining the authority and dignity, and, at the same time, convincing the head and persuading the heart, as was to be done, according to the programme of his operations.

Under the circumstances, he addressed himself to his labor, in the bravest manner possible.

Mr. Bangs, whose habits and principles led him to use time as it went, was anxious not to be unoccupied after entering upon the work of religious conversion, and the quiet old man was therefore likely to be stirred up and instigated in a way very unusual to him, and which must worry him somewhat, and flurry him a good deal, and give him many solitudes most unaccustomed. The proposed convert, finding the priest's way of proceeding not so methodical and business-like as it might be, and, at the same time, being assured of his simple and kindly nature, whose only relief was in its weaknesses, took upon himself to propose that he should take a regular lesson, at certain times each day, or at such times and as often as was convenient to his instructor, of whom, meantime, he managed to borrow a Douay Bible.

On the first occasion of the expected convert's appearance at the converter's house, the next morning after making the arrangement, the latter found, at the very threshold, a reminder of the solemn work begun, and of the new relations existing.

The knocking at the door was answered, after some delay, by a slow-moving man—probably fisherman—acting as porter, who, opening the door but quarter-way, stopped with his body the gap through which Mr. Bangs was about passing along with the first rays of light, and having, by formal question, ascertained from the visitor that

he wished to see the very Reverend Father O'Toole, first showed him into "The Library," with some awkwardness and much gravity, and left him to wait until the doorkeeper had found out whether the Father was at home, and whether he was disengaged.

"Tell him," said Mr. Bangs—the manner and matter confusing the mind of the occasional domestic—"not to put himself out one mite on my account. 'F he hasn't prepared 'mself, I suppose 't 'll keep." The speaker, while saying this, combed up his hair from each side to the top of his head, with a small implement taken from his waistcoat-pocket, and seated himself with legs crossed and foot swinging, opposite the door.

On receiving the announcement that Father O'Toole expected him in the opposite room, Mr. Bangs rather led than followed the man to the Reverend Father's presence. The occupant of the room was alone, sitting with a book in his hand, himself dressed with the utmost care that he ever bestowed on the adornment of his person. Thus he sat gravely awaiting, and very grave and dignified was his salutation to his visitor.

"' Haven't come b'fore ye're ready, I hope, Father O'Toole?" said the candidate for conversion, unabashed, or, at any rate, not remaining abashed by the formality. Then, seating himself opposite to the Priest, with his hat beside his chair, he gave that gentleman the inspiring intimation:—

"Now, sir, I'm ready f'r a beginning, and you can please ye'*self* 'bout goin' at it." So he cast his eyes to the ground, and sat as demure as possible, though not without a restlessness of the body, which was the normal state of that machine.

The ecclesiastic fidgeted in his dignity, and from his

not beginning at once with the "lesson" agreed upon, it might be thought that his plans were somewhat disconcerted.

"It's a solemn and difficult work, entirely," began our priest, when he did begin; "a *very* solemn and *very* difficult work, that we're entering upon the extremity of, or the borders of." At this point he stopped and recovered himself hastily with the question: "Did ever ye meet with a book called 'The way to become a Catholic?'"

"Tain't the same as 'Way to be Happy, by one o' Three Fools,' I guess, is it? 'Never read it; but 't used to have a picture, 'n th' beginnin', 'f a woman whippin' her offspring. I alw's said 'twa'n't in good pr'portions; woman's arm 's too long for her figger. Dono 's ye ever saw it."

This little ramble of his disciple, disconcerted the teacher again, it should seem, for the stream of instruction stopped, and he began, rather nervously, to turn the leaves of the book upon his lap. Of course he will make a new assault. This he does as follows—adapting his method, as he thought, to the character of the other's mind—"Y' are aware that men are mortal; every one knows that."

"Oh, yes," said the American, heartily; "'*All men are mortal. Enumeration. And,*' 's the copy-book used t' say 'n I's a shaver."

"Sure, then, it's easy saying that some sins are mortal, too. Therefore—"

"Adam fell in—"

To mortal sin," said Mr. Bangs, by way of illustration. "'S prepared to grant that proposition b'fore ye proved it."

"Very good," answered the reverend reasoner, warm-

ing with success, "since y'are prepared to grant what cannot be denied, ye'll be prepared, doubtless, by the same rule, to deny what cannot be granted?"

If the triumphant progress of his argument, in its former steps, was due, as it probably was, to a happy accident, this last must have been one of the deliberate pieces of his plot, as he had thought out the plan of it beforehand.

"Wall, dono 's 'ave any constitootional objection! "Grant 't all men are 'mortal, 'course I deny 't the greatest man 'n the world, whether 't's Tie-berius Cæsar Thomp-son—that's the Hon'able Tieberius, member o' Congress 'n District I hail from, or Zabd'el B. Williams, Chairman o' S'lectmen o' Needham, or the Pope, or what not, *ain't* mortal."

The solid floating bulk of Father O'Toole's argument was not broken up by this little obstructive illustration; nor was it turned aside.

"The Church being wan," he continued, "sure, y'ave a right to believe that it's never been corrupted."

"Wall, Yankees are nowadays slow 't assertin' their rights, ye know. Fact is, they're ruther inclined—wall, they're dreadful t'nacious, 's ye may say."

"Well, then, don't ye see, if the Church has never been corrupted, then the Pope's the Vicar of Christ? I think ye'll easy see that," urged the Priest, drawing his argument close. Not being familiar with the tone and dialect of Americans of Mr. Bangs's class, he very likely did not readily or entirely understand him; but the latter seemed to accept the arguments urged upon him cordially. This was Mr. Bangs's answer:—

"Wall, fact, it *is* 'bout 's easy reasonin' 's ever I heard. 'R'member a fullah named Tim——."

"That's a very good Irish name, then," said the Priest, who was in excellent spirits.

"Tinbuctoo Meldrum, 's name was. Wall, 's I w's saying, we used to argue 't a debatin' s'ciety we had, out 't Needham, and he proved ye *couldn't 'xpect 'nlight'n-ment 'n' civ'lization from colored folks*, p'ty much like this: 'Don't all hist'ry show that heathens and savigis waship idols 'n' images, and b'lieve 'n charms 'n' am'lets, 'n' beads, 'n' all kinds o' blessed things? Then I say it's as clear 's the sun 'n the canopy, 't ye can't educate a nigger.'"

"Does the sun be in a canopy, then, in Amerikya?" inquired the Priest, with a zeal for science that would be found, no doubt, to exist generally in the human race, if a trial were but fairly made, "and what sort 's it, then, clouds? or fire? or what?"

"Wall, sir, 'taint made o' silk or satin. So ye think the Church,—that's the Holy Roman Catholic Church, 'course,—hasn't ben c'rupted, do ye?"

"Sure, I think we may say we've proved that once, well enough, anny way," said the Priest, whose easy progress had given him great confidence, even with a strange subject, like Mr. Bangs.

"Wall, ye've proved it *one* way, fact. 'S'pose we've got to grant 't's ben *altered* a mite or two, 'n the way 'f improvin' 'n' growin' better, haven't we? 'Strikes me we don't hear so much 's we might, 'n Scriptur, 'bout the Holy Father, the Pope; and Scriptur's rather mum on subject 'f Indulgences and Purgatory. Dono's 't anywh'er's recommends usin' graven images and pictures to help devotion; and then it's kind o' backward—seems to hang fire—'bout washippin' Virgin Mary—."

Here the worthy priest began to prick up his ears a

little, as if he had mistaken his man; but he had not time fairly to get rid of his happy state of satisfaction in himself and his convert, before he was reassured by the latter going on, in his own way, to a more satisfactory ending than his sentence had promised. The ending was thus:—

“’S you say, these things are all real patterns o’ truth; all is, I leave ’t to any body to say whether ’t don’t seem ’s if they didn’t know ’s much, when Scriptur ’s written, ’s they do now.”

“Ye’ll allow,” said the Priest, trying a little more argument, just to finish the thing up, “God has more ways than wan, mostly? Well, then, in this present case, th’ other’s tradition, and it’s as good as Scripture itself; do ye see that?”

“’N’ then, ’s that great text, here, f’ Purgatory, ’n the References,—Matthoo Fifth, Twenty-sixth,—why, ’t’s as pat ’s butter. I guess, to this day, ye *don’t* take ’em out, t’l *sombody’s paid the utmost farthin’*. Come t’ hitch tradition on, *too*, ’n’ ye can prove ’most any thing, ’s clear ’s starch, ’s the woman said.”

“Ah! then, I was fearful of ye, a while ago, that ye might have got some o’ the Protestant notions into ye, that they talk about corruptions; but here’s something, then, I’d like ye to consider, just by way of example: Supposing ye were disposed to hold an argument, which y’are not, ye’d say the Church was pure at the beginning, and corrupt after; now if it was pure at the first, and corrupt after, *what way* was it those corruptions came in, just? Can anny Protestant answer that question at all?”

The position in which the reverend arguer seemed to feel himself, was that of having his hold fast upon his

convert, and being able to deal thoroughly and leisurely with him. Mr. Bangs answered—

“Way I heard that question, put b’ your friend, Father Nicholas, there, t’other day, ’s this: (’t had a tail a little mite different—) ‘*If religion was pure at first, ’n’ b’come corrupted, ’must have ben a time when corruptions come. Now can any body put his finger on the time when they come?*’ ’Struck me ’s bein’ a p’ty ’cute question ’n I heard it.”

“Ay, that’s the very thing, in other words; it was th’ other way, then, meself was giving it to ye, just to put a bit more force in it,” answered the Priest.

“’T may be ’nother view o’ the same thing,” said his pupil. “’Bout ’s much like ’s two sides ’f a flounder, there ’n Charles River Bridge, fact.”

Whether Mr. Bangs was or was not aware, that the two sides of a flounder, which ought to correspond, are strangely different,—one being white and the other black, one having two eyes and the other none,—Father Terence accepted the illustration triumphantly.

“Ay, or anny where else!” said he. “Can anny man living tell *what time* these corruptions came in they talk so much about? Not wan or all o’ them can do it?”

“Case ’n point,” said Mr. Bangs: “Casty Divy Scienshy, ye know, ’t I told ye ’bout, Father O’Toole, ’s blind o’ one eye, (she’s pleggy well off, though, and had ’s many sparks ’s a cat in cold weather,—’fact, they joked me ’bout her once.) Wall, ’s I’s sayin’, one eye ’s blind ’s a beetle; ’twa’n’t al’a’s so, ’t’s grown so—(’t must be one o’ these beetles th’ have f’ knockin’ in wedges, f’r insects ain’t blind,—natch’l hist’ry ’d tell ’em that;) wall, I guess Casty Divy ’d find it pleggy hard to tell *when*

that blindness come; that is, time o' day, day o' th' week, day o' th' month, 'n' so on."

"There it is, now," said the Priest; "she can't tell what time it came; and can anny wan o' them tell what time these corruptions came, I'd like to know."

"'F I's goin' to answer that 'n the affirmative, I sh'd say the's few men e'd keep up 'th ye 'n an argument. I s'pose the way changes come 'bout, 's p'ty much I'k' this: say ye've got a junk o' pure ice, in water 'taint altogether clean; wall, bymby ye come to give a look at it, and half 'f it, or two thirds 'f it say, 's gone into water; 't's made cleaner water, but 'taint ice any more. 'T'd puzzle the old fox himself, I guess, to tell when that b'gan to come 'bout. Or, take 'n' sl'ew the figger right round—here's water, say, and ye 'xpose it to temperature o' frezin',—that's 32 Fahrenheit,—'f it's a little mite warm, 't'll be all the better f' the 'xperiment,—shavin'-water 'll do;—wall, go 'n' take a look 't *that*, after a spell, 'n' ye'll find 'twunt look 's if the eold 'd done any thin' to it; but jest stick yer finger, or, 'f ye don't want to put your finger, put a stick in, and I guess ye'll find it all euslush; 'f 'taint, I've misst a figger, that's all."

How this illustration supported the "argument" of the worthy converter, it was not easy for Father O'Toole to see, and he answered as follows—rather kindly passing by it, as the work of an obtuse but well-intentioned mind, than rebuking it as the suggestion of a hostile one:—

"It's a very disagree'ble and tadious process, then, that melting and freezing; and it's not often I tried it. I prefer having my shaving-watter warm, towards having it cold, the way ye speak of. I'll be going on, now, to give ye instruction in a few points o' the Catholic Faith. The Pope's th' entire head o' Christendom—that's taken for

granted ; I think ye were satisfied with the proof I gave ye on *that* point."

"Oh, yes, Father O'Toole, 'don't need 'ny more *proof*. 'T's only 'stonishin' t' my mind, t' find a man l'k' Father Debreë, there, akiekin' over th' traces, 'th all *that* proof."

"An' what traces is he kicking over, then?" inquired the Priest. "I didn't hear of his kicking over anny thing." The lesson was suspended, and the book was (inadvertently) shut.

"Wall, he's a pleggy smart fullah, b' all accounts. 'Didn't know b't what he'd got a little mite agee 'pon *some* points. 'Glad to hear he's all right. 'S'pose 'twas only 't he got ruther put out 'th the Prot'stants f' makin' such a fuss, 'n' 'cusing the Cath'lies o' carryin' off Miss Barberry, there. *They* say 't's t'other way."

"And who's carried her off, then?" asked Father O'Toole, with some warmth.

"I sh'd like to see 'em prove 't she *is* carried off," said Mr. Bangs. "'Guess 'f 'twas Father Nicholas managed it, 't'll take more gumpshion 'n *they've* got, to find 't out."

"And what's about Father Nicholas?" asked the worthy old Priest.

"Wall, 'f 'twan't f'r his bein' under you, 'guess folks 'd say he'd had his finger 'n it; but how 'd he go 'n' do any thing 'thout your tellin' him? 'n' nobody 'd think o' suspectin' *you*, Father O'Toole. B't 's you's sayin, 'bout those sacrymunts——."

The good Priest was discomposed, and had lost his place in the book. The American's assurance of the general confidence in his supremacy over his assistant, may have helped to restore his equanimity. Presently, in his good-natured way, he began again :—

“Well, then, there are seven Sacraments. Ye’ve been taught two, I suppose.”

“Don’t undertake to determine that point, *how* many we had. Seven ’s a good number for you to have, and I guess ye can prove it ’s well ’s any thing else. Sh’d like to have the proof.”

“Those Protestants want the proof from Holy Scripture, mostly. We’ll go to the Holy Scripture, now. First, How many days was it the Almighty God created the heavens and the earth?”

“Seven. That does come pleggy near, fact,” said Mr. Bangs.

“Ah! and isn’t it *exactly*, then, it is? What’s the difference betwixt seven and seven? Well, then, you see it in the days o’ the week itself. Seven ’s a sacred number. Seven Orders there are, and seven Sacraments, the same way; is that clear?”

“Yes, sir, that’s ’s clear ’s glass in ’n ’clipse o’ the sun, ’s the man said.”

“Then, Order, Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Matrimony’s seven. Baptism gives righteousness, and faith and the like; and Confirmation strengthens all, again; and then the Holy Eucharist”——

“That’s what ye have for the Lord’s Supper, I s’pose. Mass, I guess ye call it,” said Mr. Bangs.

“Indeed, y’are very right. It’s the Unbloody Sacrifice, also. Ye’ve heard some o’ those things the Protestants speak against the truth, about transubstantiation; but when ye think, once, isn’t God almighty? I think the like of you,—a man that’s in the right way,—wouldn’t find any difficulty at all, in that. He says, ‘*This is my Body,—hoc est corpus meum,*’ literally; and it must be, literally, his body.”

"I want to know the whole o' that," said the American
 "I heard two fullahs arguing t'other day, Catholic and
 Protestant. Catholic said p'ty much 's you've said, just
 now, Latin ('f 'tis Latin) 'n' all; 'n' then the other man
 said, 'Look ahere; when the Lord fus' said that, He had
 His body on Him; now the bread, 't He said 't of, wa'n't
 a piece o' *that* body; 'n' if 't wa'n't, then 't wa'n't His
 literal body,—('f that's what ye cull it.)—That's what
 the man said."

"And do you think, was he the first man ever said
 that? no, nor won't be the last ayther, so long as the
 Devil 's in the world. That's what I'm saying; ye can
 answer that this way: 'God's word is true, and Himself's
 almighty, and so, where's the trouble of Him making it
 what He says?' Doesn't He make all things? and how
 does He make them? Isn't it by His word?" This
 was said with real solemnity and dignity.

"That's what I want," said Mr. Bangs. "I want a
 real good answer, 'n case I meet him again. He'll say
 't's 'geinst the senses"—

"And are the senses to be trusted in a miracle, I'd
 like to know?" inquired the Priest, with great animation
 and spirit.

"Wh' *I* take it, the senses 'r' the only things 't is a
 mirycle to,—that is, 't's what *the man* 'd say," said Mr.
 Bangs; "he'd say 't's meant for the senses, l'k' the wine
 at the marriage, there"—

"I'm thinking its more than once you're speaking with
 that man; but isn't it the greater faith to believe against
 every sense and all senses?" asked the Priest, putting a
 deep question.

"Wall, that's a home-thrust, 's ye may say. Don'
 b'lieve the fullah 'd answer that, 'f he sh'd try t'll 's head
 come off."

“And ’twas with the Scripture, I did it, too, that they’re always crying out for,” said the Priest, complacently.

“Wall, the’s a good many fellahs take ’n’ go by Scripture, one way ’r ’nother. Th’r ain’t one of ’em ’t takes th’ ben’fit o’ th’ ’nsolvent Act, ’t don’t git a good house ’n’ property f’ life ;—’cordin’ to Scripcher ’bout ‘*failin’ ’n’ gittin’ int’ everlastin’ habitations,*’ s’pose they’d say. The’s a man wanted t’ git a lot o’ money t’ put up s’m’ buildins,—great pr’fessor, too,—took ’n’ borrowed all ’round, ’n’ then he failed, f’r ever-so-many thousand dollars, (guess ’twas two hunderd thousand,) ’n’, come t’ look into it, he hadn’t got ’ny money to pay, ’n’ one mortgage piled atop ’f ’nother, ’n’ no doin’ any thing,—said the buildins were ’n ornament t’ th’ town ; and he’d gone on ’n *faith*, ’n’ he didn’t know ’ny better, ’n’ what-not,—knoo ’nough not to lose any thing himself, though ;—wall, a friend ’f his, when the’ come to see nobody ’d git any thing, says to him, ‘Look-a-here ! ’Thought you’s a pr’fessor ; don’t the Bible say, *Owe no man any thing ?*’ So says he, ‘I *don’t* owe any man ; ’took ’n’ borrowed ’t all o’ widows ’n’ orphans.’—He wanted it set down on his head-stone, ’t he w’s ’providential instr’ment f’ puttin’ up those buildins.”

“See the badness o’ private judgment, now, tow’rds having the judgment o’ the Church !” said Father O’Toole.

“Wall, *that* kind o’ private judgment ain’t wuth much, I guess. *Common sense ain’t private judgment ;* ’fact, ’t’s the *common* judgment o’ the Whole. ’Guess private judgment ’s ’bout ’s good ’s any, ’f ’t sticks to common sense. Church wouldn’t be much, ’thout th’ : , I guess.—’s I was sayin’,—’bout that text, there, ‘My Body ;’ ’taint

the look, no' the smell, no' the taste, no' the feel, no' the heft; but 't's IT.

"S a woman 'n our town,—('taint the man, this time,)—name 's Peggy Mansur,—'t any rate 't's what th' uset to call her,—good-natured, poor, shiftless seul,—never did 'ny harm; uset t' take 'n everlastin' sight o' snuff,—Mac—guess 'twas Scotch snuff, come to think;—wall, she b'lieved p'ty much 's this Bible says, here." (taking his Douay out of his hat.) "'bout Peter, 'n *Matthew, sixteenth, eighteenth, 'n a note 't the bottom*, 't says 'same 's if He'd said, 'n English, '*Thou art a rock*;' on'y she went on 'n b'lieved 't Peter *was* a rock, cause the Lord said so, 'n He's almighty. A fullah said to her, 'Look a-here; do you mean to say that they could 'a' set to work on him 'n' hammered 'n' hacked 'n' what not, and made part 'f a meetin'-house out of him?' 'Why, no, I guess I don't,' s's she. 'I don't mean 't 'e looked so, 'r' acted so; but I mean 't he *was* so.' 'Wall, 's's the man'—

"I thought I hard ye saying it wasn't the man it was, this time," interposed the Priest, as the familiar sound occurred in Mr. Bangs's story.

The interrupted story-teller smiled and knit his brows slightly closer, and looking still to the left of the object to whom he addressed himself, explained:—

"Oh! *This* 's away out 'n Mass'chusetts, 'n the States, this was. Wall, they spoke up, 'n' says to her, s'd they, 'Why, look a-here, aunty, Wus't his skin, 't was rock?' so s's she, 'I guess not.' 'Wall, wus't his flesh?' 'Guess not,' s's she. 'Wus't his blood?' 'Rather guess not,' s's she. 'Wus't his cords?' 'Guess not.' 'Wall, wus't his stomach?' 'Guess not.' 'Wus't his brains?' 'Guess not.' Finally, she guessed 't wa'n't 's eyes, nor 's ears, nor 's nose, 'n I dono what all; and finally they come to ask

'f 'twas his bones, 'n' she didn't know but 't might be 's bones. But s's they, 'Aunty, bones ain't a man, and 't looks l'k' pleggy small p'taters, to come down t' that. You said the hull man's rock, when ye b'gan 'th him. 'Wall, s's she, 'I say so, now.' 'Then you don't say 't 's his bones more 'n the rest-part 'f him?' 'No, I don't,' s's she. 'Wall, s's they, 'Look a-here, if twa'n't 'ny part 'f him, 't wus rock, 'n' you say th' man 's rock, what *wus* the 'o' rock 'bout th' man?' 'Why, 't's THE MAN HIMSELF,' s's she."

"Wall, I tell ye, Father O'Toole, the' wa'n't one o' the whole boodle 'f 'em e'd answer that; 'n' she shovelled th' snuff 'nto her nose, l'k' a dam breakin' away, 'n' kep' a laughin', t'll she got tired.'

Mr. Bangs's illustrations were all of the most left-handed sort, that did not at all explain or enforce the things they were brought to illustrate; but rather the contrary. The Priest saw this, and answered, with a view to it.

"Y'are not accustomed, it's likely, to discussions of the sort,—I mane if your mind is just drawing the way ye said it was. I'm thinking it wanders, a little, just now; maybe it's better we leave off now, for it's my opinion ye've got just about as much as ye can cleverly bear. One thing I'd like to know: *Are* ye desiring to be converted, as I understood ye were?"

"My wishes haven't changed one mite, sir," said the American.

"I think ye'll do, for a bit, with the teaching ye've had. It's important to make an impression upon ye with the solemnities of religion, for it's a great hold they take upon a man, and, though I speak it with reverence, it's my solemn opinion there's few places where ye'd be like to get

a stronger impression upon ye than just in my own church, though there's larger in the country, doubtless, and finer, in some unimportant particulars; but I'll take ye to high mass, on Sunday next,—(the day's Wednesday,)—and I think ye'll be struck with surprise and devotion, all at wance, if ye give yer mind to it."

"Jesso," said Mr. Bangs, bowing his head at the same time. "'Want to see the real thing. *Huve* heard 't aint alw's what 't should be;—that is, 'n the "wins, I mean;—holy candles and what not. 'Tell me th. 'don't have real candles, but things t' look like 'em. 'Taint so 'th you, 'course. Wh' I know a lot 'f 's good candles 's any 'n the universe, f' next to nothing." So Mr. Bangs departed.



CHAPTER XXIX.

MISS DARE'S EXPEDITION WITH AN ESCORT.

MISS Dare had made an appointment with Mr. Naughton, for a ride to Bay-Harbor, and he set himself immediately about securing a steed for his own use on the occasion, Agamemnon, (Dunk,) his own horse being lame. The Parson's he did not quite like to borrow. Mr. O'Rourke sent word, in answer to a verbal request, that "he would as soon take Mr. Naughton on his own back, as lend his horse;" and the exigency was met, at length, by the engagement of Jemmy Fitz-Simmons's white pony, whose regular rate of rentage was one dollar (five shillings, currency,) a day, and who certainly made an honest day's work of it, (that is, spent a fair working-day, or rather more about it,) when employed to go eight miles in one direction, or ten in the other.

Mr. Naughton mounted, the creature bringing round his great white head and rubbing it, with a strong upward jerk, against the whole side of the future equestrian's clothes, on which this salutation left a greasy soil. That the animal's toilette had not been neglected, was evident from the marks of the curry-comb imprinted durably in the discolored and highly-scented fur of one

side of him, which fur answered to the adhesive material in which it was mixed, much the same purpose that cow's hair is employed for in mortar.

"He didn't look so good as he felt," was the owner's assurance, who knew him best; and, having assisted at the mounting, the owner discreetly took himself away.

As the little beast had an inconvenient way of sidling up to any other quadruped who might be near enough for him to practise that manœuvre upon, the attempt was soon made to keep him in advance. There he was so effectual an obstructive, getting right across the way, that the attempt to follow his leading was not kept up with that persistence with which men tie themselves to the lead of pig-headed men of standing, or submit to the blocking of a privileged governing class. Very speedily and quietly the spirited horsewoman, with a dexterous cut of her whip, at the right time, took the place which belongs of propriety to the competent.

Now, with a horse like Miss Dare's (which was a good one) in advance, it must be a matter of compromise if the two companions were to keep company. Mr. Naughton, did, it may fairly be supposed, his best. He stuck his spurs into the pony's side; but from the effect produced it might be doubted whether the little beast had not the power of drawing in his nerves from the surface of his body, as a turtle draws in his claws. The rider procured a serviceable stick, to cooperate with his spurs, as a fleet combines operations with a land army; but the pommelling that he was obliged to bestow to produce a short-lived mitigation of the *vis inertiae** in which the creature moved, seemed so cruel, that he could not do justice to that method, by faithful practise of it. At times the pony cantered for five successive paces, but

* Might of laziness.

the amount of progression secured in this way, was much what a table (before these days of table-tipping, of course,) could be made to accomplish by having its two legs at each end, alternately lifted and put down upon the ground.

Our horsewoman, accordingly, could hardly help getting nearly out of sight, now and then, though she waited duly for her escort, at convenient distances; occupying the interval for the first part of the way between Peterport Riverhead and Castle-Bay, with short visits at the doors of two or three houses, whose inmates she knew as being in the habit of bringing eggs or poultry, or some such little wares, to her uncle's, for sale.

Mr. Naughton had attempted conversation, most zealously, according to his slender opportunities; he had remarked upon the pleasant woodland smell, as they went along the way skirted with trees, where the young birches had come out beyond the limits of the little forest, like children playing at a short safe distance in front of their homes. Again,—after an interval,—on the summit of the hill, in Castle-Bay, whose side is precipitous to the water, and down the face of which the road goes as steeply, almost, as a waterfall, (or as Whitmonday Hill, in Peterport,) he had spoken of the lovely landscape, in which the breadth of Conception-Bay makes so great a part. Miss Dare's bright eye was not only open to all beauties of nature, but had found them out long ago, and grown familiar with them, and saw in them what nothing but a quick eye, practised, could have seen; and Mr. Naughton, as they paused, for a breathing-space, at this look-out, forgot his steed, and the difficulties of horsemanship; for with all his ecclesiology and fuss about tapers and altar-cloths, he had had his heart flashed into before now,

by burning eyes, and had not been regardless of becoming dress. There was his fair companion, with the flush of exercise in her cheek; her veil flowing out upon the wind; her hair slightly disengaged; her white forehead looking as unapproachable as one of the cliffs that hang over the sea in the British Channel; and her eyes, with a liquid lustre floating through them, like that which might roll its tide of light about in the fabled caves of the sea. Just now, as gazing more thoughtfully than usual, or, rather, more silently (for she always had thought enough) on the deep, she sat with lovely ease and grace, upon her horse, he might have felt as if a very special moment had come. There she was, all relieved against the sheer sky; and her lips, that had said so many witty and pretty things, silent.

“Miss Dare,” he said, seizing the occasion

“Beautiful!” said she, finishing with her landscape; and then, as she turned to him, “Why, what solemn exordium is that, Mr. Naughton? Are you going to decline going any further? Let’s both get off and walk down this hill, and take a new start down there at the turn of the road. Shall we?”

Mr. Naughton’s mind was surrounded and hindered by the building-materials, out of which he was putting together that slowest and hardest of constructions which men make of words with very little cement, and he could not, therefore, instantly get out of them; accordingly, though this proposal was a welcome one, as walking down the hill together would give him so much more of her society, yet she had dismounted, easily, before he was ready to ask for her horse’s bridle-rein. He was not long, however, for his distance to the ground was very moderate, and his heart was vigorous.

“Don’t you recollect the dog in the fable,” she asked, “that had a piece of meat, but lost it, jumping for another?”

The gentleman had in his mind something a great deal more appropriate to the present occasion than that fable, (of which he did not see the exact reference, at such a moment;) he had what must be said, or the time for it would have gone by. It was a quotation; and as he went down, leading her horse, he got it forth.

“Ah! Miss Fanny, do you remember those lines of Burns: ‘We’ve climbed life’s hill together?’”

“Not quite that; but a good deal like it; ‘thegither’ is the real Scottish;—but do please attend to my fable, Mr. Magistrate, if you expect us to go down this hill, thegither; look to your Arabian courser, or you’ll lose him.”

Now, though it will never do to let one’s self get into a ludicrous or awkward position in the eyes of a lady whom he values, yet there are different ways of escaping that ill-luck; sometimes by overbearing and putting down circumstances; sometimes by giving way to and following them; sometimes by taking dexterous advantage of them and turning them to account. Mr. Naughton’s wit was in a sharpened state; he saw at once that he might just as well cast off his quotation and abandon it to the waters of oblivion; as to his horse, the creature wouldn’t go, with all the appliances that he could bring to bear upon him, and could be recovered in half a minute.

“You’d better leave me Brutus,” said Miss Dare, as the gentleman turned up the hill, holding her horse’s rein; “I’ll give him back to you, when you’ve got Fitz-Simmons.” “Very good;” answered Mr. Naughton with a few hasty steps getting up with the pony. The little

beast was cropping such grass as the top of that picturesque hill sustained. He did not look round, or take his teeth off his food, but he quietly turned towards his late rider a part of his body which wore no bridle, and was unoccupied in eating.

Grecians and Romans often made great work of it when they fought, with their wives, and mothers, and beloved maidens looking on; but here was a fortress to be charged that could turn faster and better than a windmill, and bring a pair of ugly heels to the defence.

"He'll stand on his dignity now, after all that's been said and done to him, like the boy in Wednesbury church, that stopped the bellows, to show what part in the music he played," said the maiden, spectator of the contest of agility and skill, then and there going on.

"Woa!" cried Mr. Naughton, in a soothing and conciliatory tone, perfectly fair in war, and trying to get up beside the pony; but as the moon turns one face to the earth continually, and not another, so Jemmy Fitz Simmons's little horse seemed to follow the same laws of gravitation, offering always to the nobler animal the self-same part.

Mr. Naughton strove to settle this method of argument by a hearty thwack, which was very fairly administered. This manœuvre, like a shake of a kaleidoscope, brought about a new disposition of the pieces making our figure: the horse, snatching up his head, whirled round on his hind feet and began to go—not as might have been expected of a shrewd little fellow, that had often been through the same simple process of reasoning upon that point, towards home—in which direction grass was just as cheap and good at the wayside, and every step was away from a journey,—but down hill, though keeping the side

near the garden-rod fence. Mr. Naughton, with dignity, kept the road a little behind.

When the beast reached, as he soon did, a place where the road, being cut down, left himself on the top of a bank, he then turned round abruptly, and got himself beyond his pursuer in the other direction.

Any one who has been through this process of catching a slow-footed horse, with predilections for pasture, can fancy the further progress of the pursuer and pursued. The pony enacted to the best of his ability the part of the pretty little butterfly, leading on and eluding the boy; but on the other side of the hill from Miss Dare, several circumstances turned to the help of Mr. Naughton; he had left his dignity behind, within the young lady's sight, and, moreover, the road backward lay through the flakes, on which the women were already turning and spreading the fish, and while their being there took some nimbleness from his limbs, it also secured as many feet and hands as were needed for his purpose. The pony was at length caught on the beach, under a flake, with his face magnanimously towards the deep, and his left ankle hobbled with his bridle-rein, which he either could not or would not break. So he was recovered; but what time and possible opportunities had been lost! Mr. Naughton broke his substantial stick, not as an official breaks his staff of office, having no farther use for it, but in actual discharge of authority upon the offender.

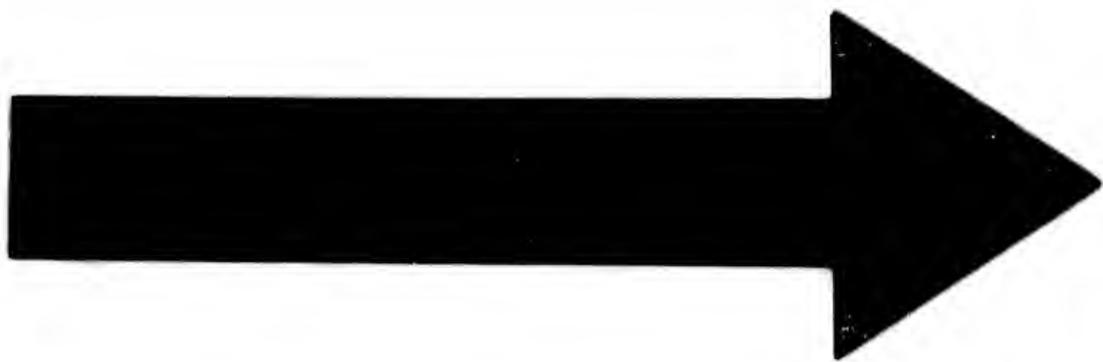
Miss Dare was not where he had left her: having laughed heartily at the beginning and first steps of the chase, she had gently descended the hill; had leisurely mounted at a rock by the roadside, and was waiting at the little bridge (or perhaps it was a ford then) before you get to the long hill, down which comes now a later

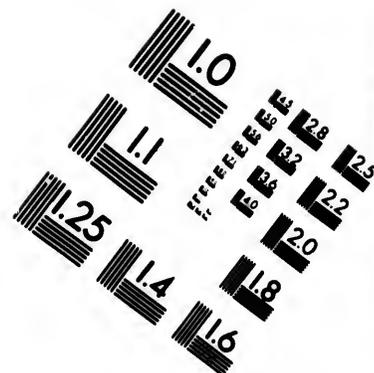
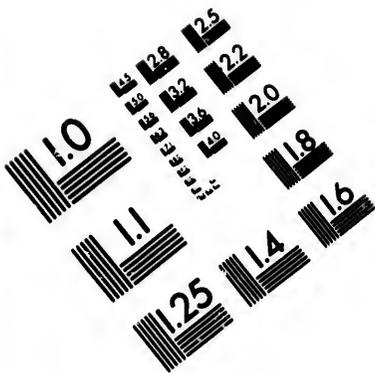
way, and a less steep one, than that which alone crossed it in that day.

The view is a very fair one as you get to the highest level between Castle-Bay and Bay-Harbor. Upon the left, in the direction of the Barrens, the eye catches the sheen of more than one inland lake, and on the right hand and before you lies large and grand the Bay, with lightly-wooded ups and downs between—sometimes abrupt contrasts of height and hollow,—which are very picturesque.

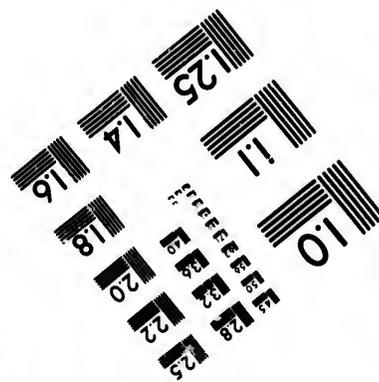
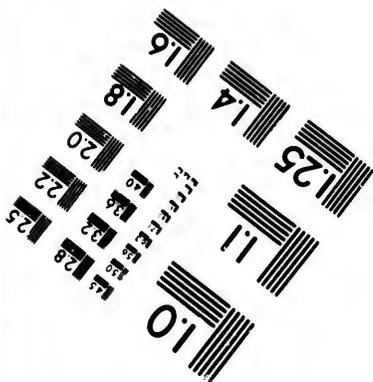
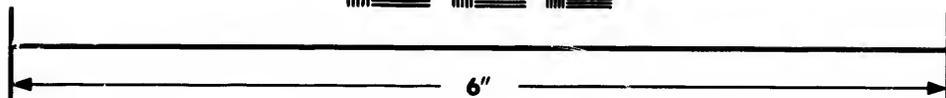
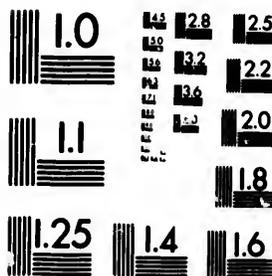
The air on this bright day was clear and exhilarating, and Miss Dare and her horse alike found it difficult to accommodate themselves to the tardy pace of "Fitz," as Mr. Naughton's courser was by this time called. The gallant gentleman who bestrode this lagging steed, felt the awkwardness of his position, but could not make it any better. After a violent exertion of one arm and hand, and both legs and feet, to which the pony was an unwilling party, the effect produced was much as if he had been working a rude electrical machine; a nervous force was generated, which spent itself in three and a half spasmodic, cantering steps of the quadruped. This display of scientific manipulation, the horseman hesitated to exhibit before the unappreciative inhabitants of certain dwellings, that began to appear in the neighborhood of the Riverhead of Bay-Harbor, and still more in presence of the more frequent houses that fronted the road from that place onward, and therefore the latter half of the way from Castle-Bay was traversed with more leisurely dignity than the former.

"You left off at 'climbed life's hill thegither,'" said Miss Dare, prompting her companion in his unfinished part.





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“Ah! yes, and I was going—if I hadn’t”——

—“‘been interrupted,’” she supplied, “to the Roman Catholic Mission at Bay-Harbor.”

Even in the midst of an apparent preoccupation of mind, Mr. Naughton was astonished.

“Yes, and on your business too. You remember how Deborah took Barak, son of Abinoam, with her, and how Sisera was delivered ‘into the hand of a woman?’”

Whether by the suggestion of the last five words, or, however prompted, Mr. Naughton’s interest even in the strange object of Miss Dare’s visit to Bay-Harbor, was diverted to an object of his own.

There was one occult part of that Bay-Harbor road, with a bank to the left, and a fence and some firs to the right, a bend in front and a descent behind, where Mr. Naughton began to check his steed with the voice, and the steed began to stop.

“Why, what has happened to Fitz-Araby now, Mr. Magistrate?” inquired Miss Dare, reining up and turning her horse about; “has he dropped one of his legs, at last, in practising that very skilful pace?”

Mr. Naughton answered only indirectly, by repeating his request to his pony, soothingly,—

“Wo-o! wo-o! wo—o!” and stimulating him with his armed heels, looking, moreover, down towards the pony’s left forefoot, assiduously.

In addition to the dilated monosyllable which had been hitherto applied to Fitz and counteracted by the spurs, the horseman must have drawn upon the bridle, for before coming up with the larger beast, the lesser stood still. The spurs were still actively employed, but with the rein exerted against them were inefficient to produce motion, and rather fastened the feet with intense

tenacity to the ground. Miss Dare witnessed every thing with a smile. Mr. Naughton's mind was not at all fettered and kept down to the circumstances by which it was temporarily surrounded, for he found his voice and spoke out of the midst of them, without any reference to Fitz, or rein, or spur.

"Oh!" said he, "if I could dare to hope that you would be persuaded to make the journey of life with me, Miss Dare"——

"Oh, no, Mr. Naughton, of course not," she said; "shall we go on to Bay-Harbor? We shall be companions so far, and back, if you please."

He loosed his tightened rein, applied, sadly, his stick and spurs, and in sadness which he could not hide, went forward. The answer was perhaps just the one best adapted to his case; but it did not take its specific effect immediately.

Father Terence was at home, and kind and courteous as usual. Miss Dare told him directly, that she wished his permission to ask a question at the Nunnery about the missing girl; and he wrote a note,—taking his time to it,—in which, as she requested,—he introduced her, without mentioning the object of her visit. He undertook the entertainment of Mr. Naughton, who was very grave and agitated, and whom, therefore, the kind-hearted man mistook for the father of the maiden, and tried to occupy about other things.

When Miss Dare came back from her interview with the nun, she found Father Terence showing Mr. Naughton as heartily and hospitably over "the grounds," as if there were a thousand acres of them, all waving with grain or larger growth, or carpeted with green herbs.

There was, indeed, a potato-garden, in dimensions

about forty feet by sixty, and as stony almost as a macadamized road, and a little patch of potato-onions, of which the worthy Priest was rather proud; there was a pigsty grunting, and squeelching, and squeeling, with pigs of every size; and there were flocks of geese, and turkeys, and ducks, and hens, and chickens, which certainly gave a very cheerful and comfortable look to the premises, and warranted the proprietor's eloquence, which the young lady overheard as she drew near.

Father Terence, having learned, in answer to his question, that she had not found the missing girl, and had been informed that she was not with the nuns, met the information with a very emphatic

“How would they have her then? or would any Christians act that way?”

Miss Dare did not repeat to the Priest what she had said to the nun, and the kind-hearted man went on to say that he was glad she had come straight down and satisfied herself, for “people often took up notions that were not the thing at all, and Catholics were not all that bad that some Protestants thought them;” an assertion which, nobody who knew or even saw the speaker, would think of doubting. Miss Dare assented to it, cordially; Mr. Naughton, (who was very grave and silent,) with less animation than might have been expected.

The young lady was anxious to get away, and the old man, with a courtesy that was well-becoming to his years and character, escorted his guests towards the gate.

“I guess 'f any b'dy was goin' t' cut 'p a caper o' that sort, he'd leave Father O'Toole out,” said a voice behind them, easily recognized by any one who had heard it before. Mr. Naughton had heard it before; and his gravity became rather grim, as he walked on regardless. Miss

Dare turned round, but no speaker was in sight, though the top of a hat was to be seen behind the fence, as if the occupier were sitting there, much at home.

"It's a merchant from Amerikya that's inquiring into the Catholic faith," said Father Terence, by way of explanation.

"Wall, 'm beginnin' to see through it, now, I b'lieve," said the mercantile scholar from over the sea, whose ears seemed to be good.

"Ye'll think better o' the Catholics after finding out this mistake," the Priest said, as he saw his visitors off.

Fitz-Simmons's pony might have been expected to go home at a much better rate than that which he had maintained during the ride to Bay-Harbor; but as if to convince his rider that it was not mere attachment to home that possessed his legs, he paced the street of the town much as he had paced it an hour ago. The magistrate, however, was another man; his stick was more effective; his spurs struck more sharply; and as Miss Dare, occupied with her thoughts, kept a very moderate gait, the young lady and her escort were not far asunder.

She tried to draw out her companion, as they rode along, but he was moody; and conversation was very unequally carried on. She dismissed him at her uncle's gate; and,—when he was out of sight,—went down to Mr. Wellon's; but he was not at home:—

CHAPTER XXX.

ACROSS THE BARRENS.

FOR, on the day before, intelligence had come to him, and this day, with Gilpin and Billy Bow, and Jesse in his company, (the latter leaving Isaac Maffen in charge of the funeral arrangements,) he had very early followed its leading. His dog, like Tobit's, followed him.

It was an unsubstantial and broken story: that a man, going across the Barrens to Trinity Bay on the evening of Lucy's disappearance, had seen a young woman in white clothes at about a quarter of a mile's distance before him, going towards New-Harbor; and, on the evening of the next day, she, or a like person, had been seen at the Cove near New-Harbor.

This story did not agree with received theory; nor was it easily reconciled with known facts; but perhaps it could be reconciled with both theory and facts; and it was worth following.

The little nets that spiders spread were bright with dew, and so were the leaves of the sheep's laurel and other shrubs, and all the air was clear as air could be. It was not yet the time for sunrise, and our party left the sun to rise behind them, as they set forth eagerly from the place of meeting, which was at Dick McFinn's, where the road

through the woods and across the Barrens leaves Castle-Bay for New-Harbor.

McFinn "had heard nothing," he said, "but a small sketch, just, that was passed about from wan to another, in a manner, all round the Bay; he could not say was it true or no."

Just as they were leaving the place to follow the cross-road to the Barrens, Gilpin, whose eye was very quick, and never idle, called the Parson's attention to the road over which they had lately come.

"There's that noo priest, Father Ignatius, as they calls un," said he. "There's something wrong with un."

Mr. Wellon looked at the new-comer, who seemed to be walking slowly and thoughtfully, but who was so far off as to make it impossible to detect the expression of his face.

"This young Mr. Urston," continued Gilpin, "says there's a quarrel between Father Nicholas (they calls un) and the noo one. Father Debree charges un wi' carrying off Skipper George's daughter, he thinks; and he says they weren't too good friends before.—I thinks he's too enlightened for 'em, or he wouldn't trouble himself about it."

"He might not approve of man-stealing, even if he believed all their doctrines," said Mr. Wellon, smiling, and setting forward.

"The old priest mayn't; but there isn't many like him.—Do you think this Father Debree used to be a Churchman, sir?"

"He may have been," said the clergyman; "I don't know."

"So they says; and his father used to be a high man in St. John's. He hasn't met the lady, Mrs. Berry, since, from what I hears."

"You keep a pretty sharp look-out for your neighbors' doings," said Mr. Wellon.

"I've got into the way of it, I suppose; but he might do her a good turn now, relation, or no relation. You heard these stories they got up about her, sir?"

"No; I know only what her letters from England say of her, and what she has told me herself. If you hear any thing against Mrs. Barrè, of any sort, you may contradict it on my authority; she's a lady of the very highest character."

"Nobody 'll believe it except the Romans, sir; and there's just where he ought to stop it, and might, if he would. We can kill it among our people fast enough."

—There is no house, unless of beasts or birds, between McFinn's and the other side.

So up the hill and through the woods,—where the trees of twenty or thirty feet in height look prematurely old with the long moss clinging to them,—our party went, at a strong, steady pace, and speculating among themselves, from time to time, of the lost maiden's fate.

Occasionally a bird started, before or beside them, and, once or twice, Jesse, who bore, beside his parcel containing food, a huge king's-arm, fired off,—gravely and sadly,—his cumbrous piece in the direction of the little fugitives, with no result unless to inspire confidence in the feathered inhabitants of the woods that weapons of that sort were rather used for pleasure than to do mischief with; and to give the marksman himself occasion to philosophize on "the toughness they birds got with livun wild," as if they had received the whole charge of shot unharmed.

It is about six miles through these woods before getting to the wilderness, between them and those upon the

other side, bordering Trinity Bay. The wind was going upon its errand, in the same direction with themselves; it may have heard, somewhere, of Lucy.

About mid-way, they met a man coming from the other side over to Conception Bay, and as he had some slight acquaintance with our smith, the two fell easily into conversation. This man had heard of the lost girl, and of the person seen upon the other side; and he had heard what they had not yet heard, that, at this very moment, a sick girl, answering to their description, was lying in a house over at the Cove,—two miles or so from New-Harbor. He thought her friends knew of it, but something hindered them from coming over.

“That’s a droll story,” said Gilpin, as he turned away from his Trinity-Bay acquaintance. “I don’t think it would be long that we’d have sat still, thinking about it, after we’d heard of it. Once, would have been enough, I think.”

Little likelihood as there seemed in the story, Mr. Wellou was not inclined to dismiss it summarily; he thought it possible that it had been taken for granted, as it often is in sickness, that intelligence had been carried, or had found its way to those who ought to know. He said “it was not very likely, but it was possible, and that was a good deal.”

Jesse seized on the story instantly, as one which gratified the appetite for something rather marvellous, and therefore seemed to him more probable than any simpler and more common-place solution of a strange and mysterious affair. Will Frank said, “there had bin amany strange things in this world; it was a strange thing that Lucy was not to be heard or sid, all of a sudden; and another strange thing, like what the Trinity-B’y-man

had just atold, might be true, too. He couldn' take it upon himself to say it wasn', surely." The constable thought "there was a better road leading to where she was than any in the Barrens;" but all went forward faster than before, to be resolved about this story.

They reach the woods upon the other side, toil through them, and come out upon the pretty shore and water of New-Harbor. A schooner was lying near a stage in front of Mr. Oldhame's premises, to the right; and there was a vessel of some size upon the ways, nearly ready for launching. From this last, the sound of caulkers' hammers, though not so fast and frequent as in some countries, came frequent; and towards that point, our party turned their steps.

They found the merchant overseeing operations at the new schooner, and ready to enter into their business, but unable to give any information. He said that he had not been able to hear any thing at all definite; that, certainly, a person might go through a place, and there might be no more trace left of him than of the way of a bird through the air, as the Bible said; but as to proof that could be depended upon, of any one's having seen any such girl as was described, he did not believe there was any.

The latest information which they had received,—that which had met them, namely, in the way,—had but discouraging reception here: Mr. Oldhame said that he had daily communication with the Cove, and many times a day; and, if there had really been any such person lying sick there, he must have heard of it. However, to make all sure, it was only necessary to ask among half a dozen men, from that place, who were at work upon the schooner.

These men, alas, knew only of old Mrs. Ayles, who had been bed-ridden for three years, that could be called sick, among their neighbors; they had heard that a girl from Conception Bay had been sick in New-Harbor, and that her friends had come and got her home.

So, among them all, then, this down of fleeting, unsubstantial hope was blown from one to another, and seemed scarce worth the following. Vain chase!

If it could have been narrowed down to this spot, and the roads or paths that lead from it, there would have been some end toward which to work, and limits to their labor; but if there should be nothing to connect the missing one with this place, then the whole waste, a little way from them, or, rather, the whole world, was open again; and the world is wide.

The merchant offered, heartily, to go about with them and make inquiries; and so he did. They went about in vain. They stood on the ground of the little mist, that, at first, and afar, had something the look of substance. If there were any thing in it, at least they could not find it.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, after refreshment at the hospitable Mr. Oldhame's, they started to go home; and as they trode, again, the same road through the woods, toward the wide, weary Barrens, the way seemed wearier than before.

Mr. Wellon, who followed, was going thoughtfully up the side of the first "gulch," when he was suddenly overtaken and addressed by a man, whom, on turning round, he saw to be Ladford.

"Why! what brings you over here?" asked the Parson.

"Same that drives a good many away from home:—fear!" said the former smuggler. "It wouldn't do for

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

a living soul,—not the men that were with me that night.”

“That’s a wonderful story!” said the clergyman, “but it confirms the suspicion.” So saying, he turned round in the direction of Bay-Harbor, while he was silently thinking. Then turning to Ladford, with the look of thought still upon his face, he asked, “What night was that?”

“Monday night, sir. I tried to see you that night, and again yesterday morning, and to-day I sent a letter.”

“I’m glad no one knows it,” said Mr. Wellon; “we must work silently, and when we’re ready, finish suddenly.”

“My secrets are pretty safe with me,” said the poor smuggler, smiling sadly; “if I wanted to tell them, I couldn’t.”

“It will be time enough for this, when we must have evidence,” said the clergyman.

“How far do you think my story would go?” asked Ladford.

“I think it must be good in law. You can swear to it?”

“Ay, sir: but *my* story?” asked Ladford again, with a long emphasis on the possessive pronoun. “Where am I to swear? What court could I testify in? or what magistrate could I go before, to make my affidavit?”

“The question of your credibility—”

“No, sir; no question of my credibility. Let me come near a court of justice, or even let it be known that I could testify, and there’ll be some one to get a noose round my neck, that I can’t slip. I ought to be gone, now, Mr. Wellon; Gilpin would have to take me.”

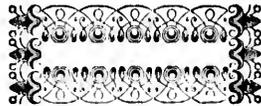
“We must take care of that,” said Mr. Wellon. “I won’t bring you into danger.”

“If I could save a life that’s worth so much more than mine—and George Barbury’s daughter,”—the smuggler answered; “if it was even by dangling in the air, like a reef-point;—but I wouldn’t throw away life for nothing, and least of all, just when I’ve set about using it to some good.”

There was nothing base in the poor man’s look, as Mr. Wellon now saw him; but to the pastor’s eye, there stood within that worthless raiment, and in the subject of that sad history, one for whom the world would be no equal ransom, and about whom, even now, there was melodious, joyful converse in the streets of that city, where “there is joy over one sinner that repenteth.”

Neither the constable nor any of the party turned back; and Mr. Wellon finished his short communication with Ladford, uninterrupted. It was not until they got near the knoll towards the other side of the Barrens, that he communicated to Gilpin the information he had received. Skipper Charlie expressed no surprise at hearing of Ladford’s whereabouts, but said of his news,—

“Well, he’s been away for some good; that puts us on the old track again, sir.”



CHAPTER XXXI.

MISS FANNY DARE REPORTS.

NEXT day, Miss Dare met the Parson walking by, and said, "Mr. Naughton and I have visited the Nunnery, officially; only, I suppose that I really ought to say 'I and Mr. Naughton;' for, indeed, I was the magistrate, and he only what the Germans call the '**Boppelhänger**' — the figure of the magistrate, at my side. *I said and did.*"

Her listener looked quite curious. "Perhaps we'd better go inside," said he.

"We'll go just off the road, here, if you please," said she, "and you shall sit upon that rock, and I'll stand before you, as good young people ought to stand before the clergy."

Mr. Wellon, smiling, was persuaded to her arrangement; and when this disposition was accomplished, she went on:—

"I got a note from the old priest, Father Terence, who is a kind old man, and saw the chief of the Sisters, and asked her, point-blank,—while she was expecting me to propose to take the veil,—whether Lucy Barbury was there."

(The listener was hearing, attentively.)

"Poor thing! she couldn't help being a woman, if she was a nun, and she couldn't keep her blood down; and so she stammered 'No!'"

“Did she?” he asked.

“Yes; and I think, honestly and truly; and I’ll tell you why I think so. I asked her, next, if Lucy had been there; and that time she didn’t answer at all; and when she recovered herself, referred me to Father Nicholas for information.”

“Did you see him?”

“Oh dear! no. I thought I could do without him; so, then, I and my double came away, leaving Father O’Toole to the society of a convert of his, whose voice came over the fence like a breath from the shores of the Great Republic. So, there is the report of my woman-work! Can you make any thing of it?”

He sate in deep thought.

“I hope I haven’t done any harm,” said she, at length, after waiting, in vain, for him to speak.

“Excuse me,” said he; “I had lost myself;—Oh! yes, we can use it;—but,” he added, “it’s a dark thing, and we have to go very carefully, and, as you say,” he added, smiling, “*wisely*.—Father O’Toole knows, of course; and Mr. Naughton?”

“The Priest knows that I did not find her, and rejoiced that I was ‘satisfied,’ as he supposed I was.”

“And Mr. Naughton?”

“He only knows what the other knows; perhaps not that; for his mind seemed to be otherwise occupied while Father Terence and I were talking; and, all the way home, he never referred to it.”

That little rogue, Fanny Dare! talking so coolly of Mr. Naughton’s mind being occupied; and how does she suppose it was occupied?

“That’s good!” said the clergyman. “He needn’t know it, yet.”

"No, poor man! He knows nothing about it," said Fanny Dare.

The Parson smiled; "You say 'poor man!' Is that the expression of a woman's sympathy because there is one point in which his curiosity hasn't been indulged?"

Fanny Dare slightly blushed. A figure appeared, at a distance, upon the road.

"There's Mr. Naughton," she said, preparing to go.

The pastor went on his way down the harbor, and the young lady back to Mrs. Barrè's.

Mr. Wellon and the Magistrate, meeting half-way, exchanged a few words with one another, and then Mr. Naughton came on, while the Parson continued on his way. A sound of steps drew near, as of an approaching magistrate.

Presently, from among the shrubbery and creepers, Miss Dare's voice came in song; the air was much like that of "*Saw ye Johnnie comin'?*" adapted freely, and the words of her song were these:—

Here goes Love! Now cut him clear,—
A weight about his neck—!
If he linger longer here,
Our ship will be a wreck.
Overboard! Overboard!
Down let him go!
In the Deep he may sleep,
Where the corals grow.

He said he'd woo the gentle Breeze,—
A bright tear in her eye;—
But she was false, or hard to please,
Or he has told a lie.
Overboard! Overboard!
Down in the Sea
He may find a truer mind,
Where the mermaids be.

He sang us many a merry song,
While the breeze was kind;
But he has been lamenting long
The falseness of the Wind.
Overboard! Overboard!
Under the Wave
Let him sing, where smooth shells ring,
In the Ocean's cave.

He may struggle; he may weep;
We'll be stern and cold;
He will find, within the Deep,
More tears than can be told.
Overboard! Overboard!
We will float on:
We shall find a truer Wind
Now that he is gone."

The melody of that voice of hers was so sweet that it did seem as if the air would keep it up, and not lose it.

Mr. Naughton may have turned himself about; certainly he did not go by, up the road, that day.



CHAPTER XXXII.

HIGH MASS, WHOSE "INTENTION" WAS FOR MR. BANGS,
AND A SERMON.

MR. BANGS remained at (and about) the Mission premises at Bay-Harbor. So fast had the convert advanced in his zeal (perhaps not yet in knowledge, which time would assure) that he had really never yet been present in a Roman Catholic Church, in the time of worship, except on one occasion, in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, "down in Fed'ral Street, 'n Boston, 'n' then he on'y had a chance to see some holy characters,—Bishops and so on, he supposed, with queer-lookin' caps on their heads,—may've ben pooty enough when they used to be the fashion—and crosses down their backs, and diff'rent colored clo'es on;—he couldn't git into a pew, for they were all chock-full of Irish pad—native Americans,—with pad-locks on the doors; and he had to come out b'fore meetin' was over." Mr. Bangs was, in short, "as fresh as a pun'kin 'th the rind on, day b'fore Thanksgiving," as he himself told Father Terence.

The reverend man, as we have intimated, felt a little awkward, sometimes, in dealing with his novel subject. The way of thinking, style of expression, temperament, of the American, were all strange to him, and he did not

weet that it
not lose it.
about; cer-

quite know how to manage with a scholar of the sort. The very ease with which the sacred work went on occasionally perplexed him. Mr. Bangs described his progress as that of "a full team an' a horse to let;" and in different words, changing the figure, (for Mr. Bangs, though not as witty as Sheridan, perhaps, had his way of getting up beforehand little variations of the same saying or sentiment;) and he gave his excellent preceptor in holy things to understand that he "wanted to git right through, 's quick 's wus consistent."

We say that he kept *about* Bay-Harbor; for he did not, by any means, confine himself to the place of edification, but did "a little mite 'n the way o' huntin' up business," (especially among Father Terence's co-religionists,) for the purpose, as he said, of "keepin' up the circulation." He made excursions, therefore, far and near, returning, at intervals, to tilt his chair and talk with the reverend converter.

Father O'Toole had no thought of losing his hopeful pupil by throwing obstructions in his way to the truth, which might dishearten so brisk a man; and he only wished to do all things with that sober solemnity that suited his own feelings and the dignity of his character.

On the great occasion of public worship, which, as we have said, Father O'Toole had in prospect for the special benefit of Mr. Bangs, he spared no effort to have things as they ought to be. To be sure, he could not muster so strong a body of clergy as he would have liked, (for Father Nicholas had an engagement, and was out of the way; and none of the clergy from other stations happened to be in Bay-Harbor, as they sometimes were, and he could not well ask any one to come for the day,) but he made a good show of force notwithstanding. He man-

aged to have his sacristan, an acolyte, a couple of boys, and—a Master of Ceremonies; and all in costume. This latter, it must be confessed, was not a clergyman, as, according to rule, he should be; but he wore a surplice, and that is a good deal. The Master of Ceremonies,—where there are a dozen clergy or so, apt to forget some of the minute details of their performance,—is to know every thing and remember every thing, and be on the alert for every thing: when to bow, when to bend the knee, when to take the censer from the bearer, and give it to the celebrant and back again; when the deacon is to go to the priest's left hand, and when he is to station himself behind him; to take the pax from the subdeacon, and to give it to somebody else; when the sacred ministers change places, and when they take off their caps, and when they put them on again; when the deacon doffs the folded vestment and dons the stole, and when he puts off the stole again and puts on the folded chasuble, and so forth; in short, where everybody is to go, stand, kneel, speak, be still, and twenty things beside, ingeniously contrived to give everybody something to do, and that something different from what his neighbor is engaged with.

Father O'Toole might have got along very well without such an official, and indeed, except that he was determined to go beyond himself, would not have thought of introducing one, any more than of inviting a cardinal over the water to help him; however, he had one for this occasion, and drilled him to the best of his ability, beforehand. He gave the important functionary, also, a small paper to keep about him, on which the priest himself had written, in printing letters, some chief and principal directions and hints, for the information that he was to impart, and the signs that he was to make to himself, the Very Reverend Celebrant.

Supported by these accessory and inferior ministers, the worthy Priest came, very red and dignified, out of the sacristy, and proceeded to the choir, in orderly array, the organ (a hand-organ, left on trial in the place, with a view to its purchase) playing Handel's "Tantum, ergo." It was sometimes said of Father Terence, "that when he got his great looks on, the Governor reviewing the troops was a fool to um;" this day some thought that he outdid his Excellency and himself put together. He took the Holy Water at the sacristy door with less of honest "recollection" than was customary with him, and he put on his cap again, after that important ceremony, to march to the altar at the head of his troops, with the decided gesture of a Lieutenant-General or Field Marshal—I mean such an one as wears the uniform or bears the baton only in peaceful fields of trainings and evolution, and is competent to visit the Greenwich Pensioners or review the Honorable Artillery Company of London. So did Father O'Toole, on this great day, in the eyes of Mr. Bangs, who was favored with a most advantageous place for witnessing every thing.

The good priest went down, at the lowest step of the altar, with his white-robed flock of attendants about him, in successive alightings, like sea-gulls round one of our ponds in the Barrens. He went through his crossing and his *confiteor* and absolution as usual, except that, with the honest solemnity that he commonly carried into the confession of his sins and other solemn acts of worship, was mingled to-day a flurry, occasioned by his consciousness of the unusual complicatedness of his arrangements.

There was some blundering on the part of his subordinates, in bringing him the censer, and taking and giving the pax, and things of that kind. The master of cere-

monies got the candles put out when they should have been lighted, and so on; but when he came into direct relation to the Priest himself, he was as inconvenient and obstructive as an unaccustomed sword, getting between its wearer's legs. The Church, with a wise appreciation of its children, treats them as children ought to be treated—leaves to their memories such weightier matters as the degree of inclination—viz: “moderate” or “profound,”—and to be sure and cross the right thumb over the left, when one stands, *junctis manibus*, at the altar, and so forth; but how to find his book, or take it, or know where to read in it, she does not expect of the priest, but commits to the memory of the master of ceremonies, when there is one.

The prompter was always inclined to keep at the most respectful distance, except that once he rushed zealously to the celebrant's side, to assist him in rising, and planted his foot so dexterously on some part of the sacerdotal dress, as to counteract his own purpose and the best efforts of Father O'Toole. He proceeded, with the most excellent intentions, to take the book, at the proper time, and to point out the places; but, in the first case, he got the edges of the leaves to the left hand, instead of the right,—(lamentable blunder!)—and, in correcting it, got the book upside down,—(a thing of less consequence);—in the second case, he pointed out, with the most zealous hand, the wrong place, and turned the leaves at the wrong time.

In short, the day being warm, and the congregation large, and Mr. Bangs's spiritual welfare depending upon the performance, the worthy priest was hot and flustered, before he had half finished his morning's work, and his attendants were in a state of confusion and depression,

which made them bow when they ought to have made genuflexion, (and that on both knees,) and kept them sitting when they ought to have been on their feet.

On the other hand, the organ turned and gave its sounds, and the singers sang, sometimes unaccompanied, and sometimes in concert with the instrument, lustily.

It was not a part of Father O'Toole's usual practice to have a sermon; indeed, the current report of him was that he was a "tarrible larn'd man entirely, and, *on that account*,"—(singular effect of a cause!)"—"had been recommended by his spiritual superior not to preach." He was satisfied, for the most part, with offering up his plain mass and prayers; and, in church, he seldom said a word outside of the Ordo and Canon, except to publish banns and give notices. He was not in the habit of denouncing from the Altar—kindly man!—either his Protestant neighbors or backsliders of his own.

On this day, he felt called upon to stir up the gift that was in him, and deliver himself of a message. His text was in Psalms, lxxvii. 32: *Æthiopia præveniet manus ejus Deo. Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God.* From these words of Holy Writ, he proceeded to establish the following points,—though he did not divide his discourse into any heads: First, that there was only one church, and the Pope was the head of it, as a necessary consequence; second, that the Mass was beneficial to the dead and the living, by reason that both of those classes of men could secure indulgences for every mass; third, that Latin was the language for the mass, as any man could see by listening to the words of the text; fourth, that the glorious Mother of God was rapidly gaining that preëminence that the whole world, as well as Aythiopia, would soon give up to her; fifth, that convents

were not bad, and no good Catholic would think of forcing any one to go into a convent, Catholic or Protestant, (upon this he dwelt longest;) sixth, that confession was not that bad thing that was represented, but was a great stimulus to the soul to keep it down, and was it not a great convenience for paying the dues, twice in the year?

Having thus exhausted the subject, argumentatively, he proceeded to a practical application of it. He said he need not be telling his audience how long ago those words were spoken, for they would not be able to recollect it; nor where Aythiopia was, because not one of them knew, most likely. (At this point, he remembered that Mr. Bangs possessed a good deal of general information, and cast a rather uneasy glance at him. The latter, beginning, in a low voice, to "bound" the country in question, was put to silence by certain truculent looks, and other more threatening demonstrations, on the part of some of his neighbors.)

The reverend preacher went on, immediately, to say that there was another country they had heard of, whose name ended also in A, and began with the same letter, mostly, as that in the text, which was beginning to stretch forth her hands to God and the Church; that converts were beginning to come in, as would soon be seen;—(some of Mr. Bangs's neighbors here looked dubiously at him, taking pains to see him fairly down to his feet;)—that St. Patrick was the great converter,—under the Empress of the Universe,—(in which connection, he digressed a little to prove that that great man was an Irishman, and not a Frenchman, much less a Scotsman,—this argument, perhaps, might better have had its place among the logical deductions from the text, than in the

application, but did not come to miss where it was ;)—that the country he spoke of, resembled that mentioned in the text in another respect, as having a great number of black men in it,—though there were many that might properly be called white.

Finally, he applied his exhortation closely, by reproving many of his hearers, who were imperfect Catholics, for being too soon for stretching out their hands to shille-lags, and the like, much as if they were brute bastes, instead of Catholics; and he hoped they would sooner stretch out their hands to God. So effective was this latter part of the discourse, that not a few of the congregation, after the manner of their race, made a public exhibition of themselves, by way of hiding from the pastoral eye, and the censorious looks of neighbors. Mr. Bangs, during these last sentences, had sunk his head upon the back of the seat before him, and made an occasional noise, which the good-natured speaker, and other indulgent persons, took to be the sound of a choking, by excess of feeling. Some, indeed, thought that the American had gone to sleep.—The sound may have been one still less appropriate.—We leave the question to the discrimination of the reader; only saying, further, that Mr. Bangs confessed, afterwards, that “it was pleggy close in there, fact, an’ consid’r’ble ’f a smell ’f incense an’ tobacco, an’ what not.”

It was an evidence of the ease with which a public speaker is misunderstood, that some of the audience, after going out,—although one would think that the reference to America had been sufficiently explicit, capped, as it was, by the allusion to the slaves,—yet some of the more literary of the audience, standing at corners, drew the conclusion, from what they had heard, that, as *Aythiopia* and *Ayrin* began with the same letters, the latter was soon

to throw off the bloody English yoke, and set her foot on the proud, heretical tyrant's throat.

The excellent priest, when all was done, had recovered his habitual kindly equanimity, and, instead of looking vain or conceited after the display of reason and rhetoric that had just come from him, honestly took upon him a double share of humility, which ought to have disarmed hostile criticism of his sermon, had there been any such. He felt satisfied and comfortable now, having felt his own force, and made proof of his priesthood. Cordially he saluted his ministers, on his return to the sacristy, made a hearty bow to the cross, and, without taking off his vestments, fell earnestly down upon his knees, and made his thanksgiving.

He helped Mr. Bangs to a correct appreciation of the whole, by supplying information on several parts, and, among others, he explained to him that *white* was the color appropriated to festivals of Our Lord, Our Lady, and saints not martyrs; that, for seasons of penitence and others, different colors were appropriate.

Mr. Bangs being anxious to know the penitential color, and being told that it was *violet*, explained his curiosity by saying that "he had heard tell of folks lookin' blue, and *had* thought, likely, that was where it come from." His next remark was more to his credit: he "presumed that violet come from violatin' our dooty, most likely." Father Terence complimented him on the derivation, saying that it "had not occurred to himself,—or, indeed, he'd forgotten it, having that much on his mind,—but, indeed, it was much that way that the word sea, in Latin, came from *maris stella*,* (that's Maria, of course,) because she's the queen of it; and it was a good offer at a Catholic derivation."

* Star of the sea.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GRAVEYARD MAKES STRANGE MEETINGS.

THE day appointed for the funeral of Granny Frank's remains came on. The dinner-bell at Mr. Worner's had rung some time ago ; and there had been flying for some hours, at half-way up the flagstaff near the church, the white cross on the red ground, which is the signal for divine service ; in this case, (half-hoisted,) of a funeral. The flagstaff stands at a good two or three minutes' walk from the church door, upon the highest point of the cliff that overhangs the water, at the height of a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, from which the signal gleams out far and wide,—down harbor, up harbor, over to Indian Point. The rounded back of this cliff, landward, is like the round back of a breaker fixed forever ; and, at a musket-shot behind it, is another, whose upright front we see, stayed, in like manner, ere it broke. Between the two, half-way from each, passes the road,—as Israel's road through the Red Sea is sometimes painted,—between two mighty waves.

The flag went down, the funeral procession came along down the short hill beyond the church, with eight men bearers, and the children from the schools ; the rest being mostly women. It passed, like a long sigh, into the church door as the priest met it there, and disappeared.

At the same time, another scene was going on at the side, unnoticed, very likely, except to those who had a part in it.

The little road from Marchants' Cove comes steeply up into the main, just opposite the church-tower; and up this road Mr. Debree was coming from Mr. Dennis O'Rourke's house, which lies at its foot. He stopped at midway, seeing the funeral, and, having saluted it respectfully, stood still until it should have passed into the church.

Mrs. Barrè and little Mary were coming from the other quarter, (Frank's Cove,) hand in hand. They came to the point of meeting of the two roads, opposite the church-porch, just as the corpse went in, but did not join the company; and when the space was empty on which the mourners stood but now, still were the mother and the child on the same spot.

To little Mary the solemn tramp of children, and of elders, and the black pall, typifying the night which had closed a long day, shut out all other objects; and she held, with both her hands, the one her mother gave her, and looked in silence on the silent show.

When it was all gone by, the sadness had passed with it, and she came back to present life. The point at which she entered it again was here.

"How cold your hand is, dear mamma! Are you going to die?"

Her mother's hand must have been icy cold, for it was one of those moments, with her, when the blood is all wanted between the heart and brain. The Priest, whom she had sought and found, and by whom she had been cast off and put aside, who had met her little daughter in the path, and to whose hand she had sent the letter, was

standing but a hundred feet from her, on his way towards the spot where she had set herself. There is a point,—one chance in million millions,—where the wide wandering comet may meet a world and overwhelm it; (God will see to that;) but here was a point at which she *met* this Roman priest again. Drawing her child up against her knees, she turned, and in the middle of the way, stood, in gentle, sorrowing, noble womanhood, in front of Mr. De-bree, as he came up.

With her pale face, the dark hair coming smoothly down, and her full eye lighted with a soft brightness—her paleness, too, set off by her close black bonnet—she looked very handsome—ay, and more—as she stood there, drawing her child up against her knees; and this was one of the great times in life. It matters not for the surroundings; it may be Marathon to Miltiades, or Thermopylæ to Leonidas, or Basil to John Huss, or Worms to Luther, or a blind alley to the drunkard's daughter, or the plain, square-cornered city street for the deserted maiden, or as it was here.

He slowly came up, as pale as melting snow, straight up the hill, and, as if there were no other being in the world, or rather, as if he knew exactly who were there, he never looked at Mrs. Barrè or the child, but as he passed into the main road, bowed his face, all agonized, and said, as he had said in Mad Cove, "I cannot! I cannot!"

She did not wait there, but raising up her eyes in mute appeal to God, as if she had done her duty, and needed help and comfort, for her work had made her weary, she turned away, and, with a very hurrying step, went, as the funeral had gone, into the church.

Having risen from her private prayer, she had sate

down, and was composing herself to take a part in the most solemn service that was going forward. She rose—for they were singing—the children there all sing—“As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep and fade away, suddenly—.” It was very sweet and sad music, and Mrs. Barrè had fresh memories of losses; but suddenly, at that very word, to many a person’s astonishment in the church—for even at the burial-service many a one had seen her come and saw her now—she looked at either side of her; then all along the rows of children in the foremost seats, and then, laying down her Book, went softly and hurriedly out again, as she had come in.

This way and that way, on the outside, she gazed; but there was no sight of little Mary, of whom, as the reader has already fancied, she was in search.

“I sid ’er up i’ the churchyard, ma’am,” said a girl, who, happily, had not yet passed by, divining the mother’s thoughts and fears; and before the words were fairly said, the mother was gliding up the steep way to the place, (properly *grave-yard*, for it was not about the church.) A woman—one of those good-natured souls who can never see trouble without leaving every thing to help it—had been moved by her distracted looks, and had followed her distracted steps, but at a slower rate, and found her seated by the entrance of the yard, looking steadily and straight before her. The neighbor, (who was no other than Prudence Barbury,) said, “Shall I go fetch the little maid, ma’am? I see she, yonder, wi’ the praste, Mr. Debree, they calls un.”

To her astonishment and bewilderment,—connecting one thing with another,—the neighbor had her offer kindly declined.

“No, no, thank you; don’t call her,” said Mrs. Barrè.

How strange it was, that having missed her and sought for her, the mother should be satisfied when she had found her in such hands!

"She's brought him to my little boy's grave," said Mrs. Barrè, again.

"Don't 'ee want any thing, ma'am?" inquired the neighbor next; and this offer was declined with so much feeling evidently crowding up behind the words, that the neighbor left wondering, for sympathy.

Thus she sate still; Mary being inside the inclosure with the priest. How strange it must have been to her too, that while she herself was so far apart, the child had secured for herself the companionship of this man! Truly, how blessed a thing it is that there are these children, in this evil and formal life, to break through, sometimes, and snatch with their sure and determined hands, flowers that for elders only blush and are fragrant within their safe garden-beds and borders!

Meantime there came up the steep hill the music of the hymn which here they sing, or used to sing, from the churchdoor up to the grave.

Up the steep drung with wattled fences on each side securing the gardens of different owners, they climb and sing, pausing after each verse, and thus they reach the graveyard on the summit of the cliff or rocky hill, which, beginning nearly opposite the flagstaff cliff, goes down the harbor, sheltering the church from the north wind as it goes. The graveyard has but a single outlet, and, however it happened, so it was, that the funeral had filled that single passage, and passed with the priest in his surplice at the head, into the humble, waste-looking place of burial, before Mr. Debrée had left it. There were a few trees, here and there, as small as on the uninclosed

land beyond, and behind one of these the Romish priest had taken stand, and little Mary staid with him.

It is not to be supposed that so strange a visitor should pass unnoticed, altogether. There were some women in the company that could not keep their indignation down at the sight "of the like of him in their churchyard." They did not know how the service could go on until he had been "asked his manin."

The knowledge, however, that Mrs. Barrè, whose little daughter was in company with the obnoxious stranger, had joined the funeral procession, spread itself soon, and tended to quiet the irritation; the grave voice of Skipper George,—who, for his nephew's sake, was in the funeral train,—quelled it.

"N'y, friends," he said, turning round, in a pause of the singing, (and all were silent as he spoke,) "'e's a good gentleman ef 'e be a Roman itself. 'E's been proper feelun to me, sence I've alad my loss; an' 'e never meddled wi' my religion. It wasn' make believe, I knows well, by the feel."

The hymn went on, ending with the *Gloria Patri* as they reached the grave.

A good many eyes, during the sublime services at the open earth, turned toward the stranger very likely; but whosoever saw him, saw him respectfully standing, uncovered, like the persons immediately engaged in the burial.

By the time the office was ended, and the people began to turn upon their heels and set their caps to go to their several homes, and while it was asked "Why! didn't 'ee see un?" it was discovered that Mr. Debee had been the first to leave the place, and was gone. In that quarter of the yard where he had been, the mother was seen

with her recovered child, stooping over a grave smaller than that just filled, and some of the nearer by-standers (nearer, perhaps, not quite by accident,) overheard Mary saying that she "had showed him dear little brother's place." The general opinion expressed by one mouth and assented to by others, was to the effect that that foreign priest was to the speaker's "seemin," and to the general "seemin, a relation, someway—very like a brother; mubbe the lady was some o' they kind herself, once;" but then, that "he never took no notice to she," was admitted.

The little child was very still, while her mother, having risen, stood looking on the mound of earth which wore no greenness yet. She gave her mother time to make to herself again, out of that clay, a fair boy; and to fondle him with motherly hands, and deck him with his disused garments once again; or time to gather at this grave the memories of other sadnesses. Some of the female neighbors sought, meanwhile, to solve their question by asking little Mary, apart, "ef that praste—that strange gentleman—was her uncle," in vain; she did not know. The pastor, looking in that direction, said nothing to them, and left them to each other; and when all were gone away, except the eldest son of the last dead, Mrs. Barrè kissed the green sod, as little Mary also did, and they two, hand in hand, departed.

"I asked him to go up and see it, mamma," the child said, "and so he went, and he was very kind, and he cried; I saw him cry, only he didn't talk much, and I think he doesn't know how to lead little children by the hand, as Mr. Wellon does."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. WELLON TRIES TO DO SOMETHING.

S things stood, it appeared that, if any thing was to be done about Lucy Barbury, (to any purpose,) Mr. Wellon must set it going; for the Magistrate's operations were rather desultory, and without satisfactory result, or promise of it; and the magistrates from Bay-Harbor and elsewhere had only consulted and deputed one of their number to come to the spot and inquire and examine; and since his return from Peterport, (where he had gravely and dignifiedly walked about, and taken notes and compared them with Mr. Naughton's, and heard depositions of the father and such of the neighbors as knew nothing about it,) the magistracy had drawn in its head and claws, and left only the Peterport Stipendiary (shall we say its tail?) in action.

Yet now was the time to do, if any thing was to be done. A watch had been secretly kept up by trusty men (young Mr. Urston, Jesse, and many others in turn) about the Priests' premises in Bay-Harbor, from the afternoon in which Ladford's information had been received; but there ought to be a search there, immediately; and next, wherever else there might be occasion.

The difficulties in the way were very considerable, and even formidable; but Mr. Wellon was an Englishman,

stout and healthy in mind and heart as in body ; he was a thorough friend, and (what takes in everything in one) he was a faithful pastor. Accordingly, he told Gilpin, " We can't take care of consequences ; we must make out what our duty is, and do it, to our very best, and leave what comes after to God."

Attorney-general Kay came to Bay-Harbor ; and, not long after his being settled at his lodgings, Mr. Wellon made his way to him and secured an appointment for a private interview. At this, he went through his case, which the lawyer heard attentively, and without asking a question until the statement was ended ; making notes and taking down the names of the different persons who could testify, and the nature of the evidence they could give. The Parson went over, with the lawyer, the arguments of probability. The Attorney was of opinion that the girl might have gone, of her own free will, but that she had not done so was argued by the fact that there had been no communication from her since,—a thing which the priests or " religious " having her under their control would have been anxious to have her make, rather than underlie the suspicion of a felony instead of a misdemeanor ; then, that they had not carried her off *against* her will, he thought, because of the want of motive ;—she was no heiress.

The clergyman argued steadily ; mentioned again young Urston's relation to Lucy Barbury ; his abandonment of the preparation for the priesthood ; Mrs. Calloran's character ;—but his great argument was *the fact* that *she had been* at the nunnery. The lawyer showed him how the arguments of probability affected the fact : " A suspicion, on the whole unlikely, is to be established by what sort of evidence ? You bring evidence to show (imperfectly,

but as far as it shows any thing) that the girl, whose intercourse with her lover had been broken up, of her own accord, (for she went alone, in a crazy fit, if you will,) went away from her father's house, and along a road that leads to her lover's door, and to the water-side; no previous concert, nor any meeting or understanding since, between the two young people, appears; (the young man's whole conduct and all the circumstances go against it;) that road leads by her lover's house to the water-side; the next day a cap belonging to her, and which had been worn by her on the day of her disappearance, is picked up on the shore; another article of dress is picked up from the water later. That case, as it stands, looks more like one of suicide in a fit of derangement, than any thing. Then you've got some other things to bring in: the prayer-book burned, and Mrs. Calloran's equivocations about it. Now, of these, you may suppose the book to have been in her hand, and dropped on her way to the fatal spot; and the woman's different stories, (if she had found it and wreaked her dislike upon it,) would not be very strange."

The clergyman listened sadly to this presentment of the case, which had, no doubt, many a time forced itself upon him and been thrust out of his mind.

"Now, on the other hand," said the lawyer, "given, an old nurse of resolute character and a bigot to her faith, and a father fond of his son; both—granny and father—disappointed at the failure of cherished prospects of ambition for that young man; then, on the same side, an unscrupulous priest, having great and active talents, shut up in a little room; obsequious nuns; with a girl uncommonly gifted in mind and body coming across the religious prejudices and principles of all, and the interest

and cherished plans of some,—(I think I've put it strongly enough,)—if a chance offers, will they snatch this girl up, and keep her in durance? In your theory of what has been done, I believe you leave out the father of the young man, entirely, and begin at the granny, (*Dux fœmina facti*;*) she, and the priest and the nuns, manage it among them. That is one supposition; another is (or may be) this:—

“The parties before mentioned,—of the first part, as we say,—old nurse of the young man, and his father, or, if you will leave out the father, the nurse and the cleric, are conspirators with the girl, to bring her out of the Church to Popery; she runs away, at the first chance, in her sick-room clothes, and is secretly carried to the nunnery at Bay-Harbor.

“The first of these suppositions is possible, but unlikely; because, beside all kindly feelings, common sense would teach the priest, if not the woman, that it's a troublesome, unprofitable, and dangerous business, keeping a live prisoner, and as dangerous letting one go. There have been cases of prisoners so kept, certainly; but they are so rare, as to deserve to be left out, in the consideration of probabilities.

“Then for the other supposition of the girl's having consented with them, appearances seem to me against it. There are cases enough of this sort; women are inveigled, and a priest can be found,—without looking,—to take her in, (Virgil, again, changing one letter, *confugium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam*;†) but they would let the parents and the world know, and could we in such a case suppose the lover likely to be ignorant?—You observe that I have yet made no account of the young lady's (Miss Dare's) information, nor of the American's, nor of

* A woman was leader in the deed.—VIRG.

† Shelter, he calls it: with this name he cloaks the wrong.

Ladford's, not because I think them of little consequence, for I think them very important, altogether, and Ladford's, and perhaps Bangs's, separately. Upon the character of these men rests the whole burden of proof:—it may be enough to make probable an improbable hypothesis.—I should be glad to see them.”

Mr. Wellon stated without reserve the case of his witnesses. “Mr. Bangs was making some religious inquiries in Bay-Harbor,” (at this his hearer smiled,) “William Ladford was afraid to be known,” (his hearer looked grave:) the clergyman went on to speak of the tie which seemed to bind Ladford to Skipper George; of the irreproachable life that he had led, and his apparent penitence, the good esteem of his neighbors, and in short, so described him, that the lawyer became quite interested about him. “Let me ask,” said he, “(it shall do him no harm,) was he a smuggler?” (“Yes,” said Mr. Wellon.) “His name then is Warrener Lane; we've heard of him; his case is a good deal better than it used to look, for I noticed that his chief accuser, who was hung the other day, retracted his accusation of Lane; but he is in such a position, that not only he might be put to trouble himself, but his evidence could be thoroughly and irremediably impeached. Now I'll think the whole thing over. You bring me these men, (will you?—Ladford, on my honor,—) to-morrow. I'll determine after seeing and hearing them, and if the smuggler is the sort of man, we'll get his pardon.”

Mr. Wellon thanked him heartily.

“By the way,” said the lawyer, “I don't see any thing of the new priest in your affair;—Debee, I believe his name is now”——

“Do you know him?” asked the clergyman.

“To be sure I do. I knew him from a boy, and a fine fellow he was. His father, you know, was a member of the Executive Council, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. This was his only son. Mrs. Neilson, and Mrs. Wilkie, and Mrs. Collins were his daughters. This young man went to Oxford and afterwards took orders. He then went to the West Indies and married there, I believe, had a fortune left him by his mother’s brother, dropped part of his name, and then—I never heard how,—changed his faith. I think his wife must have died there.—That young fellow was one of the noblest beings, years ago, that I ever knew.”

The clergyman sighed deeply, and said that Father De-bree was already much beloved in Peterport.

The next day Mr. Bangs, having been intercepted in one of his business tours by the secret guard, consented to come to the Attorney-general’s lodgings, and there went through his examination. His way of getting to a succinct mode of speaking was this:—

Q. “Were you near Mr. Urston’s house on the evening of the Fifteenth instant?”

A. “Wall, as far’s I can be sure o’ my pers’nal ident’ty, I guess I was.”

Q. “Please to answer directly to the question. Were you?”

A. “Wall, I guess I wa’n’t far off.”

Q. “Once more; Were you?”

A. *with a smile*, “I was.” So on, about the women that night, and the nunnery and all. He was desired to wait after his interview with the Attorney-general.

Ladford, very humbly and most intelligently, gave his statement. The lawyer drew him out a good deal in a kind way, and the man let himself be drawn out.

When he heard of the pardon, he said with tears, "Thank God! That's the 'one other thing' besides finding Skipper George's daughter, that I spoke to you about, Mr. Wellon, t'other day. I should like to die a free man."

The end of all was that the Attorney-general said, —

"The warrant will be in the hands of the deputy sheriff in half an hour; he'll execute it as soon as he can, conveniently and quietly. You must get this Mr. Bangs safely out of the way till the evening, that he may not put them on their guard."

On coming out, Mr. Wellon was sounding the American, when the latter turned round and said, —

"Look a' here, Mr. Wellon; you want to know if I'll keep still 'bout the judge, and what not. Yes—I guess I will. 'Twun't touch Father O'Toole."



CHAPTER XXXV.

A STATION AT HENRAN'S INN.

FATHER DEBREE had celebrated mass and vespers on Sunday, in the unfinished chapel at Castle-Bay, and had given notice of a station to be held at Michael Henran's public-house in Peterport, on Wednesday following, in the afternoon.

This inn stands opposite Beachy-Cove, on the other side of the road from Mrs. Barrè's, and on a good deal higher ground.

A straight drung goes up from the road into an open space about the house, a moderate-sized building, long for its thickness, painted white some years ago, and looking well enough adapted for the inn of such a place. For hospitable purposes it has a room down stairs (beside that occupied by the cobbler—nay, shoemaker,)—and two rooms on the next floor also.

The inn fronts nearly south, like almost all the houses, and has a door in front with a smooth stone before it, and a door at the east end, that looks "down harbor." There is a southward view (over the little grove of firs, fenced in on the other side of the road) to Sandy Harbor; the upper part of that harbor, Wantful, being alone seen over the rocky ridge, which like that of Peterport grows higher as it goes down toward the Bay.

Beyond this nearest tongue of land (and rock) may be seen others, though not divided to the eye at this height, by water, and far off the southern border of Conception-Bay, beautiful in its silent rocky strength and varied outline. Inland, again, lie mysterious-looking, many-colored mountains of broken rock, shaded with deep crevices perhaps, or with the dark-green "Vars"* and other never-changing forest-trees.

The scenery, at the time of which we write, was overhung and hung around with far-off heaped clouds, turned up and flecked with crimson, with the bright red of the furnace and the pale red of the shell, grandly and gorgeously as ever clouds were painted under any sky. It is a sort of scenery,—this of a splendid summer's sunset,—which by its drawing out the eye toward the horizon and upward toward the sky, stretches the mind as well, (it may be backward to memories far left behind; it may be forward to far hopes, or thoughts of things beyond this earth and this earth's life,) and gives to all minds, unless insensible to such influences, a tendency to mysterious musing.

A little company had gathered round the inn, before the time, and had been here waiting ever since, while the afternoon had passed away. The priest had not come. The foremost were a number of old women, adjusting every now and then some difficulty of slight character, as one might judge, and some of them grumbling in a low voice.

Behind these elders and among them were an old man or two, then some young women, very silent, for the most part; some of them looking quite absorbed and earnest, one or two whispering and perhaps discussing the ap-

* Firs.

pearance or the character of a companion, or of the veterans in front, and one or two of them occasionally mischievous in joking "practically," as the phrase goes, pulling a shawl or ribbon for example, or inflicting sudden pinches unobserved. Below again,—about the door, inside and outside,—were a man or two, reserved and meditative, smoking a pipe apart, or leaning silently against the door, or on the fence outside; and many younger men talking together in low tones and passing homely jokes on one another.

At length there was a sudden change of state among these little groups; the priest passed through them, hastily, explaining and apologizing for his being late. Then the noise of feet that, when restrained and tutored, only made noise the more methodically, succeeded to the other sounds, and the whole company soon disappeared above.

The office of Vespers passed, in English; and afterward, the congregation having gone out, the priest seated himself near the table on which the crucifix was standing and the candles burning, and beside the open doorway leading from the larger front room to a smaller one behind.

Mr. Duggan, the clerk, sat at the opposite side of the large room, reading in a low voice, (perhaps the VII Penitential Psalms.)

Presently, one by one, some members of the late congregation came into the back room from the hall, and kneeling at the backside of the partition, made their confessions.

One old body planted herself upon her knees not far inside the door, counting the beads of a rosary of which every body knew the history, which was repeated or

alluded to, every time the historic beads appeared; namely, that it was of disputed and very uncertain proprietorship; and being the only one possessed among the neighbors in a certain part of the harbor, was now in one family, now in another, and unhappily had attached to it as many feuds as any belt of Indian wampum passes through, though not so deadly. However, the present holder was making devoted use of it just now. Hail Mary after Hail Mary went over her lips and through her fingers, in a low mumble of the former and slow fumble of the latter, her head bowing and body swinging always, but with a slight difference, at times, indicating, as well as the larger beads, when she was engaged with a pater-noster.

One by one had passed away, after confession; the evening had been wearing on, and had grown silent and more silent; the neighborly men who had gone into the lower penetralia of the inn to have a chat and smoke, and, in some cases, a drink, had mostly gone and left the place; the stairs seemed empty; when there came in at the door below and up the stairs, a dark figure of a woman. Mike Henran, the host, half asleep as he was, catching a half-glance at something unusual passing by the open door of the room in which he and an exhausted friend or two were sleeping or dozing, got softly up, of a sudden, out of his nap, and walking to the doorway, looked up after the late comer, and then, lighting a new pipe, sat down to wake and sleep again. The shawl, the black dress, the hood, the veil, concealed her face and person.

The old body and her beads had clambered up from the position in which we have seen them, and, having staid their time at the priest's side, had hobbled back and

passing through the door, had heavily come down stairs—observed by Henran—and departed.

As the old woman passed away, looking most likely, rather at her precious rosary than any thing beside, the female, who had just come up the stairs and was now standing beside the doorway, and between it and the outside window of the entry, turned with clasped hands and stood in a fixed posture, as if, through the dark folds of her veil, her eyes were peering forth into the great solemn night, down into which the far, far, earnest stars were casting light as into a great sea.

Against the door-post, the lonely figure leaned, her hands still clasped; and then, raising her silent, shrouded face toward heaven, she steadily and strongly set her face forward and went in to where the priest was. Here, in the middle of the room, she paused; Father Ignatius neither moved nor looked up, as she stood; the clerk breathed very hard in a deep sleep; and still she paused. At length, not looking up, nor moving, but sitting with his eyes fastened to the floor, he said: "Why do you stay? I'm waiting for you."



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TRIBUNAL OF PENITENCE.

IT is a tremendous place, this Tribunal of Penitence! Be it at St. Peter's in Rome, or in the Pope's chapel, or in one of the deserted churches of the Campagna, or in a little squalid chamber, any where on earth, the walls of deal or masonwork are brushed away, as with the back of the Almighty Hand, in preparation for this miniature foreshaping of the Last Judgment: the canopy of the dread deep of space is spread above; a pavement of rare stone-work is laid down below: "*a throne is set, from which come lightnings and voices and thunders, and around which is a rainbow, like unto an emerald, and in sight of which is a sea of glass like to crystal; and four and twenty ancients sit about the throne, clothed in white garments and wearing crowns of gold; and on the throne there sitteth ONE.*"

Here is to be laid bare the bottom of a deep profounder than the Mighty Depth of Waters, strewn with more wrecks of precious things; and, in this presence, Sin that brought Death into the world,—whose meed is Death,—and for which everlasting Hell has been prepared,—Sin is here pardoned, and an angel standing here records the everlasting Act of Grace; the Divine Spirit gives the kiss of peace to the forgiven soul, and Heaven

and Earth here open into one another. Tremendous place! Here, and here only, is the appointed place, where sin may be forgiven.

Or, STAY! The Throne is here, and all the dread surroundings of the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY—but in the seat of the Eternal King, Maker and Judge—a worm! perhaps, upon God's seat, a serpent, glistening and gloating!

Suppose this seat to be usurped; suppose that God has never given power to man to sit here and to *compel* souls before him! *Then—WHAT THEN?*

The candles burned there and the Priest sat there. The clerk was fast asleep, apparently, with his book between his listless hands, his head upon his breast. The murmur of his recitation was no longer heard. Those still hours of the night had come, in which there seems to be less obstruction between soul and soul.

She came forward with her two hands clasped, and her veil hanging down before her face. She came up to the front of the table, and turning her veiled face toward the Priest and dropping her clasped hands, stood still.

All was still; but some intelligence seemed to reach the Priest, although he never once looked up.

A deep agitation seized his frame; but presently he sat more erect, still looking on the floor,—very pale,—intensely agitated.

“Waiting for me?” she asked, in a clear, low, most mournful voice, repeating the Priest's words. There was a pause of hesitation or of recollection, and then the words came from her slowly; but the pause beforehand and the deep, breathing, agitated, earnest silence of the listener were fitted to make intense the interest of the words when she began to speak and while she spoke.

Her voice had in it that tender touch which lays itself,

warm and living on the heart, like a dear voice from home ; from happy childhood, from sad friendship ; from early, unforgotten love ; from reverend admonition, given long ago ; from cheering exhortation of some one that trusted in us and hoped from us ; that tender touch, indeed, which is made up of all the pure and holy, and deep, and true, and honest, that a voice can carry with it, as a wind that blows over whole fields of flowers and fruitage.

Some voices,—at some times,—are such ; such hers was.

She spoke again, slowly and sadly.

“ Are you waiting ? Is it not *I* that am waiting ? Is it not *I* ? ”

She sank slowly upon her knees, and rested her clasped hands upon the table ; but her veiled face was towards him and not toward the crucifix. Her voice was touching and pathetic, to the last degree. The air seemed to pause upon her words before it hid them out of hearing. There was a sound as of tears dropping upon the floor ; but there was no sob ; there was no sigh.

There seemed a noise, as of a person moving, not far off ; she turned about, but no one could be seen except the clerk, asleep, and breathing heavily, as before.

Oh ! what a weary thing is “ Waiting ! ” and her words seemed to come forth out of sorrow unutterable. This was a strange prelude to a confession ; but from such a voice, in giving forth which the whole life seemed to be concerned, who could turn away ? He had prayed, as one might have seen ; but his features still wore the look of deep agitation which had suddenly come over them when she first approached him, though now they showed how strong a hold was laid upon the feeling, to keep it down.

"Have you been waiting?" said he, with a pause after the question.

"Yes! Waiting for my hope to feel the sun, and bloom," she answered, with a voice rushing fast forth, floated on tears, but scarcely louder than the habit of the place permitted;—"waiting for the life that is my own!"—and then her voice began to drop down, as it were, from step to step,—and the steps seemed cold and damp, as it went down them lingeringly:—"or for trial,—disappointment,—whatever comes!" and at the last, it seemed to have gone down into a sepulchral vault. Her head sank upon her two hands,—still clasped,—resting upon the edge of the table; a convulsion of feeling seemed to be tearing her very frame, as she kneeled there, in the garb as well as the attitude of deep sorrow; but it was only one great struggle.

A motion of the Priest,—perhaps to speak,—and a suppressed exclamation, recalled her, and she reared up her woman's head again, and spoke:—

—"But I am not come to talk of sorrow," she said, and paused again.

"*Sister!*" said he, in that pause, (not 'Daughter,') (and, as he said the word and rested on it,—his voice agitated and full of feeling, as if it had a throbbing life of its own,—the one word expressed many sentences: an assurance of sacredness, of love, and of authority, at once,) "What have you come to this place for? To seek for peace?"

"To seek *you, Brother!*—or, should I say Father?"

"Call me as you will," he answered, gently and mournfully, not hastily; "but what can you gain, in finding me?"

"I have gained something already; I've found, within

the cold prison-walls of your priesthood, your heart still living."

"*Sister!*" said he, again, with such an emphasis and pause upon the word, as if he meant that it should speak its whole meaning, while his voice was agitated as before, "what right have I here, except as a priest to hear confession and give comfort to the penitent? and what—?"

—"What right have *I* here," she said, in a voice so low that it did not seem intended to interrupt what he was saying, though he suffered it to interrupt him. "Have *I* any right here," she repeated, more distinctly, when he ceased to speak,—"*except to confess?*"

That gentle, broken woman's voice! Oh! what a power there is in woman's gentleness, when it pleads of right!

The thing said, or the tone, or all, moved the Priest's whole being, as the convulsion (slight though it was) of his body witnessed; but he did not speak.

"Have I any right?" she said, still again, in the same sad pleading.

He then spoke, in a voice that had little of his strength or authority in its sound, though it appealed to what might be, perhaps, a certain fixed principle. He also spoke slowly and sadly.

"What can be between us, Sister," he said, "except this mutual Office of Priest and—?"

—"Penitent!" she said, mechanically, as he paused. Then, with a choking voice, and with that helpless sadness in which one might cry out, who was falling, suddenly, hopeless, into the soft, drifted snow between the glaciers, and whose words the cold wind behind was whirling away, wasted in air, she gasped out:—

"What can be between us?'—Oh!'—and tears

dripped faster through the hush that followed, upon the floor. Again, the Priest was moved; and so that tears flowed from his eyes, also. A moment is a great thing, when crowded full; and this lasted a moment. Of herself she struggled forth to firm footing, and said:—

“No! I did not come here to weep;” and, gathering strength, went on, keeping her feeling down under her voice:—

“This Office be between us, then! It may answer my purpose.”

Now, as she spoke, her voice had all the influence that the deepest and strongest feeling could give to it, while it was not so broken as to interrupt her.

“If it be any thing beside confession,” he answered, “is this the place and time? or, if it be confession, might you not better seek another priest? And will you not?”

“Oh! no! If I may speak, then it must be to *you!*”

He answered, gently and sadly, bracing himself, in his chair, to listen:—

“I will go through it, if I must; I do not ask to be spared my share of pain. I see a life full of it before me; a dark ocean and a dark sky meeting: but I know well, no good can come of this. Why may we not both be spared?”

—“And yet it is your very part to look on the twitching of the heart’s living fibre; ay, to hold its walls open, while you gaze in between! I would not give you pain: but this is God’s opportunity to me, and I have made my way to this poor little place, feeling as if I were called to it. Let me hold it with my knees, like a poor penitent and suppliant, as I am! Give me my little right!”

He answered, still more sadly than before, though that was very sadly:—

"You shall have all your right, my Sister." Then, as if there were more in the words than he had felt till he had uttered them, or more pain in the prospect than in what was past, he bent his head lower, and clasped his hands.

"You would not seek to send me to others indiscriminately, if you knew of the confessional what I have known, by my own experience," she said.

The Priest started suddenly, as if these earnest, bitter words were burning coals. He lifted up his face (though with the eyes fast-closed). It was paler than ever; his lips were pale and slightly trembling, and his forehead moist. His agitation was extreme. Again she leaned her forehead on her hands upon the table, while he seemed to pray inwardly. Presently, he had mastered himself enough to speak:—

"Oh! Sister," he said, "will you not go to some other with your burden?" And then, as if meeting an objection, added—"To no bad priest; go to the bishop, or to Father Terence, at Bay-Harbor."

"Why should I go to them? I know them not, and have no business with them. I am willing to confess my own sin; but it must be here."

The Priest started, as if recalling himself; his whole frame heaved, and the momentary ghastliness of his face was like a phosphorescent light, almost, that flashed faintly.

"You spoke of the confessional," said he; "it is common for eneraies to charge it."

—"But what I know, alas! is not a scandal, caught from others' lips; it is no horrible suspicion. It is a frightful fact!"

Father Ignatius, with a hand upon each knee, sat like a man balancing himself in a skiff, and intent, as if for

life or death, upon the dangerous eddies through which he was whirling. She went on, after a pause:—

“I came here, not to speak of that. It never harmed me. It came not near me. Let me confess my sin. Once, I consented,—I will not say on what inducement,—to force a doubt into my mind, where there was none, about a sacred bond between me and another.—” (The Priest lifted up his eyes to heaven, and moved his lips.) “There was no doubt before; there was none since.—Again I suffered myself,—I will not speak of my inducements,—to draw aside into a convent, to weigh and settle questions, where no question was, about my Faith, about my Church, about my Bible. I went to services; I kept the Hours: I read books!—went to confession.—Oh! that dreadful time! My eyes burned: my brain burned: my heart burned: all seemed drying up within me. It was a wilderness and a Devil tempting!—I heard, and read, and confessed, as one in agony may pour down one draught after another.—Is there a greater sin? To take in doubt, where there is no doubt?—Of a plain thing? To suffer question where there is no question, and where none ought to be, because the thing is plain as God’s great sun?—I went no farther; but I went too far!—I broke forth into fresh air, and already I had lost all! Yes, I have suffered something for my sin;—and God has since taken away my beautiful boy! but I stand strongly now; I closed his eyes in a sure faith.”

A mighty feeling seemed to occupy Father Ignatius; not rending like the earthquake, or sweeping over, like the hurricane; but rising, rather, like the strong, black flood, eddying and whirling and swelling up within.

“The faith of a child came back to my heart,” she

said, "when I was free, once more; it came back like a spring that had been dry.

"There! I have yielded so far to the customs of this place; and have laid down, at the door of this church, the sin that was put into my hands at its door; but now I must break through, cost what it will. I have no power or skill to carry out a part, and, in pretending to confess, insinuate what I have to speak. I am a woman, and must go straight to my object.—It was not to say what I have said.

"Nor have I any claim to urge for myself, now that I have made my way to this place, except to speak. I ask back nothing that has been taken from me; I have counted it all lost."—(Her voice trembled, as she spoke that short, sad word; but in a moment she went on, and her voice was steady.) "I am still ready to count it lost; and ask nothing for it but the leave to plead,—(not for myself, either, but for another,)—against this church and priesthood that have robbed me."

(Poor woman! is that what she has come for?)

"It may seem a frenzy that I should come here,—a weak woman,—into the very citadel of this Church, to speak against it; and into the confessional, to accuse the priest. I have come upon a woman's errand; but with no bitter words to utter; no reproaches; no upbraidings. My whole purpose is to plead; and I have little time."

(The candles flared; the clerk breathed hard, in sleep.)

"You are a priest; but whoever,—man or woman,—has the truth of God, is so far a minister of God, as to have right and power with it, in His name."

Her voice had risen, as she spoke, (such was its energy of conviction and purpose,) above its former level; the clerk started, and ere he was awake, said, in the church

tone, "*Sed libera nos a—*"* Then, having looked about him, and recovered himself, turned again to his book, and his low reading, as before. The Priest did not move, but sat in perfect silence, with a face intensely agitated.

Once more, at this interruption, she bowed her head upon the table, and was still. Again the clerk's reading ceased; again the deep breathing of sleep followed, and again she spoke:—

"I will not plead your loss of all dear memories of the first things that we hold sacred: child's prayers; the Catechism; Sunday-lessons; holy books given and treasured; the awfulness and beauty of God's House and Service; the kneeling-place beside Father and Mother; Confirmation; Holy Communion;—I do not mean to appeal to feelings, though I am a woman;—that argument can be used on either side;—but I call up that priesthood that you wore, and ask, Do you feel safe,—can you feel safe,—giving up such convictions and such obligations as were upon you, for a religion and a priesthood that must go over or outside of God's Written Word for every thing that is their own?—(Let me speak freely this once! I speak weeping.) As she said this, the weeping, for a moment, overcame the speaking.—She struggled on:—"When there is no Pope, no Queen of Heaven, no Sacrament of Penance, no Purgatory and pardons out of it, none of the superstition, (let me speak it!) and idolatry, and absolute dominion over soul and body, which this cruel, dreadful priesthood brings with it, like a car of Juggernaut, no frequent, dangerous intimacy of men with wicked women: nor subjection of innocent, trusting women to false ministers of God;—none of this in all the written Word of God. Church and Gospel come in, hundreds of times; and faith, and love, and fellow-

* "But deliver us from—"

ship; a simple, kindly priesthood, and a church which is the holy gathering of believers!

“Father Ignatius Debree!—once a priest of the Church in England!—You have taken to your heart, and confess with your lips,—(I speak in tears,)—a worship corrupted, a faith perverted, sacraments changed, a ministry altered in form and spirit! Yes; whatever authority any one of these has, it cannot turn for witness to the Bible! Not one of them is in it; and the others are, the Catholic Church, Faith, Priesthood, all!

“Can you dare to break down, and tear asunder, and trample under foot, what is in the Bible, and what was in the hearts and on the lips of Apostles and Martyrs, (as it is in our poor hearts and on our lips,) for those uncertain things?—You cannot!

“For a while, when you are with other priests, or very busy, you may not tremble or falter; but when you are alone, or when you are among *other people*, as you must be often, the thoughts of what you have abandoned and what you have chosen,—of what you have lost, and what you have gained, will come; and then the memories of childhood will stretch out their little hands to you; the faces of other forsaken memories will come gently and mournfully up to you; you will hear old voices, and see old scenes.—You cannot help it!—You have known the truth, and had it. Your mind will never satisfy itself with this; your heart can never really set its love here! Never! never! And when you feel what it must be, being false! and what you taught, true”—

Again there was a slight noise, as of some one moving, not far off; but, beside the Priest, only the sleeping clerk was to be seen. She had been kneeling, and she rose slowly. There was silence.

“Is it finished?” asked the Priest, master of his voice, though ghastly pale.

She stood still before him; and then, with a voice partly breaking, again said, “Yes!” Then again she said, “I have thought and prayed, for years,—and have spoken! Thank God for this chance! Thank you for hearing!”

“Are you satisfied, now?” asked the Priest.

There was no answer, but a convulsion of the woman’s frame as if her heart were breaking before this impassive strength of the man.—She rallied herself, as she had rallied herself before, and answered:—

“No! no! but neither am I wearied. When I am gone, I shall still plead, elsewhere,—for one thing,—for one thing! Farewell, Father Ignatius! Will you say, ‘God be with you?’”

“Oh! yes, indeed! God be with you, forever!”

Suddenly she passed out;—disturbing, as she went, a woman who seemed sleeping by the doorway.

Father Ignatius fell down heavily, on his knees, before the table.



CHAPTER XXXVII

FATHER DEBREE AT BAY-HARBOR AGAIN.

HE must go to other of the characters of our story.

Some days after having mentioned to the priests at Bay-Harbor the suspicions entertained among the people of his neighborhood, Father Debree again sought the Mission-premises, and Father Terence.

The substantial dignitary, before sitting down, said :—

“Will ye oblige me by giving that door a small swing into th’ other room?” and waited, upon his feet, until the door had been opened, and the adjoining room shown to have no person in it.

“What’s betwixt you and him, then?” he asked, when all was quiet again. “It’s not good having trouble ;—and with one like him. You’re the younger priest, and it’s good to bear the yoke—portare jugum,—(I told ye that before,) and ye’ll, maybe, be high enough, by-and-by. Take a bit of advice off me, and don’t mind um.”

“I shall take it, pleasantly, I hope, and do my duty by him, too ; I’ve come about important business, Father Terence, concerning the Church.”

Father Terence’s countenance prepared to rise at this reference to himself (as was proper) of important church-business ; but in the end, it fell.

"And did ye tell him, yet?" said the dignitary, looking a little annoyed at the prospect of this important business, or at the idea of its being of such a character as to have already set his two juniors at variance.

"Oh no!" said Father Debee, "what I have to say could not be said, properly, to any but yourself."

Reassured by this information, the worthy old Priest began gradually to take on his importance, and awaited the opening of the business complacently.

"It concerns the young girl missing from Peterport. It is generally believed that she has been carried off," said Father Debee, by way of stating the case.

The expression in the senior's face changed, as the hue in the evening cloud changes; his look of dignity was passing into one of moderate indignation. The change seemed to puzzle his companion. "You know about her, I believe?" he asked.

"Indeed I do, then," answered Father Terence, with much dignity and some asperity. The other continued, with a doubtful look, but with the respectful manner he had used from the first: "Perhaps you're aware, already, of what I was going to say?"

"Indeed, and it's likely I may," said the dignitary. "An' could not yerself leave it, without coming to stand up against your superiors in the Church? I think something must have come over ye." With these words, the superior drew himself up in his chair.

"But, Father Terence, if there was strong presumptive evidence, I think you'd be one of the last men to discredit it, without sifting," said the other.

"Sure, I don't know who would know better than myself that it's all lies."

"But, surely, in an affair of such consequence, you

wouldn't take it for granted——?" urged Father De-
bree.

"Would I take it for granted I hadn't swallowed me-
self?" asked the elder, very decidedly.

"But this is scarcely a parallel case," said the other,
with polite perseverance.

"Isn't it, then? Sure, I think I needn't examine to
show meself that I hadn't stolen a girl in Peterport!"

"Ah! but you couldn't say, confidently, that another
had not."

"But I don't speak of others; it's meself I speak of."

"But why shouldn't we speak of others, when others
are concerned?"

"Then ye were not aware," said Father Terence,—this
turn of the conversation making him throw aside—as he
was always very glad to do—his annoyance and dignified
reserve, and resuming his hearty kindness, when he
thought he saw through the case, and that the younger
priest was imperfectly informed, "it's meself that they're
after accusing."

"I never heard that," answered the younger.

"Indeed, it's easy seeing ye didn't," said Father Ter-
ence again.

"I think that must be a mistake," said the younger
priest.

"Indeed, I think so meself; and I'm middling sure of
it," said the senior, a smile venturing again into his
face.

"I mean, I think it must be a mistake that you were
suspected. Of course, no one who knew you could doubt,
for a moment, whether you were innocent."

"It was Father Nicholas told me, then; and there's
not many a one hears more than him. It's only a few

days ago he said, the people—that's the Protestants—were saying all sorts of things, and suspecting the Catholic priests, and, as he said, meself 's at the head of them, 'and ye might as well suspect his Holiness himself,' said he."

"I've come from the midst of it, and I heard nothing of you; but I know that *he* is suspected; and there are strange circumstances, such as, for his own sake, he ought to explain."

The dignitary's countenance lighted up, decidedly, as he answered:—

"Indeed, that's another horse of the one color, as they say. So they've left meself off, and taken on suspecting him! But, then," he continued, "I'm fearful it's just his being my own coadjutor that's made them do it;" and a generous feeling of not allowing another to suffer for him, exhibited itself in his face. "They think he's younger, and not so conspikyis, and easier handled."

"No," answered the other; "I think you were always above suspicion; but they have always, I'm told, suspected him, and the impression, that he is involved in it as principal, has been growing from the first."

"And how would he tell meself, then, it was me they were at?" asked the elder, not quite seeing his way out of the enigma. Leaving the answer to this question to turn up by-and-by, he hurried on upon the new path that presented itself to him. "What's this they say about um, then? Do they say he's stolen her? And how would he get her?"

To this crowd of questions, Mr. Debree answered collectively.

"She disappeared in the night or morning, and is known to have been at or near the house that he visited

that night with two nuns; and one more female came back in his punt, from that house, than went to it."

"But,—don't ye see?—he wouldn't be carrying females about at night in a punt."

"He took two Sisters up with him, you know, Father Terence."

A recollection of the proposed plan of Father Nicholas's charitable excursion of that night, probably came up to the elder priest at this suggestion.

"But he would never have carried off a Protestant girl. What would he do the like of that for? Sure a man can't carry off all that's Protestants."

Mr. Debreë repeated the tenor of the conversation between himself and Father Nicholas.

"But he wouldn't be doing the like without asking myself for leave or license. And where do they think has he sent her, when he got her?"

"They say, I'm told, that she's with the Sisters, here, in the Mission premises; but what authority they have for saying so, I don't know."

"Ah! thin, it's little I've troubled that place since they were in it. Only once I was in it, at his asking. But, sure, would he bring her here without ever so much as saying 'with yer leave,' or 'by yer leave!' It's not likely he would, and me at the head o' the District."

The venerable head of the dignitary swung silently and solemnly, twice, from side to side, as he resolved this question in the negative.

"I don't know what they go upon for that; but I think the other circumstances deserve to be examined."

The senior looked perplexed again, and, reverting to his own experience of his "coadjutor," said,—

"But how 'll we find out, if he won't tell us?"

"The law won't wait for him to tell."

"But, sure, ye're not for taking the law of a priest! and him yer superior, too?"

"Of course, not I; but suppose the friends bring the law down here! Wouldn't it be well, by a timely attention, to remove the occasion of suspicion?"

"But I'm satisfied we'll never get it out of him, at all."

"Can't you do *this*, Father Terence; can't you find out whether she is here, or has been here?"

Father Terence looked very reluctant to enter upon any such work as was proposed.

"It's not that easy done," he said. "I have no knowledge of the place, at all, more than Solomon's temple."

"It isn't for me to suggest, Father Terence; but it's not a very large place, and if the Sisters were examined——"

"It's easy just stepping over yerself, then, and we'll know in a jiffy. I'll give ye a bit of note to introduce ye," said Father Terence, having devised a simple and ready way of satisfying Mr. Debree, and, very likely, everybody else.

"But, Father Terence, though I feel sincerely for the father, and though it's natural, from the position I hold at Peterport, for me to wish the thing cleared up, and proper for me to mention it to you, it would not be my part, in any way, to set myself about investigating in your premises. It seems to me that you are the proper person."

Father Terence was no coward, but he seemed very loth to undertake this business. Lighting his pipe, which he had not yet lighted, and suffering the smoke to float about his head, like clouds about the mountain's crest, he summoned a council in the midst of it, as Pope makes Homer say, that—

“Jove convened a senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.”

From this deliberation, after a time, he proclaimed—

“I've found, mostly, it's best not inquiring into things.”

“But when things will be inquired into by the law, if we do nothing about them; and the consequences, to ourselves and the Church, may be very serious; is it not worth our while to anticipate that investigation and its consequences?”

“What would hinder yourself speaking to him?” asked Father Terence, personifying, in the masculine gender, the object of the inquiry. The other priest took it simply, as it was said, and answered:—

“I cannot as properly do it, being, as I am, his junior; but I'm not at all afraid to have him know what I have said, if you should think fit to enter upon the subject, and will say it all in his presence, if called upon to do it.”

“Ay, then, we'll see about it,” concluded the dignitary, and finishing his pipe, shook from it the white ashes, re-filled it, but then, instead of rekindling it, laid it aside, and asking—

“Did ye hear the pig out, beyond in the garden?” started forth as if upon some errand about the live-stock of the Mission, requesting Father Debree to amuse himself for a while alone.

The door had scarcely closed upon him, than it opened again to let him in.

“I beg pardon,” said he, heartily, “I'm forgetting to offer ye any thing;” and taking a black quart bottle from under a table near the wall, and finding, somewhere, a tumbler that had lost a piece of itself, he proposed to exercise the hospitality of the time and country, in his own kindly way. Clearly, no drinker, our good father!

“Here’s some sugar that I keep convenient,” said he, drawing forward, with his stout hand, a paper with yielding contents. “Ah! no, then, it’s this must be it,” he continued, substituting one of the same blue color, but not, like the first, redolent of tobacco.

He had just produced a teacup without handle, which he called the mate of the tumbler.

“Our furniture ’s not quite equal to the King’s or the Pope’s,” he said, by way of apology, “but I’ve store of glasses in the house.”

Father Debreé declined, with many thanks, the hearty hospitality offered, and was, at length, again left alone, with an apology.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FATHER O'TOOLE'S ASSISTANT.

FATHER O'TOOLE, on leaving the other priest, went out at the outer door of the house, and—no pig appearing, in the course of his circuit of the narrow grounds of the Mission,—visited his geese and ducks, and heard a chorus of contented grunts from the dwellers in the sty. At length, turning away with decision, he again entered the house.

With a good, solid, steady step he mounted up the stairs, shut a door or so, and then, knocking one loud and several lesser knocks (which expressed resolution,—qualified,—) quoted, aloud, one line of a hymn :—

“Cœleste pulset ostium.”*

From within the door at which he stood, came forth—

“Vitale tollat præmium:”†

Please come in, Reverend Father.”

And Father O'Toole entered.

The room was much more substantial-looking and elegant than the rest of the house in which it was. The woodwork, generally, was painted of a dark color; that of the chimney was black and varnished. Well proportioned book shelves of black, varnished wood, and well filled with handsome books, covered a portion of the wall;

* Let him knock at heaven's door.

† And take life forevermore.

the wall-paper was slate-colored, with black border. A slate-colored drop-curtain hung partly down before the window. Not every thing in the room was elegant or costly; but some things were rich, and all were tasteful.

The table at which the occupant of the room sat, had a cover of black broadcloth, with a narrow edge of velvet of the same color; a priedieu* stood at a little distance behind it, against a folding-screen adorned with boldly-marked crayon drawings of allegorie subjects. The priedieu, itself, was decorated with black silk velvet turned up with silk. Upon the top, and flanked on each side by a wax candle, was a crucifix about three feet high, superbly wrought in ivory. A painful representation of Our Lord's agony on the cross, like what may be seen in German churches, hung opposite the window.

A perfect match for the surroundings was the man sitting at the table, with his ivory features and black, glossy hair and dress;—for there sat Father Nicholas as we before described him, resting his feet, in black velvet slippers, on a hassock of the same material beneath the table. There was now hanging on his bosom, by a black bead-chain from his neck, a miniature of a fair, saintly female, with hands clasped and eyes looking upward.

He arose, with much dignity and humility, at once, as the other entered, laying down a book open, on the back of which, in very distinct letters, was the name: "Exercit. Spirit. S. Ignatii."

"I am very proud to see you in my room, Reverend Father," said he; "will you be so kind as to occupy this chair, an easier one than mine, and more appropriate to years and honors?"

He wheeled out, accordingly, a comfortable arm-chair

* Prayer-desk.

of stuffed morocco, into which the senior, with a somewhat awkward, but sincere and solid courtesy, suffered himself to descend gradually, and then (a little suddenly,) drop.

"Always well engaged. Ah! what a happy thing to have that leisure from great and constant cares that will permit of holy studies. It was mine, once. 'Twas my own, once. But there's many's the candle is put under a bushel without our meaning it. Before I found my place I thought often of making a bit of a blaze in the world, some way; but now all that is metamorphosed entirely. 'Introduction!' ah! what's this, then? Oh! Saint Francis de Sales. French, I suppose. Oh! to be sure. 'Chapitre XI;'—chapter Eleventh. That's plain enough. 'Of the exercise of'—something or other, 'and examen of the conscience.' It wouldn't be so hard after all; but considering it isn't every body that learns French, it would have been small blame to the holy man if he had written in plain English that every one understands, or in Latin itself."

"You wished to see me on business, I believe, Father Terence," said Father Nicholas very engagingly, laying his watch carefully down upon the table. "I hope you won't be afraid of interrupting me, for I'm quite at your service."

Somewhere in this calm courtesy, or in the action that accompanied the words, there must have been something peremptory or in some way embarrassing, for the dignitary's good-natured face and eyes testified to such a feeling.

"Indeed a good deal of business we have together," he answered, for the time, not being prepared, perhaps, to answer more definitely on the sudden.

“Our Sisters are inclined to complain that they never have the benefit of a visit from the head of the mission,” said Father Nicholas again, smiling. “Will you allow me to pray for them, while it’s on my mind, that you’ll honor them and favor them in that way before long? Excuse me for taking the conversation away. I listen.”

If he listened, he listened to small purpose. The dignitary sat uneasily; prepared to speak by clearing his throat, and looking to either side. In doing this, if he did not prepare himself for proceeding to business, he, at least, secured a subject for a passing diversion of the conversation.

Taking up something from the floor, under the table, which proved to be a glove, he laid it upon a book, observing,—

“Y’have a small hand of yer own, if ye can put that on it.”

Father Nicholas’s hands were quite small and graceful, as one might see who looked at them; but this glove was smaller and more slender still, apparently. It looked like one in frequent use. Such as it was, it seemed strange in that place, and the occupant of the room seemed to feel awkwardly at the first sight. Leaving it, however, to lie where it was, he spoke very freely of it.

“No,” said he, “that’s not mine. It’s a lady’s, apparently; and, probably, belongs to one of the Sisters. How it came there, I can’t say; but things often come and go between them and me. This might come in a parcel.”

The elder priest looked grave. He might not have thought of there being any other proprietor of this article of apparel than the occupant of the room until he was told it; but having heard what he had heard, he seemed to have mastered his difficulty of speaking, and

the occasion brought him, most unexpectedly, to the very subject on which he and Father Debree had been talking.

"It's my opinion," he said, "it's better not having too much to do with women, if they're nuns, itself. The old rules for priests are the good rules, I'm thinking. Yourself's perfectly innocent, certainly;—it's not that I'm speaking of;—but bad things happen sometimes; and it's good for the like of us to be a long way from evii tongues. They're saying now, ye've got that young Protestant girl from Peterport."

The good-natured Father Terence had uttered his first two sentences with the confidence of a man speaking truths of general acceptance. At that point where it may have occurred to him that he was making a personal application of general principles, and assuming a superiority which he was always diffident about asserting, his usual kindness of feeling came over him, and he went precipitately over the next sentence, and by the time he came to the last very important one, which contained the gist of his whole business, it might have appeared to be only a side observation to withdraw attention from the former.

Father Nicholas had been sitting with steady eyes fixed upon the speaker, and the most easy, well-bred (or elegant) air of listening; his ivory face being at all times a secure screen for any thing that was passing behind it, unless to a very keen sight, and only his eyes showing a little more fire than usual.

The elder having ceased to speak, he made answer.

"Scarcely a Protestant, Father Terence; she is baptized a Catholic" —

"I never hard that," said the elder. "She didn't get baptized to my own knowing."

"No, but she was baptized sixteen years ago, as your book shows."

"That's before I was in it."

"Yes, it was in Father Dale's time, and, if you'll be kind enough to look, you'll see it."

While the worthy old priest was arranging his thoughts upon this subject, and very likely preparing to express an opinion upon the extent of that authority which the Church had acquired by the secret administration of that sacrament, his informant was waiting to allow the information to take possession. When Father Terence began to speak, and had got so far as to say,—

"But first in the English Church, and brought up, and *is*" —, then he was gently interrupted,—

"If you please, Reverend Father, I have only told half my story yet. Will you allow me to tell the rest? You know it as well as I, or better, but when it's all put together, it may make a different impression from any that you have had. We all know her mother for an apostate; to save her child would be a triumph" —

"There's many's the one's the same way, then," interrupted the elder in his turn.

"Happily, as I have good reason to know, she very recently put herself, of her own accord, in the way to be reconciled. If she had drawn back afterward, in fever or in fear of the step that she was taking, it would have been merey not to let her be lost, through any such weakness. If we had taken *any* means to secure her, it would have been simply duty; but as the girl is missing, we need not speculate upon what might have been. Let it be a consolation to you, Father Terence, and to any Catholic that is interested in one so related to the Church, that she was baptized in infancy, and had made an effort to be recon-

eiled. That suspicion should have turned from you to me, does not surprise me. They will suspect, and, finding it impossible long to suspect you, they put one less known, and less generally esteemed, in your stead."

He did not stop at this point; but hastened to touch a subject of importance which had, perhaps, slipped from Father Terence's mind.

"You speak truly of the caution and distance to be observed, as regards persons of the other sex. My dear Father Terence, if there were any thing dangerous or improper in a priest exercising his sacred function singly, (and I grant the propriety of always being associated with another priest in the work, according to the rule and practice of the Society,) yet how is it that so much care and labor and responsibility, in regard to these Sisters, has been thrown upon me against my wish? I do not complain; I might not have mentioned it now, except for what has been said; but I am sure that not only it would have been the greatest pleasure to me, as well as privilege to them, but, also, I have repeatedly begged, in person, the favor of Father O'Toole's joint and superior supervision. I should be very glad to hope that hereafter it might be secured."

The assault was fairly turned upon the dignitary, whether by accident of war or by Father Nicholas's skill; and the good-natured man began to defend himself.

"It's true I did not do much in that way this while back. The truth is, I don't fancy that sort of work, when it doesn't come pat in my way. In parish-duty it's my desire to be diligent; but I'm not accustomed to females, and I'm not for having charge of a House o' them."

"Pray forgive me," said the other priest, "it isn't for me to call you to account, or to complain.—Is our Peter-

port man happy in his place? I can't find out any thing, pleasantly, from him."

"Faith, then, I'd forgotten him; he'll take care of himself, a bit; but I mustn't leave him too long, this way."

"Don't allow me to detain you," said Father Nicholas; "but you had some business with me, I think. I fear I've interrupted it."

The elder priest looked disconcerted.

"Will ye see him yourself, then?" he asked, gathering himself out of his seat, and preparing to go. Father Nicholas rose politely; but with a changed expression.

"I thought there had been some modest and charitable suggestion of Debreë's," said he; "he's a young gentleman that will need to be taught his place. If you'll allow me, I'll come down. I'll follow you directly, Father Terence."

And Father Terence took his leave.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE THREE PRIESTS TOGETHER.

THE good-natured Father Terence came hastily back from his visit up stairs to Father Nicholas, and prepared his guest for what he himself seemed to consider a formidable interview, by announcing, in a rather flurried way,—

“Himself’s coming, but don’t heed him.”

Whoever has waited for an encounter, of the sort that was now approaching, has felt the nervous excitement to which Father Debree’s face, slightly flushed as it was, and his kindling eye, gave witness in him. The elder priest seemed to feel like one who had innocently opened a flood-gate, or set some formidable machinery in motion which he knew not how to stop, and could only stand and look upon, as it rushed on.

“I’m not concerned about meeting him,” said the younger; and, as he spoke, Father Nicholas came in.

The contrast in personal appearance between the two men who were about to meet, was very noticeable. Father Debree looked as if his soul were woven into the whole substance of his body. There was a nobleness of air and manner about him that at once engaged one’s confidence; and his face, full of earnestness, and his clear eye, had yet a gentleness that showed a living sympathy which is very winning to love. Father Nicholas was handsome

beyond the common range, intelligent and thoughtful-looking,—giving one, indeed, the impression that there was might in him ; and yet there was a feeling, also, that within him were unseen, doubtful depths, such as some people trust them to and others shrink from, by simple intuition.

So much was on the outside of the two men ; and at the moment, while Father Debree had a slight flush upon his cheek, and in his eye a fire, as we have said, Father Nicholas came into the room and saluted him, (after bowing to the elder priest,) with his usual look of self-possession and his usual paleness ; though perhaps his eye flashed and his mouth was a little compressed.

“ I may come to my business without preface, I suppose,” said the latter. “ I believe you have taken upon yourself to speak to Father O’Toole of suspicions entertained of me in Peterport. I am not much concerned about the public opinion of that intelligent town ; but I think I have a right to ask on what ground you have become their representative and spokesman.”

“ Ay, and don’t be warm, Father Nicholas, either ; sure it’s asy speaking of things in a quiet way,” said Father O’Toole.

“ I have mentioned the reports current,” said Father Debree, “ as deserving, in my opinion, to be counted of importance to the Church, and of still greater importance to right and justice.”

“ Allow me to inquire how.”

“ To the Church, because its ministers are implicated, by general suspicion, in a cruel outrage ; and to right and justice, because, whether there is any ground for the suspicion or not, full investigation ought to be demanded, and every assistance given to an investigation.”

“Let us take things quietly, as the Very Reverend Father O’Toole recommends. Suppose the Church’s ministers *are* implicated, (we went over much the same ground the other day,) is that any thing new, or strange, or bad, in itself? *Væ vobis cum benedixerint,—beati cum maledixerint.** As to right and justice, in case we *had* this girl, or had control over her, I suppose we might fairly claim to know something of them, and to care something for them. I suppose, too, that the ‘ministers of the Church’ (as you say) have some rights which are of value, as well as others. I suppose their freedom and independence to be of some consequence to themselves and the Church, and, in my own person, would not yield an inch, or a hair’s breadth, the rights of my order. If one of us foolishly put himself into their hands, on their demand, others will be at their mercy, forever after. For the Church—I think she is strong enough to stand, for some years yet, all the blasting of men’s breath; and that she would be no gainer if her priests were at the beck of the multitude of her enemies.”

Father Debree answered:—

“I cannot see how innocent men can have any other feeling than a desire for a thorough searching where they have been unjustly suspected, and where, in them, a sacred cause suffers suspicion; and I cannot see how private right has any thing to fear in such a case;—and where a quiet and kind-hearted people are touched and hurt in their best feelings; and more, where a family is suffering the greatest sorrow that can afflict human hearts,—the loss, by some uncertain fate, of its very fairest and dearest, its joy and its crown,—it does not seem to me too much to expect of any who have it in their power to

* Woe to you when they shall have blessed you! happy shall ye be when they shall have cursed you!

throw light into the uncertain horror that surrounds those innocent mourners, that they will not rest until they have done what in them lies to clear it up."

"That's well said," exclaimed Father Terence, who was leaning forward on the arms of his chair, while the others stood facing each other—"and the right feeling, too!"

Father Nicholas listened devoutly to the old Priest's words, and then said, with a bend of the body,—

"With your leave, Father Terence! As to guilt or innocence, I have no thought of pleading here; but of my fit course of action, under the suspicions held of me, I shall crave leave to judge. I am by no means prepared to say that I should consider any human affections in comparison with the saving of a soul, if I were called to determine between the two. In this case, however, as it happens, I have not been gloating over the sorrows of parents whom I had plunged in mourning, but have done what was necessary to relieve them from uncertainty, as far as respects myself.—What do you think of that, sir?" he concluded, putting a paper into Father Debrée's hand. It was a copy of a Conception-Bay weekly newspaper, published the day before; and it was folded so as to expose a particular portion, to which, also, he pointed with his finger. The other read the paper attentively and carefully, having first glanced from the top to the bottom, as to a signature. He then returned it, with a bow, without comment.

"I beg pardon, Father Terence, for using this paper before making you acquainted with its contents, if you'll allow me, I will read it."

"Ah! then, it's bad enough having words, let alone writing."

"Perhaps, if you'll be kind enough to hear this read,

you may not think ill of it, Father Terence"—and looking up at the elder priest, and taking his assent for granted, Father Nicholas read as follows :—

“ Bay-Harbor, ss. Northern District of Newfoundland, }
— Day of August, in the Year of our Lord, —. }

“ Then personally appeared before me, Peter McMannikin, Justice of the Peace, &c. &c. Nicholas Crampton, a priest of the Catholic Church, residing in the Mission-Premises, in said Bay-Harbor, and being duly sworn, doth, upon his oath, depose and say that he, the said deponent, has understood and believes that a young female has lately disappeared, and is now missing from the harbor of Peterport, in Conception-Bay, and that he, the said deponent, has been, or is suspected by many persons in said Peterport and elsewhere, of having been or being concerned, with others, in the keeping of said young person from her friends ; and that he, the said deponent, does not know, and has no means of knowing, where the said young person is, nor whether she is living or dead ; nor does he know any persons or person who can give such information ; and that he is thoroughly acquainted with every part of the Mission-Premises in Bay-Harbor, and with the building occupied by certain nuns, upon those premises ; and is fully convinced that she is not in or upon such premises, in any way ; and said deponent further, upon oath, doth declare and say, that if he, the said deponent, knew where the said young person was, or what had become of her, or who could give information about her, he would declare it.

Given under, &c. PETER McMANNIKIN.”

“ I, Nicholas Crampton, the deponent aforesaid, having read the above, do sign it, in token that it is a true copy of the deposition by me made.

August —, A. D.—. NICHOLAS CRAMPTON.”

"I'm glad to hear ye say that much, anny way," said Father Terence.

"Is the Reverend Mr. Debree satisfied?" asked the reader.

"I can't see that it denies her having *been* upon these premises," said the person appealed to.

"You've a sharp eye for flaws, and are not disposed to release a brother priest from suspicion, too easily," said Father Nicholas, sneering.

"Ah! then," said the kindly Father Terence, "ye shouldn't doubt his meaning."

"I should be glad to know," said Father Nicholas, "if I am to be badgered in this way by a priest not only younger than myself, but one whose recent admission and inexperience in the Church might be expected to teach him modesty, or, at least, reserve, in the expression of his opinions, and giving of his advice to those who are both his elders, and his superiors in the sacred office."

"Indeed that wouldn't be good of anny one," said Father Terence; "but sure I never saw it on him."

Father Nicholas continued: "There may be license in the Anglican sect, which does not exist in the Catholic Church. It must be remembered, always, that here there is subordination. Whether your way is likely to advance you in the Church, you must judge; but as far as regards myself, I am not disposed to allow a censorship of my actions, which, if intended, and persisted in, would seem to be nothing but deliberate impertinence."

"Stay, brother," said Father Terence; "I never knew a man the better, yet, of having hard words thrown at him; and ye'll do well to mind that there's older, again, than yourself in it; and Father Debree is a guest of my own the same time."

"Thank you, Father Terence," said the Peterport clergyman; "I'm sure that any manly truth and honesty will find encouragement from you. I cannot say what influence my having a conscience, and using my tongue, may have upon my prospects in the Church; but if, to advance in it, I must barter away my English love of honesty and plain speaking, I will never purchase success at such a price. There is not the man living, so far as I know, to whom, if I felt it my duty to tell him that he had done wrong, I should hesitate to say it; while I will never, knowingly, fail of the respect and duty which belong to those who are above me."

Father Nicholas kept his eyes fixed upon the speaker, in a steady gaze, while a smile of sarcasm came slowly about his mouth. Father Debreë colored more deeply.

"Since a sort of fraternal inquisition seems to be in vogue with us, allow me to take my turn for a moment. Does my strictly-conscientious reverend brother happen to know where one Helen Mary, (or whatever she was called,) not long since a postulant in the Presentation Convent at Lisbon, and who ran away from it, is, at this present moment?"

The person addressed started at the mention of the name, and became instantly pale; such an effect had it upon him, that his frame seemed coming together.

"It may be necessary to remind you, Father Terence," said Father Nicholas, "that this lady is the Mrs. Barrè whom you have heard of. I believe my reverend brother's susceptible conscience has been so occupied in imputing fault to his neighbor, as to have forgotten the danger of scandal to the church from a much nearer quarter."

"Ah! what's this, then?" asked Father Terence, turning a pained and alarmed look upon the priest from Pe-

terport ; " I don't know what ye mean, at all, Father Nicholas ; I'm sure there's no harm in him."

" Far be it from me to say that there's any harm in him ; but, perhaps, when you hear more, you may incline to think that the circumstances are such as to make it important, as he says, to the Church, and to right and justice, that an explanation should be made of them. I doubt whether he has thought of mentioning the circumstance to you, but I have reason to know that this lady is comfortably settled within his limits, and within a very short distance of him."

" This is a strange story !" said Father O'Toole, sitting uneasily.

" I also know that she is living in Peterport," answered the priest from that place, " and I—— "

" But how is this ? Sure, ye wouldn't be bringing her there to be a snare to yerself, and a scandal to the Church !"

" No ; that is just what I have not done ; and what you, Father Terence, at least, would not suspect me of. It is by no action or wish of mine that she is there ; and it was to my entire astonishment that I first learned the fact."

" You seem to have suffered it to grow into a more than nine-days' wonder," said Father Nicholas. " Of course, I do not say that there's any harm in it ; but it is well known in that intelligent community, which, as he says, has devoted so much of its attention to my humbleness, that several meetings and conversations, of various character, have had place between this lady and the Reverend Father Debree. I, of course, know nothing of their nature, whether *in the Confessional* or in private houses, or elsewhere."

"Does she come to the confessional, then?" asked Father O'Toole, very ready to subside out of his alarm and uneasiness. "Sure I think ye've got, in a manner, the bit between her teeth—to use a figure of speech—and ye can bring all right."

"It wouldn't appear that she has any disposition to come back into the bosom of the Church," said Father Nicholas; "she *seems*, indeed, to have 'the bit between her teeth.'"

"Ah! then, it's a bad thing having any thing to do with her; and I wonder, indeed, you didn't mention it to myself," said the old priest, addressing Father Debrece gravely, and twirling his thumbs over each other.

The younger man was much agitated.

"I haven't done that, I confess," said he; "I tried to speak of it the other day. I have never met with her of my own will; and in whatever I have said to her my conscience is clear, before God, that I have spoken as became a Christian priest."

"I believe ye, man; and is this it, then, ye were wishing to speak about that time? but couldn't ye write me, the way I could give ye a bit of advice? It's not fit to go on, the way it is, in my opinion;—but how would she come to confession, and she not wishing to be reconciled?" As Father Terence added this, he glanced from one of the younger priests to the other. Father Debrece stood silent. Father Nicholas answered, in a subdued tone:—

"I fear the gossip or the scandal of the place might assign motives, the least harmful of which would be a wish to assail the *faith* of the father confessor; a more directly personal and more material motive *might* be insinuated."

“I think y’are not kind, some way, Father Nicholas,” said the elder.

Father Debree’s expression and manner changed at the remark from his brother priest, to which the kind-hearted old man had just taken exception. All hesitation disappeared at once, and an indignant look took possession of his face, and he stood straight up to confront the speaker.

“You have tampered with the sacred privacy of the place, then?” he said. “Some ears have been listening for you—(I care not whose)—where only two mortal beings have a right to hear, and if so, you know well the falsehood of any insinuation that you may make against the character of my involuntary intercourse with that person; and I have a right to trust to a reputation without blemish or reproach, and to an honest open conversation in the world for my defence, with those who have known me, or who have hearts like Father Terence’s, against any such insinuation.”

“I’ve made no insinuation, I believe; I have merely suggested the suspicions that might be held in the world; and it would seem from my reverend brother’s intentional or unintentional admission, that there is ground, in fact, for the suspicion upon one or other of the points suggested.”

Though this was said in a very gentle tone, there was a subtle emphasis, here and there, that made one feel a sharp edge through the soft manner.

“I think, now, we’ve had enough,” said Father O’Toole. “Ye say y’ave made no insinuation; and, indeed, I don’t know how anny one would make them, after hearing himself; and sure, Father Igratius, can’t ye say the same, when y’are after hearing him read the paper a while ago?”

"If Father Nicholas had thought fit to make—(what I have not asked, but what the case appears to ask)—as full a disclaimer as I have made, myself, I should take his word for it; but, in the mean time, knowing, as I do, sufficient evidence to carry an appearance of probability with it, I must reserve my opinion. I should scarcely suppose that the publication of that paper,—omitting the two or three important words that would assure the reader of the Deponent's *never* having had any control over the missing, or known of her whereabouts,—would satisfy the public, or her friends."

"To apply your rule," said Father Nicholas, "I might say that you seem to be in the confidence of those without; to have sat '*in ecclesia malignantium* ;'* but I think with the Very Reverend Father O'Toole, that we have had enough of this.—I will take care of myself; I hope you will take care of yourself. At the worst, the charge against me involves only an excess of zeal in behalf of the one, only Church of God, and the souls of men. I am clear of any imputation upon my moral character *in any other respect*."

"I hope so, indeed," said Father Terence, looking like one who saw the clouds beginning to lift; "but it's not good to have too much zeal, either; and there's not a ha'p'orth against our brother, here, unless, maybe, it's a little thoughtfulness was wanting; and, sure, I wasn't always thoughtful myself; and I think none of us was."

Father Nicholas spoke again:—

"As for the unhappy person who has been the subject of a part of our conversation, she has thrust herself into the way of the advancing Church of God. The weight is already on her; she will be crushed! I hope no one else will be caught in her ruin."

* In the assembly of the malignant.

“Is it, indeed, a car of Juggernaut that we would make it?” said Father Ignatius, repeating, perhaps involuntarily, an expression which had been lately used to himself, in bitterness of heart. “I would never be a priest, if, in order to it, I must cease to be a man.”

“God forbid!” said the kind-hearted old priest to Father Nicholas’s dark augury,—not having heeded what was said afterwards. “We wouldn’t wish her any harm, poor thing! But we’ll just talk it over a bit, by-and-by.”

“Then I won’t be a hinderance to your counsels,” said Father Nicholas; and, bowing gravely and formally, left the room.

“And I’ll tell you what we’ll do,” said the elder, as the other went; “have you nothing to do with her, if she seeks ye itself; and, if she stays there, we’ll get ye away, after a bit; it’ll be best; and I’ll not ask ye to tell me anny thing more about it.”

As he said this, he stroked down his respectable and kindly-looking locks, behind, and took his homely pipe.

“I would rather tell you the whole thing,” said the younger priest; and he accordingly gave an account of his first and the other meetings with Mrs. Barrè, of which the reader has already been informed.

He spoke into friendly ears, and spoke without hiding his strong feeling, though not without controlling it; and Father Terence, having heard him, with sympathy, to the end, said, much as before, “Ye mustn’t be there, if she stays in it.”

CHAPTER XL.

A MIRACLE.

WE left judicial matters at Bay-Harbor just as Mr. Attorney-general Kay, having had both Mr. Bangs and Ladford at his lodgings, had determined to issue a warrant.

There is always, in the public mind of a community excited for many days together,—as that of Conception-Bay, and especially of Bay-Harbor, had been,—a disposition to expect something; and the presence of attorney-general and sheriff's deputy among them, just at this time, occasioned a general ferment among both Roman Catholics and all others.

Rumors, of course, were abundant, within a few hours after their landing. It was said that a large military force was to be called out, in case of need; that the three judges were to assemble in Bay-Harbor; that five hundred special constables had been sworn in; that the Governor was coming down; that all the English clergy in the Bay had publicly requested their flocks to resort to the scene of expected operations; that the Roman Catholic clergy had denounced, from the altar, the judges and officers of the law, and all who might aid or abet them.

In the mean time, however, there was no appearance of extraordinary activity in either attorney-general or

deputy sheriff; no troops marched through the streets; no crowds from abroad gathered; and so the day passed by with no more serious disturbance of the peace than a rough word or so, between occasional Peterport men and others, and, before evening, the expectation of the public had much cooled.

Mr. Bangs, returning in the afternoon, after several days' absence, repaired, like a dutiful disciple, to the feet of Father O'Toole, for religious instruction; slipping off (so to speak) the attire of travel and trade, and putting on the garb of meek and lowly scholarship. Some ripples of the restless sea of public opinion must, of course, make their way into this usually quiet retreat, for the wind blew this way; but, however it may have been with any other inmates, Father O'Toole showed little feeling of the disturbance without. With a peaceful equanimity, he held his place, and went about his duty, as aforetime. All the edifying and instructive conversation that occupied that afternoon, we cannot repeat; we keep to that which concerns and influenced our plot.

After tea, to which the hearty man pressed his convert, the American "wondered whether he couldn't go 'n ex'cise, a spell, 'n th' chapil;" and, after the explanation which was necessary for the worthy priest,—who was not familiar with the phrase,—he secured the key, and left his instructor to his evening pipe.

It was not long before Mr. Bangs returned, without his hat, in haste, and said he "wanted jes' to ask a question 't was on his mind. Father O'Toole," said he, "d' they *ever* have mirycles, or what not, 'n your church?"

"Why, what d'ye mean, then?" said Father O'Toole, disturbed by the excited look and manner of his disciple. "There's many o' them in it, but it's not every one sees them."

"Wall, Father O'Toole, what d' they look like?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"Oh, all sorts o' things they look like! Sure, I couldn't mind the one half o' them."

"Can pickchers do 'em?"

"Indeed, it's pictures does the most o' them, by all accounts."

"Wall, I tell ye what,—f you b'lieve it,—that pickcher o' your's there ain't a faint attempt! 'T must be one o' the pre-Adamite school, or a real Rayfael, 't Cap'n Stiles's son used to talk about, b'fore he got int' the regular business o' painting carts, 'n' wagons, 'n' barns —b't, 's I's sayin'; I guess ye'll think I've seen a mirycele!"

"Y'are dreamin', man, I think!"

"I'm ruther wide awake, mos' gen'ally; but the' wus a round, bright place on the wall, b' that pickcher, 's big as ——."

"'Twas the moon, it was," said the Priest, getting more interested.

"'Twould 'a' ben a mirycele, any way; for the moon ain't up; an' 'nother, too, 'f ye c'd see it through the wall."

"It must have been a reflection of it, some way ye know there's eclipses and changes; an' some o' them 's very quare, too, an' only come round once in a while."

"I'm aware o' that, Father O'Toole," said the American; "b't I wish ye'd jes' step over, 'f 'taint too much trouble, 'n' take a look at it;—I come right off."

Father O'Toole complied, and the two went.

"I ruther laughed at winkin' pickchers, one spell," said the disciple, by the way; "but 't'll be a startlin' sound 't the Day 'Judgment t' hear a pickcher singin' out 'Look a' here! I winked at ye, but ye wouldn't repent.'"

Out of doors that night the stars and their surrounding darkness had the whole heavens to themselves,—no moon was there. So clear, however, was the air, that the night was not dark; and it was cool enough, with the fresh breath of the sea, to make a good draught of it a comfort. The dogs seemed to enjoy it, and kept it in continual stir with their antiphonal barking; throwing all through it a melody as musical as that of some of the best Italian boatmen, who breathe their lungs as stoutly as they stretch their brawny arms, deforming Tasso's stately rhymes with their coarse speech, and making the deformity all filthy with foul garlie. The worst point in the vocal efforts of our dogs is their remitting, but unwearied and unending noisiness.

The occasional clink or thump of something on board a vessel, or the steady plying of some patient oars, falls pleasantly on the ear in this calm night.

Father Terence and his companion made their way hastily through the dusk over the short distance that separated them from the chapel.

"Here's where I was," said Mr. Bangs, in a reverential and agitated whisper, groping in the darkness of the place. "Shouldn't want t' go 'ny nigher;" and he went down dump upon his knees. "Wunt you jes' take hold an' lift up, Father O'Toole?"

"An' what's it y'are afther, then?" asked the Priest.

"Why, 'f 'taint to' much trouble, Father O'Toole," whispered Mr. Bangs, in an agitated voice, "t' take f'r a man, (an' 'n American, 't's jest steppin' on t' the Catholic platform,) wunt you jest jine 'n prayer,—'n Lat'n or Greek, or what not, 'f ye want to, c'nsidevin' ye're a priest,—can't do 'ny harm to pray, certin';—'ve got a bundle here, 'll be k'nd o' soft f' yer knees; 'n 'f you'll

kip a liftin' up pray'rs 'n' supplications fo' me, (Elnathan Bangs, ye know,) I'll be a kneelin' a little ways off f'm ye, I'k' the publican."

"Indeed, an' there's no harm 'n a few prayers, as ye were sayin', Mr. Bangs; an' it's the Catholics are the great prayers," said Father O'Toole, whose preparations for going down upon his knees, as well as could be judged by the ear, in the dark, were as deliberate and on as large a scale as those of a horse.

"F' ye wunt think hard o' me f' mentionin' it, 'don't b'lieve 't'll be a prayer, or two, 't'll do. 'T must be a c'ntinuin' on, luk Moses on Mount Hur, 'en Aaron took 'n' boosted 'm up," urged the convert, in a whisper, again.

Before the Priest had addressed himself fairly to his work, but, as it seemed, after he had got to a lower posture, he snuffed the air and said:—

"Mr. Bangs, had ye the incense-boat, when ye wor in it? or what's this warrm smell I feel, like something hatin', I'd like to know."

"Wall, that's curi's; I haven't had 'ny boat 'r ship, 'thout it's wo'ship. Somethin' heatin', ye say? It's 's dark 's Egypt; 'n' I've heard Muther Byles Slack, 'n 'e 's d'liv'rin' a Fourth o' July oration, talk 'bout 'simmerin' * darkness; ' b't 'never thought 'sh'd live t' see it," said Mr. Bangs. "Le's pray!"

Intense silence followed, and darkness most intense continued. The great crowd of a Sunday or a high festival, with smoking incense and pealing song, could not be more impressive. A deep, steady breathing, growing slower, and deeper, and steadier, began to be heard from Father Terence.

* Cimmerian?

Presently a loud crash startled the priest, and he exclaimed:—

“Mr. Bangs! What’s this?”

“’Mirycle’s c’mmencin’, likely,” answered the American, in an excited whisper; “heard a voice a spell ago callin’ me by name, as plain ’s I hear you; ’t seemed t’ be a voice o’ c’nsid’ble power, but ruther softened, sayin’ ‘Mister Bangs!’”

“That’s like the Praste, Haly,* in the temple! Indeed, it’s a wonder but it ’ll say more t’ye. Ave Maria! gratiæ plena.” †

“Haly?” asked Mr. Bangs; “’T couldn’t ’a’ ben one o’ the Haleys down t’ Salem, ’twas a priest. Oh! ’n the Temple o’ Solomon, ye say, Father O’Toole?—Wall—”

At this moment something happened which restored the intense silence that had been broken, and made even the American a party to it. A light burst through or upon the wall, (or so it seemed,) on which the picture hung. Father O’Toole breathed hard, and then all was breathless. The light grew fixed and strong—a circle like a great halo. The light was darkened by an advancing figure,—it seemed of some animal. It took definite shape and was still, then suddenly disappeared.

“Why, ’e’s got hold o’ th’ wrong one!” exclaimed Mr. Bangs, in his whisper.

“Mater misericordiæ!” ‡ cried the Priest. “What’s this, at all! Oh, Holy Virgin! ’Twas one o’ the souls in Purrgat’ry I seen, in a figyer!”

“Why, ye don’t say!” answered the convert.

“’Twas, thin! It’s what we may all come to. ’Twas a rat I seen; its the way they look.”

* Heli, as the name reads in the Vulgate and Douay.

† Hail, Mary, full of grace!

‡ Mother of Mercy!

"Ye saw a rat! Wall, I've heard o' *smellin'* a rat; I'm glad 'twa'n't 'fensive t' yer olfact'ries, 'm sure."

"How d'ye be able to talk that way, an' you seein' what ye seen!" said the priest, sternly.

At this point, again, all conversation was interrupted by what followed in the lighted circle.

Again the light was dimmed by an advancing figure; this time, of a lady; and as it stood still and became more distinct, Father Terence exclaimed, in a tone of the strongest feeling—

"It's Herself 's in it! Oh! Virgo Excellens! Virgo Præclara!"*

"'N Purgytory? 'Thought yer reg'lar saints didn't go into it," said Mr. Bangs, in spite of the excitement and terror that appeared in his voice, yet finding exercise for his tongue. "'Guess that ain't Purgytory, Father O'Toole."

"She's often in it, then—(Ave Maria! Turris Eburnea! Turris David! Virgo Virginum! †)—every Saturday, ‡ (Refugium Peccatorum! §) an' other times, to take out souls."

The figure, though not perfectly distinct, certainly did seem to wear the dress and had the air of the Virgin in the picture. Another figure began to show itself, and was watched, doubtless, with fearful intentness; the silence was as perfect as before. It was a kneeling man.

"It's a praste!" said Father O'Toole, in a low voice; and both were silent.

"W' 't looks amazin' like——."

* Virgin excellent! Virgin most noble!

† Hail Mary! Ivory Tower! Tower of David! Virgin of Virgins!

‡ This is affirmed by more than one pope, upon the authority of special revelations.

§ Refuge of Sinners!

“Don’t say it, then!” interrupted Father Terence, with the most excited earnestness. “Oh! whatever ’ll I do, at all! To be honored this a way! An’ her with a crown in her hand!”

“W’ I couldn’t stand it ’f ’twus me; ’sh’d go right off, in a minit,” said Mr. Bangs.

Another figure of a man slowly appeared; the figure of the priest receded. The new shape came forward, slowly, and as it grew entire and clear, showed itself to be sitting in an easy attitude, with a (comparatively) modern hat in its lap. It stopped. The head received the crown which had been waiting in the Virgin’s hand.

“’t jest fits him!” said the admiring Mr. Bangs, “looks handsome in it, too! Ruther prom’n’t chap, sh’d judge.”

“It’s ye’rself, *that* is, anny way,” said the Priest; “an’ the crown manes that meself ’s the instrument o’ savin’ yer soul! Ah! if Father Nicholas was in it! and the rest o’ them! D’ye see it’s ye’rself, Mr. Bangs?—Indade, I’m thinkin’ the man ’s killed!” The last words were added as he got no answer.

“’Tain’t poss—wh’ look a’ here! Wall, I never!” cried the American in confused alarm, after a pause in which he seemed wrestling with his feelings.

The apparition disappeared; and all was dark; and in that quarter, and in others, a noise was heard, though not a crash, like that which had preceded the miraculous exhibition.

There seemed a visionary or spectral flight along the floor. There was a rattling and clinking, as in other apparitions (it may have been a sound of chains); and, as in other apparitions, the door of the chapel opened violently, and shut with the same violence, twice;—and all was still within.

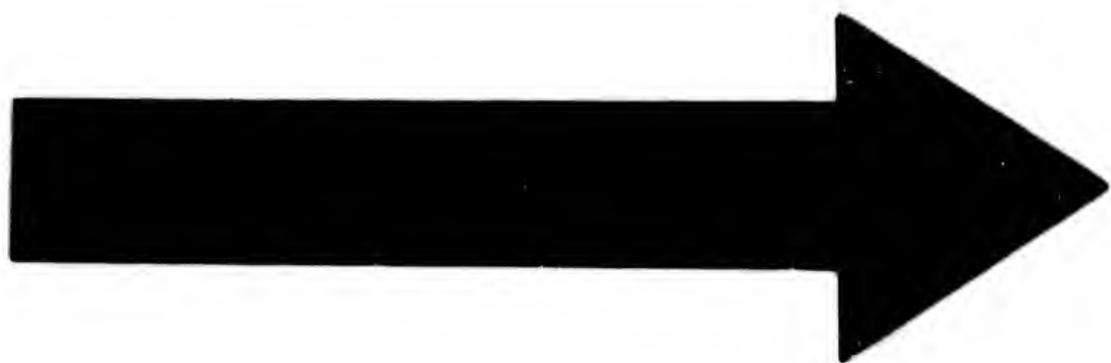
The spectral flight was continued on the outside of the chapel, and even two spectral figures might have been seen crossing the open ground.

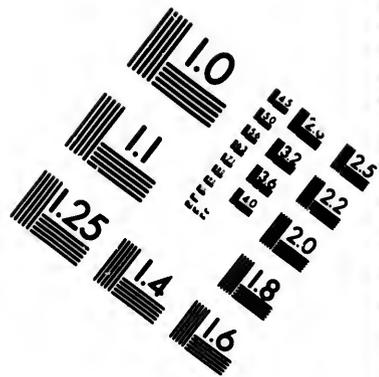
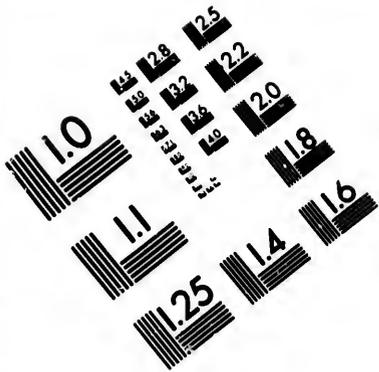
"Look a' here! Mr. Frank," said one of them to the other. "How, under the canopy, d'd you git that glass, 'th th' rat on it, in? Didn't know 'twas there. Wall, hold on, now! Must let the folks all know 'bout the miryale, 'n' send 'em over." With these words the spectral figure went up to the door of the nunnery, and began to knock, earnestly. The moon was now near to rising; and a silver largess was scattered before its car.

"T's Mr. Bangs 't Father Terence 's ben convertin', Miss Jerushy—I mean sister Theresy,—(I'm all of a heap,) miryale, over here, 't chapil! miryale! miryale!" (a shriek came from within, followed by another, and then another.) "Father O'Toole wants every b'dy over; 'd have sent a lady, 'f the'd ben one. Right over here, 't the chapil! Wants ye all f' witnesses!"

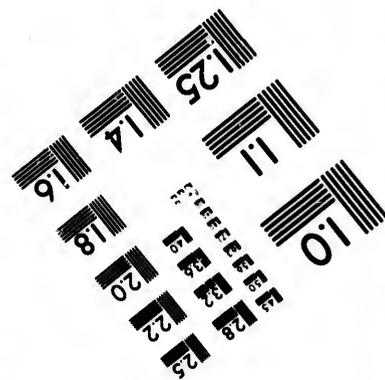
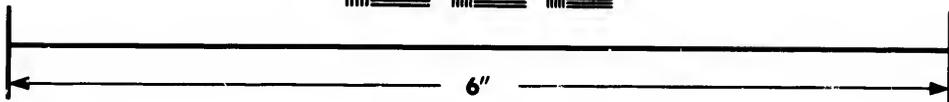
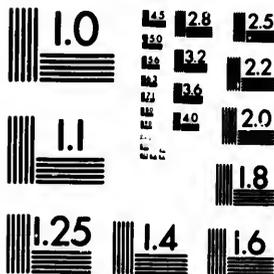
Presently there was another hurtling in the air; and spectral flight of many figures darker than night in which they moved, towards the miracle-holding chapel. The nuns left their own quarters to loneliness and silence.







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CHAPTER XLI.

THE EXAMINATION IN FATHER O'TOOLE'S LIBRARY.

IN the twilight of that evening, as the town, (except for the sounds that we have mentioned,) lay still, a man had been going round, outside the Mission grounds; here in a thoroughfare, there over rough ground, stopping a moment, here and there, with men who came to him out of darkness, and went back to it again. He walked fast along the whole front and a little beyond; across the street, and a like distance there, and a little way down two cross streets.

"Here's a pretty go!" exclaimed he, as he got back and stationed himself, restlessly, near the middle of the front, after examining his neighborhood pretty carefully. "There he is, I believe; he'd be a pretty sentry, wouldn't he?" he ended, going toward a man who was approaching from the end of a cross-street, a little way up.

"Ain't you a jolly fellow?" he asked, in a cautious way but very plainly, "if they had you in the army, they'd make nothing o' shooting you, just as you'd shoot a seal. "What did you go away for? and where's Isaac?"

At this address the other stood aghast and made no answer, scratching the side of his fur cap.

"Where have you been now? To see if the boat's safe?" renewed his examiner.

"Why, Isaac's gone after 'em and I sid 'em, Skipper Ch——"

"Whist, now! you can't remember a thing, Jesse. Have you got my handkerchief?"

"No, I never makes use of one, Mister Gal——."

"There you go, again; don't call me names; but why can't you remember the watchword, like all the rest?"

"So I does, 'Have you got my handkerchief?' Oh! I sis,—" said the speaker, catching himself up, "you wants I to give the answer: 'Tom Jones'——"

"That'll do; if ever they tells you they'll give you your life, if you'll tell 'em your name before they can say Jack Robinson, you'll say, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but I'm mistaken if you think of Jesse. Well what did you see, then? The ark of bulrushes?"

"Wull," said Jesse, vindicating himself, "ef I can't talk, I can do my work; I suppose I've sid all that's abin sid. However, I sid 'em, all go through this way, and had somebody along wi 'em."

"Come, then, Jesse, where did they come from? Through that gate?"

"Is, an' some soart of a carriage wi'em."

"Good! That is to the point: men?" inquired Skipper Charlie.

"Both."

"How long ago?"

"A matter of ten minutes, mubbe, it was; but I can't say how many——"

"And nobody's come back?"

"No."

During this colloquy, the Peterport constable had

never ceased directing quick looks towards the cross-street before referred to, (if it may be called a street,) and just about this point, he thrust Jesse suddenly down, in a heap, upon the ground, pulled down his own hat and giving a limp to his right leg, began to walk slowly across the highway.

With a sound of his footsteps going before him, a man soon emerged from shadow, who coming far enough out of his way to look upon our limping friend, showed himself, at the same time, to be Father Nicholas, and then passed through the gateway. By and by came along two dark female figures, like nuns, and followed the same course, except that they did not diverge in the direction of the constable.

Shortly after, a body of men silently and swiftly came along the street; and Gilpin, saying "Here's the Deputy-sheriff and his men! stay here, Jesse; I'll be back in a giffey!" ran down towards the water.

The sheriff's party came straight up to the fence inclosing the Mission-premises; and there halted for some minutes.

The delay enabled the Peterport constable to accomplish his errand; and he got back again, just as the last of them was going through the gate. He was about to follow when information from Jesse that "he heard Mr. Banks's voice over 'tother w'y, and a great noise," led him in that direction.

Sounds from the chapel, as of attempts at the door, and confused voices, grew louder and were multiplied, and as they rose, the voice of the American began to be heard again, within the nun's building, and a loud female cry, also. Mr. Bangs was addressing, apparently, some one with whom he was walking.

"That's someb'dy carry'n' on 'bout the mirycle, likely. Shouldn't wonder 'f she'd ben left behind, 'n' got accident'ly locked up. She'll keep, I ruther guess. 'T's over t' th' church, he wants you, Holy Father."

"What do you mean by a miracle?" impatiently asked a voice which any person, who knew it, might at once have recognized as that of Father Nicholas.

"Wall, 'taint f' me t' say; sh'd judge 't 'd be more accord'n' t' th' laws o' science fo' you t' tell me. I'm on'y jest learnin'!—The ladies, here, 'v' all gone over t' see it."

"Absurdity!" exclaimed the priest; but the intelligence seemed to have quickened his motions, and saying "I must put a stop to this," he came forth into the air, leaving the shouting female to console herself.

"In the King's name! You're my prisoner, Father Nicholas Crampton; rescue or no rescue!" said one of several men who met him as he came out.

"We'll see about that, my friend," said Father Nicholas, with his usual self-possession, "You'll have the kindness to take me to the nearest magistrate, or, you'll have trouble."

"Wall! That ain't slow, fact!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, "W' where on earth d'd you come from, Mr. Galpin? Y' ain't a goin' t' take a holy priest pris'ner? Jest leave him 'th one o' yer men, there, will ye, a mirit?" Want t' speak 'th ye."

"Confine yourself to your own affairs, if you please," said Father Nicholas. "I want no interference with mine."

"Wall, 'f ye're p'tic'lar 'bout it, I will," said Mr. Bangs. "Look, a'here, Skipper,— 's the' call it,"—continued he, as the constable drew aside with him, "'twunt

be ne's'ry, I guess, f' you to go a searchin' th' buildin'. I've jest ben all through it, fr'm top to toe. That ain't Lucy Barbury, 't's singin' out; that's a k'nd 'f a lame gal, the' got there,—f'r help, likely,—'had t' lake 'n' lock her up, t' gi' me a chance. The' ain't 'ny sign o' Miss Barb'ry 'n th' whole place."

The American's extra official search was not quite satisfactory to the Sheriff, who directed that he should be taken into custody; and then, leaving the Head Constable to secure Father Terence and the nuns, took Father Nicholas and Sister Theresa to the presence of the Judge, who, with some of the district magistrates, had occupied Father Terence's library.

"Where's the Priest?" asked Gilpin.

"He's p'tielly engaged," said Mr. Bangs, who had not lost his tongue; "but you don't want him. He never 'd hurt anybody."

"He's wanted for witness," said the constable; "and you too, Mr. Banks."

"Wall, I know more 'bout it 'n he does; 'n' that ain't much. 'F the's anybody 't wouldn't do 'ny hurt to a flea 't's Father O'Toole."

They drew near to the Chapel; and the stout voice of Father Terence was heard, uplifted, behind the door:—

"Will no one open it, then? I fear we'll never recover him: it was just fit to die with the fright, he was!"

The nuns huddled and cackled about the fastened door; but there was not a hand among them that could find the key to turn it.

"Wh' how's this, ladies? Couldn't ye git in?" asked the American convert, as he drew near.

"And is that yerself, Mr. Bangs?" inquired the imprisoned priest.

"Wall, 't's what uset to be, I b'lieve, Father O'Toole."

"An' how d'ye be on the outside, an' the door locked between?"

"That *is* a question, fact.—They' got me under arrest," he added, turning from Past to Present.

It may be supposed that what had already happened, not far off, including the arrest of Father Nicholas, had not been unobserved by the nuns; but between the miracle, and Father O'Toole imprisoned, on the one side, and the alarming doings on the other, they had quite lost control of themselves. At the word "arrest," they all turned about with a new alarm, and fled again, (*velut examen*), swarming over, to their hive.

Father O'Toole was released immediately, by the constable, and was a good deal bewildered, as he reached the open air.

Gilpin did his part respectfully, making his bow.

"I'm to ask you if you'll please come with me, sir," he said. "It's only a bit of evidence is wanting; and will you be good enough to ask all of those ladies to go along?"

Father Terence submitted, resignedly, to circumstances; and, having had the general state of things explained to him, secured the attendance of the nuns, and then, himself, accompanied the constable. Froyne clapped his hand with peculiar constabular unction and pretty heavy emphasis, on the "convert's" shoulder. Mr. Bangs rather led the constable than was led by him, as was intended.

The party went silently; but there were buzzings of gathering throngs of men, in different quarters, indicating that what had been done had not been done without being observed. Knots of men, also, were gathered in the street

in front of the Mission ; but none were permitted to enter ; and no disturbance was attempted.

The Judge and his assessors met the prisoners and witnesses standing ; and the former explained to Father Terence that he had not intended to take violent possession of his house ; but, if he had permission, thought it well to conduct as privately as possible, an examination which he was about to make, and which involved many or all of the occupants of the premises.

Father Terence thanked him for his consideration, and begged him to do as he pleased ; but said that he "was astonished at what was going on, any way."

The Judge and magistrates seated themselves, and the judge, having called for the papers, laid them open on the table before him, and ran over one of them with his eye. The Attorney-general stood by, in readiness.

The Sheriff having been directed to have the prisoners in the opposite room until called for, removed all but Father Terence, who was first examined. It was clear from the good priest's answers to a very few courteous questions of the Attorney-general, that he knew nothing that would throw any light, whatever, on the disappearance or fate of Lucy Barbury. He was at once discharged ; but by invitation of the judge, remained in the room. Attorney-general Kay waited till he was seated.

After a short questioning of Father Debee, the Judge said that he had seen no reason before, and saw none now, for supposing that he knew any thing of the case ; and he was discharged. The Attorney-general bowed.

Mr. Bangs being summoned and questioned, gave, in a characteristic way, and, at first, with a redundancy which the Judge found it necessary to repress, an account of his seeing the man and the women carrying, as it appeared,

some person from Mr. Urston's house down the cliff; and of his after experience in the nunnery. The gravity of the magistrates, and even of the Judge, was no armor of proof against some of his answers. His evidence occupied too much space to be inserted here. The substance of it is already known.

Sister Theresa was next called. From her it appeared, "the nuns often had strangers staying with them (women); that a girl, said to be out of her mind, had been brought to the house about eleven o'clock at night, on the fifteenth: by Father Nicholas's direction, only Sister Frances, the infirmarian, and Sister Agnes, ever saw her. She was gone on the twentieth. These nuns were away. Witness did not know where they were, nor whether they were to come back, or not."

The witness had not heard whether the sick girl was of another faith; and supposed she might, perhaps, have been such. Understood that on the night of the nineteenth she escaped, and the witness had not heard of her being recovered; but had been told by Father Nicholas that she could not be found. To a plain question whether she had ever in her mind thought that that girl was the one who was missing from Peterport, the Sister, very much affected, answered "Yes."—To farther questions, she said that she did not exactly know why she had thought so; certain coincidences of time and age, and the mystery that was kept about it, had probably suggested the thought; that she thought the girl might have been called by another name than that she commonly bore, or had previously borne.

There was an apparent simplicity and ingenuousness about the witness that would have satisfied any mind that what she said was all she knew. She was dismissed,

with a request to hold herself ready, for an hour, to be recalled, if there should be occasion.

The examination of the other nuns was very brief. As far as they had any information, their answers exactly agreed with Sister Theresa's testimony, and they were absolutely discharged.

Having ascertained that the Urstons had not arrived, the Crown proceeded to examine Father Nicholas; pre-facing his questions, as in the case of Sister Theresa, with an expression of regret for the occasion. The Priest was not put upon oath; and it was explained to him that "he need not bring himself into danger by answering; and though a prisoner had no *right* to counsel, he would have the privilege, if he desired it."

Father Nicholas looked as self-possessed and determined as always, and begged the judge to explain to him the nature of the danger that he might incur, and to let him know, exactly, the object of the examination.

The Judge explained that the object was to ascertain whether he was in any way privy to the disappearance of a young person, one Lucy Barbury; and the danger that he might put himself in was that of furnishing evidence against himself.

"What if I decline submitting to any questioning?"

"I shall at once commit you to jail."

"And if I should bid you do it and welcome?"

"Of the propriety of my course I shall, in any event, judge for myself; and therefore it would be quite unnecessary on your part."

Father Nicholas bit his lip; but answered that he was satisfied, and ready to be questioned. He would not ask for any counsel.

All questions as to his own whereabouts, on the fifteenth of that month, or knowledge of Lucy Barbury, on or after that day, he declined answering. Several strangers had since stayed with the nuns, he said, in answer.

"Have you sent away, or procured to go away, any nuns from this community, within two weeks?" (Declined.)

"Do you know of any nuns having gone away within two weeks?" "Yes."

"Do you know to what place they went?" "No."

"Do you know where they now are?" "No."

"Where they have been?" "No."

"Have you sent away, or procured, or advised, or given means for, the going away of any fishermen, or boatmen, or other men, within two weeks?" (Declined.)

"Let me advise you," said the Judge, "that any of these questions, that admit of easy answer, you should answer; for it will not only further the ends of justice, but be better for yourself."

The Priest this time retaliated for the tone of decision and authority with which he had himself been addressed at the beginning; and his eye flashed, and he smiled slightly, as he answered:—

"The ends of justice I need not think so much of just now; but my own security and interest I feel quite competent to take care of."

The Judge bowed gravely.

"Have you any statement to make? or do you wish to say any thing upon the subject or matter of this examination? A record is kept, of which a copy will be furnished to the Grand Jury."

"I have only respectfully to refer to a certain affidavit published by me two days ago, of which I will ask leave to procure a copy."

“I have one here. It doesn't meddle with the main point.—I should be glad to give you more time, and would urge upon you again the importance of clearing up any thing capable of clearing up ; for I shall feel it necessary, as things now stand, to hold you to answer to the terrible charge of homicide ; as I think the girl may be traced to your custody, and you neither produce her nor offer any explanation, but studiously conceal every thing connected with the fact. This concealment itself may be held, in such a case, to furnish evidence of criminal intent. As there is no conclusive proof before me yet, of guilt, and as the body has not been found, I shall admit you to bail in a sufficient sum—two thousand pounds.”

The mention of the startling character of the charge sent a thrill through the company present, and even visibly affected the accused himself, but only momentarily.

“I am astonished,” said he, “but in nowise alarmed. A charge so utterly baseless cannot be sustained for an instant. I don't know who is at the bottom of it ; but while it can do me no harm, it will do him no good.”

As his eye passed round the room, in saying this, a hasty look of something like defiance flashed into his face at one point of the circuit, but went out instantly :—at that point the sad, handsome features of Father Debreë were to be seen.

The Urstons, father and son, examined separately, under oath, answered readily all questions, but, however tried, never contradicted themselves or one another ; nor did any thing appear, strange as it might seem, showing any participation on their part, or knowledge of the mysterious disappearance. The fact of the young man's attachment to Skipper George's daughter, and of his abandonment of preparation for the priesthood, appeared

from his father and other witnesses. At the same time, there were plenty of Peterport men at hand, who knew and testified that both father and son had been out in the search from about dark till early morning, and that the son had been ever since, for much of his time, occupied in trying to find some trace of the lost maiden.

Mrs. Calloran appeared to be the only one of the family who was at home during the time at which the party had been seen to go from the house to the water. She was not sworn, and was cautioned not to endanger herself. This caution she heard twice over and then threw herself upon her guard, like a hedgehog, armed at all points with wariness and suspicion.

She said (in answer to a question to that effect) that she had seen two nuns at Peterport two weeks ago; but then corrected herself by saying that she had often seen nuns there, and "begged his lordship not to be asking questions at her, to get her into trouble; for she was not larn'd."

The punt overhauled by Captain Nolesworth, seemed, at this examination, like a phantom-bark. No evidence could trace one of the crew or occupants.

In default of £200 bail, the last witness was committed to the custody of the jailer.

In half an hour, bail had appeared for Father Nicholas, his two sureties being, one a Churchman, and the other a Roman Catholic merchant.

So the examination was ended.

"They've gone after that punt, have they?" asked the Attorney-general of the Sheriff, who, having made inquiry, answered, "Yes, and that she would soon be heard from."

"Who went in charge of the pursuit? There may be a good deal depending."

THE NEW PRIEST.

“I’m told he’s the surest hand in the Bay,” answered the Sheriff, and then added something in a low voice, to which the Attorney-general answered:—

“You must make sure of the chief witness for the Crown being forthcoming, *and find the BODY!*”



CHAPTER XLII.

A NIGHT'S BOAT-RACE.

WHEN Gilpin left Jesse Hill standing near the Mission, as mentioned in the last chapter, it was to run to the boat's crew, waiting at the water-side. Three of them were there and had seen nothing and heard nothing strange or noticeable. Two of their number were off in one direction, and two in another, one way up and one down the harbor, scouting.

"There's the Priests' punt, then, anyway, and no life in her," said Skipper Charles. "I'll bide here, a-bit. It can't be long, if they've got any gumpshinn amongst 'em."

Upon the word some men came hurrying; these were from up the harbor. Our constable had his wits about him, more than ever, that night. Before the men have got to him, he sends off, post-haste, for the other couple, down the harbor, and his ear is open for the story of the comers.

The carriage was the only one, such as it was, in a long walk, in those days; nothing for horse or horses, but a hand-wagon, so to say, known every where as Peter Laverty's.

It had gone down with plenty of whispering, but in no great hurry, to Bryan's stage; and there, after much bustle, had transferred its load, or, at least, what seemed a

sick woman, was lifted out of it, and passed into a boat ; the Priest said "Mind!" the men answered "Yes, your reverence," and then some of the company went back.

The measured sound of oars came on the ear as this hurried report was made ; it was the boat.

"Now! our other boys! They fellows must show us a good lead, if they think we won't come up to them. They'll have nothing much start of us, but the best boat in the B'y." (Zebedee Marchant this spokesman was.)

"Are you there, Ladford?" asked Skipper Charles.

"Ay! I'm here," said a silent man, sitting on a keg and smoking.

"You know what dependence there is on you, to-night," said the constable.

"I can't say for that ; but if there's aught for me to do, I'll try and do it. Now, then, lads! there's your comrades ;" and Ladford's pipe was gone suddenly, like a firefly flown ; and next, he himself had disappeared below the stage-head. Down went the others, the whole boat's crew, six, seven, counting Ladford.

"There's *your* commission, Will Ladford—let's see—we've got documents enough for to-night,—the little one,—yes, that's it.—Let 'em get clear o' the harbor, you know——"

"I don't go skipper," said Ladford, as if settling a point which was mooted between them ; "but don't lose time upon it ; some on us 'll do what's wantun. I don't want to take hold o' one o' they things. I'll take helm, or stroke-oar, or bow-oar. Don't gi' me none o' they papers ; I've seen too much, and I've—shove off. Take it, you, Zippity. Up mainsail! Up foresail! Brail up till we get out. Oars! Give it to her, boys! Take it easy ; we shall want our arms, bumby."

All Ladford's little speech, though we have emphasized the different orders given, was delivered with just force enough to fling its meaning to the ears for which it was intended, and very little noise was, altogether, made by the departing boat. Gilpin and Isaac, passing a word together, went away in company.

The moon is not up yet, but is rising, and, though above them, has not fairly put down and conquered the great, damp shadows that crouch and lurk about.

Out into the stream, then outward to the Bay, all steady and still, and Will Ladford steering, our boat pulls on, much in the course of the other, but a little nearer to the town, to have the weather-gauge, if possible, whatever the chase may mean to do. A little beyond the island in the harbor, they see the rival boat ahead, feeling the first wind but setting no sail as yet; only the water is darkening all about them, as it is roughened up by the freshening breeze. Then, before our men have got into it, the others spread their sails, put off their bow a point or two, and their slight craft leans over as if she were listening to the gurgling and the rippling at her side. Our men sweep on, with a good, strong, steady sweep, and not a word said. The breeze begins to come in flaws, tempting the sails; but the others, ahead, are carrying off all the wind in their canvas bags. There are nothing but little flaws here—but a few strokes of the oar change things wonderfully.

"Now give her her wings, lads," said Will Ladford, and she flutters them once or twice, and then is setting her course like the other.

"She limps a little, to-night," said Ladford. They understood him as speaking of the boat pursued, and one of them answered, "Then she's not well handled, I'm think-

in'." They all felt that their own was managed as it ought to be.

"We're gainin' on her; we're drawin' up wi' her; we shall overhaul her, if we goes on at this rate," they said.

"We'll see that;" said Ladford; "but if we can't one w'y, we can another. We can pull up wi' her, ef there's no more wind stirrin' than this, and they can't help or hender us."

A race of sail-boats in a moonlight night, is a very pretty thing; but here, while the whole land was lying sleeping, what warm and eager life was going in these boats! All eyes among William Ladford's company were set toward the little sloop ahead.

"Somebody's got hold of her that knows hisself pooty well, for all," said Will Ladford, "but he's losin' ground upon us, I believe. There's a strange caper! There goes his gaff-topsail! What can they mean? There! they've got it up again; the halyard gave way. That'll help us on, many a good foot;" and indeed his little boat seemed to be pulling the other back, while she advanced herself.

Both parties were as still as two deep streams flowing on under the night. About the boat there is a constant babble of waters, as of travellers overtaken on the road and passed. Ladford's companions—most, or all of them—gazed through the moonlight, under the sails, at the little sloop and those she carried—dark, silent figures, and a sort of heap, or crowd, or something that was not fisherman, and might be,—lying on a couch, or bundled up, in the boat's bottom—the lost Lucy. Ladford sat up straight and steered, looking all ways, without moving his head, and at the same time seeming to have his eye on any one that looked towards him. With his old canvas

hat and shabby clothes, most meanly dressed of all of them, (and you have heard his speech too, just the coarse dialect of the island ;) he looked poetical and picturesque. If you give a man command, whether it be of a body of men, or of a horse or of a boat—something that has a power and will of its own,—there is always this interest about him, and the more in proportion as the force and will controlled are greater. One man, a genius for example, full of power and passion, is a nobler object, controlling and commanding himself, than almost any. But to our chase!

There was Belle-isle, away ahead, with its great, deep shadow, making the water look so dark and deep, and, except to eyes that knew it and saw what was not to be seen in this light, there was no separation, to the sight, between the island and the main beyond, or between the island and its companions, Great and Little Kelley's, or however the lesser one is called.

They are coming near the boat ahead of them, and not a word is said on either side.

"Tim Croonan," said Will Ladford, giving to his companions the name of the other helmsman, as if he just touched each of his boat's crew with a conductor of magnetic influence—the sound not being wasted or spreading out beyond. In the other boat no noise or motion of the people indicated their consciousness of any body's being on the water but themselves. Steadily the following boat drew up a little to windward of the sloop.

"Hail him, you Zippity!" said Ladford, and as the words left his lips, Zebedee flung his hail, in quick, sharp voice—there was no need of loud—over the water. It struck upon the bellying sails, and part of it came back. It seemed as if it all came back; at all events it did not

seem to touch the people in the other boat, more than so many dead men sailing in moonlight on the sea.

"Ahoy, Skipper!" was flung across again; "hilloa, there!" but with no more effect than if he and his were all in the soundest sleep. On they all went again, in silence; the moon shining, the shadows stretching, the water babbling; but two men do not keep along, side by side, in street or highway, if one or both be waiting for an opportunity, without soon coming into communication. So it was here. The boats were nearly abreast of each other, and thirty or forty yards apart.

"Can ye find never sea-room for yourself, but must be coming and taking the wind out of us, intirely?" asked the man whom Ladford had called Tim Croonan, turning half round and then back again. He spoke like a man that is insulted; but this time there was no answer out of Ladford's boat.

"Why don't you answer un, then, Zippity?" asked Ladford, gently; "you knows I want to keep myself quiet."

"But you're the oldest of us, and you can do it best, too," answered Zebedee.

"That's Mither Ladford, it is," said Croonan, stretching out the words, as if he were painting them in very large letters, to the eyes of his hearers, with a hand pointing at them. "Mither Ladford, and nothing less."

"We don't want to quarrel, Mr. Croonan," said Zippity, taking up his office at this juncture, "We've got a little business with you, that's all."

"Wid me, is it, ye have business? This is a purty time and place to come on business afther me; and the more to it, that I think I don't know yiz, nor ever seen yiz in my life, unless it's Mither Ladford, there," (em-

phasizing and stretching the words again,) "and I don't know him too well. Is it me, alone, or the whole iv us, ye've got business with?"

Will Ladford, saying nothing, eased off his mainsheet, or let his mainsail go, a little, so as not to get ahead, but to keep even pace, while his spokesman answered:—

"It's with all of you, I suppose. Is Lucy Barbury in that boat?"

"Who's Lucy Barbury, then? And what's it to you, I'd like to know, who's in this boat?" inquired Croonan. "Give that topsail a stretch, now, so."

Up went the topsail; the sheets of the other sails rattled a little as they ran, and the sloop was beginning to hold her own or more. In came Ladford's mainboom, again, a hand's breadth or two, and another hand's breadth or two, until he was satisfied.

"We've come to look after Lucy Barbury," said Will's spokesman, following up his advance.

"Well, look afther her, then; and take care ye don't miss her, the light being a little dim, ye know," returned Croonan.

"We don't want to mistrust e'er a one; we wants only just to know ef Lucy's there, that's all."

"Them that's in this boat belongs here, is all I've got to say, at the present time."

"But if she's there she doesn't belong there, and that's all we want to know. Will you please to tell us what female you've got there, then?"

"No, I will not; only she's not your's, anny way. Ye may take yer oath of that, if ye like."

Ladford, having the weather-gauge, used it, and kept away a little for the sloop.

"If you run into us, or come foul of us,—mind, if we don't sink ye!" said Croonan sternly.

Ladford said nothing; but his boat was running down the diagonal that would bring her up, before long, with the left, or larboard, bow of the other.

"Now, I think I've given you fair warning," said the helmsman of the latter. "Tell me, now, will ye keep away?—Boat-hook, Paddy!" he said, aside, to one of his crew.—"I say, will ye keep away, now?"

They drew nearer and nearer; scarce three boats' lengths separated them.

"I warn ye, now, to keep clear of us!" repeated Croonan.

"Will you please just to let us see who you've got?" asked Ladford, taking, for the first time, a part in the conversation. "It's only because of Lucy that's lost; and sure, ef it was your case, you'd want the same. Will you only let one of us come aboard?"

"Misther Ladford's found his tongue, at last! I thought mebbe, you'd got a cold, being exposed to the weather, and not being used to it. Now, I tell ye there's no Lucy Barbury here; will that do ye?" said Croonan.

"You've put us off so, we'd like to look for ourselves, if you please," answered Zebedee, taking up his office again.

"I'm thinkin' ye'll wait till ye're axed, then," said the other; "and mind, I warn ye, if you meddle with this boat, if I don't sink you, or do harm to you!"

Ladford kept on, and came within a boat's length.

"Take you the helm, Paddy," said Croonan, hastily. "Give me that!" and, snatching the boat-hook out of Paddy's hands, as he ran forward, he laid hold of the end of Ladford's foremast, which leaned over towards him, and bore down upon it with all his weight.

"I'll give them one small piece of a ducking, anny

way, that I don't think 'll do any harm to them ;" and, as he bore down, the water already began to gurgle against the rowlocks, along the gunwale, and to come into Ladford's boat in a thick waterfall.

Saying nothing, the helmsman of the boat which was thus going gunwale under, in the midst of that wide bay, at night, and where it might be thirty fathoms, or fifty, or a hundred, down to the bottom, thrust up an oar, just as it was wanted, against the mischievous weapon, and cleared the mast from its hold. Before Croonan got his balance again, and got the wield of his boat-hook, Ladford's little craft had righted, and he was at the helm. She felt the wind, and got her headway once more, which she had nearly lost. As they drew up again, Ladford said:—

"I don't want to quarrel with any man. I want to keep quiet, and clear of all mischief: but don't 'ee try that again, friend. 'Ee can't ketch us another time, and if 'ee breaks our mast, when we won't let it go down, next time, it 'll be a provocation. 'Ee'd better let one of us come quietly aboard of 'ee, and right back again."

The boat-hook took, this time, the direction of the gunwale, and, resting on it, kept the two craft asunder. Ladford put up his helm, and his boat, turning on the end of the boat-hook as on a fulcrum, brought her bow right up against the breast of the other, flinging the latter, also, at the same time, up into the wind. Croonan raised his boat-hook, and brought it down in the way of wreaking summary vengeance on this determined non-combatant's head. It grazed the shoulder of the man it was intended to stun or admonish severely, and, at the instant, he, seizing it with one strong back hand, as he stood, brought the other over to it, and pulled in on it. For his part, the

holder of the other end clung to it, not to be robbed of his own boat-hook, and the two boats now came together astern, both heading up into the wind.

At sea, one learns to do twenty things in little time, and in hot moments one can do twenty times as much as common; so the boats' coming together was not the only thing that was accomplished now. Tim Croonan went, sideways and backwards, overboard in a moment.

All this scene, being managed and shifted by those who understood it, was very short; but a good deal more was done in it than has been recorded. When things began to thicken, a female voice was heard, alarmed, and crying out, "not to get into trouble." Tim Croonan's comrades hurried aft, to rescue him,—(and let it be remembered that fishermen and sailors rarely know how to swim).—The cry was, "Where is he?"

Ladford called John, and, putting his mouth close to the other's ear, said, in a most emphatic voice, "Keep a sharp eye about this man *for* SHARKS."

"Is that, there, the only lady or female there is on board?" inquired he, aloud, as unmoved as if he did not care a straw for the man's life, which might be washed out by the waters of this cold, dark bay, like the life of a tobacco-pipe, or crunched out by obscene and hideous teeth.

"You're a man, are ye, then?" asked one of the other crew. "A man's drowning! Where is he? Where is he? What's that, there?" many voices joined in crying out.

Whether it was that the smuggler of other days had got his old nature alive in him, as things began to warm, or for whatever reason, Ladford took no new animation into him. "He's safe enough," said he. "Look there, some

of ye. forward, and see ef there's no more in the t'other one. No Lucy?"

"No! no Lucy," was the answer. "There's two of 'em, but no Lucy!"

So this night sail, excitement, and bad blood;—nothing had come of it, unless it should give rise to future quarrels. Ladford and all his men had hoped, and hope had become earnest, as they drew near the object of their chase. They did not know how much their hope had been until they lost it; and now they were hardly ready for any thing, so disappointed were they. Has the reader been disappointed? He knew what these boatmen did not, yet.

It was not so with the other crew. They could not be idle or listless.

"Down with that fellow! He's murdering Croonan! Strike the bloody fellow down! Let go of that man, I tell you now! He's holding him down in the water!"

Ladford had providently widened the distance between himself and them, and he had their boat-hook. Oars, therefore, were their only weapons of offence, or means of grappling. Several oars were lifted in the air; but Ladford threw them all up with a weapon of words.

"Have a care, now, friends. I've said I want to be peaceable. Ef you wants to help your friend, avast with your striking. I've done more'n I maned to done, for I did not mane to do the laste vi'lence to e'er a one; but I haven' done much. This man thought to give us a wetting,—so he said,—and he've agot one. Here, then, friend, take to your own boat. I'm sorry to 've adoned any thing; but you brought it on yourself."

As he said this, the noise and struggle, which had been going on near the stern of his craft, was explained by his

bearing round, with his arm, to the open space between, the body of Tim Croonan, whom he had been keeping, and keeping in the water, by a hold of his clothes, from which the man in the water had not been able to disengage himself. Croonan had struggled, but had been too proud to utter a word.

“Give me a hold of your oar,” said Ladford, to one of the men opposite; and, getting hold of one, he held it while they drew the boats nearly together again, with the floating man between them. Croonan had soon hold of the gunwale over which he had been dragged into the sea, and, being released from the restraining hold, was presently on board.

As William Ladford let go the oar, he fell back with a groan, for the men at the other end had given him a fierce thrust.

“That bloody old smuggler ’ll hear of this again,” said some of the rival crew; but, generally, in Newfoundland, vengeance, if sought, is not wreaked very ferociously. It is not likely to be so in this case; but it sometimes is.



CHAPTER XLIII.

WHAT FATHER DEBREE WAS TOLD, AND WHAT
HE DID.

ALL Conception-Bay (that is, the people of it,) was restless and excited on the morning after the occurrences of the night just described, and had as much to talk of, as if it had been raining hail or meteoric stones. Indeed, many of its people had been sleepless.

It was about five o'clock, that those of the Peterport men who had been more immediately concerned in what was done on land, were coming home; but there were vastly more with them than had been with them during the former hours of the night. Jesse Hill was one of the objects of chief interest, if not the chief (for the constable was left behind); and Isaac Maffen shone with scarcely lesser lustre, but moved faithfully in his orbit, notwithstanding the eccentric attractions that beset him. Jesse commented upon events, and Isaac assented.

Soon Zebedee's crew drew eyes and ears and tongues.

The tide of men swelled with added numbers, of both sexes, as it went on; but, about Franks' Cove, spread itself, in all directions, and there remained, an excited and heaving mass of life throughout that part of the harbor.

At some distance behind the returning population, Father Debree walked thoughtfully. He looked weary with night-watching, or unwell. His figure was less erect and firm than formerly, and his step less strong. As he came to the spot, where, a few weeks before, he had stood to gaze upon the scenery of the place to which he had come, to labor and live in it, he paused unconsciously; and at the same instant a hasty step approached, and a voice addressed him. He was a moment in recovering himself, as he looked into the beautiful face that had so suddenly shown itself. The words spoken were as abrupt as the apparition; but they at once fixed his attention.

“You’re Father Debree?—Pardon me; I *must* speak to you: I’m a friend of Mrs. Barrè’s, and I know you’re in some way related to her. She needs help, sadly, but will never ask it. Some villain has slandered her character; and I think you may be the fittest person to do justice to her.”

The deep emotion that possessed the Priest, as he listened to this hurried address, seemed, from the workings of his features, to go through many changes; and, among the changes of expression,—surprise, at the last words, was very evident amid the evident pain and almost agony of his look.

Miss Dare hurriedly explained:—

“It has come from some Roman Catholic; and a priest who knows her, can best put down the lie. I think the Freneys know where it came from.”

Father Debree put his hand to his brow, and stood still.

“Won’t you see her?—She’s had no rest, all night.”

If Father Debree had looked at the speaker, he might have thought that she, too, had not rested.

"Do you know who did it?" he asked, after struggling for the mastery of his feelings.

"No, I can fancy; and I think it's one that has done her some worse wrong before."

As quickly as light flashes, he turned his straining eyes upon her, and seemed to read her thought at once.

"Poor, noble woman!—To be slandered, after all!" said he; and his lip quivered, his voice was choked, and tears swam in his eyes. "She shall be righted, if I can do it!—Yes—Yes—I must see her, one moment. *Can I see her, for a moment?—only a moment!*"

It was scarce day; and yet Miss Dare seemed to have no more thought of time than himself: she said:—

"Oh, Yes! Do! Do!" and led him, hurriedly, to the house.

He waited at the door.

When Mrs. Barrè came down stairs, wan, thin, and careworn, with scarce strength to walk, she evidently had not been prepared to meet him.

"Walter!" she almost shrieked, as she sank down. "*Have you come to me, of your own accord?*"

It was not possible for her to speak more.

"Help!" cried the Priest; and as Miss Dare came, he drew near, also, and laid his hand upon her forehead.

It seemed as if the very touch revived her; for she looked up.

"Oh, Walter! *Is it you?*" she said again: "how pale you are!"

She took his hand in both hers; but he gently withdrew it.

"No, Helen," he said; "it is not right."

"Oh! what is right," she cried, "if *that* is not? but

Oh! thank you for calling me by my own name again;—once more!”

Miss Dare turned away, while holding Mrs. Barrè in her arms, and sobbed convulsively, at the unutterable pathos and the patience of her voice.

The Priest spoke:—

“Who has wronged you?” said he. “Who has dared to utter a breath against you? Do not fear to speak before this young lady; for she told me. Is it Father Crampton?—Tell me!”

“No; never mind it: I have borne a worse thing. Let it alone,—unless you please simply to contradict the cruel falsehood.”

“But I implore you, Helen!—I do not speak as a priest—”

“I cannot tell; I do not know.”

“But you know another thing, at least. I pray you, as a brother, not as a priest,—was it Crampton that you meant, the other night, in what you told me of the confessional?”

“That is not the wrong that I am suffering. That, I vindicated as a woman: I cannot meet *this*.”

“I do not ask for vengeance-sake;—God forbid!—but to do right. You will not let me wrong him. Say ‘No,’ if it was not he; will you?”

“No. I say ‘Yes;’ it *was* he. I may as well say truth plainly, as leave it to be inferred.”

“Thank you!” he said; and, after hesitating, turned and added:—

“If it be any thing,—if it *can* be any thing,—be sure that I honor you: I *revere* you,—blessed woman!”

He was gone, instantly.

Father Debree did not pause any where along the

road ; no gatherings of men, no sights or sounds, diverted or delayed him, until he reached the Widow Freney's house, and flung the door wide open. No one was there. He walked all round the house, and all about the cove ; no one was to be seen. He turned towards the hill again ; and, as he turned, Mrs. Freney was just coming from the gorge. He strode up to her.

"Who told this lie?" he asked, as soon as she could hear him.

"Father Debree?" she asked, astonished and alarmed.

"Who told this lie of Mrs. Barrè?" he repeated.

"Is it a lie, Father Debree?" said she. "I'm sure it *must* be, your reverence."

"Who told you?" he asked again.

"Indeed, it was the constable, Froyne, told me, Father Debree ; but I wouldn't wish him any harm : sure, he had good reason—"

"It's a LIE, woman ! And you took it up, and believed it, directly, against a friend and benefactor, like that lady ! Do you think *that* is what the true religion teaches?"

His manner frightened Mrs. Freney still more.

"It's one o' the clargy told him," she said.

"Whoever told it, it's a lie ! There's not a purer woman,—or saint,—living,—if she is not one of us. She never did, or thought, or understood, any thing that was not good, in her life ! I desire you'll go from one end of the harbor to the other, and say so, and you may undo something of what you've helped to do."

So saying, he left her, and walked, hurriedly, out of the cove.

Somewhere in his way, he heard himself saluted. It was by Mr. Wellon, who asked the favor of a few words with him.

"A report has been circulated among the Roman Catholics of this—"

"It's an abominable lie!" said Father Debee, interrupting.—"I have contradicted it. I am going to right it.—Excuse me."

And he strode on. The Parson did not seek to stay him.



CHAPTER XLIV.

THE TWO PRIESTS AND A THIRD.

FATHER TERENCE had not recovered from the disturbance of the night, before Father De-bree entered, hot, and dusty, and agitated, and occupied all his attention.

The young priest wiped his brow, and walked, once or twice, across the room ; until, at the invitation to sit down, he turned round, and stood. He spoke hurriedly :—

“ You remember what passed between Father Crampton and myself, the other day, Father Terence ? ”

“ Indeed,” answered the peace-loving old priest, “ I don’t bother my mind much with past things.”

—“ But those were no trifles to be forgotten in a moment ;—do you remember his accusations and his worse insinuations against me ? ”

“ I don’t remember anny thing against you, brother,” said Father Terence, kindly.

“ Let me remind you, if you please : he spoke of Mrs. Barrè, and of my ‘ secret intercourse with her ; ’ and what ‘ the world might say ; ’ and then claimed that ‘ though he might be accused of over-zeal for the Church, there was no charge, of any other sort, against his moral character. Do you remember, Father Terence ? ”

“I didn’t give much heed to him ; but I suppose he said it.”

“And would you believe that that very man had once sought—I loathe to speak it!—to drag her from her strong, sure virtue? and in the Confessional? and that he has since defamed her, and sought to destroy her character among men, that never was else than lovely, as he had sought to blot her name out of the Book of Heaven?—Would you believe that?”

“Indeed I would be sorry to believe it of him, or of anny priest ; but it doesn’t seem the fair thing that ye shouldn’t have told him to his face, if ye’ll say it behind his back ;—he’s in St. John’s, the day,” said the open-hearted Father Terence.

“Very true, Father Terence, very true ; but I didn’t know it until to-day.”

“But d’ye think is it good, brother, to be hunting up things against him, even if they’re true, itself, and even if he wronged ye, when he’s got to answer for them, surely, soon or late?”

“I haven’t searched for them, Father Terence ; they came to me without seeking ; without wishing ;—and yet, considering, not his wrong to me, but what *she* has been to me, what I still owe to her, and must always owe to her, what she deserves, for her noble self, and what she might have expected of the tender sympathy of him as a minister of God, and, especially, one knowing, as he knows, her former happy life, and her sad, lonely lot, to-day,—and considering, that to all her bitter loss and heavy trial, this had been added, that vile words or innuendoes against her had been spoken—and by that priest of God—in the ears of those to whom her voice had sounded as that of the very Angel of Mercy,—if then, while I

had steeled myself against her, according to my duty, (as God knows I have done, truly,) while I have never given way, before her, even to a word, (as God knows is true, though I confess my heart has broken,—BROKEN, in secret,) if I had, to do her right, striven to turn the earth, or drain the sea, would it have been too much?"

During this passionate speech, Father Terence, several times, caught his breath, and had much to do to control the quivering muscles of his face. He had recourse to his pipe, and made no answer.

"Would it have been wrong?" the younger priest asked again.

"But couldn't ye do her right and let him go? Sure, I'd stand by ye, too."

"I know you would, good Father Terence;—but why '*let him go*?' If you mean '*dimitte eum*,—forgive and suffer him, though he have wronged you, or have meant you ill,'—by all means! I cannot, as a sinner, look for mercy or forgiveness, if I show it not;—but '*let him go*, if it be to persist in this wrong to her, to do new wrong to her, or others; '*let him go*' to make his character and authority a means of sin and ruin; '*let him go*' to betray some thoughtless wife, or simple child, to sin, and death, and hell; '*let him go*' to plead, in God's name, for the Devil, ——"

"That's hard speaking," said his hearer.

"It *is* hard speaking; how else should I speak?"

"But how will ye stop him?" asked Father O'Toole, holding his dead pipe in hand, "if it was so."

"He should be forbidden the exercise of his office, and if he do not repent, it should be torn from him!"

The old priest asked gently—

"But what are *you*, to take God's judgments that way?"

“ A priest, that feel my own unworthiness, but seek to feel the awfulness of the priest’s office, and the worth and woe of souls that I am sworn to care for ; but *is* this God’s judgment, except as all things are God’s ? Have men no part in it, and no responsibility ? Are they not to act for Him ? ”

“ Ay, but you can’t do anny thing to Crampton ; you’ve no power over him ; you can’t unpriest him.”

“ No : but there are those who can ! Let him be brought to the tribunal, and let the truth be proved there, and let the bishop deal with him.”

Father Terence shook his head.

“ No, no ; ye know, yerself, it’s never done,—it can’t be done,” said he ; “ ’twould be scandal.”

“ It can’t be done, Father Terence !—but there’s some way of doing it ? ”

“ No, there’s no way ; they that’s over him must see to it.”

“ I wish them to see to it ; but they must know it, first.”

“ There’s some that know all about him, then ; doesn’t the man confess ? ” asked Father Terence, trying if there were life in his pipe.

Father Debree gazed before him, as if a door had been opened ; he looked forward, silently, and then spoke, without moving his eyes :—

—“ And he walks free ! and exercises his priest’s office freely ! ”

“ But maybe he’s been put on one side,” said Father O’Toole ;—“ I heard it said. I think, he’s been in high places ; but he’s put back, a bit, someway.”

“ But forbidden to deal with souls ?—No ! he has a faculty, to confess priests and every one ; and he has the whole charge of these nuns at the next door.”

The elder priest moved uneasily; perhaps he thought of his own neglect.

"Indeed, that's true," he said.

"And can nothing be done?"

"You can't do any thing."

"But I could try."

"No; ye'd ruin yerself, and do no good either. No, no, man; leave it alone."

"How can I, knowing what I do, if I have any care for truth, or God, or man?"

"It'll be right, one day——"

"But in the mean time, how many wrongs!—How many ruins!—How many wrecks!—Is there *no* help for it? Let me make complaint, and if nothing comes of it, at least leave the burden of blame, openly and fairly, where it belongs."

"What's it ye mean?"

"Go to the bishop and complain of this man, and undertake to prove my charges."

"Now, brother, take my advice," said the old priest, "and meddle you not with it; it'll be the ruin of ye, totally, an' ye'll never do anny good with it. Do you your duty, an' leave him alone."

Father Debree turned and paced the room again.

"Nothing can be done!" he exclaimed, coming again, and standing as before.

"Sit ye down! Sit ye down, man!" said Father Terence—"Will ye not?"

Father Debree still stood, and said:—

"Nothing can be done!—Then I must only confront this man, himself, and show him that his guilt is known, and bring it home to his conscience."

"An' do ye think will he heed what ye say to him?"

No, no ; Crampton is a deep, hard man ; he'll never heed what ye say to him. Don't meddle with him, is best.— I'm sure of it."

"I've no fear of him. What I knew of Crampton years ago, in another country, but shut my eyes to,—what I know of him now,—make him what the world would call a villain ; and shall he, in the Church, find an impunity that, in the world, would never be allowed him ? Nay, shall new fields be opened to him to ravage, and new opportunities for mischief given him ? If Crampton ——"

The door opened and Father Nicholas entered, with a flash in his eye and a sneer at his lip.

—"Were now present," he said, taking up the unfinished sentence, "would you dare to say to him whatever you have said of him in his absence, loud enough for me to hear outside the house ?"

"I thought ye were in St. John's," exclaimed Father Terence, astonished at the suddenness of the apparition.

"And so thinking me at a safe distance, you could venture to make me the subject of your censure, and entertain yourself with this gentleman's practice in invective ;" said Father Nicholas, giving himself for the moment a license of speech very unusual with him.

During this address, delivered very deliberately and distinctly, Father Terence held a book open, (it happened to be upside down,) and his hand trembled. After the last word he turned full upon the speaker, and said,—

"I'm not sure that I understood ye altogether ; but let me tell ye that I'm no backbiter, nor I'm no brawler ; but it's not for fear of anny man, nor ever was ;" (here the old gentleman rose gradually from his chair,) "and that

if ye expect to speak here, sir, I shall expect ye'll speak civilly. I think y'are not over me."

Father Nicholas instantly corrected himself:—

"I humbly ask your pardon, reverend father," said he, "I was wrong; but I hope that the hearing of my own name so freely used, will be an excuse for my intrusion?"

"Y'are quite free to come in, and it maybe as well y'are come," said Father Terence, seating himself again. "Will ye sit down, sir?"

"Thank you, sir, I see that I'm not very welcome here, and I shall prefer being upon a little ceremony, if you'll permit me."

"May I have leave to answer his question, Father Terence?" asked the priest from Peterport, with a pale cheek, and a pale, steady flame in his eye.

"If ye must talk, I'll give my advice, if ye'll take it off me; just begin at a new place," said the elder, with an intuitive wisdom that was quite deep, if it might avail. The other, turning to Father Nicholas, said,—

"It's best to begin at the very thing I have to say. I wish to ask you whether you have said or insinuated any thing against the pure and noble character of that lady, who was mentioned here by you the other day."

"Another criminal examination, without the ceremony and expense of judicial commissions or constables! As I am little in the habit of speaking of ladies, here or elsewhere, I suppose I know whom you mean; but at the same time I will thank you to be explicit, and I propose going through with you to-day."

"I mean Mrs. Barrè."

"Have you any special claims to call me to account, if I had said any thing against her? I was not aware of any such relation between you and Mrs. Barrè at this

moment, or between you and myself, as would warrant it."

"Yes, I have. The peculiar position in which she stands to me, I have no occasion to speak of. If she be wronged and cannot right herself, she has a claim on any Christian man and gentleman of honor, and first of all on me. That involves a relation between me and any one who wrongs her, and therefore to you, though you be an older priest than I."

"There seems a trifling oversight there; the Church and her discipline are overlooked apparently,—or blown away; the existence of a tribunal of penitence seems to be forgotten; but let it go for the present. Take your own way, by all means, only come out with all you've got. What do you mean?"

"I mean precisely what I say, and I may say something more. That you insulted her, and—if wickedness could have approached her, as it cannot,—that you would have sought her ruin, at the very moment when you were claiming to know her pure, innocent thoughts, to sit in judgment on them, I am sure beyond any question, and that you have just tried to stain her reputation, though I have not the same absolute proof, yet I cannot doubt."

A sort of color (as much perhaps as his complexion was capable of) came into Father Nicholas's face.

"You're getting along rather faster than the slow pace of common justice too. You're perfectly sure of my guilt in the one case, and can't have a doubt of it in the other, and yet I don't remember that you have ever even hinted the thing to me, who am the only person capable of testifying to the contrary."

"I never had the proof or even knew the fact until to-day."

Father Nicholas bore his part like one who had a satisfaction in the practice of fence; but he argued in a slighting and sneering way.

"For a like reason I have had no chance, you may remember, to clear or defend myself, and yet you believe in a moment against *me*. Has a brother-priest no claims? A priest's reputation is said to be as tender as a woman's, and his rights are certainly as good. There are other places and occasions for considering the propriety and safety of an intercourse against which Father Terence cautioned you; but certainly one would think that you might know the propriety of rejecting or receiving cautiously the suggestions of a woman's resentment."

"It was no conviction or suspicion of a moment, Mr. Crampton! I had some light upon your character years ago. Do you think I have forgotten Clara Wentley and the fate of Mr. Wentley of Ross Park?"

It would be hard to describe the change that passed upon Father Nicholas's face. Whether he became redder or more pale, or both, whether he quailed for an instant, or shook with instant indignation, it would have been hard to say from his looks only.

He answered without violence,—

—"And still another charge! What now?"

"No. That is not the business that I came about. I mentioned it only casually by way of illustration; but it was something that wanted the name only of a double murder: of a poor father by a sudden blow, and of a daughter by a slow, deadly poison!"

Father Terence looked from one to the other in amazement, and gave vent to it in words:—

"Is Debree mad? or what sort of man are ye, Cramp-ton? or what does this mean at all? I never knew the

like, and I'm a priest thirty or forty years. Murder! and this sin and that sin! I think I'll just leave the place t'ye, an' I'll go an' feed my ducks and chickens, or I'll look in the chapel a bit."

"Father Terence I beg you to be here; I'm saying only what I can prove, I pray you not to go away," said the Priest from Peterport.

"And I hope you'll stay, reverend father," said the other priest; "we shall be able to answer all three of your questions better by and by, if we give Mr. Debree time and opportunity.—I beg you'll go on, sir; I'll keep my answer till I've heard all. Does any other crime,—misdemeanor, or felony,—occur to you at this moment, to charge me with? or will you gratify me with the particulars and the proof of this last little one, '*incidentally mentioned?*'"

"Of course. The particulars are the insinuating yourself, (concealing the fact of your being a Roman Catholic and a priest,) into the love of an innocent girl, whose heart dried slowly up when she found you out, and killing the father by the discovery of your treachery, and his child's endless, hopeless wretchedness!—then declaring that you had only sought her for a heavenly bridegroom. The evidence is in all or any one of a hundred people in Jamaica, privy to all the circumstances, and myself among them."

"Ah! now we're coming to something; the privity of a hundred persons to a thing of this kind, all absent and nameless, is an inconvenient generalization; but here is a witness known and present. Allow me the cross-examination of him, as my own counsel, borrowing a little from my last night's experience. You say *you* knew this; how long ago was it?"

"A little more than two years, and not likely to be forgotten in a lifetime."

"Are you sure of the facts?"

"Yes; you know very well my opportunities of information."

"And now, my friend, you who charge me with all this two years ago, have you ever told me what you thought and believed? or have you told any one else?"

"No. I confess that I have buried it in my breast!"

"You did not, therefore, in all these two years think of it as you speak of it now?"

"I would not allow myself to judge of it, until a new light was thrown upon it to-day; everybody else saw it so before."

"Let us go along surely, sir, if you please, and keep different things separate; you can't answer for other people; but for yourself you say that you did not see these facts or circumstances two years ago, in the light in which you see them now. Do you mean to say that if you had seen me strike a blow, or heard me utter a sentence of blasphemy or ribaldry two years ago, you would not have understood and judged it on the spot? I think you're intelligent enough to understand, and of your sharpness and severity of judgment, I think we've had some evidence lately. That you have been two years of a different opinion, shows that you now judge falsely. If you had been two years in making up your opinion, it would show that the case was a pretty difficult one to determine."

"I will take the blame of forming my judgment slowly and reluctantly, or even of being for two years wrong, in judging favorably. What I know to-day compels me to understand what I would not or did not two years ago.

Is it not every thoughtful and observing man's experience?"

"Now, then, for your terrific apocalypse of to-day; for though the order of time is otherwise, yet here seems to be the hinge of all your accusation. What's this about Mrs. Barrè? That I tempted her in confession? To what?"

"Not 'tempted her;' but, what is a very different thing as regards her, though the same in you, *sought* to tempt her to forsake her virtue. Is that plain enough?"

"I'll be satisfied, for the present. Time, place, and circumstance are to be fixed with reasonable precision; how long ago was this? and in what place? and——."

"Mr. Crampton, I charge you with wicked advances made to my—to Mrs. Barrè, in confession; and I rest the charge upon the word of a woman, whom no tongue but that same one that poisoned holy things, ever moved against; and I charge you with slandering her in the community in which she is now living; and I call upon you to retract any charges or insinuations that you have made, and to correct them."

If guilt makes most men cowardly, that evidence of guilt did not appear in this case. The man to whom these words had just been spoken, slowly and with a most determined look and step came forward, and, passing between the speaker and Father Terence, turned round and stood near the fire-place, where he could face the latter as well as the former. Then, pale to his very lips, he said, in an even voice,—

"Our being priests forbids our fighting;—you seem to think bandying abusive words the next best thing; but have a care, sir!—even a priest may brush an insect into nothingness, or trample with his foot an adder."

Father Ignatius drew himself up, and, folding his arms, said :—

“Add to your character of profligate priest and slanderer that of bully, or bravo, will you? and to the sin of assailing innocence and honor add that of assaulting one who speaks in their defence!”

Father Terence had sat uneasily for some time, and now he rose.

“In the name of God,” said he, “I bid ye stop this. I’m older than ye both, and I say it’s sin for anny one to go on this way, let alone consecrated priests.” (The homely old gentleman looked noble as he stood to keep God’s peace.) “And man,” he continued, turning to Father Nicholas, “what y’ave done before, I don’t know; but if ye have spoken against this lady, why d’ye not go an’ make it right? ’Sure, if she was your enemy itself, it’s not your place to do it.”

“She never did him any worse wrong than shaming or rebuking him to himself, Father Terence; she did not even complain of him for his abuse of his sacred office.”

“It would have been rather late to complain of injured or insulted virtue some years afterward, as it must have been; except that the moral sense of the family seems to be deliberate in its motions. She was wiser than her champion, too, who does not know that my character of priest will stand me in some stead with others; and that in a case where, of necessity, there can be but two parties, it would be generally taken for granted that the representations of one of them may be very mistaken or very false, to say nothing farther; and who forgets that the world has eyes in its head, and a tongue in its mouth, and can form its own judgment of his moral pretensions, with this

lady (so 'peculiarly related to him,') at his call, and turning up as soon as he gets to his post."

"I shall not enter into any conversation upon that point," said Father Debroe. "I ask whether you will try to do the little and tardy justice in your power to this lady, who has enough to bear of sorrow, without the addition of undeserved shame?"

"Giving certificates of character and testimonials to respectable heretics is not quite in my way; and to recall and retract, or to contradict, according to your fancy, what I may or may not have said about this or that person, is something too much to ask of me. That a person, situated as the one you mention is, should suffer for her unhappy apostasy, is to be expected,—it is a part of her lot, and is a fulfilment of the prophecy—'*Super quem ceciderit, conteret eum.*' She will be ground under that stone—it will crush her into the earth."

"You will not do any thing? You will not do simple justice to her, and speak simple truth of her? And do you dare to talk of the fulfilment of prophecy, when you are putting out your hand to topple this stone over, as Judas might have spoken, or as the High Priest of the Jews might have spoken, of what they did to the Redeemer, because He innocently suffered at their hands, according to the Father's will? Then you must bear your burden; at any risk of censure or suspicion, I will openly contradict you in the world, and denounce you in the Church!"

"Now, then, the war is absolutely declared," said Father Nicholas, smiling again; "and who do you think will be the gainer in it? We have no place in the world, except as belonging to the Socie—the Church; and how much, think you, you would weigh against me in the

Church, which gives you your place in the world? I think I may say, without immoderate vanity, that I am worth something more to it than you, and that the rulers of the Church would so determine."

"Indeed, then, I don't know what way y'are so much better than him. I know that, after a bit, he's like to be higher in the church than either you or me; the Bishop told meself that he'd great parts; and I think he's one thing yerself hasn't; and that's just the plain love for what's true and right," said Father Terence. "He fears a stain like a wound."

The other priest answered:—

"I say nothing of his parts; but it's that very sentimentality of his that makes him unservicable; for the man of account is the one who takes circumstances as he finds them, and uses them as they are, and goes on, without sitting down to put his finger in his eye, for something he thinks is wrong.—I think you had better not meddle with me, perhaps," he added, turning to Father Debee, with a smile.

"It's easy seen, the day, that y'are a hard man, Father Crampton," said Father Terence; "an' I don't say for worse; but if ye mean anny mischief to *him*, ye must mind that I'm with him; and, if I'm not nimble and quick, ye'll find me that heavy that I'll not be easy lifted out of yer way."

The strong life and excitement of the scene had not left the old Priest untouched. Father Debee said:—

"For myself, let him do what he will; and in the cause of the widow, God is a party."

"Scarcely a *widow*, I should think," said Father Nicholas, moving to go.

"Come, man," said the old Priest to Father Debee,

“if y’are through, as I think y’are, come, and let’s walk through the grounds a bit.”

As they walked silently, the younger priest abruptly turned to his kindly companion and said :—

“I must be your deacon to-morrow, Father Terence ; I can’t say mass, up there.”

“D’ye feel that bad ? Ye mustn’t take on that way, man,” answered the old Priest.

“I really can’t do it ; there are more things than one upon my mind,” answered Father Debree.

“Ye shall just stay and help me, then,” said the elder ; “and let Crampton go, if he likes.”



CHAPTER XLV.

QUITE ANOTHER SCENE.

THINGS strange and ill-matched crowd each other; the interview of the priests was followed by another, very unlike.

After the examination, Mr. Bangs had lingered, and seemed loth to go; and Father Terence invited him to pass the night where he was. This, however, he declined. Yet he staid. At last, he said "he guessed he'd look in a spell to-morrow," and departed.

"Didn't want to go 'thout takin' leave, Father O'Toole," he said, as he presented himself betimes on the next day.

"An' where's this y'are going, then?" inquired the Priest, surprised at this notice of departure. (Father Terence was very grave.)

"Wall, I guess I'll be goin' over here to Peterport agin, 'n' see what I can do for 'em," answered the American.

"An' what's the matter at Peterport?"

"They want a little teachin', all round Noofunland, 'pon a good many things. They'd all be rubbed into grease 'n a minute 'r two, 'n the States, 'f they wa'n't a little spryer about it."

"An' what would rub them into grease, then?"

"Why, every body 'd be tumblin' over 'em."

"But don't they do their work well? an' aren't they good people?"

"They *are* good people, and kind people, fact; b't they're pleggily 'mposed upon."

"It's the difference o' government, ye mean; but it's not a bad government we have," said the Priest, who was an Irishman of an old kind.

"Wa'n't speakin' o' that, 'xac'ly. I'll tell ye, Father O'Toole,—I ain't a democrat, an' so I don't like slavery."

The Priest, who knew nothing of parties in America, and, from the word democrat, understood one who was in favor of democracy, might have been edified at this avowal; but how a democrat should like slavery, and what the whole thing had to do with Newfoundland, was not clear.

"I mean I don't b'long t' the Democratic party, 's the' call it, where they have t' learn t' blackguard, 'n' abuse niggers, b'fore they c'n take the stump" —

"Is it stumps they've to take, in Amerikya?" asked Father O'Toole, smiling. "Indeed, I think they must be poor, then, mostly, for it's not many o' them one man would take."

"Why, there ain't a poor man 'n the whole concern, 'thout it's the Paddi—pedygogues."

"Is it that bad a place for the schoolmasters, then? I often hard 'the schoolmaster was abroad;' an' maybe it's too many o' them's abroad."

"Let 'em come; only educate 'n' 'nlighten 'em, I say."

"Are the people so larrn'd, the schoolmasters are not aqqual to them? That's a quare case: it's the masters teach, mostly, I think," said Father Terence, who had heard of strange countries; but perhaps had never had a chance at information from a native of one before. "And

they've not the clergy, ayther, to be the soul an' centre of it, an' take the lead?"

"Guess there ain't such a system o' public schools 'n the wide world; why, ol' President John Quincy 's educated at 'em; 'n' so was your bishop, there, Cheveroo, 't was made a Card'nal, or what not, out 't Bordo, 'n France;* but 's I was sayin', when we got a talkin' 'bout common schools, I guess folks 'n Noofundland might be 'bout's good 'n' happy, 'n' a leetle mite better off. Why, there were fishermen down 't Marblehead 'n' Gloucester, 'n' all 'long there, b'fore ever Noofundland 's heard of,—'s goin' to say,—'n' ye don't ketch them a settin' down 'n the chimney-corner, t' keep the fire agoin' all winter, 'n' when the' ain't out fishin'; the' make shoes, the whole boodle of 'em, jes' 's tight 's they c'n stretch. Merchants can't make slaves of 'em 'n that country 's the' do here."

"An' how would the planters make shoes?" asked the Priest.

"I'll take hold 'n' learn 'em, I guess," said the American.

"Do ye know how to make shoes, Mr. Bangs?"

"Looked into it, some, 'n I's a shaver; b't 'bout that mirycle, Father O'Toole," continued Mr. Bangs, "wanted to say, I guess we better not say any thing 'bout it, f' fear the' may be a mistake."

"Well, if there's a mistake, we're both in the one box," said Father Terence, "an' if they laugh at you, they'll laugh at me. We might just wait a bit, maybe, and see what comes of it."

"Wall, I guess I wouldn't make much of it, 'f I's you; I heard o' somebody havin' my magic lantern, round"——

"Is there magic in it, then? Indeed I won't have anny

* Chevereux, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and cardinal.

thing to do with it, little or much. It's the devil does it," said the Priest.

"Wall, I wouldn't 'xac'ly go 'n' lay it t' the devil, either. Don't s'pose ye ever saw one o' those lanterns; 't's a k'nd of a thing 't shows picchers on a wall. 'T *may* ha' ben that; I only make the suggestion."

"But how would he show you and meself, Mr. Bangs?"

"*Does* 'dmit o' question; b't he might have had 'em painted"——

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and a person entered with a low obeisance to Father Terence, and a look of inquiry at Mr. Bangs.

"Good morning, Reverend Father," said he. "I learn that something supernatural has occurred here during the late painful proceedings; and that the Holy Queen of Heaven has exhibited her power in the Church when assailed by her enemies."

Father Terence looked rather awkwardly towards Mr. Bangs, and then said, "It's the editor of the Catholic paper, Mr. Bangs."

"I think I heard that name in the same connection," said the editor. "Hadn't this gentleman some hand in it?"

"Indeed he was there; but we're thinking there may be some mistake."

"Well, Reverend Father, as you were both present, if you'll be kind enough just to furnish me with the facts, as they occurred, that is, after all, you know, the only way of judging. If they sustain the opinion, there it is; if not, why, it falls."

"Indeed, that can do no harm, anny way; will ye tell him the facts, Mr. Bangs, if ye please?"

Mr. Bangs said he "guessed they m't 's well hold on, fr a spell;" but the editor was of opinion that the best time to get at facts was immediately after their occurrence, while the recollection was fresh, and before confusions had arisen.

"Wall, if ye only want what 'curred, I'll give it t' ye, 's Father O'Toole says so." He then proceeded to detail the facts, and the editor carefully made a note of them. This being done, the literary gentleman read his sketch of an intended article in his journal, which, beginning with stating that "Protestantism was systematized unbelief, and that the Divine Presence in the Church had never left itself without miraculous witness," proceeded in an elegant and glowing version of the "statement made by an eye-witness, an intelligent American merchant, and not yet a Catholic," and concluded with a loyal assurance that "we (the editor) reserve our final and full judgment until it has been pronounced upon by the authorities of the Church."

"If you're not a Catholic after seeing that"—— said the editor.

—"You ruther guess I never shall be? Wall,——"

"Now will you be so kind as to certify that you witnessed this sight, Reverend Father Terence?"

The worthy Priest was a great while about it, and changed his expressions a good many times, but at last produced the following:—

"I do hereby certify that all the above was seen by me."

"'Guess I'd put on, 'not saying how 'twas done,' 'f I was you, Father O'Toole," urged Mr. Bangs; and so he did.

The "American merchant" then certified also that "he

happened to be looking on, and saw the sight in the chapel; but should not like to say how it was done."

The editor thanked the Father and Mr. Bangs, and departed with his marvellous budget.

He had scarcely closed the door, when a request came to the Reverend Father Terence to allow the nuns to watch and say their devotions before the miraculous picture.

The door having closed again, Mr. Bangs said,—

"'Guess I m's' be goin', Father O'Toole:—I think the play's begun."

"Yer name 'll be famous from this out, I'm thinkin', Mr. Bangs," said the Priest;—"but what's this about the lantern?" he added, looking confused.—"When will ye be coming for instruction, then?"

"Why, my mind 's got ruther d'straced; guess I won't go on 'th it jest now. Ye're welcome to those candles f'r the chap-il, Father O'Toole; 'n' I'm thankful t' ye, I'm sure. Wish you good-day!"

So the American turned his back upon conversion.

Father O'Toole was really grieved. He begged his departing disciple "not to forget what he had learned, however, and to say a good word for Catholics."

Mr. Bangs assured him "there was one of 'em any how, should always have his good word"; and shaking hands heartily, went his way, holding the breast of his coat with one hand and swinging the other.

The Priest called him back.

"I'm afraid," said he, "the worrld took too strong a hold of ye. Take care it doesn't swallow ye."

"T'll have t' come b'hind me, I guess, an' take me 'n I've got the cramp 'n my stomach," said Mr. Bangs.

"Ye mind the widdah in the Gospel? She was troubled

about many things, an' 'twas but the one piece of silver
was wanting."

With this rather incorrect citation, but good religion,
the kind Priest dismissed the object of his labors and
solicitude.



CHAPTER XLVI.

FATHER DEBREE'S WALK FROM BAY-HARBOR.

THE Sunday and its occupations passed, at Bay-Harbor. Father Debree was absent-minded, and looked anxious; and the old priest left him much to himself; only showing, when he might, some mark of fatherly kindness. On Monday the younger walked towards Peterport, pale and worn.

Miss Dare, coming back from an early ride, drew up, as she passed, to salute him; but got no other answer than by his lifted hat, and a sad look of abstraction. A moment after, the sight and sound of the fair girl was lost in him as wholly as the sudden summer's brook is taken into and lost sight of in the deep, dark-rolling river; if one might judge by the eye.

The pretty road, along which in other days he had gone, observing, Father Debree was walking on, absorbed in thought. The little beach, between the roadway and the sea, received its long line of rippling waves and gave them back, in vain, for him. He turned away to the sweet little valley, on the landward side, where a lone tree or two, an uneven bank to the right hand, a winding little plain, green grass, and that humming silence which even here, so near this beach, can be felt, would draw the glance and the foot, too, of one who loves fair things and

stillness and is not hurried. This was the pretty place of which he had spoken in his first conversation with Mr. Wellon. As if he sought the beauty and the stillness, and yet, as if he saw and felt them not, he turned aside and walked among them; not like a man without a purpose, but like one whose object was not there.

There stood a little knoll out from the bank at the right of the narrow meadow, and at its foot and on its side, grew a clump of bushes, behind which, on the inner side, was a square-edged and flat-sided rock. On the smooth sward, with his brow against the rock, Father Debee was kneeling, where the bushes screened him from the road.

Absorbed as he was, and separated from all other things and beings, (unless in thought he called them up,) almost as entirely as if he were within the earthen mound, another separation was about him, not for a moment but for life; one that cut off from wife and child and friend. Such a man, taken from his office and its relations, was, at once, lonely; alone, of friends, in all the world. He might have enemies enough. Indeed let such an one be struggling with questions of faith, and friends are gone. There is no sympathy among his brother-priests or fellow-religionists for striving in the spirit, wrestling through doubts and questions, bringing them to proof of Holy Writ and human reason, in the court of one's own conscience.

Father Terence had a kindly heart, beyond his creed: what other, here?

A touch of life upon his hand startled him. In such a case how suddenly the roused body summons back the mind to consciousness to counsel it.

He started from the earth, and it was a moment before

he saw clearly, and then he saw not a reptile; not a fowl beast; not an enemy; not the friendly Father Tèrence; but little Mary Barrè.

At first he held the tiny hand that had been thrust up into his, in silence, looking on the child, who, having thus established a communication with him, stood partly abashed and blushing, with her back towards him, and her little foot sliding hither and thither upon the grass. Her right hand held her apron gathered up, holding some burden brought from her walk upon the beach or meadow. A man may take a child into his confidence, when he would shun the fellowship of men; and so it is ordained of God. A child can often bring more good to us; for what men want, when they are in perplexity or distress, is to be brought back, without argument, to first principles; to simple thoughts and feelings.

At such times we look back toward our own happy childhood, instinctively; at such times, we welcome children.

So Father Debree, the thoughtful and strong-thinking man, stood with the pretty innocent, and, for a while, looked on her silently; but he groaned.

"Ah! child," said he, at length, "you've found me?"

"Yes, I knew where you were," said she, "didn't you want me to find you?"

"No; not now, my little girl," he answered; but he did not send her away, and soon, with a long, deep sigh, lifted her up and kissed her.

He did not seem to have thought of the strangeness of the child's being there, unless she were under some one's care so far from home; but now, as if it had just occurred to him, he asked her, trying to use a gay tone

in saying it, but failing in the trial, for his voice broke in it,—

“Where is the woman with the red handkerchief, this time?”

The little girl did not, apparently, understand his reference to their former meeting on the Backside,—perhaps his memory had mistaken the color or the article of dress; but while she stood and said nothing, there appeared suddenly from the other side of the thicket, a lady, who answered the question, saying

“Her usual guardian wears black;” in the softest voice that could be; and stood before him in deep widow’s mourning.

This time Father Debree started backward, and, as he moved, left the child standing in the midst between them, in anxious astonishment, but holding up her little treasure.

“Are you afraid of me, when we meet out of the Confessional?” the lady asked.

He stood upright and silent, looking upon her, sadly rather than severely or even as one surprised; but it was only for a moment, and then with a hasty movement, he turned his face away—it may have been to gather strength.

“Is not the time come, yet?” she said, in a voice that seemed to say that Time was coming and going, and it would not do to let the right time go by. She seemed to be making the utmost effort not to give way.

“What time?” asked Father Debree, in a gentle, sad voice, still looking away from her.

“The time to speak to me as one that has an interest in you and cares for you; and to let me speak to you, as one that you care for and feel an interest in.”

Her voice was just so near to breaking, and, at the same time, so timid, as to be exquisitely moving; just such an one as is most hard to be resisted.

He turned again toward her and answered:—

“For such an interest as belongs to a Roman Catholic priest —”

“*But no more, YET?*” she asked, more timidly and more brokenly than before; perhaps more movingly.

“No! there cannot be more!” he said, “I must work out my own work, alone.”

She put her two hands silently before her face; no sound escaped her lips.

The child ran to her and lifted up one little hand to the lady's bended arm, and leaned the head against her, looking toward him wonderingly.

“It is a hard thing,” continued he, “but I cannot help it.”

At these words she took her hands from her face, on which were the wet traces of silent tears, and some of her black hairs taken in them, and with the beautiful look of earnest truth, said:—

“No! that is not so; you mean that you choose that the necessity shall exist: it is, because you make it.”

“You ought to say, I *have* made it,” answered he, most sadly; “but being made, it is. It was made long ago.”

“Ah! but only God's Will is a law that cannot change. Your will stands only as long as you hold it up; and when it is against the right, it ought to go down.”

“I know it; I know it;” he answered, “none knows it better than I, but a man may not at a moment be able to disentangle himself of the consequences of his own act, and I am not.”

"And have you rid yourself of all obligations but those of that priesthood?" she said more strongly than before, as if she knew just the weight of the weapon that she was using.

"No, indeed!" said he, still sadly. "I never felt more strongly, that they must all be discharged; but each must have its time; the highest first." No one could mistake, for a moment, the sorrowful firmness with which he insisted, for want of feeling; a woman with her nice sense and quick sympathy, could, least of all, mistake.

"Have what you call the higher a right before the earlier?"

"You mistake me!" he answered in the same sad way; "I mean that the soul must save its own life, before any thing; that when it is struggling through the blinding billows and land is yet far, it must give all its strength to that one single thing; it must struggle to the land. To undo wrong is the first and nearest way of doing right."

When a man cries out of the Deep of his strong nature, the voice is a more moving one than that of woman. His was not broken, but it came from within his pale worn face and mournful eye, and told what was going on there. There was nothing in it like a pleading for pity; there was nothing in it like a vaunt of battling-out, all alone; it was the calm voice of a great, brave soul in extremity. She answered it as such, and answered like a woman.

"You *are* struggling, then?" she exclaimed, and cast her eyes towards Heaven, and held up thither her clasped hands, while tears ran down her cheeks. "*Are* you? And may no one share the struggle with you? May no one be at your side?" she asked, at length, turning

her weeping eyes toward him and holding out toward him her clasped hands.

“No! it cannot be! It is *my* struggle, and mine only; I must finish it alone. I have no right to sympathy; and, while I wear this character of a Roman priest, will not seek comfort where such a priest may not look for it. Nor do I need human comfort. I feel myself borne up and on; and so it must be.”

There was something indescribably grand in the mournful calmness with which he spoke; but there was something, also, touching to the very heart; and of such a woman as this, who evidently felt the tenderest and strongest interest in him. As he spoke, his eyes looked far forth as if they could see the far-off and deep-heaving ocean, though no eye could see it from that spot.

So there was a great gulf between them still. However her heart might yearn toward him, they were separate. But a woman's heart never loses hope, nor counts any thing impossible that it needs; and she pleaded in a woman's way:—

“I do not fear for the end,” she said; “No, no,—if the work be what I hope and think! and I know you will not need nor wish human help.—But have you no regard for my suffering?” Immediately she cried, “No, I cannot feign; that argument was only forced, and you would not take it in earnest. Yet you are not right. Will you still put off my claim to do *my* duty, as you insist on doing yours?”

“When I cease to be a Roman Catholic priest,—when I am thrust out from the Roman Catholic Church,”—he began; (and these were heavy things, and he said them slowly, stopping there and leaving the sentence begun, but not ended.) She looked at him, and he had his eyes

still turned towards the far-off, deep-heaving ocean, that was beyond the reach of the eye's glance.

She had not changed her posture, except that she had drawn up her clasped hands and rested her face upon them, while traces of tears lingered in her eyes, and were not dried off from her cheeks. She did not break the stillness he had left. The child was gazing up into her face. The stillness was deep indeed. The sun was mounting noiseless up the sky; the shadows lay silent upon the grass; and little yellow butterflies, without a sound, were flitting now and then; while the wash of water on the beach seemed to be against some barrier quite outside of this still spot.

He turned toward her again, and said, calmly and strongly :—

“Doubtless you know the nature of this conflict. If you believe it to be a religious one, you are right.”

“Thank God!” cried she, suddenly, while the sudden tears filled up her eyes again; “I thought so! Oh, I knew it! I knew it must be! And yet not ——?”

He answered :—

“It is indeed a thing to thank God for; but the end is not yet.”

To her it seemed as if the end could not be far off from the beginning, for she, like a woman, looked only at the distance from one point to the other in the spirit, and did not count the weary toil of climbing down and making a way through thickets and across deep gulfs, and climbing up.

“Why is it so long?” she asked. “What is there between seeing error and renouncing it? and what is there between renouncing it and taking up the truth you knew before?—I speak out of a woman's heart; I am

but a woman," she added, necking herself, as if she were going too fast.

"You have done no wrong," he said: "but it is not all so simple. It is a kind wish to spare the throes of agony that must be borne; but they cannot be spared. God's work must take God's time; and there is but one way for man in it—wrestling and prayer. This is not all; there are many, many things to be done and suffered, if"——

Again he left the sentence without end, and looked toward the far sea.

"If!" she repeated after him. The word made it seem as if it were farther to the end than she had suddenly hoped—nay, as if *that* end might perhaps never be reached. "I didn't think of any 'if.'" She cast her eyes sadly to the ground.

"I thought," she began again, "how short this life was, and how uncertain:—I thought that what we put away from us now, we may never, perhaps, have in our power again! What we have now, we must use now. I thought of *that*, and I thought that a wrong which might be"——

She paused, and, looking up, saw his eyes fixed earnestly upon her.

He took up her unfinished sentence:—

"—— a wrong which may be righted now, ought not to wait."

"Oh! I do not mean a wrong done to *myself*. It is not my own happiness that I am looking for," she exclaimed; and, pale as she was, a flush came over her face, which showed how singly her mind had followed its object, without giving a thought to any possibility of misconception.

"Oh! no!" he answered, "no suspicion of selfishness could fasten itself upon your words or on your look; but if I were led along until I could not but throw off this priesthood and abandon this Church, I shall go through every step of it, God being my helper; and there are many steps and hard ones, that you know nothing of. But I would be alone in what I do and suffer; none can do or bear it for me, and none ought to do and bear it with me. You have met me here unexpectedly. We may or may not meet again, Helen. I hope we shall. I have told you, alone, what you have a right to know. My way is not yet clear. If I live, and God leads me out of this conflict to the end toward which I am now drawn, we shall, if He will, meet again, and not as we part now. Wait God's time, and pray for me! Good-bye!"

As he said these words, he turned suddenly on his heel; but whether it was that the sad tone, in which he said words of little hope, had overcome her, or that the deep feeling of his farewell touched her more nearly than ever, she sprang forward a pace or two after him.

"Walter!" she cried, tenderly and mournfully, "Walter! not so! We may, indeed, never meet again. Let not this be all—for ever! Let me say"—

As he turned round again, it might be seen that his eyes were filled with tears; but he was just as calm and self-possessed as before.

"Ah! if we meet again," he said, "it may be for me to open a sad heart; it may be for me to go down upon my knees for your forgiveness.—My way is not yet clear," he repeated, and then said, "Now will you leave me? And may God bless you!"

He held his hand out to her, and she silently took it in

both hers, and then silently released it. Silently, also, the child came forward, unnoticed at first, and held up to him the hand that was disengaged from her apron; and when he saw her, he took her hand, and stooping down, kissed her upon her forehead.

"God bless you, too, little Mary!" he said, and then gently dropped her hand.

The lady spoke once more:—

"Oh! Walter! (—let me call you by your own name!) May God bless *you*! I am of no account; but *you*—oh! what work you might do for God! Oh! *may* God bless you!"

Then taking little Mary by the hand, she led her very fast away.

"Mamma!" said the little girl, when, after getting to the road, she sat down at its side upon the beach, "*is* he my uncle?" It was the same question that had been asked at her in the Churchyard.

Her mother's head was between her hands upon her knees. She answered thickly, through her weeping, "Oh! no, Darling."

Little Mary was ready with a child's substitute, and she said:—

"He's my *friend*, then, isn't he, Mamma? He called me Mary, now; that's what I told him my name was."

Earthquakes and great convulsive changes of the earth,—the slip of ice-cliffs, the cutting off of fertile fields by the mighty stream astray, the overturning of a kingly house, or razing of a boundary,—any of these will find its place in history; but that for which no human record is enough, and which is noted in God's Book alone,—a thing of more account than any change of earth or empire,—is the upturning of a single man's being.

Does any man who reads this know—(ay, some of them do)—what it is to feel that the world of a man's being is breaking from its orbit, and must be heaved into a new one, and there fastened by sure bonds of drawing and withdrawing, so not, in the mean time, between the new and old, to wander wild, and go to wreck?



CHAPTER XLVII.

AN OPENING INTO FATHER DEBREE'S HEART.

A NOTE was brought to Mr. Wellon by a child whom he did not know. The handwriting of the address was strange to him; and the seal, which was heraldic, was strangely rude in its cutting.

"Who sent this?" he asked, as he opened it.

"Father Ignatius, sir," answered the child.

The reading within was as follows, written with a pencil:—

"He that once was Mrs. Barrè's husband is a Roman Catholic priest; but he is a man.—That abominable insinuation has been followed up to its author, and shall be put down, whatever it may cost.

"Will Mr. Wellon, for the love of God, contradict it and *flout it*, in my name? Words cannot be invented, too strong to express Mrs. Barrè's purity.

Most hurriedly,

"Castle Bay, &c.

D——."

Mr. Wellon hastened to Mrs. Barrè.

"I've a note from Mr. Debreë," he said, and gave it into her eager, trembling hand.

"Yes," she said, glancing at the outside, "that's his!—I don't know the seal"—(she did not seem to have

glanced at it, in opening the note.) By one rush of the blood she grew ghastly pale, as her eyes strained upon the first words; then her lips quivered, and she seemed nearly overcome. She read it through, for a slight sob, or inarticulate exclamation, marked her having come to the end; but she still held it with both hands, and pored upon it.

Presently, recollecting herself, she said:—

“But you must have it.”

In folding it again, she again noticed the seal, but not closely, and said, in an absent way,—

“No, I don't know this,—I don't know this;” and gave it back to Mr. Wellon.

He looked at the seal more closely than she had done. “The letters seem to spell ‘DEBREE,’ but with an ‘I,’” said he; “the true way, I suppose. I never saw it written.”

“Yes, it's Norman; ‘DE BRIE;’—and Huguenot,” said Mrs. Barrè, weeping, and speaking like one whose mind was upon other things.

Perhaps to divert her attention, Mr. Wellon continued his examination.

“This appears to be a heap of stones,” said he.

“A breach in a wall,” she said, rising, and taking from her desk a letter which she put into his hand. The seal bore a well-defined impression of a broken wall, across whose breach a gauntleted hand held a spear. The motto was “NON CITRA.”

“It came from Rouen, in the old wars,” she explained, “and the family added the word ‘Barrè,’ for ‘*Chemin Barrè,*’ because one of them ‘barred’ the way, single-handed;” and she gave herself again to her thoughts.

“It was ‘De Brie-Barrè,’ then?” he said; but added,

immediately, "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Barrè, if I seem to have been drawing out your confidence. It was entirely without a thought."

"It does not matter, now," she answered; "Mr. De Brie was my husband; but that name Ignatius is a new one, when he became a Romish priest. His own name is Walter."

—Almost the first person whom he met in the road was Miss Dare, and he gave her the note to read. She wept, like Mrs. Barrè.

"So he is her husband!" she exclaimed. Then turning the letter over, her eye, too, was caught by the seal, which she examined more closely than the wife had done.

"This must be a fancy of his own," she said; "a mockery of his name; it reads 'DÉBRIS,' and the charge, (or whatever it is,) is a heap of stones."



CHAPTER XLVIII.

FATHER DE BRIE DOUBTS.

THE body was not found; the Grand Jury had indicted Father Nicholas for abduction, and not murder; the day of trial was fixed for the fifteenth of October.

Mr. Wellon made several calls at the Priest's house, in Peterport, without finding the occupant at home. Father De Brie had kept himself entirely secluded; and, for the time, had resorted to Brine's empty house, on Grannam's Noddle.

Within a few days he was again at Bay-Harbor, and begged leave to talk with Father Terence. The good old father looked anxious.

"Didn't ye finish those preliminaries ye were having with Father Nicholas, that time?" he inquired.

"I believe I have finished with Father Nicholas, and perhaps with more," answered his visitor, with an emphasis quite alarming to the worthy elder; and from which, and its antecedents and consequents, he sought an escape, thus:—

"Then have ye any objection to take a step across the hall to the library? and bring——?" but, surprised at the manner of the person whom he addressed, he exclaimed, "But what ails ye, man? Is it angry ye are? Or troubled? or what 's it?"

“ Can you oblige me with an hour’s conversation, good Father Terence ? ”

“ Ah ! now, don’t be calling me good ; no man’s good, and me least ; but what’ll you want of an hour’s conversation ? Take my advice, now ; let what ye’re after having, do ye. It’s best not saying anny thing about those troublesome things. It’s not good, quarrelling, anny way, and laste of all with a man——.”

“ My dear Father Terence,” said De Brie, with a decision and force which showed that he knew, perfectly, what he was about, and could take his own part, “ quarrelling is not my way ; but when I am unavoidably brought into collision with any man, I am ready to meet that emergency.—Will it be convenient to you to give me so much time ? I hope I am not asking too much.”

Poor Father O’Toole, who had lived a quiet life, and exercised a gentle sway for so many years, was uneasy at finding himself among these strong spirits of a younger generation ; but like an honest man, as he was, determined to take up the duty that fell to him, little as he liked it.

“ Sure, if you want it, and I can be of anny service to ye, I’ll do it with all my heart ; ” and he sat down to the duty. On second thoughts he locked the door, and then seated himself again.

The younger priest began abruptly :—

“ Father Terence, *I’m losing my faith in the Roman Catholic Church !* ”

“ ‘The Roman—Catholic—Church !’ and ‘losing faith !’ *Ave Maria !—Sub tuum præsidium.*—*Why, man, ye’re mad ! Don’t lose your faith ! ” exclaimed the kind-hearted old man, starting to his feet, and losing his pipe, which fell, in disregarded fragments, on the floor.—

* Hail, Mary ! under thy protection.

“Don’t be letting that difficulty with this man, beyond, —sure you know there’s not many bad priests.”

“No; I’m thinking of something else; I forget him.— Father Terence, this is no personal difficulty between me and any one. My difficulties are religious. I’ve lost”—— the younger man was continuing, in a sad, determined tone; but was interrupted.

“Be easy, now! Take care what ye’re saying. It was only ye were ‘*losing*,’ a while ago, but now it’s, ‘*I’ve lost*.’ Don’t say that! Don’t say it! Take time; take time. And is yer memory going, too? Ye say ye forget Father Nicholas.”

Silence followed, while the old man had his hand upon the other’s arm.

“Sit down again, now,” he went on, in a kind way, (though it was himself that had risen from his seat, the younger not having been seated at all.) Father Terence sat down again; the other stood, as before, with his back to the mantel-piece.

“Man dear!” exclaimed Father Terence, sorrowfully, after fixing himself in his seat. “How long are ye this way? I never hard a word of it, before. Holy Mother of God! What’s this! Poor man!”

As he said this he looked most anxiously upon his companion.

“Father Terence!” said the other, then, with a deep calmness, his face being, at the same time, pale with the strong feeling gathered at his heart, “‘*Losing*’ and ‘*lost*,’ in faith, are nearer one another, than in other things. To be losing is to have lost, already.”

“Stop there, now; say no more at present. Y’ are under some sort of delusion, I’m thinking. The way is to turn from it, altogether. You don’t make use of the

pipe, I believe? Sure, we can wait till after tea, then, can't we? I'll have it early, too."

"Thank you; but I've no appetite for food. I cannot fairly eat or sleep, my mind is in such a heaving state. There is a hot force, within, striving for an outlet."

Father Terence answered with a cheeriness evidently beyond his feeling:—

"But why does your mind be heaving? my own never heaves; but just goes as steady and as true as the race of a mill, or whatever it is they call it, meaning the big stone that goes round and round. Discipline is the thing; discipline for the body and the same for the mind, as well. Sure, if I found a new thought coming up in my mind, I'd know something was wrong about it."

"You're happy, Father Terence, but I can never be happy in the same way. What I believe, I believe; and what I don't believe, I do not."

"Very good, then," said Father O'Toole, evidently anxious to prevent the other from getting farther in his speech, as if that would keep his thoughts back, also, "sure, it's a small thing to believe. Here's the Faith, for example, and here's myself; I say, 'I hold this faith and will hold it till my last breath.' That's easy saying."

"It's easy speaking, Father Terence, if it be only working of the tongue and lips; but in my case, it could only be without thinking. I cannot say so. I have once thought it possible, and for a long time, have been satisfied with not doubting, as if that were believing, and have not doubted because I would not doubt. It cannot be so, with any thing essential to salvation. I must believe, indeed, if I believe at all. A dawning light is beginning to make me see that the claim of the Roman Catholic Church" (the old priest hitched himself, a little, at this

title) "is but a thing made up of rags and spangles, though by lamp-light it was splendid. Things that I dared not doubt begin to look like scarecrows and effigies. The Catholic Church I was brought up in——"

"What time is it ye see these sights?" asked the elder, as if he had found the key to his companion's strange state of mind; "is it by day, or by night, ye said?"

The other heard with the gravest patience and politeness; and his mighty fervor and force lifted the surroundings, and kept the scene up to its own dignity.

"I ask pardon for speaking in figures," he said, "which, perhaps, spoken hastily, have made my meaning indistinct.—I mean to say that I don't feel safe;—I doubt;—I'm afraid of the *Roman Church!*"

"What's the matter, then?" asked Father Terence, anxiously. "What's it ye mane?"

"I fear I'm in a ship unseaworthy," said Father De Brie, sadly. "Oh! it might be sound! Would God, it were!"

"But there's no ship, man; y'are not in a ship, at all."

"Ah! I spoke in a figure again; I mean this Church, —this Church,—Father Terence!"

"And why wouldn't she be seaworthy, then?" asked Father Terence, evidently not knowing how to take what the other said. "A good many years she's going!" and he looked up, steadily, into De Brie's face, who answered, slowly and thoughtfully,—

"But oughtn't she to have been cond——?"—He broke off.—"I don't wish to pain you, Father Terence," he said, "but what can I do? This doubt will come!"

"Aren't there bad men in all of them?" asked the old priest, going back to his first explanation.

"This has nothing to do with Crampton,—unless *this*

Church makes him what he is. My question is with *this Church!* Not The Holy Catholic Church of the Creeds—”

“And what ails the Church?—sure, if she was good enough once, she’s good enough now.—Y’are not for going back? What Church is there but the one?”

“I must satisfy this doubt, Father Terence, if it costs my life!—*Is this a cheat?*” His eyes were restless, and presently he began to walk the room.

“Oh dear! Oh dear! Is this what it is!” said Father Terence, in great pain.

The young priest stopped in his walking, very much agitated.

“I came by steps, Father Terence. I saw what seemed innovations, contradictions, corruptions, falsehoods; but I thought that *authority* was there, and shut my eyes, and kept them shut.—Shall I dare this? Having eyes, *must* I not see? If, before my eyes, a man is slowly climbing into Christ’s place on earth, and a woman obscuring both Father and Son in heaven——”

“Are ye setting yer foot on the Faith?” asked Father Terence, mournfully. “A man can’t climb to Christ’s place.”

“The larger and stronger party are pushing him to it. If he take it, what? Man is the Head! Ah! Christ is the Head—the Church, His Body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all! Christ!”

“Sure, ye can believe as the Church believes, can ye not? Isn’t the Church infallible?” argued the worthy elder, in his kind, simple way.

“But, dear Father Terence,” the younger answered, strongly and respectfully, “a *part* of the Church!—suppose that, next, they make it *one man*——”

“But what need ye be troubling yerself to pick into her faith? Why can’t ye leave that to the Church?”

Doesn't she say, herself, that we're all to believe without doubting?"

"Oh! I would if I could. I have tried it."—Here he looked fixedly at his hearer, as if considering his easy condition of content. He added: "It will not do. I must believe for myself! I see it. Mine is no doubt of the Catholic Faith, or the Catholic Church!"

"There, now! Ye're coming round. Ye'll do, after a bit. That's well said; ye see ye must believe," said Father O'Toole, his kindly heart going before his head.

"Ah! I wish I could satisfy myself as easily as you think; but I cannot. The Holy Scripture ——"

"But what sort of way is that, then?" asked Father Terence. "If the whole of us would be picking this and that article, sure, which one of us would believe every one of them? but if we hold as the Church holds, sure the Church is accountable, and not we."

The other went on:—

"There's a true Church,—ay, and a visible Church, too,—the Body of Christ, in which we must be members; but is the man lost in it? Is his reason gone? Is his conscience gone? Can he bury his accountability?"

Father Terence heard, but scarcely understood:—

"Ah, then!" said he, "that's the very thing; the man won't be lost in it! No, and his reason's not gone, nor his conscience anyther; it's not that bad he is. No, no."

As he spoke he rose again, and laid his hand upon the younger priest's arm, soothingly.

"Ah! Father Terence," said De Brie, taking the hand in his, "I am going over the old questions,—the same old questions that made martyrs and men of faith in all ages—though I'm no martyr!—the same that Luther, so long as he kept within——"

Father Terence half drew away his hand, instinctively, and his voice was a little discomposed, as he interrupted the speaker, at this word—

“But why do ye be stirring old questions? sure, haven’t they made trouble enough, already?”

“The questions are all old, Father Terence; all questions are old; the same over and over again; only new to each man in turn, when they compel him to answer. ‘What must I do to be saved?’ is an old question of that sort. ‘The Faith’s outward words were the old Creeds!’”

“Hasn’t the Church Holy Scripture, and Tradition, and Infallibility?” asked the elder priest, kindly, seeking to lead him back to the old ground.

“Compared with the written Word, what is Tradition? ‘*nescit vox missa reverti.*’* Opposed to the written Word, what is Tradition? Naught!—and Infallibility,—who believes the better for it? We doubt or disbelieve particulars, and think we can believe the general. ‘*I believe as the Church believes,*’ and yet half the articles of her faith, perhaps, we do not believe; when even if we believed every article, and every article were true, that would not be believing in Christ so as to be saved by Him! Add Obedience; will that make it? Never!”

The speaker seemed rather thinking aloud, to have room for his thronging thoughts, than conversing.

“Ah! what’s this? what’s this?” said Father Terence, mournfully, “is it leaving the Catholic Church, y’are?” (he withdrew his hand, and turned away.) “What ever’ll the Vicar General say; and him telling myself, only a little ago, ye were the most hopeful priest in the country?”—He sat down, heavily, in his chair.

“I will not be out of the Church; it is the Body of

* Speech uttered knows not to come back.

Christ," said the other, "and I believe every word of the Creeds; in the Catholic Church; its priesthood——"

His hearer, at this last sentence, made an impulsive movement of hope, and was about to speak in that mood; but he had snatched at several hopeful-seeming words, already, and found them nothing. The glow, therefore, upon his face faded, and he did not speak.

"The words in which Apostles made profession of their faith; what Saints and Martyrs spoke with breath flickering through the flames; what babes and sucklings gathered from the lips of dying fathers, and mothers doomed to death, I will hold, while I live! God grant me to have, moreover, a faith like theirs, of which one of them said:

The life that I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God!"

Father Terence spoke again:—

"And what's to hinder you keeping on, just the old way?" he asked; "and can't ye have that faith in the Church, quiet an' happy, without flyun an' flingun out?"

As the other did not immediately answer, Father O'Toole followed up the advantage.

"There, now! Take time to that." I know ye will. Ye didn't think of that," said he, fairly trembling with the excitement of his feelings. "I'll leave ye with yerself, for a little; I'd only be plaguing ye with my talking, when ye want to be alone. Ye'll just stay, and go, and do what ye like in this house."

So saying, he suddenly went out and shut the door.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A STRANGER APPROACHES LADFORD.

OUR Newfoundland skies are as lovely as those of other and choicer lands; although the gorgeous and exquisite hues that elsewhere hang on flower-stems in the heavy sunshine do not brighten the face of the earth here, but have sought the weeds under our salt northern waves and made them beautiful. The sky is glorious at morn and eve in summer, and at summer's noon is clear and high; and in the night, when the sun is gone and has left his place to the stars, then also the air is so clear, that it is beautiful for that very thing: in winter, it is flashed and flushed all over with the Northern Lights.

In the evening of one of the fine days of September, one bright, strong star was poised in the eastern sky, alone, shining up the open water between the Backside of Peterport and Castle-Bay, and throwing its far-world light faintly among the shrubs and trees. Its wake upon the Bay was not seen from the point at which we find some of the characters of our story, on that evening; though its glory in the heavens was seen most clearly over the wild, rough headland, half-a-mile away, at Mad Cove. The point was behind Mr. Urston's house, near the Worrell, where the steep descent goes sidelong down

to the tiny cove and bit of pebbly beach. Just at that place, a person who was coming down from the direction of the house, stopped and turned eastward, silently; and, after a moment's pause, turning again, said aloud, but as if exclaiming to himself only, or apostrophizing the beautiful planet:—

“Star of the Sea!—It shines like sweet hope to the guilty, and a harbor to the shipwrecked;—like the gate of Heaven, ajar.”

These words,—mostly a translation from a Roman Catholic Hymn to the Virgin, “*Salve, Virgo florens*,”—were said with the accent and manner of a gentleman, and with the fervor of deep feeling. In the dim light, it might be seen also, by one near him, that his dress was not the jacket and trowsers of the planters of the country.

At the instant of his turning, a man who was coming up the sidelong path from the little cove, had come within five or six yards of him.

“Good evening to you, my friend!” said the speaker, to the man coming up. “What fare, to-day? Apostles sometimes toiled a good many hours, and got nothing for their labor.”

“Much the same wi’ us, then,” answered the man, in a very meek voice, taking a pipe out of his mouth and putting it in his pocket, leaving the evening to all its darkness.

“Ah! we’re well met: this is William Ladford, that I’ve heard so much of: the best boatman in the Bay?”

“I’se agoun up here a bit, sir: did ’ee want any thing wi’ I?” said the man, as if he had not heard, or had not understood.

“Yes; since we’ve met, I should like a moment’s talk

with you. I think I know something that may be a good deal for your advantage."

The gentleman, accidentally or designedly, put his cane across the path, against a little fur-tree or bush, working it in his hands as he spoke.

"Mubbe, this 'am' person, hereaway, abeam of us," said the fisherman (turning to the right hand as he spoke, though he had not seemed to look in that direction before); "mubbe 'e belongs to 'ee, sir; do 'e?"

"I didn't notice him," answered the gentleman. "There was a man to keep me company going home from Mr. Urston's, here; he'll know my voice, if it's he."

So saying, he called:—"Who's there?"

No answer was given, and the figure moved away hastily, and disappeared.

"Ef ee'll be so good as excuse me, for a spurt, I'll go down and make the punt all right, sir. The wind's like to come up here out o' Nothe-east, bum-bye, accord'n as the moon rises.—It isn' right to ax a gen'leman o' your soart to wait upon the like of I;" he added, hesitating, for manners' sake.

"Can I help you about the boat?" asked the gentleman, in a hearty way that would be very taking with most fishermen.

"Thank'ee, sir, I'll do very well alone;" answered the man, turning and going, with a quick, light step, down the sloping turf, and then down the rocky ledge that makes the path athwart the cliff.

In the black amphitheatre broken out of the rock, he was soon lost. The moon, to whose rising he had referred, was coming, but was not yet come; and though the light began to spread itself out before her, it did not make its way into this abyss.

The gentleman, after waiting a moment where he had been standing, began also to go down, saying, at the first steps :—

“*Si descendero ad inferos—*” *

He might have gone thirty or forty yards, which would have brought him near to the western wall, where the path ends, and where a practised eye could just make out the black, bulky, shapeless masses of rock, across which the broken pathway led to the swashing water outside. Here he stood still.

The fisherman seemed to have gone into darkness, through some opening in it, as into a cave by its mouth. Only the sounds from his operations, now here, now there, made to seem very distinct and near by the shape of the place, with its walls of rock, proved that he was busy.

By the time the gentleman reached the ground above, again, he found the fisherman close behind him. The latter dropped from his shoulder one end of a long pole, (which, from the click of its metal-shod point upon a stone, as it fell, was probably a boat-hook,) and stood prepared to listen.

The other said :—

“It occurred to me that you’d be just the man that a friend of mine wants, for mate of a fine schooner; and I think I could get the place for you, if you’d like it.”

“It’s very kind of ’ee, sir, being a perfect stranger,” returned Ladford, with something that sounded like irony.

“Nobody’s a stranger to me; my office makes me every man’s friend: I’m a clergyman. Besides, I happen to know more of you than you think; *I know that case of Abernethy.*”

“Do ’ee, now, sir?” said Ladford, in a very stolid

* If I shall have gone down to hell.

way ; "I've ahard 'e'd a many cases. 'E was a great doctor, wasn' 'e?"

"Pardon me," said the Clergyman, severely ; "I'm not in the habit of wasting words, or trifling." He then softened his voice, and added, "but I won't blame you ; you're used to being on your guard, and think, perhaps, I'm not sure of my man. I'll show you : Warrener Lane, you've heard of, I think. I know him ; and I know what happened in the hold of the 'Guernsey Light,' on the Fourteenth day of December, Fifteen years ago."

"If 'ee do, then," said Ladford, in letter speech than he had yet used, "you know no harm of me in it."

"Don't be afraid, my friend ; I don't bring this up as an accuser," said the Clergyman. "I mentioned it only to show that I knew you.—I know about Susan Barbury, too, and the child," he added, in a low and gentle voice. "You see I know more than one thing about you."

Ladford moved on his feet, but was silent.

"I feel the more interested in you, for what I know ; and if I can serve you, shall be rejoiced. What do you think of the place I speak of ; the 'berth,' as I suppose you'd call it?"

"Thank 'ee, sir ; I believe I'll stay where I am a while.—I don't care much about places," said the fisherman.

"I understand your case, you know ; and I assure you there'd be no danger. We can take care,—you'd be secure, I mean,—and a pardon might be got out from the Crown, too, and then you'd be free."

"Thank 'ee, sir ; I believe I won't try the place, if it's the same to you. Did 'ee know, sir, I'm summoned for witness?"

"Ah ! I remember," said the Clergyman, with feeling.

"That would rest with God ; we musn't bargain. '*Freely we have received ; freely we give.*'"

Ladford, at this point, drew himself up.

"I believe I'll just keep myself to myself, for the present," said he, shouldering his boat-hook.

"Very good ; take care of yourself, then !" said Father Nicholas, and turned to move away ; but his place was likely to be filled by two men, who made their appearance as the priest had said the last few words, in a little louder tone than he had been speaking in, and who came, at an easy walk, from the eastern end of the house, one of them whistling. They both touched their hats, without any other salutation, as they passed the priest now going up the same path by which they were coming to the scene of the late conversation.

"I must wish *you* a Good-evenun, too," said Ladford, as they got within fifty feet of him, "so well as the t'other gentleman ;" and he began backing down the grassy slope towards the break in the rock, when two other men appeared, coming more leisurely down the path.

"It's too much throuble for ye, Mистер Ladford," said one of the advancing men. "Mebbe you won't mind one Tim Croonan, that hasn't forgot yerself, anny way, nor isn't likely to, ayther, I'm thinkin'."

Ladford turned, and, at a steady gait, continued his course toward the water.

"The old fox is going down to his hole," said the one of the foremost men who had not yet spoken ; and both quickened their steps. They were, at this moment, at about the same distance from the man they were following as

at first; for, though they were coming fast, yet the old smuggler had a very rapid way of getting on, without apparent effort.

He was on the ledge of rock that sloped down athwart the precipice; the moon was lighting up, beautifully, the western side of the picturesque little place, and part of the bottom, while it left in deep shadow that to the east, and the landward side, as if they were yet in the block from which the others—with their rounds, and flats, and hollows, and deep crevices—had been cut.

“We’ve got good hold of him now,” continued the last speaker, as Ladford passed along this ledge, with the moon shining broad upon his back, and showing even the uncouth outlines of his dress. He turned once more upon this narrow path, despite the nearness of his pursuers; and as he did so, the man who had just spoken, drew back and held back his companion with his hand, saying, in a low voice:—

“Don’t crowd him! Give him time, and he’ll hang himself all the harder.”

Croonan had been by no means crowding; and he stood still very readily.

It seemed madness for the man, if he had any occasion to fear these two pursuers, and wished to escape them, to loiter, as he seemed about to do, in his flight. At the best he must go down, and there was no other way up than that he was descending; the wall which his path traversed obliquely downwards, was, except that path, as sheer and steep as masonry. So was the western side of the amphitheatre. Below, to be sure, was the water, and all these fishermen take to the water like seals—if they have but something to put between them and it. If he could reach the water—and launch his punt, moreover,

—before both or either of these two could overtake him —— : then what ?

“Is it kind or neighborly of ’ee?” asked Ladford, “to come about the business you’re on?” stopping almost within their very reach.

The first speaker, Croonan, spoke first, now, in answer, and leisurely, too, as one who knew well that the man they were after would gain nothing in the end by stopping to parley here.

“It’s meself that’s afther gettin’ a good rason to wish longer acquainten wid ye,” said he, in an easy way, and not very unkind, either.

“That’s not it. I wouldn’ run aw’y for that,” said Ladford. “I’ve sid the time —” he was going on as if he saw the same time now; but he checked himself instantly. “I’ll bide off from a quarrel, and I’ll never fight except to save myself, and then not harder nor longer than what’s aneedun. I’ve seed enough o’ quarrellin’——”

“Oh! ye’re a precious light o’ the *gospel*, I suppose,” interrupted Croonan’s companion. “*When ye’re done praching, ye’ll be the better of sthretching yer legs a bit, in case ye’d be forgettin’ what to do wid thim, yer tongue is that quick.*”

The former smuggler took *his leave of them in quite a different tone:—*

“I’m sorry ye want to hunt me down; but I forgive ’ee,” said he.

“We’ll give you more rason for it, afther a bit, then,” cried Froyne.

“Ah! now,” said one of the two hindmost men, speaking in a restrained voice, as if afraid of being *overheard*, “don’t be too hard upon a poor fellow!”

"I've no gridge against the man," said Croonan, whose heart was not a bad one, "nor I don't wish to crowd um. Give um a chance, Froyne, as Mистер Dug'n's axin ye."

"Thank you for your good will, Mr. Duggan," said the hunted man.

Ladford now began again his descent with more alacrity than before; and suddenly, when he had got within a third of the distance to the end of the ledge, he set his boat-hook out upon the top of one of the rocks that stood about half way between him and the water, and leaped off.

"He's killing himself!" cried Froyne, who was foremost; and the two stopped in their descent, to see him fall among the rocks which filled about half the bottom of the little amphitheatre on the west side. Of course it was but a few seconds, and then, instead of a dull crash, came a splash in the water, which explained the manœuvre; with his long pole he had made such a flying leap as had saved him a minute or so of slow work.

"Now's your chance man! Go on, Froyne!" shouted Croonan. "Give a lep with yer constable's stick, and bate the boat-hook." But the speaker himself was less in a hurry. "Asy, now, for your hilt," said Mr. Duggan.

"Come on, then, and let's get him out o' the wather, the great tom-cod that he is!" said Froyne the constable, (for so it was.) "till I'll clap my ten claws upon um."

The constable ran down the path and scrambled, as fast as might be, over the rocks, and Croonan followed; but long before they got half way over them, Ladford was in his punt and sculling silently out, and with a little sail set as a hare sets its sent over its back, in its race for life.

"That's a game two can play at," cried Froyne, "and wo'i make more nor wan at it, I'm thinking."

"Ay! my b'y!" said Croonan, at the same moment, "do ye think, havn't we our own punt—ay, and the oars locked in? See, now, wasn't that the wise way?"

The force of two strong men soon urged the boat off into the water; and—practised fisherman as Croonan, at least, was—how long was poor, single-handed Ladford—if he had been the best boatman in Newfoundland—to hold his own against the two?

Their precaution had made their oars secure; for the fugitive had had no time to pick or practise upon locks; their sail was there all safe, and they were presently following.

As Froyne seated himself at the bow-oar, while Croonan took the other to scull, they both exclaimed, "What water's this?"

"Arrunt we on the wrong side iv the boat someway?" asked the constable.

"Ah! thin," said Croonan, "we've stove the boat someway, that's what it is, wid getting her into the water. Th' other side iv it's not so dry as this, if ye'd try it."

"Ah! thin, it's me opinion that it's that ugly ould blagyard has put his divil's hoof through it, or his boat-hook, anny way."

"No!" said Ladford, who was within easy hearing, "I couldn' have the heart to break a hole in the side of an honest punt; and I haven' adoned it to she." And he kept steadily on his course towards Castle-Bay.

The two men in the other boat were in trouble; but all the while Croonan kept his oar working instinctively.

"Where's this it is?" inquired Croonan. "I think it's the plug is started; whatever made me have one in it at all?"

"Whatever's started," said the landsman, "I'm thinkin there'll be small odds bechux the inside and the outside iv it, shortly, and it's meself would sooner swim in clear wather. Can't we lift the boat someway?"

"Can't ye swim and puss the boat?" cried Mr. Duggan, (still not over loud,) as he and his companion laughed at the expedition.

"Can't you put your fut on it?" called Croonan. "Put yer big fut over the hole!"

"Sure, can I put my fut down on the summit o' the say? Do ye think is my leg long enough?" inquired the constable. "Do ye now? An' that's what I'd have to do, to keep it all out."

"Clap a tole-pin in, then, can't ye? See, that's wan that ye're rowing against," cried the fisherman.

"Indade, thin, and it's against my will that I'm rowin', just; and how will I find the hole, more nor the hole iv the ocean, supposin' I could start the tall-pin, itself?"

"What'll we do at ahl, thin?" said Croonan, again. "Sure, we'll have to put back and stop it." The constable, mean time, in his effort at the thole-pin, had jerked himself backward into a wet seat, with a splash.

"There's wan o' them 's taken good advice, anny way," said Mr. Duggan, laughing.

The constable rose up from his misadventure, and assented to Croonan's proposal.

"Well, thin, I've nothin' to say agin goin' back, for it's goin' to the botthom, y' are, kapin' on this way, just, an' indade, I think there's small good in that, anny way, towards bein' on dry land, and only washin' yer phiz now and agen, when ye'd be the bether iv it."

Ladford kept silently on, in the bright moonlight, without a word or sound, except of the steady working

of his oar, and sight and sound of him grew farther and fainter.

"Quick, thin! an' we'll get some sorr't iv a plug, in a jiffy," said Croonan, and they soon finished their short return voyage to the point of departure.

"I think ye may cut up yer constable's stick," suggested Mr. Duggan, "an' make a plug off it."

Here, however, they staid; for there was no stick of any sort nearer than one of the little fir-trees, and it was some time before one of these could be got at; and then neither man had a knife in his pocket that would cut very readily; and it was a long time, in the dark, before they could do any thing; and at length they gave it up.

"Will, thin," said Croonan, the good feeling of his nation coming over him, and his countrymen's aversion to a warrant, even in the hands of a man of the true religion, "I don't owe um any gridge, now; but yerself set me on, Mike Froyne. I'm glad he's not goin' t' be hung this night, anny way."

"There's time enough, yet," said the constable.

"Come, come, then, man, and mix a little something warrm wid the wattrer y' are afther takin'," said Mr. Duggan, "an' tell us what ye would have done to um, if ye'd got um."

There was a pretty little beach, that we have mentioned, occupying about half the back part of the bottom of the amphitheatre; on this little hide-away place they left their punt, where it lay like something the water had thrown in a corner, to play with at leisure. The men mounted once more the path to the upper air, and departed.

Higher up in the heavens, and higher, the moon mounted; and here and there around, below,—as if they

had been thrust down, until they rested upon the horizon, —lay, looking up with bright faces, clouds of the fair, mild night. The sea, whose bosom heaves by night as well as day, urged up its even murmurs on the ear.

All else was still.



CHAPTER L.

FATHER DE BRIE DETERMINES, AND DEPARTS.

DAYS had again passed by; men's minds were fevered as the time for Father Nicholas's trial drew near; and he came, and went, and was seen more than ever; and people came to him.

The Roman Catholic press was busy arguing that "the whole thing was the offspring of fanatical prejudice; there was not one link connecting the history of the young girl who had been lost with any Roman Catholic, after her leaving her father's house; and the notion of her having been made away with, by Roman Catholics, or carried off by them, would be absurd, if it were not outrageous. As well might it be said, in the case of the Protestant's house that was blown down, at Carbonear, that the Catholics had all got behind it, and puffed it down with their breath."

The Government and the "Protestant Faction" were "warned not to goad a peaceable people too far; there were limits beyond which patience ceased to be a virtue; and it might be found that the spirit of a united body, long exasperated and trifled with, would suddenly rise, in its majesty, and visit the senseless aggressors with terrific retribution. If the last indignity—of confronting the sacred character of a Catholic priest with that of a felon,

pardoned for the purpose of this persecution—should be dared ; if it were attempted to wash out the stains upon that felon's gory hands, to fit him to take part in these delusive forms of law, it might, too late, be found impossible to make a people,—who, though loyal, almost to a fault, had an intelligence and quick perception of right, as well as a chivalric sense of honor denied to the coarser Saxon,—blindly accept a monstrous, hideous wrong, though labelled justice."

So ran the printed opinions of the journals, and so ran the uttered words of many excited groups of men and women, in the capital and in the Bay ; but happily the public peace was more than ever well kept. At the same time, as a measure of precaution, a detachment of the Royal Newfoundland companies, to the number of ninety men, was posted in Bay-Harbor, under the command of Major Birnie. Mr. Wellon's life was said to be in danger ; but he was not harmed. There was no outbreak of any kind, and no injury to person or property.

Father Nicholas was an object of more devout reverence to the mass of those of his faith, many of whom every day uncovered themselves, and went down on their knees as he passed, much as they would have done to a procession of the Host. To everybody he was an object of more curiosity than ever, in the streets.

Father Terence neither meddled nor made with the business ; but lived his quiet life as before. Another thing lay far heavier on his honest heart.

Some time had passed since his last talk with Father De Brie, when the latter came in again. This time his manner was rather timid and hesitating.

They talked (not very readily) of different things ; at length the younger man said :—

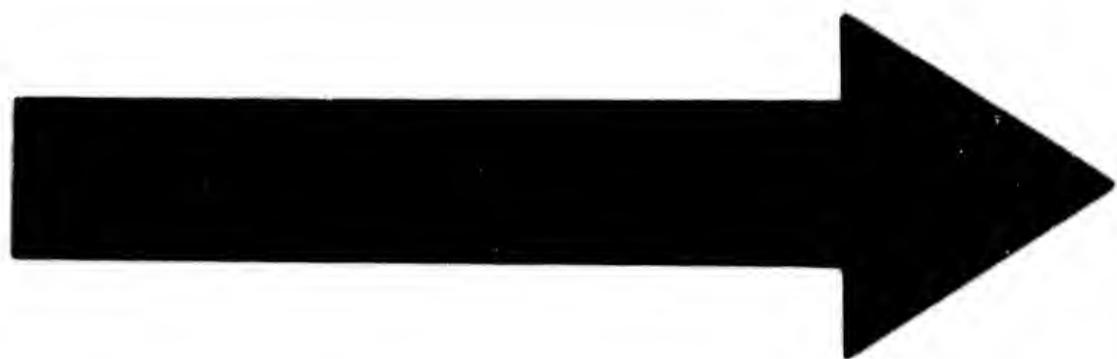
"I have given many a thought to what you said the other night, Father Terence."

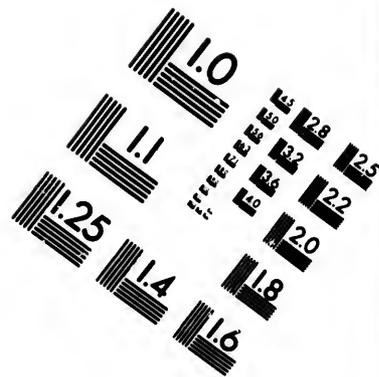
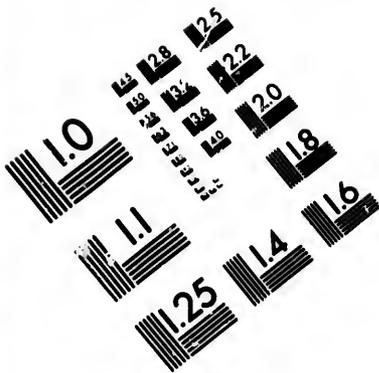
Father Terence strove to speak cheerily: "Was it about the old faith it was?—Ah! it's good to give manny a thought to the old way," said he, not looking up.

"What sort of faith was it St. Charles Borrómeeo had? and St. Catharine Senensis and the like of them? Hadn't they faith then? And where's St. Thomas and St. Bernard? and all those blessed men in the Land of Saints—that's Ireland I mean; first and foremost St. Patrick, and there's those three with Col at the beginning o' them, Columbkille, and Columbanus, and Columba, and St. Malachy, and St. Finian, and St. Fergus, and St. Colman, and—and the rest o' them, in the early days of that beautiful island, as thick as capelin itself, if I'd use a figure, not to speak of the great St. Lawrence, of my own name,—(and family most likely,)—Archbishop of Dublin, and true to his country against King Henry that time?"

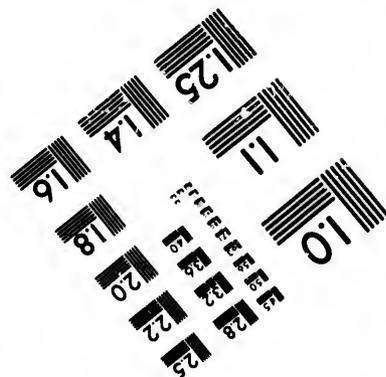
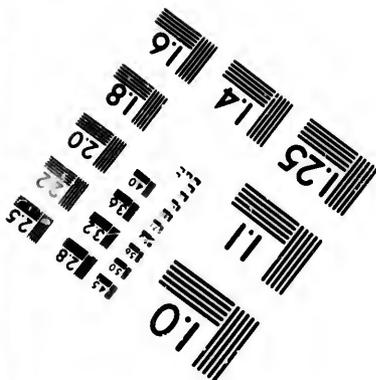
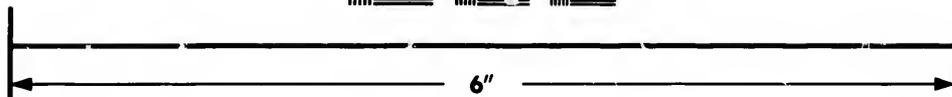
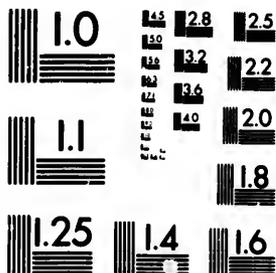
The good man's patriotic ardor had led him a little off from his first train of thought; but brought a solace very much needed to his laboring heart. When he had finished his kindling recitation, he looked at his companion with an eye that sought sympathy of zeal and admiration; but as he looked at the absorbed, earnest, lofty face of Father Ignatius, the glow burned out like an unanswered beacon-light, and he sank back into a despondent recollection of present circumstances, relieved perhaps by a spiritual companionship with the famous men, whose memory he had summoned.

"Father Terence," said the other at length, "if I speak plainly, I know that I shall hurt your feelings, kind and patient as you are; but I cannot do otherwise. The question with me is not of other people, but of myself.





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That one may have faith in Christ, out of the midst of error held unwittingly, I cannot doubt; God forbid! But teaching like this—‘*God has made two parts of His Kingdom; kept the domain of Justice to Himself, granted that of Mercy to His Mother!*’ The Blessed Virgin to be partner in robbing God! Falsehood added to the Creed, falsehood in worship, falsehood in practice, falsehood in priest, falsehood in people!”

The elder man shook his head as he ejaculated,—

“*Sancta Virgo! cunctas hæreses, sola, interemisti.*”—That’s a long list then,” added he, turning and speaking sadly, “and a dangerous one to say. I’m astonished at the spirit of ye! And I thought ye’d leave the Creed at the very least.”

“The Creed,—but I speak of the additions made to it. Oh! Father Terence, the conviction is striving and struggling in me for mastery. It is a conviction, that this system is not of God. This strife within would kill me if I could not still it. Mary-worship, the forced Confessional, Relics, Images, Violation of Sacraments, Despotism, Superstition, Men abusing the power and character of the priesthood, unquestioned, people murderous, licentious, and unimproved—nation after nation! What it has, of the best—ah! it still has much—is in spite of—or apart from—oh! what lowering and misleading influences! For common morals: are others ‘heretics,’ ungodly, loose? See what this Church does! ‘*Marriage, not to be broken: either party adulterous, if divorced and married:*’ the Pope annuls (for money) a marriage † of years (in high rank) and dispenses, for new marriage, elsewhere! Does God so? *Marriage within Degrees, Incest:* the Pope dispenses: uncle marries

* Holy Virgin! all heresies, alone thou hast destroyed.

† Lately, Lady Mary Hamilton’s, with the Prince of Monaco.—1889.

niece* :—*or worse!* (This for princes and thousands of pounds.) Is this lying?"

The speaker paced the floor in the most intense excitement, turning to this side and that, as he uttered these questions, as if he looked across the world and called for answer. Stopping suddenly in front of the elder priest, who with a troubled face was looking on the floor, he exclaimed,—

"Is it NOT so? One word of the Bible!—one word of Holy Scripture! One word for images! One word for prayer to Saints! One word for Mary's Kingdom or Empire of Grace! One word for Purgatory! One word for our awful taking of men's souls out of their bodies and standing accountable for them! Has any part of the whole fabric any authority or countenance in the Word of God? Or in history, for ages and ages? Which one of the old Fathers writing about their religion, defending it, explaining it, has one word? Which one of the old Liturgies? Where was the Church like this at first? Oh! I was in the Catholic Church! I had all truth!"

He paced the room again, his companion being silent.

"If this is not true, what is it? and what am I?" he exclaimed again, holding up his clasped hands. He then sank upon his knees, and remained for a while in prayer.

On rising, with his eyes full of tears, he saw that Father Terence was engaged in the same way, and when the old man had ended his holy occupation, the younger grasped his hand and thanked him heartily.

"Forgive me, Father Terence," he said, "if I have shocked you. It is no excuse that I have torn the flesh of my own soul, in the struggle that is going on in me; I have no right, because *I* suffer, to make others suffer also; but it *will* be excuse for me with you, that there

* Lately, the King of Italy's brother to his Bonaparte niece.—1889.

has been and is no feeling in me towards yourself, but one of love and honor."

"Say nothing of it," said the kindly elder, but in the saddest way, "I care nothing for my own feelings; but I do care to see ye going the way y'are. Is there no help for ye?"

Evening was near; the day was drawing off, and night had not yet set her watch; but while the silent shades were coming in and taking up their places in the inner and farther parts of the room, and seemed to be throwing a dark and mournful tinge upon the very spoken words as well as on the walls and furniture, gradually a brightness broke on the far off hills, as if through a rift in a leaden sky. Father O'Toole was last to have his eyes drawn aside in that direction.

The younger had caught its earliest ray, and had his eyes fixed upon it.

"Oh yes, there is help for me in my God," answered he. "You do forgive me?"

"Oh! then, what have I against ye? Sure it's not worth the while me bringing in my own small matters of feelings betwixt you and Him."

As Father O'Toole said this, Father De Brie thanked him more heartily than before; then bade him "Good-bye!"

"Stay then!" said the older Priest, "are ye sure isn't it something about the wife and the world, it is, now?"

He asked this in a tone of sorrowful doubt; the shadows of the evening, which was drawing on, clothing his plain, kindly features with a softening shade. The room in which they were grew darker. Mr. De Brie answered:—

"I'm sure that it was no regret or desire for happiness,

or desire for old associations in the world:—that I am sure of;—but it *was* under God my wife's true love, and her strong woman's faith and the straightforward reasonings of her woman's conscience, that conquered me;—and a sense of my forsaken duty!" (He took a turn in the room and came back; the old priest sitting deeply agitated and breathing hard.) "It was the homely speech of a fisherman that first brought me face to face with the question: of this Skipper George, whose daughter has been stolen,—or lost. A child's tongue carried on the argument. *Pater, Domine cœli et terræ, abscondisti hæc a sapientibus et prudentibus, et revelasti parvulis.*"*

"Oh!" said Father Terence, hoarsely and brokenly, "don't be unpriested and cast out!—Don't, for the love of God!"

In a low voice to himself, he said:—

"Ah! if I'd taken heed to um that time when he wanted to speak to me about her being there!"

He sat as if ready to wheel round his chair away from his companion.

"Ay, Father Terence," said the latter, in a voice of great feeling; "you don't know what the loss of your love would be to me."

The old Priest turned away; but as he turned, said, in a low voice,—

"Ah! my son! how will I ever take that from ye, more than a father will forget his child,—whatever happens him?"

"I shall never forget you!—but why do I linger?—Father Terence, I shall give this up. Yes, I shall give this up! and then, if I must go through every terrible ordeal of scorn, and hatred, and loathing,—must be hunted by the fury of my brethren in the priesthood,—

* St. Matt. xi. 25.

must have my priestly character torn off me, bit by bit,—the tonsure razed,—my name put out in cursing,—I am ready. To me it comes in the way of duty to meet and bear the worst. The soldier is thrust through, and mangled, and trampled, still living, under horses' feet, and till his blood and breath be spent, still glories in the cause for which he suffers. I shall not court suffering or shame, but if they come, with God's help I can bear them!"

"They don't do that way with priests, now," said Father Terence, who sat with his back still turned, and spoke as if he scarcely thought of what he said. "The worst is publishing from the altar, in every church; but you'll never come to that."

"Yes, it must come. You spoke of the old way: I shall go back to it.—from this day my place is empty!"

He kneeled down at the side of the old Priest, and bowed his head, and was, at first, silent for a while, then said,—

"If I have ever hurt your feelings, Father Terence, in any thing but this, I ask your pardon, humbly;" (the old man could not speak; his voice was choked)—"and now I go. I left *the better way*; I go back!"

The younger priest rose slowly from his knees, then, grasping the other's hand, pressed it; and walking softly to the door, departed.

"Stay! Stay!" was called after him, but he did not turn.

He mounted his horse at the gate, and rode rapidly through the town up toward the river-head. An hour later he knocked at Mr. Wellon's door.

"Could you give so much time and trouble to me as to go down with me a little way?" he said, after a hurried salutation.

The clergyman at once complied, asking no questions ; for he might have seen how occupied the other was. So the two walked together silently ; and people silently looked at them and looked after them.

It was not far to Mrs. Barrè's house ; and Father De Brie led the way straight to it. All was silent there ; and when he had knocked, and for a moment no one came, he turned to his companion anxiously and said, " She is not sick ? "

The English servant came to the door, and, seeing who was there, could scarcely speak or move.

They stood in the little parlor to which they were shown ; and though Father De Brie did not change his place, yet his eyes turned slowly from one of the pretty little articles of woman's taste to another, and quietly filled with tears. Presently a hurried and unequal step was heard from the chamber overhead, down the stairs, and Mrs. Barrè, in her black dress, pale and trembling, not lifting up her eyes, stood in the room. Young as she was, her dark hair had begun to have a gloss upon it (perhaps a glory) that did not come of years.

She had not felt the breath of that cold air,

The chill, chill wind from o'er the graves
And from the cold, damp tomb ;
The wind that frosts the hair it waves,
And pales the cheek's fresh bloom ;
That bitter wind that we must face
When down life's hill we go apace,
And evening spreads its gloom ;—

That had not breathed upon her.

" Mr. Wellon ! I call you to witness, before God," said Father De Brie, " that I pray the forgiveness of this blessed, blessed woman ; whom I may not call my wife, for I forsook her ! "

Before the words were done, a sudden burst of life and love seemed to fill up the room; there was a little rush of gentleness, and Oh! a warm, trembling arm went round his neck; a tender forehead was bowed down upon his shoulder; a sweet, low murmuring was felt against his heart, and scarcely heard—

“You are my own, own husband!”

What was there in the world to them beside each other in that long moment? Their tears flowed down together; and then he drew back a little, and with two hurried hands smoothed away, more than once, to either side, the hair from that wife's forehead; then drew her to his bosom, that had not felt such dearness for so long, kissed her true lips, and said—

“If ever God gave treasure to a man unworthy, it was here! My wife! My wife!”

After another silence, he said, turning to the friendly clergyman,—

“I may open my heart to God before you?”—and they kneeled down, and at first without speech, then in low, broken bursts, and then in a full stream of molten music he poured forth prayer for the forgiveness of the Prodigal, who had wandered in a far, strange country, and fed on husks; for blessing on that dear woman, and on all people. Other voices,—of his wife; of the English priest, whose nature was so strong and regular,—inarticulate, but expressing feeling irrepressible, from time to time rose and fell with his.

Little Mary, wondering, still and tearless, came and stole in between the two whose child she was; and in his prayer her father put his arm about her.

The words of that prayer could not be written down by hand; the spirit only could go along with them.

Perhaps they have been written somewhere. Then, calmly, when they stood up, he said:—

“Now, Helen, shall I finish this unfinished work, for which you have so long been praying, before I join my life with yours again? Shall I first go to the chief Minister,* and publicly recant my error and profess my faith? Then, on a schooner going from New-Harbor.”

“You won’t go now, will you?” asked the clergyman, who had no ties of marriage.

The wife who for so long had had no husband,—the woman whose strong love had been put away from its own proper, sacred object, to whom she *was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone*,—her own loved, her own wedded, her own lost,—looked up at once and answered, “Yes, if you will—I’ll wait.”

He held her close to his heart awhile, then parted from her tenderly, and went away with Mr. Wellon. Early next day they started together for New-Harbor.

* Newfoundland, in that day, was attached to the Diocese of Nova Scotia; the Bishop lived at Halifax.



CHAPTER LI.

THE TRIAL.

COURT-DAY drew near, and public interest increased accordingly. The speculation of the public was abundant,—the more so for the mystery that clothed the government case. It was said that Mrs. Calloran had been discharged, for want of evidence to show any thing against her. Violent partisans everywhere reported that she had been first tampered with to turn King's evidence; but had refused "to go nigh wan o' their courts to testify, as they call it, good or bad; no, not if they take the life of me itself." What there might be against the Priest, no man could say; but it was generally affirmed, by those of his own religion, that the government would break down at the trial.

The reader need not be reminded what excitement there must have been in Peterport, and generally among the population. The Stipendiary, Mr. Naughton, (who knew something of the inner things of law.) assured Mr. Wellon, "They'll never be able to convict him, sir;" but many plain people said, "They've murdered her, too; and they ought to be hung for it."

Ladford, meantime, (for so we call him still,) was not at home. He had sent a short note to Mr. Wellon from Castle-Bay, from which it appeared that it had been

made necessary for the poor man to hide again, but that he would be heard from when he was needed; and since that time no word had come from him. His pardon was all ready for him, but he did not come.

Up to the last day,—up to the last moment of the day before the one appointed, he was looked for, but he did not come; and there were no certain tidings from him. The nearest approach that could be made to him was this: In New-Harbor there had been a man called Lane, and there supposed to be a deserter from a man-of-war,—otherwise answering to the description of Ladford, —he had shipped, with others, in the schooner Ice-Blink, for a short trip along shore, and the schooner had not since been heard from; and great fears were felt for her. Some people sternly said that God's judgment had come down upon him; others again began to mutter that he had had foul play. Meantime, so great was the excitement, and so strong was the public pressure, that it would not have been safe to have adjourned the trial. "It was thought best" (the Attorney-general told Mr. Wellon) "to call the case on, and if, at the last moment, the chief witness did not come, then the crown-counsel should throw it up, in open court. If the priest were convicted on this charge, he would be safe for a trial for murder, *when that body should be found.*"

In the late evening came intelligence from a vessel just arrived in St. John's, that she had passed outside a brig having the Ice-Blink's crew on board.

The morning of the Fifteenth opened clear and bright; the day went clearly and brightly on; but such was the excitement and occupation of the town that few could have heeded the face of the fair sky.

The judges (Chief Justice and the two Assistants) had

been punctual to the day, and were all here. Whoever knows the trumpeters and javelin-men of the English Circuit, and the tremendous authority of the Bench, and long array of learned and practised members of the Bar, must change his notions to adapt them here. There was as good a chance of getting justice here, however, as any where in England.

A large storehouse,—furnished with two long deal tables, for the judges and lawyers, respectively; with mahogany chairs for the former; such as could be had for the latter; and, for the public, benches and boxes, as far as they could go,—served for the court-room;—and there was Father Nicholas Crampton, and Mrs. Bridget Calloran, also, in the custody of the officer, to stand their trial.—Skipper George was not present; Father Terence sat there, grave and perplexed-looking; and not far from him sat Mr. Wellon, thoughtful and anxious, and looking often to the door.

Proclamation was made; commissions read; all formal ceremonies, (considerably abridged in number and amount from the “home”-standard,) tediously gone through with; lengthened, perhaps, purposely, in the doing; for the rest of the day nothing was done but filling up the panel of the jury; there was no challenge to the array or to the polls, by the accused or by Government; then the court adjourned to the next day.

Next morning news came at last to Mr. Wellon and to the Attorney-General, that the brig with the Ice-Blink’s men on board was signalled off the Narrows. Their hearts were lightened. A boat with a stout crew and an intelligent messenger was sent across the bay to bring Ladford, if he were there.

The Attorney-General opened for the Crown; the atten-

tion of the three or four hundred people within the walls of the Court room was very closely held; and, every now and then, a sympathetic heave or swell seemed to be communicated, (without any manifest connection,) from the much larger multitude without; as the swell of the far-away sea pulses in one of those inland pools in the southern islands;—but there was no disturbance. Within, apparently two thirds of the people were Protestants; without, the greater part Roman Catholics. The orderly spirit was, perhaps, encouraged by the known and evident provision of soldiers and of special constables, that, to the number of seventy, had been sworn in from different parts of the Bay.

Mrs. Calloran looked frequently at Father Nicholas, being herself much excited; he always sat quietly, only sometimes looking a little impatient, or smiling slightly, and almost sneering, at some parts of the argument of the counsel.

Father Crampton begged leave to say “that he would not waste the time of the Court, or put the counsel for the Crown to trouble, to prove the fact of Miss Barbury’s being missing; he admitted it; he had no doubt of it. Nor would he require that it should be proven that she disappeared on the afternoon or evening of the fifteenth day of August at the time charged by the Government from that point he should deal with the witnesses as they were called on.”

When Mr. Urston and James were called, successively, to show that Father Crampton had expressed himself strongly disappointed and displeased, he not only made no use of the witnesses, after the Government had done with them, but admitted, freely, the substance of the expressions and the character of his own feelings, with a frank-

ness that very likely had a favorable influence upon the jury. It was understood that Mrs. Barrè was to be called to testify to some passages in the priest's former life; and as her story was now pretty generally known, there was, doubtless, abundant anxiety in those present. This would explain the interest manifested by the spectators in such ladies as were there watching the progress of the trial; but whatever were the method intended by the Attorney-General, she was not summoned, at least in the earlier stages of the proceeding; nor was a certain Englishman, accidentally arrived a few weeks before, who, it was said, had recognized Father Crampton as one who had been guilty of crime, elsewhere.

So the witnesses succeeded each other in procession quiet and orderly, with slight interruption. In declining to ask Jesse Barbury any questions, the Priest said that he had no wish nor interest to contradict or meddle with his testimony; at which a flush of bashful pride went over Jesse's honest face, (and, no doubt, over Isaac Maffen's); and the witness ventured a glance, of his own accord, at the Attorney-General, as if Jesse felt that time and skill had been well bestowed in drawing out evidence, which, when drawn out, stood thus unimpeachable.

The Attorney-General did not hurry himself or his witness; but Father Crampton let them go unquestioned, and so did Mrs. Calloran's counsel, as if they acted in concert. The first change of proceeding was with Mr. Bangs. In his direct examination, whose redundancy the learned prosecutor was at no pains to check, he gave an account of his seeing the woman carried down from Mr. Urston's by two others. Mr. Wellon described the finding of the cap, and identified the one produced. Mrs. Barbury swore that it was her daughter's. Gilpin

gave his account of the prayer-book, and of Mrs. Calloran's and Father Crampton's suspicious conduct in regard to it. Then Captain Nolesworth's deposition was put in, without question from the accused. Then Mr. Bangs was recalled, and described his visit to the Nunnery;—how "he went in, 'th the holy priest, there, an' saw all about it, an' where they took their meals," and so forth;—with which, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, both the court and others seemed to be amused. After the Government had done with him, Father Crampton, premising that he was no lawyer, and begging that the answers might be as short and plain as possible, asked him whether he had been *invited* to go in. "I undertook to go in, o' myself, first, I guess," said Mr. Bangs, "an' then you come along, an' finally, you concluded to take me in, I b'lieve." "Did I invite you to the room where the sick person was?" "Wall, I guess ye did, sir." "Did I make any difference between that and the rest?" "I dono's ye did." "Do you know that I did not?" "I guess ye didn't." "Did I seem at all afraid, in showing you that room?" "I guess ye didn't." "Did I hurry you away from it?" "No, sir; I can't say's ye did; only when the holy virgins, there, or what not, snickered out at my hat, I s'pose ye was ruther put out." "But did I show any anxiety? or did I hurry you away?" "No, sir." "That will do, sir," said Father Nicholas, "it is to be observed that that was the room in which the girl lay whom I am charged with having kidnapped."

Ladford did not come; the Attorney-General appeared anxious. He said that an important witness for Government had not arrived, though constantly expected; it was very embarrassing, as that witness could testify to the

actual presence of Miss Barbury in the Nunnery, and in that room in which the sick young woman was seen ; but he would go on, expecting to supply the deficiency very soon.

Gilpin was recalled, and gave his evidence about the conversation overheard. In the cross-examination, Father Nicholas asked him : " Did you not say that I distinctly spoke of Lucy Barbury as ' gone ? ' " " I heard her name ; and I heard you speak of *some one* as ' gone. ' " " Can you swear that I said that she was gone in any way except as having disappeared ? Think well of it. " " No, sir. " " Well : did you hear me speak of any one else, in that conversation ? " " I think I did : you both spoke about somebody that had been confessing to Father De-bree. " " Man or woman ? " " Woman. " " Did you understand that to be Miss Barbury ? " " No, sir ; I understood it was Mrs. Barrè. " " And can you swear that that was not the person I said was gone ? " " No, sir, I cannot. " " That will do, sir. "

Sister Theresa was next called to the stand ; but before her examination had begun, a disturbance outside and at the door of the Court-room drew all attention to that side. The name of " Lane " was heard ; the Attorney-General became agitated, but looked suddenly hopeful. The officers of the Court had gathered immediately toward the door. Father Nicholas cast a quick glance that way ; and Mr. Wellon looked, very eagerly.

" There's no Ladford there, " said the latter, forgetting himself, and thinking aloud. Then, presently recalled by the many faces turned to him, he bowed to the Court by way of apology. The Attorney-General, who had looked to him, like the rest, still waited, without questioning the nun who had been called on, and requested her to be seated.

"We hope," said he to the Court, "to be able to put our witness on the stand in a few moments, if the Court will be pleased to indulge us ; I see the messenger who was sent for him."

The officers quieted all but the indefinite motion and sound that show the excited state of a crowd, and made way for one of several men who had got within the door. The counsel for the Crown were, for a while, in close conversation with him ; a new sensation passed over the crowd ; and then the Government said that "information had been just received which satisfied them that Warrener Lane, the witness for whom they had been looking, had perished, while engaged in an honorable mission of charity, respected by his comrades, and in the faith and penitence of a Christian man. It was, therefore, out of their power to put his testimony into the case, and they must do without it."

A new sensation passed over the crowd ; and something like a shout was heard on the outside of the building. Father Crampton almost smiled, and lifted up his eyes, apparently in a momentary thanksgiving.

The Government did not throw up the case. The Attorney-General simply and gravely expressed his regret at the loss of so important evidence, and at the death of the man, though it was in an honorable cause. The other witnesses were called, after Sister Theresa ; and the evidence of the officers who had searched for the missing nuns and boatmen, showed that not one of these could be traced. Father Crampton asked no questions ; leaving it, as he said, to the Court to show the jury that this testimony did not, in any way, touch him.

All evidence touching the priest's character, save in

the one point of his being likely to have committed this crime, was ruled out.

The Chief Justice summed up and commented upon the testimony wisely and fairly; when he had done, Father Crampton bowed dignifiedly to the court.

When the case was given to the jury, a leading barrister leaned over and whispered to the solicitor-general, "They won't leave their seats."

The jury withdrew, however, and were out about twenty minutes, when they came in with a verdict of "Not guilty."

The priest rose, and bowing gravely, as before, withdrew. Mrs. Calloran shook her petticoats, and turning indignantly to the Bench, said:—

"Sure, didn't I know that before, without three jidges an' twelve juries to tell it me? An' who'll get satisfaction for me lying in prison?"

An officer laid hold of her, and hurried her away, to the freedom of the open air, lest she should be committed for contempt.

From the street came a sound significant of popular excitement.

It was impossible for Father Nicholas, if he had wished it, to get rid of all the different demonstrations in which the excited spirit of his fellow-religionists broke forth after his discharge from custody. He had no carriage to be dragged; nor what would have become the habits of the country better, boat to be towed; but as he walked along the street, the men walked in ranks of four or five abreast, before and behind, and in the roadway at his side; and women, less orderly, were mingled among them. Green badges of fir, and spruce twigs, and here and there of shamrock, indicative of birth in the Emerald

Isle, soon made their appearance, marshals of the procession decorated and distinguished by suspenders outside of their clothes, presently were conspicuous ; and so, with heavy, martial tramp, and fierce looks, (a few of them giving groans before one or two houses of obnoxious persons,) the crowd escorted Father Nicholas Crampton up to the Mission premises, while the marshals got into everybody's way, and made themselves very hot, ordering and gesticulating.

One woman was very active and prominent in the demonstration about the priest. Upon her they presently laid hands, and placed her in the midst, and escorted her also. This was Mrs. Calloran, who had at first been forgotten. When she had thus found her proper place, she trudged on, less noisy though not less earnest than before.

No let or hinderance was offered to this crowd ; the soldiers were kept out of sight ; the special constables were not put forward, and the rest of the people did not come in the way. At the gate Father Nicholas dismissed them with a few words.

"They had had provocation," he said, "that would have driven a less patient and orderly people to violence. They had, also, the power to sweep the arrogant contemnners of their most holy religion into nothing. He was a minister of peace, and though he knew that in the sight of men they would be excused, and, in the sight of God, they would be justified, if they were to show a sense of their wrongs, yet he must counsel them to wait patiently for the day in which they would at length have full justice."

Then the marshals and others, with much brandishing of their arms, got the multitude to their knees, much as if they had mowed them down ; and while some wiped their faces, and some brushed their clothes, and some continued

certain altercations with their neighbors, as the way of crowds is, Father Crampton blessed them.

They had begun slowly to break up into small companies, not knowing exactly what to do with themselves, when Father Terence came, making his way home, through the midst of them. Very many of the late enthusiasts, on becoming aware of his presence, looked rather sheepish.

He addressed himself to different little gatherings, as he passed by, exhorting them to "go home, now, and show the way Irishmen could be quiet." There were some who objected that "it was not just the thing to be quite, till they'd got the life tramped out o' them;" but Father Terence, by asking who was tramping the life out of them, and bidding them not to "be talking nonsense, that way," convinced by far the greater number, and sent them to their homes. The remainder soon disappeared, and the town was quiet.



CHAPTER LII.

THE LAST OF LADFORD.

WHILE the counsel lingered talking in the courtroom, after the withdrawal of the judges, Attorney-General Kay, leaving his papers and other matters in the hands of his clerk, proposed to Mr. Wellon a walk; an invitation which the clergyman readily accepted.

In passing out, the lawyer beckoned to Lane's shipmate, who had come from St. John's with the messenger; and, as they went, they listened to the story of the last of Ladford; which, in such shape as that it shall be best understood, (though not in the man's words,) we give the reader.

Where Trinity and Placentia Bays cut nearly through the Island, the distance across the tongue of land, in the narrowest part, is only three or four miles, while the nearest way by water is some three hundred; yet, so hard is the crossing, and so much more used are our Newfoundlanders to going afloat than afoot, that all traffic and travel in that day, took the sea-passage,—perhaps, still do so.

There is a town, Placentia, once—in its French days—far more important than now; and, even in the time of our story, having a good deal of stir of business. Several schooners lay in the harbor, and one—the Ice-Blink—was

being pretty briskly fitted out for sea ; a dozen men or so being engaged in caulking, and painting, taughtening rigging, and scraping down and slushing masts. The schooner's destination was to St. John's, but she was temporarily to go up the coast toward Cape Ray, to relieve the people of a Quebec emigrant-ship, wrecked somewhere near La Poile.

During this time, a man made his appearance in Placentia, giving his name as Lane, and supposed by the people there to be a deserter from the man-of-war on the station,—the Surinam. His ways were strange ; he “studied,” as they said, a good deal ; read his little Bible and Prayer-book much ; was quiet, and had such “old-fashioned ways” as to raise a laugh now and then at first ; but, at length, was found to know so much, and to be so handy, that, in three days' time, he was not only a valued hand at the schooner, but was in that sort of esteem that he was put at the sculling-oar when he went with others up the Bay, or outside. This was our man, Ladford.

On the whole, though some thought “'e wasn' gezac'ly right, mubbe,” yet a general deference towards him began to establish itself. If he was “sowm'y strange,” in the eyes of the crew with whom he was just brought together, yet they saw, at once, that he was a “proper knowledgeable man,” and they accordingly thought his strangeness to arise from the possession of special spiritual gifts, connected with his abstraction and study of the Word of God. It was asserted, indeed, that a very ugly look had been seen in his face ; but, as his uniform expression was very sad, and his manner was uniformly gentle, this assertion was swallowed up and lost sight of, in the general impression of his character ; one which was diffused everywhere by those public carriers, the children, and prevailed to

some extent, also, among the Roman Catholics, who are the great part of the population of Placentia.

The wind does not always blow from the same quarter, and it changed, after a couple of days, for the waiters in Great Placentia Harbor, and came in from something south of east. The moment that it was settled that the breeze would hold, the "Ice-Blink" got herself ready to start, with sails filling and flapping, and streamer, and pennon, and house-flag, and union-jack, all flaunting gayly in the wind. Shortly before casting off from the stage, another circumstance gave occasion to remark, and added to the mystery of Ladford's character. He had somehow set his mind on taking along with them, in the schooner, a very large punt that he had used a good deal in the Bay; and, at this last moment, he seemed so earnest for it, that it was determined to take the boat, although, as had been objected to him, it lumbered up the deck greatly. So it was got on board to his satisfaction.

A musket was fired from the schooner, and the "Ice-Blink" gallantly left the stage. It was a pleasant afternoon, and all things seemed to conspire to help them forward,—weather, and wind, and tide,—and these Placentia men know the way, and the headlands, and islands, and harbors along the way, as a Londoner knows the Strand, and Temple-Bar, and St. Paul's Cathedral; or an Edinburgh man, Prince's Street, and the North Loch, and the Castle. It is a dangerous coast to strangers. The rocks near Cape Race have caught many a ship, and St. Shott's has had its share of the fearful spoil, and more than one other place between that and Cape Ray. The very natives and familiars of this shore may be carried out of their reckoning by unexpected currents, which, sometimes, seeming to be set going by the winds, defy calculation of

their direction or force; but then, if the weather should become stormy, there is Fortune Bay, just on the other side of Cape Chapeau Rouge, with some good shelters in it, and, on the other hand, St. Peter's in Miquelon, to make for.

The wind falls light and the weather continues clear and warm, as they go down the Bay and over toward the Cape; and the long evening, until late into the night, is spent, as sailing men are wont to spend a good deal of their time, and these men especially, looking for a short trip only, were tempted to spend much of theirs, in talking. What Ladford did and said, we beg the reader to observe.

The watch below staid on deck; and except the man at the helm and a look-out forward, all hands were gathered together, amidships, between the great punt and the weather bulwarks. They had had several songs—some of them of the singers' own making—and these last had a melancholy burden of shipwreck or loss of shipmates, and then the conversation took a gloomy character; and at length turned to the supernatural, as is so common with our fishermen and with other superstitious people.

From dwelling for a good while together on the mysterious noises and happenings in a certain cove in Hermitage Bay, which was supposed to be haunted, and about which most of them had strange stories to tell, (often exaggerations or wonderful alterations of some one common stock,) they passed to speaking of the sight of mountains under water, which off some parts of the island are seen, fathom after fathom, hundreds of fathoms down below the surface. To one unaccustomed to the sight of these in the clear water, they have a most startling and dreadful look. Though the highest point be, perhaps,

four fathoms deep, yet the eye that can follow down the rugged sides of these vast mountains, into their far rifts and clefts, is stretched wide with terror, as, with the long swell of the sea, the perfectly transparent element lets you slowly settle towards these awful depths.

Ladford sat still; awake or asleep he took no part in the conversation, but at length, while they still spoke of these fearful sunken or never-trodden peaks, the silent stranger first broke silence. In common language, though above that of his companions, and sitting as unmoved as he had before been sitting, he touched upon the different subjects of their former talk, and told them of things which he had done and seen, or which had happened at his very side; but, he said, there was one thing that a man found out, if he only went in the way of it, and that was, that one needn't be under fear of any thing if he only had *something to hold on to*; and as the man went on, in his quiet way, sometimes reasoning, sometimes describing his experience, sometimes expressing strong conviction, the silence was kept about his single voice, not even broken by words of assent.

The voice seemed to come down from some heights of spiritual wisdom, clear and fresh, and when he spoke of hidden things and mysteries, and took their mountain-depths buried in clear water for his illustration, using, sometimes, the language of Holy Scripture, he fairly opened to his hearers a new world, and there were few, if any, of those about him that did not listen attentively; though, of course, some heard him in such a way as to be ready to make a little fun out of his wisdom, by-and-by.

As his voice ceased, it was as if an attraction had ceased to be exerted; the crew shifted their postures and filled their pipes; and when they found the silence to last,

got up and looked about them. In a moment the speaker's place was empty; and one of his shipmates, going below, heard a slow, regular breathing of a sleeper; and presently, drawing gently near, and feeling, found that it was Ladford sleeping. It was not long before a strange voice made its way into the darkness in which the sleeping and the waking man were, (for the latter had thrown himself down to rest,) a voice like none the fisherman knew, and he started up and fled, in great alarm, to the deck once more. Coming, as it did, directly after their discussion, there is little cause to wonder at his being put in terror by it. Several of the men, however, immediately went down, and the skipper, taking a light with them; and having ascertained that no one was there, in the body, except the single man asleep, awaited, eagerly, a repetition of the wonder; the light being, first, carefully shaded.

Presently a strange sound came again—not like the voice of man or woman—and it spoke English words. Then, using their lamp once more, they found that though Ladford's eyes were fast in slumber, yet his lips were moving and the words were his. They were uncommonly soft, and with a peculiar distinctness of their own, much as if some finer organ than that with which he framed his waking speech, gave utterance to them, or as if some finer being, having found this body sleeping, had taken possession of it for a while. Broken sentences, not understood, came first from him, while they were listening, and by-and-by he said:—

“Take those letters and make his name. The letters are there;” and he said it so distinctly that the men began to search for them, about the place, but in vain.

“’E’s dreamun,” said they, “mubbe it’s about some chiid ’e’ve ahad and loss’d un.”

So they stood still and listened for more: "I s'pose it's no harm, we listenin'?" said one of them. The sleeper soon spoke again:—

"Put them all round.—L—O—R—D."

The men looked at each other wondering, and leaned forward, casting glances at the sides of the rude place and the walls, and giving a gleam from the light, which showed nothing but bunk or bulkhead there, with little articles of apparel here and there hanging.

"It's the cap'n o' the man-o'-war, mubbe," suggested one of the men, recurring to the general conjecture about their shipmate's history.

"J's first, you know," went on the sleeping man; "E—S—U—S."

"That's pretty, now; isn't it?" said one of the witnesses of the scene, when, after a moment, they had all come to the knowledge of his meaning; and every man of them uncovered his head.

"Do 'ee think 'e *is* all alone?" was suggested.

The lantern was cautiously held to his face, and, as they bent over and gazed upon him, they could not but see the lovely look that lay in his features; but there was none with him that they could see. His clothes were what the reader may remember as his better dress, and they were coarse enough; yet, where his sou'wester had fallen aside, it looked almost as if scales were cleaving off from about the brightness of the face. They lingered a little, and then left him there, at rest.

The morrow came calmly over sea and land, with the wind blowing gently from the same quarter as on the day before. By the time that they could well make out the land, they found themselves abreast of Cape Chapeau Rouge, and seven or eight miles to windward of it. No one

roused the Old Sailor, (as they generally called Ladford,) when his watch was called; he had worked hard the day before, and, moreover, the deference already yielded to him was increased by the story of the night scene, which was now generally known on board.

He came up, looking pale and thoughtful, but taking no notice of the curious glances that his comrades cast at him. The wind freshened a little, veering rather more to the southward as they had expected. Ladford, who had kept himself apart, was standing on the leeward side of the deck, looking over the water, abstractedly, when, suddenly, his eyes were drawn toward the bow, and fixed in that direction. He shaded them with his hand, and then his lips moved without sound. Presently he looked at the large boat which he had induced them to bring, and then back again toward the bow.

“What punt is that?” he asked, in a low, even voice, keeping his eyes still fixed.

There were plenty to hear him,—for he was constantly observed,—and some one answered, catching, unwittingly, the same tone,—

“There’s ne’er a punt where you’re looking, at all.”

“What punt is *that*?” repeated he; “there! by the bow!”

The answer to this repeated question was to the same effect; but given in a faint voice, and rather aside to the rest than addressed to the asker.

“Do ye see?” asked the latter again, where they saw nothing. “Do ye see her?—See who go there!” (he now raised his right hand, slowly, and pointed.) “Who are they going over the bow?” His eye kept steadily fixed, unwinking and unwavering, rather wider than is natural, and he next drew up to the bulwark, and looked over, and began, gravely, to count.

"One, two, three, four," he told, up to "fourteen;" then an anxious expression came upon his face, and, almost immediately, he repeated his count, in the same way, and to the same end; and then put his hand to his brow, and passed it over his face as he withdrew it. He then gave one slow, fixed look towards the spot in which he had seen the punt and the men, and then turned slowly away, and took his place with some sail-makers, who made room for him very readily.

The men who had witnessed this singular scene did not meddle with him, nor even talk about it aloud; they spoke of it, in a low voice, by themselves, and some of them went forward to see if there was any thing thereabouts that he could have mistaken for what he thought himself to have seen. Others were satisfied, without going forward, that the old seaman had had a "visage;" and they speculated upon it, from time to time, during the day, as portending something.

"'E've got the number of all hands, only one short," said some one. "There's fifteen of we, all told."

In Ladford's immediate neighborhood, there was little talking; yet any question, (generally repeated once or oftener,) he answered in a few pleasant words, perfectly rightly. He took a double turn at the helm, where old habit made him do the utmost justice to the schooner's sailing.

Day wore away, and night came on. This second night they were less talkative than on the former, and a light breeze bore them on; there was no working of the vessel, and the men were mostly gathered about the capstan. Ladford was below, and had turned in; there was nothing noticeable about him this night, and all was quiet, except for snatches of talk among the men on deck.

"'Twas in British Channel we were run down that time," said one of these. "Took us just about amidships; but, for all that, she was a long time goun down; had time to get aboard o' the ship, and we were a mile off by the time. She was a tough old thing, that brig."

"I should have thought she'd 'a' broke you all to pieces," said another.

"Why, no! it wa'n't a very hard knock she gave us, seeminly,—the knock was n'. In course she put her long nose in over us, and got foul with our standun riggin' a' both sides; we had to cut away. There! twasn' much harder than that, now."

"What?" asked several voices.

"Just that little thump, whatever it was," said the teller of the story.

Scarcely any one had noticed the little shock to which he called their attention; and so the general opinion was that he had forgotten.

While they were expressing this opinion, the man at the helm cried out; and all at the same instant, and by a common impulse, started up and cried:—

"She's going down! she's sinking! God have mercy upon us! We're lost men!" and the other cries of sudden terror and dismay.

The skipper was as sudden and stern as lightning, but perfectly self-possessed, as were the greater part of these hardy men, who had seen worse things than this. There was not a minute. There was a rush, as of a mill-stream, and an unsteady settling of the ship rather over to port, (that is away from the wind,) and down by the head,—but all in an instant.

"The big punt!" was the cry; and over the deck of that foundering schooner, like men that tread the crack

ling, bending floor of a burning house, they rush. The large punt is got out, *over the bow*,—over the *lee-bow*,—and just as they are, without stop or stay, without saving any thing, or trying to save any thing, every man goes over into her, and they shove off, clear.

“Is there any one behind?” asks the skipper. “Don’t give way yet!—Hilloa, there, aboard! Who’s aboard, there?” thundered the skipper.

“Not a living soul!” was the general answer; and they could see the whole deck empty. In one breath, almost, all life had passed out of the great schooner into the boat.

“Hold on a bit!” said the skipper, standing aft, with the sculling oar in hand. The water was up to the bends; presently it was up to the chains; they couldn’t tell how high it was.

“Give way, boys! Give way, all! For your life, now!” said the skipper.

The punt shot away, leaving the schooner rocking, for the last time, upon the surface of the deep. All eyes were fixed in silence upon her, in the dimness of the night, about three hundred yards off. There was something solemn or awful in the sight of the deserted vessel, tall and ghastly, going through the last, alone. It was like a living tragedy. She rocked a little to and fro—but very little. The men, in their own misfortune, felt sad for her.

“It’s cruel!” said the skipper. “It’s hard to see her go that way! but isn’t she a lady!”

He was proud of her, and of the way in which she was going to her end, while his heart was full of her loss; but there was a change, soon enough.

“What’s that?” “Sure enough!” “Count! for God’s sake!” shouted different voices. “Three,—and

five ;—and two are seven,—ten,—thirteen,—fourteen ! Good God ! there's some one aboard ! We're one short ! Let's have a try for him ! ”

But at the instant, with a sort of wail from under her deck, down went the Ice-Blink, sails and all, fathom by fathom,—the waters coming together with a great swash, —and the Deep had swallowed her up ! She was gone !

—“ But we're all here,” said one of the saved men, when they began to breathe again. “ Who's missun ? ”

No, no. There were but fourteen of them. “ And where's the Old Sailor ? ” asked the skipper. Sure enough, he was missing !

“ And this is 'e's *punt* ; and was n' there *fourteen went over the bow* ? an' was n' that a visage ? ”

“ Come, come, boys ! Let's pull there again, and we may pick up *somethun*,” said the skipper. He did not say “ somebody,” but “ something.”

They searched all about the place ; but nothing was to be found ; nor could they even make out what had sunk their schooner. If it had been spring, the ice might have done it ; as it was, they had not been run down,—they had not struck a rock.—It might have been a floating wreck, perhaps, that had cut through her ; but they could not tell.

And the Old Sailor was gone with her ! If it was for the interest of Father Nicholas that he should not appear at the Court in Harbor Grace,—if it was for the interest of justice that he should,—it is settled already. Alone, in that great schooner for his coffin, with the tall masts over him, and sail set, under the deep water, sleeps the body of William Ladford, or Warrener Lane, once smuggler and sinner, to await the General Rising.

His shipwrecked mates pulled, heavy-hearted, for the

land. One man (but it must be remembered that it was night,) said that he could see the Old Sailor with his hand over his eyes, as in the morning of that day ; and it was also asserted (and it may be so) that the fatal word "Fourteen" came over the water to the punt.

A gale headed the boat off ; and after narrowly escaping swamping, (it was *the great punt*, under God, that saved them,) the crew got on board a lumber-ship, out of the St. Lawrence, and having been carried half-way across the ocean, happening to meet a Newfoundland vessel, were transferred to her.

This was the last of Ladford's story. It was soon spread among his former neighbors, and divided the interest of the trial. It is a common fate for fishermen to be drowned ; but the man's death was singular and strange, as much of his life had been. There were abundant witnesses of all the facts, and often is the tale told in Placentia, and very often among the people of Peterport.

Shortly after the Parson's return from his walk with the Attorney-General, Jesse Hill presented himself in the parlor at the Bay-Harbor parsonage, and drawing down his red forelock, by way of salutation to Mr. Wellon, said :—

"Sarvunt, sir ! I made so bold"—(here he stole a glance toward the entry, and Isaac came to his support,)—"Pareson, ef ee'd be so well-plased, sir," he went on, leaving his exordium, and rushing to his subject, "we wants to git Willum Ladford's pardon, sir." Mr. Wellon looked at him in surprise.

"He's pardoned in Paradise, long before this, I hope, Jesse," said he.

"I know, sir ; but I means the pardon from the Governor, sir ; that's *the paper*. You know we can't bury

un, Pareson Wellon ; and 'ee know people says there's stones with writings on 'em put up in churches in England ; an' so a good many of 'us thought we'd ax for 'e's pardon, an' put un in a frame an' hang un up in the school-house for a sort of a grave-stone, like."

The Parson's surprise had changed into a different feeling, before Jesse had done speaking ; and he assured him that he would do his best to get what they wanted, and they might hang it up in the church, if they liked.

We may anticipate sufficiently the time to say that the Document, engrossed and bearing its seal, was afterward secured and presented to Jesse for the rest. Jesse Hill asked the Minister to be "so well-pleased to read it," and having secured its being made plain that the Warrener Lane in the writing was the man usually known as "William Ladford," Jesse insisted, in the name of his neighbors, on paying the charges, "for they things cost money," and having been satisfied in this respect also, took the paper thankfully away.

It is now a tablet to the memory of poor Lane, or Ladford, in the church at Peterport.



CHAPTER LIII.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN THE "SPRING-BIRD."

IT was on Thursday that the Court adjourned, leaving not only the accused acquitted of the crime with which they had been charged, but the fate of Skipper George's daughter as dark as ever. The verdict was the only one that could have been brought in upon the evidence; and the Attorney-General said that he could not wonder at the result. "He had proof enough," he said, "that Crampton had been a villain to others; but he could not prove that he had made way with Lucy Barbury, whatever he might think about it."

The Chief-Justice left Bay-Harbor for the Capital, in a private boat, on Thursday afternoon. Judge Bearn and his other associate waited for the "packet" of the next day. Mr. Wellon, having passed the night with his brother clergyman at Bay-Harbor, went homewards next morning.

Half-way upon the road the Minister encountered the carrier, who had two letters for him, which had come from the other end of the Bay, and which the man said he had brought on to Bay-Harbor, where he heard that Mr. Wellon was, because he thought they had something to do with Skipper George's daughter; for he had sent in one from the River-head to her father, as he came along.

The Parson hastened to break the seal of one of them, and, after reading a little way, with a look of interest and wonder, as he sat upon his horse, turned to the signature ; then opened the other, and looking first to the name of the writer, read it eagerly, with occasional words of astonishment, riding, at the same time, back towards Bay-Harbor, with the letter-carrier at his side.

The substance of the two letters (which were from Captain Nolesworth and his second mate) we put into a narrative form, for it belongs to our story, and is an account of certain strange things which happened in the brig of which Captain Nolesworth and Mr. Keefe were Master and second officer.

The "Spring-Bird" sailed, it will be remembered, on the night of the nineteenth of August, the same in which, as had been suspected, Lucy Barbury was murdered in Bay-Harbor.

At about eleven o'clock that night,—a fine wind having sprung up,—officers and men were all on board, and with the merry breeze she went down Conception Bay, along by Bacaloue Island, and so out toward sea.

Thereabouts the wind falls baffling, and soon heads round and round, until it comes in from the ocean. She tacks over to Cape St. Francis, and clears Newfoundland. There is a thick fog outside ; but between it and the land is a street of clear water, with the tall cliffs on one hand, and that unsubstantial wall upon the other ; and across this open water she lies, until she buries herself so completely that one end of the brig can scarcely be seen from the other. So she works her way by long stretches, out into the great waste of waters across which she is bound. All sail is set that will draw :—topsails, topgallant-sails, and royals, fore and aft,—those square sails that, in day-

light or moonlight, sit so jauntily upon these wanderers of the sea. Away aloft, they look as if they were taken out of the strongest of the mist, and cut to shape and tied down to the yards. The high, full moon can do little with this fog; and by way of warning to any ship that may be near, a sort of thunder is beaten out of the hollow of a cask, and a sharp look-out kept. "Eight bells," for four o'clock! The second mate's watch is turned up; the man at the wheel gives up the helm to a new hand, telling him how to steer, when the Captain, who stood smoking forward of the companion-way, or opening to the cabin stairs, feels his arm squeezed in such a way as makes him start and turn round suddenly. He asks, at the same time,—

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Captain," answered a voice, which he recognized as that of the late helmsman, though his face was so strange that, in the dimness, he did not at first know it, "there's something round there to leeward."

"Why, man alive! what are you talking about? and what makes you look so?" said the Captain, turning round to leeward, and straining his eyes over the quarter-rail, to make out the strange sight; "Tom, look out on the lee quarter; do you see any thing?"

"It's aboard of us, Cap'n," said the man who had brought the alarm.

"Why, you're standing up and dreaming with your two eyes open; don't you think we should have felt it by this time?"

At this instant a cry came from among the men forward, which made the Captain leap from his place to go toward them. A strange sort of cry it was, of several voices in one; but all suppressed by fear.

“What ails ye, there?” he called out. “What is ’t? speak out.”

As he came abreast of the cook’s galley, the second mate came right in front of him, holding up his two arms, without saying a word.

“Why, what’s the matter? For mercy’s sake, Mr. Keefe, are *you* mad?” the Captain shouted to him.

“’Bide a minute, Cap’n Nolesworth,” said the mate, breathing hard, and bending over himself to recover breath and strength. “’Bide a minute, sir! The brig’s all right, sir,” he said, keeping his seaman’s presence of mind; “but there’s more aboard than ever shipped in her! I’ll show you,” said he; and, holding by the weather bulwarks, he went forward.

A few steps brought him to a stand; and saying, in a husky voice, “There, sir!” he pointed with his left hand.

The Captain followed the direction of his hand, and, looking steadily a while, made out a figure, white and ghastly, standing near the lee bulwarks where the pale, misty shimmer of the moon fell on it, under the foresail. It seemed, to a long, searching sight, a female figure; and it almost seemed as if two eyes were gazing, with a dull glare, out of the face. At this dim hour, in misty moonlight, amid the fright of men, perhaps Captain Nolesworth would have found it hard to keep out of his mind that overmastering fear that, in the minds of most of us, lies rather hidden than dead, and starts up some time, suddenly, when we feel as if we were breaking through into the land of spirits, or its inhabitants were forcing or feeling their way to us. The first words spoken were of a kind to turn the scale, if it were balanced, down to the side of awe and dread.

“I sid un come in over the side,” said the man who

had first spoken to the Captain, of the strange thing, and who had now followed the two officers of the vessel to the spot where they had taken stand. "'Xac'ly as the watch changed, it comed."

The man who said this slunk, like a living mass of fright, behind the second mate.

"What are you talking, man?" said the Captain, in a low voice, and keeping his place.

As the mist changed and fled momentarily, so the figure changed; growing now dimmer and now more distinct, much like the thicker substance of a nebula, while many eyes were gazing, at their widest, on it.

The Captain had not lost himself, old sailor as he was; for he called out, peremptorily, to the man now at the helm, "What are you doing with the brig, there, you? Keep her a good full! Can't you see you've got her all shaking? Put your helm up, sir, and if you want me to take you away from the wheel, let me know it."

Even the Captain's voice, speaking so much to the purpose, had a strange, thin sound; it was not like itself. It took effect, indeed, upon the helmsman, who managed to get the vessel on her course again, although with a good deal of unsteadiness of steering, after that; but it had not the effect of clearing the air of its unearthly influences, or reassuring those who had been struck with terror by the phantom.

"We must see into this thing," the Captain said; "I must be master of my own ship."

The watch on deck,—the whole crew, perhaps,—are clustered in the close neighborhood of the captain and second mate, except the helmsman; who, in answer to another caution of the master, says that he is doing his best; but that the brig will not steer, while THAT is

there; and there, in the mist, as a white shell in deep water, gleams the slight apparition.

In the same instant with all this, the misty shape itself moved from its place;—its misty robes floating, and the mist around it waving, horribly.

A sort of shudder seized the men, and they crowded together, still more closely.

“Mr. Keefe, will you go aft and take the helm?” said the Captain.

“Ay, ay, sir,” said the second mate, aloud; and then drawing close to Captain Nolesworth, he said privately, “As sure as I live, sir, that’s Lucy Barbury’s ghost!” and he hurried to relieve the frightened man at the wheel.

The master glanced hastily up at the sails, and out upon the sea. “Go forward, men!” said he to the crew. The unsubstantial shape had swayed itself, instantly, back, and seemed leaning against the bulwark, and still gazing through the mist.

“She’ll bring a gale!” said one of the trembling crew, from where they had clustered, by the forward hatch.

“Keep still there, with your foolishness! John Ayers! you and Thompson lay out, with all hands, on the weather yard-arms, and rig out our studding-sail-booms, alow and aloft! Cheerily, now! Away with ye!” said the Captain; but even the Captain’s voice sounded foggy; and the men climbed lubberly.

Again the figure moved as if to come forward, or seemed to move. Intense fear seemed to strike the men motionless, each man where he was.

“Look out, Cap’n!—behind you!” shouted Keefe, the second mate. A murmur arose, also, from the men in the rigging.

"Where did *you* come from, my man?" said the Captain, turning short, and seizing a handspike from a tall, strong fellow who had it lifted in air with both hands.

"I're goun to heave it at un!" cried the man.

"Wait till I bid you, or take care I don't heave you overboard!" said Captain Nolesworth. "Go forward!"

Again there was an exclamation from the men; the Captain turned, and the figure was gliding fast from the waist of the vessel, where it had been, toward the stern. The mist waved about it, as if the two were of one. Its head seemed bound up with a misty band, as that of a corpse is bound.

A movement behind him made the Captain turn quickly; the man whom he had disarmed had his huge weapon raised, again, with both his hands, ready to throw it, as before.

The Captain rushed upon him; but the ugly handspike, ere Captain Nolesworth reached him, was whirled across the deck;—and then a cry, such as had not yet been heard or uttered there, went up; a strange ghostly woman's cry; not made of words, and, as it were, half stifled in the utterance.

The Captain uttered an answering cry, himself, and there were confused voices of the crew, as Captain Nolesworth, in an instant, throttled and threw down the thoughtless ruffian. When he sprang up, and to the lee-side, nothing was there but the bulwarks with thick dew upon them; aft was the hatch over the companion-way; the wheel, deserted,—and, beyond, two dark, human figures against the stern-railing. There was mist everywhere; but of the animated form of mist, which, slight and unsub-

stantial itself, had made stout men to shake, there was no trace. He hastily looked over at the vessel's wake ; but human eye could see only a very little way ; no glittering bubbles were there ; the great waves rose and fell, under a close cloud of fog.

The Captain took the deserted helm in time to prevent the ship from getting herself taken all aback.

—"I had to run, to keep this fellow, here, from making way with himself, sir," said the second mate.

"He wouldn't have gone any further than the stern-boat, I don't think," said the master ; then, dropping the sneer, his voice became changed and sad, as he said, as if he were continuing a conversation,—“and what became of her ?”

"I don't know, sir," answered the second mate. "I couldn't see the last of it ; but, as sure as I'm standing on this quarter-deck, sir," he continued, in a low voice, apart, to the Captain, "I saw that face, and it was Lucy Barbury's."

Keefe was a Peterport man ; the Captain was a Peterport trader.

"It did look like it !" said he, looking up at the sails and then down into the binnacle. All was still, but the rising wind and washing waves.

A spirit, out of another state of being coming back, cold and disembodied, but wearing still an unsubstantial likeness to the body that it used to wear, among quick men, of flesh and blood,—the hair will creep, and the flesh crawl, at thought of it.

The men,—most, or all of them, for their remissness had been tolerated, for the moment,—drew aft ; and all was silent, but the whirring wind and washing waves. By-and-by, a voice among them murmured,—

"Ef we had akept out o' this 'am fog! They things are made of it."

"Ef we hadn' asailed tull to-morrow!" said another "We got a warnun, ef we 'd give heed to it, when we found our boat aboard, last evenun, with ne'er a hand to row her!"

"Mr. Keefe," said the Captain, "you will get your watch together, if you please; and let's have things orderly, again; and men!" he added, in a steady tone of authority, "if you're afraid, I'm not. I know you're good fellows; but you'd best leave talking, and let me and the officers of the brig, manage our cwn business. You can go about your work; I don't think many of you know where you've been, this last while.—You'll put a man at the wheel, sir, if you can find one.—Come now," said he, by way of putting heart into the crew, who had not yet recovered their composure, "which of ye 's got his sense about him?"

"Captain Noseworth," said one of the men, "I sid un go over the side just like a great white bird, in a manner, and that was the last of un. It was about so big as a eagle; much the same."

"When did you ever see an eagle," inquired the Captain.

"Oh! sir, I never did see one, but a portray—"

"And where were you, sir?" asked the master again.

"I were just hereabouts, sir, as you may say," returned the man.

"And standing up on your feet?" asked the master.

The sight-seer was silent. The first mate, whom the Captain now saw, for the first time since he had turned in,—being sick,—at twelve o'clock, answered for him; he

wasn't on his feet, when I picked him up off the deck, face down, a while ago."

"I'm afeared you'll laugh on me," said another, "but I was on my feet, and, to the best o' my notion, it went right down through the deck, and never went over the side, at all."

The mate on being asked, said that he turned out of his berth, when all that running was on deck. "He didn't know what was to pay, unless the foremast was walking off and the men after it."

Captain Nolesworth was a plain, matter-of-fact seaman, of fifty years' age, or upwards, and very sensible and well-informed. The suns of many climes had not in vain, done each its part in giving to his face its deep, dark hue; nor had the winds of many countries breathed and blown upon him, and the various foliage waved, and the many-shaped and colored houses and towns of men shut him in, and the many-tongued race of men under all different governments, and with all different manners, dealt and talked with him in vain. He was a listening man, and at the same time, hearty and cheery, where it fell to him to be so, and always ready to have it fall to him.

He was no Newfoundlander, though trading for so many years into and out of Newfoundland. He was not superstitious, and never in his life (so he wrote) had seen so much as an approach to confirmation of the hundred stories of supernatural appearances that he had heard and read. Still he was a man; and man is sure that there are angels and spirits, or ghosts and disembodied shapes; at least there is a fear, where there is not belief, that in the smooth, unbroken wall that bounds between the world of flesh and that of spirit, there are doors, where we

cannot see them, that open from the other side. Moreover, the very faith of Christian people assures them that intercourse has been, and therefore may be, between the beings of another state and those of ours; the question, in any case, is, therefore, as to the fact and reason of the special case, and not the reason or fact of such things generally. That they are of the rarest, and only for God's special purpose, (unless men can contrive to be familiar with the devil's ministers,) we know. The sacred common sense of men, where it may use its nostrils and its eyes, laughs at, or is disgusted with the legendary marvels of the Romish Breviary, and the attempted systems of the dealers with familiar spirits!

"The very time!" the Captain said; "and you met nothing on the companion-ladder?"

"No sir, not a thing. The first I heard was after I came on deck. I see you was busy and I've only heard what the men had to say.—It's an uncommon queer piece of business!"

"Well now, boys, we've had enough of this," said the Captain. "The fog's clearing off; let this thing go with it;" then looking at his watch by the binnacle light, (for day was not yet begun,) he said, "Let them strike one bell there, forward, Mr. Keefe." A half-hour had passed since this strange scene began, although the phantom had been seen for a few minutes only.

"Get those studding-sail-booms rigged out, sir, if you please, as they ought to be;" added the master; and from that time forward, he kept the men for hours occupied in different ways, until the day had been long clear and bright, and the brig was fifty miles away from Newfoundland.

The wind came fresher and fresher; the wind of all

winds for them; and the tumbling waves tried to keep up with the swift vessel, as she ran through the water, carrying all sail that she could carry, because the Captain said they would be likely to want wind before they saw Madeira.



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CHAPTER LIV.

THE GHOST AGAIN.

CAPTAIN NOLESWORTH had persuaded the chief mate to go down again ; and while he himself staid on deck, until late in the forenoon, and kept an eye to every thing, yet, sometimes, leaning upon the quarter-rail, with his back to the deck, he seemed to lose himself in thought.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon, that the master went below ; and, presently coming up, called to the steward to go down forward, and see what was against the bulk-head door ; (for in the "Spring-Bird" a door opened from the cabin into the hold.) The man sent had scarcely disappeared before he came out of the hatch again, in all fright.

"It's the ghost!" said he ; and the cry made a new stir on board. The second mate, who had just laid himself down on deck, sprang down the hatchway, and the Captain hurried from the cabin and followed him.

The weight that lay against the bulk-head-door, was indeed,—as they could make out by the daylight coming down through the broad opening in the deck,—a girl's body. It lay, asleep or dead, with the right arm under the cheek, the eyes closed, and the rich, black hair, loosed

from under the cap, lying like a black flood upon the shoulders.

"Well! Well!" said the Captain, throwing up his hands.

"That's her, and no mistake!" said Mr. Keefe; and the two lifted her tenderly, as sailors do, and opening the door against which she had leaned, carried her through and laid her on the cabin-floor.

"This must be something she's taken," said the Captain; "but how, on earth, did she come aboard of us, after all?" (It must be remembered that he had sailed four days after her disappearance.)

"That boat didn't come aboard without hands, that other night," said the second mate.

They lost no time in applying restoratives, such as years of experience had made the Captain familiar with, and his medicine-chest furnished; and presently brought her to consciousness.

"There! Thank God!" said the master.

"Amen!" said the mate and second mate.

She looked a little wildly, and her mind was a few moments in gathering itself together; and even then, she was weak and faint; but it was Lucy Barbury, herself, a good deal worn and wasted, but with something of her own brightness in her eye, and of her own sweet smile at her lip.

She spoke first, asking abruptly:—

"How did I get there?"

"That we can't tell you;" said the Captain, "if you can't tell us."

"Are father and mother alive?"

"Yes," said Captain Nolesworth, and then turned to his second mate: "Here's Mr. Keefe," said he, "that knows all about things, better than I do."

The second mate answered every thing very satisfactorily; and then, putting a check upon their own curiosity, they had some tea and brewse,* made in the best art of the ship's cook, and by the time she had satisfied her appetite, (which was good enough to encourage the captain much,) she was put in possession of one of the two state-rooms that the brig counted and left to rest.

The brig was a changed thing with her on board. Had she had but the history of the last night about her, it would have been much; but every sailor in the ship was soon talking of the lovely and wonderful character of her life at home.

The wind grew lighter as day declined; but the sick girl grew better there at sea,—perhaps was already getting better when she came on board, and here she was, missed and mourned in Peterport, and strangely enough, wandering off upon the ocean.

“If we hadn't been all fools together last night,” said the captain, when he was out of her hearing, “we might have stood a chance of landing her; but we must make the best of it now.”

Her story was soon told when they could get it; she only remembered being at Mr. Urston's and seeing Mrs. Calloran, before finding herself in a room with two nuns, at Bay-Harbor. They told her that Father Nicholas was offering up the mass for her, and the Sisters were fasting and praying for her, and she would go home as soon as she was well enough. She did not know how many days she had been there, for her memory of the time was much confused, and of the day of her escape particularly, whether from the effect of medicine or some

* Ship-bread soaked into a pulp in warm water.

other cause, her recollection was not distinct. She heard them speak of the "Spring Bird" being about to sail for Madeira, and after the nuns were in bed, between nine and ten o'clock, she put on a white dress which had been made in the nunnery for her, threw a cloak and hood over her and escaped. She had a sort of fancy in her mind at the time, that she was a slave whose story she had read. To scull a boat was easy and natural to her as to walk the street.

"Yes, that's the way our boat came aboard, when we were ashore, all hands but Dick (he's a bright chap!). It would be almost a good job to pitch that letter we got from the nunnery for Funchal, into the sea to the sharks," said Keefe.

—"So that youngster that wanted to ship with me,—the one that was going to be a priest,"—said the captain, by way of particularizing, "is a cousin of yours?"

Lucy colored. "Not my *full* cousin," said she.

"Well, he looked like a fine fellow, only he was out of heart when he came to me."

Lucy, in her innocent way, began eagerly,—

"Was that after——?" and there stopped.

"I don't know what had been before it," said the Captain, significantly, and smiling at the same time; "but it was before you went away. He gave that all up though, and he's safe enough at home, I think."

Time went on. The Captain did his best to keep her in good spirits, and was a cheery man, and everybody on board was ready to do any thing for the pretty maiden's pleasure. The only real chivalry extant in this age is in sailors, and they treated her like a queen. A great many things were continually contrived and done to amuse her; but it will easily be thought, that though her

strong constitution rallied from the fever, yet it was impossible for her to be happy or at ease, knowing that at home there must be mourning for her as for one lost, and that gray hairs most dear, might for her sake be bending in sorrow toward the grave.

Still no one tried to entertain her, so hard as she to cheer herself.

The passage to Madeira was a long one. After their first fine favoring wind came a dead calm, and twelve hours after a gale began to blow under the summer sky, and blew them down many a league, and then they worked up again, past the Azores as well as they could with fickle baffling winds.

It was clear weather when they first got sight of land, some sixty miles away, and then the towering peaks rose up more and more plainly, and as they drew in towards Funchal in early evening, the luxuriant light and dark green of the foliage showed themselves through that atmosphere, which seems to be the property of such a climate, and there came out over the water sweet smells, that had been gathering for the many centuries that this lovely spot has lain under its sun; but the eyes of our Newfoundland maiden were full of tears for the homely island, poor and barren, that held her father's house, and for those that she knew had wept and still were weeping for her.*

* Years after the latest edition, a lady told the author a story, all in her own knowledge, of an heiress, taught in a Montreal convent, lost the day after coming to her fortune; followed against denials, almost without clew, and found in a convent in Detroit, bitterly ruing and homesick.—1839.

CHAPTER LV.

MRS. CALLORAN'S REVELATIONS.

THE letters from Captain Nolesworth and his second mate, containing this intelligence from the lost maiden, had been sent from London, (to which place the "Spring Bird" had gone with a cargo from Madeira,) and the writers "expected to be in Newfoundland, if nothing happened more than usual, as soon as the letters."

As Mr. Wellon read, he kept his horse at a brisk walk toward Bay-Harbor, and as he finished reading, informed the carrier, who had managed to keep by his side, that Skipper George's daughter was on her way home from England, and then gave a kind message to the astonished man of letters for Skipper George, to be left at the River-head of Peterport, at Mr. Piper's. "I'll take it down to un myself," said the man, who was athirst for more intelligence about this strange case. Mr. Wellon then hurried forward and found the Attorney-General still at his lodgings.

"It's good we couldn't hang him for murdering her," said the Attorney-General, when he had heard the Parson's story; "though he deserves it for other things that the law wouldn't hang him for; but Bangs and Ladford were right, and they must have had her drugged when they

took her from Peterport, and when they were showing the Yankee round the nunnery. I wish he'd had a good taste of prison with Mrs. Calloran. We can have him again, and cast him in exemplary damages, if you like. Is there anybody to prosecute? I'll get it argued and without fees."

"I think we could manage that," said Mr. Wellon, thinking.

"We will manage it somehow," said the lawyer.

Meantime the news went stirring up the people all round the Bay, and bringing happiness to more than one fond heart in Peterport.

A warrant was got out for Father Nicholas's arrest again; but Father Nicholas was not to be found.

Judge Bearn determined to prolong his stay for a few days, to attend to the preliminary steps of the case, (as it was likely to be a proceeding very distasteful to a good many people;) but the accused could not be found at the Mission premises, nor anywhere else, and the best information that could be got of him was, that he had been in the house the night before, at about nine o'clock. From that time nothing had been seen of him.

The packet-boats in the Bay were overhauled, and for a day or two all places in which there was any likelihood of finding him or hearing of him, were visited in vain.

On Saturday Mr. Wellon, before going home, called on the Attorney-General and learned the result.

"Depend upon it, he's one of those persons that go through this world unwhipped," said the Attorney. "It's one of those cases that enforce Bishop Butler's argument for future retribution.—Calloran would be rather small game. Wouldn't she?"

"O yes!" said the Parson; "but I should like her account of the way in which it was done, to fill up the breaks in our story;—if we could get it."

"I fancy that wouldn't be hard," said the lawyer, "that constable of yours seems to have an instinct for nosing her out. We've kept him for the week, as he seemed a good fellow, and I'll set him on, and hear his report of the experiment this afternoon, at Castle-Bay;—I've a little business there with an old servant."

Gilpin was easily got, and accepted the commission with some satisfaction.

Mr. Wellon, having occasion to stay in Bay-Harbor, gave him afterward a message for Skipper George.

"Couldn't you ask him to come over to Castle-Bay?" inquired the Attorney. "Lawyers are not a sentimental race, and when we've done our best with a case, are apt to dismiss it; but I confess I should like to see this father."

The Parson hesitated. "I shouldn't like to summon Skipper George to come to me," said he. "I've made an appointment with him at his own house; but if you desire it, sir, he'll come with pleasure, no doubt."

"No, no; I'll take a hint from your example; why should I be summoning him up and down? I may find time to go round and see him."

The two rode up to Castle-Bay together, and as they came to a turn of the road near the beach, having been remarking on the gentle beauties of the landscape, which showed themselves, one after another, as the riders advanced, the legal gentleman exclaimed,—

"That must be your Skipper George, now;" as it was,—in Gilpin's company. He came along the beach, tall, strong, and trusty-looking as a mast. There was a

glad look in his face that lately had not been there. In saluting his pastor, the homely man's tender and affectionate deference was beautiful.

"This is the Honorable Attorney-General, that pleaded the cause at Bay-Harbor," said the Parson; and the fisherman bowed, with very grave respect, to the eminent lawyer, while the constable's eye twinkled and his face glistened, on the occasion.

"'Twas very kind of 'ee, sir, and I humbly thank 'ee; but I'm glad there hasn' any body done a murder."

"And I'm glad your daughter is alive to come back," said the Attorney. "Few parents have such children, to lose and recover."

"A child is a child, I suppose, sir; but she's a wonderful child for the like o' me, surely, sir. Ef it's the Lord's will for Lucy to come back, there'll be a many proud to see her, I believe."

At the moment, while he spoke, something caught his eye, to seaward, from which, having glanced at it, he turned hastily away; then, looking straight upon it, while his companions having followed the direction of his eye, could see the square, white canvas of a vessel coming up the Bay, he said:—

"It's Skipper Edward Ressle's schooner, from the Larbadore."

Of course, then, it was not the "Spring-Bird," bringing his daughter, as a less sure glance might have mistaken it.

"In good time, ef it's His good will," he said, again, answering, in words, to what might have been an unspoken thought of his companions, and doubtless was his own thought.

"'Twould be too much trouble for 'ee to go down to

my house a-purpose, sir;—and this excellent gentleman," he said to the pastor.

"I must go down, of course," said Mr. Wellon.

"And I'll go about my business," said the Attorney-General. "These parsons have the advantage of us;—you have to do with all the best people; and the best part of all people."

"Not always the best," said the Parson; "but in a way to give us inducements enough to be true and honest to our office."

"Ciargy are a comfort to a body, surely, sir; an' it didu' seem altogether right after the news comed, tull we could get our reverend gentleman to make a bit of a pr'yer."

"We're all interested in the constable's news, if he's got any," said the Attorney; "and we may as well hear it, together. How is it, Constable?"

Gilpin had got Mrs. Calloran to tell her own story, thus:

"I *niver* got her Sure, 'twas Almighty God an' His Blissed Mother brought her to me, like a fish to the hook, in a manner. 'Glory be to God!' sis I. 'Sure, Herself brought her to this,' sis I, seein' 'twas the Day o' the Consumption o' the Blissed Vargin, 'twas. Wasn't she quite spint, beyant, by the fence? an' what should I do, but tuk her in me arms, and brought her in and laid her an the bid? 'Sure,' sis I, 'Lucy, dear, it's dyin' y'are; an' wen't ye die in the true Church?' sis I. 'I've no doubt,' sis she; jest that way: 'I've no doubt,' sis she."

"But how could you get the doctor to her, before they carried her away?" asked the constable, making no comments.

"Wasn't he at Barney Rorke's wife that got the sprain, just beyant?" asked Mrs. Calloran. So, I called um.

“ ‘ Good mornin,—no, but good evenun to ye, Dr. More,’ sis I. ‘ I hope y’are will, sir,’ sis I. ‘ I want yer opinion,’ sis I, if ye’d be plased to walk this way. It’s some one that’s dyun, sir,’ sis I. With that he came in (’twas a little dark, with the shawl pinned at the windy):—‘ Don’t go too near her face, for fear her breath’s infractious,’ sis I. ‘ I didn’t bring a light, sir,’ sis I.—‘ Indeed, it’s not needed, Ma’am,’ sis he. ‘ Isn’t she spacheless and sinseless, Ma’am?’ sis he.—‘ That’s it, sir,’ sis I, ‘ exactly.’—‘ An’ did ye sind for the praste, Ma’am?’ sis he. ‘ I hadn’t time, sir,’ sis I, ‘twas that sudden; but I’d give the world for um, this minit,’ sis I.—‘ Thin, Ma’am,’ sis he, ‘ my deliv-er-id opinion is she’ll niver come out o’ this, without a mirycle af Holy Churreh,’ sis he. An’ with that the door opened, just upan the very word, an’ his riverence, Father Nicholas, came in, an’ found the way she was; an’ I toud um the words she said about the Churren; an’ he said she ought to have the best of care; an’ he asked Dr. More, ‘ Had he anny dyne to give her to quite her.’ ”

“ And who’s Dr. More?”

“ He’s a good Catholic, thin,” said Mrs. Calloran, decidedly; an’ he’s chape—”

“ And a wise fellow,” said Gilpin.

“ Why wouldn’t he be, then?” said she, warmly. “ Himself as good as tould me that the rist o’ thim knew nothing; his name’s Doether Patrick McKillam More; an’ it’s something to the Duke Gargyll, he is (only *he’s* a Scotsman and a heretic); an’ he’s called a veterin surgeon (it’s likely he’s surgeon to the troops at Harbor Grace, or something; an’, indeed, ’twould be a good day they’d get a good Catholic Irishman to be surrgeon to the British Army).”

“Did you get her baptized by the Priest?” asked Gilpin, blandly.

Mrs. Calloran stirred the kitchen fire: “I’m thinking it’s small good her baptism ’ll be to her,” she said, rather aside.

“But you got her baptized?”

Mrs. Calloran this time was silent.

“Well!” said the constable, “I must say, I think you and the Priest, and the nuns, too, (I don’t say any thing about your ‘veterin surgeon to the British Army,’ as ye call him,—that’s a horse-doctor,—for I suppose he’s a great hooby;) I think you all deserve a good lesson, if you didn’t get it. I’d advise ye next time your neighbor’s child comes in your way, when she’s lost, don’t you steal her.”

“A simple lesson in morals that she’ll do well to profit by,” said the Parson, commenting upon Gilpin’s story when it was finished.

“We know whom to look to if any more young people disappear,” said the Attorney; “and have a key to the method of kidnapping. Well, it was for fear of the young lady running off with Mrs. Calloran’s nurse-child, it would seem; I trust (if he’s a good fellow, and there’s no great objection) that Mrs. Calloran will live to see that feat performed.”

The father, quite absorbed with the circumstances of his daughter’s disappearance, which he now heard for the first time, said to his pastor,—

“So that’s how it was, sir! There are strange things in this world, surely; but the good Lord’s over all!”

The party here separated; and we leave the lawyer to attend to his business at Castle-Bay, and the man of prayer to go and present before God the family offering in Skipper George’s house.

CHAPTER LVI.

LUCY'S HOME-COMING.

SEVERAL of the schooners, but not all of those that had been, during the summer, at Labrador, had come merrily home, with colors flying and all sail set, and muskets now and then fired off, and with now and then a cheer from the happy crew. The harbor was, of course, fuller of people and more astir with them, than it had been for months; the harbor-road was more frequented, and disused flakes were thronged.

The story of the strange happenings had been told and retold, at flake and fireside, and now there was a general longing and looking out for the home-coming of the "Spring Bird" and Skipper George's long-lost daughter. The other schooners, too, from Labrador, were more quietly expected. The weather was very beautiful, and summer was gently resting after its work done. The sky was blue as the deep sea; and just enough spotted with white clouds to show its blueness fairly. The soft and pleasant wind came over and through the inland woods, and blew steadily out over the Bay, to the Fair Island and St. John's.

On such an October day Mrs. Barrè and Miss Dare were walking together down the harbor, and drew near the top of Whitmonday Hill. In outward appearance

Mrs. Barrè had not changed much ; but she was, perhaps, more restless, and sought occupation more eagerly, now that her great work was taken out of her hands, and she had only to wait for the great issue of it. Her husband must be, by this time, in Halifax, if nothing had happened to him, and in a few weeks more, after her long widowhood, she might hope to have him restored to her, from whom she ought never to have been separated, in this short and uncertain life. More than one long letter she had got from him, in the few days that he was detained at New-Harbor, before sailing ; and more than one she had written to him ; and now they were cut off from each other for a while, with the prospect of soon joining their lives together in one, not to be again separated, unless by death.

The two ladies stopped on the top of Whitmonday Hill, and at the moment a white sail was crossing so much of the Bay as was open to them where they stood.

“ There’s a schooner from Labrador for some harbor up the Bay,” said Miss Dare. “ She’s heading for Blazing Head, now ! ” said she, again, as she watched the sight which is always so interesting. “ She’s coming in here, depend upon it ; they expect Abram Marchant next. Let’s wait and see her come in.”

Mrs. Barrè fixed her eyes upon the moving vessel in silence, and an unusual glow of interest was given, even to their deep seriousness ; the coming in of an absent vessel had much meaning for her.

The fair, broad, white spread of canvas came steadily on ; a most lovely sight to look upon. The wind, as we have said, was blowing out of the harbor, and any vessel entering must tack within it. The sail in question stood steadily across, without stirring tack or sheet, towards Blazing

Head ; she was now fairly inside, and distant two or three miles ; a fine, large craft, and handled beautifully. Now she went about, her sails shook and flapped as she crossed the wind, and then filled on the other tack, and showed all her broadside.

“And what’s the matter with the mosquito fleet? * they’re all coming in, as fast as they can row ; there must be a death on board. No ; she’s got all her colors flying :—It must be *Lucy!* it must be *LUCY!* That’s the ‘Spring Bird!’ There’s Uncle’s house-flag ; and—there’s *Lucy!*”

Mrs. Barrè did not escape the excitement that animated her companion ; and tears, that had been so familiar to her eyes, came quietly into them.

“It’s very likely indeed,” said she ; “it’s time to look for her.”

“It *is* she ; I see her at this distance ; that white figure, standing near the stern. Ah ! my dear Mrs. Barrè, don’t cry ; there’ll be a happier return yet, before long ;” and she put her arm round her friend’s waist.

Confident that she was right, Miss Dare began to wave her handkerchief. Certainly, the punts were all coming in for dear life ; while the brig, with her broad canvas, held her way steadily and without a sound ; and presently, when nearly opposite Frank’s Cove, went deliberately and most gracefully about again. This tack would bring her well up the harbor, and she was soon gliding along, outside of Grannam’s Noddle—her hull hidden by the island—and soon she came out from behind it.

There was a woman’s figure, in white, apart from the dark figures of the sailors, and leaning against the quarter-rail, on the lee-side ; and suddenly, as if making out

* The fleet of fishing-punts.

the two ladies, she started, and made a gesture once or twice, which might be an answer to Miss Dare's signal of welcome.

"There! isn't that just like the little thing?" asked Fanny, at the same time turning hurriedly up the harbor. "She isn't sobbing or fainting, though her heart's as full as it can be; but she's too modest to return our greeting! I'll venture to say she's looking the other way, or on the deck. She's a dear girl!—I must be first to tell her father and mother, if I can; shall we go up?"

If Lucy was, indeed, too bashful to believe the signal to be made for her, or that she was recognized, there was some one else on board who was less timid. Captain Nolesworth gallantly took off his hat and bowed, and waved his hat about his head, in silent triumph. There was a busy stir on board, as if the men were full of the importance of the occasion; and on land as well as on the water, a sympathetic movement was taking place; the punts were coming in, at their utmost speed, dashing the water from their eager bows and straining oars; and men and women were coming out of Frank's Cove, and over the hill from Mad Cove, beyond, and out of every little neighborhood. Mrs. Barrè and Miss Dare, however, were before them all; and they hurried on, to keep their advantage, while the brig went her way by water. The Captain's voice could be heard distinctly, as he ordered the men to "clew up the foresail," and then to "let that cracky* bark." In obedience to the last order, a brass ten-pounder stunned the air, and made the far-off hills to echo; and on came the brig, the smoke rolling off, and breaking up to leeward.

Miss Dare reached the top of the ridge that bounded

* A "cracky," in Newfoundland, is a little dog.

Skipper George's little meadow, before there was much stir in that neighborhood, and while the oblique course of the brig had carried her over towards Sandy-Harbor, a half mile or so farther off than when opposite Whitmonday Hill.

Mrs. Barbury, who had been, apparently, standing on a rock a little back from the edge of the ridge, came wildly down, as the young lady went up, staying a moment to ask, "Is it Luey, Miss Dare?" and saying that "*he* knew it the very first gleam he saw of the brig's canvas." She then ran on, up the harbor, to be at the stage-head before the vessel got there.

Miss Dare went, hastily, a little farther towards the old planter's house, but stopped before reaching it, and turned back. Who can tell a father's heart, that has not one? She could see Skipper George on his knees, by the bedside, in the little room. He had stayed at home that day, for some reason of his own; and Janie by him.

With another tack the brig stood over for Mr. Worner's stage, and again fired a gun. The whole harbor, now, was alive; and from every quarter people were walking and running, (little ones trying to keep up with their mothers and elders,) towards Mr. Worner's premises.

"We'd better hold back a little, I suppose," said Miss Dare, as she joined Mrs. Barrè again; "though I should like to see her when she first touches land, and hear the first word she speaks."

Up the harbor went the brig and the boats, by water; and up and down the harbor went the people from the different directions, toward the same point,—Mr. Worner's stage. Mrs. Barrè's chamber-window commanded a view, over Mr. Naughton's storehouse, of Messrs. Worner, Grose & Co.'s premises, which were half a quarter of a

mile beyond; and the two ladies stationed themselves at the window.

The punts were getting in; the brig was drawing up, taking off sail after sail; the people were hurrying, and there was a sound of many voices. The ladies did not stay long at the window; but they, too, followed the current of life up to the place where the brig was expected.

"I haven't seen Skipper George go by," said Miss Dare. "I hope it won't be too much for him."

It was attempted to make way for the ladies; and it would have been done,—though slowly and hardly,—but such was the crowd all over the stage, that they sought refuge in one of the stores, and took their stand at a window in the loft. Never was there such a time in Peterport; never, but at the funeral of the four Barburys had there been such a crowd within men's memory. The stage was covered; the neighboring flakes were covered; the boats floated full; children cried to be lifted up; people stood a-tiptoe; eyes were straining; faces were flushed and eager,—it seemed as if the blood would scarcely keep within its vessels. The men on board the brig went nimbly about their work in perfect silence; every order came distinctly to land. All the lower sails were out of the way; jib, foretopmast-stay-sail, foresail, mainsail, spanker; but there was no woman on deck. The Captain called out,—

"We've got her, Mrs. Barbury, all safe!"

"Thank God!" cried the mother, who was at the outmost verge of the stage; and, before the words had gone from her, there went up a mingled shout and cry from men, women, and children. The brig had come up into the wind, and again the ten-pounder flashed and roared, and the smoke rolled away aft. Women shook hands with one

another and wept; bright tears were in Miss Dare's beautiful eyes, and tears ran down Mrs. Barrè's pale, soft cheek. Then Jesse Hill's bluff voice was heard (from the water, of course):—

“I'll take a line * ashore for 'ee, Cap'n Noseward.”

“Thank 'ee, Mr. Barbury,” answered the captain; “I'd best bring up in the stream. Somebody bring the father and mother aboard; will ye?”

Down went the anchor with a splash, and rattling of chain; and the brig's voyage was, in a moment, at an end.

Two boats were most active and conspicuous, among the many that floated about the vessel, and the two, at the captain's word, drew near the stage. In one Jesse Hill's fur cap and bright hair predominated, astern, and Isaac Maffen held the chief oar; the other was occupied by young men, and was steered by a silent young man, that was, probably, not unobserved this day,—James Urston.

The latter rather held back, and yielded precedence to Jesse; and Jesse, coming up to the stage, and having inquired and called for his Uncle George, without success, took in the mother, and made all speed for the vessel's side. Captain Nolesworth had her hoisted in, man-of-war fashion, and, in an instant, the daughter and mother were in each other's arms. The captain, by way of occupying the time, called out,—

“Now, boys, we'll change work, and try how this air taster, after being on sea so long. Let's have three cheers! and you, Ghost, set the pitch.”

The biggest man among the crew stood forth, sheepishly, pushed forward by his laughing fellows; but,

* A rope.

whether he gave the pitch or not, three hearty seamen's cheers were given by the crew; an irregular, prolonged cheering came from the land.

After a short time allowed, the kindly neighbors began to ask abundant questions, across the water, to Jesse, who kept his place in the punt at the brig's side, as to whether she "was hearty," and "looked as she used to," and so forth; in answer to which Jesse once or twice repeated that he had not seen her, and they must be patient a little. Meantime, Jesse was busy holding communications with the occupants of several punts near him, which set off, this way and that, like adjutants on a review day. It was soon understood that Skipper George's daughter was to be escorted home with a public demonstration. The field for every thing of that sort, among our fishermen, is the water; and so there was a general bustle to get and bring into service whatever boat was capable of swimming.

Skipper George was understood to be at home; and it was also understood that the Parson had gone down to him.

Jesse himself left his post and hurried over to Mrs. Barrè and Miss Dare, to ask whether "the ladies 'ould be so well-plased to give the people the honor of their company in a bit of a *possession* that was going to be down harbor. Cap'n Nosewood," he said, "was going in 'e's boat, and so was Abram Frank, in Mr. Worner's; and e'er a one would be clear proud to take they." Having gained their consent, he hurried back, and in a minute or two, had passed through the crowd of small craft, and was at the brig's quarter again. James Urston's boat was there, and his drew up alongside of it.

When Lucy appeared at the vessel's side, the welcome given her was enthusiastic. Jesse regarded his wonderful

cousin as a being above his understanding; and everybody held her in much the same estimation; and she never looked more bright and handsome than now. She was rather stouter than she had formerly been; her eyes glanced, and her cheeks glowed, and her black hair floated, as they used, and a pretty little straw bonnet, with bright red about it, made her look sweetly. She glanced down at the two boats, and over all the glad faces everywhere and smiled and blushed. The men all had their hats off, and the women waved their hands, or handkerchiefs, and words of welcome came from every side. No one could have gone through a studied part so beautifully as she went through hers; and every turn of her head and movement of her body, brought forth new shouts from her excited neighbors. Her eyes came back over the same course that they had gone, and passed, last, over the two boats just below her.

Mrs. Barbury was received with much state by her nephew, and escorted to a seat; and then Lucy, on whom all eyes were fixed, was hoisted over the side, and lowered down the little distance from the rail to the level of the punts. Somehow, a slight side-motion was given to the chair; more than one hand was reached towards her; she gave her hand and set her feet, without looking;—but it was into James Urston's boat that she went.

"She's mistook," said Jesse, to whom the programme of his "Possession" was the foremost thing, and who did not, perhaps, (like many other ritualists,) see how things would go on, unless according to the programme.

"No, no, Mr. Barbury," said Captain Nolesworth, laughing, "the ladies know what they're about. That must be the young priest we heard of. It's my opinion she's meant to *take her passage* in his boat."

At this, the public, who are generally quick-witted and quick-hearted in such matters, took it up, and gave "three cheers for young Mr. Urston."

The young man received the distinction and the gratulation in modest silence; Lucy blushed deeply; and Jesse reconciled himself to circumstances.

"Where's Mr. Piper?" cried the chief manager of the "possession." A voluntary flourish, on the fiddle, answered the question, and showed that the worthy Irishman knew what faculty made his company most valuable.

Without loss of time, in marshalling the array, the several boats fell in; the music, under Billy Bow's pilotage, in advance, in the centre column; Jesse following, with a large ensign fastened to a boat-hook, and supported by two men,—which ensign there was not wind enough to spread;—then Lucy, in young Urston's boat; and then—whoever came next, in a long row, while on each side was a parallel line of punts, keeping even way.

The fiddle struck up the National Anthem, and continued to fill a part of the air with melody; the oars hurled back the water, and bravely the procession swept on, not far from shore; muskets now and then, and here and there, breaking forth into joy. The water gleamed and glanced, and the very cliffs seemed glad,—taking up and saying over the sounds from every side.

At Marchants' Cove, an unexpected interruption came. It had been Jesse Barbury's plan to go down round the island, and come back to this cove again; but, as they reached it, Lucy exclaimed "There's Father!" and the punt that bore her, as instantly as if it were moved by her mere will, was urged towards the land,—breaking out of the procession. Soon she cried, "Oh! little Janie!"

The father stood upon the beach, beneath a flake, gaz-

ing, with fixed and steady look, upon his child. She rose, as the boat drew near, and he walked into the water, to his knees, to meet her. Several of the young men turned away, as the brave old fisherman opened his arms, and she embraced him and leaned upon his neck. He lifted her up, as when she was a child. Janie gazed, in awe.

"I'm too heavy for you, father," Lucy said.!

"Ah! my dear maid," he answered, "ef 'ee could only know how light 'ee make my heart!" and he bore her away to land, as if she had been an infant; and then, holding her hand in his, he turned to his neighbors, and baring his head, said,—

"I thank 'ee kindly, friends, for all your goodness: and I humbly thank my Best Friend, for all 'E's goodness." He then bowed his head to his breast.

What may have prevented the people generally from noticing Skipper George, until his child's quick eye discovered him, and her hurried words proclaimed him, was the approach of a punt, from the direction of Sandy Harbor, which now came up; (little Janie still gazing.)

"Wall, I guess ye may's well hold on, Mr. Kames, 'thout you mean to run somebody down," said one of the two in it to his companion. "What's to pay, Mr. Hill?" (to Jesse.) "Lucy c'me home? 'S that her? Ye don't say! Wall she's kind 'o left ye, I guess, hasn't she? b't we c'n go on 'th the meetin'. Tell ye what's the right thing: go to work 'n' organize, 'n' pass s'me res'lutions, 'n' 'spur o' the moment."

As Mr. Bangs spoke, the boats had gathered round; their course being interrupted, and he was the centre of a large flotilla.

"Sh' didn't b'come a Papist, I b'lieve? 'tain't th' fashion, jest now, 't seems."

"Without they haves a miracle to convart 'em, Mr. Banks," said Billy Bow.

"Wall, the's no tellin' 'bout miryycles," answered Mr. Bangs; "b't 's I's sayin',-I guess ye'd better give Mrs. Barberry, there, her choice, whether she'd ruther stay t' the proceedings, or go right home. The's no 'bjection, under the broad canopy, t' havin' ladies :—fact, they're 'n addition."

Notwithstanding Mr. Bangs's intimation, however, Mrs. Barbury had no wish to enjoy that particular privilege of her sex, in being an addition to the meeting, and Jesse prepared to turn his prow to the beach.

"'S goin' t' pr'pose 't Mr. Barberry, ('r Mr. Hill,) there, sh'd take the chair and preside," said Mr. Bangs. "Might let Mr. Urston take Mrs. Bar-berry, now his hand's in, 'f the's no 'bjection ;—or, I guess we better make the pr'ceedin's short. Look a'here ; you jest take the chair, Mr. Barberry," said he, aside ; then to the multitude : "'F it be yer minds, please t' signify it ;—'tis a unanimous vote !" (not an individual saying or doing any thing whatever except himself,)—"There, ye saw how I did it," said he again, as prompter, to Jesse ; "'s no matter 'bout a chair, ye know.—Look a'here, Mr. Frank," he continued, to Billy Bow, "Guess you'd better move first res'lution."

"Which w'y'll he move, Mr. Banks?" inquired Jesse, anxious to discharge his part.

"Oh! ain't any of ye used to it; wall, shall have to move, myself; you say you second me, Mr. Frank; and then you ask 'em 'f 't's their minds, Mr. Hill. Mr. Chairman, I move ——" (the women and other on-lookers were very much entertained and astonished,) "I move you, sir, that ' We cannot repress the unspeakable emotions

with which we view this inscrutable dispensation.'—
That's one way the' have o' doin' it."

While these lofty and appropriate words and sentiments were addressed to him, the chairman gazed in admiration at the utterer, and from him cast glances, to either side, at the audience, of whom some of the women were a good deal amused, as if it were fun.

"Guess we m't 's well stop there, f' the present," said the mover: "Wunt ye jest try that, first?"

Jesse scratched his head, in the sight of all the people, and Mr. Bangs began prompting him, in a lower voice, distinctly audible everywhere. The chairman, also, began to repeat after him, as follows:—

"Mr. Banks says 'e can't express his unspeakable motions'" — and then broke.

"Do 'ee mean to say we're clear proud, Mr. Banks?" asked he. "Ef 'ee do, we'll s'y so;" and, turning to the public, said: "Ef we're glad over she coming back, please to show it. Hurray!"

"Hurray!" shouted the people, male and female.

"It is an annual vote!" said the chairman. "There, Mr. Banks!"

The meeting dispersed, and left the water to the gentle wind and sunshine; and a sweet sight was seen on land; how Lucy went to meet and how she met her pastor: but would not let go her father's hand; then how prettily she looked, as Mrs. Barrè and Miss Dare welcomed and kissed her; and then how prettily she lingered to meet and greet her neighbors, but pretty as anything was her way with Janie, who held her sister's gown, and asked,—

"Where'bouts you come from? You go'n to stay in our house?"

CHAPTER LVII.

FATHER DE BRIE'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH FATHER
TERENCE.

LONG years had passed to Mrs. Barrè: but, perhaps, these weeks were longer; for waiting hope is not the same as waiting expectation. Certainly, she seemed to be wasting under it; though she threw herself into the joy of the harbor at Luey's coming back.

October went by, and November came and was going by. The season had been a fine, open, bright one; and some young people from Labrador, had seen, as they said, "the color of their own country" for the first time in their lives, to their remembrance; some flurries of snow came about the first of November, and since, but not much cold.

Another person was waiting and looking out,—perhaps with a father's fondness, (but that is not a wife's,) for Mr. De Brie's return: it was Father Terence.

He had left a most urgent message, through a Roman Catholic merchant of New Harbor, desiring Mr. De Brie to wait, just a few hours, at that place, until Father Terence could see him; and had also provided (to the astonishment of the fishermen,) for news of the vessel to be brought him from the fishing-ground if she passed by daylight. On Saturday, the twenty ninth day of November, early in the morning, the news came into Bay-Harbor,

that Mr. Oldhame's schooner was standing across Conception to Trinity Bay.

It had been chilly, rainy weather, soaking every thing, for two days ; and this day was a dull, dark one, covered with leaden clouds : very little wind blowing.

Father Terence started immediately to cross the Barrens ; having before engaged a stout horse, and taking two guides ; one of whom (Mike Henran, the Peterport landlord.) was also mounted. Mr. Duggan had set out early, on foot, and gained a couple of miles, or so, upon the riders.

The good Priest, as he had been urgent in his preparations, so was eager on the way. The smooth road he got over at a good rate, and entered, manfully, upon the broken hobble path among the stones and stunted firs, and over the moss and morasses. Great mops of thickly-matted evergreen boughs swabbed against him, and sometimes struck him a severe blow, as his great beast surged against them, and then let them slip from his shoulder. Down precipitous leaps, and, in like manner, up to the top of low rocks ; then straining and rolling from side to side, as the beast drew one hoof after another out of a little patch of meadow, soggy with the rain, Father Terence made his way, silently occupied with his thoughts ; except when, occasionally, he became anxious lest his horse should hurt himself in the rough and miry path. Newfoundland horses are used to ways of that sort ; and the one that he now rode, though not familiar with the Barrens, got on very fairly. Between the ponds, however, there are wider meadows ; and Father Terence entering, fearless, upon the first of these, found his horse, after a few steps and a heavy jump, or two, sinking down to the saddle-girths. His mounted guide, (a small man, on a

nimble little pony,) was going over it like a duck or seagull.

The Priest dismounted instantly, and summoned his two attendants to his aid.

"I think he's gettin' someway tired," said he, "his feet's that heavy."

"The ground's very soft, Father Tarence, and the harse is too big an' solid for it," said Mike Henran, of Peterport, seizing the bridle and lifting the foundering horse's head. This operation seemed like working him on a pivot; for, as his head came up, his haunches went slowly down. Mr. Duggan laid hold of his tail, and lifted. The worthy Priest anxiously surveyed the operation.

To Henran's criticism upon the qualities of his borrowed steed, he assented; saying, "Indeed he's not that light and easy goin' Pishgrew was."

He looked on again.

—"I think ye'll never be able to carry him," added Father Terence, whose experience with quadrupeds had been both slight and short.

The men knew what they were doing. "I thought I'd start um aff this soft place," said Henran, "the way he could rest, a bit; and then we'd try and have him out. Pull um over, on his side, then, you, Dug'n!" and he held the poor beast's nose down, to prevent his plunging, and the two men together got him partly on his side, and then Duggan took the saddle off from him.

"But if the body of him goes in," suggested the Priest, as he saw their manœuvre, "sure it'll be harder, again, getting it out, towards having his legs, only, in it;" for the Father saw, at a glance, that four slender separate legs, each having special muscles of its own, and having flexible joints, too, could be more easily extracted from the

slough, than a huge, round carcass, clumsy and heavy, and without joints,—if it should once happen to get in, and under the mud.

“But his body’s too big, Father Terence,” said Henran, who was no new hand at this sort of thing; “do ye see the holes iv his legs isn’t wide enough to take it in.”

“Do you mean to leave him, then?” inquired the Priest. “I’m not afraid of him running away; but I think it’s a cold place for him. I think he’s fast, there.”

“Faith, then, savin yer reverence’s presence, Father Tirence, I’m thinking it’s a fast he’d niver break,” said Duggan, who had an Irish readiness at a pun. “We’ll start um up a bit, after a little, and try can we turn um round, th’other way.”

“But how will he get on, with his hind legs better than his fore ones?” inquired the good Father again, very naturally wondering what advantage there could be in trying the horse backwards.

“We’ll have to get um out iv it, ahlttogether,” said Henran, “and it’s the shortest way back.”

“But won’t we be able to go over?” asked Father Terence anxiously, for he was eager to be at the end of his journey.

“Dug’n’ll be to take um round, Father Terence; and if ye’re hurried, I’m thinkin’ we’d best lave um to Dug’n, ahlttogether, for it’ll be the same wid every saft place we come to. The wind’s coming round cold; but it’ll only make it the worse for him breakin’ through, for it’ll cut up his legs and hurt um badly. ’Twill be hard enough, in three or four hours from this, that ye might take all the horses that ever was over, an’ they’d niver lay a mark an it.”

It was slow and hard work getting the horse out. They edged him round, after he had rested, and then lifting him at both ends, urged him until, with furious struggling,—lying down and resting now and then,—he got, by little and little, out to the firm ground, trembling at first all over, and scarce able to stand.

Father Terence adopted the advice, and, at the same time, declined Henran's offer of his own beast; being, as he thought, too big for him to carry, and his late experience having, perhaps, made him loth to take the charge of such a thing. So they budged on foot: Henran leading his horse, an arrangement which was not the least comfortable that they could make; for the wind began to come very bitterly cold, and the exercise kept their blood from being chilled. The little trees, and bushes, and moss, grew dry very fast in the cold wind, and gave them little trouble; but the walk is a long one, and the good Priest was sorely fagged out by the time he trudged into New-Harbor. It is a hard enough journey now; it was a worse way, years ago.

The schooner was beating up the bay against the wind that had so lately come round, and begun to make itself felt; and Father Terence seemed to lose all feeling of fatigue, and was out watching more eagerly than the merchant himself, "*Qui vidit mare turgidum, et Infames scopulos, Acroceraunea*,"* who knew all the danger that might come with a heavy blow, if the weather should turn out thick.

The weather cleared off fairly, growing colder all the while. The schooner came into the harbor (which is on the west, popularly called the *south*-shore of Trinity Bay) finely, early in the afternoon; and was made safely 'fast'

* HOR. O. I. 3. 19, 20. Who has seen the sea swelling, and (Rocks of ill name) the Acroceraunia.

at her stage. The first person that jumped ashore was Mr. De Brie: grave-looking, bearing marks of the suffering and struggles that he had gone through; but strong and quick, and shaking himself to feel free from the irksome constraint of the little vessel. Father Terence withdrew out of sight a few moments before the vessel got in.

"Now I must get a guide straight over to Castle-Bay," said Mr. De Brie, after a cordial greeting to the merchant; "for I must be there at church to-morrow, God willing."

"There's a man just starting," said Mr. Oldhame; "for Castle-Bay, too; but Father O'Toole is waiting to see you; and has been on the look-out for you for an hour and more. He came across on purpose, I think."

A shade of regret passed over Mr. De Brie's face; and he turned a glance of longing and disappointment toward the woods and Barrens that lay between him and the end of a long separation, and wretchedness, and wrong. He said, "Perhaps he'd take this over for me, and leave it at the schoolmaster's; I'll follow as soon as I may." He took a thick letter from his pocket, as he spoke, and tearing it open, wrote a few words with his pencil inside, and handed it to Mr. Oldhame, who promised to seal and send it. His eyes then turned for an instant upward; and then he asked where Father Terence was, and (Mr. Oldhame not being able to say) sought the worthy old gentleman in the merchant's house.

Father Terence's feeling was so great at the first moment of meeting as to explain his having withdrawn, that he might have the interview in private and unobserved. Mr. De Brie, also, was very much affected. The old Priest took the younger man's hand in both his own, and looked upon him fatherly, while his words sought vainly for utterance.

"Y'are welcome home again!" he said, when he recovered himself, "Y'are welcome home! Come home altogether, now!" and as he said these words in a tender, pleading tone of voice, he gently drew the hand he held, as if in illustration.

"Ah! Father Terence," said Mr. De Brie, "thank you, as I always shall thank you, for the kindness I have always had from you! Thank you; but I have found my home at last. I am at home once more."

The old Priest was evidently pained. He still held the hand, and drew Mr. De Brie to a chair, himself insisting upon standing.

"He's away now," he continued, "an' what's to hinder you coming back? 'Twould have been a good job if he'd never been in it at all."

"You mean Mr. Crampton, I suppose?"

"Yes; just Crampton; he's off with himself for good."

"Ah! but Father Terence, it matters nothing to me whether he comes or goes," answered Mr. De Brie.

Father Terence hesitated; but soon said urgently,—

"But don't speak till ye'll hear what I say. I'm well aware of the provocation ye had off him; and, indeed, that's not the worst of him;—I wish it was. Sister Frances, the poor, unhappy creature, has come back; I suppose ye heard. We won't talk about that. God have mercy on us!—But ye'll be shot of him now, and can just take yer time quite and easy with the old man that won't quarrel with ye."

"If you'll let me say a word to that, Father Terence;—love for you would have drawn me more than dislike of him would have driven me away. It was no personal question with me, as I always said. If he had been like

you, or if he had been like an angel, it would have made no difference; nor, on the other hand, if you had been like him."

Mr. De Brie spoke under restraint. The old Priest looked in his face, while he spoke, and listened, apparently; but seemed not to hear, as if he were occupied with his own thoughts. Looking still tenderly in his face, he presently spoke in a soothing voice:—

"Your mind's got disturbed and troubled with thoughts, and ye want to rest. Come and help me, then, for a little, and we'll bring you round, with the help of God. Dunne 'll be there for the morrow, in case of me being away."

"No, Father," answered the other, still speaking constrainedly, "I can't do that work again.—I don't know that, to God, my life's work may not be finished, in what I have just done."

"Come and rest, then, and let your mind settle; and I'll give you the best rooms in the place. You should have his, only it wouldn't be that pleasant; but the big room up stairs, and the one I called my *library*, you know; and you shall take your own way, just."

As he mentioned the "library," he forced a smile into the midst of the sadness of his face; but did not persist in the effort it cost him. His honest features took again their look of affectionate anxiety and distress.

"Ye're doubtful and troubled; and ye shall do nothing at all but just rest."

"The doubts are gone, and the struggle is over, Father Terence, forever."

"Ah! That's good, then; ye can take it coolly. Ye shall have your own time, and nobody'll stir ye.—That's good," said the kind-hearted old man.

"I trust I shall never fail in the respect and gratitude I have always felt for you, Father Terence, and owe you," answered Mr. De Brie, speaking as if the words were not what he had in his mind to say; but as if he were loth to come to the point.

"Why would ye, then? Indeed ye never did; an' we'll get on better, now, than we did," said the old Priest; but with a hesitation as if he, too, felt that something was behind.

"My dear Father Terence,"—— said Mr. De Brie, and paused.

Father Terence hastened to interrupt him.

"Y'are tired; an' how could ye help it, indeed, an' you just off the water? Let's see for a bit to eat, beyond, at Hickson's," said he; and then, recalling in a moment the mutual obligations of hospitality, which none knew better than he, with his Irish heart, he said "No; but we won't be that rude to Mr. Oldhame here, that we'd go out of his house for something to eat. Ye'll be the better of it; an' I'll tell him."

But there was evidently to be an explanation, and Father Terence doubtless saw it. Mr. De Brie rose to his feet, saying,—

"You must not make me sit, my good Father, while you stand. I fear I shall give you pain by what I am going to say; but I am sure you would rather know the exact truth:—I have made open profession of my faith in the presence of the English bishop at Halifax."

"And have ye left the old Church, then?" asked Father Terence, very sadly; not casting off but letting go the hand that he had been holding from the first. "Ye can't have done it!" and, as he spoke, he held his hands together, upward.

“Ah! Father, the Church that has not only the old priesthood, but the old faith, and the old worship, and the old ways, is the old Church;—but I don’t want to speak of that; I only want to say that *it is done*, Father Terence! Doubt and delay are ended; and my solemn, public act has been made.—I am in the Old Way, forevermore, until after the Day of Judgment.” In his turn, Mr. De Brie gently took Father Terence’s hands in his own; and the old man let them be held; but sat down in the chair, into which he had before urged his companion. He shook his head, sadly, and then fixed his look upon the other’s face, and kept it there, so long, and with such an expression of disappointment and bereavement, that it seemed to go to the younger man’s heart, for the tears came to his eyes.

The old Priest drew away one hand, and smoothed his decent locks behind; and presently drew the other slowly away, also, and laid one on each knee. He looked, now, neither at his companion nor any thing; but his honest, homely features worked with the feelings of disappointment and hopelessness which he strove to repress, but the witness of which he did not, or could not hide. Then he drew up toward the fire.

“It’s no use me saying more!” he said. “I didn’t think ye’d have done it! I didn’t think it!—Isn’t it growing colder? I think it is.”

In spite of these last words, which implied that the sad business which had brought him over, and was so near his heart was now abandoned, his face still showed that his heart, had not at all got rid of it.

“It has grown winter, out of doors, but you won’t grow colder, Father Terence. You don’t believe one like me to be a child of the Devil; or think that he can’t be saved.”

“I don’t say for that,” said the old Priest, who, whether he asserted it or not, had never, in his life, been any thing but liberal and charitable; “but to leave being a priest, when ye were consecrated and set apart to it!”——

—“But I couldn’t keep on with it, when my faith in that church was gone,” said the other, gently.

“I suppose not,” said Father Terence, rising and going to the window, his eyes fairly wetted with tears.

“I do not expect to be again intrusted with a priest’s work,” said his companion; “nor do I wish it. I am satisfied to work out my salvation as a private man, since God so wills it. For the highest and happiest work that man can do on earth, I am not fit; I have shown it.”

It was time to break up the interview, which could not grow less painful by being prolonged; but Mr. De Brie stood still, and waited for Father Terence’s time. The old gentleman stood before the window for a good while, and moved uneasily, from time to time, as if engaged with his own feelings.

“But must ye go out, altogether?” he asked, at length.

“I couldn’t help it. I cannot wish it otherwise.”

Father Terence turned round.

“Well, then, I believe ye’ve acted honestly,” said he, again putting out his hand, which his companion came forward and grasped, heartily, and with much feeling. “May ye never be the worse of it!—Stay!” said he, correcting himself; “what’s to hinder me saying ‘God guide ye!’ anny way?”—He hesitated, and then said, “and *bless you*, and bring ye right!”

Mr. De Brie put the big, kind hand, that he held, to his lips, and kissed it; and then opened the door, and they joined Mr. Oldhame.

The afternoon had been wearing away ; the wind was blowing cold, and heavy clouds were drifting in the sky.

"The man that took the little parcel for me, must be pretty well over, by this time, probably," said Mr. De Brie to the merchant, exerting himself to speak cheerfully.

"Yes, I think he's near Castle-Bay, sir ; and I'm glad of it ; for we're likely to have sprawls of snow, before long, I think,"

"There's no danger in the woods ?"

"Not so much ; but on the Barrens it isn't safe even for an old hand."

Father Terence did his best to be in good spirits, that evening, having accepted the merchant's invitation to stay ; but he was not cheerful, after all. Mr. De Brie was silent, and went often to the window or the door, and looked forth upon the night. Early, he and the rest bade each other "Good night !"



CHAPTER LVIII.

FATHER DE BRIE IS WAITED FOR, AND SOUGHT.

ST. ANDREW'S Day and Advent Sunday came together, that year, and found the earth all white with snow, six or eight inches deep, fallen in the night. It was falling in the early day, but none fell for two hours before church-time. Rough storm-clouds possessed the sky; the sea looked dark and cold. The wind blew steadily, (not very sharply,) from the north.

The flag was at half-mast, (it being within half an hour of service-time,) and Mr. Wellon was just going out of his door, when, plodding along, well-wrapped in shawls, and with her feet cased, over her shoes, in stockings, Miss Dare appeared, coming up to his house.

"News! and good news!" exclaimed she, when the clergyman had got near her. "Mr. De Brie,—or De Brie-Barrè,—is to be at Church, to-day; he's just home, and is to take the Communion, for the first time, with his wife. She wants thanks given for a safe return, if you'll be good enough to remember it."

A bright smile began the sentence; bright tears ended it.

"Thank God, indeed I will!" said the Minister.

She bowed and turned back upon her steps, without

another word. Mr. Wellon, too, instead of going on, first went back, for a few minutes, into his house.

He was absent-minded, that day, in speaking to the different little parties who loitered for him, or for others, and whom he overtook, in the new-broken snow.

Late as it was, he turned aside and went quickly into Mrs. Barrè's house. She was ready to go to church.

"You see I have my bride's clothes on, Mr. Wellon," said she, trying to smile, as she called his attention to her deep-dark dress. The smile flickered and went out, as if the tears that came in spite of her had quenched it.

Ah! no one can tell what is in woman, or in humanity, till he has known a noble wife. There is no other such thing on earth.

Pale and beautiful in her wifehood,—trembling, as the hand told him, while he held it, the look of her not only struck the pastor speechless, but seemed to fill little Mary with a tender awe. The English servant wept quietly; and another woman whom she had got here, sobbed without reserve.

"I do believe," she said,—*"I trust,—that if I should never lift my knees, again, from before the altar, (if God permits me to take that sacrament with my husband,)—I do trust that the strongest wish I had, for this world, has been satisfied."*

"Many long, happy years to you!" said the pastor, pressing her hand and breaking away from her.

"Is it nearly church-time?" she asked, evidently listening, all the while, for a foot-fall in the entry, without.

"Yes; I must say good-bye. God bless you!"

"He might go down the nearest way, if he were very late," she said.

"He *may* be late, too; for it's hard walking this morning," answered Mr. Wellon, lingering.

"Oh yes! you must hurry," she said. "Don't stay with me, much as I should like it. Good morning! I shall follow."

He looked back, often, on his way to church, and from the church-door. As he went up the aisle from the vestry, his step was quicker than usual, and his look nervous. He cast a quick glance all round the church from Mrs. Barrè's seat, on rising from his secret prayer; he read the Exhortation in an excited voice.—For any one who might look closely, it was to be seen that Miss Dare, whose seat was in front of Mrs. Barrè's, and who stood with her eyes intent upon her Prayer-book, had something very unusual in her manner.

The Service went on: Confession, Absolution, Lord's Prayer, Versicles; the Priest said "O God make speed to save us!" the people answered "O Lord, make haste to help us!" when the door of the church was opened, the cord running over the pulley rattled, and a face that would not be forgotten in a lifetime showed itself in the opening. Mrs. Barrè, more widow-like than ever,—her gentle check paler, her black dress blacker,—was there, and her look was wild and fearful. She was there but a moment, and the door closed again behind her. She had gone out.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" continued the Priest.

"As it was in the Beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.—Amen!" the people answered.

A strange man opened the church-door, and looking up to the Minister, as if to explain that he could not help it, came right in, and choosing with his eye his man, went

straight to Skipper Isaac Marchant, whose seat was near the door, and spoke a few words in his ear. The skipper glanced up at the Minister a meaning look, laid down his book, glanced up again at the Minister, and beckoning with a slight motion of his head, to some young men of his own family and others, who were near him, and who were all ready, from what they had seen, went out with the man, and they followed.

The church was all full of people,—crowded with blue-jackets; (for our people were all back from Labrador, and they all come when they are in the harbor,) there was beginning quite a stir among the whole congregation, on the floor and in the gallery.

The Priest paused, and leaning over said a word to one near him, and waited for an answer. In a moment it was brought to him.

“LET US PRAY!” he said, breaking the Order of Morning Prayer; and the voice brought the hundreds of people, already excited, (but waiting upon the Minister instead of going forth,) to their knees, with one stroke, like weapons ordered to the ground.

“O Great and Mighty God,” said the Priest, “Who alone doest Wonders, Who seest a Path *in* the Sea, and a Way in the Wilderness, and—Footsteps *in the* TRACKLESS SNOW”——one thrill of understanding, or of strange, unworded dread went through all the people, like a chill from the ice, (for there was one, same stir among them, telling of it,) “go forth with us, we humbly pray Thee, to find our Brother, who is lost! and in Thy safe keeping, oh, keep him safe, whom Thou *hast* kept, and bring him safe, whom Thou hast brought safe through other Wanderings; and oh, Most Loving Father! with Thy sweet Help, bless her who has been long waiting,—through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.”

"Amen!" said all the people; and Priest and people rose to their feet.

The English Priest, trained in the old prayers, had struck a vein of homely English, which all knew and felt, through all their hearts.

"Brethren!" said he, "God has another service for us, towards Him and towards our neighbor this day. Let the women and those who cannot go, pray for us at home.—Now let us ask God's blessing!"

They all kneeled down for it; but the Minister seemed moved by an inspiration:—

"Walter De Brie!" he exclaimed, unexpectedly, and took upon his lips those words, that have cheered and comforted so many near to death, as if he could speak out into the Waste of Snow: "Unto God's gracious Mercy and Protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up the Light of His Countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now—and—EVERMORE!"

One sob burst forth aloud from Miss Dare; then there was silence, and then the Clerk and people said "Amen!"

And then came the Blessing: "The peace of God which passeth all Understanding, keep your Hearts and Minds in the Knowledge and Love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord! and the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always!"—"Amen!"

The service in the House of God was done, for that day. The people poured forth. Our priest said a few words to Miss Dare, whose face was all marred with tears, and then hurriedly followed them.

"Right over to the Barrens : he was on his way across from New-Harbor!" said he, as he came forth, and hurried on, staying for no parley. The New-Harbor man who had come into the church, had gone on, as fast as possible, before.

The fresh, loose snow was hard to walk in, as they went, but no man thought of lagging. Men crowding the way made way for the Parson, and followed faster. There was no time lost among them. Among the foremost, and every where, among the crowd, were women. For plan and order there is a sort of standing organization of our fishermen, under their skippers, sufficient for the purpose of such a work.

The Parson stopped and looked in hurriedly at Mrs. Barrè's; the door was open; the house was empty. He hurried on, faster than before.

Whoever in the harbor had a horse, turned aside to his house, and, harnessing it in haste, mounted and hurried on. The dogs from the whole harbor swelled the sad search. As Mr. Wellon came forth, mounted, his great, black, kind-hearted "Eppy," of whom Mr. De Brie had so lately said, playfully, that "they might be better friends one day," came forth also, as solemnly as if he knew that this was no common errand, and stopped a moment in the road, with his tail down, and sniffed the wintry air from the direction of the Barrens.

The sky was leaden over all, and the cold wind came sharply from the north.

On the little beach, near the meadow, which is so pretty in summer, was a group of three persons; the middle one being Mrs. Barrè, the two others Miss Dare and Skipper George's daughter. Others lingered not far off.

As he drew near, the pastor threw himself from his

horse, and begged Mrs. Barrè to "trust the search to her friends, who would not leave any thing undone that men could do, and to seek some shelter. She might destroy herself."

"No! No!" said she, wildly, "*he's* in the open air! I might die of waiting in the house. If I can't help it, I'll go into some cottage by-and-by; but not yet."

While she spoke, she gave him silently a letter, and as he looked, somewhat confused by his feelings, at the outside, she said, "The pencil-writing!" and looked at him so earnestly, that he understood it as a mute request, and read aloud, or rather in a voice broken,—

"My own sweet Wife,—Father Terence was waiting, and I can't slight him. I will come, God willing, the first possible moment, to be with you at Holy Communion to-morrow, and never to leave you again. *Do you remember the anniversary, Darling?* That first Day in Jamaica! Look at the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for St. Andrew, and apply them to me.—Till we meet, Good-bye! Good-bye! My best and dearest! God be with you! —Yr. own Walter."

Mr. Wellon made great effort at the words "*Till we meet;*" but in vain. He could not read them in a steady voice, or without tears. Mrs. Barrè kneeled right down upon the snow, lifting her pale, streaming face and her hands supplicatingly to Heaven; her young supporters bore themselves wonderfully.

Mrs. Barrè was not long in summoning that tender strength which she had shown in all her trials, and taking her precious letter in her hand again, said, "Oh! Mr. Wellon, do not wait! Do not let the snow come!"

"Indeed I won't!" said he. "What I would do for my brother, I'll do for him: of course!"

Past groups of men and women, and single riders, he silently hurried. The snow was still broken before him, as he hurried on, and he passed party after party still, of people from Peterport and Castle-Bay. Near the edge of the Barrens, a place which has been described as it was in summer, he found the foremost; the New-Harbor man that had come to the church, and another stranger, and with them Skipper George, Skipper Isaac, Skipper Henry, young Mr. Urston, Jesse Hill, Isaac Maffen, and Mr. Bangs. They were just coming to a halt. Before them the snow had been broken only by the two men that had come across.

While they were making their short and simple arrangements, one of the strange men told all that there was of story:—

“The gentleman had not come down in the morning, and his chamber was found empty. Mr. Oldhame had instantly made up this little party in pursuit. On their way over they had not expected to find tracks, for they were probably several hours behind him, and much snow had fallen; but they found that *he had not got out.*”

“Perhaps he never laved the t’other side, sir,” said Skipper George to Mr. Wellon.

The Parson looked up at the New-Harbor man with a flash of hope; but it was soon quenched. The man said:—

“’E was for setting off, last evenun, a’most; but they persuaded ’im off it;” and Mr. Wellon recalled the letter, and said, with sad assurance:—

“He wrote to his wife that he meant to come, the first minute he could get away, and hoped to be at the Communion with her to-day.”

“Did ’e, now, sir?” said Skipper George. “Then I make no doubt but ’e’ve aried it;” and the whole company assented.

“They said ’e comed over once, without any body,” said the stranger, “an’ I suppose ’e didn’t think o’ the difference o’ the snow.”

“The poor gentleman! the poor gentleman!” said Skipper George; “but mubbe ’e isn’ dead. My maid was brought back, thank God!”—but then, *Skipper George’s boys and his orphan nephews had never come alive out of the ice!*

It was speedily arranged that they should push over to the other side of the Barrens; and while one went straight on to New-Harbor, the rest should take every opening through the Woods, and every path into the Barrens, and follow it out. Skipper Edward Ressle and Skipper Abram Marchant, it was said, had gone along the Bay-Road, to cross from other points.

The only hasty preparations now made had been to put off every unnecessary weight to go back with the horses. Some extra coats, and several bottles of spirits, the advancing party took with them. Skipper Isaac gave the parting directions to the men who took the beasts back.

“Ef snow doesn’t come in an hour’s time, an’ keep on, then, an hour after that, again, come in wi’ the horses, an’ bide an hour, or thereabouts. Ef we’m not here, by that time, we shall stay a’ t’other side.”

Many had come up, during the short delay, and among them came, panting, the Parson’s dog, who had not been able to keep up with his master. As they were now all foot-travellers, he had no difficulty, and went before them, in the dreary path toward the great waste of snow over which the dreary wind came blowing sharply.

The dog mounted the hillock, a little way within the Barrens, and giving a short, sharp bark, plunged down the other side.

The men all rushed together; and in the gulsh at the foot of the opposite rise, lay, black upon the snow, fair in the mid-pathway, a still body, with the dog nozzling at it.



CHAPTER LIX.

THE WIFE'S MEETING.

T was a drift, two or three feet deep, in and upon which the still body lay. The cheek of the right side was next the snow; the head was bare; the left hand holding, or seeming to hold, the hat; while the right arm was curved about the head. The outside coat was partly open, from the top downwards, as if the wearer might have unbuttoned it, when heated.

The whole attitude was that of one who had laid himself down to sleep at summer-noon, and the face was lovely as in sleep; the eyelids were not fast closed; there was a delicate color in the cheek, and the lips were red. There was a bright, conscious look, too, as of one that was scarcely asleep, even.

"Thank God! he's alive!" said young Mr. Urston, speaking first. "Father Ignatius!" he called, taking him by the hand; then, correcting himself, "Mister De Brie!"

"Ay! he'll never spake to yon name, no more," said the Protestant Jesse.

The Parson, having quickly tried the wrist, was now feeling within the clothing, over the heart, and looking anxiously into the face.

The hair was blown restlessly by the wind; but there was no waking, nor any self-moving of the body.

"N'y," said Skipper George, gravely, "I'm afeard this is n' livun.—Oh! Oh!"

"I saw a house not but a step or two off, 's we come along," said Mr. Bangs, who had been chafing the hands with brandy, and had tenderly rubbed a little, with his finger, inside the nostrils.

Mr. Wellon, rising from the snow, shook his head and turned away. "No, no," he said, as if to the question of life;—"and he'd got into the right road!"

"Why, he's warm, sir," urged Urston; "certainly, he's warm!" The Constable felt of the flesh and said nothing.

"Shall us take un to the tilt?" asked Jesse. "It's Will Ressle's, Mr. Banks manes.—He's close by."

"By all means!" answered the Parson. "Yes!" "Yes!" said Skipper Isaac and the bystanders.

"See, sir!" said Skipper George, "'e didn' fall down. 'E've laid himself down to rest, most like, where the snow was soft, and falled asleep.—That's bin the w'y of it. I've bin a'most so far gone, myself, sir, afore now."

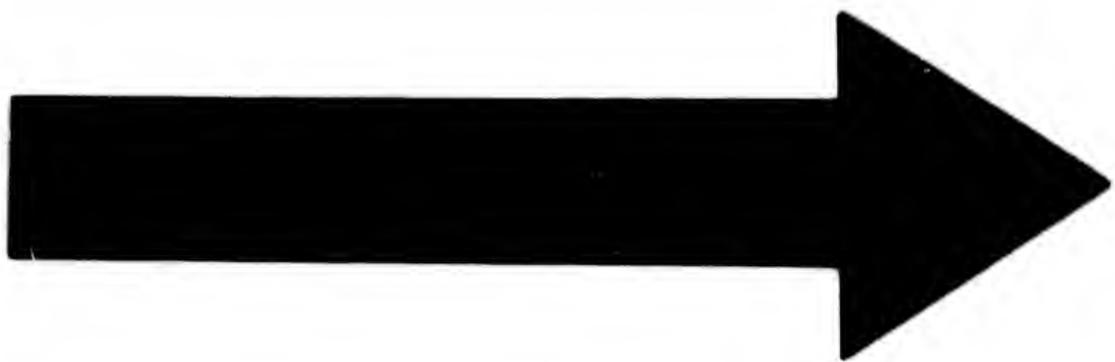
"See how the hair is smoothed away from his temples," said young Urston.

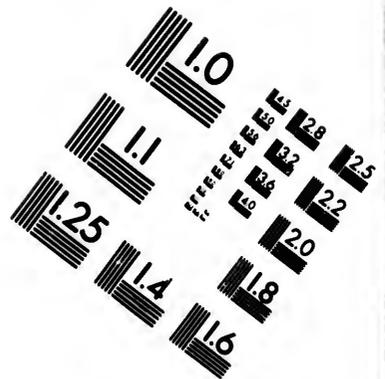
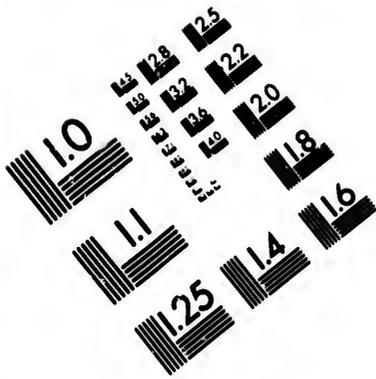
"'Twas the dog!" answered the old fisherman, tenderly, "wi' tryun to bring un to.—Yes," he added, "'e was out o' the path, when the good n'ybors from t'other side comed along, an 'e got into un, agen, after—an' 'e was tired when 'e comed to this heavy walkun, an' so—What'll come o' the poor lady!"

As they lifted the body carefully out of the snow, to bear it away, a new voice spoke:—

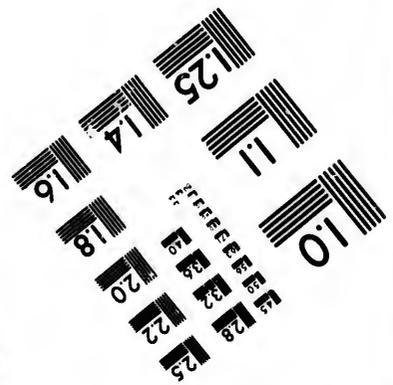
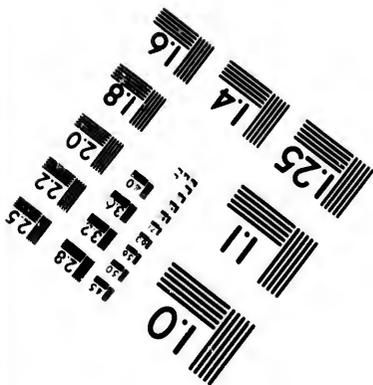
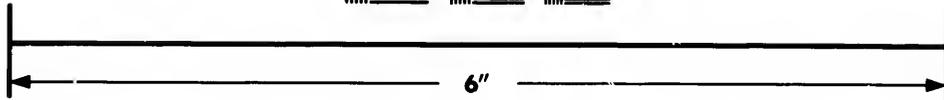
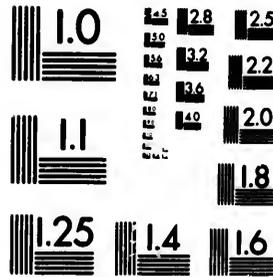
"Won't ye put more clothing on um, for it's blowing bitter cold?"

Father Terence had made his way from New-Harbor





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and approached the group in silence. He offered, for a wrapper, his own great-coat, which he had taken off.

"We've agot store o' wrappuns, sir; many thanks to you, sir, all the same," answered Jesse Hill, very heartily; and others, too, made their acknowledgments.—They wrapped the body, from head to foot, in their blankets, hastily.

Mr. Wellon saluted Father Terence, saying that "he had very little hope—indeed, he feared that there was no hope—of that body being restored to life."

"Oh, dear! I fear not, I fear not!" said Father Terence, wiping gentle tears away. "Why *would* he come? Or why did I hinder um comin' last night?—God have mercy upon um!—Absolve, quesumus Domine, animam ejus,"* he added, privately, or something to that effect.

Skipper Isaac held the body against his own; Jesse and Isaac Maffen and young Mr. Urston helped to bear it; and they went, accompanied by all the others, as fast as they could go, through the snow, toward the tilt. Skipper George bore the hat, upon which the grasp of the owner's cold hand had not been fast. "Eppy," who had done his dumb part before any, now followed meekly behind. Behind all, came the cold, hard wind from the Barrens, whirling the snow from time to time. The sky over all was hidden by thick clouds, foreboding storm.

Within the tilt all that they knew how to do, was done thoroughly. More than once some one of those engaged exclaimed that the flesh was growing warmer; but life did not come back, and the flesh grew surely colder. The body was dead; and they gave over their useless work upon it, and clothed it as before.—There it

* Absolve, we beseech, Lord, his soul!

lay; no priest, no layman, no husband, no father, no man!—but it was sacred, and it was reverently treated, as belonging to Christ, who would give it life, again.

Some said,—among themselves,—that Father O'Toole had not staid long.

“What more could 'e do?” asked Gilpin.—“'E did more 'n many would;”—“an' 'e spoke proper feelun, like,” said others. “Bless the old gentleman!”

Crowds had been gathering about the place where the melancholy work was going on; these the constable, and Mr. Skilton and William Frank occupied, drawing them a little apart, that there might be no hindrance, from the numbers, to those who were busy about the dead. The sad, short story, stilled and saddened all. “Dead!”—“Is 'e dead?”—“so near home, too!”—“It's pity for un!”—“But 'e died lappy, however!” said different voices.

Presently snow, from the thick sky, began to be borne upon the wind.

Gilpin, at this, hastened to the door, and others, coming out, met him.

“How'll we carry un?” the constable asked, in a low voice. “O' horseback?”

“We was just spakun,” said Jesse, “'twould look like mockun the dead, to take un ridun, to my seemun.”

“Ay, but we've got to be quick about it; the snow's coming!”

“What's to hender we carryun? sure it's more feelun. We wouldn' begredge walkun all the w'y to B'y Harbor, ef 'twas to B'y-Harbor, even ef it snowed, itself.”

“It would be long waiting for a slide—,” said the constable.

"An' we could'n have un bide in the cold, here, while we was w'itun," said Jesse, "in course."

It was arranged that one or two of the young men, on the best horses, should make their way at the utmost speed, to James Bishop's, the nearest neighborly house in Castle-Bay, and bring his sled or "slide," and, in the mean time, relays of bearers were to carry the body onward with what haste they could.

The crowd making a long procession, both before and behind the bearers, trampled the snow; for the most part in silence. Up the hills and down, many men taking turns at bearing the body, they made their way between the woods; while sometimes the snow fell thickly, and, sometimes, the thick clouds could be seen before them and overhead.

Three heavy miles they had got over, when the slide met them; and then the burden was transferred to it; a sort of dasher, or fender, of boughs was speedily set up to keep off the snow thrown by the horse's feet; and they went on: the Parson, Skipper George, Skipper Isaac, Skipper Henry, Skipper Edward, the constable, and others of chief authority and dignity, attended at the sides and behind the sledge; all beside giving place to them. Suddenly there was a commotion, making itself felt from the foremost; and then the whole procession opened to either side, leaving the road bare between.

"Cast off the horse!" cried Skipper George in a quick low tone, seeing who was coming. The order was obeyed, as hastily as possible, and then the slide was left alone, in the middle of the way, while the crowd at each side stood huddled upon itself, and hushed.

"Oh, I knew it! Oh!" said a woman's voice, heard by every one, with such a moan of wretchedness that

every man seemed to start, as if it were an appeal to himself. Mrs. Barrè, pale as death, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and with light snow lying upon her dark hair and on many parts of her black dress,—bearing in her hand, (as she had borne, hours before,) a letter,—rushed between the sundered crowds, and at the side of the sledge fell down, across the muffled load that lay upon it. Every person near drew away.

Great passion appropriates absolutely to itself the time and place, and makes all other things and persons subordinate and accessory.

For this widowed lady's sorrow the earth and sky were already fitted; and so were, not less, the kind hearts of these men and women.

She lay with her face buried in the folds of the cloak which Mr. Wellon had spread over her husband's body, and uttered a fondling murmur against the wall of that desolated chamber, as, not long ago, she had murmured fondly against the strong, warm bosom of her recovered love. Many by-standers sobbed aloud.

Then she lifted her head, and turned down the covering from the face.

"Oh, Walter!" she said, clasping her two hands under the heavy head, and gazing at the stiffening features, "Oh, my noble husband!—My beautiful, noble husband!" then, shaking her head, while the tears dropped from her eyes, said, in a broken voice: "Is this all, Walter? Is this the end?—Yes, and it's a good end!" And again she buried her face on the dead bosom. "Well!—Oh, well! I did not seek you for myself!—It never was for myself! No!—No!"

The effort to subdue the human love to the divine, triumphed in the midst of tears.

By-and-by she rose up, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands, turned toward the Minister and said:—

“I am ready, Mr. Wellon! Let us go! God’s will be done!”

She stooped once more; looked with intense love and sorrow at the face, wiped her tears from the cold features, covered them again, carefully, and turned her face toward the rest of the way, homeward.

The constable made a gesture to Jesse Hill and young Mr. Urston, and the horse was again harnessed to the slide. The Parson, leading his horse, (which had been brought so far on the return, by one of the young men,) came to Mrs. Barrè’s side and took her arm in his. He begged her to allow herself to be lifted to the saddle, and to ride. Skipper George, also, had come forward to suggest the same thing.

“It is’n fittun the lady should walk home, sir,” said he to the pastor, apart.

Mrs. Barrè heard and understood, and answered:—

“Would it make the load too heavy—?” she finished with a longing look the sentence which was not finished with words.

The fishermen at first hesitated at the thought of her going upon the sledge that bore her husband’s corpse.

“It wouldn’t be too *heavy* ;” one of them said; and as if no objection could be made, she went, and, putting her arm tenderly underneath, lifted the body, seated herself upon the bier, taking the muffled head in her lap, and bent over it, lost to all things else.

All other arrangements for riding and walking having been quietly made, the procession again set forward towards home faster than before. The snow, at times.

fell fast; but in about an hour more they were descending the high hill into Castle-Bay; and before them lay the great, black sea, with its cold bordering of white.

They passed along the chilly beach. At one point, whether consciously or unconsciously, Mrs. Barrè lifted her head and looked toward both sea and land. On the landward side stretched a little valley, with a knoll and rock, and tree at its northern edge; a sweet spot in summer, but now lonely and desolate. She gave a sort of cry, and turned from the sight.

"O my God, thou knowest!" she could be heard to say, sobbing over her husband's body; and she looked up no more until, in another hour, with the cold stars and drifting clouds over head, they had reached her desolate house.

"My dear brethren," said our priest, "we have not lost our Sunday; let us close this day with prayer!"

He and all the men stood, heedless of the wintry wind, uncovered before God, and he said:—

"We thank Thee, O Merciful Father, that Thou hast given to us this, our brother's body, to lay in our hallowed ground; but, above all, for the hope that his soul, washed in the blood of the immaculate Lamb who was slain to take away the sins of the world, has been presented without spot before Thee. Give our sister, we beseech Thee, strength and peace; have her and us in Thy safe-keeping, and bring us to Thy heavenly house, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

The congregation having been dismissed with the Blessing, our priest and the chief men reverently carried the body into the parlor, and disposed it there, amid the memorials of happy former years, and arranged a watch.

CHAPTER LX.

FATHER TERENCE, TO THE LAST.

NOW Mrs. Barrè passed the three days in the house with her dead husband's body, need not be told, if we could tell it. The burying-day came, and it was bright,—there was no cloud. People gathered from every quarter. All the Church-clergy of the Bay were there, and the Wesleyan ministers:—there are no others but Roman Catholics. When the procession began to form from the church, a murmur went through the multitude; there stood one figure alone outside of the array. All who were near drew back and left an open space for him, but he gave no heed to it. This was Father Terence.

He followed the procession, and, staying without the inclosure, stood devoutly during the burial of the dead. When the service was all done, and the crowd were slowly moving away, he went down the hill alone and departed.

The Minister was for sometime in the churchyard, and afterwards a little while in the church; and when at length he went sadly homeward, as he passed Mrs. Barrè's house, he turned aside and entered.

"She's at my aunt's," said Miss Dare; and then silently put into the pastor's hand a written paper. It

was entitled, "Copy of a hymn in Mr. De Brie's writing, found on his person, and dated on the night before his last journey." It read thus :—

"TO GOD MOST HIGH.

"O, my God, I have but Thee!
 Earthly friends are faint and few;
 To myself I am not true;
 Yet, my Lord, Thou lovest me.

I am poor, and have no more;
 But Thy love is in my heart;
 Earth shall never tear apart
 That which is my hidden store.

Many, many doubts and fears,
 I have many woes and cares;
 But Thou comest at unawares,
 And I see Thee through my tears.

I would never be my own,
 Nor on friends my heart-strings twine;
 I do seek to be but Thine,
 And to love but Thee alone.

Jesus! while Thy cross I see,
 Though my heart do bleed with wo,
 By those blessed streams I know
 Blood of Thine was shed for me.

O, my Lord! Be Thou my guide;
 Let me hold Thee by the hand;
 Then, in drear and barren land,
 I will seek no friend beside."

Mr. Wellon held the paper long;—that was the last utterance, to which men were privy, of the heart that was now dead, unless these words, in his wife's prayer-book which he had with him, were written later: "I have found rest!"

CHAPTER LXI.

MRS. BARRE AFTERWARDS.

MRS. BARRE lived on, nobly, where the noblest part of her life had been, and saw Mary, (grown to womanhood,) like herself, happy in holy faith and service. She lived on nobly.

Once, on a pleasant summer's day, after no wasting, or weakening, or dependence, when her time came, her life went out as a star is lost in the day.

She laid herself down at evening; bade her maids stay with her; took from the priest the Sacred Body and Blood; joined with her voice in the Church-prayers; lay still, with soft breathing, (and the other Christians,—priestly and lay, simple and gentle,—breathed softly by her bedside, while the sound of waves breaking upon the far-off sand came in, and moonlight and shade lay calmly side by side out of doors, and dews fell calmly;) once opened her eyes upward, saying, through the stillness, "Yes!" as if in answer; turned, partly, with a bright smile, to her friends; then shut the lids down softly for the last time, and so, with a fair veil of smile hung over the dead features, left her body there to be put away, until it shall be raised, in new beauty, to walk upon The New Earth.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE END OF ALL.

WE must add something for the reader's sake.

Of course young Mr. Urston married Skipper George's daughter in due time. He first went up to St. John's as a Churchman, and, finishing his studies, was ordained in Halifax to the ministry of the Church. He served his diaconate in the capital, and when advanced to the priesthood, was appointed to the mission at Castle-Bay, within sight of his father's house; and a fine fellow he proved to be. His wife, as the reader will believe, was not a whit unworthy of him.

Father Terence was said to be a good deal changed, in the last years of his life; having become more silent and reserved. Some Roman Catholics, who were ill-satisfied with his tolerant and kindly spirit, gave him the name of the "Protestant Priest." Indeed, an assistant came down to him of quite another sort from himself. Yet he kept about his quiet way of life, beloved by the great body of his people, until his death.

Fanny Dare was married happily to one between whom and herself an engagement had been formed several years before, but broken up for a time, or clouded over, by things and persons in no way affecting their mutual love.

A letter to Mr. Wellon from the midst of a bridal tour on the Continent, described an incident which may interest the reader.

In entering her carriage at Civita Vecchia, she was struck, without knowing why, by the appearance of a person in the dress of an *avvocato*, who was bestowing most animated attentions upon an English clergyman and others just alighted, to whose party he seemed to belong. Seeing her eyes fixed upon him, he lifted his hat, with a grave courtesy, bowed, and turned away; but she had already recognized, not the voice only, but the features of one whom she had before both seen and heard in Newfoundland, as Father Nicholas.

She saw the same man, playing the same part, afterward, in Rome; and from the best information that she could get, in answer to careful inquiries in both places, believed him to be an agent in the pay of the pontifical police.

Of any of the other folk of our tale, Dear Reader, we must guess; or go to Newfoundland and ask.



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