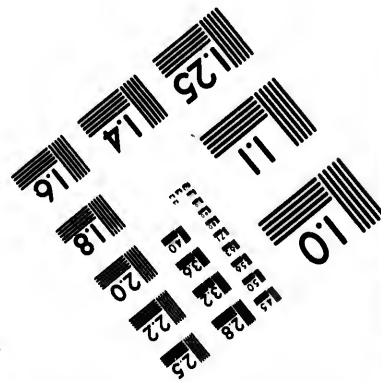
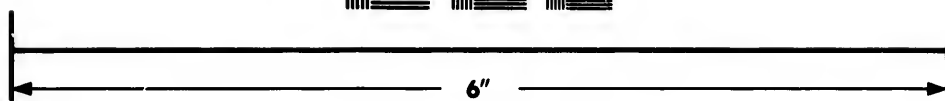
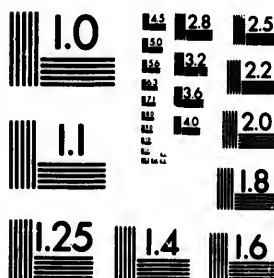


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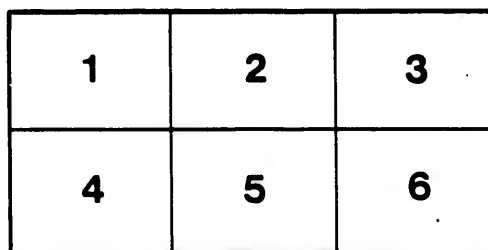
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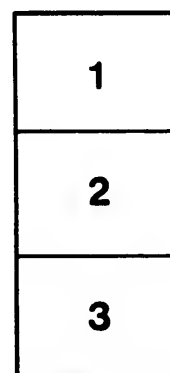
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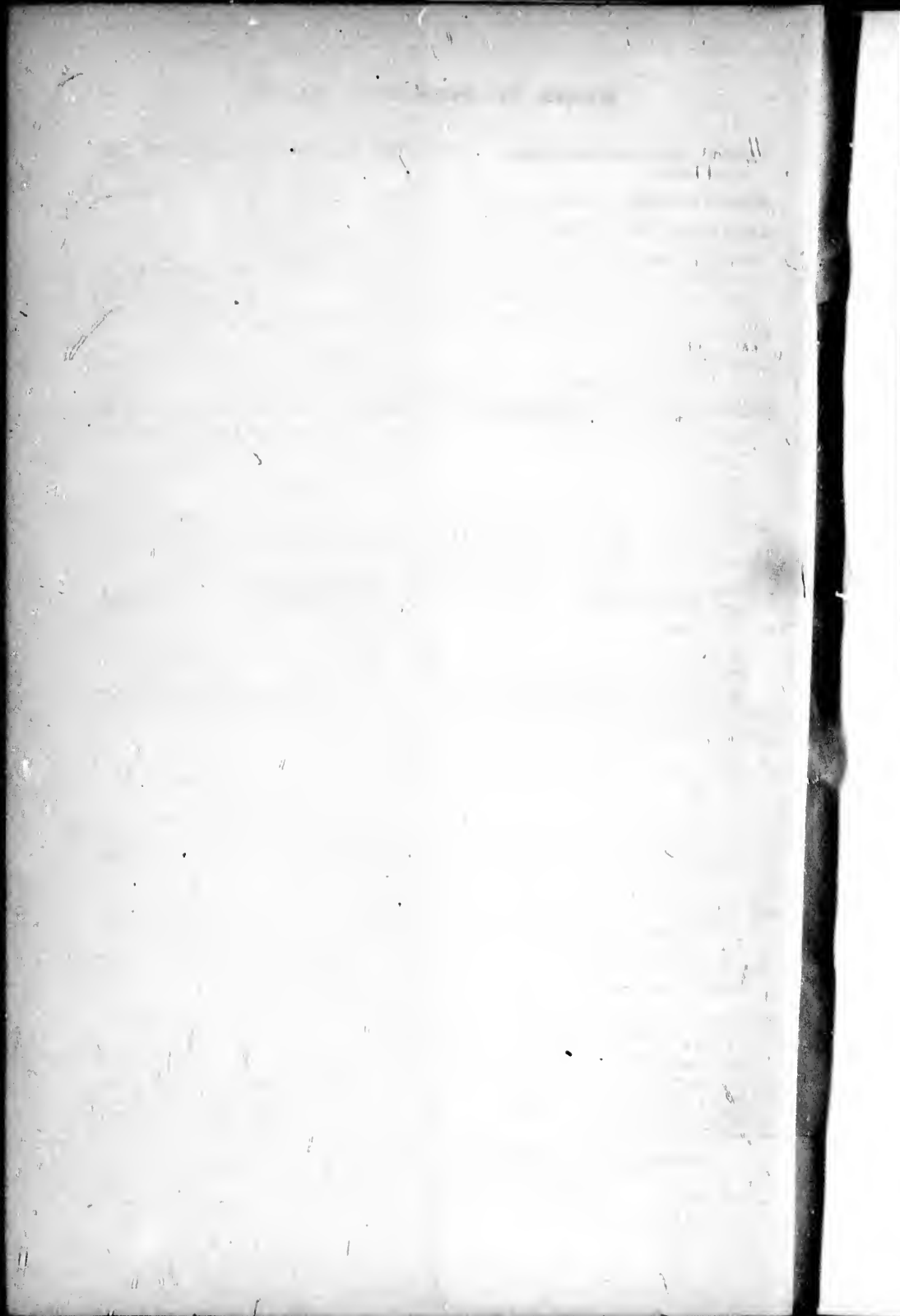
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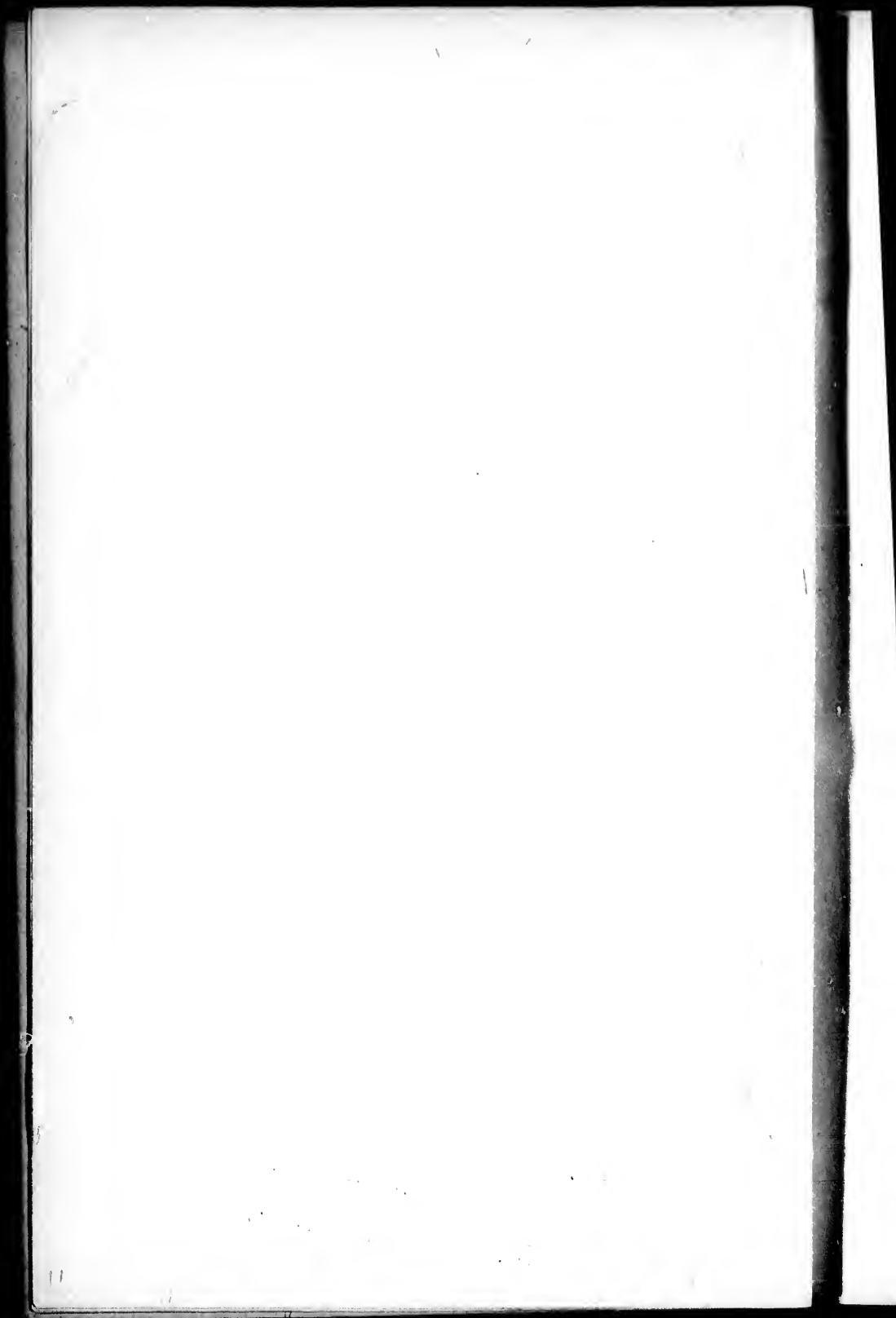
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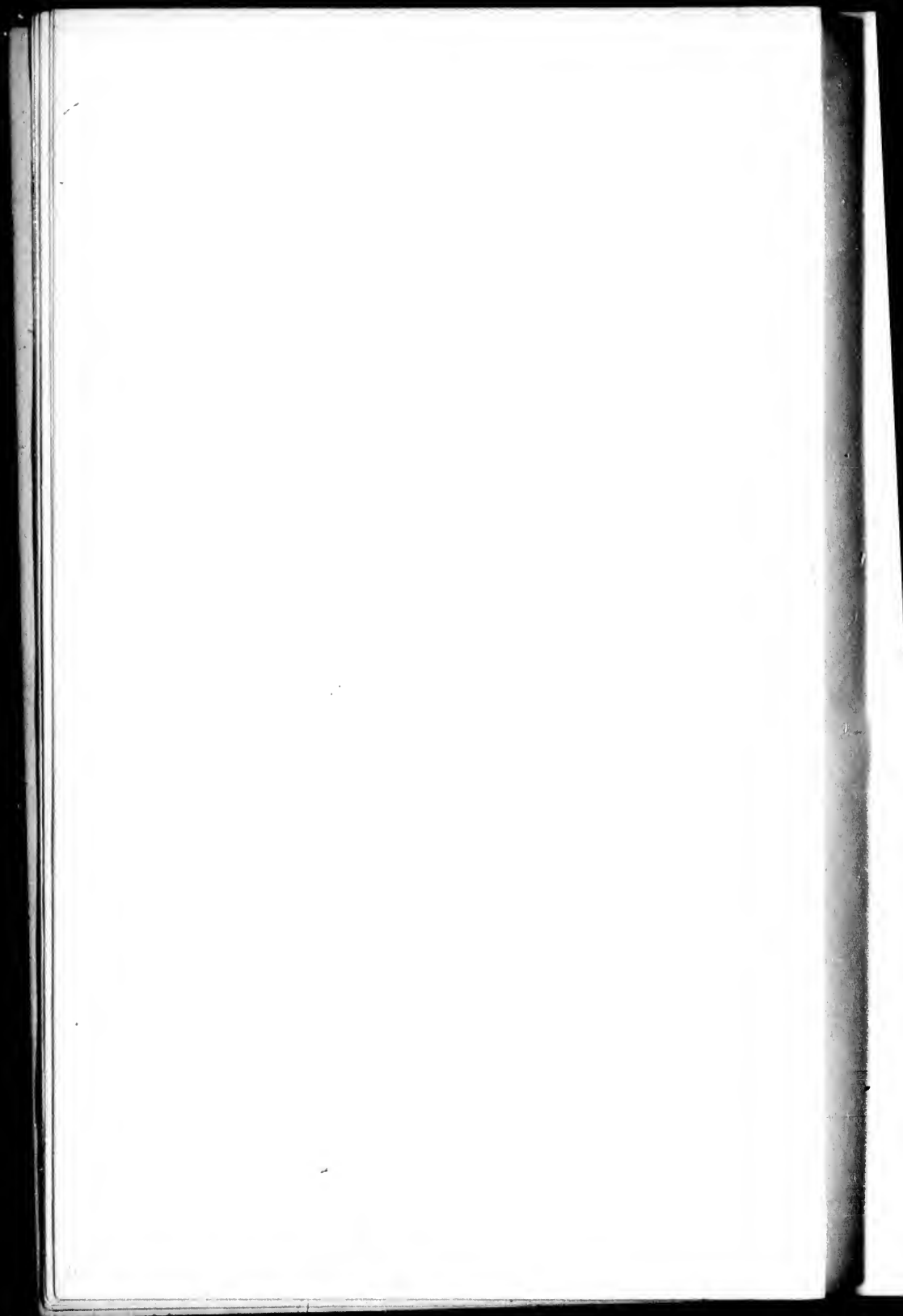
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ONE, TO WHOM I OWE ALL, WILL HE TAKE THIS
AT MY HAND, THE BEST I HAVE?

August, 1857.



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THE NEW PRIEST

IN

CONCEPTION BAY.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE COUNTRY IN THE WATERS.

P go the surges on the coast of Newfoundland, and down, again, into the sea. The huge island, in which the scene of our story lies, stands, with its sheer, beetling cliffs, out of the ocean, a monstrous mass of rock and gravel, almost without soil, like 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 has been reared. The eye, accustomed to richer and softer scenes, finds something of a strange and almost startling beauty in its bold, hard outlines, cut out on every side, against the sky.

There came up with, or after it, but never yet got to open air, those mountain-sisters, that, holding their huge heads not far below the surface, make the shoals or Banks of Newfoundland.

There are great bays in the island's sides, and harbors in the shores of the great bays; and in and out of these washes the water that used, perhaps, to float all over; and on the banks and in these bays and harbors, the fish

have found new homes, for their old haunts that have been lifted up into the air out of their reach.

Towards the eastern end of Newfoundland, two of these great bays, called Trinity and Placentia, come in, from opposite sides, north and south, and almost cut the island through; an isthmus only three or four miles wide, in one part, keeping them still asunder. Up one of these bays, and down the other, crossing the neck between, the telegraph-cable has been drawn.

Inland, surrounded by a fringe of small forests on the coast, is a vast wilderness of moss, and rock, and lake, and dwarf firs about breast-high. These little trees are so close and stiff, and flat-topped, that one can almost walk them; of course they are very hard things to make way through and among.

Around the bays, in coves and harbors, (chiefly on Avalon, the piece almost cut off,) the people live: there are no fertile fields to tempt them inland, and they get their harvests from the sea.

In March or April almost all the men go out in fleets to meet the ice that floats down from the northern regions, and to kill the seals that come down on it. In early summer a third part or a half of all the people go, by families, in their schooners, to the coast of Labrador, and spend the summer, fishing there; and in the winter, half of them are living in the woods, in "tilts," to have their fuel near them. At home or abroad, during the season, the men are on the water for seals or cod. The women sow, and plant, and tend the little gardens, and dry the fish: in short they do the land-work; and are the better for it.

Every town in the country is a fishing town. St. John's, the capital, has grown into a city of twenty thou-

sand or more people; but it is still a fishing town. Stages,* and flakes,† and store-houses, for fish, are met wherever a fit place offers itself, near the water, in every settlement.

The little town of Peterport, along one of the slits in the shore of Conception Bay, was a pretty place, thirty or forty years ago, with its cliffs and ridges and coves.

Its people (four fifths of whom were church-people‡) lived by clans—Yarls, Franks, Marchants, and Ressles,—in different settlements, on its main strip of land and Indian Point, wherever a beach or jutting cliff made a good place for flakes or stages, or offered shelter for their boats. They had one minister (“pareson,” they called him, in their kindly tongue,) five merchants, one schoolmaster, two smiths, three coopers; every man, woman, and child, beside, wrought in the fishery. In summer, most of the heads of families, with their sons and daughters, of all ages, were gone, for the season, to the coast of Labrador. Almost all the harbor-schooners, at the time in which our story opens, were there. The only square-rigged vessel (of six or eight belonging here) was the brig Spring-Bird, Captain (not Skipper) John Nolesworth, a foreign trader, of Worner, Grose & Co.

The church stood midway on the harbor road; having a flag-staff upon one of the most conspicuous cliffs; on which staff a fair large flag, bearing a white cross, called the people to prayers,—at half-mast to funerals. A schoolhouse stood near the church; dwelling-houses, larger and less, better and worse, stood in and about the different coves; storehouses upon the merchants’ “rooms,” each

* Houses for “heading,” and “splitting,” and salting fish.

† Platform of poles and boughs, for drying fish.

‡ Of the Anglican Church.

with its "house-flag" staff; and everywhere along the water, flakes and stages. One road went down the harbor, winding with the winding shore, but going straight across when its companion, as at Beachy Cove, made a wide sweep into the sea. Along this pretty thoroughfare there dwelt much innocence and peace; as over it there went the feet of many sturdy toilers, and thronging churchward-goers.



CHAPTER II.

A RARE INTRUDER.

THIRTY years ago, or longer, one bright day in August, the church missionary, the Reverend Arthur Wellon, was walking down the harbor, 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.

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 his church, he had that common sense without which the Reformers would never have got and kept our Common Prayer. He was a good scholar, too, as well as a good parish priest.

This was the man then that had just left his house, (a comely white one, with two little wings,) and was walk

ing down the harbor-road, breaking forth, now and then, when the way was clear, into a cheery snatch of sacred (or 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 the Minister, 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. One arm passed through a coil of small rope; and in his 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.

The Minister looked curiously toward the group, as they stood, not noticing him; and then, after a momentary hesitation, went across a little open green, entered 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. His dog, a noble great black fellow, "Epictetus," who had loitered somewhere upon the road, came 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 nighbors 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, the Minister 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 the Minister to pass him without salutation, and the dog loitered, as if he was confident of some intercourse between them. The stranger returned Mr. Wellon's silent greeting, gracefully, and came forward to meet him.

"This atmosphere becomes the scene extremely," said he, beginning a conversation.

* Maid is pronounced *myde*; bay, *bye*; play, *plye*; neighbor, *nyebor*, &c.

The Minister turned and 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 off. 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, our rough country has its beauties," said Mr. Wellon.—"We've as good an ocean as anybody, and I think we could make a pretty good show of rocks."

"There are some very handsome ones, certainly," said the stranger, going on with the conversation, when begun: "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 foliage, and flowers, had been laid on a huge stone pallet before painting the earth with them."

"Not many of them have ever been laid upon the land," said the parson smiling, "they seem all to have staid upon the pallet. You know an Indian tradition was, that this island was the heap of rubbish which the great Maker threw into the sea, when He had finished the neighboring continent."

The stranger spoke like one familiar with these things, and fond of them:—

"With sea and rock alone," said he, "especially such rocks, there is plenty of beauty; but with woods beside,

and sunshine and shadow, and passing clouds, and twilight and night, it's inexhaustible; and (you remember) as you look along those cliffs on the other shore, how many a little bay turns in and is lost behind the great wall, like Virgil's

'Est in secessu longo locus:

omnis, ab alto,

Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese, unda, reductos.'

They make the very heart yearn after them, as if it might find sweet peace in those far little retreats."

There was a tone of reality, without the least affectation, in what he said. The glow that came with a part of this speech, and the slight melancholy which touched the last part of the sentence, made it far more interesting to the hearer than it may have been to the reader. The speaker's manner was very taking, and the near view confirmed the impression of him made at a little distance. His complexion was a clear and fresh one; his eyes were blue and of full proportions, deeply-lighted, and having that quick, broad glance which is the outward faculty of genius. His features, indeed, were all handsome and expressive, even his auburn hair.

The Minister did not immediately speak. After a little pause, he said:—

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

"I can't think that," the stranger answered. "Who can look at those great mountains yonder, without being startled, if he knows that one can float over their counterparts, off Wadham Islands, standing up thousands of feet in sea, as these do in air, and can look down their

great rugged sides, just as he can look up these?—I don't think you're quite insensible," he added, smiling; "and some of these days people will be coming long distances to see the scenery of Newfoundland."

"You're no stranger to the country, sir, I see," said the Parson. "Do you know, at the first glance, I took you for a stray church-clergyman; only I couldn't account for your having got beyond my house?"

The stranger, who was certainly both a very English and a very clerical-looking man, appeared slightly embarrassed.

"No, I am not," said he; "but I ought to know something of the country, for a good deal of my life was passed in it."

The Parson, as if involuntarily, cast a more searching glance at the stranger. He hastened to apologize.

"Pray, excuse me," said he; "I've been here long enough to know that black cassocks are not so plenty as 'white-coats,'* or capelin, or cod; and I jump at what looks like a parson. If you'll pardon my saying so, it's hard to take you for any thing else."

The other colored again slightly, but answered with the same readiness as before,

"I ought rather to apologize for looking so much like one of you; I am a parson, after my own sort.—I was walking, a few minutes ago," he added, changing the subject, "with a man that interested me strongly. Perhaps if I describe him, sir, you could tell me who he is."

"I saw him," said Mr. Wellon,—“George Barbury, or Skipper George, as we call him.”

"I thought so!" said the other, with more emphasis

* Young seals.

than seemed to belong to an interest created by a few minutes' conversation.

"You know something of our people, too?" said the English clergyman. The other explained:—

"I had heard of him and his family before I came.—It was only in connection with another family that I've reason to be interested in."

If some suspicion of this intrusive (and very engaging) clergyman had made its way into the heart of the retired pastor, it would not have been strange; but Mr. Wellon's manner showed no jealousy or apprehension; and, whether from heartiness of disposition, or owing to his isolation from the society of educated men, he seemed more socially inclined than some of his countrymen, and of his reverend brethren.

"If you intend making any stay among us," he said, "I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you in my house another time. You must give me a chance to make a churchman of you, you know, if you come to 'molest my ancient, solitary reign.'—At any rate," said he, correcting this abrupt and summary reference to conversion, "to make a friend of you, whatever else you may be."

"Thank you," said the stranger clergyman, bowing; "neighbors we are likely to be, I believe; and if you feel as kindly when you know more of me," (this was emphasized slightly,) "it will give me great pleasure to cultivate the acquaintance;—but I've been detaining you too long. You were going down: may I walk with you as far as our ways lie together? I am going to 'the Backside,' wherever that is."

"I know every sheep and goat track," answered the Peterport Parson; "and I won't scruple to make you free of the place for the pleasure of your company."

This hospitable speech the stranger accepted cordially.

"That fisherman," he continued as they went, "has a very touching way of telling a story, and draws a moral wonderfully."

"Yes," said the fisherman's pastor, "and he's a true man."

"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, this was his moral, in his own words: '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:—

"Skipper George puts things together that belong together, as principle and practice, like one that knows we must lay out our best wisdom on our life."

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 that the man had 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.

"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,

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: ‘providences,’ ‘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 minister 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, the Minister 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 III.

MRS. BARRE AND MISS FANNY DARE.

MRS. BARRE, though she had been here for a few weeks only, all the harbor knew and many loved; partly from pity, for she was of high breeding and young and stricken, as all eyes saw; partly from admiration, for to the finer eye, she was one that had the best instincts and a rare mind and conscience, so quick and true and thorough were her thoughts and feelings, when they came forth of her sadness and seclusion.

She had lost, men said, the husband of her fresh youth and days of hope; and, since her coming, of two sweet children, one, the boy, had gone from her arms and from her sight, as all men knew, and his body lay with other cold earth in the churchyard of Peterport.

The single English servant whom she had brought with her was proof at least against the unartful curiosity of planters' wives and daughters. What was generally believed or surmised, was that she was rich; that she had brought a letter of credit to the house of Messrs. Worner, Grose & Co., and a pastoral letter from England to Mr. Wellon.

Such, then, as she was, and so living, some understood her; and many who could not well have appreciated delicacy and refinement, or greatness of mind and soul,

loved her because so patiently and lovingly she opened the door of her own life, and came forth and laid her heart to theirs ; and she had found here one friend whom she might have chosen, had she had the world to choose from. This was Miss Frances Dare, a niece of Mr. Worner, the senior of the Liverpool firm, living here. Miss Dare was a fine, spirited, clever English girl of twenty, who staid here just as quietly as if she were not fitted to shine in a larger and fairer part of the world than this, and as if she had not money enough (as she was reputed to have) to indulge her tastes and wishes. She it was who had planted and trained and arranged the growing things about the house which Mrs. Barrè occupied, and which belonged to Mr. Worner.

The two ladies had, this day, when Mr. Wellon called, walked out together down the harbor.

The Minister, after leaving his companion, 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.

"I'm glad not to miss you, Mrs. Barrè," said the Minister, after the salutations, "for I'm expecting to be away to St. John's to-morrow; I can only try to show my sympathy—any other benefit I can scarcely hope to render."

Miss Dare led her two livelier companions on, leaving the Minister 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.

"Oh yes, indeed!" said Mrs. Barrè. "I feel the presence of God with His ministers. I hope I may always have faith enough to draw the benefit from it."

"It's a blessed thing for us and for those to whom we are sent," answered Mr. Wellon, "that we can use the Lord's divine words, that have a living power in themselves to find the soul and comfort it. I shouldn't dare to bring any others to one who bears sorrow as you do; for I feel that, as a man, I must learn, instead of teaching."

"My thought and feeling," said Mrs. Barrè, answering to one thing in the Minister's sentence, "are so occupied, that I can only take sorrow in; I cannot be taken up by it. My child is happy;" (tears came at thought of him, however.)

"May I ask, in the way of my office, whether your

occupation is with a former grief? Don't answer me, if I ask too bluntly."

"No; with a *work* which is the chief part of my life—almost my very life. I haven't told you, and I cannot tell you yet, Mr. Wollon, what one thing occupies me always, and brought me to this place. I should be very glad to open my whole heart to my pastor, if I could; but I cannot yet, for others are concerned, or, at least, another, and I have no right to communicate his affairs to a third person, even a clergyman."

"Only let me sympathize and be of what service to you I can," said the Minister; "and don't think that I shall complain of the measure of confidence you may give me."

Miss Dare and her two companions had drawn aside from the road to a shoulder of rocky ground, ending in cliff; and stood beneath a flake, one of whose posts went up beside them. As the Minister came near with Mrs. Barré, Miss Dare invited them, by a silent 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 the Minister, looking genially down. "Yes; if any thing can make good Skipper George's loss, his daughter may." Mrs. Barré moved a little further on, after looking down, and stood apart.

"Don't let her see us," said the pretty exhibitress eagerly," or it will break up my scene; but musn'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 Minister 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 Minister 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 an emissary of the Church, assailing Popery in one of its weak points,—the heart of the young candidate for the 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 the 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 the Minister, 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 of the Minister.

"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;—"then he has come!"

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 Minister.

"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 minister 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 knew that he was coming, and expected him;" she said. "You won't wonder, Mr. Wellon, when you know more about us, as you will, one day; but don't be afraid of me. Your English letters are from those who know me and my history; and whatever may pass between me and this gentleman, Father Debree,—if any thing,"—(she paused, almost as if she should not be able to go on,) "there *cannot* be any danger to my profession. It has been tried before.—You won't suspect me?" and she gave him her hand.

"Certainly not;" said the straightforward Parson. "Only let me know whatever I can do for you."

"Thank you! I will. I've got a work to do;—or to work at, if I never do it;—for it may wear out my life.—There's always heart-work with a woman, you know."

Some great, strong stream of life seemed to be flowing in her, of which one might catch a glimpse through her eyes, and of which one might hear the sound in her words.

"We must be sure that it *is* our work," said the minister gently, "before we undertake what may wear out our life."

Mrs. Barrè answered thoughtfully, though without a pause,

"In my case it cannot be mistaken. You will say so, by-and-by, I'm sure.—I have told you that I am nearly related to Father Debreë," she said, hesitating a little at the name,—as she had also hesitated before, "I'm deeply interested, too. Does he look well and happy?"

"He has rather a sad look," said the Minister.

"Has he?" she asked. "He hadn't, always; but I can't say that I am sorry if he's not altogether happy." Her own eyes were full of tears.

"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 IV.

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 'a 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 Minister; 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 Minister.

"'Twas Willum Ladford, sir; 'e 've gone away, see-munly. 'Ee know 'e's very quite, and keeps to 'isself, 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 curt-seying to the Minister, 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, athout 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 pleasin' down the side;" and she looked up the great outline of the hill, as loose and gravelly as a freshly-made glacis, 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 the Minister, 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 sentimentally, "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 the Minister, 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 Minister 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, Lucy 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 Minister, 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 slipping 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, gave some weeks to weaning the pupil from his old master, some months to attaching him to himself, got a direction from the Bishop that James should stay with him as long as he staid in Bay-Harbor, (which was expected to be in all two years,) and gave

the young pupil quite new notions of study and learning. Young Urston was a generous scholar, who took his heart with him into his work. But by and by there came a change.

The priest's severity of discipline increased; the youth's attachment to his director wasted. There was to be no slipping off the long coat for the short, no escaping to the water, no visiting at home, no putting off or hurrying of duties, religious or scholastic; the confessional, which Father Terence had at first negligently used with his pupil, and disused, soon, was insisted on, and penances exacted strictly.

Suddenly, Father Nicholas went up to St. John's; his absence was prolonged, from month to month, for many months (the old assistant coming back); Father Terence, who had felt hurt, did not attempt to resume any oversight over the stolen youth, though the kind-hearted man restored the old relations of love;—and, at last, young Urston withdrew altogether, took to fishing, (reading when he could,) and declared his purpose of staying where he was.

This resolution most bitterly grieved his nurse, who had shown her disappointment in word and deed, until the father reduced her, gradually, to an unwilling self-restraint. She expected Father Nicholas to bring all right, again; and, as Father Nicholas was understood to master every thing and person that he had to do with, her confidence seemed well-founded; but the time fixed for the candidate's going abroad was just at hand: the priest had been in Bay-Harbor, again, for three months, had had several interviews with the recusant, but no change appeared.

CHAPTER V.

A WALK AND THE END OF IT.

THE acquaintance between the young and interesting widow and Miss Dare had immediately, from the outset, become an intimacy; and the latter was almost as much at home in Mrs. Barrè's house as at her aunt's. Sometimes she brought her needle-work, sometimes a book, and sometimes she came empty-handed.

Mrs. Barrè's favorite seat was at her chamber-window, that faced the west, and looked up the harbor along the road.

The chamber was a very plain one, but it had a few pretty pieces of furniture, and some smaller things, that were quite elegant.

A Bible lay—generally open—on a little table, with her Common Prayer-Book and a few other books.

Here she was sitting, as usual, a day or two later than the date of the last chapter, when her friend came in.

"Can I persuade you out, this morning?" asked Miss Dare; "it's a lovely day."

Mrs. Barrè seemed to be considering or absent-minded for a moment; she then hastily accepted the invitation.

"You need the fresh air; your hands tremble," said her friend, taking one of them and kissing it.

"Do they? My heart trembles, too, Fanny."

Mrs. Barrè exerted herself to smile as she spoke. She then put on her shawl and bonnet, and they went forth to their walk.

It was, as Miss Dare had said, a delightful day, without wind, and with an atmosphere into which the spicy fragrance of the little grove of firs, near Mrs. Barrè's house, and the coolness of the salt water, spread themselves gently around, and in which far-off things had about them a dreamy haze. The walking seemed to give new life to Mrs. Barrè; and instead of shortly proposing to turn back, she only asked, at Marchant's Cove, (a half mile's distance from home,) whether her companion felt tired; and being answered with a hearty "No," 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*, 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 plase 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 VI.

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 Minister 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 VII.

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."

Lucy 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, Lucy, 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 before they could make out any thing like letters on the great grained and wrinkled, and riven surface.

"There! there!" suddenly cried Lucy; "there is something like an H. I see it! That long streak down and the other, this side, and the cross-mark between them." She pointed with her finger to the spot, and presently her companion saw it.

"Doesn't it seem terrible," said Lucy Barbury, again, "that that should stay, and the rock never change; and yet the living hand that could cut that into the rock is gone, and nothing left of it!"

"Ay, indeed!" said Miss Dare, "there's something put into us, and while it's there we're greater than any thing; and when it's taken away, —: but Lucy there's nothing more there that I can see."

"And that long mark," said Lucy, "looks like a crack in the rock; but then a man might save himself trouble if he found one already made."

Miss Dare helped the criticism by saying,—

"But the other one is only a great wrinkle. We didn't think enough of one thing; we thought it might be

cut by Northmen, or Jews, or Englishmen, but we didn't think enough, that there might be no writing at all."

Lucy drew herself up from the great empty air, as she felt the force of this chilling suggestion, and looked disappointed. Her companion still stretched over and searched.

"Ah! but I see it, after all! I'm the discoverer!"

"Where, please, Miss Dare?" said Lucy, easily recovering her animation.

"Beyond you, there; just beginning at that turn in the rock. I suppose it goes on, on the other face of it. That's part of a letter that I see." Here they began again their search; and here it seemed rewarded.

There were, plainly, letters traced in the stone, 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.—It's wonderfully fresh! Two words! Some sayings of two words, have lasted thousands of years without being cut in rock. These are not deep, and there's black in them."

"They might have been a good deal deeper and full of that black, and worn down to this," answered Lucy Barbury: "I've heard of windows in England where the glass was worn down by the weather, till it was so thin you could put a pin through it anywhere."

"Those are not Roman letters," said Miss Dare, who was intent upon them; "but they do look wonderfully like German Text or Black Letter, and the old Northmen were of the same stock that we are, and the Germans,

you know. It may be Hebrew.—I'll draw them at any rate ;" and she took out paper and pencil.

"Both words seem to begin with the same letter," continued she, "and there other letters alike. I can carry one in my head, pretty well, till I can copy it—if my head will stand this looking over."

"They couldn't have reached over that outstanding part to cut it," said Lucy, who, having abandoned the deciphering to Miss Dare, with her paper and pencil, had her thoughts free for speculation.

"That's true ; and it never could have been any easier, for that part hasn't grown on," said Miss Dare ; "but, then, no man could stand on that ledge and use both hands to cut with, unless it was a good deal broader once than it is now, and so it may have been."

"But, at any rate," said the fisherman's daughter, "if they were used to the sea, they wouldn't mind swinging over with a rope, if they had nothing but air to put their feet on."

"That's true again ; and most likely they would stand their writing upright, with the rock ;—I was reading it upside down, 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 '**u**,' 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. '**u**=**u-r**'—some sort of Scandinavian name—and—'**y**!' '**Lurp**.' That looks pretty well and sounds pretty well. Why, that's a grand old Norse name! '**Lury**!' It sounds like Rurie, 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, among the Roman Catholics," 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=p.**' 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 VIII.

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 Marchants' 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.

A step 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 every 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 Lucy, 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

* *Meine.*

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. William son coming. He went out into the road; met him, exchanging salutations; passed under the Crossway-Flake, and down the harbor.

CHAPTER IX.

SKIPPER GEORGE'S STORY.

IN 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," continued the mother, more pointedly, while her daughter looked with a fixed gaze into her face, dropping her eyes when her mother raised hers 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 sence, 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 step drew near.

"A good evenun, sir !" said Skipper George, in a voice of kindly courtesy, turning and recognizing the gentleman of whom he had spoken a few moments before, who was not immediately aware of his being addressed, but collected himself, almost instantly, and turning aside from the path that he was following, cordially returned the stout fisher's salutation.

"I beg pardon for makun so free to hail 'ee, sir," said the latter, leaving his place, and coming forward to meet the stranger-gentleman ; "mubbe 'ee was in a hurry, or thinkin' o' somethun particular."

"I was thinking ; but am willing to be interrupted. I haven't forgotten our walk together, nor your story, nor the lesson you drew from it."

"It's very good of 'ee, sir, to mind me. There's amany things happen that we may take warnun from, ef we woul' ; an' the Lard make men knowlegeable to take notice an' larn from things, I suppose. We wants teachun —amany of us, sir."

"*All of us,*" said the gentleman, whom the reader knows as Father Debee. I was thinking as I came

across here, with the moon before me, how we mistake about ourselves! That moon belongs to this earth; that we count ourselves masters of; it keeps going round it, and can't get away; and yet in six thousand years we've never been able to go, or send, or do any thing to it."

While he spoke, and the fisherman turned his open face broad to the fair, bright planet, the width of silent emptiness between the earth and it might have seemed a real thing, shown to the eye. Before Mr. Debree had finished speaking his companion was looking, with the expression of thought suggested by the words, into his face.

"*There's one Master,*" said he, after the words were spoken; "we're servants, but we may be *children*;" and his great, manly build, and the graying hue of his hair, and the deep lines of his face, as the moon showed them, gave a peculiar character to what he said.

"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, hau'ling 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, nubbe; and George says to me, 'Let's lave the slide, Father!' 'Twas n' but we could ha' kep' on 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'

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 turrible 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. Debree 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 kneelun, an' we could sca'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.

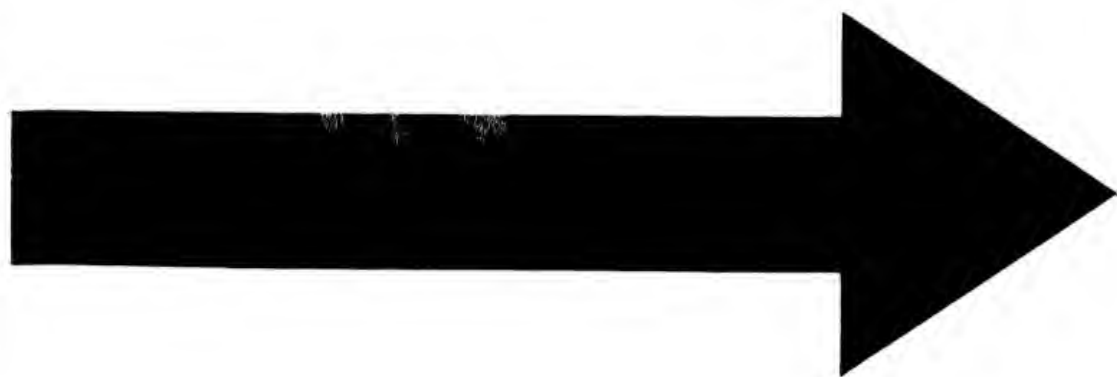
“Well, sir, night passed: 'ee may be sure we didn' sleep much, on'y cat-naps; and once or twice I falled into a kind of a dwall,* an' started, thinkun *they* was speakun to me. Mornun comed slow and cold—colder than night. So the neighbors comed in at mornun, and

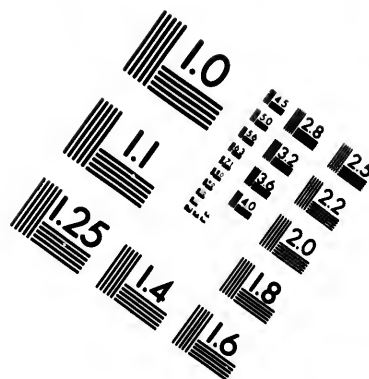
* Doze.

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 lust of un, 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 wonder'd ef the young men could keep from freezun their hand's, an' said mubbe 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.

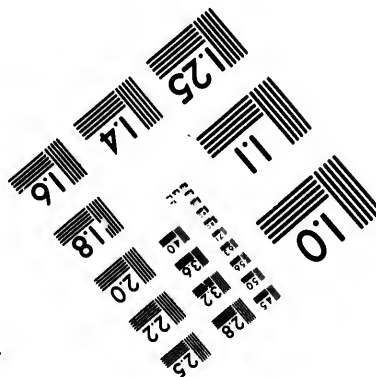
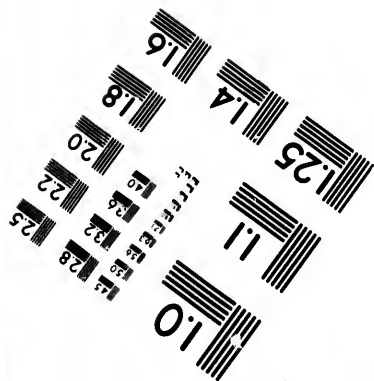
"Wull, sir, the day went on, cold, cold, an' blowun heavy, an' the water black an' white, wi' white shores, an' slob-ice all along ;—an' more, agen, an' heavier, to leeward, sartenly. We could n' stir hand or foot that day, nor next ; but the Lord's day came in softer, an' we got a good crew an' a stout 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.





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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' Blazun 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 'Enery 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' go that time, sir.

"'Twas about sun-goun-down, she 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-kneelun an' leanun 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'yun, 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. Debree 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. Debree 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, lovun 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, sleepun 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'ral, 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 storm!

"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 tookt away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—All the riches I had I thought 'twas gone."

"You said riches came again," said Mr. Debee, 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 Larbadore." * 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 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 X.

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 is 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 perceiving now in going on.

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

"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 minister 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. Debrée, 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'loats, 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 anighst '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 return.



CHAPTER XI.

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 Minister 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 Minister, the widowed Mrs. Barrè, the Warners, 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,—

"I'm well enough, Fanny, thank you : but *you're* looking pale."

"Well enough?" asked Miss Dare, again ; for the covering over the blood in Mrs. Barrè's cheeks was very thin, and her eyes were hasty and anxious ; her two hands, which Fanny held, were hot.

"Yes ; well enough for my need, Fanny."

"Yet your life is wearing out," said the girl, earnestly, "as you said."

"I have to use a good deal of it. It goes into the work I have to do."

Mrs. Barrè tried to smile as she said this, but made no great effort for it.

Again her friend asked, anxiously, "Does it go on?"

"I don't know how it goes ;—perhaps like piling up water ; and my chances are as rare as spring-tides. But, pray tell me, how is Skipper George's daughter?"

"There's not much change yet, I think. Dr Aylwin was there last evening, while I was with her, and told me he thought the fever like that in Marchants' Cove, but with many symptoms of inflammation of the brain. He says they vary very much, in different cases, according to constitution and other things ; scarcely any two are alike. I fancy the poor child may have suffered some severe disappointment ! she wouldn't tell of it, if she had. He doesn't say what he thinks of her, except that she's a very sick girl. She's perfectly crazy."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Barrè. "I do hope she'll get over it!"

Fanny Dare went on, without sitting down,—

"Her father keeps up his stout heart, and speaks cheerily; but he must have hard work to do it. As soon as he comes in, he goes straight to her bed, and stands and looks at her; and he does the same before he goes out; and always finds something or other to do about her. I think his wife gives him a chance, on purpose; you know what a delicate sense she has."

"Is she crazy all the time?" asked Mrs. Barrè.

"I believe so: she was, all night. When she was awake, she raved the whole time; and in her sleep, kept talking incoherently. Her raving was very sad, but it was beautiful. She talked of twenty things that I shouldn't have thought she knew. Sometimes, she fancied herself out at sea, and called to the winds and sea-birds, and clouds, and waves, and stars—if I could only remember some things she said; and sometimes, she fancied herself inland, among mountains and caves, or meadows, or streams. Then she'd answer some person, perhaps, and argue. It was very different from herself; but all was so good and innocent, even when it wasn't at all like her.—I want to sit up again, to-night; for the doctor means to come over again; and he expects the crisis. She needs close and intelligent care."

Mrs. Barrè looked up, with a faint smile :—

"I'm afraid that's not the only reason why you want to go, Fanny," said she. "To-night, you're to stay here, as you promised, with Mary; and I'm to watch with her;—and do sit down. I'm sure you ought to be tired."

"I'll tell you the very truth," answered Miss Dare, complying; "it *is* not only because I want to see the

doctor, but I really think I'm fitter to watch at night than you are."

"And you were up last night!—Oh! no: I shall keep you to the first arrangement. It isn't much for me to lose a night's sleep; but you're not used to it."

"You think you're getting used to it?" said Fanny. "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 overwearied, 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 XII.

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?" said the Priest.

"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 Priest 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 Debree 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 Debree, 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 ambadress 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 writed '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, trackless, 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 XIII.

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 morning, 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 'li 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 so 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 not 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 XIV.

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 seemed to be going on in Peterport. He said the lights were moving about, and there was an unusual noise; something must be the matter there.

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,

* Of the Newfoundland School Society.

the far-off sound of human voices was more than commonly impressive.

The schoolmaster, who had been in the island for a good many years, said that the scene "reminded him of the 'Ralls' * they had years ago." "There may be a child lost," the Minister said, but none of the three pretended to explain or understand the singular circumstance. Mr. Wellon determined to go home as fast as possible.

The distance by the road through Wantful, (a little hamlet adjoining Sandy Harbor, on the same tongue of land,) and round the Riverhead of Peterport, is about six miles or seven, and the way is a picturesque and quaint one; down steep descents, along a narrow beach; round sharp turns, under wide flakes, blocked up by a storehouse standing square across it; passing by the little, humble, holy-looking church of Wantful, on the hill. In the daytime, and for one who has an eye for scenery of that kind, and is not hurried, a ride or walk over that road might not be tiresome; but in a case like this—at such an hour, and with the rain beginning to fall from clouds which had been gathering for hours, and with the prospect of a wet, dark night and morning, the thought of walking round, for Mr. Kewers kept no horse, (and it was too late to borrow one,) was not inviting.

Across from Back Cove, where two coopers, John Bissell and his son, are in the habit of ferrying chance passengers, the distance is but a mile or so, and the schoolmaster—whose curiosity was rather eager, undertook to make arrangements, for he himself meant to go, (if Mr. Wellon had no objection,) in case he could be of service.

Nearly another hour passed, and then he came again

* The "Ralls" (rallies) were riotous gatherings, during the distress occasioned by the American and French Wars.

with the intelligence that he had made arrangements with Mr. Bissell and his son, promising them a double fee—four shillings each; (an amount which Mr. Wellon immediately claimed to pay, with all charges.) This news was a great relief, after the long, tiresome hours of waiting; a lantern was borrowed of Mr. Kewers, and in a quarter of an hour Mr. Wellon and his companion were in Back Cove; and very soon, under the steady rain, were crossing the water, in charge of Bissell and his son. It was so dark that a great, round, peely hill of rock which forms one side of Back Cove—close to which they were—could not be seen. They set their lantern in the bow of the punt, and with a strong, and steady, slow stroke, the boatmen cautiously felt their way along. The Minister steered, the schoolmaster, by way of making himself useful, as he had proposed, armed himself with a spare oar, and undertook to row, a way of being useful, which, after several times “catching crabs,” as sailors call it, and once nearly demolishing the lantern in falling over backwards, he exchanged for that of holding the light and looking out.

The rain poured straight down, drenchingly; and (though a good, thick overcoat is almost water-proof,) its steady falling brought the whole company to silence, as it had already deadened the wind, and smoothed the waves down to the ground-swell. In about three quarters of an hour they made the shore of Peterport, below their point of destination, and worked up to it.

Marchants’ Cove was all still and dark, except a light in Mr. O’Rourke’s house; the lights and sounds were further down the harbor. The Minister left his companions here, (the schoolmaster keeping the boatmen’s company, to be sure of his passage back,) and alone went down the road, and took the first considerable path over

to the Backside, the place to which they had some hours before been straining their eyes so eagerly, from Blazing-Head.

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 *Cædipus* 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 Minister, 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 Minister, 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 Mr. Wellon. All rose, except the father, at the sudden entrance of the Minister; the father did not notice it.

At the sound, however, he immediately turned round; and a more honest, manly, kind, true face than his, has seldom met the open air, and the broad sunlight, or fronted tearing wind, or drenching rain, or driving snow; had seldom met warm welcome from the wife, as it was seen through the half-opened door, or beamed complacently upon the frolic of the children at the hearth;—but it was clouded now. He took off his weather-worn straw hat, in rising to receive the Pastor.

“Sarvant, sir; you’re very welcome home again,” said he.

“Why, Skipper George!” said the Minister, “what is it my good friend? Do tell me!” Then pressing him silently to a seat, the Minister 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, and oh! how she did love the Minister to be sure! 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 fishing, 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'yin' 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 bincn 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 sarched 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 Minister came 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 Minister'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 Minister, 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 did'n 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 niece."

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

"'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?" asked the Minister.

"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 beginnun 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 Minister.

* 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 comin' 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 the Minister. "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 want 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 hands, 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 Minister 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 XV.

A NEW MAN.

S 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' 'ore than darter for the like of I;") 's be'n sick 'f a sort 'f a—typhoid they call 'em 'th us,—same 't they've had down 'n Merchants' 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 'lectioneerin' 'r talkin' politics 'n the moon, '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' picee 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' somewe'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 Lucy would never have agrowed to e'er a body, knownly, 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. Rather 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 *were* strangers, when they're in trouble. B't 't's 'bout time f' me to be trav'llin', I guess," concluded Mr. Bangs, who had taken up his hat, and made a start out of the way of thanks. "Do'no, 'xac'ly 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 XVI.

TRACES OF THE LOST.

WITHIN the half hour that he had mentioned, the Minister 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 the Minister and his companion soon hid themselves "*multo nebulæ circum amictu*." *

"Jesse Barbury will join us presently," said the Minister, as they crossed the ridge. "I want 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.*

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 Minister, 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 Minister. "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 the Minister, 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, the Minister, 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 Minister, 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.

"Wull, Mr. Gulpin, it was dark lookun; I couldn' say gezacly, 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 the Minister, 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 the Minister 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 the Minister, 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 Georgie'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 Jessie, 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 Jessie'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 ascending 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 Minister.

"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 Minister 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 Minister 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'ly, 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," asked the Minister.

"'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 coteh 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 Naathan——”

“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 jest 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 Minister, 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 the Minister'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' ppaceable, 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 a Protestant book,) I'll shaw 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 priest, 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 gentleman'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 Protestants, (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. The Minister, 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 for coming in with me, now, as my business is important, and my time valuable. James, will you do me the favor to come in?"

"*We're* about pretty solemn business, too, sir," said the constable. "Before I go, I've got a word to say: I'm not going off as if I'd been robbing a hen-roost. I beg you to look, sir,—Jesse, and the rest of you, you see: this bit of a burnt book, I mean to carry with me."

"It'll be rather dainty reading," said the priest, with a smile, as he turned to go into the house.

"I can make something out of it, plain enough," said the constable.

Mrs. Calloran here said something, aside, to Father Nicholas, who again addressed Gilpin:—

"If you'll let me speak, as a disinterested party, I

would only say, that I understand that book belonged to a near relation of Mrs. Calloran's, for whose sake she values it."

The constable, in a low voice, commented upon this suggestion as follows:—

"She's took good care over it; and she's tried it, like pure gold, seven times in the fire. She forgot one commandment, about giving holy things to dogs. When I came here, the dog was gnawing at it."

"'M!" said Jesse Hill and Isaac Maffen, emphatically.

"Very well," said the priest, as blandly as before. "I'm told this is the constable: he knows the law, no doubt; and he knows the difference between 'robbing a hen-roost,' as he says, and taking a book that doesn't belong to him."

"I think, sir," answered Gilpin, "I'm rather nearer to this book, or what's left of it, than Mrs. Calloran is. It's what you call a heretical book, to begin with; and that don't look like her caring much about un; and, what's more, 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 seeun 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 comun, that has no call to it, an' the father himself beun here last evenun?"

"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 XVII.

SEARCHING STILL.

AS the constable and his company drew near the "Worrell," whither Epictetus, the Minister'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 Minister, 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 the Minister, 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 Naath 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," said the Minister.

"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't 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. Wellon 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 Minister,) 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 Minister 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 Minister 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."

The Minister's eye was caught by a lead-pencil-drawing, that lay on the bench.

"That's her down, sir," said the father, sadly.

"I did n't know she could draw," answered the Minister, taking into his hand the paper, blurred somewhat, and blistered.

"No more did n' I, sir ; it was the last down 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 Minister 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 Minister. "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 Minister 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 followed the Minister 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 Peter-port.



CHAPTER XVIII.

WHICH WAY SUSPICION LEADS.

THE Minister 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 Minister; "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. Wellon.

"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. Wellon, 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 Minister 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 Minister; "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 case at home, in Lancashire."

"Ay, but Lucy can't have conspired with them," said the Minister, 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, some how, 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?'"

"I 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 Urston 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 Minister 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 any more, now; but Christian men mustn't forget to pray. If any thing turns up, to-morrow, please let me know it."

The constable had something more upon his mind, and presently said, as he rose to go (but he said it with hesitation, as if it were not of his business):—

"I suppose you heard about this new priest and the widow-lady, Mrs. Berry, sir? More than one thing goes on at once, in this world."

"I don't know," the Minister answered.

"There's stories going about the harbor, that they've had meetings, down at some Roman Catholic's,—in Mad Cove, they say,—and passed some high words; but it's very likely, only people's talk. They say one of 'em seems to have some sort of claim upon the other, or they're relations, or something. Some says it's about some great fortune; that he's her brother, and wants to get all away to give to his Church. (They say he looks like her.) I hears he got into a great passion and was very abusive, and she just as gentle as a lamb; but I don't believe that of him, for Skipper George and everybody gives un a good name for being very civil-spoken, and kind in his way."

"I don't believe it, either; but I know that they're related—probably, nearly. He *does* look like her: I'd forgotten.—Now, you'll tell me, to-morrow, if any thing happens, please. Good-night!"

The day's work was done, and the week's; but there lay over a heavy burden for the coming time to bear.



CHAPTER XIX.

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 Unele 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, sententially, 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 the Minister 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 coloring and looking more deliberately to each side of the road than usual, and by unusual attention (between whiles) to his steed. It seemed to him proper to go over that part of the road (which was level, with the fence on one side and storehouses on the other) with a sidling, curvetting, prancing, and other ornamental horsemanship ; and he sat up for it and reined in for it. Meantime the horse (men called him, familiarly, "Donk," from a certain sparseness of hair upon his tail) was willing to sidle,—made one duck with his head towards the curvetting, (and, in so doing, got the bit between his teeth,) but wished to dispense with the prancing, as a vain and superfluous performance. His notion seemed to be that the sidle might be made useful as well as 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 any thing 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 flatter myself, then, that my going or staying is of any consequence to Miss Dare?"

"Certainly; and to every body in the place."

"I knew a magistrate was of some little consequence to the state and to the community," returned the stipendiary, gracefully; "but I wasn't aware that *my* going or coming was of so much importance."

"What!" when this dreadful case of Lucy Barbury stands as it does, and when some persons are suspected? Who's to do any thing, if the magistrate's not?"

"I'm of opinion that it won't be necessary to invoke the law," said Mr. Naughton. "I think not."

"I don't know what you mean by 'invoking the law,'" said Miss Dare; "but if you mean doing something——."

"It isn't to be expected that ladies *should* comprehend the abstract province of the law; that seems rather a perquisite of the sterner sex," said Mr. Naughton. "How do you like the new chancel arrangements, Miss Dare?"

"Oh! I can't talk about ecclesiology. I didn't see any thing; but if any body's to be taken up, does your commission extend so far? Or must they send to Sandy-Harbor, or Bay-Harbor?"



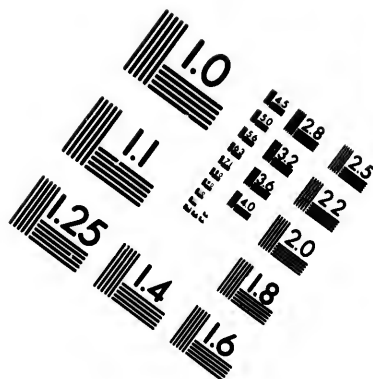
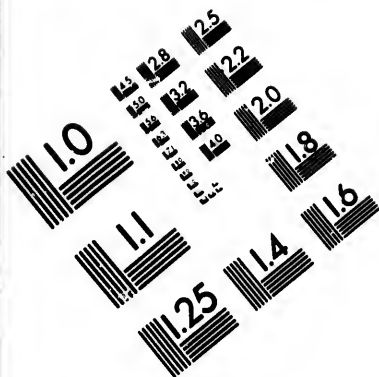
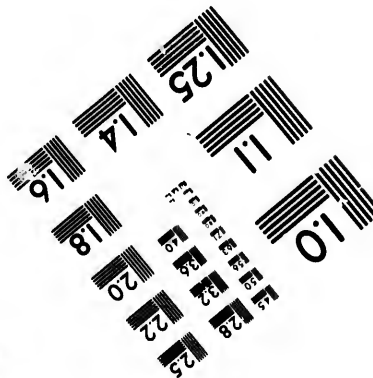
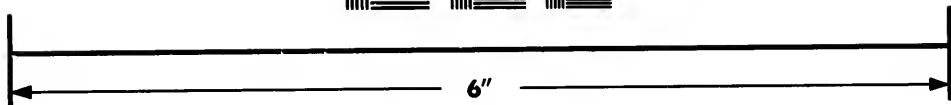
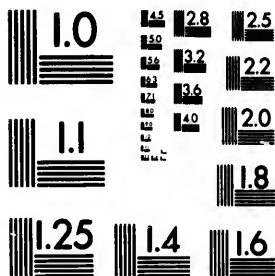


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"My commission is of the most extensive description—I could arrest any man in this harbor"—answered the magistrate, sitting up straight and drawing in his breath, "It's under the Broad Seal."

"Now, if any thing can be done in this case,—" she said, seriously.

"The majesty of the law will be vindicated!" said the stipendiary, with emphasis. The worst part of him, by the way, was outside, in every one's sight and hearing.

"Then you're not going away, are you?" said Miss Dare.

"It was important for me to leave the harbor, notwithstanding it's Sunday; but within an hour I shall be back. What we do must be done deliberately, but firmly. I think we can satisfy the moral sense of the community and Miss Dare."

"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.

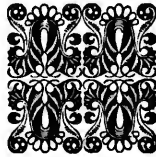
At Evensong, the magistrate was in his place at church; half an hour afterward, having briefly listened to Charles Gilpin, he issued the decided order:—

"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 XX.

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 *ἀλώπηξ*—*πῖξ*—*pax*—***pux***—***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 *Hinder-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 subjects, an' show respec' to the king, ef we didn' favor 'e's constables, after 'e's abin and tootk 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.

“We’ll follow un, without sayin’ any thing,” said Gilpin; and accordingly, on overtaking him, they kept quietly in his rear.

On Skipper George’s becoming aware of his being followed, he turned about.

“Save ye, kindly, nighbors!” said he. “Ef ‘ee ‘m gown for company, it’s proper kind of ‘ee to take part wi’ a poor, afflicted man, lookun for ‘e’s loss. I’ve ahard they knows somethun o’ my dear maid at Mister Urston’s,—I can’ think it! I can’ think it!—an’ I’m gown to ask un in plain words.—I can’ think it! I’ve asid fine

children tookt from me ere now, (an' 'E's got good right!) an' it's 'E's will, most like, to take she."

He said no more; and they, in their way, comforted him:—

"Mubbe we'll find her again, Skipper George, for all."

They came silently to the door, and the father knocked. When he entered, Gilpin, and Frank, and Jesse Hill, and Isaac, went in as his companions. The opposite door of the house was just closing upon "the new priest," Mr. Debree.

"Do 'ee know any thing about my maid,—that's Lucy Barbury?" the father said, in a voice scarcely articulate.

The only occupant of the room remaining was Mrs. Calloran.

"Is this Mither Barbury, thin?" she asked, somewhat agitated at the invasion of so many men,—most of whom were not very friendly-looking.

"You ought to know un well enough, if you don't know un," said the constable.

"But I didn' come about any thing, only my dear maid," said Skipper George, beseechingly; "ef 'ee knows any thing about her. *Have 'ee hard?*"

"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 lossing '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't 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 corrupts! And do you raly many 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 clargy! 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 gentleman; and I don't want to bring un into trouble for meddling with an officer in the execution of his warrant."

Father Debreë stood quite unmoved at the evidently hostile expression of the escort; or, at least, if not unmoved, 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 Protestants have made way with her,” said he.

"You don't suppose she's been murdered!" exclaimed the Priest.

"I can't say what's been done to her, sir," said Gilpin, more softened; "but it looks black."

"But what motive could these people have?" asked Father Debree, much agitated.

"There might be motives," said Gilpin; "but I can't say about that. There's reasons for having them up."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said the Priest; "but if it was the nearest friend I had on earth, though I would do any thing to have justice, yet, if he were guilty, I wouldn't move an eyelid, if it would save him from punishment.—But I can't think that any such crime has been committed; and I cannot believe that, if it had, Mr. Urston here could be guilty."

"I hope not, sir," said the constable.

"My being a Roman Catholic Priest prevents your trusting me; but do you think that I cannot have any regard for right, or any feeling for that father? and for any father who had lost his child? That's a little too severe."

Gilpin, who was an honest, kind-hearted man himself, was evidently moved by this appeal. The Priest ended by saying,—

"Skipper George shall not want any effort of mine, with the neighbors, (if I can do any thing,) to recover his daughter."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir," said Gilpin; "a man isn't a man that hasn't got a man's feelings.—I can't say about Mr. Urston; but the suspicion lay all round his house; and he's not the only one that lives in it."

As they drew near to the road, Father Debree wished his companion "good morning;" and let him pass on.

CHAPTER XXI.

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 the Minister, 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 Priest 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 ecclesiological 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 the Minister 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. Have you any alias, Mr. Barbury?"

"No, sir ; I drinkt a morsel o' tay,—Izik Maffen an' me, sir, afore we comed !" answered Jesse, mistaking the magistrate's technicality.

"Are you ever called any thing else, the Law means."

"They calls me Hill, sir ; I suppose 'ee knows that, sir."

"Mr. Barbury, what is your occupation ?"

"Fishun, sir, fishun."

"Have you any other occupation, Mr. Barbury?"

"I follys the Church, sir, ef that's what 'ee manes."

"That's a respectable occupation," said the Parson, parenthetically.

"Ah ! abstract questions seem to confuse the witness's mind ; we will therefore come to the point. Mr. Barbury, do you know any thing of this affair of Mr. George Barbury's daughter, in connection with any of the prisoners at the bar?"

"No, sir. Skipper George is my connexion, sir."

"Yes ; well, tell all you know."

"There, that won't take ye long, Jesse," said the constable, by way of encouragement. "Go at it your own way, Mr. Naughton means."

"Let us preserve decorum, Mr. Constable," said the magistrate. "Let the witness proceed, without fear or favor. Which side is he on?"

"Are you for or against, Jesse?" asked the constable.

"Oh ! agen harm comin to Lucy, surely, Mr. Gulpin."

If the solemnity and sadness connected with the maiden's loss did not prevail in this examination, it might have consoled right-minded spectators to reflect that this whole scene appeared entirely separated and apart from that calamity, after it had proceeded a little while.

The witness being now encouraged to go on, (all diffi-

culties being taken out of the way,) 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 Minister 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 Minister'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'rs 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 gown 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.

"Wall, 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 abecomd 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 toot 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 Naathan; 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 Minister, 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 proceed to examine the remaining witnesses ?"

The case had assumed an entirely different look, since the beginning of this investigation, from that which it had worn when the Parson and the constable put together their facts and conjectures, like bits of a torn letter. In the present condition of things, Gilpin's evidence about the Prayer-book, and Mrs. Calloran, and Father Nicholas, amounted to little, unless in its effect upon the public within hearing ; an effect testified to by moving of feet, hard breathing, whispers, and low-toned remarks. Captain Nolesworth was not called.

Mr. Urston was indignant at the listening which Gilpin confessed to, and which the latter justified by the grounds of suspicion existing against Mrs. Calloran, at least. The Stipendiary Magistrate took a new view of the case at this point : " That, being the trusted depositary of jus-

tice, he had consulted the convictions of the community in entering upon this Investigation; but that, as important witnesses for the crown were absent, and the prisoners at the bar asserted their own innocence, he judged it best, employing that discretion which the crown and nation necessarily bestowed upon the administrators of the Law, to postpone the farther examination for one calendar month; in the mean time binding over the prisoners at the bar to keep the peace with sufficient sureties."

Mr. Urston very pertinently suggested that "until some sort of show of evidence appeared against them, it was unreasonable to treat them formally as suspected persons; and why they were to be bound over to keep the peace, he could not understand."

The magistrate explained that "'keeping the peace' was merely a legal expression; the object being to prevent prisoners from escaping. 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."

The Minister 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

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 New-foundland; 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,” said the Minister; “higher 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 XXII.

AN OLD SMUGGLER.

IT was not long after the magistratual examination was completed, before the constable 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 laayun 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 cotech '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 Minister'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 smuggler 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 kidnapping or 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. Ladford, himself, was 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 Minister;—Ladford started. The Minister, noticing it, said: "but I'm not an officer; you needn't be afraid of me."

"I oughtn't, sir, surely, of a Minister," 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 Minister took the anonymous letter from his pocket, and read it.

"There!" said he, "that's what I came about; but I come as a Minister, 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!

There's only one thing, besides, that I care much about, now ;—*my line's nearly paid out, sir.*"

As he spoke thus, implying a presentiment of his own near death, he looked fixedly at the Minister, as if to see what impression the words made. Then hastily added, anticipating the answer,—“Those things are all as God wills ; but it comes in on me, like an east wind. Now, what can I say to you, sir? I wouldn't mind telling all my story to you, some day, if you'd care to hear it ; but after that letter, I must go off, for a while.”

“Oh ! but you needn't go away,” said the Minister, “being innocent.”

“Yes, sir, but I must ; I won't stay away, but for a while ; and I can do something, perhaps, all the time. I know a place to look in. You'll be like to see me, or hear from me, before long.”

“I should be glad to hear your story,” said the Minister. “I suppose your life has been a pretty dark one ; but you repent.”

“It *is* a bad story, I confess, sir ; thirty-six years of smuggling and all deviltry.—That's a good while !”

“Not so long as God's mercy, to one who repents and believes,” said the Minister ; whose very lips Ladford watched, much as a deaf man does.

“And one thing I can truly say :—In all my life I never, knowingly, hurt man, woman, or child——: but *once !* but *ONCE !* and that was a bad ‘once !’—Ah ! poor Susan !”—As Ladford said this, he gave way, without restraint ; he then continued, (more to himself than to his hearer,) “I'd give my life to find this girl, if it was only to help make up for that !”

“We can't make up for one thing, with another,” said the Minister, gently ; “but we can repent, and plead the Blood of Christ.”

"Ay, sir! Thank God, I know it; and I've been working away, on that course, these years back.—But, sir, I was brought up to wickedness, for a trade. You'd have thought they were a set of devils, out of Hell! Law-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?" asked the Minister.

"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 rib-and; 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!—though he's forgiven me."

The Minister 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 landsmen 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 the Minister 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.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INTERVIEW OF TWO WHO HAVE MET BEFORE.

N 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, " auguries 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.

"I have made a mistake, I think," said Mrs. Barrè, instantly possessing herself. "You do not wish to see me, Mr. Crampton?"

"Yes, if you please; that was the object of my visit. I hope you'll excuse my availing myself of the earliest opportunity mentioned to the messenger, for the importance of the business that brought me. But I wait to know your inclination."

She satisfied him upon that point.

"Oh! for the time, it is of less consequence than it may seem to you. If we meet, it matters little to me when it is. Our interview is not likely to be very long, I suppose. You may wonder that I suffer you to speak to me; I have my reason; and you know, long since, that I have no need to fear you."

To this the Priest said nothing. His answer was to another point.

—"And I hope that any harsh feelings or injurious suspicions, formed in other days, may be set aside from our present meeting, that what is said may take its tone and character, not from remembered prejudice, but from present truth and reason."

"I permit your speaking to me, Mr. Crampton; I may see cause to answer. Let that suffice. I cannot destroy a part of my nature, or turn a faculty of my mind awry. I cannot forget; nor can I misunderstand what I remember," answered Mrs. Barrè, looking steadily at him with the distance of the room between.

He stood in a meek, unobtrusive posture, looking on the floor.

"I thank God, I can forget," said Father Nicholas, gently.

"It is not always a thing to be thankful for," she an-

swered ; "some things ought not, too easily, to be forgotten."

"It is a duty to forget the things that are behind, in going forward to new work and hope," said the Priest.

"Let there be no cant between us, Mr. Crampton. I think I may well expect you to speak very plainly, if you speak at all."

"I cannot lay aside my priestly character, if that is what you wish. I speak as a priest ; I cannot speak otherwise."

"I have known you speak otherwise," said Mrs. Barrè. "I ask of you mere honesty."

"If I have ever, for a moment, forgotten that character since I bore it,—if I have done amiss, or spoken wrongly,—the mighty force of second nature and the grace of consecration have rushed upon me and made me more than ever what I am,—a priest."

"We will not argue that point, if you please. If you knew not what I know of you, I could not tell it to you. What is your present business with me ?"

"I cannot come in any other character ; and it is only as a priest of God that I have any thing to say. Will you sit down ? and shall we speak together ?"

If he had at all lost, he had now resumed, the manner of one accustomed to be yielded and deferred to.

They were still standing, as at first ; the lady made no movement towards a chair, and they continued standing. She, evidently, was not one that would defer to him.

"I am prepared to hear you, Mr. Crampton, and to judge of what you say by its own merits. Will you be good enough to let me know what you desire of me ?"

"What I shall say, with your permission," the Priest answered, "will not depend, for its effect, upon your esti-

mate of me, or feelings towards me. I come not to speak of or for myself, in any way ; but first, may I, in meeting you again, after so long an interval, be allowed to ask about your little children ; how they are ? ”

“ I have but one,” returned the mother.

“ Ah ! is it so ? ” said the Priest, with a deep emphasis and very thoughtfully ; “ you have lost one of them since you left the —— ? How is the other ? I heard of a child of your’s meeting with a severe accident, some time ago ; was it the one whom you have left ? ”

“ Yes ; she has recovered, thank God ! ”

“ What a sweet, happy family it was, three years ago ! ” said Father Nicholas, as if drawing up a fair, vanished island, or a noble ship, long foundered, out of the waste of waters ; then he said, sadly and thoughtfully again, as before, “ It might have been otherwise ! ” as if speaking to himself. “ The Catholic Church was a safe harbor ! ” he added, as if it were a sad reflection immediately following from what had just been said and thought.

“ It might have been otherwise, indeed ! ” she answered. “ It was in that ‘ safe harbor ’ that my fair ship went down. A ‘ safe harbor ’ !—Ah ! I wouldn’t trust my dear ones in it.” Her words were short but bitter.

The Priest answered, without bitterness :—

—“ And yet our enemies allow that salvation *may* be had among us, (and *you* are no enemy ;) and if the Catholic’s belief be true, what priceless privileges belong to those who are in and of the Church ! ” This he said gently and sadly.

“ For any thing not written in your Bible or mine,” said she, again, “ I wouldn’t give the snuff of that candle.—Will you oblige me by coming to your business ? ”

“ And yet, if it be true (what we are compelled to

believe) that there is no salvation elsewhere," he answered, in a more gentle and a sadder voice; "if that be true——!"

"And *if* it be true what the Mahometan believes——! Pray, Mr. Crampton, what has your belief, or his, to do with my salvation? Your believing a thing does not make it true. Pray, do not argue theology; please say what else you have to say."

"But suppose," he pleaded gently, "that it should be true; and that one cast out of the Church is cast out of God's kingdom——"

"So, you wish to argue!—One word, then, for God! I suppose nothing about it; for it is *simply not true*. There are *good rules of morals* in your Bible as well as ours. The things between your church and us are in neither, nor in the creeds. I have no fear at being cast out a hundred times for not believing them!"

The Priest pleaded gently, in answer:—

"And yet your reasoning is not quite sound. Suppose it could be shown that we *have* other doctrines *beside* those contained in the Gospel; you see they are *beside* the Gospel,—and we have the whole Gospel, too. Accordingly, our enemies are compelled to grant that salvation *may* be had with us, while we deny that it *can* be had with them. Would not a child see that it was safer to believe even more than enough, than not to believe enough?"

It was no reasoner of yesterday that was speaking; and yet in Mrs. Barrè's sad, thoughtful eye, fire flashed, and her pale, thin cheek glowed, and her lip curled with scorn, as if, for the moment, she forgot all but the insidious reasoning.

"Yes, it's just a child's argument; I am not a child.

Your doctrine, Mr. Crampton, is as false as your practice. Again you speak of *your* denying, and other people's granting! What has either your granting or denying to do with me? I begged you not to argue; and if I permit myself to answer, it is for *your* good, priest though you are!" (Father Nicholas bowed, with a slight smile, looking to the ground. She looked straight at the Priest, and spoke steadily and strongly.) "'More than enough?' and 'less than enough?' What is true, is true; and what is not, is a lie,—less than the truth, or more! 'True Gospel, only something added!' Let me remind you that there was only '*something added*' to that true wine that Pope Alexander VI. prepared for his guests;—it was, in that case, a very little 'something;' it did not, to the eye, or taste, or smell, change the true wine, even in the least particular; and yet Pope Alexander VI. drinking of his true wine, 'with something added,' died. *Remember, that only a few words 'beside' his own part, made another priest's confessional into a devil's-school.* A very little something added may make poison of pure wine. The raising of a throne in heaven, and digging of a pit in purgatory, are no small things in doctrine, as sin is a monstrous thing in morals, Mr. Crampton."

The Priest's face grew damp, as some of the statues of his religion are said to sweat, portentously. He waited, as if to hear more; but Mrs. Barrè had said all that she intended. When he spoke, it was only in a pained and regretful tone:—

"I have not come to excite or weary you or myself, with the discussion of particular points of theology; but it seems a fearful flippancy to speak of the faith of the Catholic Church in this way! That very doctrine that

you mentioned last, is one solemnly established by the Church, and universally accepted by its members. It is one on which the tenderness of the deep heart of the Common Mother breaks itself; over which the broad, dark, silent wings of a dread mystery are stretched; before it the stupendous, unbloody sacrifice of the Lamb of God is offered without ceasing; and around it roll the agony of prayer, and the mournful, melting melody of the divinest music! Is this to be blown away by the slight breath of a woman's scorn?"

"Why not by a breath, if it be but froth of the working human fancy?" she answered. "God has not revealed it; and whatever beauty or terror man may clothe it with, cannot make it any thing to my salvation, Mr. Crampton,—or to yours."

"Does it not occur to you," said the Priest, "what danger there is in thus taking your soul into your own keeping?"

As quietly as a person swimming with one hand, she answered: "Since God has put it into my keeping, and said, '*work out your own salvation,*' the danger would seem to be in my committing it to the keeping of others."

"You will remember," said the Priest, "that the Bible also says, '*obey your prelates, for they watch as to give an account for YOUR SOULS.*'"

"Ay, an account *for the souls lost through their misleading or neglect*; but '*every one of us shall give account of himself unto God!*' I shall try and make the two things go together; to '*obey them that have the rule over me,*' while I work out my own salvation."

"Rejecting," said Father Nicholas, sadly, "that sacred body which alone has power to bind and loose, and in which is the fulness of divine presence and authority!"

"We are wasting time, Mr. Crampton; you can hardly expect me to argue over the dozen or more new articles of faith added to the Nicene Creed, or the crowd of your other doctrines not yet added, that I know as thoroughly as you. Is there any other subject upon which you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes; indeed, I did not come to argue. The mind is not the chief seat of religion, and one so strong, and active and inquiring as yours, might be allowed a little latitude, with safety, where the moral principle is so strong. We need not discuss these irritating subjects; we may put them entirely aside; for there is a nobler field to work in. Your strong character, and ascendancy of mind, might be most useful in the Church of God; not in a subordinate capacity, like that which, in the novitiate, you found so irksome, but in a more fitting one. In a very short time, the place of Lady Superior——"

"Allow me; the time is valuable, and the end of your sentence obvious. You make such a proposition to me, knowing me to disbelieve and reject your church!—and employ a little gross flattery, as if I should take it into my ears,—to put myself into the control of your Church, and under the immediate spiritual guidance of one whose foul heart once showed itself to me. No! I trust that the lovely girl who is missing is under no such control."

"She is under no control of mine," said Father Nicholas, "nor have I any means of knowing where she is.—You refer to the past, again. A priest is a man, and strong temptation has been, momentarily, too much for chosen saints; and yet they remained God's saints, and——"

"No more, sir! Your temptation was from the Devil and yourself. Do you dare, calling yourself a minister

of God, at whose mouth men should learn the law, to use God's word in that way? To make warnings into examples? I need no answer; you may consider your proposal as answered,—if you intended one."

"Your charges and constructions," said the Priest, "I suppose, you have made the *new priest* acquainted with."

"If you wish to know whether I have exposed your character to him: No!—You have no further business with me, Mr. Crampton?"

The Priest collected himself:—

"I wish I were more eloquent, that I might save you from the ruin you are drawing upon yourself. You care not for the scandal you are bringing on God's Holy Church! You are blind to the loss of your soul. The judgment of God in taking away your child is sent in vain; his warning hand laid upon the remaining child is disregarded; but there is one thing that presses often nearer yet, than fear of unseen things or visitations of God. If, as is so often the case, your own character and reputation should be visited, and if men should say, with more than a sneer, that the fault in your separation did not lie on the side of the Church——"

"You needn't be at the trouble to go further, sir. I have listened to you patiently to this point, and have answered you. I have, in turn, a single question to propose, which I think I may claim an answer for: Was Mr. Debee privy to this visit?"

"My motions," answered Father Nicholas, "are generally without consultation with other people, as my means of information, also, are independent. I am rather in the habit of giving advice, than of taking it from them, and Mr. Debee knows nothing of my coming here."

"I have had patience with you thus far, Mr. Cramp-

ton," said Mrs. Barrè, opening the door wide, "only for the sake of the little information I have indirectly got. You have had no claim on my forbearance, and less than a right to expect me to talk with you. We shall have no further communication together."

The Priest 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 XXIV.

FATHER DEBREE AT BAY-HARBOR.

BAY-HARBOR is a town of some importance in Conception Bay ; and quite a place 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 easy-going, good-natured men are apt to be. He held the reins of discipline gently ; had been, until quite lately, a frequent visitor in Protestant families, and had made a present of his horse to the Protestant 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 Protestants 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 other Protestants 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 also prevented the recognition of his own precedence to fall into desuetude, by asserting or inferring it, not seldom.

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 hitch 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 conspikeyis 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 trowsers.

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 quite an 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 for all this body was plain, but kindly-looking; the eyes being narrow, the nose longish and thick, and the mouth large; the upper lip appearing to be made of a single piece, and the lower one looking as if it were both strong and active.

The chin in which the face was finished, was a thick, round one, which underneath had a great swelling, like a capacious receptacle in which for years had been accumulating the drippings of a well-served mouth. His forehead—now partly covered by the nightcap,—if not remarkably high, had an open, honest breadth.

"Take a chair! Take a chair, then," said the host, seating himself.

"Now, brother," said the nightcapped head, bowing with dignity, "I think we've made a beginning."

"I've hurried you too much, Father O'Toole," said the younger. "I can wait here, very well, until you're ready to come down."

"Amn't I *down*, thin," asked Father Terence, conclusively. "Do ye mind the psalm where it says '*Præ-venerunt oculi mei, diluculo, ut meditarer?*'"

"Excuse me, Reverend Father Terence," said a third voice, "you never lay the harness off——"

"Ah! Father Nicholas!" said the elder, expostulating, but glancing complacently at Father Debreë—

"But," continued the new-comer, "your impatience to obey the call of duty has prevented your taking time to make your toilet. Allow me to take your place, as far as I can, in entertaining my old neighbor and friend, while you allow yourself a little of that time which you may reasonably bestow even upon 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 garments over his knees, and getting up, made his retreat with a convenient, if somewhat irrelevant, clearing of his throat, and a bow in which dignity bore up bravely against discomposure.

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, again, it was glossy, wavy, black hair, cut short, though no tonsure was apparent.

As Father Debreë made no motion, and gave no sign of noticing his presence, he addressed him, in a courtly way, without committing himself to too great warmth of manner.

"I'm sorry to have seen so little of you.—I'm so busy that I can't always get to mass even."

So saying, he held out a friendly hand, which the other took without any show of cordiality. Father Nicholas's eyes searched the face of his companion, during this interchange of salutations.

"You've made an entrance at Peterport?" he asked, renewing the conversation.

The other answered simply, "Yes."

Father Nicholas did not tire.

"What is the case, now, about that girl?" he asked, making an effort to throw ease and kindness into the conversation.

"How do you mean?" said Father Debree, as distantly as before.

"Do they think her drowned? or lost in the woods? or carried off?"

"It begins to be pretty generally believed that she has been carried off?"

"Are any particular parties suspected, do you know?" continued Father Nicholas, in his persevering catechism.

"Yes; I'm sorry to say that some of Mr. Urston's family and other Catholics are suspected."

There was more fire in Father Nicholas's eye than force in his voice; and there was, always, a very decided assertion of himself in his manner, however quiet it might be.

"Do you mean you're sorry that they should suspect Catholics? or that they should suspect them of getting hold of a Protestant's daughter? The first is not very new, and the last is no great crime, I believe."

"Stealing a man's daughter!" said Father Debree.

"Suppose you say 'saving a soul?' '*de igne rapientes odientes et maculatam tunicam?*' There seems to be

divine warrant for it," answered Father Nicholas, with very quiet self-possession.

"You wouldn't apply that to this Mr. Barbury's daughter?"

"I don't know that her being Mr. Barbury's daughter ought to exclude her from our interest," said Father Nicholas, smiling.

"I feel very little inclination to jest," said the other. "Here is a father mourning the loss of his daughter, a girl of most uncommon character and promise, and he himself an object of universal respect; one whom no one can know without respecting."

"You seem to forget about the mother, whose case is a little peculiar," answered Father Nicholas; "but suppose I speak for another mother, and say that she has been mourning over her lost children, and yearning for them?"

"But this girl was a Protestant, heart and soul"—

"And therefore mustn't be made a Catholic, heart and soul? I don't see the application," returned Father Nicholas. "You're new to this neighborhood; but I gave you some information, I think. This girl's mother, 'In good old Catholic times, when our Lord the Pope was King,' would have been reduced to a heap of ashes, by way of penance involuntary. Moreover,——"

"I don't quite see *your* application," said Father De-bree, in his turn;—"I remember what you said of the family, before."

"—Moreover," continued the other, "this girl has been baptized into the Catholic Church.—Yes, sir," he added, noticing a start of surprise in his hearer; "and, moreover, this girl was stealing a sacrifice from the altar;—the heart of young Urston; nay, I believe she has

stolen it, (and done me a mischief, in certain quarters, by that very thing, by the way;) and moreover, lastly,—what you may think more to the purpose,—I believe they found no evidence, whatever, against the Urstons in the examination, yesterday morning.”

At this point of the conversation, solid steps were heard, bringing Father Terence back. “‘*Bonum est viro, cum portaverit jugum ab adolescentia sua,*’” he was saying.

“What a treasure to have a mind so stored with sacred precepts!” exclaimed Father Nicholas; “*dulciora super mel et favum.*” Then saying to his companion, “Excuse my want of hospitality; I must see to your horse;” he hurried out of the room by a different door from that which Father O’Toole was approaching.

The priest from Peterport hurried in the same direction, as if to prevent him; so that when the worthy elder reëntered the room, he found it forsaken, and only heard retreating steps.

“The present company seems to be mostly absent,” said he.

Father Debreë soon came back and apologized.

“Ah!” said Father O’Toole, “I know meself it’s necessary looking to thim now and again; sure, hadn’t I one meself then for manny years, named Pishgrew,* from some French General, or other; (the boys called um ‘Pitchgrove,’ from a trick he had of getting tar on um, however it was he got it,) and when he wasn’t looked to, quare things he did. He gnawed his own tail and mane off, many’s the time, when my eye was off him; the children all said the one thing of him; and sure, they’d

* There was a French General Pichegru famous in the armies of the Republic.

the best chance to know, having nothing else to do, mostly, but to be watchin him at his pasture."

Mr. Debree 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. Debree 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,

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.

The hanging picture was a specimen of painting not altogether such as monkish or other hands devout have sometimes produced, without concurrence of the head or heart, but one into which had gone something of spirit from the worker. It showed a comfortable-looking person, dressed as a Dominican, and with a halo indicating saintship around his head, within the ring of which, and covering his shaven crown, there was a fair and fruitful grape-vine, with broad leaves and clustering, purple grapes, a bunch of which the sainted man was squeezing into a golden helmet, from which, already overrunning, a stream was flowing down and off into the distance. Over the top was a legend from Is. xxii., "*Calix meus inebrians, quam præclarus!*" Some explanation of the circumstances was probably contained in a Latin inscription underneath, which, being in some parts quite imperfect, had been freshened and retouched, as it appeared, with ink.

Divus Vinobibius, olim Miles fortis,
Contra Gentes indicas fortissime pugnavit:
VIII. M Viros, sine Timore Mortis,
Solo Intuitu mire trucidavit.
Deinde multis Ictis, a Tergo immolatus,
Ecce super Capite repente Vitis exit:
Et illius Palmite superne circumdatus,
Bibit, et Virtute nova resurrexit.

Father Debreë cast rather a sad look at the "saint," and turned in a listless way to the outside of the last object

of attraction—the snuff-box on the mantel-shelf—when he was called to breakfast by Father Terence.

“It’s not my own, that,” said Father O’Toole, “’twas left upon me by the man I got the Blessed Virgin of, that hangs at the left of the altar, beyond. Himself hung it, and I never stirred it.—He takes his meals by himself, mostly,” continued Father O’Toole, by way of explaining his assistant’s absence. “The conversation was much more cordial without him.”

As may be supposed, no duty of hospitality was omitted by the kindly Irishman, and a good example was set in his own person of practice in eating.

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 chind!” 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 deplorab! 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 XXV.

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 and 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.

As Mr. Bangs turned to go away from the door, a noise was heard within the house, and the door was unlocked, unbolted, and opened. Mr. Bangs had by this time got himself at some distance from the scene of his late exercise, and, in his business-like way of walking, was lengthening the distance between it and himself. At the opening of the door, he retraced his steps with alacrity.

"' Wanted to see the head o' this Inst'tootion a minute, 'f tain't too m'ch trouble. Wun't you jest ask her to step this way ?"

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. Mr. Bangs, for his part, had not his wonted fluency of speech.

"'Twas on business 'f some 'mportance t' the Catholic 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 you 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 you'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.

"Hope the's no hos-tile feelin's;—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*."

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 come 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. 'T's on'y women-folks 't wear veils; but you see, it's these nunneries, and mummeries, 'n' what not," (Mr. Bangs looked very innocent,) "are gen'lly 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, I'k' some—owin' to bringin' up, likely—but what ye'd call 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 !" he sang, setting his head straight on 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.

"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, cer-tin :—that fixin' there, I mean.” Father Nicholas and the lady, standing silent, after having crossed themselves at sight of the crucifix and one of the usual representations of a woman with a 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'lly, 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 himse'f 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 XXVI.

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 Pilchard, 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, faded 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 ruinæ.”

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. Cal-loran 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 war-rant, and saying authoritatively,—

"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 Hills'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."

"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 twelve-month."

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 Minister'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 Minister, 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, rather heavy and dead. Should judge they kept her rather covered up. All I could see was just 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 ataching. 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 confidential 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, putting 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 gitting 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 Minister, 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 Minister'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 Minister 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 Minister 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 Minister and his council more strongly than it had done since Lucy Barbury was lost.



CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BANGS HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD OF
THE MISSION.

HE 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’sau*se 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 Coliege 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

Knickerbocker. *Storia di Nuova York, quacumque 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 the 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 Indyan religion,"—"Cer-tin," assented the American,)—"and to take up the old annicient faith."

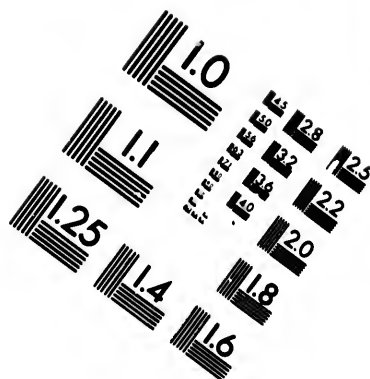
"Wall, I'm looking that way, to see what I can make of it," explained the American. "It's conviction, 's much 's any thing, that I want, I ruther guess. There's that hymn,—I do'no the Latin of it,—(anyhow it's seven hunderd forty-seven in 'Revival Rhapsodies':)—

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

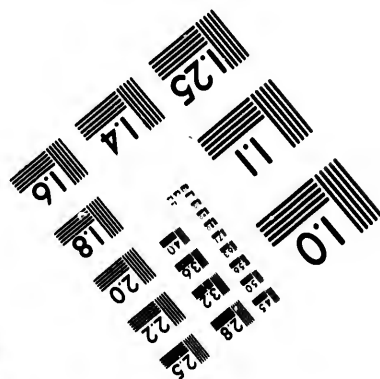
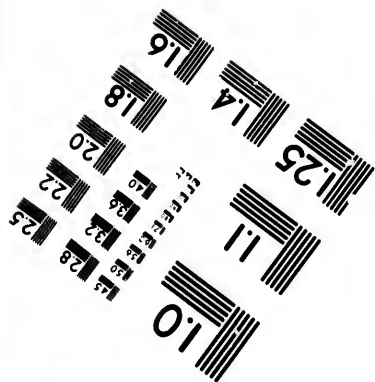
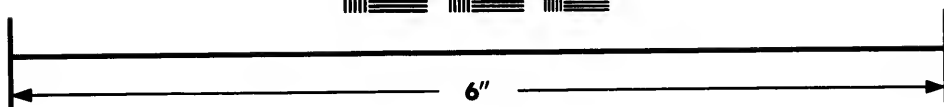
* This exposition, used by Mr. Bangs at the period of our story, may give archæologists an unexpected hint as to the age of the name and the thing.





Resolution Test Chart Labels:

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- 1.25
- 1.4
- 1.6
- 1.8
- 2.0
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the most I can compare it to was,—wall, he up 'th this arm, 'th the book in it, an' then t'other, 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 as 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: 't'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, 'f'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'n 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' imyges, 'n' saints, an' what not. Why, take me, say. Tie a han'k'ch'f 'crost 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

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 to 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 c'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 anncient 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 stick 'n m' crop, '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; and exclaiming, before long, "Look ahere, sir; I don't expect to git into this sort o' thing right away, 'ny more 'n chawing tobacciah. I s'pose doctrine first, practice aft'rward, 's the best way. I'll jest as' to be 'xcused, now. You go on, same as ever, for all me. You find sweet'nin,' as ye may say, in it, no doubt, 'f ye take enough of it 't once. When ye come to the lookin'-round part 'f it, I'll do my share. Fact 'f you want to make a to-do front 'f any picture, 'r idol, 'r what-not,—would say, *not* idol, b't *image*,—'n the way 'f curtseyin' or dancin', wh' I'll stand and keep watch 't the winders so's t' keep folks from peeking-in and making fun 'f it."

How to subdue, in a quiet and dignified way, this unimaginative freedom of the American, without crushing, in the shell, the promise of Yankee conversion, would have puzzled a more sophisticated or ready-witted man than the Very Reverend Father O'Toole. It had the effect with him of "bothering him," as he would have said, or did say afterward; and, kindly as he was, being fastened to Mr. Bangs by the tie of solicitude for his soul, he could not yet avoid banging and thumping against him every now and then, like one ship against another lashed to it, when the wind begins to freshen. He was kept in

an uncomfortable state. At length,—having satisfied himself with the experiment, probably,—he told him “that if he (Mr. Bangs) thought he would be the better of staying longer in that holy place, more particularly in presence of the Adorable Redeemer, whose consecrated Body was there kept, and in the neighborhood of certain glorious relics that enriched the altar, ——”

“No occasion ’thout ye wish it, sir, I’m jest ’s well satisfied ’s if I’d ben here a hunderd years; but then, I’ll hold on ’s long as ye’r o’ mind to, ’f that’s all.”

“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.”

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

* 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'c'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 c'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 XXVIII.

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 Minister 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 descried 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 Minister. 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, handing 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 Minister 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 Lucy, 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 Lucy 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 stanced 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 XXIX.

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

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 wnat 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 Thompson—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 noways 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.

"Timbuctoo 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 wuship 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 ruther 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 wushippin' 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 traddition, and it’s as good as Scripture itself ; do ye see that ?”

“’N’ then, ’s that great text, here, f’ Purgytory, ’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’ll *somb’dy’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 c'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' slew 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 cold '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 cuslush ; '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 tadius 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 I'k' Father Debrece, there, akickin' 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'lics 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 in 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 call 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 'genst 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 that, 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 soul,—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 he looked so, 'r' acted so; but I mean 't he *wus* 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 c'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. *Have* heard 't *aint* alw's what 't should be;—that is, 'n the fixins, I mean;—holy candles and what not. 'Tell me the' 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 XXX.

MRS. BARRE'S SAD WALK.

THE cool wind and the sea-smell came together up the road, and the waves darkened the water; it was just the day for walking, and Mrs. Barrè was out.—Peterport harbor-road is pretty and picturesque, as are all these out-harbor roads, (wanting only trees;) and the turns, and ups and downs, made very convenient stages for the little girl's excursions in front of her mother. Up hill and down hill, this way and that, along by Marchants' Cove and Frank's Cove, and along by the colony of Sindorses, and through the fence across the meadows, up the hill and through the gorge to Mad Cove, the mother and her little one went on, pausing at the top of the steep descent down to this last, which is at the end of the tongue of land on which stands Peterport, with all its several coves.

This place, with its wall of rock to the north and west, and slope of grass-covered ledge to the east, like a valley in a mountain district, has its goats climbing and capering on the cliffs, like such valleys in the old world.

As Mrs. Barrè thus paused for a moment, before going down, while the little girl sate down on the rock beside her, we may fancy what she felt. Whatever Father Dèbree may have been to her, or she to him,—whatever memories

they had in common, whether of sweet childhood in one dear home, or of later neighborhood and knowledge of each other, and whether there were, or not, such relationship between them as made it sure that their two lives, hereafter, must affect each other,—here, in this little cove, among strange people, (or people nearly strange,) had passed two scenes so full of feeling to her and to him, and so full of pain, as seldom come in the life of any. It was but a few days since, and now she stood looking down upon the spot in which, so lately, she had stood with a straining heart and stretching brain.

There was a door at the back of the Widow Freney's house, and, while they sat at the road-side, it opened, and a little girl appeared, as if coming out. As soon as she saw the well-known visitors, she ran back, as children do, but shutting the door behind her, with a sense of carefulness or propriety a little unusual among the people. Little Mary watched, for some time, to see it open again, and then said she thought there was no one in the house, except the child; and her mamma, acting upon the same supposition, passed by the place and went to the settlement below.

There was old Joe Royce's wife, a good, simple Christian body, who was very poor, because she had no children, and her "skipper" was stiff in the joints, and incapable of much exertion, or exertion to much purpose. "Joe did go out some very scattered times, and fish for a spurt, but he wasn't any great shakes, and what could we expect of him?" was the professional estimate of poor Royce's capability, though the neighbors did their best, good-naturedly, in helping the poor fellow to get himself out, and to do for himself when he was out, and did their best in making allowances for him. The family were pensioners, therefore; but this day, the old couple were

graver than their wont; there was an evident restraint upon them.

At the next house, too, it was the same. As she passed by the flake, on which were many of the wives at work, one old woman—a hard-and-broad-featured, small-eyed woman, in a black dress, very square on the shoulders and short-waisted—answered her salutation shortly, without leaving or looking up from her occupation. The woman, evidently, was not in a kindly humor. A cloud seemed to have darkened the whole neighborhood.

As Mrs. Barrè looked among the other workers, at least one pleasant face put itself forward, belonging to Jesse Barbury's wife. She came to the flake's edge, and saluted the lady very prettily and cordially, although it seemed almost as if she intended taking off the effect of her neighbors' unkind manner.

Mrs. Barrè drew her aside, and asked her directly what the matter was.

"She didn't rightly know," she said, "to say know,—what was the matter. There was somethun amongst them, she believed."

"Against *me*?" inquired the lady, in astonishment. "There can't be any thing against *me*!"

"There's many's the folks ben't gezac'ly what they hold out to be," said the small-eyed, great woman on the flake, in a steady stream of voice, that made its way to where they stood. "'Tisn' alwaays them that should be 'xamples, that bes 'xamples. Thes 'am' quality, sometimes, wasn' what they'd ought."

The good-natured young wife made an effort to occupy the lady's attention, telling her that her own "skipper had gone acress the b'y; and wouldn' the lady, mubbe, be plased to walk and take a look at the babby that seemed

oneasy, like, as if he wasn' well, altogether? He took starts into hisself, seeminly, by spurts. He was just in at John Yarl's house."

Mrs. Barrè accepted the invitation, and went; and, having seen and praised the baby, again asked for the explanation.

"I believe, ma'am, 'ee'd oose to be a Roman,—so I've ahard said, however,—afore 'ee comed to think better of it, most likely," said Prudence, "an' it was somethun was about 'ee lavun it." The mother took her baby and nursed it.

"About my leaving it!" said Mrs. Barrè, "how can they think the worse of me for leaving Popery, if I had ever been in it?"

"Surely, ma'am; an' I'm sure ma'am, if it's no offence. I'm clear proud to see 'ee come anighst where I am; I think it makes me better, only to see 'ee."

Mrs. Barrè was always dignified and gentle; but now her look of resolute and hopeful sadness was disturbed.

"Thank you, kindly; but do *tell* me, Mrs. Barbury!" she said.

Prudence was very loth to speak; but she spoke.

"It isn' fit 'ee should trouble with it, ma'am; 'ee've got trouble enough, surely."

"I shall suffer far more, if I do not know. I beg you to tell me plainly, and let me set it right."

"I believe ma'am, it was somethun as might be agen your good name, they said the Romans had. I'm sure it was lies, or the Pareson would 'a' knowed it."

"Do you mean any thing——? What *do* you mean? Pray, tell me, like a woman! Do! I've a right to know it, I'm sure."

"Oh, it's only somebody's badness, ma'am! I'm

'shamed to say it, ef 'ee wouldn' make me. Some one has told they that 'ee'd doned somethun agen vartue,—I didn' heed it,—and so they said 'ee laved the Romans, for fear of being punished."

"What! Who could be wicked enough to tell such a story!" cried Mrs. Barrè.

"That was what they told, ma'am, an' I said it was lies. Mrs. Freney said it was from the clargy, so they say."

The cloud of anxious doubt in Mrs. Barrè's eyes broke suddenly in tears, as if riven by a thunderbolt.

"It is a most wicked lie!" she said. "Will you say that it's false, Mrs. Barbury? Will you do that for me? Don't let my simple friends here believe it! It's wicked beyond measure."

"'Deed, I won't, ma'am; an' there's many others won't, either."

"Thank you!"—Mrs. Barrè did not stay to say more.

As she went up, again, by the way that she had come, indignation and sorrow must have struggled hard against her self-control. She walked fast and strongly, with an unusual color in her cheeks, and a nervous excitement of manner.

When she reached the gorge or pass,—(what, in America, is called a "notch,")—she heard the voice of little Mary behind her, calling to her; and, turning round, saw that she had, unconsciously, got a good way from the child.

"Mamma! mamma!" said the little thing, coming up, out of breath and in much distress, "Biddy Freney won't take this cap that I sewed on purpose for her. She brought it back to me, and said her mother was very sorry but she couldn't take it; and I told her I made it

for her my own self, and I showed her where you told me how to do it and all. Why, do you think, she wouldn't take it?"

At this moment the mother was fairly overcome by her feelings, and the tears began to run down her cheeks "We'll give it to some one else, dear," she said.

"Are you very sorry, mamma, because she wouldn't take it? Was it bad in her not to, when I'd made it for her on purpose?" inquired little Mary, putting her own construction upon her mother's tears.

The mother wiped them all away, and, taking the little one by the hand, led her along; but there was no one to be seen in the road through the pass, and passengers are few here, and in the loneliness of the place she made less effort to control her feelings, and the tears came again. She walked more slowly, thinking sadly, when the child called out:—

"Mamma! there's the man that came to our house one day!" and Mrs. Barrè saw, sitting on one of the loose rocks by the wayside, smoking his pipe, the man who had brought the message from Father Nicholas,—Froyne.

"Sarvice to ye, Mrs. Bray! a pleasant walk to ye, ma'am!" he said, with his pipe in his mouth, not moving except to keep his face toward her, as she came up and passed by.

She was no person that would pass an inferior without knowing and saluting him; but she took no notice whatever of this man; only walking by, hurriedly, and bidding little Mary try how far she could keep in front.

That the man got up and walked after her, Mrs. Barrè might easily hear. She walked the faster for it, until she reached the settlements on the way up the harbor. She stopped nowhere until she got home.

There, at length, she told the story of her sad experience to Miss Dare.

"It's that priest, Father Nicholas! said her friend.

"It must be!" said Mrs. Barrè; "it's the fulfilment of his promise!"

"Can't Father Debree set it right?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Barrè.

"Then we must speak to Mr. Wellon."

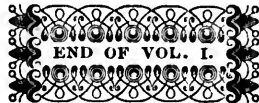
"Not yet."

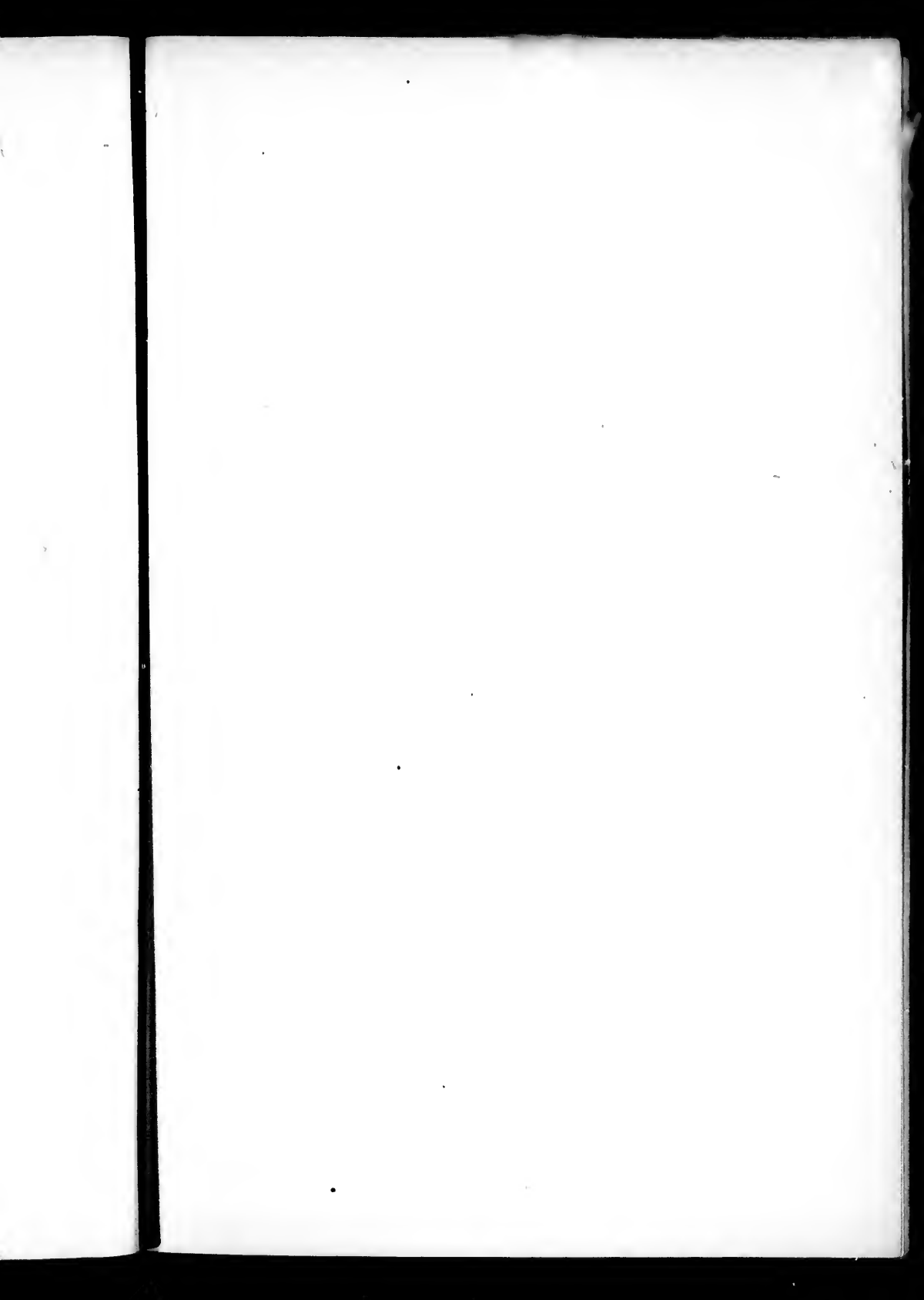
"What will you do, then?"

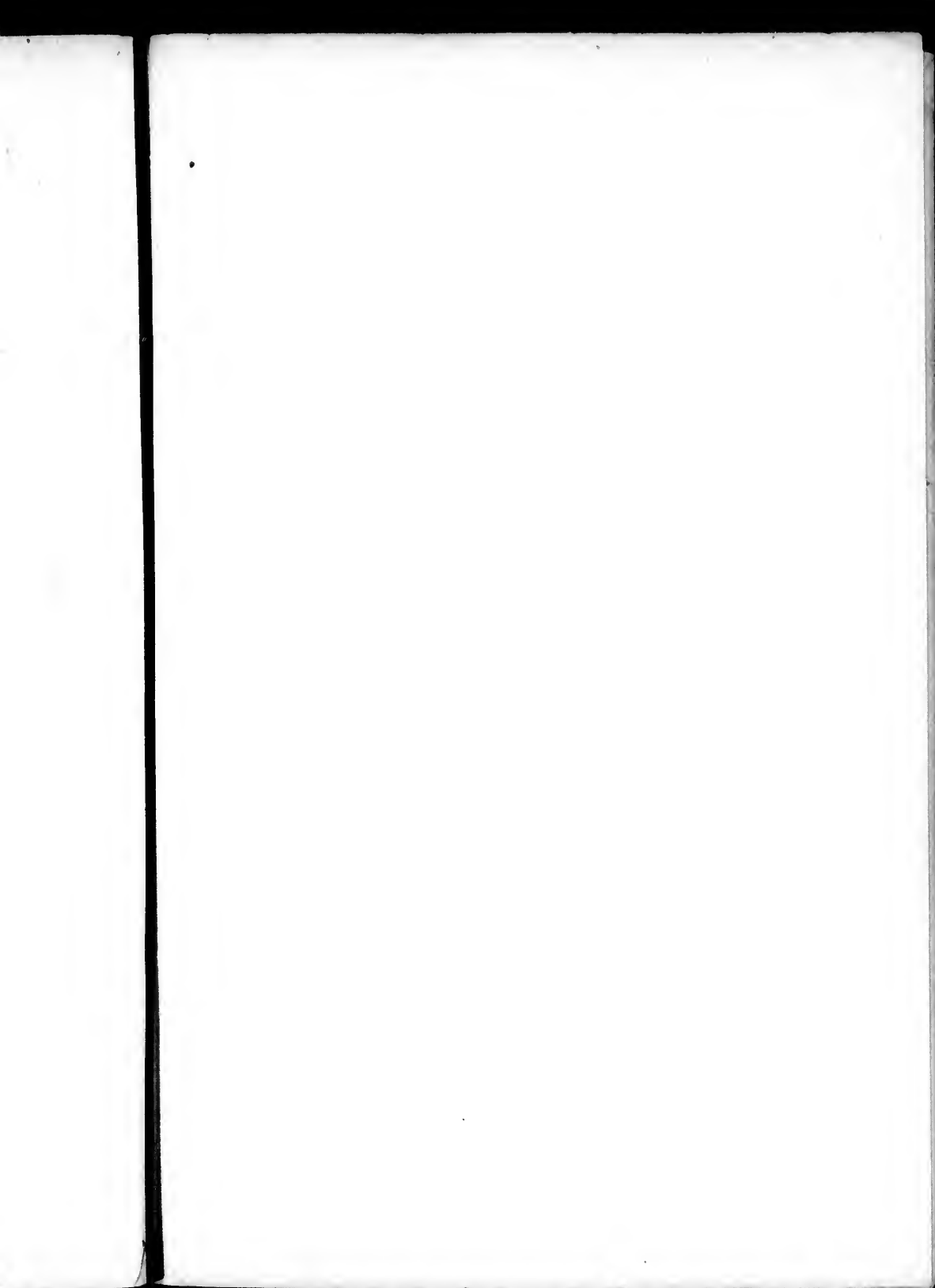
"Bear it, till it is taken from me."

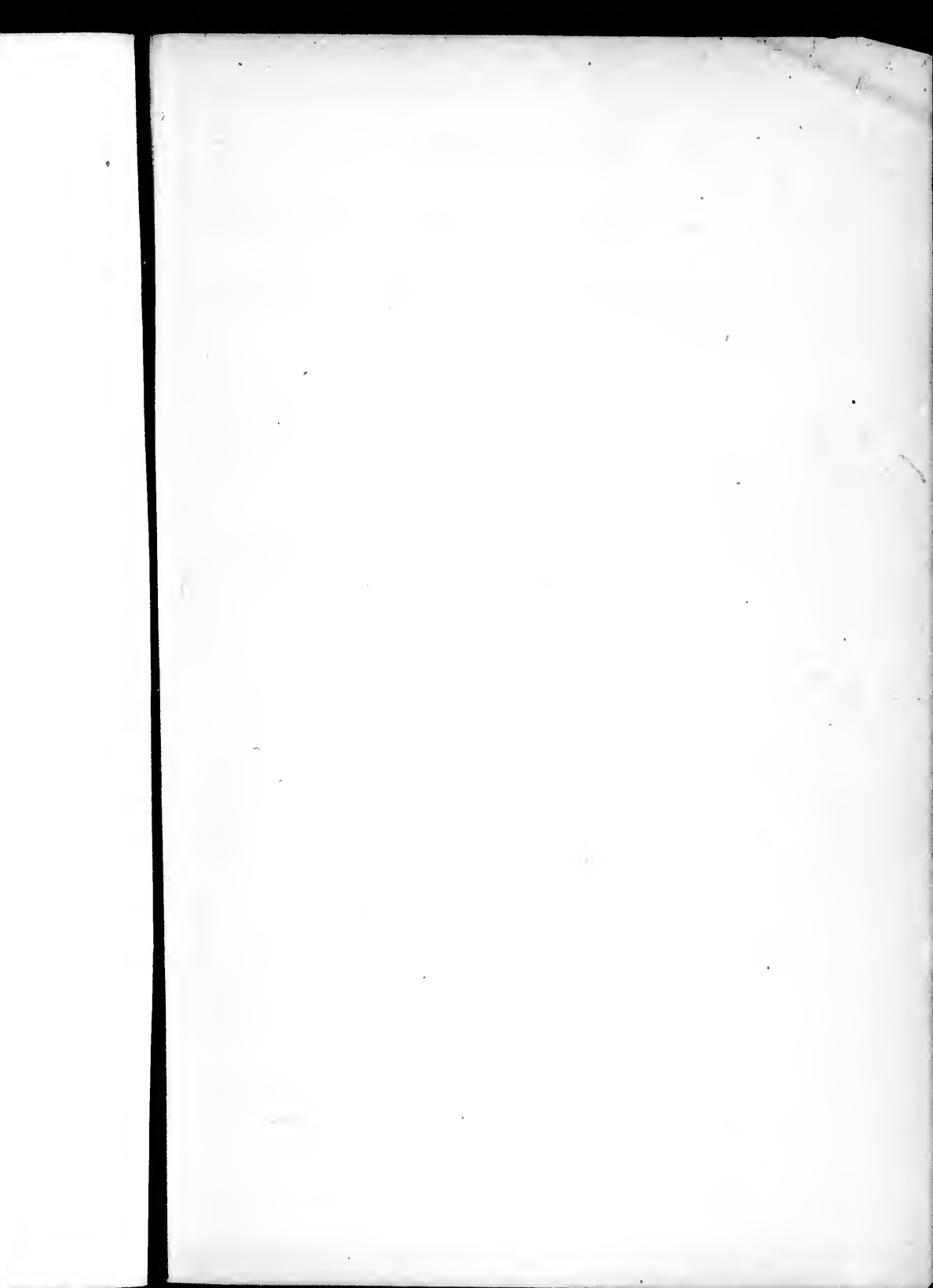
"All this will kill you!" exclaimed Fanny Dare.

"Not yet, please God."









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