

blue blaze whirred up the chimney and darted into the room. There was a cry of fire, and Mr. Stillwater, summoning himself, lifted Pluck to his feet, and shoved him into the street. The old toper anticipating some such issue of the day, agreeably to custom, had taken Margaret with him to the village to be conducted home by her at night. Margaret leading the way, they ascended the hill, crossed the Pasture, and entered the woods. The clouds hung low, and their floating skirts seemed to be pierced and hatched by the trees. The rain had thinned into a fine close mist. The path, to inexperienced eyes, would have been absolutely indistinguishable. They had threaded it before in similar darkness. They came to the Brook, which, increased by the rain, flowed with a dismal sound. They entered the ravine, that brought them now on a level with the Brook, whose hissing waters rolled over their feet. They attained the summit above, where the Tree-Bridge lay. Pluck seemed terrified, and hesitated to cross. He sat down, then extended his length on the grass, and ere long fell asleep. Margaret would have been unwilling that her father should go over, and was not sorry to have him stop; though it was night, and rainy, and they were alone, and still a mile from home. The rain-drops from the trees showered on her head and lap, the grass was wet underneath her, and her clothes were drenched with water. But of this she hardly thought; what she more feared was the ways of her father in his drunken sleep, his mysterious sufferings, his frenzied utterance, his spasmodic agitation. This, and for this she feared; she looked for it, and it came. She tried to quiet him, and as she rubbed his arm he said she was a dove feeding him with milk; and then he scratched and tore at his breast, which she soothed with her hand, hot, rough, and hairy as it was; then he said he was boiling in the still, and Solomon Smith was holding the cap on; he shrieked and yelled till his roar exceeded that of the Brook. Then he began to laugh wildly. "Old Nick is turning the North Pole. There comes out of the sea a whale walking on his tail; Parson Welles has got astride of his gills with a riding stick, ha! ha! There comes a star rolling on its five points, and next comes old Suwarrow in his boots. Grind away, old fellow. Round, round they go over the mountains, splash, splash across rivers. Can't you hear the pismires laugh? There's St. Paul with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and Deacon Hadlock going to take me to the whipping post. I'll be poxed, if you do. Hoa, Molly, Molly! help." He leaped from the ground, Margaret clung to the skirt of his

coat. He broke away. "The Bridge! the Bridge!" he exclaimed. "They can't catch me then!"

"Father! father!" she screamed in uttermost agony, "you'll fall, you'll fall!" He slipped from the uncertain tree; he struck the sides of the chasm, and dashed into the stream. Aroused by the shock of the fall, and the stimulus of the water, he called aloud for aid, as he was borne on by the dark, invisible rush of the stream. Margaret then, for the first time in her life, felt the shuddering, appalling *sense of danger*. What could be done? She ran down the ravine, she seized the struggling arm of her father, and detained him till by his own efforts he was able to bring himself to his feet. In silence, and sickness, and weariness, she fagged homewards; in darkest dead of night she went to her bed as to her grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SABBATH.—MARGARET GOES TO MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME.—HER DREAM OF JESUS.

It was a Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning in New England. The sun rose over a hushed, calm world, wrapt like a Madonna in prayer. It was The Day, as the Bible is The Book. It was an intersection of the natural course of time, a break in the customary order of events, and lay between, with its walls of Saturday and Sunday night on either side, like a chasm, or a dyke, or a mystical apartment, whatever you would please liken it to. It was such a Sabbath to the people of Livingston as they used to have before steam, that arch Antinomian, "annihilated time and space," and railroads bridged over all our vallies. Its light, its air, its warmth, its sound, its sun, the shimmer of the dawn on the brass Cock of the steeple, the look of the Meeting-house itself, all things were not as on other days. And now when those old Sabbaths are almost gone, some latent indefinable impression of what they were comes over us, and wrenches us into awe, stillness and regret.

Margaret had never been to Meeting; the family did not go. If there were no other indisposing causes, Pluck himself

expressly forbade the practice, and trained his children to other habits. They did not work on the Sabbath, but idled and drank. Margaret had no quilling, or carding, or going after rum to do; she was wont to sally into the woods, clamber up the Head, tend her flowers; or Chilion played and she sang, he whittled trellises for her vines, mended her cages, sailed with her on the Pond. She heard the bell ring in the morning, she saw Obed and his mother go by to Meeting, and she had sometimes wished to go, but her father would never consent. From the private record of Deacon Hadlock we take the following:

"State vs. Didymus Hart.

"Stafford, ss. Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, Didymus Hart of Livingston, in the County of Stafford, shoemaker and laborer, is brought before me, Nathan Hadlock, Esq., a Justice of Peace for and within the aforesaid County, by Hopestill Cutts, Constable of Livingston aforesaid, by warrant issued by me, the said Justice on the day aforesaid, against the said Didymus, for that the said Didymus Hart, at Livingston aforesaid, on the twelfth day of May last, being the Lord's day, did walk, recreate and disport himself on the south side of the Pond lying in the West District, so called, of Livingston aforesaid; which is contrary to the law of this State, made and provided in such cases, and against the peace of this State, all which is to the evil example of all others in like case of-fending.

"Wherefore," witnesses being heard, &c., "it doth appear to me, the said Justice, that the said Didymus Hart sit in the stocks for two hours."

Pluck was seated in the manner prescribed, very much to the entertainment of the boys, who spattered him with eggs, the disturbance and exasperation of his wife who preferred that all inflictions her husband received should come from herself, and resented any interference from others, and his own chagrin and vexation, especially as the informer in the case was Otis Joy, father of Zenas, a Breakneck, whose friendship he did not value, and Cutts, the executive officer, was the village shoemaker, and no agreeable rival, and the Justice was Deacon Hadlock. By way of redress, he chose to keep from Meeting entirely, and suffer none under his control to go. But Chilion and Nimrod both urged that Margaret might attend Church at least once in her life, and Pluck consented. This morning she heard the bell ring; she saw Obed and his mother

riding by; the latter dressed in a small shining black satin bonnet, and gown of similar material, with a white inside handkerchief; the former in sky-blue coat and ruffled sleeves, white neck-stock, white worsted vest, yellow buckskin breeches, white stockings, and silver-plated buckles, which had all belonged to his father, whose form was both shorter and thicker than his son's, and whose garments it certainly showed great filial reverence in Obed to wear without essential alteration. Obed had an old look, his face was furrowed as well as freckled, and his mother, to remedy this disproportion, and graduate her son to that consideration which naturally attached to his appearance, had adopted the practice of powdering his hair, and gathering it in a sack behind; and for his nearsightedness, she provided him with a pair of broad horn-bowed bridge spectacles. The whole was surmounted by a large three-cornered hat. Whatever might have been the effect of his recent whipping, there was nothing apparent. His mother, unlike Pluck, would not suffer anything of that kind to disturb the good understanding she ever wished to retain with the people of Livingston.

But let us, if you are willing, anticipate these persons a little, and descend to the village. The people are assembling for Meeting; they come on all the four roads, and by numerous foot-paths, across the lots, and through the woods. Many are on horses, more on foot, and a very few in wagons. The horses' heads are garnished with branches of spruce and birch, to keep off the flies; most of the boys and some of the men are barefoot; divers of the latter are in their shirt-sleeves, carrying their coats on their arms, and their shirts are also visible between their vests and breeches; some of the young ladies have in their hands sprigs of roses, pinks, sweet-williams, and larkspurs; others both old and young have bunches of fennel, dill, caraway, peppermint, lad's love; some of the ladies who ride, leap from their horses with the agility of cats, others make use of the horse-blocks, four or five of which are stationed about the Green. You would perhaps particularly notice old Mr. Ravel and his wife from the North Part of the town, on horseback, the former straight as an arrow, the latter a little crooked, and both more than eighty years of age. For sixty years they have come in that way, a distance of seven miles; for sixty years, every Sabbath morning, have they heated their oven, and put in an iron pot of beans, and an earthen dish of Indian pudding, to bake while they are gone, and be ready for their dinner when they return. To meet

any exigencies of this sort in the mean time, you will observe that Mistress Ravel, in common with many other of the women, carries on her arm a large reddish calico bag filled with nut-cakes and cheese. You will also see coming down the West Street Mr. Adolphus Hadlock, nephew of the Deacon's, with his wife and six children, and Mr. Adolphus will contrive in some way or other to give you the names of all his children without your asking, even before he reaches the steps of the Meeting-house; Triandaphilda Ada, Cecilia Rebecca, Purintha Cappadocia, Aristophanes, Ethelbert, and a little boy he carries in his arms, Socrates; and you will hear the young men and boys that are lolloping on the steps repeat these names as the several parties to whom they belong arrive. Philip Davis the sexton, who has himself been watching the people, now strikes the second bell, and those who live immediately on the Green begin to turn out, and when he commences tolling, it is a sign Parson Welles has issued from his house, which lies about a quarter of a mile from the Meeting-house, on the South road. There are Mr. Stillwater, the tavern-keeper; Esq. Weeks with twelve of his children, Isabel and Judah among them; Judge Morgridge, his wife, his daughter Susan, and her little brother Arthur; Mr. Cutts, the shoemaker; Mr. Gisborne, the joiner; Lawyer Beach, and his family; Dr. Spoor; Deacon Penrose, the merchant; Deacon Hadlock and his wife; Deacon Ramsdill with his lame leg and wife; Tony, the barber, with his powdered hair and scarlet coat; Old Dill, a negro servant of Parson Welles, and formerly a slave; The Widow Luce, a lady who lives near the Brook, leading her little hunchback son Job; then you see the Parson and his wife. This venerable couple have nearly attained the allotted age of man, and are verging towards that period which is described as one of labor and sorrow; yet on the whole they seem to be renewing their youth, their forms are but slightly bent, and the step of the old minister is firm and elastic. He is dressed in black, the only suit of the color in town—if we except that of the sexton, which is known to be an off-cast of the Parson's—kerseymere coat, silk breeches and stockings, on his head is a three-cornered hat, and voluminous white wig, and under his chin are plain white bands; he wears black silk gloves, and leans on a tall ivory-headed cane. His wife's dress is of black satin, like that of the Widow Wright's. Next comes their maiden daughter, known as Miss Amy, and in near conjunction, the Master. And as if composing a part of the ministerial train, riding slowly and solemnly behind,

appears the Widow Wright, who always contrives to arrive at the Parsonage just as the bell begins to toll. The Parson and his wife reverently, sedately ascend the steps, the crowd of men and boys who have been modestly waiting about the Porch, opens to let them pass, then all fall in behind, and enter the Church; the bell ceases tolling, and the Green is still as the grave. This morning considerable sensation was created—no more indeed than usual on such occasions—by Deacon Penrose, the clerk of the town, reading the banns of marriage between Zenas Joy and Delinda Hoag. Leaving these people, let us go back to the Pond.

Margaret's mother, who took a secret satisfaction in the good appearance of her child, combed and dressed her hair—which in its tendency to curl resembled that of Gottfried Brückmann, while in color it took a shade between that of her dead and to her unknown parents—put on her white muslin tunic and pink skirt; she wore also her red beaded moccasins, and green rush hat. She started away with a dreamy sense of mystery attaching to the Meeting, like a snow-storm by moon-light, and a lively feeling of childish curiosity. On the smooth in front of the house, her little white and yellow chickens were peeping and dodging under the low mallows with its bluish rose-colored flowers, the star-tipped hedge-mustard, and pink-tufted smart-weed, and picking off the blue-and-green flies that were sunning on the leaves; and they did not seem to mind her. Hash had taken Bull into the woods, and Chilion told her she would not need him. Dick her squirrel, and Robin were disposed to follow, but her mother called them back. A little yellow-poll, perched in the Butternut, whistled after her, "Whoeee whee whee whee whittiteetee—as soon as I get this green caterpillar, I will go too." A rusty wren screamed out to her, "Os's's' chipper w' w' w' wow wow wow—O shame Molly, I am going to rob an oriole's nest, I would'nt go to Meeting." She entered the Mowing; a bobolink clung tilting to the breezy tip of a white birch, and said, "Pee wuh' wuh' ch' tut tut, tee tee wuh' wuh' wdle wdle pee wee a a wdle dee dee—now Molly here are red clover, yellow buttercups, white daisies, and strawberries in the grass; ecod! how the wind blows! what a grand time we shall have, let us stay here to-day." A grass-finch skippered to the top of a stump, and thrusting up its bill, cried out, "Chee chee chee up chip' chip' chipperway ouble wee—glad you are going, you'll get good to-day, don't stop, the bell is tolling." She thought of the murderer, and she picked the clover, the buttercups and

daisies, heads of timothy and fox-tail grass, and some strawberries; and hurried on; enveloped in the sweet perfume of the fields. She gathered the large bindweed, that lay on its back floating over the lot, like pond-lilies, with its red and white cups turned to the sun and air; and also the beautiful purple crane's bill, and blue-eyed grass. She came to the shadows of the woods that skirted the Mowing, where she got box-berry flowers and fruit, bunch-berry and star-of-Bethlehem flowers. She entered a cool, grassy, shady close in the forest, where were beds of purple twin-flower, yellow star-grass, blue violets, and mosses growing together family-like, under the stately three-leaved ferns that overhung them like elm-trees, while above were the birches and walnuts. A black-cap k' d' chanked, k' d' chanked over her head, and a wood-thrush whoot whoot whooted, ting a ring tinged in earnest unison. "We are going to have a meeting here to-day, a little titmouse is coming to be christened, won't you stop?" But a wood-pecker rapped and rattled over among the Chesnuts, and on she went. She crossed the bridge, she descended the ravine, the brook flowed on towards the village with a winsome glee, and while she looked at the flies and spiders dancing on the dark water, she heard a little yellow-throated fly-catcher, mournfully saying, "Preeo preea preeeeo preeeea—Pray, Margaret, you'll lose your soul if you don't;" and she saw a wood-pewee up among the branches, with her dark head bowed over plaintively singing, "P' p' ee ee ou wee, p' p' ee ee ou wee"—Jesus be true to you Margaret, I have lost my love, and my heart is sad, a blue angel come down from the skies, and fold us both in his soft feathers." Here she got the white-clustering baneberry, and the little nodding buff-cucumber root. She continued her way through the woods; she broke off white thorn blossoms with their red anthers, the beautifully variegated flowers of the calico bush, large gold-dusted cymes of the pear-leaved viburnum, and sheep's laurel with its rich rose clusters. The olive-back fly-catchers answered to one another up among the green sunny trees. "Whee whoo whee, wee woo woo wee, whee whoo, whoo whoo wee—God bless the little Margaret! How glad we are she is going to Meeting at last. She shall have berries, nutcakes and good preaching. The little Isabel and Job Luce are there. How do you think she will like Miss Amy?" The Via Dolorosa became this day to Margaret, a Via jucundissima. She came to the Pasture, where she again stopped a moment, and added to her stock of flowers red sorrel blossoms, beautiful pink azaleas, and sprigs of pennyroyal. Then

she sorted her collection, tying the different parcels with spears of grass. The Town was before her silent and motionless, save the neighing and whinnying of the horses, and squads of dogs that trolloped to and fro on the Green. The sky was blue and tender; the clouds in white veils like nuns, worshipped in the sun-beams; the woods behind murmured their reverence; and the birds sang their psalms. All these sights, sounds, odors, suggestions, were not, possibly, distinguished by Margaret, in their sharp individuality, and full volume of shade, sense and character. She had not learned to criticise, she only knew how to feel. A new undefinable sensation of joy and hope was deepened within her, and a single concentration of all best influences swelled in her bosom. She took off her hat and pricked some grass-heads, and blue-bells in the band, and went on. The intangible presence of God was in her soul, the inaudible voice of Jesus called her forward. Besides she was about to penetrate the profoundly interesting mystery of the Meeting, that for which every seventh day she had heard the bell ring, that to which Obed and his mother went so studiously dressed, and that concerning which a whole life's prohibition had been upon her. And, withal, she remembered the murderer, and directed her first steps to the Jail.

She tried to enter the Jail House, but Mr. Shooks drove her away. Then she crept along the fence till she came to a small hole, through which she saw, on the ground-floor of the Jail, the grim face of the murderer looking from the small dark gratings of his cell-window.

"I have brought you some flowers," said she; "but they won't let me carry them to you."

"I know that," the murderer replied.

"I will fasten a bunch in this hole," she said, "so you can see them."

"I should be glad if I could reach them," he replied, thrusting his lean fingers through the bars. "I shall be glad to look at them. I haven't seen the sun, or heard a pleasant voice these many months. I am so changed, I don't know as I am a man. I expect to be hung in a few days, and shall love to see the flowers before I die. I remember I was a man once, and had a wife, and a child—I thank you—you are a good girl—I shall cry again if you stay there any longer."

She heard the sound of other voices, and she could see the shadows of faces looking from other cells, and hear voices where she could see no faces, and the Jail seemed to her to be full of people, and they cried out to her to bring them flowers.

Mr. Shooks also made himself apparent to her. "What are you about here, you little varmint?" exclaimed he, rushing from his house. "Encouraging rebellion, breaking the Sabbath, giving flowers to the prisoners!" He tore away the bunch she had inserted in the wall; she retreated into the street, and gaining a point where she could see the upper cell-windows, she displayed her flowers in sight of the prisoners, holding them up to the extent of her arm, and heard the prisoners shout with joy. "If words won't do, I'll try what varmint there is in stones," said Mr. Shooks, who thereupon, suiting the action to the word, fairly pelted her away. She directed her steps to the Meeting-house, and entered the square buttress-like, mysterious porch; she stood at the foot of the broad-aisle, and looked in, she saw the Minister, in his great wig, and band, and black gloves, perched in what seemed to her a high box, and above him was the pyramidal sounding-board, and on a seat beneath she saw three persons, in powdered hair, whom she recognized as the Deacons Hadlock, Ramsdill and Penrose. Through the balustrade that surrounded the high pews, she could see the tops of men's and women's heads, and little boys and girls clutching the rounds with their hands, and looking out at her. The Minister had given out a hymn, and Deacon Hadlock rising, read the first line. Then in the gallery over head, she heard the toot of the Master, and his voice leading off, and she walked farther up the aisle to see what was going on. A little tiny girl called out to her from one of the pews, and Philip Davis, the sexton, hearing the noise, came forward and led her back into the porch. Philip was not by nature a stern man, he let the boys play on the steps during the week, and the young men stand about the doors on the Sabbath. He wore a shredded wig, and black clothes, as we have said, and was getting old, and had taken care of the Meeting-house ever since it was built, and although he was opposed to all disturbance of the worship, he still spoke kindly to Margaret.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I want to go to Meeting," she replied.

"Why don't you go?"

"I don't know how," she answered.

"But you musn't bring all your posies here."

"Maynt they go to Meeting too?"

"I see," he added, "you are one of the Injins, and they don't know how to behave Sabber days. But I'm glad you have come. You don't know what a wicked thing it is to break the Sabbath."

"Mr. Shooks said I broke it when I went to give the murderer some flowers, and threw stones at me, and you say I break it now. Can't it be mended again?"

"You should'nt bring these flowers here."

"I saw the Widow and Obed bring some."

"Not so many. You've got such a heap on um."

"I got a bigger bunch one day."

"Yes, yes, but these flowers are a dreadful wicked thing on the Lord's day."

"Then I guess I will go home. It an't wicked there."

"Wal, wal. You be a good gal, keep still, and you may sit in that first pew along with me."

"I don't want to be shut up there."

"Then you may go softly up the stairs, and sit with the gals."

She ascended the stairs, which were within the body of the house, and in a pew at the head, she saw Beulah Ann Orff, Grace Joy, Paulina Whiston, and others that she had seen before; they laughed and snubbed their handkerchiefs to their noses, and she turned away, and went round the other side, where the men sat. The boys began to look at her and laugh, and Zenas Joy, one of the tithing men, came forward, and seizing her by the arm, led her back to the girl's side, and told her to go to her seat. She looked for the Master, but he was hemmed in by several men, and while she was hesitating what to do, Old Dill, who was sitting in one corner, with Tony Washington and Cæsar Morgridge, opened her pew door, and asked her in. So she went and sat down with the negroes. Parson Welles had commenced his sermon. She could not understand what he said, and told Old Dill she wanted to go, and without further ceremony opened the door and slipped out. She descended the stairs, moving softly in her moccasins, and turning up the side-aisle, proceeded along under the high pews till she came to the corner where she could see the minister. Here she stood gazing steadfastly at him. Deacon Hadlock, observing her position, motioned her away. Deacon Ramsdill came directly forward, took her by the arm, opened the door of the pew where his wife was, and shut her in. Mistress Ramsdill gave her some caraway and dill, and received in return some of Margaret's pennyroyal and lamb-kill, and other flowers. The old lady used her best endeavors to keep Margaret quiet, and she remained earnestly watching the Preacher till the end of the service. The congregation being dismissed, those who lived in the neighborhood went home; of the rest,

some went to the stoop of the Crown and Bowl, some sat on the Meeting-house steps, some strolled into the woods in the rear; several elderly men and women went to what was called a "Noon House," a small building near the Schoolhouse, where they ate their dinner and had a prayer; quite a number went to Deacon Penrose's. Of the latter, was the Widow Wright. Mistress Ramsdill, who lived about a half mile from the Green, offered to take Margaret to her house, but the Widow interfered, saying it was too long a walk, and all that, and prevailed with Margaret to go with her. This going to Deacon Penrose's consisted in having a seat in his kitchen Sunday noons, and drinking of his nice cool water. Seats were brought into the room, the floor was duly sanded, the pewter in the dresser was bright and glistening. His own family and their particular relations occupied the parlor. To this place came Mistress Whiston, and Old Mistress Whiston, Mistresses Joy and Orff, Breaknecks; Mistresses Hoag and Ravel, from the North Part of the town; Widows Brent and Tuck, from the Mill; also Grace Joy, Beulah Ann Orff, Paulina and Mercy Whiston, and others. They ate nutcakes and cheese, snuffed snuff, talked of the weather, births, deaths, health, sickness, engagements, marriages, of friends at the Ohio, of Zenas and Delinda's publishment, and would have talked about Margaret, save that the Widow protected the child, assured them of her ignorance, and hoped she would learn better by and by. Mistress Whiston asked Margaret how she liked the Meeting. She replied that she liked to hear them sing. "Sing!" rejoined Paulina Whiston. "I wish we could have some decent singing. I was up to Brandon last Sunday, and their music is enough sight better than ours; they have introduced the new way almost every where but here. We must drag on forty years behind the whole world."

"For my part," said Mistress Orff, "I don't want any change, our fathers got along in the good old way, and went to Heaven. The Quakers use notes and the Papists have their la sol mee's, and Deacon Hadlock says it's a contrivance to bring all those pests into the land. Then it make such a disturbance in the meetings; at Dunwich two of the best deacons could'nt stand it, and got up and went out; and Deacon Hadlock says he won't stay to hear the heathenish sounds. It's only your young upstarts, lewd and irregular people, and the like of that, that wants the new way."

"If our hearts was only right," said Mistress Tuck, "we should'nt want any books; and the next thing we shall know, they will have unconverted people singing."

"We have got some better leaders," rejoined Paulina, "than Deacon Hadlock and Master Elliman; their voices are old and cracked, and they drawl on Sunday after Sunday, the same old tunes in the same old way."

"If we once begin to let in new things, there is no knowing where they will stop," replied Mistress Orff.

"It is just so," said the Widow Tuck. "They begun with wagons and shays, and the horses wan't used to the noise, and got frightened and run away; and our Eliashib came nigh spraining his ankle."

"I remember," said the elder Mistress Whiston, "when old Parson Bristead down in Raleigh, used to sprinkle thirty bushels of sand on his floors every year, and I don't believe Parson Welles uses five."

"Yes, yes," said her daughter-in-law, "great changes, and nobody can tell where it will end."

"When I was a gal," continued the senior lady, "they didn't think of washing but once a month—"

"And now washing days come round every Monday," added Paulina. "If you will let us have some respectable singing, I will agree to go back to the old plan of washing, Grandma, ha ha!"

"It's holy time, child," said her mother.

"I remember," said the Widow Brent, who was a little deaf, "milking a cow a whole winter for a half a yard of ribbin."

"I remember," said Mistress Ravel, "the Great Hog up in Dunwich, that hefted nigh twenty score."

"If you would go up to the Pond, to-day," said Margaret, "I guess Chilion would play you a better tune on his fiddle than they sing at the Meeting."

"Tush, Tush!" said the Widow Wright.

"There, there! You see what we are coming to;" said Mistress Orff. "Booly Ann where was the Parson's text this forenoon?"

The Widow Wright assumed the charge of Margaret in the afternoon. She kept quiet, till the prayer, when the noise of the hinge-seats, or something else, seemed to disconcert her, and she told her protectress she wanted to go home. The Widow replied that there was to be a christening, and prevailed with her to stop, and lifted her on the seat, where she could witness the ceremony. The Minister descended from the pulpit, and Mr. Adolphus Hadlock carried forward the babe; which was enveloped in a long flowing blanket of white tabby