

The Shamrock From Home.

The following was received in a letter, which contained some shamrocks, from Ireland—

Do you think of the land, with its beauty so rare, with its high mountain peaks, and its valleys so fair, where the birds sing so sweetly, on bush and on tree, I remember you said they spoke over of me. Do you think of the days that are now past and gone, like the bright morning light, when the evening comes on, to recall our fond love, and where'er you may roam, I send you a dear little Shamrock from home.

There is no leaf in the world where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

I know well that though wandering your heart will be true, that there is not a land but old Ireland for you. And I know that you think of the days that are past, while your heart beats I know your fond memory will flash on you, you will wear those sweet leaves on your heart. And, in thought, on St. Patrick's day take a There is no leaf in the world, where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

There is no leaf in the world where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical Story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Ludlow did not at first reply to this question. His haggard features were distorted, and his thin, long, bony fingers trembled as they clasped the stem of the goblet before him. "The third," said he, in a low, hoarse voice, "is the most formidable of them all."

"How is that possible?" asked Lawson, astonished, not less at the assertion, than at the agitation of the weak, deformed, and withered object before him. "How can there possibly be a more formidable claimant to the land than the original owner, or the rightful heir to that owner?"

"False pleas and fictitious statements may defeat the Colonel and his son," replied Ludlow. "The false plea of the Irish mass-mercers may serve as a bar to the one, false testimony as to the birth and education of the other may brand the heir as an impostor, and so deprive him of his rights, whilst the truthful allegation, which neither will attempt to deny, that they are Papists, will be sufficient to prejudice the Irish law courts, the Castle, and the English Parliament against them. Such, however, is not the case with Kathleen Fitzpatrick."

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick?" cried Lawson, "a woman! who is she? I never heard of her before."

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick," replied Ludlow, "is the niece of him whose lands we occupy. She is the daughter of a younger brother. She has been educated in the religion of her mother—a Church of England Episcopalian. She is, I have heard, the protegee of the Duke of Ormond, and by that powerful nobleman, it is said, her claim to her uncle's estate will be maintained. If these reports be true, our hold upon her uncle's lands is not worth a year's purchase."

"You have devised a scheme for rendering that claim of no avail," said Lawson, with an ominous frown: "let me know what it is, that I may aid it: for here, I admit my will is at fault."

"I have, as you say, devised such a scheme," replied Ludlow, "and it is comprised in a single word—marriage."

"Marriage! Marriage!" cried the astonished Lawson. "Marriage with whom?"

Ludlow made no reply in words, but laying his hand on his heart, nodded to his companion.

"Marriage with you!" added Lawson, unable to suppress his feelings of surprise.

"What age is the maiden?"

"Eighteen."

"Is she in any way deformed?"

"She is as straight as a rush, fair as a lily, fresh as a half-blown rose."

"And you propose to unite yourself in marriage with all these perfections?"

"I do."

"And how think you, Edward,—do not mean to offend you,—but how do you suppose will your personal defects, your gashed face, your—I cannot refrain from saying such a hideous appearance be received by such a young beauty? How can you hope your proposals will be favourably regarded. How can you imagine you will be accepted?"

"I mean to wed, not to woo her," replied Ludlow, whose changing colour showed how keenly he felt the remarks of Lawson upon his personal defects.

"Oh! I perceive," said Lawson, "you contemplate a forced marriage, you're thinking of that which is a frequent practice in this country,—the forcible abduction of an heiress."

"Precisely so," answered Ludlow, "and there are numberless instances to show in Ireland, that many an unwilling bride has in a short time become a dutiful, a loving, and an obedient wife. Be you ready, whenever I may require your presence, with twenty armed horsemen to aid me, and in less than a week afterwards I shall be the husband of the fairest girl and the greatest fortune in Ireland,—of no less a personage than the Lady Kathleen Fitzpatrick, of Gowran Castle."

"Hush! Edward," said Lawson hastily, "you forget you are in a public room; and you speak so loudly you can be overheard. I have, for instance, remarked, that ever since you mentioned the name of a certain fair lady, that smooth-faced, antiquated knave in the compartment opposite to us, has been listening to every word you said. If he has heard all, he bears with him a secret which we cannot allow him to carry out of this room. I will therefore fasten a quarrel upon him."

As Lawson spoke, he filled out a cup of wine, and then bearing it in one hand, and his sword in the other, he approached the seat where the old rustic was apparently still engaged with his dinner, and thus addressed him—

"Good sir, I perceive you drink beer and not wine. I have, then, to request of you to drink this wine, and at the same time to give as a toast: 'A plague upon Pope and Popery, priests, pagns, nuns, and friars!'"

New mark what I say to you, If you refuse the wine, I shall scatter it over your person; and if you decline the toast in the very words I have uttered, I shall inflict upon you the bastinado.

"Sir, you thus insult me," meekly replied the rustic, "because you see that I am a man of peace, that I am old, and that I wear no sword."

"But," said the stranger, dressed in a brown suit, as he stepped from the box in which he had been seated, "and I not only know how to handle it, but also how to use the wine goblet, which this tavern brawler has tendered to you."

As the stranger thus spoke, he snatched the goblet from the hands of Lawson, and flinging the contents in his face, he cast the goblet itself at Ludlow, striking him on the forehead, and as he did so drew his sword, and thus addressed them.

"Ruffians, kidnappers, and scoundrels! I know you both. I have heard you both mention in a public tavern the name of a lady with whose family I have the honour to be acquainted. Come on, therefore, one or both—that I may punish you on the spot where such an outrage on a lady's fair name was perpetrated."

Whilst the stranger was still speaking, the huge hanger of Lawson was uplifted, and aimed with a giant's force at the head, in the hope of breaking his guard, and cutting him down; but the blow so aimed was not only vigorously parried, but the keen blade of the stranger slid like lightning along the sword fingers of his right hand, and with a roar of agony the huge sword was relaxed from the ruffian's grasp, and fell useless to the earth.

Ludlow, in his confusion, was unable to draw his sword before the persons assembled in the coffee-room rushed between the combatants.

"What means this scandalous riot in my orderly house?" inquired the burly, fat, contented, red-faced landlord, as he rushed into the midst of the crowd who separated the stranger and Ludlow, who now stood with drawn swords, glaring at each other.

"Honest John Elliott," said the stranger in the brown suit, pointing at the infuriated Ludlow, and the enraged Lawson, "there are the disturbers of the peace,—there are the shameless brawlers. The old tall man was for forcing one of your peaceful guests to drink wine he did not like, and to propose a toast of which he did not approve; whilst the other, that pale, ugly, ill-looking catfif yonder, had the presumption to speak in terms of disparagement of a fair lady, who, if not known, is, I am sure, highly respected by you. In your absence, John Elliott, I was punishing those vile and scandalous disturbers of the peace."

"Good Master Brown, I am much indebted to you for your volunteer services on my behalf; but where is the peaceable, wine-hating guest for whose protection you interfered?"

"Where is he?" "A catfif," replied the man in brown, "I cannot tell, John Elliott; but here he sat, and here he has deposited a piece of gold to defray the expenses of his dinner, and whatever other refreshment you may have supplied him with."

"I call to witness, then," added the landlord, "that I stand indebted to that stranger many shillings; but go your ways, good Master Brown, it is not safe your tarring longer under this roof. A man named 'Fidge' has just this instant called to say he would wish to speak with you at nine, beneath the arch of Danie's gate. I was on the way to deliver you that message when I heard the clash of your swords."

"Thanks! Master Elliott, but look to that vile old Cromwellian yonder. Be assured that good food and rich wine were never wasted on two greater villains than himself and his associate,—the fellow with the scarred face. Farewell!"

"Farewell—farewell," said honest John Elliott, as he looked with admiration at the tall figure and vigorous form of the man in brown, as he bounded out of the room.

"That Master Lawson," continued the landlord, as he advanced to the seat on which the wounded man was now resting, and vainly endeavoring to stop the blood which poured out from his hand. "Good Master Lawson, I am grieved to see you so suffering. What an ugly wound it is! permit me to bind it up for you. Ha!" added Elliott, as he examined the gashed fingers, "this is a very awkward wound, indeed! It is to be hoped you may not lose the use of your right hand. How came you to hold your weapon so awry? What a swordsman that Master Brown is! I think he must have learned to fence in Paris; for he has cuts, and thrusts, and parries utterly unknown to us, Lawson, when we were learning the sword exercise. I am now convinced there is no such swordsman in the King's dominions as Master Brown."

"You know this Master Brown, then," remarked Lawson, as he winced with the pain caused by binding up his wounded fingers.

"I know," answered Elliott, "that he is Master Brown; but I am not quite sure that I know anything more about him. I suspect, however, more than I know; but I will injure no man by expressing my suspicions."

"Be he who he may, I hope I may once more encounter him. If I do, one or other will be, before many minutes, no longer a living man," said Lawson.

"And I," added Ludlow, "promise, wherever I again meet him, see him, come in contact with him—were it at the altar itself—my sword shall revel in his heart's blood."

"Pshaw," said Elliott, "to bed both of you—you talk like men overcome with drink: I do not know who Master Brown is; but I strongly suspect you have both seen him before to-day. You have, I believe, encountered him, not once, but twice. Take care of a third combat with the same foe—it may be fatal to both."

CHAPTER III.

"I am afraid, Hannah, we shall never reach home before night. We do not travel more than two miles an hour on these rough and broken roads. Even my good steed Adolphus lags in his pace, although he cannot be more eager for food and rest than I am to be within the shelter of my father's strong-walled mansion, when darkness has succeeded to day."

"I have far less fear, mistress, of the perils of the road, than I have of the evil wayfarers to be found on them."

"And so have I, Hannah, and therefore I am for hurrying onward with all speed: for I own to you, I have more confidence in my own courage and your determination, than in the bravery and trustworthiness of the two knaves behind us, whom my father has ordered me always to take as an escort."

The speakers were two young women, apparently a lady and her attendant, such was the contrast in their outward habiliments. The first was in the full bloom of womanhood, her age something between twenty-five and thirty years, her skin brown, her hair of dark blackness, and her eyes, large, full, and raven, shone with a brilliant light which the long, black eye-lashes could not conceal, though they sometimes served to moderate its fierceness of expression. When her full red lips relaxed into a smile, which they seldom did, they were withdrawn to exhibit large, even, and brilliant white teeth, firmly

locked together. But that which was the most remarkable characteristic of this young female was her height, and breadth, and bearing; for although she exhibited all the perfections of the female form in her figure, still there were combined with all the muscular power and free, unembarrassed action of a man five feet nine inches in height. Her dress was in accordance with her appearance. Her riding habit, of the finest venery, was looped upon one side with a rich, short, thick chain of massive gold, and from the hat dangled a long wavy plume of black feathers. Her riding dress confined at the waist with a thick girdle of gold, from which depended a short gold-hilted hunting knife, was in other respects like the military dress of an officer, for around the collar was a thick band of gold lace, which also ran down the front of the entire dress, and the wide sleeves were turned up at the wrist, with broad lace bands, and so displayed the hands covered with white gloves fringed with gold, and the seams on the back worked with gold lace. This proud-looking, haughty-looking, almost manlike dame, rode a heavy, black war-horse, and whilst she checked his speed with a hand well accustomed to the rein, she also held, as if with a slight wand, a thick riding whip, the handle of which was heavy with a thick knot of lead, covered over with a shining ball of gold.

The attendant upon this rich, proud-looking young lady, was a plainly-dressed, timid young Englishwoman, who was now living for a twelvemonth in Ireland, and who, having come to the country with a conviction that all its inhabitants were wild animals, was in a constant state of astonishment that she had not yet seen any of them, and was labouring under a perpetual apprehension that the moment she should come in contact with them, she would be murdered.

Behind these two women, and at the distance of about two hundred paces from them, rode two serving men, armed with swords and muskets, and from whose manner, their eager looks, and their timid whispers, as they saw the night closing around them, the young lady seemed fully justified in the remark she had made as to the little reliance to be placed upon them in a moment of danger.

"How like you living in Ireland, Hannah? What think you of to-day's sport?" asked the young lady, wishing to occupy the attention of her attendant, and to relieve, if she could, by conversation, the tedium of their slow and toilsome journey.

"Oh! mistress, I like Ireland so little, that I would wish to be back once more safe in quiet England," replied Hannah. "All the people here seem to hate each other. I do not understand what they are always quarrelling about. We have Roundheads and Cavaliers in England; they have done to one another a world of mischief; but now that the mischief is at an end, and the King has, as they say, got his own again, neighbours do not fight with neighbours. It is not so in this country; they are always squabbling about something or nothing. Even the two men that ride behind us—John Norris and James Brophy—I have seen them draw their knives upon each other in your father's kitchen, and all because Norris maintained that Sir Charles Coote was an inch taller, and a better general than Lord Inchiquin. And then, mistress, as to this day's sport, the horse racing which you wished me to see, I have no taste for such diversions. I do not understand what can be the pleasure in seeing poor brutes whipped, and spurred, and urged to run beyond their speed. I did, indeed, derive pleasure from one thing—it was to witness the admiration you excited, to see so many young lords and brave gallants paying court to you."

A heavy lash from the whip, applied with a vigorous hand to the slow-pacing Adolphus, made him bound forward impatiently, and as a strong wrist checked his rein at the same time, he came rearing up close to the side of Hannah's steed, whilst the impatient mistress said in an angry tone—

"Silence, Hannah; never so speak to me again. Think you that I am a foolish girl in her teens, and that I do not know how to estimate, at its proper value, the buzzing of such gaddies and blood-suckers. I saw rosters and gamblers, debauchees, fools and fops, and fortune-hunters, on the race-course, but not one true, honest man, that would prize me for myself, or who would care one pin for me if they fancied I was as poor as you. Nay, of the two of us, you are the better looking woman—fairer, younger than I am, and yet there was not one of these noxious and brave gallants, as you call them, to be commonly civil to you, whilst all their attentions were bestowed on me. And wherefore? Not merely because there was gold on my garments—though that, I have no doubt, was an attraction to spendthrifts—but because it is well known that my father is rich, and that I am the sole inheritor of all his possessions. Were I as destitute of fortune as you are, Hannah, then be certain that those who bowed the knee before me to-day, would scow up their lips with scorn at me as the low-born daughter of Ebenezer Lawson, the Cromwellian trooper."

"I am not well skilled in the ways of the world," replied Hannah; "but still I cannot but think that the admiration to which you are justly entitled was honestly and sincerely given to you to-day. As to me, I know my position in life too well not to have felt rejoiced, that the slightest notice was not taken of me. A compliment from any of the group of your admirers, would have been, to a person in my lowly condition, an insult."

"And it is no less an insult to me, Hannah," observed Judith Lawson. "What right had anyone of those persons, from the son of the Lord Lieutenant to the meanest and poorest ensign in the garrison of Dublin, to intrude upon me with his unmeaning compliments? If they respected the daughter of the trooper, as they would the daughter of a duke, why not treat the one with the same deference which they would feel compelled to treat the other? What right had any one of them to approach me, but that they knew I was Lawson's daughter, and that I was on the race-course alone, and unprotected? Surely, if I were the child of a lord, or of a gentleman by birth, I would have been allowed to look safe from intrusion, upon the days sport; I would not be, as I have been, persecuted with attentions I did my utmost to repel; and this I am quite sure of, that I should not have endured the dishonor of having a wretch, like the infamous David Fitzgerald of Limerick, pursuing me with his noisome flatteries for hours."

"Is the person you call David Fitzgerald of Limerick," asked Hannah, "the tall man with the florid face, flaxen hair, and light blue eyes, and who was so constantly by your side during the whole day?"

"It is—the wretch!" said Judith, indignantly. "I desired Norris to inquire who and what he was; and, according to my man's statement, this Fitzgerald, it appears, is a most infamous character. He has, then, young, wasted his fortune on his vices. He has now the reputation of being in high favor with the Lord Lieutenant Ormonde; for he pretends, or declares, he has discovered a plot amongst the Papists and the patriots in England, for the purpose of devising the best means of bringing the conspirators to justice."

Meanwhile, he would improve his fortune, by seeking for the hand of Judith Lawson! Am I not right, Hannah, then, in considering myself as degraded, when a wretch so base and vile as Fitzgerald, can, for a moment, seriously believe he is in a position to become my suitor?"

Before Hannah had time to reply to the question of her angry and excited mistress, the voice of one of the men behind them, was heard exclaiming—

"Hurry!—hurry!—hurry onward, mistress; there are horsemen following us at full speed. The Lord have mercy on us all, if they are Rapparees, and Redmond O'Hanlon in command of them!"

Despite her natural courage, a chill of terror ran through the frame of Judith Lawson, when the awful name of Redmond O'Hanlon was pronounced; for she remembered to have heard her father a hundred times speak of him as the most merciless foe to every one of English birth and descent that had settled and acquired lands in Ireland. Her belief of that well-known, and then most formidable chieftain, was that his delight was in shedding the blood of men, women, and children; destroying the English farms, tumbling down English-built houses, and sparing neither age nor sex when they were purely English.

The mere mention of the name Redmond O'Hanlon was alone sufficient to paralyze all the energies of the young Englishwoman, Hannah; and she would have fallen from her steed to the earth had not Judith caught the fainting girl in her arms, and as she did so she cried out—

"Here, Norris, take this poor girl and place her in the saddle before you. Do you, Brophy, hold the rein of her horse, and guide it with your own—let both follow me wherever I lead."

Judith having seen these directions acted upon, then turned round in order that she might, with her own eyes, determine whether there was just cause for that alarm which had been given to her and her companions.

Four horsemen were seen advancing at full speed towards the travellers; and a second glance was not necessary to convince the cool and courageous Judith that they were robbers by profession. The nags they rode were rough, wild-looking animals. The dresses of three of the riders were old and ragged; whilst the fourth, who wore a short, red cloak, and had a feather in his hat, was, like his companions, armed with a long gun. The face of the man with the red cloak was covered with a black mask, whilst his companions had thick mustachios and long beards.

"The purposes of the pursuers could not be for a moment doubtful, because even whilst Judith turned round to look at them, she saw one of the men stop, deliberately unloose his gun, take a steady aim at her, and discharge his piece."

At the same instant she heard the sound of the shot, and saw Hannah's horse tumble on the earth, and then struggling in the agonies of death.

"Whatever may befall us," said the gallant Judith, "these villains shall be made to feel we do not fear them. Give me your gun, Norris, and I shall try and unmask the villain yonder."

"For heaven's sake, mistress," said the terrified Norris, "do not shoot at them, or we shall be all massacred."

"Give me your gun, sirrah," cried the enraged Judith, "or I will stab you with my hunting knife."

"Oh! here—take it, take it, and God send you hit nobody. Above all things don't fire at the man with the mask; for I am quite sure it is Redmond O'Hanlon himself," said the trembling Norris.

"If it were Redmond O'Hanlon a thousand times over," said Judith, "I will do my best to unhorse him. It is a poor revenge to kill an Irish garron for the good steed of my father's he has slain."

As Judith spoke, she directed the musket with a fixed and deadly aim at the person who appeared to be commander of the pursuers, and a shout of joy burst from her lips as the smoke from the piece cleared away, and she perceived that her shot had been followed by the fall of a man and horse.

"I am sure I have slain the horse and spared the rider," remarked Judith.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried Norris. "We are all as one as dead men," added Brophy.

"Here, Brophy, load Norris's gun for him, and give me yours to make use of, if I need it," said Judith. "Fools and cowards as you are—do you not perceive these fellows are not in such a hurry following us as they were a few minutes ago. They, like ourselves, have now but three horses at their command; and they will not be so eager to fire upon us when they find we can reply to them with effect."

"Alas! madam," cried Norris, "whimpering and trembling, you are only bringing down on yourself and us the vengeance of men who know not what it is to feel pity for another."

"Then, if such be our assailants," added Judith, "let us at least sell our lives as dearly as we can. The butcher does not spare the lamb, though it licks the hand raised to kill it; but the butcher he knows will, if he makes one false step, read him to pieces. Have you loaded Norris's gun, Brophy?"

"Yes, madam," said Brophy, winking at Norris, for the purpose of showing that he was deceiving his mistress, whose readiness to combat was no less a cause of anxiety to both than their terror of the gang, whose cruelty they feared would be provoked by her courage.

"Then, give me his musket and take back your own; his is the piece to which my hand is best accustomed, and with which I can take the surer aim."

"Alack! alack! this comes of firing shots to alarm the country!" exclaimed Norris, pointing to a narrow path which approached the high road at a right angle, and along which two furious and ragged fellows, armed with guns, were hurrying towards them on foot.

"The odds are against us!" exclaimed the dauntless Judith, whose courage seemed to rise as dangers increased around her. "All that we have now to do is to retreat as best we can; and our only chance for making a last struggle is that little slated cabin on the hill-side yonder. Hasten on towards it both of you; I will take the post of danger in the rear."

These commands were at once acted upon. The attendants of Judith rode as men ride whose lives depended upon the swiftness and strength of their steeds. At once they quitted the road and paced along the green fields, and bounded over wide ditches, which an hour before they would not have ventured to look at but with surprise that any one would have the courage to cross them. The high breeding and the solid feeding of their horses saved them well on such an occasion; whilst, as impediments to their pursuers, was a long tract of swamp which lay along the road, and between it and the hill down to the very point where Judith and her companions had first quitted the road, so that the pursuers had to come down to the very point, from which she and her men had started, and then to follow as well as they could with their weak nags over the same fields and across the same ditches. Judith and her followers might by

the new course they had taken, have completely escaped, without stopping at the slated cabin, from their pursuers on horse-back, had not the assailants been aided by the robbers on foot, who kept at an uttering speed behind them.

"Knock at the door, ask for permission to enter, and save yourselves from those thieves and murderers," said Judith to Brophy.

Her commands were obeyed. The door was opened; and it was about to be again closed, when it was thrown wide open, and the person inside the cabin stepped into the air, and removing from his head a small black cap, he bowed low to Judith; and said—

"I pray your pardon, lady; I was alarmed by the appearance of an armed man knocking at such an hour at my humble door. The moment, however, that I perceived he was accompanied by a woman, I knew there was not only no danger to be apprehended, but, perchance, it might be within my poor means to afford relief. I pray you, madam, to enter, and to regard all that you see as your own, for all is at your command."

Judith listened to the words thus spoken to her, but was unable to reply to them. Her own perilous situation, and the danger that threatened her companions, were equally forgotten in the new sense of unmixt admiration for the noble-looking man who stood before her. A diligent reader of her Bible from her childhood upwards, she had never before seen any one in her father's home, in conventicle, or in society, that reminded her of those whom she had admired as patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. But here, and for the first time, she saw a living man, on whose ample forehead, flowing nut-brown hair, commingled with streaks of gray, whose large dove-like eyes, whose perfectly-moulded features, whose sweet smile, and meek look, and noble form, seemed to present him to his fellow-creatures as something more than mortal—as one, whose brows were already illuminated with the light of the pre-sanctified, and who seemed born for no other purpose than to praise God and to win sinners to repentance.

Judith felt, as she looked upon this venerable man, as if she could kneel to him, and entreat his blessing. She felt, as she stood before him, that she at last beheld a human being, whose pure soul had never been stained by one degrading passion, and who had the strength and the will to condemn the world, its wealth, its vanities, its riches, and its terrors.

Awe and wonder benumbed her faculties. She stood as if awaiting a repetition of his words; and she felt, for the moment, that she was unworthy of addressing him.

The old man looked first at her, then at her alarmed companions, and then at the fainting form of the still insensible Hannah, and casting his eyes on the space the fugitives had traversed, he perceived the wild horsemen and the eager pedestrians who were quickly advancing in pursuit. He cried in hurried accents—

"Alight, my children; at once alight from your horses, and seek the shelter of my roof. I see that you are beset by the wicked thieves that haunt this neighborhood. Hasten, in my children, that I may give you such security as well-barred doors and iron-fastened windows can afford."

"I am told, sir," said Judith, bounding from her steed, and aiding her men, as she spoke, in bringing Hannah inside the house. "I am told that the men who pursue us are robbers, and one of my servants assures me that the man in command of them is the notorious footpad, Redmond O'Hanlon."

"You have been misinformed, my child," replied the old man, as he bolted the windows and barred the door. "Redmond O'Hanlon is not a footpad, nor have I ever heard of his employing the men under his command as common highway robbers. The villains who pursue you are not, I am sure, the adherents or the friends of Redmond O'Hanlon."

The conversation of the old man and Judith was rendered inaudible by the loud shouts and exulting cries of the robbers, as they captured the horses of the travellers—a capture that was rendered particularly precious by the seizure of Judith's horse, with its silver bit, and velvet saddle-cloth fringed with a deep border of thick-worked heavy gold embroidery.

"I hope," said the old man, "that these unhappy men may be satisfied with the prize they have already taken; and that respect for me will induce them to leave you in peace within my dwelling."

"I fear them not, sir," replied Judith, "while I hold this gun and have strength to use my hunting-knife against them."

"Better to suffer wrong than to shed blood, daughter," said the old man. "Your strength and skill would be a poor defence against those savage men. My words may be of more avail than twenty swords. If these wicked men will not listen to me, then place your confidence in God, and be certain He will not desert you in the hour of need."

As the old man ceased from speaking, a shot was fired outside, and a loud clatter, caused by the beating of the butt ends of muskets, was heard at the door. This was followed by the cry of "The prisoners, the prisoners, we demand the delivery of the prisoners, their weapons, and their purses."

"Lie down, my children, on the ground, lest those men should fire in through door or window. I will, with this lady, proceed on stairs and parley with your assailants from an opening in the roof."

When the old man had thus addressed the trembling domestics, he led Judith, who still bore the musket with her, to the roof.

"Conceal yourself, my child," he said, "from their view. As to me, I fear no harm they can do me. If I am about to meet death, in trying to save life, then do not weep for me; but wish that you may one day partake of that happiness which is the sure reward of all who, for God's sake, lay down their lives for the benefit of their fellow-creatures."

"What would you?" said the old man, as he pushed aside the boards that concealed the opening on the roof, and stood full in view of the assailants. "What would you? or wherefore have you attacked this house, in which none are to be found but peaceful travellers?"

"Give up the prisoners, deliver our prisoners, we want their weapons and their purses," cried two or three persons in the same breath.

answered the ruffian. "Mine is the stronger, and those you call your guests the weaker party. However, I am disposed to compromise this matter with you. All I ask for my men are the weapons and the purses of your guests; whilst, for myself, I shall be content with a single prisoner—the person who fired at Miss Judith Lawson."

"And that person," said Judith, trembling with rage when she heard her name thus publicly mentioned, "will die sooner than yield herself your prisoner. She fired at you once before, intending only to slay your horse; but now she aims at your heart, with the intention to rid the world of a base thief and a cowardly villain."

As she spoke these words the musket she held was directed at the man in the mask; but the lock snapped, and no report followed, and as Judith, in her vexation, was about to cast the useless weapon from her, she felt her arms clasped from behind, and a cool hand through them pinioned her elbows close together, and a broad, red-faced, foxy-headed man, whose breath was fetid with the fumes of usquebaugh, grinned at her, as he bowed up in her flowing eyes.

"What a wicked, wilful Ponthesian! The rude captor cried, in a bantering tone. "Achilles wept because he had, unconsciously of her personal charms, slain a beautiful virgin; but here is a Queen of the Angels, who would slay the suitor who is taking her and lib to make her his wife."

"Unhappy, fallen, and degraded creature! forego your ribald jests," said Judith's heart. "I hear the shouts of your brutal confederates in the rooms beneath, as they rattle the pebbles of their pistols. I suppose it is you, taking advantage of the knowledge you formerly had of these premises, have betrayed to thieves and villains the private and secret entrance to a home in which you were once hospitably received."

"My Lord! my Lord! drive not an unhappy man to despair," said the ruffian, whose jeering tones were at once abandoned, and whose coarse voice became husky with emotion. "If I am a fallen and a degraded creature, as you say I am, remember who it was that was the first cause of my fall, and that short the career to which I had devoted myself, and who prevented me from entering a profession for which I had prepared myself, by days of labor and nights of study."

"Miserable man!" replied the venerable personage who was thus appealed to: "I pity not me, but your own vices, your own bad habits, your evil propensities, as you were and direct foes. It was my duty to warn you of the fold of which I was the shepherd, to take care that no wolf should ravage my lambs. I could not permit you to take any course that you had not the strength to keep; I could not allow you to become a stumbling-block and a scandal to those for whose salvation I was responsible. Repent, repent, repent, if you can; and, as you hope for eternal life, abandon your evil course, and your wicked companions. Perhaps you have now, for the last time, heaven's warning voice calling you to repentance. You have given up to you to-day—wait until to-morrow, and time may be for you no more."