

dormant thoughts, inspired by the place in which I stood, thronged quickly on my mind; I started, as I thought I heard my mother's voice in the sighing of the wind, which seemed to rebuke my wavering mind; I called to my men, and advanced at a rapid rate towards the house; I stationed them in the shrubbery opposite the entrance, while I proceeded to reconnoitre round the rear, and endeavor to discover some better mode of entrance than by forcing the front door, which I knew would be attended by loss of life. I climbed the low garden wall, and was surprised to observe a stream of light issuing from a window which projected from one of the wings of the house; I walked cautiously till beneath it, and found a laburnum trained along the wall, which aided my ascent; I looked through the half-open lattice—a female figure knelt in devotion beside a couch; while I looked she arose—she turned toward the window; it was Louisa—my heart beat violently—a giddiness seized my brain, and I thought for a moment I would have fallen from my position, but recovering I pushed open the window and sprang into the room; a scream of surprise and fear burst from her lips—the next moment I was recognized, but the work of death had already commenced.

The sharp report of a musket, sounding fearfully loud on the night-air, succeeded by a low moan, told me my men had been discovered, and one had already fallen a victim.

A thundering sound of heavy implements against the stout oak door—shots of musketry in quick succession, answered by the groan of pain or yell of vengeance intermingled, told me that the attack had commenced. Louisa, terrified, looked in my face for an explanation of the frightful sounds.

"Fly with me," said I, "for heaven's sake, or you are lost. Even your pure innocence will not save you from their fury, when thus maddened;" and I drew her towards the window. At that moment the loud crash of the falling matter, a shout of triumph, a scream of despair, with the sound of feet, told that the door had yielded.

Louisa broke away from me, and calling on her father's name, rushed from the apartment. I followed her quickly,

and saw her enter a room at the end of the corridor, almost at the same moment with two of the band I had brought with me, who had already penetrated thus far; I hastened to the room; at the moment I entered, I observed Major Williamson, half dressed, thrown on his back on the floor by one of the men. Louisa struggled to keep the others off him, and seeing me enter she called me for her sake to save her father. Already he had received a wound in his head, from which the blood flowed copiously; the same hand which made it was raised for another and more fatal stroke, when I sprang forward and caught his descending arm; I wrested the weapon from his grasp, and placed myself before the prostrate body of Major Williamson. At this moment the remainder of the party burst into the room; I told them to go back—there was enough done, or if they approached farther it should be on my body.

"Well, Master Carthy," said one, "I risked my life to avenge your father, but if my dead master's son chooses to save his father's murderer, so be it."

I received no other reason, save looks of wonder or of scorn, as, one by one, they left the room, and the house was shortly empty.

"What am I to understand?" said Major Williamson; "is it an O'More to whom I owe my life? Good heavens! what have I done to deserve such degradation? Wretch!" said he, "take up that axe and finish the work which you so well begun, or rid me of your presence at once, which is more hateful to me than death itself."

For a moment the axe quivered in my hand, and scarce could I refrain from dealing him the blow he so invited, but for Louisa, who leaned pale and trembling in his arms; I took her hand and said, "It was not you I saved, but this fair, tender flower, which seems to cling to thee as part of life, although I marvel much how so much beauty can bloom beside aught so noxious." I pressed her hand to my lips, and left her never to see her more.

Hearing that troops were embarking from Cork for India, and caring not whither I was carried, so as to get away from the scenes of my misery, I sold a little property of my own, procured a