

Tyrone, for it was he, seemed nigh choking with the emotion he sought to suppress.

"Nay," he continued, "it must not be. Oh, did I love her less, she had been mine!"

"Thine?" suddenly retorted the father, somewhat scornfully. "And who gave thee this power over woman's spirit? Thou has not even had speech of her, much less the means to win her favor."

An almost supernatural expression seemed to gather on the features of the chieftain. His eyes after rolling through the vista of past years, began to pause; appalled, as it approached the dark threshold of the future. Lost to the presence of surrounding objects, he thus exclaimed, with fearful solemnity:—

"When the dark-browed Norah nursed me on her lap, and her eye, though dark to outward sense, saw through the dim veil of destiny, it was thus she sang, as she guarded my slumbers, and the hated Sassenach was in the hall:—

"Rest thee, baby! light and darkness  
Mingling o'er thy path shall play;  
Hope shall flee when thou pursuest,  
Lost amidst life's trackless way.

"Rest thee, baby! woman's breast  
Thou shalt darken o'er with woe;  
None thou lookest on or lovest,  
Joy or hope hereafter know.  
Many a maid thy glance shall rue;  
Where it smites it shall subdue."

"It was an evil hour, old man, when I looked upon thy daughter."

Holt, though of a stout and resolute temper, was yet daunted by this bold and unlooked-for address. He trembled as he gazed on the mysterious form before him, gifted, as it seemed, with supernatural endowments. His unaccountable appearance, the nature of his communications, together with his manner and abrupt mode of speech, would have shaken many a firmer heart, unprepared for these disclosures.

"What is thy business?" he inquired, with some hesitation.

"To warn thee; to warn thy daughter. She hath seen me. And how runs the prophecy? Let her beware. I have looked on her before time. Looked on her! Ay, until these orbs have become dim; I have looked on her till this storn bosom hath become softer than the bub-

bling wax to her impression; but I was concealed, and the maiden passed unharmed by the curse. To-night I have saved her life. A resistless impulse! And she hath looked on me." He smote his brow, groaning aloud in the agony he endured.

It may be supposed this revelation was not calculated to allay the listener's apprehensions. Bewildered and agitated, he turned towards the window. The moon was glimmering through the quiet leaves, and he saw a dark and muffled figure in the avenue. It was stationary for a while; then, slowly moving towards the adjoining thicket, was lost to his view. Holt turned to address his visitor, he had disappeared. It was like the passing of a troubled dream, vague, and indistinct, but fraught with horrible conceptions. A cloud seemed to gather on his spirit, teeming with some terrible but unknown doom. Its nature even imagination failed to conjecture.

His first impulse was to visit his daughter. He found the careful nurse by her bedside. As he entered the room, Agnes raised one finger to her lips, in token of silence. The anxious father bent him over his child. Her sleep was heavy, and her countenance flushed. A tremor passed over her features—a groan succeeded. Suddenly she started up. With a look of anguish he could not forget, she cried—

"Help! Oh, my father!" She clung round his neck. In vain he endeavored to sooth her. She sobbed aloud, as if her heart were breaking. But she never told that dream, though her haggard looks, when morning rose on her anxious and pallid countenance; shewed the disturbance it had created.

Days and weeks passed by. The intrusion of the bold outlaw was nigh forgotten. The father's apprehensions had in some degree subsided; but Constance did not resume her wonted serenity. Her earliest recollections were those of the old nursery rhymes with which Agnes had not failed to store her memory. But the giant-killers and their companions now failed to interest and excite. Other feelings than those of terror and of wonder were in operation, requiring a fresh class of stimulants for support,—tales of chivalry; and