

gers. Have you no compassion? Is your heart utterly dead to my distress?"

"I felt deeply for you, Rosamond, a few days ago. I have overcome my weakness, and can behold unmoved, your present agitation. In a few days we part, and you will be rid of me forever. Rise quickly—the men are growing impatient. All remonstrances on your part come too late. My resolution, like yours, is taken, and I mean to abide by it."

Rosamond endeavoured to rise, but, giddy and faint, the power of volition seemed to have deserted her. Doyle raised her slight form in his arms, and carried her to the boat. As it pushed off from the beach, Rosamond turned her streaming eyes to the land, and, stretching forth her arms towards it, uttered one short and agonizing cry, and sank upon the breast of her betrayer, in a state of total unconsciousness.

For a moment Doyle believed that she was actually dead, but the strong and vigorous constitution of the country bred girl, was not so easily destroyed; and after some time, his unhappy victim recovered from her swoon, just as the boat came along-side of a small fishing smack; and she was assisted into the vessel, by Doyle and the captain of the craft.

"Well, my pretty run-away, you see I am here before you,"—said the woman who had betrayed her premeditated flight, to Captain Doyle—stepping forward to receive Rosamond. "I thought you would find riding better than walking through muddy roads on such a dark night. How are you—tired with your journey, hey?—I fancy you will not wish to be hugged by Master Png a second time—ha! ha!—That was an excellent joke—I thought my man would have burst his sides with laughing."

Rosamond turned away, disgusted with this brutal speech, yet bad as the woman was, the presence of another female was a protection to her, in her forlorn and isolated position.

"I am ill and tired," she said. "Do take me to some place where I can lie down and sleep."

"If you go below—you will be sea-sick," said the woman. "I will make a bed for you here upon the deck, with these old cloaks; and I warrant you that you will sleep as soundly as upon a down bed."

Grateful for this little act of kindness, the poor girl lay down her weary head upon the rude couch, and fell into a slumber so long and deep, that the day wore away and midnight came, and the wind arose, and shook the shrouds, and impelled the vessel gallantly upon her course, but she still slept, nor awoke to a consciousness of

her painful situation, until the sun glanced upon the Irish shores.

On attempting to rise, she found her arm so stiff and sore, that she could not lift it, without great pain, and her limbs numb with having slept in the open air. The man at the helm was alone upon deck, and she closed her eyes, and lay still until the woman made her appearance.

"You are a fine sleeper," she said. "Come get up and take a turn—it will do you good. We are in sight of Belfast, where the Captain means to stay for a day or so, and you will be able to look about you."

"I cannot rise," said Rosamond, shuddering. "My limbs are all set fast, and my arm and head ache dreadfully."

"Why the beast did not bite you?—did he?"

"He did, most severely, but I have not been able to examine the wound. I only know that it is dreadfully painful."

The woman knelt down by Rosamond, and stripped up the sleeve of her gown. The teeth of the monkey, had lacerated her arm, just above the elbow; the wound was much inflamed, and the arm greatly swollen.

"The Lord preserve us, child! what an awful wound, and you so quiet about it. Why, I should not wonder if it were to bring on a locked jaw, and cause your death. I will go and speak to the Captain, and tell him the state you are in."

"No, no," said Rosamond, "I would rather bear the pain. We will bathe it with a little warm water, and bind it up with my handkerchief, and it will soon be well."

But Rosamond grew worse, and before night was in a high fever, and Captain Doyle went ashore, to fetch a surgeon to examine and dress the wound.

The girl, he told him, was his niece, whose parents had died in distressed circumstances in England, and he had taken charge of her, and was on his way to Cork, to join his family there. But unfortunately, she had been bitten by a large monkey which had escaped from a caravan, and hid itself beneath the bed, in the inn where they last slept. The girl had been awakened by a noise in the room, and on getting out of bed, in order to ascertain the cause, had been attacked by the savage creature.

Interested in the delicacy and beauty of his patient, and the strange accident that had caused her illness, the doctor advised Captain Doyle to have her removed from the close berth of the vessel, and carried on shore, but this he said was impossible, and the girl must take her chance; the utmost he could do for her, was to delay his voyage for a few days. The medicines and fomen-