BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

One cool October evening—it was the last day of the month, and unusually cool for the time of year-I made up my mind to go and spend an hour or two with my friend Keningale Keningale was an artist (as well as a musical amateur and poet), and had a very delightful studio built on to his house, in which he was wont to sit of an evening. The studio had a cavernous fire-place, designed in imitation of the old-fashioned fire-places of Elizabethan mannor-houses, and in it, when the temperature out-doors warranted, he would build up a cheerful fire of dry logs. It would suit me particularly well, I thought, to go and have a quiet pipe and chat in front of that fire with my friend.

I had not had such a chat for a very long time-not, in fact, since Keningale (or Ken, as his friends called him) had returned from his visit to Europe the year before. He went abroad, as heaffirmed at the time, "for the purposes of study," where at we all smiled, for Ken, so far as we knew him, was more likely to do any thing else than to study. He was a young fellow of a buoyant temperament, lively and social in his habits, of a brilliant and versatile mind, and possessing an income of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year; he could sing, play, scribble, and paint very cleverly, and some of his heads and figure-pieces were really well done, considering that he never had any regular training in art; but he was not a worker. Personally he was fine-looking, of good height and figure, active, healthy, and with a remarkably fine brow, and clear, full-gazing eye. Nobody was surprised at his going to Europe, nobody expected him to do anything there except amuse himself, and few anticipated that he would be soon again seen in New York. He was one of the sort that find Europe agree with them. Off he went, therefore; and in the course of a few months the rumor reached us that he was engaged to a handsome and wealthy New York girl whom he had met in London. This was nearly all we did hear of him until, not very long afterward, he turned up again on Fifth Avenue, to every one's astonishment; made no satisfactory answer to those who wanted to know how he happened to tire so soon of the Old World; while as to the reported engagement, he cut short all allusion to that in so peremptory a manner as to show that it was not a permissible topic of conversation with It was surmised that the lady had jilted him; but, on the other hand, she herself returned home not a great while after, and though she had plenty of opportunities, she had never married to this

Be the rights of this matter what they may, it was soon remarked that Ken was no longer the careless and merry fellow he used to be; on the contrary, he appeared grave, moody, averse from general society, and habitually taciturn and undemonstrative even in the company of his most intimate friends. Evidently something had happened to him, or he had done something. What? Had he committed a murder? or joined the Nihilists? or was his unsuccessful love affair at the bottom of it? Some declared that the cloud was only temporary, and would soon pass away. Nevertheless, up to the period of which I am writing it had not passed away, but had rather gathered additional gloom, and threatened to become permanent.

Meanwhile I had met him twice or thrice at the club, at the opera, or in the street, but had as yet had no opportunity of regularly renewing my acquaintance with him. We had been on a footing of more than common intimacy in the old days, and I was not disposed to think that he would refuse to renew the former relations now. But what I had heard and myself seen of his changed condition imparted a stimulating tinge of suspense or curiosity to the pleasure with which I looked forward to the prospects of this evening. His house stood at a distance of two or three miles beyond the general range of habitations in New York at this time, as I walked briskly along in the clear twilight air I had leisure to go over in my mind all that I had known of Ken and had divined of his character. After all, had there not always been something in his nature—deep down, and held in abeyance by the activity of his animal spirits-but something strange and separate, and capable of developing under suitable conditions into—into what? As I asked myself this question I arrived at his door; and it was with a feeling of relief that I felt the next moment the cordial grasp of his hand, and his voice bidunaffected gratification at my presence. He drew me at once into his studio, relieved me of my hat and cane, and then put his hand on my shoulder.

"I am glad to see you," he repeated. with singular earnsteness-"glad to see you and to feel you; and to-night of all

nights in the year."

"Why to-night especially?" "Oh, never mind. It's just as well, too, you didn't let me know beforehand you were coming; the unreadiness is all, to paraphrase the poet. Now, with you to help me, I can drink a glass of tamarind-water and take a bit draw of the pipe. This would have been a grim night for me if I'd been left to myself."

"In such a lap of luxury as this too!" said I, looking round at the glowing fireplace, the low, luxurious chairs and all the rich and sumptuous fittings of the room. "I should have thought a condemned murderer might make himself comfortable here."

"Perhaps but that's not exactly my category at present. And have you forgotten what night this is? This is No-

have more freedom and power than on any other day of the year. One can see you've never been in Ireland."

been there, either." "Yes, I have been in Ireland. Yes-He paused, sighed and fell into a reverse, from which, however, he soon roused himself by an effort, and went to a cabinet in a corner of the room for the liquor and tobacco. While he was thus employed I sauntered about the studio, taking note of the various beauties, grotesquenesses, and curiosities that it contained. Many things were there to repay study and arouse admiration: for Ken was a good collector, having excellent taste as well as means to back it, but, upon the whole, nothing interested me more than some studies of a female head, roughly done in oils, and, judging from the sequestered positions in which I found them, not intended by the artist for exhibition or criticism. were three or four of the studies, all of the same face, but in different poses and costumes. In one the head was enveloped in a lack hood, evershidowing and partly concealing the features; in another she seemed to be peering duskily through a latticed casement, lit by a faint moonlight; a third showed her splendidly attired in cesions, live years in a moment. evening comme, with jewels in her hair that's a mental experience, not a physical and ears, and sparking on her mowy one, and one that applies, at all events, bosom. The expressions were as various as the poses; now it was demure penetration, now a subtile inviting glance, now burning passion, and again a look of elfish and elusive mockery. In whatever

"Did you find this model abroad?" inquired at length. "She has evidently inspired you, and I don't wonder at it."

phase, the countenance possessed a singu-

lar and poignant fascination, not of beau-

ty merely, though that was very

striking, but of character and quality like-

Ken, who had been heating the tamaraind-water, had not noticed my movements, nowlookedup, andsaid: "Ididn't mean those to be seen. They don't satisfy me, and I'm going to destroy them: but I couldn't rest till I had made some attempts to reproduce— What was it you asked? Abroad? Yes—or no. They were all painted here within the last six weeks.

"Whether they satisfy you or not, they are by far the best things of yours I have ever seen.

"Well, let them alone, and tell me what you think of this beverage. To my thinking, it goes to the right spot. It owes its existence to your coming here. can't drink alone, and those portraits are not company, though, for aught I know, she might have come out of the canvas to-night and sat down in that chair." Then, seeing my inquiring look, he added, with a hasty laugh, "It's November, eve, you know, when anything may happen, provided it's strange enough. Well here's to ourselves."

We each swallowed a deep draught of the smoking and aromatic liquor, and see down our glasses with approval. The punch was excellent. Ken now opened a box of cigars, ane we seated ourselves before the fire-place.

"All we need now," I remarked, after a short silence, "is a little music. Bythe-by, Ken, have you still got the banjo gave you before you went abroad?"

He paused so long before replying that I supposed he had not heard my question. "I have got it," he said at length, "but it will never make any more music." "Got broken, eh? Can't it be mended?

It was a fine instrument."

"It's not broken, but it's past mending. You shall see for yourself.

He rose as he spoke, and going to an other part of the studio, opened a black oak coffer, and took out of it a long object wrapped up in a piece of faded yellow silk. He handed it to me, and when I had unwrapped it, there appeared a thing that might once have been a banjo, but had little resemblance of one now. It bore every sign of extreme age. The wood of the handle was honey-combed with the gnawings of worms, and dusty with dryrot. The parchment head was green with mould, and hung in shrivelled tatters. The hoop, which was of solid silver, was so blacke ned and tarnished that it looked like dilipidated iron. The strings were gone, and most of the tuning-screws had dropped out of their decayed sockets. Altogether it had the appearance of having been made before the Flood, and been forgotten in the forecastle of Noah's Ark ever since.

"It is a curious relic certainly," I said. "Where did you come across it? I had long ago as this. It certainly can't be less | ductions, and met any number of agreeding me welcome in a tone that indicated than two hundred years old, and may be able and famous people. Among others social circle besides my friend the lieumuch older than that."

> right," he said; "it is at least two hun- terested me very much, and before her er, with a face like a sunset, and the surdred years old, and yet it is the very same banjo that you gave me a year ago.'

turn, "since that was made to my order | make, while I wanted to take the opporwith a view to presenting it to you."

"I know that; but the two hundred years have passed since then. Yes, it is first of October, and, zigzagging about the absurd and impossible, I know, but nothing is truer. That banjo, which was made last year, existed in the sixteenth century, and has been rotting ever since. Stay. Give it to me a moment, and I'll rested on, and it seems to be less known convince you. You recollect that your to tourists than many places of infinitely name and mine, with the date, were en- less picturesque value. A lonely region, graved on the silver hoop?"

my own also."

rubbing a place on the hoop with a corner of the yellow silk wrapper; "look at across a group of two or three one-roomed that."

him, and examined the spot which he had in ruins. The few peasants whom one

mes and the date especial when they he you are from banjo ring as it had never rung before, and the date especial when they he you are from banjo ring as it had never rung before, and bricisely. I d cared them to be en, the terestria le en wither n private mark, which I had idly made with fore them. They seem simple and primian old etching point not more than eightmy friend in bewilderment. He sat | gicians, and omens, as the men whom St.

"I'm mystified, I confess," said I. "Come; what is the joke? What method have you discovered of producing the decay of centuries on this unfortunate banjo ! I have heard of an elixir to counteract the effects of time, but your receipt seems to work the other wayto make time rush forward at two hundred times his usual rate, in one place, while he jogs on at his usual gait elsewhere. Unfold your mystery magician. Seriously, Ken, how on earth did the thing

"I know no more about it than you do," was his reply. "Either you and I and all the rest of the living word are insane, predse there has been wrought a miracle as thrange as any in tradition. How can I explain it? It is a common saying—a common experience, if you will—that we may, on certain trying or tremendous oconly to human beings, not to senseless things of wood and metal. You imagine the thing is some trick or jugglery. If it be, I don't know the secret of it. There's no chemical appliance that I ever heard of that will get a piece of solid wood into that condition in a few months, or a few years. And it wasn't done in a few years, or a few months either. A year ago to-day at this very hour that banjo was as sound as when it left the maker's hands, and twenty-four hours afterward-I'm telling you the simple truth—it was as you see it

The gravity and earnestness with which Ken made this astounding statement were evidently not assumed. He believed every word that he uttered. I knew not what to think. Of course my friend might be insane, though he betrayed none of the ordinary symptoms of mania; but, however that might be, there was the banjo, a witness whose silent testimony there was no gainsaying. The more I meditated on the matter the more inconceivable did it appear. Two hundred years—twenty-four hours; those were the terms of the proposed equation. Ken and the banjo both affirmed that the equation had been made; all worldly knowledge and experience affirmed it to be impossible. What was the explanation? What is time? What is life? I felt myself beginning to doubt the reality of all things. And so this was the mystery which my friend had been brooding over since his return from abroad. No wonder it had changed him. More to be wondered at was it that it had not changed

"Can you tell me the whole story?" demanded at length.

Ken quaffed another draught from his glass of tamarind-water and rubbed his hand through his thick brown beard. "I have never spoken to any one of it heretofore," he said, "and I have never meant to speak of it. But I'll try and give you some idea of what it was. You know me better than any one else; you'll understand the thing as far as it can ever be understood, and perhaps I may be relieved of some of the oppression it has caused me. For it is rather a ghastly memory to grapple with alone, I can tell you."

Hereupon, without further preface, Ken related the following tale. He was, I may observe in passing, a naturally fine narrator. There were deep, lingering tones in his voice, and he could strikingly enhance the comic or pathetic effect of a sentence by dwelling here and there upon some syllable. His features were equally susceptible of humorous and of solemn expressions, and his eyes were in form and hue wonderfully adapted to showing great varities of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when Ken was giving utterance to some mysterious passage of the tale they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look which appealed irresistibly to the imagination. But the interest of his story was too pressing to allow of noticing these incidental embellishments at the time, though they doubtless had their influence upon me all the same.

steamer, you remember," began Ken, "and landed at Havre. I went the usual round of sight-seeing on the Continent, no idea that the banjo was invented so | height of the season. I had good intro-Ken smiled gloomily. "You are quite own-you know whom I mean-who infamily left London she and I were engaged. We parted there for the time, be-"Hardly," I returned, smiling in my | cause she had the Continental trip yet to Ireland. I landed at Dublin about the

"There is in that region some of the most lovely scenery that human eyes ever too: during my rambles I met not a single "Yes; and there was a private mark of stranger like myself, and few enough natives. It seems incredible that so beauti-"Very well," said Ken, who had been | ful a country should be so deserted. After walking a dozen Irish miles you come cottages, and, like as not, one or more of I took the decrepit instrument from | those will have the roof off and the walls

goblins, and spiritual beings of all kinds | graved; and there, moreover, was my own | their friends and relatives have gone betive enough at first sight, and yet they een months before. After convincing are as strange and incomprehensible a race "I wasn't aware till now that you had myself that there was no mistake, I laid as any in the world. They are as superstithe banjo across my knees, and stared at | tious, as credulous of marvels, fairies, masmoking with a kind of a grim com- Betrick preached to, and at the same time posure his eyes fixed upon the blanks by re shrewds a chind in the hand, and Petrick preached to, and at the same time bottomless liars. Upon the whole, I met. with no nation on my travels whose company I enjoyed so much, or who inspired me with so much kindliness, curiosity, and repugnance.

"At length I got to a place on the seacoast, which I will not further specify than to say it was not many miles from Ballymacheen, on the south shore. I have seen Venice and Naples, I have driven along the Cornice road, I have spent a the fair lady, still in a state of insensibility month at our own Mount Desert and I ity to his house. And by the same say that all of them together are not se token, Mr. Keningale. observed the beautiful as this glowing, deep-hued, soft- i doctor, knocking the ashes out of gleaming, silvery-lighted, ancient harbor | pipe, 'ye're after passing that very horse and town, with the tall hills crowding on your way here. The one with the round it and the block cliffs and head- dark anchway underneath it, and the lands planting their iron feet in the blue, big mullioned window at the corner. transparent sea. It is a very old place, recollect, hanging over the street, as and has had a history which it has out- might saylived ages since. It may once have had two or three thousand inhabitants; it has deen, dear, interrupted the lieutenant scarce five or six hundred to day. Half | 'sure can't you see we're all dyin to know the houses are in ruins or have disappear- what happened to sweet Miss Fionguale, ed; many of the remainder are standing God be good to her, when I was after ge; empty. All the people are poor, most of | ting her safe upstairsthem abjectly so; they saunter about with bare feet and uncovered heads, the women | self, Mr. O'Connor,' exclaimed the maior in quaint black or dark blue cloaks, the imparting a rotary motion to the ren. men in such anomalous attire as only an nants of whiskey in his tumbler. The Irishman knows how to get together, the children half naked. The only comfortable-looking people are the monks and the he was asked what he'd do if he'd been priests, and the soldiers in the fort. For the Dook o' Wellington, and the Prus. there is a fort there, constructed on the sians hadn't come up in the nick o time at huge ruins of one which may have done duty in the reign of Edward the Black Prince, or earlier, in whose mossy embrasures are mounted a couple of cannon, which occasionally sent a practice-shot or two at the cliffs on the outer side of the harbor. The garrison consists of a dozen men and three or four officers and noncommissioned officers. I suppose they are relieved occasionally, but those I saw seemed to have become component parts of their surroundings.

"I put up at a wonderful little old inn, the only one in the place, and took my meals in a dining-saloon fifteen feet by nine, with a portrait of George I. (a print varnished to preserve it) hanging over the mantel-piece. On the second evening after dinner a young gentleman came in -the dining-saloon being public property, of course-and ordered some bread and cheese and a bottle of Dublin stout. We presently fell into talk; he turned out to be an officer from the fort, Lieutenant O'Connor, and a fine-young specimen of the Irish soldier he was. After telling me all he knew about the town, the surrounding country, his friends, and himself, he intimated a readiness to sympathize with whatever tale I might choose to pour into his ear; and I had pleasure in trying to rival his own outspokenness. We became excellent friends; we had up a half-pint of Kinahan's whiskey, and the lieutenant expressed himself in terms of high praise of my countrymen, my country, and my own particular cigars. When it became time for him to depart I accompanied him-for there was a splendid moon abroad-and bade him farewell at the fort entrance, having promised to come over the next day and make the acquaintance of the other fellows. 'And mind your eye, now, going back, my dear boy,' he called out, as I turned my face homeward. 'Sure 'tis a spooky place, that grave-yard, and you'll as likely meet

the black woman there as anywhere else!' "The grave-yard was a forlorn and barren spot on the hill-side, just the hither side of the fort: thirty or forty rough head-stones, few of which retained any resemblance of the perpendicular, while many were so shattered and decayed as to seem nothing more than irregular natural projections from the ground. Who the black woman might be I knew not, and did not stay to inquire. I had never been subject to ghostly apprehensions, and as a matter of fact, though the path I had to follow was in places very bad going, not to mention a hap-hazard scramble over a ruined bridge that covered a deep-lying brook, I reached my inn with-

out any adventure whatever.

"The next day I kept my appointment "I left New York on an Inman Line | at the fort, and found no reason to regret it; and my friendly sentiments were abundantly reciprocated, thanks more especially, perhaps, to the success of my banjo, and got round to London in July, at the | which I carried with me, and which was as novel as it was popular with those who listened to it. The chief personages in the was a young lady, a country-woman of my tenant were Major Molloy, who was in command, a racy and juicy old campaigngeon, Dr. Dudeen, a long, dry, humorous genius, with a wealth of anecdotical and traditional lore at his command that I have never seen surpassed. We had a tunity to visit the north of England and | jolly time of it, and it was the precursor of many more like it. The remains of October slipped away rapidly, and I was country, I found myself in County Cork | obliged to remember that I was a traveller in Europe, and not a resident in Ireland. The major, the surgeon, and the lieutenant all protested cordially against my proposed departure, but as there was no help for it, they arranged a farewell dinner to take place in the fort on Allhalloween.

dinner with me! It was the essence of Irish good-fellowship. Dr. Dudeen was in great force; the major was better than the best of Lever's novels; the lieutenant was overflowing with hearty good-humor, horse, who was then frightened run, dragging the culprit over rocks and merry chaff, and sentiment limits. merry chaff, and sentimental rhapsodies stumps until dead. He stated that him anent this or the other protter than sodies anent this or the other pretty girl of the self and companions were hired to companions were hired to rubbed. It was incredible, sure enough; sees, however, are affable and hospitable, neighborhood. For my part I made the the murder,

mellow strength of lungs such as you don. often hear outside of Ireland. Amon the stories that Dr. Dudeen regaled us with was one about the Kern of Querin and his wife, Ethelind Fiongula-which bei interpreted signifies 'the white-shoulden ed.' The lady, it appears, was originally betrothed to one O'Connor (here the lier. tenant Dince White lips) but was stolen away on the wedding night by a party vampires, who, it would seem, were at that period a prominent feature amore the troubles of Ireland. But as they were bearing her along—she being unconscious —to that supper where she was not to ea: but to be eaten, the young Kern of Querr. who happened to be out duck-shooting met the party, and emptied his gun at it The vampires fled, and the Kern carrier

"Go 'long wid the house. Dr. Dc.

"Faith, then, I can tell ye that have question to be solved on general prinples, as Colonel O'Halloran said that time Waterlog. 'Faith, says the colonel, 'l' tell ye-

"Arrah, then, major, why would v be interruptin' the doctor, and Mr. Kenn. gale there lettin' his glass stay empty. he hears-The Lord save us! the bottle's

"In the excitement consequent up this discovery, the thread of the doctors story was lost; and before it could be re covered the evening had advanced so ia that I felt obliged to withdraw. It too some time to make my proposition heari and comprehended; and a still longer time to put it in execution; so that it was fully midnight before I found myself stance ing in the cool pure air outside the for. with the farewells of my boon companions

ringing in my ears. "Considering that it had been rathe: wet evening in-doors, I was in a remarkably good state of preservation, and I there fore ascribed it rather to the roughness the road than to the smoothness of the liquor, when, after advancing a few rols. I stumbled and fell. As I picked myself up I fancied I heard a laugh, and supposed that the lieutenant, who had accompanied me to the gate, was makin. merry over my mishap: but on looking round I saw that the gate was closed and no one was visible. The laugh, moreover, had seemed to be close at hand, and even to be pitched in a key that was rathed feminine than masculine. Of course must have been deceived: nobody was near me: my imagination had played an a trick, or else there was more truth than poetry in the tradition than Halloween the carnival-time of disembodied spirits. It did not occur to me at the time that a stumble is held by the superstitious list to be an evil omen, and had I remembered it it would only have been to laugh a it. At all events, I was physically note the worse for my tumble, and I resume my way immediately.

"But the path was singularly difficult

to find, or rather the path I was following did not seem to be the right one. I did not recognize it; I could have sworn (except knew the contrary) that I had never seed it before. The moon had risen, though her light was as yet obscured by clouds. but neither my immediate surroundings no the general aspect of the region appeared familiar. Dark, silent hill-sides mounted up on either hand, and the road, for the most part, plunged downward, as if conduct me into the bowels of the earth. The place was alive with strange echoes. so that at times I seemed to be walking through the midst of muttering volces and mysterious whispers, and a wild, fault sound of laughter seemed ever and and to reverberate among the passes of the hills. Currents of colder air sighing up through narrow defiles and dark crevices touched my face as with airy fingers. certain feeling of anxiety and insecurity began to take possession of me, though there was no definable cause for it, unless that I might be belated in getting home. With the perverse instinct of those who are lost I hastened my steps, but was impelled now and then to glance back over my shoulder, with a sensation of being pursued. But no living creature was in sight. The moon, however, had now risen higher, and the clouds that were drifting slowly across the sky flung into the naked valley dusky shadows, which oc casionally assumed shapes that looked like the vague semblance of gigantic human

"How long I had been hurrying of ward I know not, when, with a kind of suddenness, I found myself approaching a

grave-yard. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the Mexicans implicated in the "I wish you could have been at that one of the Mexicans implicated mean inner with me! It was a that one of the four men at a dance near murder of the four men at a dance near murder of the four men at a dance near men at a da Gardner was overtaken by armed citizens A rope was placed round his neck, the other end fastened to the saddle of a horse, who was then frightened into a

blace of all is the ustice, where Chen sits in ity of his glory to try Chi This hall is covered in by canopy, the gable ends of elup in approved Chine ourth, or front side, open vard facing the doors of the The seat of justice is vern throne with a table in f table rests simply an inksta imitation of a human han pose the pens with which his sentences. Behind th ela large number of ve boards or stands, the boar ed with hieroglyphics deta of the mandarin. That r law occasionally gives mor ntisfaction to people w They go away pleas extol his goodness on a which they send to him. Chen at once puts in the chair ; it is a testimonial can be seen by all who co and it can be carried out whenever he goes throu state. Said an American companied in as he saw boards must be very con pointed suitors : they she is not around just now. me time or other. anyli Our introduction to MI in the presence of a litt could speak nothing but was politer but firm on

MR. CHEN'S CO

morning But the car sentences was a very diff if we wantel see THE ARM OF IT SPICE RE we must come a little'. la turned when exeming has candles were lighted. felt he could begin. gized for the paucity of last he prepared to take hinted that those he w with might well make u for they were parlous re ing of many stripes -- w to give them. Then, m led the way from his rec judgment seat, preceded with a tremendous gong lows with high red con each armed with split h men bearing canguesof board with a neck-ho Bang went the gong. the lictors. who were gathered in t went Mr. Cher to exec saw that on a form nea sat a ragged and mise ently wait ing for some doleful. They alone of yard shouted not. Th

could not execute justice

light. Try prisoners he

the early morn : somehonce disposed of 300 cul

ing to do later on, and serving their powers. shortly received good "Chang Huen." said "Chang Huen, echoe was seized by the pigt his knees, but all to 1 hundred blows, eja looking at his judicial the culprit was seize with the emical caps. along the stones in fro point where the ma good view of him, and face, his arms being t by one lictor, while h portion of his clothin dently knew what wa howled piteously. save him, for so soon had got him into pro knelt on himsone of boos came up, and, s ground, began to str part of the naked blows as they fell. pite Chang Huen's 1 the first

> but I saw soon after was already black. twenty-five strokes or quite six inches No. 2 new cime.up twenty-five; then l ther turn, and lastly It will perhaps be t thus inflicted would skin was not broke that the bruises wor ten days at most. flogged as they are shoulder blades, are more, though I was without breaking th painful than it le however, had very was evidently eithe cunious man, for n ing over than he w more by the pigtai

PUNISHMENT W

Far more fortun followed him, and down by the lictor in such a way that s.e them plainly mean ?" I asked of preter. "He mea not spoilee too my the instantaneous said I, "he cannot under the nose of t said the interpret

the yard to the pri

he screeching loud