REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Mistorical story of the Cremwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER XX .- CONTINUED.

Whether it was that her senses were rendered more acute by her anxiety, or that the thoughts that were whirling through her brain made her mistake internal sersations for the action of exterior things, she found it difficult to determine; but it appeared to her as if there was an ominous sound in the slightest motion of the air. There was, she funcied, a sigh in the slightest breeze that fanned her cheek, and a groan given forth as she heard the shutting or opening of a dis-tant door, whilst the fierce howls of the dogs seemed to her the raging of a storm as it busts on a rocky shore, and with it was occasionally mixed the unnatural, hideous, newnoted yelp of "the tiger," which seemed to come up to her from the court-yard as the agonized shriek of a dying wretch, whose last drowning cry is smothered by the foam of the relentless billow that is about to bury him down in the sea for ever.

Julith struggled with these feelings for a long time; bringing to her aid her resolute | conquering them-even though, after a few moments, they rose again in their strength to unnerve her. At length she believed she had overcome them completely, when a new species of terror assailed her—it was 'the dead, the awful, and the sudden stillness that she felt surrounding her. There was not a breath, not a motion, not a sound! It was as if nature or art had conspired or contrived that there should be such a complete absence of all motion, that the slightest noise made by her in attempting her escape could not fail to betray her.

Poor Judith! her long, sad, solitary confinement had made a deep inroad upon her constitution in weakening her body, and numbing her mind, blunting her brave spirit, and undermining her powers of endurance. Ah, me! how many sad, sad hours are there in this dreary, weary world! How many a noble spirit it quells, and how many a generous being it destroys, whilst selfishness reigns supreme, and with a cold but sure hand eruskes to death many a loving heart! Who can tell the effects on an ardent spirit and an impulsive nature of coerced inactivity and compulsory lassitude? Its results may be calculated by gravestones; its sufferings can never be known but on that Day when shall be unfolded to an appalled universe a record of ALL that each of us had said, and done, and thought.

Foor Judith!-she was young, unaided, unadvised, and she was about to accompany, she knew not where nor for how long a period, a half-witted boy, whose imbecile mind, like his dwarfed body, appeared to place him be-yond the pale of humanity. Who can be surprised to hear, under such circumstances, that the once valiant Judidh was, for the moment, exposed to vain fears and baseless apprehensions, or that when she detected the slight noise made by opening the casement in the tower opposite to that in which she sat, an unaccountable feeling of deep awe fell upon her? Her spirit was abated, but her will was firm; and therefore it was with a steady hand she fastened the rope by which "the imp"

could pass over to her. The noise made by flinging across the rope aroused the vigilance of the dogs beneath, and their loud barks and vells were renewed with the same clamor as when they observed Judith looking at them in the day time.

Judith's lips trembled as she heard this outbust of canine ferocity. She looked down into the court-yard, but could discern nothing beneath. She only knew the raging brutes were below by their untiring howls.

This clamor continued for some minutes, when she observed a lighted lanthorn moving beneath in the darkness, and neard words speken in soothing tones to the dogs. She was sure she could remark "the imp" carrying some food along with his lamp, and the dogs following him; then there was again darkness for a minute or two, and at last the lamp reappeared, and was borne about to different parts of the yard, as if he who carried it was in search of something. It appeared to Judith as if one of the dogs was missing, and the person with the lamp was looking for it, and tempting the animal to come to him: for she was sure she heard the words, "Come Sir,-hi, hi! here, good dog, come here! This continued for a minute or two, and the lamp again disappeared; and then again there was a deep, solemn, and profound stillmess; and in the midst of it, and whilst still looking down into the dark court-yard bemeath, Judith perceived "the imp" was beside her. Pulling her dress, he whispered in a low voice :--

" Ready?" "Yes-what have you done with the

degs?"
" Locked up."

"Go on, I'll follow you," said Judith. The imp cast the rope ladder into the yard

and then, getting outside the window, he said : "Follow me; I'll guide your feet; hold your whip in your mouth; you'll want both hands to hold fast." Judith did as she was directed.

scarcely ventured to breathe as she felt herself in the air; her feet guided from step to step by the imp until she was sure she was near the earth, when her foot was let go, at the same instant that her conductor cried

"Ob, God!-jump, jump to the ground at once; one of the dogs I thought I had put up is out; he has a fast hold of me. Strike him on the head with your whip, or he will crush the bone of my legs to pieces."

"Where is the brute?" cried Judith, as she bounded to the earth, forgetting all her fears, the moment that a struggle was impending, and that a human creature appealed to her for assistance. "Where is the brute? and where are you?"

"Here! here! oh! I'm destroyed." "Where?" said Judith, as she grasped the whip in her nervous right hand, and stretched

out her left to find the boy, and so turn where she could inflict a death-blow on the dog. The hand of Judith, in searching for the bey, lighted on the head of the dog, and it released its hold of the imp to make a snap at her hand, its fierce teeth touching the flesh, and tearing away a particle of the skin that

covered the lowermost joint of the little Auger. The brute thus missing its snap, tere the clothes of Judith in the endeavor to reach her feet; but before it could effect its purpose a blow from her whip had stunned it, and "the imp," with a single pull of a short knife across its throat, deprived it of life.

This conflict with the dog did not last half a minute, and beyond the noise made from the erashing blow of Judith's whip on the dog's head, not the slightest sound was to be heard. 'The dog uttered neither bark, nor cry, nor yelp, whether in making his attack, or in succumbing to the death-blows received by him.

"I hope you are not much hurt," said Judith, as she rolled a handkerchief around her left hand, to stop the blood which she felt

to be flowing quickly. "Lamed for a month," cried the imp; "it

does not bleed much-but I don't care-I won't feel it when grand-daddy gives me my bottle."

"Bottle! of what medicine does your grand-daddy give you a bottle?" asked

"Usquebaugh, nice usquebaugh," said the imp, smacking his lips, though his leg was ringing with pain. "Come haste, you make haste.

"Will you not stop to bind up your leg." "No! no! no! not time-haste, haste haste. This way, give me your hand. Ha! he has bit you-I sec-more sorry for you than myself! Brave girl! tried to save me! Come, come, come! haste! Pity you haven't usquebaugh. Come, come, come. I want my bottle to stop this pain."

Judith gave her hand to the boy, and he led her through what was to her impenetrable darkness. All she could ascertain was, as she wound her whip about, that for some time they were going through narrow passages; and then that they were at last in the open air, and as the darkness scemed to recede from her view, that they had passed beyond matter with him?" the walls of the fortress, and were walking upon grass; at last she heard the pawing of a horse, and then felt that such an animal was at her side.

"Mount," said the imp, "I'll ride before

you." Judith felt that a pillion had been provided for her, and in front of it was a small saddle for the imp.

"This is," observed Judith, as her practised hand ran along the horse's head, neck, and | meaning of the imperfectly informed being shoulders, " a very powerful horse. Have you | before her. the strength to manage him?"

"You'll see," answered the imp. Judith at once mounted. The imp clambered into the saddle before her, and then uttering the ejaculation "Hi, Sirl" away dashed the animal as if it had started for a race. "The horse cannot long keep to that pace,"

emarked Judith "Then another will."

"What, a relay of horses." " Yes."

"Who has provided them?" "Daddy, I'm told."

"Who told you that?" "Hi, Sir!" shouted out the imp, either not hearing, or pretending not to hear the ques-

Judith tried again to speak, but each time that she began a question, the imp, upon hearing the first word spoken, again burst out, with his usual cry to the horse of "Hi, Sir! and so bailled all her attempts to keep up a conversation with him.

And all this time the horse was going on at a mad gallop. At last its pace began to weary, and scarcely did Judith note this change, than the imp cried out, "Another horse! then another—then another again! Jack-sour-and away."

And so, four different times in the same night, were horses changed for Judith; but on no occasion could she perceive any one either in attendance with them, or to take care of those that had been used; but at each stage into which the journey was broken, there was a saddle and pillion ready prepared, with a fresh horse, on which to start her and her strange companion.

At last day came, and disclosed to her a portion of the country in which she could not recognize a single feature with which she had been previously acquainted. Before her was an old ruined square tower, for a long time discernible ere she reached it; but when she came opposite to its half-covered moat, the imp sent the horse, with a leap, bounding across it; and the next instant stopped, dismounted, nodded to Judith to do the same, and then, with his finger directed her to go inside the tower.

Judith acted upon the intimations of the imp. She perceived, upon entering, there was but a single room in the base of the tower -if that could be called a room which was without a roof, except a small portion covered over with a wooden shed, directly underneath which were trusses of straw, on which were stretched clean blankets. On a table, in the centre of the room, were two pitchers of milk, and two loaves of bread.

"For you," said the imp; "breakfast, dinner, bed—sleep till night; I'll then be with you—

bring you to daddy."

As he uttered the last word he rushed out of the place, and in a minute afterwards she heard the words-" Hi, Sir, alive!" followed by the quick galloping of a horse.

The imp had vanished! Judith was again alone. She hastened, as she heard the noise of the horse's feet, to the door in front of the tower, and when she sought to discover the imp he had disappeared. She walked all around the banks of the moat, and then perceived she was in the very mids; of a desolate country, with moors and bogs on all sides, and not the smallest appear-

ance of a living thing within her view. The bleak prospect was alike destitute of man as of beast; no human habitation by the side of the rough paths, for they were unworthy the name of roads, and no animals feeding in the

"Again left to myself! again without a companion !- a solitude as complete as that of my late prison; but, oh, how superior! for here are God's own works around me; but there were not only man's works, but man's iniquities. Ah!" said Judith, "bow sudden and severe a pang, and from so slight a wound too!"

As Judith thus spoke, a tingling, torturing pain, that seemed to thrill in every nerve, shot up from her little fineer to her arm, and made her tremble for the moment with the agony it caused her.

"This is strange! what can be the reason for it? I must look to an injury on which I never fancied I should have to bestow a second thought."

With these words, Judith unloosed the handkerchief she had bound around her hand the night before. She perceived that there had been but a slight discharge of blood once the handkerchief had been tied; but although the incision of the teeth was scarcely peceptible, and the small piece of flesh removed from the hand almost insignificant, still all the hand around the slight wound was red and

swollen. "Ah!" thought Judith to herself, "if I were in my usual health, this slight cut would be nothing; but now my long anxiety-my fears of being overtaken last night—the fatigue to a pin would, I suppose, afflict me as much as the small nip given to me by that wicked, ill conditioned brute. I must ask the imp which of them it was. Now, with a good bathe of my hand in fresh water with this handkerchief steeped in cold water around it and with a sound sleep, I hope to be able to meet my dear father to-night, almost as well as ever I

The shades of evening were beginning to tall, when the imp stood by the side of Judith who lay in a profound sleep. He touched her with his hand, and said :-

" Time to go." " I'm ready.

The imp looked with surprise at the table, as the food lay on it untouched.

-"I was not disposed to eat, but I have slept | -here!" And so speaking, he dashed into almost ever since."
"Steep! I'll never sleep sgain."

" Why ?"

"Oh I this leg!—this leg!" "What, is it paining you?"

The imp pointed from his hip to his toe, and cried as if in intense agony—"Pain—pain all pain !"

"Which of the dogs was it that attacked us ?"

"The white dog."

"Ah! the tiger," thought Judith to herself.

"Why did you not shut him up at the same

time with the other dogs last night?" "I thought I did-but he hid himself. For some days back he did not come for food, and when I thought I had been tempting them all out of the yard, he must have stayed behind -hid his eyes from the light-and then, not knowing me in the dark, he bit me; and you

he bit, because he did not know you." "I have noticed," said Judith, "that same dog going on in a very strange manner for the last few days. Have you heard what is the

"Oh! yes."

"What is it?" " Mad !"

"Mad!" exclaimed Judith; "the dog mad! Good heavens! Then you and I are both

lost." " Not at all!" answered the imp, with seem-

ing indifference.
"Not at all! What do you mean?" asked Judith, hoping she had misapprehended the

"No harm can overtake him who has plenty of usquebaugh. I'll soon have plenty. What do I care for mad dogs?—mad dogs cannot do me any harm. Oh! this leg! this leg!" cried the imp, as he hopped about. "But come, no more time to lose. We must be off

to meet daddy." "Come! come! come speedily. If what you say of the dog be true, there is indeed no time on this earth for me to spare. First to see my father-that one last, sole happiness the world can give me; and then to meet that other Father, who seated in Heaven, looks down with the unceasing vigilance of ever watchful love upon His erring, poor, weak, mortal children."

"Come! come for the grand cure," cried the imp, as he mounted the saddled horse in front of Judith. " For the cave, and then for such an everlasting drink of usquebaugh!"

CHAPTER XXI.

" What a strange! what an awful! and what a gloomy-looking place is this!" said Judith, as, having crept upon her hands and knees through a long passage, she at length stood erect in a cavern, which looked like a natural hollow in a mountain side, dimly illuminated through a few crevices of the rocks of which it was composed.

"In what a stronge place I am to meet my father! How unlike our last parting to our next greeting! Then I knew no sorrow then health was rioting in every vein; and now—death is upon me! Yes! yes! that poor semi-idiot has told the truth. The dog was mad; and the poison that was in his foul body he has infused into mine, and burns and chills by turns this poor wounded limb. Be it so! be it so! It was well received. It has fallen upon me in a good cause. It was injured in the effort to save another from injury; and better—far better—that life should be so taken from me, than that I should lose it when sinning, or thinking of sin. Yes; God is very merciful, and I must prepare myself to meet Him; but then, my father—my poor, poor, dear father. What tidings are these I have to tell him! Oh! death! death! there is thy bitterest pang. Leave me, boy, leave me, said Judith, turning to the imp, who had tollowed her into the cave, and who stood watching her, whilst she was thus soliloquising with

herself. There was a new and a strange expression

the face "the im So new and so strange was this expression that, despite of the sad and absorbing thoughts that filled the mind of Judith, she could not refrain from taking notice of the youth. Instead of the malignant grin, which at all times and upon all other occasions distorted the countenance of the imp, it now marked with profound sorrow, an anxious care and a deep gloom; whilst sighs issued incessantly from his lips, and he moved, not as he had been wont, with the agility of a baboon, but with the slow, hesitating, and halting step of a wounded animal. It was as if suffering and affliction, for the first time acutely felt were awaking in the intellect of this poor young creature faculties and sentiments that had

previously lain dormant. "Alas! alas!" cried Judith, as she looked upon him.

"I see in you face a confirmation of my fears. What can I do for you my poor boy? In what manner can I assist vou?

" No ways," replied the imp.

"Then leave me here," said Judith. "I do not wish to leave you."

"Then remain."

"I do not wish to remain."

"You do not wish to remain-and you do not wish to leave me here. What do you mean? Is it that I should not remain here?"

"But it is not here that my father is to meet me?"

"It is." "Ah! then, be the consequences what they may, here I must—and here I will remain, until I see my father."

The imp's eyes filled with tears, and falling on his knees, and clasping her hands, he said to her, "I cannot, dare not tell all I suspect and fear; but you you were bitten by the dog in trying to save me. You tried to save me. -I-I want to save you; there's but one way of doing it; leave this place before your dad-

My poor boy, cried Judith, deeply moved by this manifestation of teeling on the part of the imp. Not at all the world the wealth of the world-or the medical skill of this world could save you or myself from impending fate a horrible death! We are sad companions in

I understand you. There is danger, I suppose, hanging over my father by his coming here; there is danger to my life in my remaining where I am. Much better for me then, to stay where I am, because, by so doing, which I was unused, and the long ride, have I may in time give warning to my father of all inflamed my blood, so that the scratch of the peril that threatens him, and so prolong an existence that is dearer to me than my own.

"Come, come," cried the imp, catching Judith by her robe. "Come, come, or you'll be too late. Come, I say," he added, tugging impatiently, like a fretted and spoiled child when one of its wishes has been unexpectedly thwarted. "Come! Oh! do come, or you'll be too late."

"Never-never," answered Judith. "Here my father is coming to meet me; and here,

therefore, will I remain." The imp started away from her, threw himself on his hands, and placing one of his hornlike ears to the ground, stayed in that listening position for a moment, then jumped up

the narrow dark entrance, and disappeared. "My father! my beloved father!" cried

Judith, as she flung herself upon her knees. Judith listened for the approaching footsteps; and, as she did so, she tried to pray, whilst her sense of hearing and her devotional aspirations were disturbed by alternate chills and flushes, which made her tremble now with cold, and then buru as if with a fever. A strange stiffness fell upon her neck, and there was the sensation as of a strong hand grasping her round the throat, and endeavoring to choke her.

Poor Judith!

Lawson and Ludlow were punctual in keeping the appointment made with Gerald Geraghty. At the hour fixed upon they were to the very moment in front of the old ruined square tower; and at the self-same moment Geraghty came from out of the tower, and greeted them from the mound surrounding it.

"You are welcome," said Geraghty; "not a moment too soou—not a minute too late, you, Mr. Lawson, to see your daughter, and you, Mr. Ludlow, to witness revenge for old wrongs fully satisfied."

"And too long delayed," remarked Lud-

completely at last, is still done in time," re- out the thinge from the fire-box, and to do plied Geraghty. "I hope you are both well | what I told you. If they do not molest me, armed?"

"You may be sure of that," replied Lud- usquebaugh, and then-

low. "And you are not disposed, I suppose, to

snow the least mercy?"
"Mercy!" exclaimed Lawson. "Mercy is it I show mercy to the villain who has laid his brutal hands upon my daughter?" "It is a crime not to be forgiven,"

marked Geraghty. "Oh! never! never!" replied Lawson. "It is one of those wrongs that can never be appeased but in blood."

"So I say!" drily remarked Geraghtv. "But, come, gentlemen, I have but to mount my horse, and then I shall be with you." Geraghty withdrew to the tower. He there looked carefully to a small iron box he had

brought from Dublin with him -saw that the matches, tinder and fine powder were in due order—re-clasped the box—placed it beneath the flap of the saddle, and then, getting on his horse, rejoined Ludlow and Lawson in the high road.

"Have we much farther to travel?" asked Ludlow.

"Not more than two miles-scarcely two miles," replied Geraghty. "And now, to give you, gentlemen, the last directions, and to make our final arrangements. The place where the parties you are in search of are concealed, is in some sort of a hole, cell, cave, or cavern in one of these hills-I am not quite sure which it is; but a scout-a little boy, will be on the lookout for us. When we have met this boy, what I propose is, either that I should enter the cave before you, or you before me-whichever you please; or let one of you go first, I shall then follow, and another of you can follow me—I am indifferent which is done. All I want is that we make our arrangements now, and act upon them when we get there; for when there it will be necessary for us not to speak one word until we are all safe inside the place, face to face, and standing before old enemies whose villanies are well known to each of

"A very proper arrangement, and a very wise precaution," remarked Ludlow; "and sure to lead to a most desirable result." "Most desirable, indeed!" again drily re-

marked Geraghty. "Well, what do you propose, Lawson?" asked Ludlow; "I will do whatever you say."

"I was at one time in a cavern in a hill side in this part of the country," answered Lawson; "and nothing but the hope of seeing my child would ever induce me to enter another. Let the old man, then, go first, I will dearfollow, and you can bring up the rear. "Be it so," replied Ludlow.

"I have taken care," said Geraghty, "to have the news conveyed to Miss Lawson that her father is coming to rescue her; she will be then on the watch for you, Sir; and there is the chance that in the hope of seeing you she may be able to make some excuse, so as to get for an instant, at least, from the Fitzpatricks, and so to be able to see you alone for a few moments. If this supposition turn out to be correct, it would perhaps be better for you to enter first, for your friend to be by your side to sustain you, in case the Fitzpatricks are present; and then the most feeble arm in a combat, my own, would be the last to engage

"It is the better plan of the two," said Lawson. "It is, too, the one most pleasing to me; for that which I most desire in this world is to see again my darling child-no matter how, no matter when, and no matter where."

"Now we understand each other perfectly," said Ludlow; "Lawson first, myself second,

our friend here, last." "And though last," added Geraghty, " not less anxious than either of you to see condign punishment inflicted by a father on one who has done him wrong. And now, gentlemen, from henceforth, silence. I will ride in front, so as to be recognized by the boy who is on

the watch for me.' The old man, Gerald Geraghty, rode for-The agility and the buoyancy of youth seemed to be restored to his withered limbs and wasted frame. There was a triumph in the manner in which he flourished his whip, and a species of waggery in the way he squared his elbows and turned out his toes as he urged his horse to a more rapid pace than usual. Nothing but the powers of a daguerreotype, manipulated by a Claudet could convey an accurate transcript of the mingled expression of ferocity and fun, of hate and mirth that corrugated his brow and smirked about the hard lines of his toothless mouth, every time his eye rested for a moment

on the two men who follswed him. A complete—and it was felt by Lawson and Ludiow as an awful silence—fell upon the party of horsemen for a full half hour.

On a sudden, as the rough, steep road made a sharp turn direct into the hill, the old man was seen talking for a few minutes to one so diminutive, that he appeared to Ludlow and Lawson to be a very young boy. They could not, however, hear the conversation that

The conversation between the imp and the old man was very brief; but very important. Those who followed had no idea with what terrible consequences to themselves it was fraught.

" Is the woman in the cave?" The imp nodded assent. " Does she suspect anything?" The imp again nodded. "Why?

"She is ill-very ill-in great pain, and so am I."

"You! What is the matter?" "Both were bitten in the court-yard." "How was that?" Why did you not secure the dogs?"

"I thought I had. The white dog would again, let fall his hands by his side, and not eat food, and did not follow me. He first howled rather than cried out, "Woel woel bitme, and then bit her in trying to save me." Judith remarked his surprise, and then said too late! they are coming! they are The old man turned ghastly pale, and his hat, and letting the cloak he wore fall from admired—the readiness of your fancy, or the

lips trembled, as he said, with terror: "Unhappy boy! Hapless girl! bitten in trying to it was I, who—"
save the life of my grandson. Why is the His speech was interrupted; for as he save the life of my grandson, why is the spoke, Judith's quick hand was inside her lain? But there's no saving her now. She's already doomed. I could not save her if I would. But are you sure it was the white

dog?".
"Sure!—right sure—I cut his throat." "The white dog! Why he seemed for the

last few days to be going-"Mad," answered the imp. "Sullivan, the keeper told me so on Tuesday. But I don't care. Usquebaugh, you know, cures every thing. Have you got it for me?"
"Here it is," said the old man, producing a

large bottle from one of the wide pockets of a large outside coat. The imp made a clutch at it, but the old-

man was too quick for him. He drew it out of the reach of the boy, and thrusting it into his pocket, said :--

"Not yet, not yet. Here is the fire-box. I have shewn you what to do with it. Now mind what I say to you. You are to keep your eye fixed on the place I shewed you; you can there see everything that is going on in the cavern. The people there, when they find me alone, may want to take your bottle from me, but I won't give it to them. In saving it I may be knocked down. If I am, "I agree with you, Sir—too long, entirely ing it I may be knocked down. If I am, too long delayed; but that which is done your only chance to get your bottle is to take then I will leave them, and bring you your

> The old man smiled at the thought of being able, in safety, to complete the diabelical

plan he had projected.
"Now, boy, away! Observe, if you see me struck or knocked down, then, but not before

then, use the fire-box." The boy nodded assent, made a motion as if he was striking a spark from a flint, and ran off towards the hills.

As the boy disappeared, the old man turned to his fellow-travellers, and said : " All right ! Your daughter, Sir, is in the cave, and, you may be sure, anxious to hear your footsteps, because certain you will save her from her persecutor."

"That I will." replied Lawson, " or die in the attempt."

"So I expect," replied Geraghty. "Great caution, however, will be required. Let us dismount here. You can follow me on foot from this place to the entrance of the cavern. When there, you can easily find your way in, as the boy tells me there are a couple of lamps lighted. Their brightness in the midst of darkness will be a sure guide to you."

The horses of the travellers were tied together; and thence they proceeded by a precipitous path, through rocks, to the mouth of

the cavern. The night was dark; but still the path which Lawson was travelling seemed to be familiar to him, and when Geraghty pointed out the entrance to the cavern, he said in whispering accents, marked with some emotion: "I feel almost certain I have been in this pleae—certainly in one very like it—before now."

"Very probably you have," answered Geraghty, "but this is no time for talking. Your daughter is in there, if you wish to try and

recover her." Lawson said no more, but entered with firm and cautious steps into the mouth of the cave, closely followed by Ludlow. As they advanced, they found it necessary first to stoop,

and finally, at last, to creep on their knees. advanced by the light of the lamp, a woman on her knees, and from her dress and figure, wretched satisfaction for which he had he felt not the slightest doubt it was his labored—that of torturing Lawson, previous daughter Judith; still he said not a word, but to slaying him, by the recital, in the presence kept creeping on slowly, slowly. He at last of his daughter, of the base and unmanit emerged into the cave, and then, bounding to his feet, and without waiting for Ludlow, he

made the cave ring with the salutation :your father."

Poor Judith could say no more. She had started from her knees as she spoke, and rushed with onen arms to meet Lawson; but before he could catch her she fell heavily,

with her face to the earth. "Oh! my child! my child! my darling child!" exclaimed Lawson, as with trembling hands he raised her from the earth, and covered her cheeks, eyes, forehead, and mouth

with his kisses. The unhappy man's short ecstacy of happiness was doomed to be of brief duration; for his daughter was awakened to conscious- given him." ness by the fervor of his affection, and the ardor of his kisses. And as she opened her eyes, she flung her arms around his neck, and said, as she burst into tears, "Oh! father father, do not venture to kiss me. Oh! do not, as you love me; dare not to touch my mouth with your lips. Oh! dear, dear father, make me happy, and say you have not touched my lips. Oh! father, father, forgive me if you have done so! for if you have I have slain you—slain you! Oh! God be mer

ciful to me." "My darling child!" cried Lawson, bewildered alike by his affection and the strange words of his daughter, "what mean you" Why talk so wildly? Has sudden joy at our thus meeting crazed you? Kiss you, my beloved Judith! Kissed you! aye have I, a thousand times. Wherefore not kiss you now as I ever have done?"

"Oh, father, as you love me, as you love your ever-true, ever-fond, and ever-darling child, make me happy by the assurance that your lips have not touched mine, which burn with a raging fire: oh! say that your mouth has not inhaled my breath, which is hot as a

blast from the entrails of Etna." , Good heavens! what is the matter with

you, Judith? are you mad?" "Oh! yes, dear, dear father, I am mad, mad, mad! Oh! the worst of madness is upon me. I have been bitten by a mad dog; and if you have kissed me I have poisoned you," cried Judith, as she flung again her arms round her

rather and burst into tears. "My child, my beloved Judith, whatever strange fancy possesses you, this at least is certain, you are ill, very ill. But come, my child, I am here to release you from your enemies. Ludlow, look to the entrance of the cave, that they may not escape us. there comes our old friend to assist us."

As Lawson spoke, Judith looked up. Her eyes gleamed at Ludlow for an instant, but did not rest upon him. It was not so, however, with old Geraghty, for, although he had his hat slouched down over his brows, and the cape of his riding-coat drawn up about his face, still he could not conceal from Judith's scrutinizing gaze his large, staring, watchful greedy eyes, with the red eye-lids and red eye-brows. Despite himself, there was a gleam of of recognition in his malignant eyes, as Judith's look fastened on him. Judith looked a second time at her jailer,

then her eye wandered around the cavernand then she looked at the old man again; it was a long, earnest, and painful look. At length she turned to her father, and suddenly asked him the question :---

"Who brought you here? Who told you that you would find me in this cavern?" "It was I," said Geraghty, casting aside his his shoulders. "It was I-Gerald Geraghty.

dress, the dagger that Fitzgerald had given her was withdrawn, and flung with desperate force and an unerring aim, it was quivering in the neck of Geraghty, who fell at once to the earth rolling in his blood.

Lawson and Ludlow were both horrified at this spectacle, and gazed by turns at Judith, and at the old man as he writhed in agony upon the ground, trying in vain to speak.

There was silence for some minutes in the cave, and the only interruption to it was the

distant rapid clicking of a flint.
"What means this, Judith?" at last asked
Lawson. "Why have you slain the good old man, without whose aid I never should have discovered your place of concealment."

"Oh!" replied Judith, her eyes glowing with the fire of insanity, "that was my worst enemy. He it was who had me carried away from you; he it was who kept me in a prison: he it was who owned the animal. Oh! these fearful, fearful, dogs, who have made me mad, and why did he—Ah! the old wretch is dead! there he lies at last, slain by a woman! And why did he, dear, dear father, so persecute me? Because—oh the ruthless, false old villain—because he said—you heard him state who he was,—Gerald Geraghty—because, he said, in a cavern like to this, you, my own fond, loving father-you-only think of such a falsehood-he said that you had slain his wife, butchered his daughter, and all this for the sake of getting some property not yours, but that belonged to persons named Fitzpatrick; and finding him tell such atrocious tales of you, and seeing him here with you, I knew, for I saw it in his eyes, that he had brought you, and me, and this gentleman also, to murder us; and when I saw him, and remembered all he said, I was resolved that he, at least, should die before us-and soand so I slew him. Was 1 not right, my beloved father, in so doing?"

The question so put by Judith Lawson was never responded to in this world; for as she spoke, there was a hissing sound as of many serpents, and then along the sides of the cavern, and over the floor, there came twisting, twirling, narrow lines of fire, running back. wards and forwards, so that it was impossible for the dazzled eye to tell to which object they were tending, or whither they were

going. "A mine! a mine!" cried Ludlow, as he bounded towards the entrance, in the hope he might be in time to escape the explosion but as he spoke, the earth yawned beneath his feet, and a sheet of fire arose, and in a moment there burst from the cavern's mouth a mass of heated rocks and scalding earth. which, striking "the imp" as he stood before it, sent his shattered limbs in fragments down the hill side—the only memorial that the eye of man ever looked upon of that dark and diabolical act of vengeance by which the wrong-doers and the wronged, the innocent and the guilty were involved in the one com-

mon chaos of destruction! A fearful, a cruel, and an unprovoked act of barbarity had, after the long lapse of thirty years, been fearfully, cruelly, and we may add basely avenged. Great wrong had been done to Gerald Geraghty; but he was not content to leave the punishment of the wrong-doer to Heaven; for taking upon himself—weak, poor, short-sighted mortal!—that which is the office of Omnipotence, the result was that all his toil, trouble, fabrications, and schemes At last Lawson was able to discern, as he | ended in his own perdition. He was cut off in the midst of his sins, without having that

deeds done by him in his youth. The evil deed was punished; but the avenger was baffled even at the moment that "Judith!-my beloved!-here! here is all his plans were crowned with success. The sweetness of revenge was refused, and "Oh! my father! at last! my dear, the bitterness of death was, by his own act, brought upon him. Patience under hissuffer ings, and forgiveness, with prayers for his enemies, might have won for him heaven. He would not pardon, he could not forgive and he dare not pray, and his end was the

destruction of his own soul. And so it was from the beginning, and so it will be to the end, whenever men assume to themselves the functions of the Deity, and indulging in feelings of vindictiveness, seek to

revenge, instead of pardon wrongs. "Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which he shall choose shall be

CHAPTER XXII. THERE was a grand ball at the Castle of Dublin. His Excellency the Duke of Ormonde had resolved upon having in that ancient fortress one of the most magnificent entertainments ever displayed within its walls. He was desirous, when such a festival as that of "The Restoration" was to be celebrated, that the seat of government in the Irish metropolis should, by the munificence of the Chief Governor, the number of his guests, and the fervour of their loyalty, constitute a marked contrast to " The Green Club" of England, its ex-republican leader, Shaftesbury, and all anti-monarchical sympathisers in "the sister

country." The throne room of the Castle was crowded. There were glittering uniforms and magnificent dresses, and noble looking personages, and fat corporators in red, gaudy robes, intermingled with ladies remarkable, some for their great display of jewellery, and not a few attractive for their sparkling beauty. Amongst the latter there was not one more gorgeously attired than Lady Diana Harvey, the newly married wife of Major Harvey; and none more distinguished for her juvenile charms than the young lady who had been at that moment presented to His Excellency as the the bride

of Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick. It was with peachy cheeks, deeply flushed with pleasure at the compliments which had been paid to her by the Lord Lieutenant, that Kathleen returned, leaning on the arm of her husband, to take her place by the side of Lads

"Bless me, my love!" said Lady Diana; "I hope there is nothing the matter with you. You look greatly flushed. Your cheeks are entirely too red. I hope your are well"

"Well!" answered Kathleen; "I never was so happy before in all my life. That charming old gentleman, the Duke, has been saying such very kind things of my husband."

"Your husband! indeed!" chimed in Lord Arran, as he appeared in a rich, full dress suit, with a diamond star on his breast. "Your husband, indeed! My worthy old father was thinking of you, and not of your husband, or perhaps he was like his son, wishing he was himself your husband. You know Lady Diana, how little of a poet my father is; and yet, I assure you, such an impression did this saucy young bride produce upon him, that as she turned away, I heard the worthy, but somewhat antiquated beau, quoting Shakespeare, and saying as he looked upon her :--

"' For where thou art, there is the world itself, With every everald pleasure in the world; And where thou art not, desolation."

"I do not know, my Lord," observed Kathleen, " for which quality you are most to be