## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

## REDMOND O'HANILON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

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CEAPTEB XVIII.

"Is your friend and associate here, Mr. Fitzgerald ?" said Gerald Geraghty, as he asconded to the upper rooms of an chscure dwelling close to St. Nicholas' gate. "HC did me good service yesterday hefore Judge Donnellan, in ridding me of a troublesomo old woman, and I have called to pay him the twenty Louis d'or I promised. There is nothing like paying what you owe, Mr. Fitzgerald, especially if it has been honestly earned."

"Murfey is at home, in his apartment, but I am greatly afraid not in a condition either to recognize you or to receive the money you have brought with you."

"What can be the matter with him? Not ill, I hope. Yesterday he appeared in excel-lent health and spirits."

"And he was so," replied Fitzgerald, but, unfortunately, he went, from curiosity, through the various cells of Newgate, and in one of them he unexpectedly encountered his old Archbishop, Doctor Plunkett. What passed between them I know not, but on his return, Murfey appeared like a man distracted; commenced drinking usquebaugh, and never ceased so long as he was able to move his hand to his head. He fell asleep drunk, snored in such an awful manner as to frighten every one in the place, and to be heard even in the next house. He awoke this morning to demand more usquebaugh. Some has been given him, but I greatly fear, from the way he is going on, that he is insane. I was on the point of going out for the purpose of bringing to him a person he is very anxions to see, a Mr. John Smith, a doctor I believe."

"I should like to speak with him," said Geraghty, "It is very probable this is nothing more than the passing result of an extraordinary drinking bout."

"Come this way," said Fitzgerald, as he conducted Geraghty to Murfey's bed-room.

Upon a wretched bed, on which he had flung himself in his clothes, Murfey was now he were in an ague fit; his hands and legs trembling, and his eyes wildly staring constantly about him, as if he was endeavaring to discover either where he was, or as if under the apprehension of being attacked by some enemy.

"Good morning, Mr. Murley," said Geraghty, as he approached the bed, and looked down upon the unhappy man. "I am sorry to find you are not well this morning."

"Well, well, well, very well I thank you Mr. Geraghty," replied Murfey, speaking in a rapid manner, as if it were a relief to him to Etter, in one breath, all the words he wanted to say.

"I promised yesterday to give you twenty pounds in gold," said Geraghty. "Yes, yes. Have you got them? Where

are they? Give 'em to me at once-this minute-instantly; d'ye hear?"

"Here they are," said Geraghty, "twenty shining jolly yellow Louis d'or, as fine a coin as ever came from the King's mint."

"Thank you! thank you," answered Murfey, stretching out his hand, but instead of lifting the coin, which Geraghty presented him, his fingers, as if it were in despite of him and beyond his control, clutched at the bottle of usquebaugh ! he relaxed his gripe of the bottle, again tried to lay hold of the gold, and again his fingers clutched at the bottle!

"Strange! strange! my ewn hand won't do what I want it. Even it is turning against me. But hang it-I will force it to obey my wishes. Give me another chance at the gold,

Geraghty." "Here," said Geraghty; "I wish you to take it. I brought it to you."

side me, as if it was determined to break through one of my ribs. Quiet! quiet! quiet! How is a man over to keep quiet who can never sleep? How do people go to sleep, Mr. Geraghty? If you know the searct tell it, and Til give you back, though I am sadly in want of them, the twenty Louis d'or you have just handed me."

"The reason you cannot go to sleep, and got wrong notions into your head."

and say it quickly, for I'm in a hurry! Oh : such a hurry."

half lunatic, and from whom it would be easy to keep her from annoying you, by sending to worm any secrets he had to tell. "You her to Newgate; but instead of that (the ask me what wrong notions you have. Why your own bad opinion of yourself?"

"l deserve it" "Then your bad opinion of Fitzgerald?" "He deserves it."

"Then your bad opinion of me?"

"You deserve it."

"I deserve it! why do you say so?"

"Why do I say so? Eh! Why do I say 50? Why do I think badly of you? Why, simply and solely because you are the most | I want to be away from you, and Fitzgerald, remorseless old villain I ever met, saw, heard, read, or thought of. Hercules, who slew a the other witnesses to the Plot." Nemwan lion, a Lernwan hydra, an Erymanthian boar, a Cretan bull, Arcadian vultures, and such monsters and robbers as Geryon and Cacus, yet never rid the world of a greater pest, plague, abomination, and monster, than

yourself, Gerald Geraghty." "Oh! Mr. Murfey, this is all vague abuse, without a single fact to justify it. Why do you think so badly of me? What have I done ?"

"What have you done? Eh! eh! Is that the question you are putting to me? Ah! but it's I that will give you an answer, and that answer will be comprised in one name and two words—Judith Lawson."

"Judith Lawson !" exclaimed old Geraghty, and though he fancied he was talking to a downright madman, still, that name coming so unexpectedly to his ears, from the lips of the raving wretch before him, made drops of seen lying, shivering from head to foot, as if cold perspiration burst from his withered brow; and his limbs, for a moment, trembled like

those of Murfey. "Ah! ha! I know I could give you an answer. But see me now !- see me now !just mind me, Gerald Geraghty, and what I am going to say to you-it's as true as the Gospel. You know very well my early history; you known I was a divinity student; you know 1 intended to enter into holy orders: you known that I broke my vows, and you know the life I have been leading ever since. Well, Geraghty, that much you know; but there's something I'm going to tell you that you don't yet know, and that is, that the man who acts as I have done cannot do so with impunity; that the devil gets a hold of him-and once the Old Boy has a grip of a man like me, it isn't a single sprinkle of holy water, nor ten Paters and Aves that can get rid

of that chap. "No, no, no, he is a cleverer fellow than you or I after all. Now, the devil has got his paw upon me. Do you doubt it? Look at me; there he is quivering in every limb, shaking in every joint, jumping in the pupils of my eyes, capering on the top of my fingers, playing cutchy cutchoo with my legs. He has made an object of me; but it is an old saying, we should give the devil his due,' and therefore I'll tell you a truth about him. If he I'm in a hurry, such a hurry to get away from | murder Judith Lawson. Will none of you do has taken from me a power over my own body, he has made me some compensation-he has sharpened my senses, and he has given me faculties I never before possessed ; and, therefore, I see what you can't see, and I know what you don't know; and, therefore, I say, Gerald Geraghty, don't do what you are thinking of doing, with Judith Law-

son, or before another week is out you'll ering of his limbs being the sole indication be dead and damned." "Then you can tell," said Geraghty, with a sneer, "my intentions with respect to Judith Lawson. "Tell your intentions! to be sure I can; would I be bothered speaking with you at all and I in such a hurry, if I could not tell them ?"

"From-me."

"Yes, yes, yes, from you. I am such a tool in your hands. L was with that other rascal, the reason why you cannot keep quiet, Mr. as great a rascal as myself, but not as great a Murfey, is this, and nothing else : you have rascal as you : I was with Fitzgerald when Judith Lawson was seized upon; that was "Wrong notions | wrong notions ! What bad enough, and I added to the poor girl's notions or mine are wrong ? Answer methat, sufferings by my own bad language. I was tool yesterday. I did not know that Abigail' Gregg was the only attendant on poor Miss "Humph! I'll ask you by-and-bye, why "Humph! I'll ask you by-and-bye, why you are in such a hurry, my fine fellow," said Geraghty, considering he had to deal with a only wanted to frighten the old woman, and devil, you see, has told me some of your secrets), your real purpose was to take from the young woman her only protection, so that you might carry out your plan for killing her, without any let or hindrance; but, again, I warn you, let Judith Lawson alone, or she will be the death of you. But why say the same things over again, and I not having a minute to lose, for I am in a hurry-such a hurry. I want to be away out of your hands. and Hetherington, and Mayer, and, and-all

"But why, Mr. Murfey, wish to get away from such company? You always appeared to me to be the merriest man amongst them." "Ah, Lord help me! merry! merry! yes I was, but all is not gold that glitters, Geraghty; and the heart is often ill at ease when there are smiles on the lips and laughter on the tecth. But what says the Scripture? Sand, and Salt, and a mass of iron, is easier to bear, than a man without sense, that is both foolish and wicked." And I have been without sense, and foolish, and wicked, and, therefore, intolerable in the sight of earth and heaven, and my punishment has come upon me. Do you doubt it? Look at me now; but I'm in a hurry-such a hurry to get away from it. Oh !" cried Murfey, sitting up in his bed, and extending his outstretched hands as wide apart as he could, and then vehemently clapping them together, " Oh, the sight, the sight, that I saw yesterday Listen to me, you poor, weak, miserable, wicked old man-listen to me, may be it's for your good I am telling it. I was in New-gate yesterday; I was through its cells, its dark, filthy, foul, miserable cells-this sordid chamber is a palace compared to the best of them-and there I saw my Archbishop, and when I opened his cell he was on his knees, and he was kneeling before, before-but it's not right for my lips to mention it; and I saw -yes, I say as plainly as I see your withered face at this moment—I saw from it shining rays of light, and they all fell upon the head and neck of the Archbishop, so that his face, and hair, and head seemed to be encrusted with diamonds, that is, all his head was one sparkling brilliancy, as if, whilst living, heaven had chosen to shed upon him a portion of its splendour, whilst his black cassock was changed into the colour of blood, and he so looked as a martyr who was rising to be glorified out of his sufferings in the cause of truth. And as I looked at him, I remembered I was one of the witnesses against him. There will be a muster of these same witnesses one day; it will not be befere a human court, but all will be called upon to answer for what

they did, and what they swore : and I'll take do it, I tell you. Still, I will not hold my right good care I shall not be one of them. tongue. I say old Geraghty is going to them and from you. Yes, Geraghty, watch me as much as you like, still I'll baffle you all. I tell you I will not swear what I said I would. I'll get away from you-away-away-away from you! Oh, I'm in such a hurry to get away!"

upon the bed, seemingly insensible, the quiv- this morning."

go to. I only know I want to go somewhere John Ellott walked about the room for out of this. Oh I ramin such a hurry—such a hurry." "Wherefore?" "I am in such a hurry—such a hurry—such a hurry to get away from—you." "North Verte fore from Ludlow, field for refuge to the "Were status of the such a hurry—such a hurry—such son's foster mother, and brothers, in Seeking to escape from Ludlow, field for refuge to the "Were status of the such a hurry—such son's foster mother, and brothers, in Seeking " Yes, yes," sighed Lawson, "better in " Yes, yes," sighed Lawson, "better in " Son's foster mother, and brothers, in Seeking " Yes, yes," sighed Lawson, "better in " North " They ware sticked in a more more better in the better in the such a better in the such a better in the better in the such a better in the such a better in the better in the better in the such a better in the be North. They were attacked in a cave most of the persons there were massacred; and the principal family then destroyed by Lawson and Ludlow, were named Geraghty. One of the Geraghty family has, I suppose got hold of the daughter of Lawson \_\_\_\_\_ ' of the daughter of Lawson-"

her. I know he is," cried Murfey, suddenly starting out of the stupor into which he had momentarily fallen. "I charged him with it whilst he was here; is he here, 5411? No; but I told him he was going to kill her, and he did not deny it; and then I told him what I tell you, that as soon as he makes the attempt, she will slaughter him, for she is a brave, stout-hearted girl. Save her, oh ! save her, Mr. Smith; John Elliott, most magnificent, most generous, most perfect of innkeepers, save her, save her, save her, and give me another bottle of usquebaugh."

"Here, here, my poor Mr. Murfey," said Ell iott, producing from one of his capacious pockets a bottle of usquebeugh. "You must swallow a hair of the hound that bit you. I know well what is the matter with you, and I hope, with judicious treatment, to see you yet pefectly cured."

"Oh! such liquor! such liquor! there is music in its gurgle, there is beauty in its gleam, and there is a celestial soothing balm in its taste. He who drinks usquebaugh imbibes immortality!" exclaimed the enraptured Murfey, forgetting in his animal enjoyment of the moment, all the terrific visions that had haunted his imagination.

"We must not take Murfey's words literally true," observed Fitzgerald. "He only expresses what he fears; but this I know, that much artifice was employed by Geraghty to get Miss Lawson into his power. what purpose he did so I cannot divine." Fo

"I tell you, it was to murder her, and, for all I know, he left the room to carry that plan into effect, Sir," cried Murfey, again trembling in every limb, and his hair standing up with affright. "There he is, there he is, listening to you all outside the

door." John Elliott rushed to the door and threw it wide open, so that Murfey might see he was mistaken.

"Ah !" said Murfey, " that is one of his old tricks, rendering himself invisible, that is, his body invisible; but it is not so with his spirit. I can see what you don't see. I can see his dark spirit brooding over the contemplated murder. I can see him, in revenge for my telling on him, getting a band of thieves to murder me-they are coming, they are coming, I hear the heavy stamp of their ironstudded boots on the stairs; there it is, there it is, stamp! stamp! stamp! Oh! I must fly from them-hurry, hurry, hurry-

And as Murphy so spoke, he started from his bed, threw open the window, and was on the point of flinging himself outside into the street, when he was caught by Elliott and Fitzgerald, and by main force dragged back to the bed, the clothes placed over him, and then tied down about him, so as to prevent him from doing himself or others any

injury. "I thought to escape, I was in such haste to do so, and now you have tied me down, so that old Geraghty can come in upon me at any time and cut my throat, and he'll do it, he'll your best to prevent him?"

"There may be truth in the ravings of this poor fellow," observed Colonel Fitzpatrick, and we are bound as men, and as Christians, to protect the daughter of Lawson. Where is her father now to be found, Elliott? I think And as Murfey so spoke he fell back again you told me he left the hotel unexpectedly

"And so he did," replied Elliott. "He and

health-much better. I feel no pain now, though I have not yeb recovered the use of foot in deep mounting-were those of a my hand; but as to my spirite-alas! my child1-Judith -no tidings -no tidings of the two men before whom he now stood, as a her 1-not even a trace of her !"

Keep up your spirits, Lawson ; you are sure to hear of her. All this pain is inflicted. upon/you for no other purposathan to enhance the price of her ransom. You will have her back; be sure of it, sound and safe, heartwhole as she was taken from you. But you alone." will have to pay a swinging price for her?" - "Oh! to have my dear, dear child once more in my arms, the same as when she left me. Let me but have that happiness, and I to take a seat ?" said Lawson, as he handed a would assign to those who so restored her to i chair to the old man, me all of the Fitzpatrick lands I hold, as well

as all I hope, by virtue of your bond, yet to possess.' "The Fitzpatrick estates!" said Ludlow;

"it was with respect to them I called upon you. I wished to have a consultation with you about them."

"It is in vain to consult me abcut anything of the sort, until I have news of Judith. Be you, Ludlow, the means of restoring her to me, and I will make you a present of your bond, and the lands to boot."

"But what if the bond be valueless--not worth the paper it is written on, and the lands are no longer your own; then your promised reward for the restoration of your daughter would amount to nothing?" "What mean you? I cannot understand

you. How come you to say that your own bond is worthless, and the lands I hold not

my own to dispose of to whom I please ?" "I will not trouble you, Lawson, in your present enfeebled state, with a detail of the many misfortunes that have lately occurred to me. Sufficient is it for me to have to tell

you the sad result : I was out-manœuvred by older, better, and more cunning campaigners than myself. The consequence has been I country soon ; and before doing so to abandon to one of the Fitzpatrick family all the portions of their estate, which at any time came into my possession. A portion of the restitution thus required to be made by me includes, of course, property many years ago assigned by me to you."

"And which of the Fitzpatricks is it that is to be thus endowed with the lands so long held by us ?"

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick. The Colonel and his son, Vincent, have, for the purpose of avoiding any future disputes as to title, transferred all their rights to her."

"And she is," said Lawson, frowning at his companion, " to be married to you."

"Married to me!" cried Ludlow, as his limbs shook with passion. "Married to me! not aware of my disasters. No; she is to married to Vincent Fitzpatrick."

"Vincent Fitzpatrick !-- you do not--cannot possibly mean the son of the Colonel !"

"I do; and I am pressed by the lawyers of the Fitzpatricks to fulfil the conditions of the surrender, because it is deemed advisable that the transfer of the property to the lady should be made previous to the marriage; and Vincent and Kathleen are alike impatient for the ceremony to be over. We are," said Ludlow, with a bitter sneer, " in the way of the young couple, and by our delay an impediment to their happiness.'

"And you come here, Captain Ludlow," said Lawson, rising from his chair, and stamping his foot indignantly, "you of all men liv-ing ! come here, knowing how much I have suffered—how much I did to put you in pos-session of that property—you come here to "Oh, Judith! Judith! Judith!" exclaimed

I am not myself; I scarcely know what I am saving ; and am incapable for the moment to account for what I am doing." Gerald Geraghty entered the room !

The old man had evidently prepared him. self with great care for this interview. His rich usurer who is about to have dealings with two cavaliers of whose solvency he is not perfectly certain. He bowed, upon entering the room, proudly and stiffly, and then said if My business is with a Mr. Ebenozer Lawson. I thought 1 should have found him

"I am Ebenezer Tawson; this is my most particular iriend. Mr. Edward Ludlow from whom I have no secrets. Will you please

"Ah! Sir," said Gerughty, "you are the father of the young lady? You know What it is to be deprived of the society of a beloved daughter-to know that some rude and ruffian hand had torn away from you one of the joys of your existence." Lawson tried to speak, but there was a

chocking at the throat, as if the words he wished to utter were each a knotted substance, impeding the power of breathing and stopping the flow of blood. He gasped as if for air, then beat with his left hand his breast. and found at last relief by a copious gash of tears.

"Ah, poor dear gentleman !" said Geraghty, the seems to have suffered greatly. Believe me, Sir," he added, turning to Ludlow, "I can appreciate what he has gone through, for I, too, lost a daughter."

"Lost a daughter !" said Lawson ; "lost a daughter! Oh! yours has been, I suppose, a common loss. Had my darling been taken from me by the slow process of disease, or even by the violence of an unforescen accident, I could have borne such a grief like a man. My heart would have bled, and my tears would have flowed, and I should have felt day by day the void made in all my than myself. The consequence has been a future life by such a loss. But to suffer as I future life by such a loss. But to suffer as I mosition that I had to surrender at mercy. have suffered; that has been—that is the in-I had, in fact, to choose between the gallows tolerable grief, not knowing whether she is and conditions which bound me to quit this living or dead, but knowing this thoroughly well, that she was taken from a home where she was mistress, to be placed I know not where, and treated I know not how. Oh speak, good Sir, and by one word, at least, take from me a burden that is killing me-is Judith living ?"

> "She is." " And well?"

"And well."

"Thank hoaven !" said Lawson, again bursting into tears.

"Ah! Mr. Lawson," said Geraghty, "you may well indeed, say 'thank heaven,' for your child is, at least still, living; but such is not my case. You seem such a kind, good-hearted gentleman, I cannot refrain from telling you something of my said misfortune; and I am the more disposed to do this, because there is some similarity, indeed it is very slight, between the grief you are now enduring, and that which has embittered my life for many a long year. So far as I understand your case, your daughter has been taken away by some villain; but as yet that villain permits her to enjoy health, but it can, with truth, be told of her, 'she is well.' Now, in my case, my daughter also was taken away by a villain, and the moment he laids hands on her, he slew her."

"Was there ever heard of such an atrocity !" exclaimed Lawson whose thoughts were on himself, but of his daughter. "To run away with a young woman, for the purpose of murdering her."

"A villain so treated a girl, and that girl my daughter, the same age, I think, of Miss Lawson, that is about five-and-twenty years

propose to me that I should rob my own Lawson, as his affrighted imagination pictured to him his daughter in the gripe of murderer. " You have described Miss Lawson as being about the same age as your daughter, observed Ludlow. "Then you have seen her since she was removed from her fathers house ?" " To be sure I have, why also am I here? Or how could I have sent her kerchief to her father, and tell him she was in health? or how let him know that I possess her confidence, and that it is my hope, if my advice be taken, that I shall, before many hours, bring father and daughter both together ?" " Bring Judith and me together ! Place the joy of my heart, the jewel of my life, the pride of my soul, once more within my arms. Do that, Sir, and on the instant I will, with thanks, bestow on you two thousand pounds, cried Lawson. "I am much obliged, Sir," replied Geraghty, "for your generous offer. Miss Lawson said she was sure you would gire a thousand pounds. She appreciated your affection, but underrated your munificence. do not want your money, Sir. I never will touch a farthing of it. Affections, family affections are, I think, far too precious to be bought, or sold, or chaffered about. If I can accomplish the design I have in hand, in bringing you and your daughter together, believe me my main reason for doing so will be the recollection of what has occurred to myself and my family, and of which I may tell you more at a more fitting time. Here, Mr. Lawson, if I may judge of your feelings by my own, is something for you which you will prize much more then a patent of peerage from a King. You have offered me a gift I will not take. Let me, however, have that small gold ring on your finger, and I will present you with something you will prize." As Geraghty thus spoke, he presented Judith's letter to her father. Lawson looked at it, and then exclaimed with rapture: "Judith! a letter written by herself. O precious | precious | thrice precious letter | Here, here, take the ring. I wish it was all one diamond. It was Judith's, but I give it in exchange of her most welcome handwriting." Lawson read the letter over rapidly, then more slowly, then re-read it for a third time, and then with a cheerful voice and a smiling face he turned to Ludicw and said :--- "Huzza good news! good news, my friend. Here, I have some very important facts from Judith; lain who carried her away in the hope of foreing her into marriage has not yet dared to present himself before her; that she does not therefore, know his name, and has seen sellittle of him that she is unable to give me s description of his person. She says also, that the bearer of the letter, this good old gentle man she must mean, will give me such information as may ensure her release, and tell me that which he must best know, whether any force will be required to ensure her freedom. These are the material points in the letter, what say, you to them ?", "That I am rejoiced to hear them," replied Ludlow. "The important matter now is to ascertain where Miss Lawson is, and what we

"Thank you! thank you heartily. There, Fitzgerald, take the bottle out of my way lest my fingers play me another trick. Let there be nothing between me and the money. Now, now, now, I will die or have the money. Ah! ha! I have it! I have it! You see I did force my hand to take it. At last-at last-yes, at last I have it-money-gold, I love usquebaugh much: but I want gold more. Oh! I do want it so very badly at this present time."

"And why want it so very much at present?" asked Geraghty. "I'll tell you, I'll tell you. No, no, I'll

whisper it to you. Go away, go away, Fitz-gerald. I don't want you to hear what I am saying. Is Fitzgerald gone?"

"Yes," answered Geraghty, "he is gone out of the room; and, I believe, out of the house. Now you can speak aloud."

"No, no, no, he might bear me cutside the door. It's a secret; such a secret ! Listen ! Are you listening to me?"

"To be sure I am," said Geraghty. "Whatever be the secret, you may depend upon it I will never mention it again."

"Now, mind, you have promised to keep what I am going to say to you, as a secret."

" Yes."

" As a dead secret."

"Yes."

"As a state secret-a secret of the greatest

importance."

"Yes, yes." "Well, then, I'll whisper it to you—listen."

«Go ou." "Are you listening ?"

"I am.

"Well then, the secret,-the great secret is this-mind, you are not to mention it again, without my leave."

"You may be sure of that."

"Well, then, the great secret I have to tell you is this. David Fitzgerald-you know David Fitzgerald, of Drumsna, in the County Limerick, Esq ?"

" I do."

"Well, then, the great secret I have to tell you about him is, that the same David Fitzgerald is a great rascal."

" Indeed !"

"Yes, and I am another great rascal."

" Is it possible?"

\* It's a fact-a fact-a downright fact ; but allow me-I have not yet told you all. You are Gerald Geraghty ?"

"Yes.

"Well, you are the greatest rascal of us all." "I am, I suppose, to keep that a secret also?"

" Of course, of course, of course you are. It The world, you may be certain, will find it out soon enough. Meanwhile, what are you, and I, and poor David, and all the other witnesses to do?

"The best thing for you to do, Mr. Murfey, is to keep quiet."

"Keep quiet! keep quiet! how am I to keep quiet? Look at me; my hands are always going as if I was playing the spinet; my feet are always going, as if I was dancing a hornpipe; my eyes are always going, as if they wanted to see everything at once; my tongue is always going, as if it never would stop; my head is always going-turning. turning, in despite of me, as if one was whistling a reel inside my skull; and my lies tis' always going beat, beat, beating in- want to go to? I don't know where I want to had for years disappeared from his memory.

"Well, what are they?" " You intend to kill her."

Geraghty winced for a moment under this

reply, but considering he was only conversing with a lunatic, he endeavoured to hide his emotion under a forced laugh, as he said-"Oh! fie! Mr. Murfey, what could put such a horrid notion into your head? Why should an old man like me think of killing a nice young

lady like that?" "Ah! ha! The devil, I tell you, is cleverer than the two of us put together. He only lets one know a bit of the truth. If I knew your reasons for wanting to massacre Judith Lawson, I might be able to show you why you ought to forego so base and cruel a design. I only know what you intend to do, not the reason, nor the cause for your intention. But now I tell you, don't do it ; for, as sure as you and I are talking together, if you do make the attempt, she will slaughter you ; yes, you will die by the hand of Judith Lawson. Even whilst I am speaking to you, I see, as plainly as I see yourself, a little devil, not as high as my knce, standing by your side, and he has a coffin on his back, and he is grinning at me, and pointing his finger in derision at you, as much as to say, ' There is no use in talking to him, for I shall soon have him packed up

in this; you see it is intended for him.' And as the weary limb of Satan in indicating so much to me, he turns his back that I may see whose name is on the coffin: as I am a living creature with eyes in my head, it is your name is on the colfin-lid. There it is as plain as I could read my A.B.C. "Gerald

Geraghty, aged 72 years, three months, and -days." There is a blank for the number of days, as if, whether you did well or ill, you should not outline the month; the actual number of days depending upon the exercise of your own free will for good or for evil."

"Accident has helped you to the exact in the hands of Ludlow, when that person knowledge of my age," said Geraghty, "but

"Don't let the devil cheat you out of your soul, by fancying accident has anything to do with any, even the simplest thing that occurs in this life. If I can he shan't chest me, and that's the reason I am in such a hurry. Accident, indeed! Is it an accident that enables me to see what's going to happen to you, would not do to go publishing it to the world. and how you will come to your death? Why, whilst I'm speaking to you, I see your white beard becoming red with blood—aye, and it is your own blood, too! If you are a wise man, | ter ?" you will let Judith Lawson alone, and send

her home to her father. She never did any harm yet. Drive her to desperation, and she will be the death of you. Mind what I say, and I repeat it, before the week is out you'll be dead and damned."

"I'm much obliged to you for the warning," answered Geraghty, upon whom Murfeys words made not the slightest impression; "but now let us say one word about yourself." Why are you in such a hurry? Where do you want to go ?" "Why am I in such a hurry? Where do I

that he was alive and suffering.

"He is mad, raging mad, with drink," remarked Geraghty as he looked at the prostrate body before him. "Now I must take care, however, he does not carry his intention room with both. Can that visit have had into effect. I will, at once, procure an order for his removal from Ireland. I must do the Murfey?" same for his friend, whose footsteps I hear as-

cending the stairs." "Oh! I am glad to see," said Geraghty, as Fitzgerald, accompanied by two other persons, entered the room, "that you have brought physicians with you. I cannot stay longer. but I shall call or send this evening, to hear how our friend goes on. To me he appears to be, at present, stark staring mad; utterly unable to speak one word of common

sense. The two persons who entered the room with Fitzgerald as Geraghty departed, were John Elliott, and the old gentleman that Murfey called by the name of John Smith.

"Who is that old man?' asked Elliott.

"His name is Geraghty," replied Fitzgerald; "and from all the ravings of Murfey this morning, I conjecture that his main leason for wishing to speak with Mr. Smith-

"There is no longer any necessity for concealing my real name," said the old gentle-man, I am Colouel Fitzpatrick; the warrants issued for the arrest of my son and myself have been cancelled. I am not, however, known to this unhappy man here by my real title or name."

"It is my belief, that Murfey's principal desire in wishing to see you was to talk to you about the best means of his avoiding to appear as a witness against Doctor Plunkett; and next to it, the thing he talked most of was a young lady named Judith Lawson, who was in the power of the old man who has just left any light upon it. the room."

"A young lady named Lawson, and an old man named Geraghty! oh! poor Murfey must indeed have been raving; I know nothing of any such two persons," ohserved Colonel Fitzpatrick.

"Lawson is a name that ought to be very well known to you," remarked John Elliott. "It is the name of one who was an instrument

was seeking after your son, then a boy, to slay him.

"Oh! that Lawson I know very well," replied Colonal Fitzpatrick. "We both know him. He was the same fellow who was punished by Redmond O'Hanlon, when seeking to engage me in a tavern squabble; but what connexion is there between such a person and a young lady, and a man named Geraghty?

"Do you know," asked Elliott of Fitzgerald, " what is the name of Lawson's daugh-

"I dovery well; it is Judith." "Lawson-the Lawson who was, at one time, engaged in seeking to deprive your son of life-was my fellow-soldier. I therefore know him as well as my own brother, and I am awaro he had a daughter, and her name is Judith," remarked Elliott.

"Be it so," observed Colonel Fitzpatrick : but what connexion can there be between that Lawson and this old man, Geraghty ?" "Lawson, Lawson-Geraghty, Geraghty," repeated John Elliott, musing over past oc-currences, once well known to him, but that

yesterday, and-now I remember one of the. drawers telling me that a very curious looking old man was for some time in the same anything to do with the dreadful surmises of

"In such a case, we must lose no time in vain surmises. Do you, Elliott, see if you

can trace out to their present abode either Lawson or Ludlow. I will betake myself to the Castle, where, through Lord Arran, I hope to be able to get, backed with all the powers of the Government, the means of preserving Miss Lawson from any harm that may be concocted against her."

"No good—no good—no good," cried Murfey from the bed. "Geraghty is deter-mined on doing the devil's work and the devil always takes care of his own."

"Poor man | poor man !" said Colonel Fitzpatrick, as he looked with compassion upon Murfey. " I must send my own physician to I never saw such a strange case of him. madness. I suppose his disease has some peculiar name?"

"It has, Colonel," replied John Elliott; and I am very sorry to say it is one but too well known in this country. It is...Delirium Tremens."

Ellioft had stated, as a report to which he had not paid much attention at the time, that Lawson had been visited on the previous day by a strange-looking old man; and Elliott then asked a question to which none of his auditors had been able to give an answernamely, whether that visit had anything to do with the dreadful surmises of Murfey ?

The inquiry may be in some measure an interesting one. Let us see if we can throw

## CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN ELLIOTT'S memory had served him well. He stated what was correct, when he mentioned that on the previous day there had been a long conversation between Ludlow and Lawson, and that an old man had called and had an interview with them.

Lawson was recovering but slowly from the wound inflicted upon him by Redmond O'Hanlon. The pain of the body was aggravated by severe affliction of mind; and the grief endured by him for the loss of his daughter had served to render a slight injury dangerous; its cure slow and protracted.

So entirely was Lawson's heart absorbed with the thoughts of Judith, that Ludlow perceived it would be useless to consult him pon any matter not connected with her. All then that had befallen Ludlow; the degrading punishment inflicted upon him by O'Hanlon; his subsequent capture, exposure, and the conditions on which he had been released from the house of Lady Diana, were

utterly unknown to Lawson. In connexion with the latter, there was, Fitzpatrick estates, a part of which were held speak with his confederates, and to determine what should be done-whether he acted in accordance with the condition into which he

had entered, or should endeavor as he was disposed to do, to evade it. With this view Ludlow called upon Lawson, who had not removed from John Elliott's | inquiries of this eld man, for I know and feel | are to do to release her? This old gentle

Ludlow were closeted for a long time together | daughter! Judith! of a portion of her dowry, to endow the wife of Vincent Fitzpatrick; that boy, whom I have hunted from childhood to this hour, in the hope I might cut him off from the inheritance, it seems he is now not only to enjoy, but towards the increase of

which I am to be called on—by you, too—to contribute. Arrange your affairs as best you may, I will have nothing to do with them."

"My dear old friend," said Ludlow, "you are a little too hasty with me. I have told you enough of my affairs, to enable you to appreciate the difficultics of my position. One of the misfortunes consequent upon it, is the abandonment of the wealth I had so long regarded as my own. If I cannot retain it for myself, I would wish to transfer it to

you, because there is the chance at least you would act generously towards me if I dispossessed myself of the property for your

benefit; whereas, in resigning it to the Fitzpatricks, I yield to those who hate and dstest me, and who are, of all other mortals, the most abominated and the most odious to myself. I wish to evade the conditions for your

benefit-your certain benefit in the first instance. My desire is to consult with you as to the best means of carrying out such a project in such a manner-I mean by legal forms-as may baffle the efforts of the common enemy."

"Oh! I see now," replied Lawson, "what you mean; to transfer to me, in accordance with all the necessary forms, the absolute right over this property, but with a secret understanding between us that I, in accepting that transfer, shall be, in fact, nothing more than your trustee."

"Precisely so," replied Lndlow; " but with this understanding, also, that I will give you twenty per cent. on all sums received by you and paid over to me."

"It is a very fair," replied Lawson, "and, in my judgment, a very honorable proposition, and I can see no difficulty in-

"What's this?" exclaimed Lawson, as a waiter entered the room, and placed a small parcel in his hand.

"An old man waits below; he desired me to give you this, and to say he wished to speak with you," replied the waiter.

"Good heavens! send the bearer of this up directly," said Lawson, in the same breath, the moment he opened the parcel, and recognized what it enclosed-the silk kerchief of his daughter, with the initials of her name embroidered in gold.

Lawson had sufficient command over his feelings not to allow the waiter to perceive how deeply he was agitated by the sight of | the all important one is, that my darling this memorial of his lost child; but the child is now as she has left me; that the vilmoment he was alone with his associate, he burst into tears as he covered the kerchief with kisses, and exclaimed :---

"At last |--- at last | Ludlow, there is hope of tidings of my beloved child. This tiny article of dress belonged to her! It was one of my own gifts to her. See where the however, one matter-the restoration of the darling has embroidered her own name upon it. Oh! I would not give this tiny, tiny kerby Lawson-on which it was necessary to chief of Judith for all the wealth we have been talking about. But I bear the heavy steps of an old man on the stair. He has been the bearer of this precious treasure: Now-now-oh! now for some certain tidings of the lost one. But, I must try and master my feelings. Aid me, Ludlow-aid me in my

(i) The construction of the second s second sec