

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Is your friend and associate here, Mr. Fitzgerald?" said Gerald Geraghty, as he ascended to the upper rooms of an obscure dwelling close to St. Nicholas' gate. "Did he do good service yesterday before Judge Donnellan, in riding me of a troublesome 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."

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

John Elliott walked about the room for some time in deep meditation, and then suddenly stopped. "What is it that I have it? I see it all now. Your father-in-law, your son's foster-mother, and brother-in-law, seeking to escape from Ludlow, fled for refuge to the North. They were attacked in a cave, most of the persons there were massacred, and the principal family they destroyed by Lawson and Ludlow, family has, I suppose, not hold of the daughter of Lawson—"

John Elliott rushed to the door and threw it wide open, so that Murfrey might see he was mistaken. "Ah!" said Murfrey, "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 iron-studded boots on the stairs; there it is, there it is, stamp! stamp! stamp! Oh! I must fly from them—hurry, hurry, hurry—"

inn. "The Cook," in Cook-street, from the night he had been wounded. "I hope," said Ludlow, as he entered the room, "that I find my old friend better than when I last saw him."

I am not myself; I scarcely know what I am saying; and am incapable for the moment to account for what I am doing."