

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"What is your position? Born to no fortune in England, you had acquired a large fortune in Ireland. But by what means has that been accumulated? I speak not of the wholesale confiscation which such scandalous and bloodthirsty hypocrites as Cromwell, Ludlow, and Ireton effected. Confiscation of the property of the loyal, for the profit of rebels; the robbery of the natives for the benefit of foreigners. All these were the common crimes of the republican faction; and I am not desirous of making you individually responsible for them, however much and undeservedly, as an individual, you have profited by them. But you, Sir, who now forgetful of who I am, and how much I know of your previous career, you, who claim a superiority over me, you who have not been content with the commission of the usual crimes perpetrated by the great body of the calf-traders—you, in your desire to gain the Fitzpatrick estates, have brought an innocent woman, a lady of rank, to the stake, for your had much to do with the execution of that noble female of the house of Ossory, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and thus, in your desire to destroy all claim of the legitimate heir to the estate, you have hunted the child from one part of Ireland to another, seeking, in your base ambition, to imbue your hands in the innocent blood of an unoffending boy. That brand upon your countenance is a memorial of your misdeeds. It was the same hand that now beckons you to a mortal combat, which, in defending the life of a helpless child, so marked you, his cowardly persecutor, with infamy. Remember, base villain as you are, the massacre in the death-cave of Duddak; remember, you are responsible for that too; that the knives that were then unsheathed to destroy the lives of unoffending infants, were unsheathed with the hope that one of them might have reached the heart of the young Fitzpatrick. Think you, Sir, if heaven punishes you now to escape from my hand, unpunished for these most atrocious crimes and murders, that you will be permitted to pass, even from this world, unscathed by the vengeance of an All-just and All-protecting Omnipotence.

"And now, the murderer in fact, as well as the murderer in intention, the spoiler of the orphan, the slayer of the widow, whose vile avarice has been impervious to all the stings of conscience, and deaf to all the claims of humanity, tells me he is an English gentleman and that because of his rank, his birth, and his position, he will not cross swords with me!

"Base poltroon! orphan-butcher! woman-executioner! Twice I met you before to-night. First, in defending the life of a child, I struck you with an arrow; second, in defending an old man from the brutal and unprovoked attack of your associate ruffian and fellow-murderer, I wounded him and struck you. That old man was Colonel Fitzpatrick."

"Colonel Fitzpatrick, the old man in the tavern!" cried Ludlow, unable to suppress his feelings of surprise.

"Yes," continued O'Hanlon, "the father of him you had tried to slay in Dublin Castle. But I have done with them. The son is now by his father's side, and able to protect both from all your future schemes. I have done with them, but it is not so with you, if you now escape from my hands. But you shall not do so. I have called you poltroon! coward! orphan-butcher! woman-executioner! Will you bear these names patiently?"

"I have told you, Mr. O'Hanlon," said Ludlow, "that I will not fight a duel with you. I have stated my reasons. It is not necessary to repeat them."

Ludlow well knew the peril in which he stood by using the disparaging language he had done towards O'Hanlon; but he perceived that of the two dangers to which his life was exposed, there was, by declining a combat, a chance of escape, whereas by fighting with O'Hanlon his death was inevitable. He adopted, therefore, that course which afforded even a small chance of escape, to that which would lead to his speedy, almost instantaneous loss of life.

"O'Hanlon turned to his followers, and said: 'Advance, soldiers; let all the prisoners be brought in a circle around me.'

These orders were instantly obeyed, and O'Hanlon, standing with Ludlow in the centre of the circle, said:—  
"Soldiers, whether friends or enemies, I wish you to be the witness of a scene I would, if I could, have avoided. This man, Ludlow, your commander, is a villain who has done great wrong to some of my friends. The mark you see upon his face, my hand inflicted upon him thirty years ago, and when he was seeking to destroy, by means of a cowardly murder, the infant son of one of my dearest and most intimate friends. By accident I heard he was coming this way, and for reasons of my own, which I purposely do not mention, I desired to have a personal conflict with him—with him alone, and with none others that are here; and hence I adopted the expedient, by which his adherents had been made captives. I did so, in order that I might propose to him in private that which I now propose to him in public, namely, to encounter me in single combat. That combat he has declined—that satisfaction he still refuses. He has wronged my friends, he has used insulting language to myself, and yet a soldier, and calling himself a gentleman, he declines a fair field and equal terms when they are tendered to him to repair a wrong, and to give reparation for injuries that have been done. What, then, are my means of redress with a man who acts so vilely, so basely, and so cowardly? There is but one; to treat him as a poltroon and to inflict upon him a degrading punishment—so degrading that henceforth no man who respects himself can associate with him.

"There," said O'Hanlon, pointing to the two men who held Ludlow and his horse, "drag him to the earth, strip him of his officer's habiliments, bind him to a tree, and inflict upon his naked back twelve stripes with a rope; and as the blood follows each blow, let him think of the ramparts of Dublin Castle, and the blood shed by him in the cave of Duddak."

Poor Murfrey he was in the position of many an obscure and contemptible libeller. Redmond O'Hanlon had never heard of Murfrey's paltry and ill-written pamphlet; and if he had, would have regarded the abuse, from such a source, as on a level with its author, and therefore, alike undeserving of notice and unworthy of resentment.

CHAPTER XVI.

Four persons—and four persons only—were seated in the splendidly-furnished drawing-room of the Lady Diana Massey, at Palmerstown. They consisted of the hostess and her guest Major Harvey, and her niece and Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick; for although in the same room, they were so far apart as to form two distinct companies, it being impossible for the one party to hear what the others might be saying in a low tone of voice.

Whatever the subjects of conversation might have been between these two distinct parties, they seemed to interest both very much; for a stranger entering the apartment and seating himself in the centre, that is, the point the furthest removed from both, would have fancied he had come into a meeting of "the Society of Friends," and that each was awaiting the moment for the spirit of dialogue to move him or her with the disposition to speak aloud, and in such a tone as might be audible to all present.

For a full hour there was this silence in the same apartment, with sweet whispers and soft murmurs at either end, when it was at last broken by Lady Diana Massey. Starting up and striking with her spangled fan the jeweled hand of her companion, as it rested on the back of her chair, she exclaimed:—  
"For shame! Major Harvey! how could you think of such a thing! Me! to marry again. Oh! monstrous! I'll expose you, Sir, this very instant."

"I defy you," said Major Harvey. "Tell what I have just said to you, if you dare, to this company, and I will take my revenge upon them and on you."

"Well," said Lady Diana, "there is nothing in this world, I do believe, can exceed the audacity of an old soldier."

"Except it be," chimed in Harvey, "the courtship of a young and handsome widow."

"There it is again, my dear," said Lady Diana. "Really this man can be no longer tolerated as a guest in this house."

"Then make him a host," said Harvey, whispering in her ear.

"Lud a mercy! there he has said it again," cried Lady Diana. "Kathleen! Vincent! niece! my dearest Kathleen! I say, I am speaking to you children."

Kathleen and Vincent, whose heads were close together, started apart at the same moment, and, as if with one voice, replied:—  
"My dear aunt!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you; or what can you both be talking about for this hour past?"

"Talking of! what were we talking of?" said Vincent, somewhat puzzled at the question.

"Why, Madam, we were talking of—of—let me think. Oh! ay, of fishing; was it not of fishing that we were last speaking?"

"Yes, yes, dear—Vincent, I mean," answered Kathleen, blushing at the mistake she was near making, "we were talking of fishing."

"Yes, I am sure you were," observed Harvey; "and you, young lady, I have no doubt, were showing Mr. Fitzpatrick how your aunt ties on a fly."

"I see—I see what you mean, Sir," said Lady Diana; "but I'll expose you, Sir. Now, just listen to me, my dear children, and hear how this gentleman has been behaving. Whilst this good, innocent dears, were harmlessly despatching upon the infantile sport of fly-fishing, this gentleman has been taking advantage of your minds being so properly engaged, and he has been—I really blush to say it—he has been actually making love to me!"

"Oh! my poor, dear aunt!" cried Kathleen, in a voice of deep commiseration.

"Oh! for shame, Major," cried the horrified Mr. Vincent.

"Yes, my dears! but that is not all, he has been actually proposing marriage to me!"

"Oh! poor, dear Aunt!" cried Kathleen.

"Oh! wicked, wicked Major!" cried Vincent.

"Alas! my dear, innocent babies, you know not the wickedness of these old soldiers; he has been doing something even worse than making love, or proposing marriage to me," cried Lady Diana.

"Worse than making love, and proposing marriage," cried Kathleen; "what a terrible man!"

"And what an awful Major!" exclaimed Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick.

"Yes, my dears," continued Lady Diana; "something far worse than either making love or proposing marriage, for men may, as I well know, only make love to pass away the time—indulging themselves thereby with as idle a sport as fishing; and afterwards repent of having done so; but this awful man has asked me to do that which is irrevocable and irreversible. He has asked me—Oh! dear, only to think of it makes me tremble so, I can hardly speak—he has—yes, I will expose him—he has actually urged me, pressed me—almost forced me to—name the day!"

"To name the day! Oh brave-hearted Major!" cried Mr. Fitzpatrick. "Well, and what answer did you give to so plain a proposition?"

"The solemn judgment of your chosen arbitrators," continued Vincent, "is, that Major Harvey having made love to you, having proposed marriage to you, and having urged you to name the day for marriage, you are bound to name the day; and we, moreover, declare that you are bound, not only to name the day, but also that the day you should name ought to be—next Saturday!"

"Oh! dear!—oh! dear!" cried Lady Diana, as if greatly afflicted; "what is a poor, lone, helpless unprotected woman to do, when her friends and kinsmen decide against her? Major Harvey, you wicked old soldier, come here. Take my hand—I submit to the award," and as the lady spoke she covered her face with her fan, and extended her hand to the Major.

"Lady Diana," said Major Harvey, "you have made me the happiest of men. And now, as your affianced husband permit me to make one request—it is the first favour I have to seek for in the new relation in which I stand towards you."

"My dear Major," said Lady Diana, looking up and smiling, "ask what you please, and if in my power, consider it as already granted; for having given to you myself, I cannot refuse you anything else."

"Then, as the guardian of Kathleen, consent to her marriage with my friend Vincent, on the same day that you and I are united together. That Vincent's father approves of the union I know from Colonel Fitzpatrick himself. All, then, that is required to complete the happiness of these piscatorial lovers is your approval."

"My dear Major," replied Lady Diana, "not only do I give my consent to the proposed marriage, but with your permission I will present the bride with a gift of ten thousand pounds, which I always intended for her."

"You are an excellent woman!" cried the enraptured Major; "and with your goodness of heart, and my equality of temper, I am quite sure that even Kathleen and Vincent cannot be happier than we shall be."

Vincent and Kathleen were about giving expression to their feelings of gratitude to Major Harvey and Lady Diana, when Lord Arran rushed suddenly into the room; but stopped as he looked at the Major and Lady Diana on one side, and Vincent with Kathleen on the other.

"Ah, Major, Major!" cried Lord Arran, "I see how it is; neither my friendly warnings nor all the wisdom you have brought from Continental wars, and that you concentrated in a Spanish proverb, has preserved you unharmed from the wiles and fascinations of the most lovely widow in Ireland. Benedict is already written in your face, I see it in your smiles, and I detect it in the rosy dimples of Lady Diana. Come, no secrets with an old friend; when are you two to be made happy?"

"On Saturday next; and I invite you as my bridesman," replied Harvey. "These Spanish proverbs are, my lord, full of wisdom; and there is one of them, has made a deep impression on me since I came here."

"What is it?" said Lord Arran. "Plainly, not that cautious, ill-natured, or prudential one which says, 'Before you marry, think well of what you are about to do.' *Antes que cases mira lo que hazes.*"

"No, no," replied Harvey; "the proverb that has influenced my destinies for life, and has made me the happy man you see, is one much more just, true, and good-natured—*Un olmo solo, ni canta ni llora.*—One soul alone neither sings nor weeps. My selfish, solitary bachelorhood will speedily expire."

"And you, too, my young friend," replied Lord Arran, as he turned to Fitzpatrick, and the smiling, blushing Kathleen, "you, too, I perceive have succeeded in your suit. Believe me, I wish you joy, for I believe you to be worthy of your happiness. My wishes, I assure you, Mr. Fitzpatrick, are not the less sincere, because, if circumstances had favored me, I would have desired to be your rival, and would have contested against you, for that prize, which you have fairly won. But pardon me for my forgetting in the contemplation of so much happiness, the important, and, I may add, serious, if not dangerous business that has brought me here."

"Dangerous!" shrieked Lady Diana, "you terrify me to death! What can you mean by using such a dreadful word?"

"Come, Lady Diana," replied Lord Arran, "you are about to become the wife of as brave a soldier as ever yet drew sword in the field of battle. I hope you will prove, when the occasion arises, that you are worthy of the name you are about to bear."

"Speak plainly, my lord," said Lady Diana, "for that which is most terrible to a woman is an impending danger that involves itself in mystery, and the extent and nature of which she is not permitted to appreciate."

"It is a just observation," replied Lord Arran, "and my belief is, that men are considered more courageous than women, mainly because men know what perils they have to encounter; and women are timid, because they have not the same amount of knowledge. I will, then, briefly, as I can, explain to you why I am here unexpectedly, and even unannounced."

"Let me mean and monstrous villain, Ludlow," continued Lord Arran, "has, it seems, been driven to desperation by the last act of Redmond O'Hanlon. That celebrated partisan, it appears, encountered Ludlow when in command of a party to seize the Polish Archbishop, Dr. Plunkett; and wishing to avenge some personal wrong done to him, O'Hanlon challenged Ludlow to meet him in single combat, in presence of the followers of both. This challenge Ludlow refused to accept, and the consequence was, that O'Hanlon had Ludlow's back bared, and stripes inflicted upon him with a hangman's rope. Ludlow, for submitting to this degrading punishment, has been, since then, shunned by society. He has been refused admittance at the Castle, and at the house of every private gentleman. The consequence of this treatment is, he has determined upon leaving Ireland; but before doing so, he has resolved upon securing to himself the Fitzpatrick property, by the forcible abduction of Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick."

Kathleen shrieked, and threw herself into the arms of Vincent. "Save me, Vincent; save me, my beloved, from such a villain!"

"With my life," replied Vincent.

Lord Arran looked at the young couple, thus expressing their affection and devotion to each other; and, as he did so, there was a flush upon his cheek, and his voice trembled perceptibly as he resumed the discourse which had been so unexpectedly interrupted.

"The time fixed upon by Ludlow for carrying out this diabolical plot is this very night. He has hired the services of six of the ruffians who were with him when arresting Archbishop Plunkett; and as he believes Lady Diana has not more than three men servants in the house, he considers that this number will be sufficient to effect his purpose."

"How has your lordship gained a knowledge of his secrets?" inquired Lady Diana.

"Through Colonel Fitzpatrick, who is stopping in the same inn at which resides this Ludlow's confidant, a man named Lawson, who was wounded in the hand a short time since by Redmond O'Hanlon."

"Redmond O'Hanlon!" exclaimed Major

Harvey. "Redmond O'Hanlon again! Why, the man appears to be ubiquitous. What description of man is he, if he is, indeed, a man at all?"

"Ah! Major, Major," replied Lord Arran, laughing, "what a cunning, old rascal you are! I do not wonder you inveigled this innocent lady into a promise of marriage. Well, you know that Redmond O'Hanlon was the friend of our young hero here, on an occasion of which we need say no more in the present company."

"A secret told to me is a fact forgotten but by the teller," observed Harvey. "But this night you say the attack is to be made on this house. I am glad of it. The most grateful of all odors to me is the fume of gunpowder, when I have a chance of lodging a bullet in the brain of a vagabond. I trust the plan of defence will be confided to me. If it is, I promise you that there is not a man who enters Lady Diana's park to-night, with a hostile intention, that will not be carried out of it a corpse to-morrow."

"Oh! Major, my dear, dear, dearest Major," cried Lady Diana, "do not talk in that horrid manner, or you will frighten me to death on the spot."

"Listen to your intended bride, Major, and be guided by her advice," said Lord Arran, "if you would not avoid the worst of all punishments, as I am told, of marriage folk, a curtain lecture. I have a plan to propose, somewhat different from the battle scene you are already dreaming of."

"What is it?" asked Harvey. "No chance of escape, I hope for such cowardly villains."

"Not the least," replied Lord Arran; "the only difference between your plan and mine is, you would, if you could, let one of them escape with life, and what I propose is to entrap them all alive."

"And now will you do that?" asked Harvey.

"Mainly by your assistance, and wholly, I might add, from my confidence in your skill as a veteran campaigner—as one practised in all the arts and devices of war—as a valiant in a forlorn hope, as you are apt to be in contriving an ambush."

Now, what I propose is, that you leave the defence of the ladies to the men who are at present in the house, for without reckoning at all upon the male attendants, I am quite sure that Fitzpatrick and myself would be able alone to withstand the attack of two dozen such rif-ruff as Ludlow can gather round him."

"And as to me," said Major Harvey, somewhat impatiently, "what do you propose for me to do?"

"As for you, the all-important part of the affair will devolve upon you. Fitzpatrick and I are to be entrusted with the defence of the house from within; but its exterior defence is to be your charge."

"What! put my dear Major out of the house to be fired at by murderers?" exclaimed Lady Diana. "Oh, my lord! my lord! how could you propose anything so dreadful, and that in the hearing of a lady who is to be married to the Major this very next coming Saturday?"

"My plan," said Lord Arran, smiling, "is to secure such happiness the very next coming Saturday to two such tender lovers as you and the Major."

"Yes, and two other such tender lovers as Vincent and Kathleen," added Lady Diana.

A slight frown contracted for a moment the brow of Lord Arran, but it dispersed as quickly as it had gathered, and he resumed: "What I propose is, that Major Harvey should depart this very instant, procure as he easily can, such a number of his own dragons as he deems to be sufficient for the purpose, and when he knows that the hour fixed upon for the attack is eleven o'clock, so dispose his troopers about the grounds that he can have every one of his assailants arrested the moment that the first hostile movement is made by them."

"Admirable! admirable! my Lord," cried Harvey in an ecstasy. "I see it all now. I have studied every inch of ground about the house and park as earnestly, and know it as completely as if it had been a chosen field of battle. Even as I talk to you, I have laid out my ambush so thoroughly that the assailants will be prisoners before they are aware they have a single enemy outside the house to contend against. Farewell, my Lord, you next see me in my custody as captives, and his gun will be in my custody as captives."

Lady Diana, I kiss your hand. Kathleen, with my consent, no man but Vincent shall ever call you his wife."

The intention of which Lord Arran was the bearer proved to be correct.

The night was pitchy dark, when Ludlow, followed by ten men, crossed the wall of Lady Diana's park, and advanced with stealthy steps towards the front. No light shone in any part of the house to indicate that any one was on the watch.

Ludlow and his followers ascended the steps leading to the hall-door, and a single blow with a sledge-hammer had shivered the lock to pieces, but that was the only noise heard, for, at the same instant, the hall was filled with lights, showing Lord Arran, Fitzpatrick, and the three servants, armed with matchlocks, and the same light shone upon the uplifted sabres of forty soldiers, who surrounded the steps by which Ludlow and his gang had ascended.

"Down with your arms instantly. Surrender at once, or I will cut every man of you to pieces," cried Major Harvey, from the rear.

"Surrender! surrender, Mr. Ludlow, at once," cried Lord Arran, "or I will blow your brains out."

"Lay down your arms, men," said Ludlow. "It is in vain to contend against such numbers. Some one amongst you is a traitor, and I am in the hands of my enemies."

"Not your enemies, Mr. Ludlow, but the friends of your destined victim. Major, let the prisoners be bound outside. I will speak with Mr. Ludlow in a private room," said Lord Arran; and Ludlow was conducted into a small room leading from the hall.

"My Lord Arran," said Ludlow, when he found both were alone, "you have the reputation of being a generous man. Grant me, then, one favor. Give me, for I have been disarmed, some weapon by which I may take away my life, and no longer survive the dishonor that has befallen me."

"Mr. Ludlow," said Lord Arran, as he looked with undisguised contempt at the base man before him, "this is not the time nor the place to talk to any gentleman about your being apprehensive of dishonor. Had you preferred your honor to your life, there was an opportunity afforded to you for making a selection between the two, when Count O'Hanlon challenged you to single combat. On that occasion you submitted to personal degradation to save your life."

"My Lord, I am in your power," said Ludlow, whose distorted features showed the agony he was enduring whilst thus addressed by the son of the Lord Lieutenant. "I am, I say, in your lordship's power. I own that I have been apprehended by you in the commission of a crime, that there are sufficient proofs to convict me of an attempt at burglary. What does your lordship propose to do with me?"

"I have desired to speak with you alone, Sir," said Lord Arran; "and you may perceive

by the preparations that were made to receive you, that I have not arranged for such an interview without having certain terms to offer you."

"Name them, my Lord. They must be very hard indeed, if I do not prefer them to the fate which otherwise awaits me—the death of a common malefactor on the gibbet."

"I know much of your past career, Sir, in connection with the Fitzpatrick family."

Ludlow's face became suffused with purple when Lord Arran mentioned the name of Fitzpatrick.

"I believe," continued Lord Arran, "from what I have heard, that the offence which you tried to commit this night, cruel, base, cowardly, and unmanly as it is, was but trivial when compared with those you have tried to commit, as well as those you actually have committed, in the attempt to gain possession of the Fitzpatrick property. Some of the wrongs done by you are irreparable; others are not so. One of the first conditions, then, which I have to impose upon you is, that you will restore to the Fitzpatricks such portions of their estates as you unrighteously retain."

"Restore the property!" cried Ludlow, horror-stricken at this proposition. "Restore the property! to whom? Who is to claim it?"

"The Fitzpatricks; to Colonel Fitzpatrick, or to his son Vincent, or to Kathleen Fitzpatrick. Do you agree to this condition, Sir? It is easily arranged to whom the restoration be made. Do you agree to this?"

"I do, I do, because I must," replied Ludlow.

"And this restitution you promise to make within a month?"

"I do, I do, because I must," again answered Ludlow.

"The second condition is, that within two months you leave Ireland; and within six months his Majesty's dominions, with the promise during your life never to return. Do you agree to this condition also?"

"I do, I do, because I must," replied Ludlow.

"Very well, on these conditions your companions and yourself shall be at once set at liberty."

"Thanks! thanks! my Lord, I take my leave of you. You are a truly generous conqueror," said Ludlow, his looks of hatred contradicting the flattering words he expressed.

"Step, step, Mr. Edward Ludlow; not so fast. I know whom I have to deal with. I cannot take your spoken word, Sir, for anything. If I were to let you off so easily to-night, you would laugh at me to-morrow morning, and deny all the transactions of this night, and perhaps threaten me with an action for slander, if I repeated them. Your spoken word, Sir, is that of a disgraced poltroon, and no man could place the slightest reliance on it. Here, Sir, is something more tangible, more substantial, and more lasting. It is a declaration to this effect: 'I, Edward Ludlow, of Mounstown, Esquire, late a captain in the army of the Commonwealth, having been detected in an attempt to commit a base, cruel, cowardly, and unmanly offence, and having obtained pardon, conditionally, for that offence, do hereby promise to fulfill the conditions imposed upon me, which are as follows.' The conditions, as I have stated them, are then set forth in this paper. Here, read them, read them attentively, and then say if you are prepared to sign the document I now place in your hands."

Ludlow took the paper with a trembling hand, and his eyes became first glazed, and then were filled with tears, as he tried to read its contents.

"I have read the paper," said the crest-fallen villain, "and I am prepared to sign it."

"Here, Major Harvey, come into this room; I wish you to be a witness to this person's signature."

Harvey came into the room. Lord Arran placed pen and ink in the hands of Ludlow, who at once signed the paper.

"One word more, and then I have done with you for ever. Is this your proper name and signature?"

"Yes."

"Are the contents of this document true?"

"Yes."

"You have heard these acknowledgments made, Major Harvey, by Mr. Edward Ludlow; now sign that paper."

Major Harvey signed with a dashing hand and a flourish that was as complicated as a grand military manoeuvre—a contrast in itself to the small, creeping, feeble signature of Ludlow, by the side of which it stood.

"And now, Major Harvey, be so good as to conduct that man and his associates outside the gate of Lady Diana's park; and when outside, let his followers be unbound, and permitted to proceed without further molestation."

"Do you think, my Lord," asked Harvey, "that they ought to be one and all horse-whipped out of the gate?"

"No, no; let them go as they came. Let their own shame be their punishment. If they cannot feel that, then a horsewhip would be dishonored by being placed on the shoulders of the best of them."

Lord Arran's orders were literally obeyed, and upon Major Harvey returning to the room, the paper signed by Ludlow was placed in his hands.

"I am an old soldier," said Harvey, when he had read the document through, "but until this moment I never thought there was to be found in the whole race of mankind so much baseness and cowardice as that scoundrel, Ludlow, has concentrated in his own person. A gibbet is too good for him. Why let him escape so easily, when the gallows was waiting for him?"

"Because," answered Lord Arran, "he could not be brought to the gallows but by a public trial, and at that trial there should of necessity be introduced not only the name of Kathleen Fitzpatrick, but also of Lady Diana, and their virtues should not be contaminated by a connexion, however remote, with such a miscreant."

"A very satisfactory reason for not hanging him," said Harvey, "and one with which, for Lady Diana's sake and my own, I am perfectly content."

Gently, gently, most loquacious of antiquated widows," said Geraghty; "take care of using such words as 'scoundrelism,' in connexion with any act of one of his Majesty's justices of the peace. Take care! take care of your precious life, widow, and that he who is the awful dread of all malefactors; Mr. Justice Donnellan, is not told that you have been calling him a scoundrel!"

"I," said Mrs. Gregg, in amazement. "I call Judge Donnellan 'a scoundrel!' Why, you old villain, what has caused such a notion of wickedness to come into your diabolical brain?"

"What has made me think of such a piece of wickedness?" replied Geraghty, in an assumed tone of astonishment—"why you, you woman you; for was it not a woman that put into a man's head the first notion of your wickedness that ever was committed in this innocent world? Why here—here am I, not thinking of any harm at all—a poor man, meekly performing his duties; and here I come with an order from good Judge Donnellan, commanding me on my allegiance to the King and my attachment to the Church, as by law established, on the receipt of this warrant—there, look at it, Mrs. Gregg, it is duly signed and sealed—to produce before him the body (and an ugly body it is) of Abigail Gregg, widow, to such charges as may be made against her by one Edmund Murfrey, a divinity student; and yet the moment I am seen with this commission in my hand, from the model of magistracies and the priest of Judges, Mr. Justice Donnellan, you, Mrs. Gregg—yes, you did, matron, and I'll swear it—you, alluding to my business, and to that self-same judge, asked me 'what new piece of scoundrelism is now afoot?' These were your very words, and I'll take my affidavit upon them. But come, hasten, hasten, widow; put on your hood, until I have the high honor and the immeasurable satisfaction of producing your body—I hope he won't be frightened before Judge Donnellan."

"Poor Mrs. Gregg was so horrified by the intelligence thus conveyed in his usual ranting and triumphant manner by Geraghty, that she was unable to reply to him.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she exclaimed, rushing back to the room, to Judith, "here is another of the vile acts of that demon, Geraghty. He has brought an order for me to appear before Judge Donnellan. I see what he intends by this; it is to take me away from you, and to have me placed in some prison, where I could neither give you any assistance, nor convey information to your friends of the place of your confinement. He can do me no harm; and for myself, I defy his malice; but it is not so with you. God help and protect you, young lady! I am forced to leave you."

"Farewell! farewell!" replied Judith. "If I have ever freed from this captivity, you shall find in me no ungrateful friend; meanwhile, take with you this poor memorial of my regard."

As Judith thus spoke, she placed a glittering diamond ring upon one of Mrs. Gregg's fingers. Neither the words nor the gift of Judith had escaped the watchful observation of Gerald Geraghty.

Never in all her long life was the widow Gregg so much astonished as when she appeared in front of the prison, leaning on the arm of Geraghty, who held her hand as tightly as if it was in a vice