REDMOND O'HANLON

An Historical story of the Cromwellian . Settlement.

CHAPTER X.

THREE days' imprisonment had produced a fearful change in the appearance of Judith Lawson. All life, all motion, all vigor, and nearly all vitality seemed to have departed from her frame. She ate mechanically whatever was set before her. She sat during the whole day in the same seat, and nearly in the same position, Like an automaton, she opened the door whenever she heard a knocking, and then, when the person who had called upon her departed, she again bolted the door regularly on the inside. It was the same at night as in the morning. A mechanical, habitual undoing of the bolts, and a sedulous shutting to of them again. But all this while Judith spoke not a word, asked for nothing, and if spoken to remained

obdurately silent. Her attendant for these three days was the wicked old jailer, Gerald Geraghty. The silence of Judith puzzled the old man at first, then annoyed him, and then disappointed him, for his rage was not yet sated, nor his animosity against the hated name and blood of Lawson fully gratified. He had hoped to find Judith again tempting him with gold, again entreating him to aid in her escape, in order that he might again have the opportunity of refusing her, and of again taunting her with the misdeeds of her father.

Judith either did not seem to be conscious of his presence, or if her eyes ever by accident met his, it was but to turn them away from him, as if they had fallen upon some inan-Imate piece of furniture in the room; for there was, in those large, black, fierce, lustrons eyes, not one spark of recognition, nor one gleam of resentment.

"I have struck," said the old man to himaged her more delicately; she should have been made, like the worm, to feel the barb in that moment expires. The native element of Judith, wicked Lawson's daughter, was pride, conceit, ambition; the notion that she. because she was richer, was better than others. I have, like a bungler, struck a mortal blow on her pride, and in that blow I have shattered her intellect. Her brain is fast going. I see it in her eye. A week more of such a listless life as she is now leading, and she will become a moping idiot, and the instrument whereby I hope to break Ebenezer's massacre of wife and children unaverged; because the child of the murderer will have passed out of my reach.

" Want, then, is to be done? or how is sho to be aroused from her stuper? or in what way can she be brought back again to think of life-of its vain hopes, and its barren pleasures? She is young—still very young -and life must still be an enjoyment to ker. How force her again to think of it!

"Of myself I cannot do anything with her. My grandson has been in and out of her room also, and she has taken no more notice of him than if he had been a dog; and yet he did his her a "shrew," and Geraghty, who designated best to attract her attention, by pretending her "a harridan," and the truth must be told, for her a sympathy he did not feel. All in that, with the exception of the deceased Provain—quite vain. His voice did not quicken vost marshal in the Cromwellian army, the the motion of her eye-lid, no more than if his redoubtable Jack Gregg, there never yet was words were the twittening of sparrows in her a man who saw or spoke with this formidable

idea occurred to him, "there is one mode of which her strong teeth gave a perfect distinct-arousing her faculties I have not yet tried, ness of articulation, it would be difficult to idea occurred to him, "there is one mode of and that must be resorted to at once. I re- tell. But such was the fact. She was unimember the drunkard, Murfey, mentioning versally hated by men, and she repaid their her. That wish must now be complied with. | case with women—for with many, At once, that vile old, foul-tongued Puritan, Psalmsinging harridan, the widow of old Jack Gregg, one of Cromwell's hanging provostmarshals, must be sent for. That shrew's shrill voice and loud tongue would rouse the dead. Yes, she must be with this miserable girl to-day, for there is not an hour to be lost, if one would save her from insanity. Never had a handsome maiden so ugly a tire-woman as Judith Lawson will be provided with in at last looking up at this terrible old the course of a few hours." It was whilst sitting on a chair on the op-

posite side of the table at which Judith sat, that the old man had indulged in this solilogny. But neither whilst he sat there, nor by word or look that she was conscious of his presence or his absence. It was only it on the outside, that she arose, and shot the inside bolts. She then returned to her chair, and sat in the same listless attitude, her eves moveless, her hands hanging-drooping by her side, and her frequent deep sighs only testifying that there was life and pain beating at her heart.

The old man, Genighty, had judged rightly: he had "struck too strong a blow at first." He had inflicted by a single stab a wound calculated to be mortal in a vital part-Judith's pride-her pride in her father, and her pride in herself as the daughter of that father. There was but one mode of preventing that deep and bleeding wound from becoming instantly mortal, and that was by leading Judith to believe that the old man was a slanderer, and that he wilfully-artfully exaggerated some military excess in which it was her father's duty, in obedience to the orders of

his superiors, to participate. For three days, the first three days of her mjust and cruel captivity, Judith believed the tale of horror as the old man had narrated it. She had the corroborative proof of plied Judith,—"for I have been directed to its truth in a living witness, whose voice, whose manner, whose conduct, and whose rejection of her offer of a thousand pounds to aid in her escape, testified to his sincerity, and demonstrated the accuracy of his narrative. And from the time she had heard that awful accusation against her father-the beloved, and the ever-loving father-Judith thought no more of escape; in fact, thought no more of herself, but in connexion with her father and her father's crimes. One time she was picturing him to herself, as he had been to her when she was a little child—his hand in hers as they walked together, his playing and rolling with her on the green grass, pulling primroses and violers with her, weaving garlands for her hair, then bearing her in his arms, then carrying her on his back, and then joining in her sports with hoop, with ball, and even with dolls; and then she saw him, as from a child she became a woman, exulting in her beauty, boasting of her as his daughter, and, amongst a crowd of admirers, her greatest flatterer, and still the only one that spoke with sincerity and from the bottom

of his heart; and then she thought of his

On the morning of the fourth day, when unchaining the bolts on the door, withdrew the bars that protected it inside, there presented itself to her view, not the accustomed and loathsome form of Gerald Geraghty, but that of an old woman, whose snow-white hairs were confined by a close fitting black cloth cap, and whose small, thin, wasted figure was fastened in, as it appeared, tightly into a black cloth gown. The head, face, feet, and hands of this old woman, the widow Gregg, were so large, as compared with her body, legs, and arms, that she looked as if united the head, face, and hands of a giant to the person of a pigmy. The astonishment, if not terror, which her first appearance was calculated to produce, was likely to be array anted the moment she opened her result, for then she displayed a range of broad, thickset, white teeth, that looked in their shocking brightness, and terriole strongth, as if they were destined to so everlasting, and that she who own a them was, for the misfortune of her failow-creatures, never doomed to decay.

Shecking as would have been the apparition self, "this proud, haughty young dame too of this wretched old widow at any other time strong a blow at first. I should have man to Judith, it was far otherwise now. The new face and form at once produced a change in her; for in her absodonment and loneliness. thrilling in every vital; not treated like the the unhappy young woman felt and recognized fish, which is dragged, at one pull, out of the she was in the presence of one of her own sex, element in which it had hitherto lived, and and the moment one did so, the light of intelligence returned to her eyes, and flush of surprise mantled upon her cheek.

Judith spoke, however, not one word, in reply to the greeting of the widow Gregg, but having opened the door for her at once returned to her accustomed seat, and again appeared to abandon herself to that impassible lassitude which had overwhelmed her for the preceding three days.

This state of impassibility was not, kowever, of leng continuance, for Judith felt the heart will be shattered in my hand, and the change of a woman's hand-even though that was the hand of a forbidden-looking old woman, upon her and about her. Her face and hands were bathed with cold, refreshing, life-giving water; her hair was unplaited, combed, and re-aranged for her; the room was swept; the table had a clean, snow-white cloth put upon it; the simple breakfast of bread and milk was placed before her, and she was urged—it was by a woman's voice to take some refreshment, and she mechanieally complied with the request so made.

The widow Gregg's general character had been already given to Murfey, who considered old female, who did not look upon her with "Ak!" said the old man, clapping his repugaance. Whether it was her unsightly withered hands together with delight, as the form, or her copiousness of hard words, to that she wished to have a woman to wait on hatred with interest. But such was not the and especially with neglected widows and hopeless old maids, she was regarded as a champion of her sex, and such were disposed to pardon her faults of temper, her irritability, and her vehement rages, because the effects of both were poured forth with an energy that seemed to be inexhaustible on "the ruder sex."

" You have pressed me to eat," said Judith. woman; "you have kindly waited upon me. Will you not sit down now and take something

"I will do anything that is asked me so civilly," replied the woman, senting herself, when he rose to go away, did Judith testify and cutting a hugh slice of bread, and pouring out a full pitcher of milk; "and I will do it the more readily, when I am asked when he closed the door after him, and bolted to do so by one like you, who speaks to me with an English accent. Are you an Englishwoman?"

"I am," replied Judith. "Though I have now lived many years in Ireland, I was born and educated in England. My mother was a Welchwoman, and my father-

And on the recollection of what she had been told of that father, to whom, as in the time gone by, it was her hubit to refer with pride and pleasure, the unhappy young girl burst into a flood of tears, which the old woman, well practised in the ways of her sex, did not by a single word attempt to check or control; but steadfastly went on with her own breakfast, waiting patiently until the storm of passion should subside.

" You have told me," said the widow Gregg, "that you are by birth an Englishwomanthat you have been educated in England; I hope also you have been instructed in the religion of England—that you are not a

believe that it is a profession of faith that is religiously corrupt, and politically dangerous,' and also, that it 'degrades the intellect and enslaves the soul."

"Your education reflects great credit on your teachers," observed the old woman, with a distortion of the face intended to be a smile, but which was as hideous as the grin of a hyens. I have asked you these questions, because the answers you have given me are such as I expected to receive. The moment I looked at you. I at once perceived that the old villain, Gerald Geraghty, was trying to deceive me; for he told me, that in sending me to wait on you, I was to regard you as a person sent here on a charge of being concerned in the Popish plot."

"Did Gerald Geraghty tell you so monstrous an untruth about me?" asked Judith, anxiously.

"As sure as I am an honest woman, he did," replied the widow Gregg.

" How long is the old man Gerald Geraghty known to you?" inquired Judith.

"Gerald Geraghty is known to me-how long, let me see," replied the woman, as she gifts in gold and diamonds, and then of his rubbed her gigantic chin with a more gigantic giving over to her an absolute command of all hand—"Gerald Geraghty is known to me-his wealth; and then came, in the midst of all ah! I ought to recollect the year well—it was these thoughts that same father hacking the the same year in which the brave patriot: Sir throats of children that had been like herself Hardress Waller, seized the Castle of Dublin at one time, and then of his blood-stained and endeavored to hold it for Parliament hands laid on the hearts of women of her own against the King's friends, but was obliged to quite sure, my mind has been in such a state and unprovoked victims in the cave of Dun-

"He is so great a liar," replied Mrs. Gregg, that he could not tell the truth even by accid-Judith, in response to the knocking at and ent. Remember what he told me about yourself-that you were a Papist. I knew that it was a lie-must be a lie-could not be the truth, because he said it."

"Then, if he told me a long and dreadful story about my----- Judith's tongue stammered, and she could not, pronounce the word—"about a person in whose honor I am deeply interested, you think that I ought not, because of his notorious character, attach much weight to it?"

"I would not kill a fly upon the oath of body, legs, and arms, that she looked as if Gerald Geraghty," observed Mrs. Gregg. nature, in fashioning her, had, in a freak, "Why, he is such a lar, and his mind is so will be lead from the lard hand of a circuit. crocked, that the straightest road that ever was made, when it is looked at by him, appears to have a bend in it."

"He belied me most undoubtedly to you," observed Judith; "that I am quite sure of; why then should I not believe—as certainly it is my duty to believe—that he belied him to whom my love and honor are due, by the invention of the most horrible story that ever was told?" "And what, may I ask, was the horrible

story that wicked old Geraghty invented for the purpose of frightening you? For to frighten honest people, and good young women like you, who hate Papists, is all that the old scoundrel is now good for," charitably observed the widow Gregg.

"Oh! the most terrible story," replied Judith, "that ever was heard; it was about soldiers in the Cremwellian army acting most cruelly--

"A lie!" said Mrs. Gregg. "And of their pursuing some fugitives, men, women, and children, to a cave, for the purpose of destroying them___"
"A wicked lie!" added Mrs. Gregg.

"And of their stopping up the outlets of the cave, and burning combustibles around it, for the purpose of smothering the inmates

"An atrocious lie," chimed in Mrs Gregg. "And then of opening the cave, and killing the survivors-

"An abominable lie!" remarked Mrs. "And then the throats of wives, daughters,

and infants being cut----"A most diabolical lie!" roared out Mrs. Gregg, as she jumped up and stamped with her ponderous feet upon the floor. "I have no patience to listen further to such nefarious falsehoods. "But, who, my good woman, was said by this vile miscreant to be a chief actor in these iniquities? I should not be surprised if he fathered them on my late there is no relic left, but the butt-end of a matchlock."

"No, replied Judith, "the person to whom he assigned the perpetration of all these misdeeds is, I tremble with horror whilst I mention it, my father!"

again seating herself, and repeating "your father!" as if she was astonished at the par-

"My father," answered Judith, hesitating, and as if her whole fate depended upon the manner in which her explanation would be received by the widow Gregg. "My father is Ebenezer Lawson, now a man of large wealth, but formerly such as Gerald Geraghty described him, a soldier in the army of Cromwell, in Ireland, and serving for a time under Lieutenant-General Ludlow."

"Do you mean by your father, Ebenezer Lawson, the same man who was in the troop of Captain Edward Ludiow?" asked the old

"I do, I do," answered Judith, pale with fear and agitation

"Ebenezer Lawson," observed the widow Gregg, "I remember him well, and knew his reputation thoroughly. There was not a more active man, nor a more zealous soldier, in the Cromwellian arury. A braver or a better man never handled a matchlock, nor quoted a text'from Scripture. Ah! if all the army had been like him in spirit, we should be little troubled now with Papists or a Popish

Judith was not sufficiently instructed in the history of the thirty preceding years to be aware how dubious was the compliment conveyed in the last few words of the zealous Mrs. Gregg, to the prowess of her father. That which came home to her heart was the declaration from one who knew him, that there could be no "braver or better man : and as she heard these words her heart thrilled with delight, and bursting into tears, and then casting herself on her knees, she kissed with her rich rosy lips the thick clumsy fingers of the Puritan widow, whilst she exclaimed with trembling voice, and

streaming eyes :---"Thanks! thanks na thousand, and ten thousand thanks, for the words you have spoken in praise of my most dear and justly loved father. Oh! my good, dear, kind creature, I never, never can repay you for all the happiness your words have given me. You have brought light to the dark, strength to the weak, hope to the despairing. Oh! dear, dear, good woman, tell me your name, that I may ever remember it in my prayers, and that my whole future life may prove to you the depth of my gratitude."

"The name I bear," replied the old widow. is Abigail Gregg, at your service; but rise, my dear, good young woman, in order that we may converse at our case."

"Oh! command me as you please," replied the delighted Judith, "you will find me as obedient as a child."

"You have been religiously educated; you have proper notions about the Papists," served Mrs. Gregg, "and your principles, therefore, must be good. And so that vile old thief, linr, and miscreant, Gerald Gersghty, went and frightened you with so monstrous a lie about that good and godly man your father?"

"Indeed he did," replied Judith.

"And what reason did he give you, or pretend to give you, for your saint-like parent smothering fugitives in a cave, and slaughter-ing girls and children?"

"What reason!" said Judith, somewhat puzzled by the question. "Well, I am not

Judas Iscariot. He talks of your father murdering women and children. The dear, good, holy man never did any such thing; but what put the lie about im into wicked Gerald Geraghty's head is that he well knows such deeds as he attributes to good Ebenezer Lawson were done by the Irish Papists; that these same Irish Papists, in the year 1651, massacred in one morning one hundred and ten thousand two hundred and fifty-one English Protestants; killing seventy-five thousand three hundred and four persons, whilst they were fast asleep in their beds knocking the brains out of ten thousand one hundred and one persons whilst in the reaccable and harmless occupation of cati og their own breakfasts; drowning six thou and eight hundred and nine persons in ponds, rivers, and lakes; burning alive one chousand eight hundred and one persons; coutting the throats of one thousand eight hur dred and fifty-seven persons, mostly children, under the age of two years, and orthodox P cotestant; whilst the remainder were put '60 death in various ways, and such only as, the diabolical ingenuity of a Papist could f aggest."

Judith p aused at this extraordinary state-

ment. Gerald Geraghty, it appeared to her, was pot more minute nor as particular in detailing the deeds of blood he attributed to ner father than was the widow Gregg in her specification of other greater and more horrible acts of cruelty, which she imputed, not to the extraordinary wickedness of one individual, but to a whole race of people professing a certain form of the Christian religion.

"It is not possible, at least I hope so, that there is exaggeration in the account you give of the massacres of 1641?" asked Judith.

"Exaggeration!" cried the widow Gregg, surprised. "On the contrary, there is, if anything, an under statement. Did not that marvellous saint and most wonderful convert from Popery, the Rev. Malachy Marprelate, travel from parish to parish through Ireland, counting the graves of the victims, and authenticating, in the most satisfactory and edifying manner, every single case of monstrous, merciless, and inhuman massacre perpetrated by the Papists? Besides, were not the bodies of thousands of those who had grace, the Rev. Jacob Roundhead, in which it dead little Protestant children, who had been killed by the Papists and eaten, were heard at night crying around the doors of their carnivorous murderers-Give us our heads, or Gerald Geraghty, was only doing what he hand had readily inflicted."

With these words the widow Gregg resumed her occupation.

Judith remained for some time in deep thought; and the result of her reflections she thus briefly expressed, as she rose from her chair with renewed life and vigor in her

"I have permitted myself to be deceived bythe cunning and wickedness of a heartless old man. Alas! for this poor country; it seems to me to be divided between two classes of persons, each hating the other with such remorseless animosity, they are willing each to believe the worst things that can be said against the other, and when they can find no incts on which to justify their hatreds, then they have recourse to a fertile fancy and concoct against one another accusations that are incredible; and things that their own hearts must tell them they could not and would not themselves do, they are willing to suppose could and would be done by those they de-

CHAPTER XI.

religion to which he formerly belonged, and had publicly abjured, that came to the ears of one of them professed." the listener, Gerald Geraghty, as a novelty.

It was a last and desperate experiment, faculties of Judith, and make her again capable of suffering,) that he had introduced the widow Gregg to her. In his craving, and truly diabolical desire for revenge, he sought grow up to be wicked. to afflict Judith because she was the daughter of Lawson; and through her he hoped to bring agony and despair, such as he himself had once felt, to the heart and affections of Ebenezer. What cared he, then, with all his faculties fixed upon the attainment of his. revenge (and he had resolved upon something fore, whenever he fairly could, he knocked that would be as awful as the injuries that had been done to himself.) it in the progress necessary to be made before that great purpose was reached, an old and hated woman should mention his name with scorn, or abuse the faith to which he had formerly been an garded as alike instructive and edifying. 'avowed adherent? If abuse and vituperation of himself helped him on his path, he welcomed them as an ally, and would, if such that old miscreant, Gerald Geraghty, now percould be serviceable, have provoked their further display, and still more intense expres-

"This venomous old harridan," said Gerald to himself, when silence had succeeded to the animated conversation carried on between the old and young woman, " will now, doubtless. conceive it to be a duty to make herself the medium of communication between this miserable girl and that bloodthirsty miscreant, her father; and so take that very step which will hasten the downfall both of father and daughter. I hope so, for I long for the hour when I shall see both stretched as lifeless corpses before me ; but still mere do I pine for the moment when I shall bid Lawson despair and die, as he thinks over his innocent age; and then, as these two contrasting scenes | yield it after a siege of five days. In that of confusion ever since; but, if I recollect dalk. And now to concert with that good

feeling, and motion. That awful crushing weight had now been removed, and with revived strengt n and spirits came back her natural courage and her indomitable resolu-

For th ree long days she had ceased to think c her incarceration, of its injustice, of of effecting her escape from it, that she the c .uel and unprovoked wrong that had beer a done to her: but now all these sentim' at returned to her, and she felt herself to the same dauntless Judith Lawson who had discharged a musketat the heart of her captor with the intention of slaying him; and again, as on the first night she had entered that abode, which was called a prison, she resolved that if courage and determination could burst her bonds, her captivity must speedily be at an end.

With this view, Judith, for the first time, commenced an examination of the prison in which she had been confined. She wished to ascertain whether it presented any or no facilities for escape. She at once perceived that the chamber and sleeping-room allocated to her use, with the passage leading to them, must occupy the entire floor of what was a circular tower. To that tower light and air were admitted to the sitting-room by a large square window, and to the bed-room by a long narrow slit in the wall, eight inches in length and not more than one inch in breadth.

The only outlets for escape from her prison were, as she at first conjectured, either by the window of the sitting-room or by the doorthe latter, however, leading to the lower apartments, where her jailers were to be expected to be always on the watch.

As she looked through the latticed window of the sitting-room, she perceived that it fronted another window like itself, in a tower about thirty paces distant, and that the two towers were on both sides flanked by connecting walls; and in each of these walls were square windows of the same size, and on a level with the room in which she stood. Beyond this close and narrow space there was no view from the window; and, being desirous to ascertain how the intermediate space below was occupied-by a most or earth-or to what purposes it was applied, she pushed open the lattice, and looked down into what she at once recognized as a flagged courtbeen drowned seen floating on the rivers for yard beneath. This she perceived by a months after the massacre? Nay, is not this momentary glance, for she was not allowed momentary glance, for she was not allowed fact as notorious as that there is sunshine in to take more than a moment in looking be-June, that in one particular place, I think it | neath her, as the instant her face and person was in Athlone, some of the dead, murdered | was seen looking out, her ears were saluted Protestants, were to be seen every Saturday- by the loud, ferocious, rabid barking of four night standing bold upright in the water, | monstrous bulldogs, that with glaring eyes, and crying out in stentorian voice— We want and glistening teeth, and open mouths, yelled to be revenged on the bloody Irish Papists? out in furious rage against her; whilst in the out in furious rage against her; whilst in the blessed husband, of whose precious remains and are there not cases cited by that lamb of midst of them stood, with malignity in his eye, and a diabolical smile on his lips, the is shewn by a multitude of affidavits, that hated old warder of the prison-Gerald Geraghty !

What was it made the brave-hearted Judith shrink back with terror, as she thus gazed upon the old man and the enraged brutes "Your father!!!" cried Mrs. Gregg, almost the bones itself?' The least and smallest of around him—looking like a demon with a losing her breath with astonishment, and all crimes that a Papist can commit is to tell band of imps under his control? She could lies; and be assured that the old rapscallion, not account for the sickening, fainting sensations that came over her, and that impelled ticularity brought into the narrative of his | thought was a laudable action, when he in- her, with hurried and trembling hands, to falsehood, in this instance, by Gerald Gerald Servented a falsehood, and attributed to your father! and who is your father? The father of the growling beasts beasts beautiful to the servent of the growling beautiful to the growling beautiful his own hand had perpetrated, and which.

Protestants being the victims, his own cruel fear, the horror, and the affright that had so unexpectedly come upon her.

Judith covered her eyes, and endeavored to close her ears against the noise which was still raging and roaring beneath, when the old woman approached her and said:-

"What is the matter with you, child of honest Ebenezer Lawson? You look pale

"I feel ill, very ill," said Judith in a trem bling voice, as she endeavored to answer the old woman. "I have by accident, again seen that terrible old man, who frightened me with the horrid story about my dear father. In looking from that window on the courtyard beneath. I beheld him with four dogs, and it seemed to me it was a foolish fancy, I know-that he was inciting them to tear me to pieces, and marking me out to them as

their destined prey."

"And, no doubt, the wicked old villain would do so, if he had the power and the opportunity," replied Mrs. Gregg. "It is the way with him, and all his sort and creed, to us poor Englishwomen. They would slaughter us all if they could."

"But what have I done to this old man To the whole of the conversation between that I should be so hated by him?" asked Judith Lawson and Abigail Gregg there had Judith. "I never did to him or his the been an attentive listener; and there was not slightest harm; on the contrary, I never yet. one word, and not one single abusive phrase met a poor Irish person I did not aid to the applied by the latter to himself, or to the best of my power, and I did this without ever! considering what particular form of faith any

"Ah! Lord help your innocent heart," piously exclaimed the widow Gregg, "there is (the only one by which he could revive the | no taming these Irish; the only way to dea with them is to cut them off, root and branch -the old, because they are wicked, and the young, because if they live, they are sure to

Ah! my poor, dear, blessed husband, of whom the only relic now left to me is, as I told you, the butt-end of his matchlock, he was the man, in his own charitable way, knew how to manage them. He did not consider them to be fellow-creatures at all, and therethem on the head, or hung them up, as if they

were so many wild wolves....."
Loud shricks and cries, mingled with a noise as of heavy blows, interrupted the widow Gregg in a discourse, which she ra-"What's this? what's this?" exclaimed the old woman; "what new piece of deviltry is

forming? What new piece of mischief is now As the woman thus spoke, she pushed open the casement which Judith had so carefully closed, and looked down into the court-yard

So long as blows appeared to be given, and shrieks were heard, the woman continued to

from which the shricks appeared to be ascend-

gaze into the court yard. Both blows and shricks censed at the same instant, and as they did so, the widow with-drew her head, closed the window, and stump-

ing over, with a grin of delight upon her terrific, countenance, to the side, of Judith, she cried out as if highly delighted :-"Wonders, will, never cease! I. never thought that old villain, Gerald Geraghty,

and figures jumbled and mixed together, the loved object in one being, a human demon in the other, and yet both the same, and the same, and the same, and the same person here, own faster and bead and distraction, and with the other, and yet both the same, and the same of the same, and the same, and the same, and the same, and the same of the same, and the same, and the same, and the same of thing to see these Irish wretches quartelling with each other,"

Judith did not interrupt the discourse of Mrs. Gregg by a single observation, for so alsorbed was she in the contemplation of her own strange position, and with vague dreams scarcely comprehended the purport of Mrs. Gregg's observation. All she gleamed from it was the fact, that there existed, in connexion with her prison, another person, of whom she had never heard before, and that the person so referred to was the grandson of Geraghty."

"So! said Judith, "the wicked old man ha a grandson; I did not know that until nor Do you know the grandson? what are

"The grandson," replied Mrs. Gregg, " is 1 should think above seventeen, but does not look, so stunted is his growth, to be more than ten or twelve years of age. I think it is seven years since I first saw him, and he is, in appearance, the same to-day that he was then. I never knew and I never heard any good of him. On the contrary, he was always doing mischief, and, therefore, always a prime favor. ite with his grandfather. I do not think it is in the nature of the boy to perform one actu virtue; and I do not believe that his grand-father would beat him unless he had discovered the lad doing good. I am quite puzzled to know what can be the cause of quarrel, and will, therefore, at once leave you, and try and unravel this, to me, most marvellous and unlooked for event; for I repeat to you, such a detestable set are these Irish Papisti that a young person amongst them would never, of his own accord, so much as think of doing good, and that an old person amongst them would never chastise one of his young people but for being unlike himself, in actually doing or thinking of doing, something which a truly pious English person would either laud or approve of."

And with this observation Abigail Gregg who always regarded herself as " as a model of charity," left the apartment with the intention of descending to the hall of Brass Castle.

Mrs. Gregg quitted the room in which Judith sat, and carefully closed the door of the apartment behind her; but in the passage leading from the chamber to the outward door, from which the stairs descended, she met full front the watchful janitor, Gerald Geraghty, who, with a broad grin on his face, and a bunch of keys in his hand, thus saluted the widow:-

"The top of the morning to you, widew Might I take the liberty of asking you where are you off to in such a hurry; or has the Doctor told you that a promenade would be good for your precious health?"

The widow Gregg's gigantic eyes, in her large unsightly head, flashed with indignation as these questions were put, in a bantering tone, to her by old Geraghty.

It would have been a curious study for the physiognomist to have contemplated the faces and figures of these two old malevolent individuals, as they gazed with intense hatrel and contempt for each other, and neither caring to conceal the abomination they entertained. Mutually inimical, yet there was a each nurtured in the heart an enmity against unoffending individuals, races, or religious and each sought to disguise from himself and herself an innate wickedness of disposition by pretending that its indulgence was but resentment or disgust, felt on account of the offensiveness of others. It was English bigotry face to face with, and frowning at Irish prejudice; and never, perhaps were unjust national prejudices more appropriately represented than when they were thus personified in senility without love, or honor, or respect; fanaticism, and uncharitableness, and spite, on the one side: passion, vindictiveness, suspicion, and insatiable hate, with unforgiving

rovenge, upon the other. "I'm sorry to find we're not on speaking terms, widow Gregg," said Geraghty. "Is this your gratitude to me for making interest with the Government to get you to wait ou that beautiful young lady, who has pockets full of gold to give away to anybody she takes a fancy to?"

"What I want to know, Mr. Geraghty. from you is how came you in this passage what business have you here?" asked Mrs Gregg.

"Indeed, very little business of my own, replied Geraghty; "but that I'm greatly afraid politeness will be the death of me. just came into this passage to save your precious old knuckles being tattered to pieces beating at that door, if you wanted to go down stairs; first, because nobody will mind your knocking, and next, because there are positive orders that so long as the young lady in that room remains there, you will have to stay along with her.";

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs Gregg, bursting out, into a fit of rage-" what do you mean, you old thief of the world?"

"Manuers, widew, if you please" replied Geraghty. "Old thief of the world. Why, if you are going out, ma'am, you need not be in such a burry as to leave your name and title behind you."

"Why, you old thief of the world," repeated Mrs. Gregg, "do you mean to say I am not to come in and go out of this place as I please? "As to coming in here, it was your own act, widow," replied Geraghty,—"your own act, of your own free will; but as to going out again, that depends upon those who hold the keys; and may the worst of bad luck over take me-that is, may I be married to you be fore I die, but out of this prison you den stir a single inch as long as I'm warder And as he said this, he clinked the keys mer rily in his withered hands. "Or rather, should say," he added—"for the Lord forbid you were to stay here for ever-as long as the

lady in that room is detained a prisoner." (To be continued.)

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