THE DEVIL IN COURT. The Devil came up to the earth one day, And into a court house wended his way. Just as an attorney, with very grave face, Was proceeding to argue the "points in the case."

Now, a lawyer His Majesty never had seen. For in his dominions none ever had been, And he felt very angry the reason to know, Why none had been sent to the regions below

Twas the fault of his agents His Majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been caught.
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire,
To come to the earth and the reason enquire.

Well, this lawyer who rose with visage so grave, Made out his opponent a consummate knave, And the Devil himself was greatly amused To hear how the other was loudly abused.

But as soon as the speaker came to a close, The counsel opposing him flercely arose, And heaped such abuse on the head of the first As made him a viliain—of all men the worst. Thus they quarrelled, contended, and argued so

long. That 'twas hard to determine which of them was wrong;
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of the
"fuss,"
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:

"If all they have said of each other be true,
The Devil has surely been robbed of his due;
But I'm satisfied now that it's all very well,
For these lawyers would ruin the morals of
hell!

They have puzzled the Court with their villainons cavil,
And I'm free to confess they have puzzled the
Devil;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone—
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my
throne!"

## REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement,

CHAPTER XIII .- CONTINUED.

I was informed that you were a gentleman of good family in the County Limerick; that you had inherited a considerable estate; and that estate had been wasted by you in pursuits dangerous instrument in the possession of that reflected no credit either on your head or one resolute and determined. heart. I was also informed that, in the hope of repairing your broken fortunes, you had in some way or other, which no one could explain to me, connected yourself, as a witness, with what is called 'the Popish plot;' and I was also informed that you were seeking for the means to waste on your own pleasures another fortune, by obtaining some rich heiress as a wife. Such was the information which made me put what I conceived to be a proper interpretation upon your attentions to Suffice it to say, that a thought of you, as a husband, never entered into my contem- as she hid the dagger in the folds of her dress, plation; and what has since happened, the well fastening it beneath her girdle, she seizure of my person, with brutal violence, by common thieves and highwaymen, on the public roads, had driven all recollections of the incidents on the race-course from my mind. I had absolutely forgotten that such a person as Mr. David Fitzgerald had ever existed, when you again appeared before me; and now the sound of your voice-I recognise it, Sir-proves to me that the suitor on the race-course was the robber on the high-road; the brave gentleman who threatened me with his vengeance; who declared I should live to be his slave! who even vowed he would make me the boon companion of so vile and abandoned a wretch as the excommunicated Murfey; even he, this asssailant of women, this braggadocio bandit, has come into the cage which he had assigned to his victim, and there he sits?"

"Listen to me, madam," said Fitzgerald, now pale and trembling visibly.

"First listen to me, Sir. You have chosen to come to me. Now, hear what I have to say to you. You call yourself a gentleman, and no doubt you are so—by birth. I, on the contrary, am the daughter of an humble, a very humble man; I am nothing more, and nothing better than the child of him, who, when I was born, was a common soldier in the British army. My father had inherited neither fortune, name, nor rank, and he could not, if he would, have wasted the wealth he had not received, nor brought dishonour upon the name of illustrious ancestors, nor descended from the ranks of the gentry to be a companion for the dregs of society, the outcasts of a prison, or fugitives from the gallows. I was the daughter of a soldier, that soldier had become rich, and I was his declared heiress. Well, Sir, in what way was all this a matter of any concern to you? I could not come in contact with you, be seen by you, known by you, except casually meeting you on one of those festive occasions, which are alike the common sources of enjoyment to the lord and the citizen, the squire and the farmer, the king and the beggar. Base, cruel, unmanly Irishman, what cause of offence had I given to you, that you would not let me be at peace in that obscurity which I preferred, and with which I was fully content? Base and cruel man, until you cast eyes upon me, I had never dwelt, even for a single night, beneath | natural is vanity to our sex, and how ready any other roof than that which was a parent's home, and never fixed my heart upon any love except that pure, holy, and undying love which a fond father can bestow upon an affectionate and an obedient child. For full six and twenty years I had thus lived; and then I was looked upon by a man who had reduced himself to penury by his own vices, and who had, with all the world in his favour, contrived to strip himself of what is the best gift the world has to bestow-a respect for unblemished honour? And what is the consequence to me of that wicked man's observation? Oh! shame! for shame! base cruel, and heartless man, who not content with the mischief you have done, now come to gloat your eyes with gazing upon the agonies of your victim. Aye, look upon me. behold what you have done. Hear me, whilst I tell you, that, within one week of my life, you have had the power to crowd a century of suffering. Remember that the woman you have so afflicted never did you wrong. Know, that until you and your gang of hired ruffians laid hands upon that same woman, her whole previous life had been one of peace, of contentment, and of happiness. Know, that you have done a mischief that never can be repaired, for, suppoising you were at this moment to open the prison doors for me, still, you must be aware, that Judith Lawson, going forth from this prison, and returning to her father's home, would not, and could not ever be the same Judith Lawson, who left her father's heme to enjoy as she supposed, a few hours of innocent, unoffending recreation for the race course. That Judith Lawson was stainless in her honour, as she had been pure in her life; but this Judith Lawson, the Judith Lawson that your of your resistance, and the violence of your foul robber hand has once touched, is, by having come in contact with you and your myrmidons, contaminated, and an evil thinking world will point to a week's unaccounted absence from home as an incident in my career on which slander will ever be, for the future, free to put an interpretation of its own, and calumny convert to its most malignant purposes. Oh! hase, thrice base and most

of countenancing the robbery of poor ser-dropped, and circumstances that have since vants of their purses, have in your craven occurred have all combined to shake my

Why, I gave express directions that you? your riding-whip, hunting-knife, and every-thing that belonged to you should be treated as sacred property."

"Oh! generous captor!" cried the excited Judith. "He ordered that I myself should be regarded as a criminal, and bound as a cap-tive, but the inanimate things that belonged to me should be respected as sacred. But it was not so. Your menials did all the mischief that you commanded, but when you desired them to desist from evil they disobeyed you; and what is the consequence? that I am, at this moment, in a strange place, in the midst not only of strangers but of enemies, and that if any one of these—the old villain who introduced you, for instance, and who looks at me, as if he wished to murder me, and his evil passions should dispose him to carry out any such fell intentions-you, yes, I say, you, have taken away from me the power of preventing him."

"You have said," remarked Fitzgerald, and you have said truly, that I have already done you mischief which I cannot repair, and that no repentance on my part could efface. Believe me-alas! you have no reason, but the contrary, for believing me, but still, I say, if you can believe me-here, at least, is the proof that my wishes were not fulfilled, and that my orders were disregarded—here, Miss Lawson, is a small dagger. It is sharp and well-tempered, and so small, that you can conceal it in your dress. With it in your possession, and with your courage to use it, you can no longer say you are absolutely defence-

The weapon which Fitzgerald placed in the hand of Judith was about six inches in length, including the ivory handle; the blade was broad, narrow-pointed, and with two edges, each as sharp as a razor, thus making it a very

Whilst Judith was examining this dagger with the practised eye of a connoisseur, she felt a new spirit of courage pervading her; and certain that she possessed the means of punishing an aggressor, she looked with a less stern eye upon him who, though he had done her great wrong, had now given her the means of protecting herself.

Unpractised in deceit, unaccustomed to self-control, and unversed in the habit of suppressing the expression of any feeling she entertained, Judith looked at Fitzgerald; and turned suddenly round upon him,

said:---"What has brought you here? Wherefore have you come to me? Not to give me a dagger, I am certain."

"My purpose in visiting you," replied Fitzgerald, "was this, and this only. I wished, now that some days of captivity bave passed away, to judge of your character by a personal interview. I wished to know whether you were what you had been described to me—a description which induced me to waylay you, and carry you off-or, whether you are what I find you to be, and what your conduct subsequent to the capture first led me to suspect or suppose you might prove to be."

"Sir!" said Judith, "if I understand you correctly, you had a description of my temper, and manner, and morals, which served as an inducement to you to treat me as I have been treated. I entreat of you, Sir, be frank. Let me know how I was portrayed to you. It cannot hurt my feelings now to be told anymy present position and my future destiny.

"I entreat," replied Fitzgerald, "your patience and your pardon for mentioning matters which, however insufficient as a justfication of my conduct, are still, I am sorry to me as a bold-spirited and ambitious girl; as one anxious to forget, in a marriage with any and wickedness on my part, and man of good birth, the lowly origin of your they have availed themselves of the advanfather, with whom, I was told, you were in a constant state of warfare; that you were sick of home, and that you were annoyed because offers of marriage were not made to you by persons your superiors in rank and fortune. was told that the reason you dressed so richly, and, at the same time, so much at variance with the usual habiliments of women, was for the purpose of attracting attention towards yourself; and I was also informed that you had often spoken admiringly of me."

"Of you!" cried Judith, in amazement. Why, I never heard of you, never saw you, until you were introduced to me by Lord

Arran." "I am sure you speak the truth," said Fitzgerald; "but you know not, young lady, how even the most humble amongst us are to believe any one who tells them that their personal appearance has found favor in the eyes of a woman. I repeat to you what I was told over and over again, namely, that you had often spoken of me in the very highest terms, as one such as you would wish to have as a husband; but it was added-and here was the worst and most diabolical part of the invention, of those foul lies whispered untiringly into my ears-I was told that whilst you said you would approve of me as a husband, still you were afraid I was a coward and a milksop, one who would not have the courage to carry off a fine woman for the sake of her fortune. I was told that you had said, that even if I was to propose for you, you were sure that your father would, on account of my want of fortune, refuse you; but that if, on the other hand, I had the bravery to seize upon you by force, to carry you away with me, conceal you for some days in some place where your father could not discover you, that then you would be in a position to give me willingly, not only your hand and fortune. but your heart also, whilst your father could not refuse to sanction our marriage. These things were dinned into my ears day after day, for months together. At length, I was fool enough to believe them, and knave enough to act upon them. It was with a view of car-rying this long-thought-of project into effect that I was introduced to, and spoke to you on the race-course, and that I wished others to see me constantly near you during that day.

by your father and others perfectly harmless of the consequences." "Am I awake or dreaming, that such things are told to me?" cried Judith, utterly amazed and confounded by the statements of

As I was carrying out one plan, so did I fancy

you were carrying out another; that your

coolness to me was assumed; and when you

had been taken prisoner, I ascribed the valor

language, to an artful display of animosity, a

cunning concealment of your real feelings, so

that if my plan had failed, you should be held

"Reflection upon the scenes and

fears of me—of a woman!—deprived me of confidence in the truth of him who told such

fears of me—of a woman!—deprived me of confidence in the truth of him who told such the weapons wherewith I might defend my tales to me, respecting you," exclaimed Fitz-life, my honour."

"What mean you?" exclaimed the abashed / "And who on earth," exclaimed and conscience-stricken Fitzgeraid. "Is it Judith, "could have invented such fables that your hunting-knife hes been taken from concerning me; or, how come you to believe you? Why, I gave express directions that them? What reason had you for thinking there was a particle of truth in them?"

> "The person who told me all those tales about you was Gerald Geraghty," replied Fitz-gerald; "and the manner in which he said he came to know all about you, and your sentiments respecting me, was from his own daughter, Fanny Geraghty, your tire-woman and confederate!"

> "Fanny Geraghty! my tire-woman! There never was any one of the name, a domestic of any description in my father's household. My tire-woman is an Englishwoman. She was in attendance upon me at the race-course. She was made captive at the same time with myself. But, then, you say all those tales about me, so dishonouring to me, so degrading to me as a maiden, so calculated to render me an object of loathing, of scorn, and contempt, by all who prize honour, purity, and modesty in a woman; all those false, foul libels upon me and my reputation were, you say, told to you by Gerald Geraghty.

> " As I live and breathe, I speak the truth," said Fitzgerald. "The idea of committing an actso utterly base as that of taking away a young woman from the protection of her father's home, by brutal violence, never would have occurred to me. Bad I am, and wicked as I have been, my own vices have reduced me from a position in which I might have been respected to one in which I feel 1 am lowered and degraded; but still, the cowardly baseness of waylaying a woman, and forcing her into a marriage, never would be perpetrated by me. It is a monstrous act, which I am incapable of performing. Believe me, then, most deeply injured lady, that but for Gerald Geraghty this crime never would have been committed. You now would have been assailed, nor should I have been, at the same time, a dupe and a criminal. He first suggested this act to me, and never ceased to tell me-so completely did he pretend to know your sentiments, through his daughter-that you expected me to make this attempt at a sham abduction, and that, if I did not gladly comply with your wishes, you would regard me as deficient; in moral courage. He thus assailed me on my weakest point; and, in the hope I was proving I was not a coward, I did, in fact, commit the basest, the cruelest, and the most cowardly act of which a man can be

guilty."
As David Fitzgerald was thus speaking, and whilst he was so endeavouring to exculpate himself he perceived that Judith, who was at first listening to him with attention, assumed, of a sudden, an abstracted air; that her face became flushed, then deadly pale; that her limbs trembled, as if with an argue; that then a flim seemed to fall upon her eyes; and all her limbs relaxed, and she would have fallen wholly senseless on the floor, had he not caught her in his arms, and at the same time cried out to Mrs. Gregg to come to his aid, and bring some cold water with her.

It was with some difficulty that Judith was restored to consciousness. Her first impulse, upon feeling she had sufficient strength to move, was to cast herself upon her knees, and then, in a weak voice, to pour forth her feelings in prayer; and as she proceeded in the pious exercise, her courage seemed to revive, and renewed energy was given to her words.

"O Lord! I have been," she exclaimed, " as Thou knowest, a great sinner, and I have done evil before thee; and now is Thy time come to punish my transgressions, and to thing which has had such a sad influence | make me feel the bitter consequence of my own follies and great ignorance.

the laughter of the teeth, and the gait of the in these matters; for it was my foolishness of gave to my enemies the thought of weakness tage I thus presented them, and hence I am this day an object of reproach to my friends, and a subject of laughter to my foes.

"Such are the consequences of my own folly, and such, too, is Thy will; and Thy holy name be acceptable and blessed, now, and for ever more.

"Thou hast said, O Lord! 'Fodder and a wand, and a burden are for an ass; bread, and correction, and work for a slave; and as one who has been, and who is, a slave to her own pride, I accept the degradation and the bondage that have been imposed upon me; and I accept them, O Lord! the more willingly, because Thou knowest my innocence in my intentions, and that no acts have been done by me unworthy of a maiden.

"l am punished, O Lord! in my weakness i I am punished by feeling the arrows of my enemy; his slanderous tongue, thrilling in the very vitals of my pride; penetrating me where I thought I was most strong, and impervious to every assault, in my virginal reputation.

"Beit so, O Lord! for it is Thy will; be it my duty to imitate, so far as weak and mortal can, Thy submission, Thy patience and Thy resignation, when Thy enemies cast reproaches upon Thee, and sought to slay Thee by false accusations.

" Patience, resignation, charity, these are the things I have to practise. This is the work I have to do. Give me strength and I will do it, for without Thee I am all weakness, all fragility, all corruption. Give, oh! give me strength, and I will do Thy work, looking with certainty to Thee for my reward; for this, too, hast Thou promised: "Work your work before the time, and He will give you your reward in His time.'

" Our Father which art in heaven," murmured to herself Judith, as she still remained on her knees.

Whilst she was thus engaged in silent prayer, Fitzgerald pointed to Mrs. Gregg to leave the room, and the good woman did so supposed, having for the moment a tranquilizing effect upon that bellicose disposition which the widow always manifested upon coming into collision with one of the male sex.

Judith rose from her knees, and again resuming her seat remained for some time without speaking. She seemed to be lost in profound contemplation. At last, looking up at Fitzgerald, she said:

"Can you, Sir, account for Gerald Geraghty's conduct with respect to me? I never saw the man until I came here; I never heard of him-nay, I do not recollect having ever even heard the name of Geraghty at all, until I first saw him; and yet he pursues me with a malignity that is not only awful to think of, but is actually incomprehensible. cruel man, and cowardly as you are "Reflection upon the scenes and to think of, but is actually incomprehensible. whatever base, who, not content with all the other various incidents of that night, and certain I find him not only telling gross and scan-O'Hanlon.

crimes you have committed; who not ashamed words that have been unintentionally dalous falsehoods to you about me, but I find him telling stupid and monstrous falsehoods to the old woman who is in the next room; and then he spoke to me, and he never did so but once, he told me the most malignant and the most wicked falsehoods about my own father? Can you account for all this ?"

"There is but one way of accounting for it," replied Fitzgerald: "the devil is the father of lies, and those who have dedicated themselves, as I believe old Geraghty has, body and soul, to the enemy of mankind, delight in practising sin, because it is sin. to this wicked old man, I was, when I called upon you, suspecting that which I now know, namely, that I was made use of by him as a vile instrument to accomplish his malignant designs. I see now more plainly than I ever did before, the trap into which I have fallen, by lending myself to his wickedness. It was to further my plan with respect to you, and to facilitate your capture, that I pretended to be a witness in the Popish plot, and so got the aid of associates that I could not otherwise command. And what is the consequence? The toils which 1 had laid to gain my own ends now surround me on every side, and hands stronger than my own control, and check, and guide me. I sought for my purposes to make a compact with the devil; and now, having baffled me, withheld from me the prize I had hoped for, he is using me for his own purposes, and such vile purposes

A loud knocking at the outer door interrupted Fitzgerald.

"I must leave you. I am, as you may perceive, suspected; and our conversation, if it has not been overheard, and I trust it has not, has been sufficiently prolonged to make Geraghty fear we have come to an explanation, by which his villary has been discovered."

The bolts of the door were withdrawn, and Geraghty came into the room. He did not appear to notice Judith; but handing a paper to Fitzgerald, said:—

"Honoured Sir, your presence is required instantly at the Castle. Here is an order from the Council for you to appear and give evidence against the Popish conspirators. A party has been despatched for the arrest of one of their leaders-Dr. Plunkett, the Popish Archbishop. We, loyal Protestants, should be lost, if Ireland had not discovered saviours and witnesses in such brave and fearless swearers as yourself."

Fitzgerald received the written order from the hand of Geraghty, and he turned pale when the wicked old man stated openly for what purpose he was required at the Castle.

"I take my leave of you, Madam," said Fitzgerald, "and if you do not—as I trust you will—speedily leave the prison I intend to have the honour of again waiting upon you."

"To be sure!—to be sure! said old Geraghty, as he followed Fitzgerald from the room, speaking aloud, but still as if he was unconsciously giving expression to his own thoughts, "To be sure! to be sure!the handsome lover will be pining until he sees his brave lady-love again. What a handsome couple they are to be sure! What a hardhearted father that Ebenezer Lawson must be, if he could think of keeping separate a pair of beauties that nature seems to have formed for each other! Well! well! but that is a mighty queer thing entirely. It will break through bolts and bars, I am told."

And as the old man was still speaking, the harsh clashing of the chains outside the door was heard by Judith, who was again left

## CHAPTEB XIV.

Even since the proclamation of the 16th of October 1678, persecution raged furiously against the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church. Vast numbers of them had been "Thou hast said, O Lord! by the lips of shipped off to foreign countries; and those the wise man, "The attire of the body, and | who remained did not dare to come near the great towns, but lay concealed in the bogs man, show what he is;' and I have trespassed and mountains. The Primate, however, did not desert his country, or even his diocese; say, the only extenuating circumstances I attire, and my gladiness of speech, and my but he left his usual residence of Ballybar-have to rely upon. You were described to inconsiderable boldness of demeanour, that rack, within a short distance of Dundalk, and rack, within a short distance of Dundalk, and took up his abode in a small house in an obscure country-place called Castletown-bellew, within a few miles of Drogheda. It was here he held his last ordination."

In the lone little house, or rather cabin, which is thus described, the Catholic Archbishop was sitting alone one evening, when the noise of a body of cavalry approaching was heard by him.

"The will of God be done in all things Deo Gratias!" exclaimed the Archbishop. The sacrifice is to be made, and the victim is not only willing but joyful. Here are those who seek my life. They are welcome."

Whilst he was thus speaking his thoughts aloud, he heard the word of command given, and the cavalry halted; and in a moment afterwards the room was entered by the same man who had been called "Mr. Brown" by John Elliott, and who afterwards acted as second to Vincent Fitzpatrick in the duel with Lord Arran. This man's dress, however, was somewhat different from that which he wore when in Dublin, for now he had a bright steel cap on his head, a polished glittering, steel cuirnss on his breast, and his dark green military coat was richly embroidered gold, whilst on his feet and legs were the high, heavy boots of a cavalry officer.

The moment this man made his appearance, he bowed low to the Archbishop, and kissed, with apparent devotion, the episcopal ring that was extended to him.

"What, you! Redmond O'Hanlon; why come you here, and wherefore in soldier's attire, and accompanied with a military

Because, my Lord Archbishop," answered Redmond O'Hanlon, "1 desire to perform a soldier's service; because I wish to defend my Archvishop against his wicked enemies, who are now coming, as I am well assured, to this your poor and humble retreat to arrest you. Yes, to arrest your Grace, with the intention of depriving you of life. As an Irish Catholic gentleman, I will not permit this outrage to be committed in a district in which I have influence, and, as an Irish soldier, I feel bound to resist to the death the commission of such a crime."

"My son! my son! this cannot be," replied without attempting to quarrel with him; the Archbishop. "My enemies act with the the example of Judith, it is to be authority of the superior powers, whom God the Archbishop. "My enemies act with the in his wisdom and mercy has placed over us; and it is the duty of the Christian to submit to them. Thus acted the Christians in the carly ages of the Church, and Heaven was thereby crowded with martyrs, and sinners thereby converted into saints by their example. And as Christian bishops acted when the throne of Empire was filled by a Nero, a Diocletian, or a Julian, so will I act, ınd no man shall prevent me."

"But, is your Grace aware that the men who are your persecutors are so, not because they are ignorant, or prejudiced, or misled, as pagans and idolators were when they martyred the first Christians? Do you not know that they have collected against your Grace a number of witnesses, who will swear whatever their malice can suggest?" asked

"I know well, perfectly and minutely," re-plied the Archbishop "the allegations that are to be made against me, and Tknow also the names of the witnesses. I am indebted for this information to your friend, Colonel Fitzpatrick, who, neglectful of his own and his son's interests, in order that he might watch over mine, has traced these unhappy men (who are prepared to swear against me) into all their haunts, and has made himself acquainted with all their secrets. Now, what do the accusations of these men amount to? That I, who you well know, never had for my maintainance more than sixty pounds to promote an invasion of the country! They also accuse me of being busily engaged in surveying Irish ports, such as might be suitable for the landing of a force of invaders, and of my having at last fixed upon Carlingford for the debarkation of the French army! that is, that I had, with a full knowledge of the country, selected that spot which, beyond all others, would be the most unfit for the French to approach; because, to get there they must come by the narrow seas all along Ulster, thus choosing for them the most dangerous voyage they could encounter! And, to that improbability my enemies and false accusers have superadded an impossibility! namely, that I was to be ready, with seventy thousand men, to join the French the moment they landed; the fact being, as you and every man in Ireland must be aware, that in all the province of Ulster, take men, women, and children of the Roman Catholics, they would not make up seventy thousand. Remember, my son, that however desirous these men may be to take away my life, they cannot do so but by the verdict of a jury. They can summon no jury in Ireland that does not know me and the quality of my adversaries. Most willing, then, am I to put myself upon my trial to-morrow, without any witnesses, before any Protestant jury that know

them and me." "But, my dear Lord Archbishop," said O'Hanlon, "you forget the character of the men you have to deal with. The instigators of these proceedings know thoroughly well there is not one particle of truth in the allegations made against you and yet they urge on a prosecution—not for the purpose of testing the truth of such allegations by a fair trial, but with the full intention of finding a sanction for them, through an unjust conviction and a cruel death. They, therefore, will take care-how they will do so I cannot imagine—but sure I am they are wicked and clever enough to contrive the means of preventing you being tried by an Irish jury, whether they are Catholics, or such as you suppose, and I am willing to believe are not difficult to be found-honest Protestants."

"The baseless story which my enemies have invented is, of necessity, laid in Ireland; they could not, if they would, place the venue elsewhere," replied the Archbishop. "Now, such being the case, all the alleged facts occurring in Ireland, I must of necessity be tried in Ireland, and if in Ireland, then by an Irish jury. Such being the case, all I ask is that I may have time to bring my records and witnesses, and then I will defy all that is upon the earth and under the earth, to say anything against me."

"But, my Lord Archbishop," carnestly urged O'Hanlon, "you forget that the determination is to give you not a fair trial, nor a fair jury, nor to allow your witnesses to be heard. What is resolved upon is to murder you. Remain here, permit your enemies to arrest you, to bear you to prison, and then your fate is finally determined. If they cannot slay you in Ireland they will in England. There is but one sole mode of saving your life. It is by an immediate flight from this country. I have prepared all things to secure it. I have with me a sufficient force to defend you from any attack; and your enemies are on their way here to capture you. Permit me, then, to escort you to Drogheda, where a vessel is prepared to bear you to France. of persecution that now rages with such violence will, in a short time, have abated. When it does so, you can then return, and resume, for the benefit of religion and your country, the administration of your great functions.'

"It may not, answered the Primate, "it cannot, and it ought not to be. The good shepherd lays down his life for his flock, and I am prepared to yield up mine a willing, and, as I trust, not through any merits of my own,

an acceptable sacrifice. My hope, then, is, if, as you expect, my enemies prevail against me, that I be unfairly tried, and unjustly condemned, still, I say, that my hope is, that God will give me, though unworthy of it, the grace to have fortem animum mortis terrore carentum (a courage fearless of death.) I have many sins to answer for before the Supreme Judge of the high beach, where no false witnesses can have audience. But as for any human tribunal before which I can be arraigned, and by which I may be condemned, then I can truly affirm, I am not guilty of any crime there brought against me. I would I could be so clear at the bench of the All-powerful. Ut sit, there is one comfort that He cannot be deceived, because He is omniscient, and knows all secrets, even of hearts; and cannot deceive, because all goodness; so that I may be sure of a fair trial, and will get time sufficient to call witnesses; nay, the judge will bring them in a moment, if there will be need of any. I am thus, you see, Redmond O'Hanlon, prepared, thoroughly prepared for whatever may befal me. If it please God to accept my life, my consolation will be, that it has been taken because I was fearless in the performance of my duty, as a Christian Archbishep; that I would connive at no abuse, and tolerate no scandal. If I now stood upon the scaffold, I would say, looking back upon my episcopal career, and the manner in which I endeavored to act towards all under my jurisdiction: I, by preaching, and teaching, and statutes, have endeavored to bring those of whom I had a care to a due comportment, according to their calling; and though, thereby, I did but my duty, yet some one who would not amend, had a prejudice for me, and especially my accusers, to whom I did endeavor to do good. Yes, if this were my last moment in this world, I would, even as one of the seven deacons, holy Stephen, did pray for those who stoned him to death, so do I for those who, with perjuries, spill my innocent blood, saying as St. Stephen did, 'O Lord, lay not this sin to them.' I do heartly forgive them. Urge me then, no more, Count O'Hanlon, for here will I abide, and not the hair of one man's head shall be injured on my account. I will not permit it. I solemnly forbid it."

"Alas, my Lord Archbishop," replied O'Hanlon, "I know my duty but 'too well, in the circumstance in which you are now placed. I dare not act in defiance of your Grace's prohibition. I leave you, by your own command, to be seized upon by your bloodthirsty enemics. The consequences of this sad determination of your Grace can be already foreseen. You will be their victim; for you choose to win the bright red crown of martyrdom. Farewell! my Lord Archbishop, we meet in this world no more. Bestow upon me then, your blessing, and pray—oh! pray for me whilst you are on fellow, Gerald Geraghty, I was not three the earth, and still more fervently pray for times in his company until I came to the con-

me, when you are associated with the saints in heaven. The jewelled hand of the Archbishop was laid upon the unhelimetted head of O'Hanlon, and after a short and tervent prayer motioned him to depart. In a few minutes afterwards the tramp of horses was heard, and then succeeded a still and solemn silence. The Archbishop knelt down in prayera prayer which continued many hours; and ere that supplication had concluded, his house was surrounded by emissaries from the Castle, and he was in the hands of his enemies. On the first day of July, in the year 1681. the most Reverend Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, who was barbarously executed at Ar the time that Redmond O'Hanion was engaged in conversation with the Primate, and urging in vain that illustrious prelate to save himself by flight from the fell designs of his enemies, there was advancing from Dublin a body of horsemen despatched for the

purpose of arresting the Archbishop, and conducting him as a prisoner to Newgate. No opposition to the contemplated arrest was calculated upon, and not the slightest resistance anticipated. The body of horsemen then marched without the slightest regard to military regulations, and without adopting the usual precautions to prevent a surprise. They proceeded in the same wild, noisy, and boisterous manner, as if they had started for a day's sport from Dublin; or, rather, as if each was on his way to the hunting-ground at which a fox was to be unearthed, or a deer let loose.

CHAPTER XV.

Of all this tumultuary gathering there were but three who did not appear in the same hilarious spirits as their associates; and these three rode behind the rest, two of them keeping constantly together; the third, who appeared from his rich military garments to be the leader, holding himself aloof, and seldom speaking to the two who rode near him, and never, but on some point connected with the

expedition in which they were all engaged. The two companions who rode side by side, and whose gloomy looks and downcast countenance, contrasting so strongly as they did with the rude mirth of those who rode before them, might make them be mistaken for prisoners but that each wore by his side a sword. and there were no guards around to keep watch upon them. Side by side had these two men ridden for more than four hours, and seemingly becoming more sad the nearer they approached the object of their journey. At last one of them, stooping down to the side of the military saddle on which he rode, drew up with a thick leathern strap a flat stone jar, which dangled at the horse's side, undrew the cork, and, putting his nose to the neck of the jar, he inhaled the odorous vapor it emitted and said, as he handed it to his companion :-

"It is the real stuff, and every drop of it more precious than a pearl. After all, John Elliott is like his own usquebaugh-genuine pure, unadulterated. Taste it, David; it will do your heart good, and, if your spirits be as low as mine, help to elevate them."

" No, thank you, Mr. Murfey," answered his companion; "my tippling days are over. That accursed passion for drink has, with other vices, been my ruin; and I now see, what I before this could not believe, that the man who indulges his passions may end, as I have done, in becoming not only the slave of them, but the continued slave of wretches that, in the days of his youth and innocence, he would scorn to know-that are born and bred so much below him, he would not allow them even to tie the late het of his shoes."

Murfey put the jar to his lips, took a long, long draught, then corking it up again, and giving with his open hand a loud slap to the rk, so as to fix it tightly in the neck, he let the jar gently down to the position from which he had taken it, and then, but not till then, did he bestow the slightest notice on the observations made to him.

"David Fitzgerald, late of Drumsna, in the County of Limerick, Esquire," said Murfey, as he smacked his lips, "that is, I can tell you, a most celestial liquid—the quintescence of inebricty, the poetry of potations. Abuse yourself, abuse myself, abuse my father and my mother—thank heaven! you cannot abuse my wife, nor my children, for I never had, and never intend to have them, or the like of them; abuse the King, the Queen, the Duke of York, or the Duke of Monmouth; abuse Lord Shaftesbury and the Popish plot; abuse the Duke of Ormonde; abuse Cromwell's Scout-Master-General, the Bishop of Meath, or abuse him who was my Archbishop-that Oliverus Cromwellus of the clergy, Dr. Plunkett; abuse, if you like, the whole world, and everybody in the world, and everything about the world; but one thing let alone. Don't, as you love me, say one word against one drop of John Elliott's usquebaugh, for it is the only friend I have left; and from nothing else, and by nothing else, and through nothing else, do I ever receive consolation, satisfaction, or gratification, an hour's pleasure by day, or an hour's sleep by night. Respect my feelings, then, David Fitzgerald, and say not one word against

drinking." "Can you be serious, Murfey, for one

moment?" asked Fitzgerald. "I have done drinking; and if it will please you, I will not drink another drop for six hours," replied Murfey. "And to make such a resolution as that, with the intention of keeping it, is enough to cause any one to be serious. I am always very serious when I am

sober." "Then listen to me, Mr. Murfey; for, of all the persons with whom my late sad course of life has brought me to associate, you are the only one," said Fitzgerald, "in whom I have been able to detect one spark of feeling All the rest of them are clumsy hypocrites who have not the skill to conceal the wicked-

ness they nurture in their hearts." "Go on, Mr. Fitzgerald. I appreciate the compliment you intend to pay me, although

it is very clumsily expressed "I have one or two questions to ask you, Murfey."

"Go on, Mr, Fitzgerald; I will, as they say in the schools, answer you to the best of my skill and ability."

"The first question, then, I would ask you is, what is, in your judgment, the position of that most audacious old villain, Gerald Geraghty; he who you must know by this time entrapped me, by a most artfully contrived story, into the abduction of Judith Lawson? What is, do you think, his precise position? And how comes he to have a place like Brass Castle placed under his sole control? And what, think you, has been his object in obtaining the capture of Miss Lawson, and what are his ultimate purposes with respect to

her?" "Drunk or sober, Mr. Fitzgerald," replied Murfey, " wet or dry, I have always and at all times my wits about me, can tell what is doing around me, and remember every syllable of it right well afterwards. Now, as to that old