## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

0.1300.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

2

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Scttlement.

## CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

"I must not tell it, sir. All I car say is, my prisoner is a lady of high rank-a notorious Papist-and was arrested by me last night in the dungeons beneath the Archicpiscopal mansion of the Popish Bishop of Armagh, having been sent to Ireland by Pere La Chaise, the Popish confessor of the King of France, to devise the best means for destroy-ing by poison our blessed Protestant king, his most gracious Majesty, Charles the Second."

"Sir," said the captain of the cavalry, "I reverence you for your zeal. I feel honored in having spoken with you; I regard you as one of the saviours of the country, as one worthy to be associated with that great and good man, the Rev. Doctor Oates. ' If any additional assistance is required by you, I and my man will be most happy to be at your disposal, and to act under your orders."

"I thank you, valiant sir," replied Judith's captor; "but the force at my command is fully sufficient. I shall be most happy, however, to bring (if you will be so kind as to mention it) your name under the special notice of the Privy Council in England. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord William Russell, and corresponds with them in zeal, and sympathises with them in their hatred of Jesuits, and their horror of the savage Popish plots."

The captain of cavalry was enchanted to hear those words. "Most worthy and excellent sir," he replied, "I hope you may, amid your many glorious avocations in discovering and bringing to punishment all the dark con-spirators in the hellish Popish plot, bear in mind before the Privy Council in England, that one of the most ardent supporters in this country of such illustrious, benevolent, generous, kind-hearted, and disinterested Protestant patriots, is your humble servant, Captain John Jones, Captain in Colonel John Jones' dragoons-son to Major John Jones of the Popery-hating regiment. Be so good, patriotic sir, as to remember me- to mention my name as Captain John Jones, of Lickspittle Hall, in the County of Monmouth,"

"Farewell, sir; be assured that from this day forth I will ever bear impressed upon my memory, and in letters of brass, the-alwaysby-me-to-be-honored name of Captain John Jones, of Colonel John Jones' dragoons, Captain John Jones, of Lickspittle Hall, in the County of Monmouth."

Judith watched with an anxiety that amounted to agony the incidents that marked tain of cavalry reading the document placed in his hands, and she could perceive, as the light shone upon his person that he bowed lowly and humbly before the person who had presented it. She observed the same humility in the officer's entire bearing from first to last, whilst her captor stood haughty and erect it is a reasonable request-but under present as if he was addressed by an inferior. She then observed these two persons part trom each other, and as the tramp of the cavalry horses, when they resumed their march, reached her ears, she was no longer able to conceal her feelings, but shricked aloud-"Helphelp-help-rescue, soldiers, a lone woman from the hands of highway robbers."

The officer of calvary halted his men as the shricks of Judith reached his cars; but he did so, it appeared, only to give his followers a new order, and in its execution to prove to her how vain was an appeal to him or them. "God save our Protestant King from his

Papist enemies! Long live the saviours of the country-Doctor Oates and the other discoverers of the hellish Popish plot."

Judith was utterly astounded by the inexplicable incidents of which she was an eye-witness. Here was she, the daughter of a

death than my own, whilst at the worst I am prepared to purchase with my own life the sacrifice of his."

As Judith's thoughts thus hurried through her mind, and that she was beset with doubts and surmises as to the past, the present, and the futurr, she permitted her horse to be guided ou with the party that hitherto had accomher. She offered no further resistance by word, or action, or even look ; but watched attentively every peculiarity in the ground she travelled over; she stored up in her His head was completely bald. There was memory every trifling incident that might not a particle of hair upon any part of it; serve, should the opportunity occur, of making her escape.

herself and steed crossing a wooden bridge into | and the eye-lids blood red, as if they were in the narrow gate of a small fortress; and as the | a constant state of inflamination, and their gate closed behind her, she was certain she heard the noise of machinery lifting up and removing the bridge over which she had passed a moment before.

Judith without a murmur, permitted her-self to be lifted from the horse; and she followed, without remark, the degraded Murfey, as he mounted a narrow winding stair, which led to an apartment that appeared to her to be at the top of the fortress. The apart- | deposited a basket and an earthern pitcher, ment was a large round room to which there was a single window.

"There," said Murfey, pointing to a narrow doorway, "there lie bed and dressing-room. Here is wine; there bread. The Brass Castle, for such is the name of your present abode, can afford you no better nourishment to-night. In the morning the Governor will wait upon be delighted to learn that the army in Ireland you, and then he will hear what are your him what are his commands; and it is to be

put them in practice." "I did not intend," said Judith, "ever again to address you ; but, remembering the words of the good man who spoke to you but a few hours ago, believing from the address to you of that gentleman you called Archbishop Oliver Plunket, there was a time in your life, when the remembrance that you had a mother-and, perhaps, a sister-would have stirred your heart with generous emotions, I cannot refrain from entertaining the hope that you do not utterly forget what you once were-that so much of the sacred character of a clergyman still clings to you, that you will think it is not fitting I, a young woman should be, as I am here at present, alone, unaided, unprotected; but that, if it be possible, I may be permitted to have with me the society of one of my own sex-no matter how old, how aged, or how decrepit-so that she be a woman."

The jibing manner and leering expression of an habitual drunkard, which was on Murfey's face as he entered the apartment and spoke to Judith, was changed at once by her address; and when she alluded to his amounted to agony the incidents that marked mother, this unhappy man raised his sat still in his chair; never looked up to her; the preceding dialogue. She saw the cap-hands to his face, as if he wished, seemed absolutely unconscious of her unperceived, to wipe away the tears that filled them. He did not immediately reply to Judith's address but paused for a couple of minutes as if he desired to couch his refusal in the softest terms possible.

"A woman to be in the same room with you; circumstances, and at this hour of the night, impossible to be complied with. I will not, however, be forgetful of it; and if I can it shall be acted upon, although, truth to say, I never heard but of one woman being admitted into the Brass Castle, and the is such a nuisance that it is considered a holiday every time she takes her leave of it. Have no fear, young woman, for yourself for to-night at

bolts on the inside. I do say it would not be possible to break into it, these bolts notwithstanding; but no one could effect such a purpose without making a noise that would rouse the dead. For to-night, I repeat, you are perfectly safe. You will be in no danger until you see my friend ; and then I will de-

pend upon yourself whether you will live to-gether like cat and dog, or be as happy as most married people are; and such happiness, man of great wealth, a peaceful traveller on so far as I have remarked, censists in this, the common high road, assailed by a band of that husbands and wives plove one another a robbers, captured, borne about the country as if she were a malefactor; and when she at Again, I say, have no fear for to-night. last met with a body of soldiers, whose duty | What you have now to do, is to lock me and all other intruders out. You may be sure that I shall do what is my business on the outside, and not only lock, but so far as iron bonds can attain the purpose-treble chain you in. There is wine ; there is bread ; there your sleeping room. Think over the events

longer, without being noticed, I should have called up Murfey and the other vaga-bonds below, with sledge-hammers to break open the door, and see whether you had been mad enough to try and make your big and of his captors, and with the out-burds open the door, and see whether you had been mad enough to try and make your big are or would aid him, -I would die, or I would effect escape, or wise enough to try and put an end to rourself."

Such were the words addressed to Judith as she opened her chamber-door, and admitted him who uttered them.

The new comer was an old, a very old man. but a long white beard of thin, straggling hairs covered his mouth, chin, and As the daylight was dawning, she found breast. His eyes were large, and staring, painful expression of incessant greedy, pitiless watchfulness was rendered almost appalling by the deep red shaggy eye-brows, as if the last remains of vigour in that wasted human frame were concentrated and retained in the old man's keen powers of observation. The body was lean and fragile, and the legs of the old man trembled beneath him, as he slowly hobbled from the door to the table, and there which he carried in long, bony, and talon-likefingered hands.

"There," said the old man, seating himself in a chair by the side of the table, as if he were fatigued with his journey up stairs, and tired from waiting at the door for Judith's awaking ; "there, young women, is your breakfast,fresh bread, new milk, and a roast fowl. Few prisoners fare so well as that. I never knew but one, and that was a gentleman ordered for execution. Instead of milk, however, we gave hoped, for your own sake, that you will at once him wine. That and a glass of put them in practice." put him in heart, and he died like a hero in four hours afterwards, singing a jolly stave two minutes before the hangman put the noose

around his neck." Judith looked at the old man with anxious interest. She was so accustomed to find all who approached her hitherto willing to fulfil her wishes, that she could not suppose the person before her would refuse the request to aid in her escape, when she knew that whatever reward she promised, her father would readily and ioyfully pay. Up to this time, however, she had been unaccustomed to converse with any one in humble position and miserable garb of the man before her; and that which presented itself as the greatest difficulty to her mind, was how to address him so as not to give offence, - to enlist his sympathies, and, if she could, not to offend

his feelings. With these intentions, she stood waiting to see if the old man would renew the conversation—say something to her, to which she could respond in a cheerful spirit; but to her astonishment she perceived that the old man sat still in his chair; never looked up to her; presence, or rather was so absorbed in the contemplation of some ideas of his own, which by the death-like smile, appeared to give him satisfaction, that he was alike forgetful of her and of the place in which he was at that moment seated.

Judith, wearied by his silence, and of watching the play of his hideous features, as he sat mumbling and smiling before her, at length addressed him :—

"You speak to me as if I was like the gentleman you allude to-one of your prisoners. Do you consider me to be a prisoner ?"

"Anan !" said the old man, awakened from his reveric by the sound of her voice, least. You may perceive this room has strong and his faculties awakened to their usual watchfulness, "say over again what you have already said to me. I do not completely comprehend you."

Judith repeated her question for the old man.

"Do I consider you to be a prisoner? Of course I do-a prisoner of state; otherwise you would not be here. If you were a common malefactor, you would be in Newn his gate." "But I have committed no crime," said Judith. "I never knew a prisoner to admit that he or she had committed a crime. They are, if you believe them, all innocent; they all plead not guilty; but still juries convict, and judges condemn, and the hangman ties up to the gallows those innocents, who all have said, as you say, each for himself or herself, · but I have committed no crime," and as the old man spoke thus, there was a chuckling triumph in his hoarse, cracked voice. "I say," added Judith, with a slight trembling in her voice as she remarked the pitiless manner of the old man, "that I have committed no crime; I am so conscious of my innocence, that I cannot even guess wherefore I am deprived of my liberty. Can you tell me of what crime I am accused ?" "I am not the governor of this prison, answered the old man. "If I was, I should fict we were defeated, and the soldiers of the letter. The playright who could invent such know what was stated in the warrant under English Parliament were laving waste the a tale, would soon find his piece hissed off the authority cf which you have been placed land with fire and sword, sparing neither here a prisoner. I am nothing more than a menial in the goal ; and my business is not to ask what are the offences of those who are in custody, but to attend them, as 1 am now attending upon you, and to take care that they do not escape.' "Then it is a matter of indifference to you whether I am innocent or guilty," said Judith. "To be sure it is," replied the old man. What is it to me, whether you are innocent or guilty? I am not the better for your innocence. nor the worse because of your crimes ; all I have to do with you is to watch you, and if I found you escaping from this room, and had no other means of preventing you, of slaying you, which in this case I would do with as little remorse as I would crush a spider that lay beneath my feet." Judith looked in the old man's face. It was obdurate, hard, and pitiless-or rather it appeared to her as if he had a pleasure in saying what he could not but know was calculated to pain her feelings. She reflected for a few minutes, as to what was the best course of proceeding with him, and then resumed the conversation :---"I like you candour," said Judith; "for it emboldens me to say out bluntly both what I

his escape."

"Braye old man!" said Judith, "I honor you for what you have spoken. Now, listen to me: You have mentioned a thousand pounds as the sum you would refuse rather than keep Redmond O'Hanlon in prison. Aid me in flying from this prison, and the moment I reach my father's house, the sum you have mentioned shall be given to you in golden coin."

The old man clasped his thin arms with his long bony fingers, as if he were flinging himself with delight, whilst Judith was speaking to him. At length he started up from the chair on which he had been, up to this time, resting, and pointing to it, he nodded his head to Judith as if he desired her to take the seat he had just quitted.

"I have a few words to say to you," said the old man, "upon which, it is probable you will have to ponder over, for some time; but, in order that I may be sure I do not cast away upon the desert air what has been for years fastening in my heart, I wish to be quite sure as to the person I am speaking with. Is not your name Judith Lawson ?"

"It is. I am glad you know it; because you must be sure that what I promise I have the power to perform,' replied Judith. "Are you not Judith Lawson, the only

child of Ebenezer Lawson, at one time a Cromwellian dragoon, and attached to the army acting at a particular period in the North of Ireland, under the special directions of | of Lieutenant-General Ludlow ?" asked the old man, in a voice that became shrill with

intense emotion. "I am," replied Judith, "the daughter of that same Ebenezer Lawson; and I am certain, from the observations I have heard constantly made by my father, that he was at one time engaged with the army in the North of Ireland, under the command of General Lud-

"Thank God! thank God! that 1 am right," said the old man, as he dropped on his knees; "thank God! that in one case, at least, the evil deeds of our oppressors should be retorted on them. Now, listen to me, Judith Lawson, daughter-only child of Ebenezer Lawson," added the old man, as he with difficulty raised himself from his knees and stood erect before her; "hearken to my words, Judith Lawson; for they are as true as Holy Writ; if every hair on your head was a diamond, if your whole body could be transformed into gold, and that diamonds and gold were tendered to me to aid in your escapeand that escape from the most lingering and torturing death that the wit and malignity of man could devise-I would scorn to touch your gold or to handle your diamonds. I would leave you to your doom; I would not stir a step to save you from perdition. And would you know the reason why, Judith Lawson? It is because you are the daughterbecause you are the only child of Ebenezer Lawson-because you are the light of his eyes, and the joy of his heart. Unhappy, miserable, God-abandoned young woman! you know me not, and it is most probable that your cruel and remorseless father never heard my name, and yet 1 am his victim. And when you tell me that you have committed no crime, and would provoke my pity in your behalf by assuring me you are in-

nocent, and yet your father-yes, your father, Judith Lawson-without the slightest provocation, with no wrong done to him, with no insult offered to him, slew my wife, my sons, my daughters, and tried to slay myself— 

"Who are you, sir? how came you to make such vague and terrible accusations against Judith, believing that the old man was raving

wards Judith heard the heavy chains locked and bolted on the outside.

The strong mind and firm nerves of Judith were completely broken down for the moment by this outburst of vindictive passion and undying enmity. It would be difficult to determine whether the proud- monds. At his left side was a white-hearted, high-spirited young woman was sheathed, silver-bilted, thin sword; and in most abocked or astonished by the accusations his left hand; nearly concealed beneath the preferred against Ebenezer Lawson, by this thick, rich fold of Brussels lace, was a small obscure and half-witted menial, who called

himself Gerald Geraghty. Judith Lawson loved her father, and that Judith Lawson loved her father, and that love was repaid to her by an affection that demonstrated itself in every possible form in demonstrated itself in every possible form in which wealth can exhibit its power. In Judith's eyes her father was without a fault; his roughness, his conveness, and his vulgarity of manners were

in her cheek; because she was too fond of him to see any defect in nightingale, but in your wicked eyes is the his deportment, as she could discern in his gaunt features no ugliness. In

her estimation, her father was the best, the bravest, and the greatest of mankind ; because to her he had been always the most affectionate. If she could detect a fault in him, it was that he was too fond of her, and that fondness made him ambitious of seeing her united in marriage with some person of high rank, of illustrious name, and of boundless wealth. Such an ambition was, in her judgment, allied to noble qualities; it was, in itself, a

pledge of a life of stainless honor, and nursed as it had been for the purpose of never painted, because he wanted such an exalting her, she could not but love her father the more for the indulgence of such a sentiment, even though she herself neither sympathised with, nor responded to it.

But now, if she was to believe what the spiteful old man who had just left her had alleged, how was her idol shattered! how was that father, hitherto so loved, so cherished, and so venerated, degraded in her estimation! and what henceforth must she think of him ! Not such as he had been, the brave but humble soldier, exalting himself by his achievements and his talents, and acquiring at the same time fortune and fame. That was the father she had loved

would substitute for such a demi-god? | traordinary relations." A brutal, bloodthirsty, cowardly cut-throat; a wretch not only making war upon women and children, but a miscreant | changing, "in saying or supposing that any stabbing helpless infancy, and growing girl- one had the audacity to address a love letter to hood, and matron beauty, and defenceless | you ?" old age; imbruing his horrid hands in the blood of fugitives, and acting the part of a love-letter to me," said Kathleen, her voice cannibal, and smothering his fellow-crea- also changing, and reddening. "What mean tures in their last refuge, the caverns of wild

beasts l Judith forgot her own griefs in the contemplation of these accusations against her father, and when knocks were next heard at her prison door, they remained for a long time | towards them ? By what right do yen claim unheeded.

## CHAPTER VI.

Ir was mid-day, and the warm rays of the fervid summer's sun diffused their heat around, and made it felt beneath the deepest shade of the thick-growing, umbrageous trees, under which was seated or rather reclined against the trunk of an old oak, a young maiden, whose right hand listlessly held a fishing rod, from which a line depended into an adjacent but disregarded stream. The face, the form, and the dress of the maiden nocent, what is my reply to you? That I alike demonstrated her youth and her rank. committed no crime; that I too was in- Exquisitely fair, with delicately-formed features, a pinky blush in her checks, and her hair one bright mass of yellow flaxen ringlets, which descended to her shoulders, Kathleen Fitzpatrick did not, with her frail form, and lady, and there was a flash of triumph in his broad-leafed girlish hat, and snow-white eyes as he advanced towards her to take her dress, appear at the first glance to be more hand; but Kathleen stepping back, waved than fifteen years of age. Those who spoke her hand, as if she wished to apprise him she my father? I do not understand what you with her, but more especially those who had not yet done speaking: are speaking about," said the indignant came but for the brief time within the indu. "And my reason, my Lord ence of her full, bright, sparkling, luminous " for giving to you this preference-my reason

WEDNESDAY, 2ND APRIL, 1879.

were composed of thin, fine, light blue cloth richly garnished at borders and button-holes with silver-lace; his white silk stockings were rolled over the knees, and his thin, high-heeled, dazzling polished shoes were decor-ated with buckles which glittered with dia-monds. At his left side was a whitehat furnished with short white feathers, and looped up at one side with a band of silver-

joyous laugh, "your words were those of an unbidden intruder, but your presence is that of an ever-welcome guest."

and his vulgarity of manners were "Bird of the forest and blocm of the unnoticed, and never raised a blush rose !" replied the gallant nobluman. "vour words are as sweet as the notes of the mockery of the cuckoo, and the mischief of a magpie."

"You smother me with compliments, my Lord," said Kathleen ; "we poor peasants in the country must not, if we would be wise, and avoid a fall, venture to run a tilt of words against, you, Castle courtiers, who have the first retailing of all the old jokes exported from the mall, or Hampton Court, or Whitehall, to the Lanks of the Anna Liffey."

"Wood-nymph of Ossory!" answered Lord Arran," you have charms such us Lely original to inspire his fancy and give truth to his pencil. You possess what we have not in London-Irish beauty, Irish wit, and Irish virtue."

"Thanks, my Lord, for your good opinion: but bantering apart for the moment-if I were silly enough to believe that compliments universally addressed to every new face were solely invented for my benefit, and particularly and individually to be applied to myself, then circumstances have lately occurred which would give a semblance to my belief in my perfections. The very letter to which your lordship refers might be taken by me as the proof I was somewhat of an extraand honored; but what was this ordinary person,—at least, if that letter speaks image which wicked Gerald Geraghty the truth, I have, most undoubtedly, very ex-

"Was I right," said Lord Arran, his merry manner and joyous voice suddenly

"Any one !- the audacity !- to address a you, my Lord, by such language? How come you to assume a guardianship over my actions, or to pronounce without my permission an opinion as to the conduct of others, before you had ascertained what were my feelings such a position in respect to me?"

"Pardon mc, lady, for a warmth of expression which I feel was not justifiable, and the only palliation for which is the deep interest I take in the most trivial matter that may effect either your peace or happiness, cried Lord Arran, abashed by the spirit and independence Kathleen had manifested,

"My Lord Arran," said Kathleen, moved, not less by the humility of his manner than the apparent sincerity of his language, " of all the personages for whose acquaintance I am indebted to the kindness of my aunt, there is, I frankly tell you, not one in whom I am disposed to place greater confidence than your-self, nor upon whose opinion and judgment I would be more disposed to rely."

Lord Arran bowed humbly before the young

"And my reason, my Lord," she continued, blue eyes, were made to feel that Kathleen Fitzpatrick was some years older than she looked; that her thoughts were not those of a grounded upon this fact—that you alone of all the men I have seen here, are the only one who has not presented me with insincere admiration, or with bare-faced declarations of love, or unmeaning proposals of marriage. You have, up to this time, been all that 1 would wish a friend to be-frank, merry, and open-hearted, with no fulsome adulation on your lips, and no insulting glances in your eyes. I have, consequently, felt no more remy pain, my resentment, was keen indeed, when I fancied but a moment ago that you were about to assume a different position with respect to me. I am glad to see I was wrong; and there is my hand as a proof of my full and complete reconciliation with you." Lord Arran accepted the small, whitegloved hand thus tendered to him, and in which it had been first commenced. He desired as speedily as he could to reinstate himself in his former position with the fair Kathleen, certain that if he did so she would feelings of jealousy in his heart. "Wherefore," said Lord Arran, smiling, "was the fair Florisibella absent from the sports of last Monday? All the fashion from at the Races. Even my grave father, weighed down as he is with affairs of state, was a looker-on. There were but two illustrious individuals absent,-the gay and beauteous widow, Lady Diana Massey, and her rusnymph of Ossorv." "The wood-nymph's aunt can alone solve the question," replied Kathleen. "The woodnymph herself was absent for this good reason that she now hears for the first time that there was to be such a grand assemblage of rank and fashion, and no doubt of beauty. With your lordship's taste and judgment upon such points, I should like to know what was the name of the belle that attracted most of observation, and, of course, admiration, onsuch an important occasion." "Hoi ho!" said Lord Arran, bursting into a loud laugh. "Upon one point I can, without a moment's hesitation, reply to your inquiry,-that is, the name of the belle whose appearance attracted most observation. Only fancy, my innocent Florisibella, a young lady upon a war-charger; only fancy that young lady as tall as a trooper, and with a face as brown and as handsome as the vory finest of his late highness Oliver Cromwell's picked life-guards; and then, only fancy this conspicuous, almost marvellous dame in a semimale and half-female attire, dazzling with gold, and a stout hunting-sword by her side; and then only imagine yourself riding by her dark as you are fair, and she is stout as you

it is to protect her, and preserve her from insult and outrage, she finds her appeal for assistance disregarded, and as far as she could understand them, cheers given by the King's troops for highway thieves and audacious raffians.

Never, not even for a single moment, had Judith's stout heart, up to this time, felt one pang of terror; but when she beheld a scene for which she could not account, and found that her captor possessed an influence such as she could not fancy would be exercised even by a prince of the blood, her firm hand for the first time trembled, her spirits sank, and she could not refrain from thus communing with horself :----

"What can be the meaning of this? The commander of the King's troops to bow down before a common robber, for up to this time I have never thought of the wretch in command of the base villians about me but as a scription of slavery existing in these countries, it is that of the poor drudging wife who not calculate upon being received in my man of rank, would be base enough to deresorted to, for the purpose of winning the rather my captor, must be a man whose deeds are as base as his origin, perhaps a hanger-on of the Duke of Monmouth who has been sent to this country to procure a wife with a large fortune. Such a person might, through the Duke of Monmouth, and his grace's influence with the army, find, as this villain has done. a captain in the cavalry to countenance his Popery pretender to the throne. If I be right in this conjecture, then I can attach a fitting suffering are to come-sure to come-with signification to the shouts of the troopers, rest and reflection. which otherwise would be as unintelligible as the ravings of a madman. Of one thing, however, I cannot have the slightest doubt, that this outrage has been committed upon me because I have the reputation of being an heiress, that I am one to be added to the many who have been persecuted under the sham name of "love," and the profession of the profaned vows of marriage, in order that he who has so degraded the daughter, may elaim to be the possessor of her father's wealth. The villain who has speculated upon making me such a victim to his sordid **eraving for wealth**, little knows the woman he **'has to deal with**. Better death than give him **the chance of such a victory**; but better his

of to-day, and prepare yourself for to-morrow, by being a mild, meek-tempered young woman -that which I would say, judging of you by your behaviour this day, you never can be. Bon repos !"

## CHAPTER. V.

JUDITH LAWSON had never known a mother's tenderness, and had never been controlled by

a mother's watchful care. She could not remember to have seen in the house in which she had been reared any one but her father, whose will was more powerful than her own ; and that father had never exercised his power robber. Is this his real character, or does he in contradicting her whims as a girl, or her but assume the profession of a highwayman wishes as a grown up woman. The to carry out his wicked designs ? Then what | natural goodness of her heart had can be these designs? I tremble to think of alone prevented her from being a despot at them. The wretch has already threatened me home and a tyrant amongst the crowd of dewith a slavery for life. There is but one de- pendants and flatterers she met with when she went abroad.

All her life she had done as she pleased, knows and feels that her husband is her great- travelled where she liked, and dressed as her est enemy, her worst and most unpitying of fancy dictated. She had been her own abtyrants. Then who is there, possessed of solute mistress, and up to this time had met such influence as this man manifestly wields, with no one who ventured to lay the slightest who desired to sue for my hand, and might restriction upon her actions. But now, in the course of a few hours, in the short rovolution father's house as a welcome suitor? The am- of a single day, she found herself, unconscious bition of my father is well knowa; his desire of any fault, and without the intention of to see me united to a man of rank and title is doing the slightest wrong to any living being, notorious. But I dream; no nobleman, no not only deprived of her liberty, but a captive in an unknown prison, and in the power of scend to such vile means as this wretch has persons of whom her only knowledge was that they seemed to be the basest, meanest, hand of one whose father is, like mine, of the | and most brutal of mankind-flagrant humblest condition in life. My suitor, or thieves and audacious felons, who lived by plunder, and would not hesitate at the perpetration of murder for the accomplishment of their wicked purposes.

The change was so great, so sudden, and so unlooked for, that she felt her faculties were | and think what I wish." incapable for the moment of comprehending all its consequences. She was as one who has received an awful wound, and whose scheme, and to promote it under the pretext senses are so stunned by the shock, as to be he was sustaining the interests of the No- unable to feel at once the agonies which the injury inflicted is sure to produce. Pain and

> And so it was with Judith. She mechanially bolted the door of her chamber the moment that Murfey had left her, and then flinging from her the richly plumed, gold-laced hat she had worn during the day, she cast herself upon the bed, dressed as she was; and whilst endeavouring to think over the incidents of the day, a deep, heavy, almost apopletic sleep, fell upon her, and the sun was high in the heavens, and there was a loud, incessant knocking at the door, before she again awoke to consciousness, or that she could be so completely aroused as to be capable of comprehending either where she was, or what had befallen her.

"Say what you please," said the old man, with a malignant grin : "you shall find me a natient listener."

"Do you think it would be possible to escape from this place ?" said Judith "Yes; if those who had the care of the

prisoners were disposed to aid in their escape,' esponded the gaoler.

" Have you ever helped anyone to escape?" "Never."

"Can you suppose any case possible in which you would aid in any such plan ?" "I can-many cases,"

"Tell me one-but one on which you would run such a risk," said the anxious Judith.

"Suppose," said the old man-" suppose that which I hope will never happen, that our Irish hero, Redmond O'Hanlon, was brought into this place a prisoner, that his limbs were tettered with gyves, and that a thousand pounds were offered for his safe custody until the day of his trial-suppose, I say, this was "Had my knocking remained two minutes to happen, and that I alone was his caretaker, hurried from the room, and in a moment after-

"Oh!" said the old man, with a withering sneer, " Ebenezer Lawson's daughter has been so tenderly nurtured, that she has never heard of the exploits of her gallant father in the neighborhood of Dundalk-she never heard of the smothering of a number of the miserable Irish fugitives in a cavern to which they

fied for safety." "Old man ! old man !" said Judith, deeply moved by the jailer's excited manner; "you speak in parables to me; I have not the slightest notion what are these circumstances to which you are referring."

"Then you shall not be another moment in ignorance," said the jailer. "You have asked to know my name; I will tell it-Gerald Geraghty. It was once well known; and, I may add, that no act of mine, or of my family, had brought disciedit upon the good fame of our ancestors. We took up arms to defend

life, and home, and property. In that con-English Parliament were laying waste the vouth. nor age, nor sex. I'e-that is, my family, farm servants, and myself-betook ourselves to a cave, in the hope we might escape that general slaughter to which all were then doomed by the republicans. In that cavern we were joined by others, who, like us, wished

to save life, and to avoid a cruel death; and amongst others that fled to our retreat was a poor family, distant kinsmen, having with them, it was said, a fosterchild, the infant son of Colonel Fitzpatrick, of the Queen's County. I know not whether it was the report of that child having escaped those who thirsted for its blood that attracted attention to our desolate hiding-place; but the fact was, that in a few days the iron-coats of Ludlow were around us; and most conspicuous amongst those ruthless men were your father and your uncle. By your uncle my brother, whilst guarding the mouth of the cave, was slain, and by my hand was your uncle shot, as he was forcing his way over the dead body of my brother. Then followed a deed of cruelty, such as was never before practised amongst Christians. The cave was closed, all the outlets stopped, and wood burned around us, so that we might be slain with the stifling smoke-and many were so stifled; and then, the cavern was entered by your father; and then, with his own hand, he slew my wife, the mother of my children, and my daughters -they were younger and fairer than you, Judith Lawson-dear to me as you are to your father; and then he slew my sons; and then, when he understood who I was, he spared my

life; because he said he wished to give me life, as life would be a greater pain to me than death; and he was right; for he so doomed me to years of misery, and grief, and hopeless affliction. He forgot one thing, however," added the old man, with a malignant smile, "that in permitting me to live, my life might be so prolonged, that I would yet see the vengeance of God fall heavily on our oppressors ; and it falls heavily on him to-day, when I can say to his daughter, that I could aid her escape from a fate worse than death. but that, on the contrary, I will not move a finger to help her; that, instead of speaking one word of comfort or consolation, I should tell her, as I now tell you-live-live to be

degraded ; live and despair." As the old man spoke these last words he

giddy girl, but that her heart and her head were worthy of a noble-thinking and generous woman.

She could not be said to be sitting idle, even though the pursuit with which she was apparently engaged did not occupy her thoughts. She seemed to have cast her line into the lazily-running stream that flowed at her feet, in order that she might employ her hands, eyes. I have, consequently, felt no more re-whilst her thoughts were absorbed with other serve with you than if you were a woman of subjects ; and it might be surmised that the my own age. Thus have I always thought of subjects of the thoughts which engrossed her | you, and so have I ever esteemed you; and

mind, were to be found in an open letter that lay on the ground beside her.

"What a strange story !" exclaimed Kathleen at length speaking aloud her thoughts. "I know of no romance which has contrived such strange and unheard-of adventures as are to be found within the few pages of that a tale, would soon find his piece hissed off the stage for venturing so to outrage all scarcely touching it with his lips, he resumed notions of probability. There is nothing the conversation in the same bantering tone more marvellous in the Seven Champions of in which it had been first commenced. He Christendom, nothing more improbable in William Shakespeare's Winter's Tale, nothing less like the real occurrences of life in one of Massinger's tragedies. And yet, if I am to of her own accord put him in possession of believe the writer of this letter, not only are the contents of the letter, which she had althe statements there made literally true, but | luded to in such a strong manner as to arouse the hero of all these incredible adventures is my own first cousin-a Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick-a gentleman that up to this time was in my estimation dead, buried, and consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets' years and all parts of this poor province, by courtesy years before Kathleen Fitzpatrick was born. called the kingdom of Ireland, were present If this be true, I am glad of it; if false, the pretender will soon be exposed. In either case, I must admit I have a woman's curiosity to see the individual who, whether rightfully or wrongfully, bears or assumes the name of a Fitzpatrick. I marvel as to the new-comer; | ticated niece, the peerless Kathleen, the woodconsidering this years, and I suppose size, we cannot say 'welcome little stranger :' but I must own I am truly curious to know whether this new claimant has those remarkable family features of which my good aunt, Lady Diana, is always speaking-namely, the full, blue, Fitzpatrick eye, and the flowing, yellow, flaxen, Fitzpatrick hair, and short, upper, proud, Fitzpatrick lip-features, as she boasts, of our pure Norman descent. Heigh ho! this world is all vanity !"

"Ay-all-all vanity; vanity and vexation of spirit, of outward shows, and bare-faced shams; such, for instance, as a young lady pretending to be occupied with rod and line, and ensnaring innocent fishes, when the fact is, her head is thinking how she will worry the heart-strings of the poor wretch she has already hooked, and the proof of whose capture lies in the open letter by her side."

Kathleen Fitzpatrick bounded to her feet, as these words were addressed to her; and looked with merry eyes and a smiling lip on the accomplished young gentleman who had given utterance to them.

The new-comer was dressed in the very height of the fashion, although it might be objected to him that his habiliments were side; and you can fancy one of the most marbetter suited for the drawing-room than the vellous contrasts ever witnessed; for she is open air. On his head was a long brown wig, which fell in full large curls over both his are fragile." shoulders and down his back. His coat with "Excellent, my Lord," replied Kathleen,

wide short sleeves, and broad full skirts, as amused by this description. "You have well as his long waistcoat with large pockets, given me what I did not ask for, a portrait of