## REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED.

"Oh, you horrid, vile wicked wretch." said Mrs. Gregg, "how can you look an honest, truthtul, pious, holy Englishwoman in the face, and yet allude to that dear, good young English lady, that you have been driving mad with your shocking, frightful, Irish,

What do you mean?" asked Geraghty, with a stare of affected surprise in his redlidded, inflamed-looking grey eyes. "Did that young English lady—lady, enagh!—did she say, or rather, did she dare to say that I had been telling her shocking lies?" "And so you have, you heartless villain,"

observed Mrs. Gregg.
"Look there, now! I do my best to help a poor dear little girl to pass away her time agreeably, and what is my reward? I am accused of telling lies? Pray, what lies did she say I had been telling? Did she say that I told her you were a beauty? because a bigger lie than that the wit of man never invented."

you are trying to conceal from me the shame you cannot but feel at your lies being discovered," sagaciously remarked Mrs. Gregg. door? Did she say I was making love to her,

or proposing marriage, or any of that sort of

"Ah, you have asked me a question, and 1 will strike you dumb with shame and confusion by the plain answer I will give it. She has told me all!-mark that-all!-1 said all-do you hear that? for I said all-

sye, every word you said to her." "Indeed !-well, what is it? out with it. Don't be so stingy with your news as you are with your alms."

"Well, then, here it is," said Mrs. Gregg, you had been telling her a shocking story about her father, and his murdering your wife and children, and-"

" Myself," added Geraghty, with a bantering laugh; "did she not tell you that I told her of my own self being murdered along with my wife and children?"

"No, no, you treacherous, false-hearted miscreant, I know you well," said the infuriated Mrs. Gregg; "you told her an artful, truthful, consistent tale-a tale that froze her very blood with fear, and that was near driving her distracted-that's what you did, and I dare you now to deny it."

"Well, well, widow, it is quite true: I did tell her such a story," said Geraghty, assuming a half repentant air. "But now, as I have admitted the fact, just answer me one question fairly and truly.

" What is it?" grunted Mrs. Gregg.

" Did she believe it?" "Did she believe it?" repeated Mrs. Gregg, in surprise. "Did she believe it? To be sure she did."

"What? every word of it." " From the beginning to the end?"

"Yes, from the beginning to the end." "Well," exclaimed Geraghty, as if delighted with himself, "that bangs Banagher, and Banagher, it is said, bangs the-but no matter-an old gentleman with a cloven foot, and, according to all accounts, an Englishman by birth. And so she believed all I said, as if it was truth from the beginning to the end. I'd like to see the Saxon could on the

on the night's rest of a rattling young girl like her yonder." "I'll admit whatever you wish that think will please an old scoundrel that is such a coxcomb as to take a pride in what he ought to be ashamed of, and is vain of being considered a clever liar. That I will do for you," said Mrs. Gregg, "if you will admit that the horrid tale you told her was a false-

hood, from the first to the last" "Did you not tell her so already?" asked

Geraghty.

"I did," innocently answered Mrs. Gregg. "And would you tell lies?" asked Gernghty.

"Not to save my life," replied Mrs. Gregg. "Very well, as you always tell the truth," observed Geraghty, "and as you, being a truth-teller, have assured her that any tale of horrors, as you call it, was nothing but a pure invention, then that assurance of yours must be sufficient for her. If I was to say anything more on the subject it would only puzzle her, and perhaps make the little darling uneasy; it would, as you will see, widow, put her into a complete quandary, because she would say: Here is Mr. Geraghty told me a tale about my tather; Mr. Geraghty said that tale about my father was the truth; and then Mr. Geraghty comes and tells me that the tale about my father is a lie; and henow tells me the truth, when he says that he told, that which was a lie-but if he now tells me a lie, when he says he is telling the truth, how am I to know that what he calls a lie is the truth, and that what he calls the truth is a lie; and then, which is the lie and which is the truth? is the truth a lie or is the lie a truth? There is a riddle for you, widow.

See if you can make sense out of it, for I can't. In fact, I'm so puzzled for the moment, so bewildered, that I am actually inclined to think that it is you, the truth-telling Englishwoman, who have been telling lies to the young woman, whilst all the harm the poor, lying Irishman has been doing to her is telling to her the truth, and, as they say to witnesses about to be sworn, ' the

truth." "You are an old villian," cried Mrs. Gregg, in amazement at the volubility of the

truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the

" Call me what you like," replied Geraghty, "only don't hart my feelings by saying I am an old woman, and my name-Abigail

Gregg."

Nou are an incorrigible old villian," added

Mrs Gregg.
"Not so," answered Geraghty, "for I have of Home to embrace renounced the errors of Home to embrace those of Geneva; and even your favourite preacher, that lamb of grace, the Rev. Jacob Boundhead, once compared me to a brand snatched from the burning. Poor man, he little knew how near I should be placed to a spit-fire, who was once the wife of a Cromwellian Provost-Marshal. And now, widow, compliments been passed between us, I must leave you to take care of the young lady. 1 dare not let you out, lest you should be placed in a cordition like her's and-somebody run away with you?" 

## CHAPTER XII.

12 de 17 9 8 "Ir was with feelings greatly agitated, and her senses in no slight degree confused, that and her attention occupied by something that was occurring in the room of the opposite

tower. "Come here, Mrs. Gregg, come here directly," said Judith, the moment she heard the heavy footsteps of the widow in her room. "Come here, and tell me if you can recognize the young person opposite; who he s, or what it is he means by the attitudes into which he is throwing himself."

"As sure as I am an honest, holy, pious Englishwoman," said Mrs. Gregg, with characteristic energy and meekness, "that young person opposite is an imp of the devil, black eyes the grandfather has given him, with the cut on his cocked nose, have made him such a fright that the unhappy mother who bore him would not know him. What a terrible mangling he has had! But what does the imp mean, or what is he in such a passion about? Oh! I see he is pointing to us to open the window. Shall I do as he wishes? There can be no harm in it."

"Do," said Judith, "what you think right Nothing can occur but what may serve us. At present, and without help from outside, I see no chance of escape; and in an attempt to effect that, I am sure "No, no; I see by your affected mirth that you will aid me as far as lies in your power."

"I will do anything that I by any means possibly can to vex and thwart Gerald "It is very good in you to say so, widow," Geraghty," answered Mrs. Gregg, "who is, said Geraghty, grinning; but come now, tell us what were the lies she laid at my here for the rest of our lives, if he can. There now the window is open; what can the imp mean? What does he want? If he has anything to say to us, instead of going on with his antics, why does he not bawl it out, as he must know right well we could hear him at the short distance he is from us?"

"Perhaps." remarked Judith, "he is afraid of being overheard by his grandfather."

"Afraid of being overheard by his grandfather!" repeated Mrs. Gregg. "And why so? Ah!" she exclaimed, delighted, as the idea occurred to her, "I see and understand it all triumphantly and solemnly; "she said that now. The imp is vexed with his grandfather, and, whilst his bones are sore and his wounds smarting, he wishes to have revenge upon the old man-and the surest and best revenge is to spite the old grandfather by helping you to escape."

"I hope in heaven such may be the case," replied Judith; "but how are we to place ourselves in communication with him?"

"He is telling us the way, if we could understand him," replied Mrs. Gregg. "What does he intend by pointing down to the bottom of the window, and placing his hand inside, and low down, near to the spot at which he is standing, and then showing a rope with a noose at the end: Is it that his grandfather is going to hang us out of the window?"

"No-no," replied Judith; "I comprehend now perfectly what he proposes. See, there is a strong iron book in here, corresponding with, I suppose, a hook on the opposite side and what he means is, that he will cast over the rope here, which we can at once fasten on with the noose to this hook. I will stoop down and show him I do understand him. See, he jumps as if with joy he is so understood; and now he waves to us to go back. It is to cast his rope. Stand by, good Mrs, Gregg; depend upon it, I shall be sure to catch the

rope." As Judith had supposed his intentions, from the boy's actions, the result proved she was correct. The rope was flung with an unerring, and, as it would appear, a long practiced hand into the room, where it was instantly caught by Judith, the noose fastened instant invent a story that would drive the on, then pulled tightly by the boy, until it hearer of it almost mad. Well, after all that seemed as rigidly fixed as if it had been aryou must admit, widow, that I am a clever old chap, when my tongue has had such an effect moment it was so fastened the boy appeared up and down, on and off tables and chairs sped across by it, and stood in the same apartment with Judith and Mrs. Gregg.

Judith could not refrain from starting when she saw standing opposite to, and gazing up at her with black, brilliant, small, ferret-like eyes, that strange little being that Mrs. Gregg had denominated "the imp."

There were few epithets of Abigail Gregg, the venerable relict of the Cromwellian Provost-Marshal applied by her, with an unction peculiarly her own, to any one of her fellowcreatures, that did not smack of an exaggeration closely bordering upon uncharitableness. And yet, her designation of the grandson of Gerald Geraghty as "the imp," might be fairly alleged as an exception to that general objection to which her language was

"The imp" was fully as old as Mrs. Gregg had declared him to be, while his appearance was that of a stunted boy. His small, round, builet-shaped head was covered by bristly blood-red hair, close cut, or, as it appeared to be, almost close shaven, as if it were for the purpose of exhibiting, in their full deformity, two enormously large large ears, that stuck stifly out on both sides, as if they were horns. There was not a quarter of an inch of forehead, and even that little ran in a sharp line backwards, from the projecting eyebrows and short cocked nose, which seemed to turn away from the pursed-out thick lips, and projecting pig-like teeth. The long chin was turned up as if it wished to follow the example of the nose; the eyes we have already described; they were so small and black, that they seemed to be without any white or yellow color beneath the eyelids. The body was small and starved-looking, the hands and legs had unnaturally long fingers and toes, and the dress of "the imp" wretched in the extreme, the coat being not only patched but ragged, and the small old leather breeches scarcely reaching to the bare-legged knees, whilst the feet were as uncovered as the hands.

The widow Gregg had compared "the imp' to a monkey, and there was some aptitude in the simile, not merely on account of his marvellous activity; but also, because when his body was not in movement he exactly resembled one of that tribe of animals, standing on its hind legs; the arms with the long fingers, hanging down, and the round head and cunning face, and black malevolent eyes, constantly oscillating from one side to the other, or wagging up and down, or turn-

ing suddenly round. Thus stood the imp the moment he reached the room in which Judith was confined. He stopped looking up in her face, as if waiting for her to address him, but as he did so, he was like a wild beast, watching with his stretched-out ears, for any sound that might ment. He will be your guide. warn him against a surprise; as if his sight and his hearing reserved for all that was be-

youd the scope of his vision "Why have you desired to come here?" asked Judith, so soon as she was able to recover from the surprise occasioned by this almost unearthly apparition.

"For revenge!" responded the boy, in a voice as hoarse, as abrupt, and as quick as that | you what force, if any, you should bring with the winow Gregg returned to the apartment of of a parrot; as if the use of words was not a you to ensure my freedom—my restoration to Indith, who, instead of sitting in the faculty that belonged to him, as a man, but home, and to you, my beloved father. Ever chair, in which the old woman had left was a trick of language, taught to him by your true and loving child, beings superior to himself.

"Judith, who, instead of sitting in the faculty that belonged to him, as a man, but home, and to you, my beloved father. Ever chair, in which the old woman had left was a trick of language, taught to him by your true and loving child, beings superior to himself.

"Revenge" cried Judith; "revenge! who "P.S.—I have met in my prison with a puld have wronged a creature such as you? very good woman, whose late husband served could have wronged a creature such as you? Upon whom or against whom do you seek re-

"Grand-daddy," replied the boy.
"What has he done to you?" asked Judith. "Look," said the boy, as he pointed with lightning-like nimbleness to his eyes, nose, arms, and legs, on the two latter of which there were blue swollen marks, as if the memorials of heavy blows.

"Oh!" the horrid old villain," exclaimed Mrs. Gregg, manifesting a sympathy for the boy, by abusing a person she had previously and grandson to old Belzebub, Gerald detested. "I always knew he was a cruel, Geraghty. The young miscreant was at all heartless wretch. So you want to revenge times diabolically ugly; but now the two yourself upon that dried up remnant of an illspent life. But how have revenge?"

The imp pointed to Judith.
"What!" said Judith, delighted, "by help-

ing me to escape?" The imp nodded his head.

"You wish to vex your grandfather: and to revenge the injuries he has done to you, by coming here to tell me you will help me to escape from this place?" The imp nodded his head.

"Good boy! good, dear boy," exclaimed the delighted Judith. "Help me to escape, and I will clothe you in satin and diamonds like one of the Queen's pages. You shall have bright shoes of Spanish leather, and gold-embroidered stockings."

"Bah!" snorted out contemptuously the

"Help me to escape, and I will give you as a reward for yourself, gold that would be equal to a king's ransom.

"Bah!" again impatiently and contemptuously snorted out the imp.
"Oh! say, dear boy," said Judith, terrified at finding that she was by her offers irritating, when she intended to soothe the little savage before her. "Oh! say, in what way I can be most serviceable to you. What can I do to afford you pleasure, by my escaping from this

den? What can I give you?"

"Revenge," shricked out the imp. "I see, I see plainly what the im-, the youth means," said Mrs. Gregg. "He wants not from you, and will not take from you, silver or gold, or rich clothes, for helping you to escape, because your escape will give him that revenge he wishes for. Thus he has come to you to aid him in having that revenge.

"Right," said the imp, nodding his wicked little head approvingly at Mrs. Gregg. "I care not what his motives may be, so that he does a good action," remarked Judith, by aiding me in the object of my wishes. and releasing me from the hands of wicked men. He intimated, as I understood him, that he comes here to punish his grandfather, by assisting me. But how can he do so?

ber by which I may pass into the open air?" The imp shook his head.
"Then can you get hold of the keys which your grandfather has?" asked Judith, directly appealing to the boy.

Knows he any secret passage from this cham-

The imp again shook his head. " Or is there any one in the prison that you know who would, for the sake of a large reward, aid me in my flight?" asked Judith.

The imp again shook his head. "Then how, in God's name, am I to escape from this prison, or how can you render me

the slightest assistance?" The imp opened the palm of his left hand, and, then with the forefinger of the right hand, appeared to be writing on it with the speed of a stenographer.

"By writing a letter?" said Judith, surprised.

The imp nodded approvingly.
"Writing a letter!" exclaimed Judith, 'alas! I perceive I have neither pen, ink, nor

paper." outside, caught it with hands and knees, and with the lightness of a bird, and the agility then, flinging himself round as if falling on of a cat; and then not discovering the objects probabilities of the imp re-apppearing, that son that stirred up in Lawson's flerce heart his back, he, with the rapidity of a squirrel, of his search, he, without uttering a word. jumped out of the window, ran along the rope, and disappeared.

"Is the creature mad?" asked Judith. equally confounded by the sudden appearance and unexpected disappearance of the imp. "Or rather, are we not wasting our time by holding communication with a half-witted | ing it out, fold by fold, as if it was his inten. | as I will, find the opportunity to destroy Lawbeing, who seems destitute of the faculties and tion thus to refold it again; and it was with son, why not destroy with the same blow Ludsense commonly given to the great bulk of a scrupulous, tender touch he haid his hand low? This letter, which will entrap the mankind?"

-" purely Irish-of Irish birth and Irish race -and I never yet knew one of the breed, no having been surreptitiously read. matter how naturally dull, stupid, or destitute of sense he might be, who had not wit enough to do mischief. Never you mind the He fancies he is breaking one of the imp. ten Commandments, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' in helping you, and with this temptation for him to commit what he fancies is a sin, be sure of him: he will not rest easy until he has carried into action what he believes and nourishes as an evil intention. Behold him now!-did I not judge rightly of the imp?"

As the widow Gregg spoke, the imp was seen crossing the rope, with a pen and a single sheet of paper in his mouth, and an ink-bottle in his left hand, whilst, with the right alone he pulled himself from one window to the other. The moment he reached the room, he bounded over to the table, placed the writing materials upon it, and then pointed to Judith to sit down.

"He wishes me to write," remarked Judith. unable to bring herself into direct communication with him, or rather feeling as if the hoy spoke a different language from her own, and that he, as well as herself, stood in need of an interpreter. "Write!' she exclaimed, to whom does he want me to write?"

"Daddy," croaked out the imp,
"He means your father," said Mrs. Gregg, these brutal Irish always call their fathers

Oh! now I guess what he means," said Judith; "he suggests to me to write to my father telling him to come to me, and so obtain my release."

'' daddies.''

The imp nodded his head. "I will do so," observed Judith, "I will write to my dear father. But what shall I say to him; at once expressing to him the desire, he should come directly to my aid, and yet relieve his mind, so far as I can with truth, from that pain and grief he must have endured on my account? Let me think."

Judith leant her head upon her hand in reflection for some minutes, and then, with a firm nerve, wrote the following lines:

" MY DEAREST FATHER,-This letter will be placed in your hands by one who wishes to release me from my present place of confine-

"The person who seized upon me, and caralone was given to that which was present, ried me off by violence, I have never seen since he effected that object. His purpose, I believe, was to force me to marry him; but he has never, since he put me into a place of confinement, ventured to appear before me. I therefore cannot tell you his name nor give you a description of his person.

"He who takes to you this letter can tell

in the army with you. The grief of my captivity has been relieved by her praises of you, and of your good and glorious achievements, when you were a soldier. One of my first acts, on being restored to home, will, with your permission, be to make such a provision for this good and pious woman, a native of our own dear country, as will secure her a comfortable maintenance for the remainder of her

days." All the time that Judith had been thinking over and writing her letter, the imp had been employing his natural gifts and accomplishments as a posture-master, an acrobat, and a tight-rope dancer, for the edification of Mrs. Gregg, exciting that good woman's astonishment, and her disposition to piety, by repeated prayers that he might break his back, or crack his neck, or give himself such a fall as would disable him for life, if not bring his existence then and there to a natural conclusion at once.

As soon as Judith had written the letter, and addressed it to her father, she read the contents aloud; and it would be difficult to tell which of the two, the widow or the imp, manifested the greater satisfaction at its

perusal. The widow being unaccustomed to employ words of approval or admiration of anything,

from which the tears were flowing abundantly, whilst the imp, who never spoke a word of any kind he could avoid, grinned like a baboon, whilst he performed six somersaults in succession. "Here," said Judith, folding up the letter in a small silk, black neckband, or kerchief,

which she removed from her throat, "here, boy, take this letter. Be you the bearer of it to my father, and then ask of him what you most desired, and he will give it, if it's his own, or obtain it for you from another. In my own name he will, I promise it, give you that which you most desire."

"Revenge! revenge!" exclaimed the imp, as he danced about with hellish

glee. In the midst of the imp's glee there was a sudden pause. Although no sound was perceptible to the ears of Judith or Mrs. Gregg, he stopped as if he had heard something. Then, placing one of his long, bony fingers to his puckered-up lips, he nodded to them to be silent, and darting suddenly out of the window he ran over the outstretched rope to the room opposite, then pointed, as if in alarm, to them to let loose the rope, having previously relaxed it himself for that purpose. His wish was at once complied with; the rope at the same moment withdrawn, and the casement of the window at which he had first appeared suddenly closed, and as it did so he disappeared from view.

'All this was so hurriedly and precipitately done-not one minute clapsing between Judith's placing the letter to her father in the imp's hand, and every vestige of his baving been in the room effaced—that Judith felt a sudden shock, as if the presentiment of future evil to herself for having written the letter, and to her father, to whom it had been addressed.

" Alas!" exclaimed Judith, endeavoring to account to herself for the sad and mournful feelings which were overcoming her. "Alas! I know not when I may expect that letter to reach my father, nor how much longer I am, therefore, to remain here. I hope we may soon see that strange boy again."

"If he can do any more mischief, you may be sure of seeing him again," replied Mrs. Gregg; "but if there is nothing else to be gained from an interview than doing you good, or rendering you a service, there is the certainty you will never again look upon the ugly, inhuman visage of the imp."

Even whilst Judith was lamenting the precipitation with which the imp had left her, out him there would have been no such masand the old woman was speculating on the sacre. He was the instigator-he the pertrange being was with his grap ah huu aris livering into the hands of the old man the | bid Lawson to do those murders, yet the murto her father, Ebenezer Lawson.

It was with an enger, trembling, but still careful hand, that Gerald Geraghty unrolled to whom I owe my life, when Lawson's red the black silk kerchief of Judith, coolly turn- hand was raised to strike us dead. If I can, on the enclosed letter, open it as timidly as if father, may be used as a bait to the same pit-"He is Irish," remarked the widow Gregg he was apprehensive that the smallest crease full for the father's friend; for Lawson and or most minute soil might serve to detect its | Ludlow continue fast friends. Their friend-

At last the letter lay unfolded before the old man. With hawk-like eye he ran, in an tion to the friendship of murderers be the reinstant, over its contents. Then perused it venge taken upon them by one of their inslowly and deliberately; then re-perused it a | tended victims? second time, stopping at every line, and every portion of a sentence, and then taking in the whole sentence again as if he were weighing the words, and balancing in his mind whether each and all could be subservient to the fell purposes he had in view. At last he had the letter off by heart; could repeat it without | dition to which I have been reduced? I dare lifliculty; and, as he rehearsed it over to himself, there was the red flush of malignant joy diffused over every feature, whilsta bright | in my heart I abjure, acting the spy for those fire, as of hell, shone out of his eyes.

"Dear, good, precious child!" said Gerald, as he stooped down and patted, with his withered, trembling hand, the fiery bullet- and the class I belong to? Detesting myself head of the imp, who sat, resting on his hams, looking up at him, and as he did so, grinning with all the mischief-loving cunning of an ape. "Dear, good, precious child," said the old man, "you have done my bidding beautifully; and you shall have your reward."

"Ob, ho!" croaked with triumph the imp as he tumbled heels over head, coming round to the same position, and back to the same spot on which he had bounded, as if he were a tennis ball.

and I alone, know how to reward you. Do I not, my precious grandson?"

The imp grinned from ear to ear, and nodded. "They wished to bribe you?" The imp nodded.

"They wished to tempt you to betray your poor, dear, good, loving grand-daddy?' The imp again nodded.

Again the imp nodded. "They offered you, too. I suppose, rich clothes, fine stockings, new shoes, silks and satins to your heart's content?"

"They offered you gold, I warrant?"

The imp\_nodded. "Ah! the fools, the fools, the born fools they never heard or read, I suppose, of the old fable of the cock and the jewel, and the sensible remark of chanticleer, that he would sooner have one good grain of corn to fill his craw, than all the diamonds and jewels in an Emperor's Crown. They offered to my brave gossoon things that would tempt themselves. and for the sake of which they and their bet ters sell themselves—bodies, souls, honor, friends, wives, and children. They never thought-and it is well they did not-of that which, if offered to you, might have tempted you to sell your poor grand daddy to them They would never offer you what I, my darling, will give you. They have no such stuff

as this for you, my precious baby."

As the old man so spoke be opened a cupboard, and took from it a large black bottle. attained!

The eyes of the imp glistened with delight as he beheld the bottle, and he went jumping about the room, and clapping his hands with

delight.
"Yes, there is the reward, and that would have been the temptation for you," said the old man, "open your darling mouth widewider-wider. Shut your dear, good-looking eyes, and see what the Lord will send you."

The imp did as he was directed, and the full glass was slowly emptied into his open mouth, and no sooner was the last drop imbibed, than the imp jumped upon his feet and threw bis arms around the neek of the old man, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Ah! the dear, good, sweet little precious baby," cried the old man, chuckling with delight. "But I have only given you a taste. There, my dearest, there is the whole bottle for you. I owe you a debt-first, for the beating I gave you, and then for doing what I bid you so exactly, and so cleverly. Oh! this invaluable letter—this thrice priceless, invaluable letter—that I would not part with until it has done its work, for all the wealth and grandeur of the world."

"There, good boy;" said the old man, addressing the imp, who had now clutched the bottle between both his long-fingered hands, Away with your treasure, away with what is dearer and more precious in your eyes than diamonds, silk, satins, and gold. Away! drink your fill, drink till you can drink no more; said nothing, but wiped her great goggle eyes drink till your eyes wink, and all the world seems on the whirligig with your brain. Go, my darling, drink till you can drink no more. Drink till you are dead drunk. Old granddaddy, you see, is the only one who knows what can cure sore bones, and plaster bruised limbs. Grand-daddy is the only one in the universe who has good things in store for his precious baby. Is it not so, my darling?

"Yes, yes, yes," shricked the imp, as he grinned with delight, and slinking into a hole beneath the stairs, commenced sipping with horror from the scene, the last sound slowly and deliberately, the fragrant that reached their ears, as the casement closed, liquid, as if he had resolved that the process of becoming intoxicated should be a prolonged

pleasure. The old man watched him to his retreat and then returned to the table on which Judith's letter lay still open; he re-arranged it, and then enrolled it in the silken kerchief. fold by fold, as it had reached his hand; and then placing it in a small casket, and shutting it with a secret bolt, he locked the casket up in the cupboard from which he had taken the huge black bottle of usquebaugh.

"At last," said Gerald Geraghty, "I have Ebenezer Lawson in my power, With that little letter to make use of, I can lure to destruction the slayer of my wife, and the murderer of my children. To attain this end I have struggled hard, labored hard-very hard, making use of other mens passions as my instruments; first, inciting a broken down spendthrift to run away with this unhappy girl, playing upon his passion for wealth and pleasure, and so making an instrument of him. Then playing upon the passion for scandal, and the spiteful disposition, combined with the fanaticism of the vicious old woman, to repair the mischief that my own tongue had unintentionally done with the girl; and, lastly, making use of this boy's incessant craving for strong drinks, to obtain for me the means whereby I may take full and ample revenge upon the wretch who, as he showed no mercy for me or mine, shall, himself and his child, find no mercy, no compassion, no tenderness, no forgiveness.

"But intending to destroy Lawson and Lawson's daughter, should I not seek to in- to tell her of what had happened clude another survivor of the massacre? It is true, Edward Ludlow never laid hand to sword against me, my family, or any one who through all obstacles, and overcome every was with us; but still, it was to kill Fitzpatrick's child he had us hunted out in our cave-our last, sole home and refuge. Withthe thirst for blood; and though he did not served to increase her perplexities, to aggraletter that had been addressed by the captive ders would be unthought of but for him. to her father, Ebenezer Lawson.

And though he did not kill, he did not stir hand nor foot to save us. Not so John Elliott, ship was first cemented in our blood-in my blood! Why should not the fitting termina-

"Let me think-let me think." "Why am I what I am? Why, instead of being what I was, when these two pitiless villains, Lawson and Ludlow, came in conflict with me, am I now so fallen, so degraded, and so wicked, that I dare not reflect on the connot, even to myself, describe myself to be what I know I am, professing principles that I hate, and sustaining a faction in my native land that have never had power but they used it for the oppression of me and mine -detesting those I serve, and in my innermost heart, feeling all the love that is yet left to me for the very persons I do my utmosu

to injure. This is what I am. "And wherefore am I now, and have I been for years, sustaining this most base, most vile, and most detestable of all parts the spy and the informer? Solely that I might ingratiate myself with those in power, and that the influence they had might be yet my dear father—who is coming to me, and employed by me to do mischief-some mischief at all events-and, if possible, deadly "Yes, child," added Gerald Geraghty, "I mischief to this Lawson, his family, his connexions, his adherents, and friends.

"And now the means to do so are at last

placed within my reach. "Let me see—let me see that I do not let one particle of those means run to waste that the mischief to the wrong-doers may be as wide-spread as the original wrong.
"And now let me trace back that

original wrong to its primary cause. Neither Lawson nor Ludlow were moved by a spirit of personal batred against me. I and my poor family only lay in their way to reach the Fitzpatricks, and to destroy them they waded through our blood. "The hearts-the loving hearts-that were once mine, that ever beat with deep affection

for me as husband, or father, or protector, or friends, all-all those dear loving hearts were but as so many stepping-stones for the sanguinary Ludlow and the remorseless Lawson to trample upon and destroy in their path to the Fitzpatrick land, and to murder the rightful heir.

"We were destroyed-I was destroyed; I, who might now be an honoured old man, with wife, and children, and grandchildren, at my knee, looking up to me with reverence, and begging my blessing. I have been cast down; and the Firzpatricks, I am told—at least it is rumoured—father and son are both living; and Ludlow's ctimes, and Lawson's cruelties, and my sufferings, have been all gone through, and yet the end aimed at not | claimed :-

"Why not, whilst preparing for the last grand final act of the bloody tragedy I contemplate—why not, as a means to render the enactment of that tragedy more complete —why not make use of the name, at least, of the Fitzpatricks, to gall and worry into a pitfall those two avaricious miscreants, Lawson and Ludlow?

"Let me think-let me think how all these things are to be done; and in the meanwhile, how I may make use, or get rid of the poor stupid dupe, who in seeking un heiress for a bride, has placed Judith Lawson within the grasp of him from whom she never shall escape with life."

And so for many hours that same day the old man, Gerald Geraghty, sat pondering upon a plan of vengeance, which should be so well laid, and so carefully contrived, that its success should be certain—its failure, in any one particular, an impossibility.

It was a late hour in the evening of the same day that the attention of Judith and Mrs. Gregg was attracted to the window of the room opposite their own by loud, Felling shricks of laughter. And when they looked to see what was the matter, they beheld the imp, with a face as red as his hair, dancing and capering about the room as if he was mad, and then opening the window and letting the rope hang down into the courtyard beneath, swinging himself at the end of it, and provoking and inciting the fierce bulldogs beneath to bark and bound up in the air after him, in the hope of fastening their glistening teeth in his naked feet. And whilst this wild scene excited their apprehension that the mad, rash boy might be caught, dragged down, and devoured by the infuriated animals, they perceived the old man with difficulty pulling up rope and boy into room, and then binding the limbs of the imp, and when the poor wretch lay helpless before him, beating him mercilessly with a stick and as both women turned away their eyes with horror from the scene, the last sound was the loud yelling, but still mirthful sounding laughter of the imp!

## CHAPTER XIII.

For two days had Judith endured the most painful and most afflicting of all conditions, for she was a prisoner, and hoping in vain for a deliverer. She was suffering a great and unexpected calamity, and yet, at the same time, untiringly but vainly hoping that each moment, as it came, would release her from her sufferings. To the evil that others have done to such a victim another is added, another and a worse; the heart-sickening hope of the sufferer, who, tormented by enemies, becomes their ally in being a selftormentor.

In vain, in vain, had hour after hour been watched by her: in vain had she listened for a sound that might indicate a change in the wardship of her prison, and gave to her the smallest reason for supposing that her father was coming to her. In vain had she listened at the door, and watched at the window, on the chance that the imp would re-appear, or find the means of intimating to her that he had succeeded in delivering her letter

Nothing was seen, nothing was known of the imp, and the only conclusion that Judith could draw from his absence and his silence was, that he had been so maimed by the last beating she saw inflicted upon him by his grandfather that he was unable to move, and so could neither perform the commission she had confided to him, nor even rise from his bed

As to her father, Judith was perfectly certain, that if living he would have broken species of danger to reach her; and, therefore, not seeing him was the proof, from whatever cause it had arisen, that the imp had not

been able to deliver her message to him. Two days had thus passed away since she had seen the imp, and each hour, as it passed vate her doubts, and to magnify her apprehensions, and to break her spirit. It did so, because, as each hour passed away, it brought with itself diminished hopes. Such was her condition when the hateful face of the old man, Geraghty, appeared in her room, and his raven-like voice was heard croaking in her

"A gentleman, who says he is an acquaint-

ance, wishes to see you.' Judith's heart thrilled with joy as she heard these words, and, without a moment's hesitation, she replied:

"Thank you, thank you! Admit him instantly." "I do not know that you will be so very grateful to me when you see him," replied the old man, with a malignant grin. "But as

you wish to see him, you shall see him. Wait a minute: I will send him up to you.' And so saying, old Geraghty left the room; but before doing so, he stopped an instant before Mrs. Gregg, and bowing down so very low before her, that his head appeared almost to touch his knees, he exclaimed with mock humility: "The top of the morning to you, widow: I am happy to see you look so blooming. Delicate plants like you thrive best

when kept from the open air." "There is some wicked piece of mischief on foot, or that old villain would not be in such good spirits," observed Mrs. Gregg. "Be sure this is one of his myrmidons coming to

see you." Poor Judith turned deadly pale at this suggestion, and she replied in a hurried voice: "Oh! no, no, no-impossible. I know none of his associates; and you heard what he said-and how he mentioned this visitor as an acquaintance. It is my fatherwho wished to break the surprise of his appearance suddenly before me by describing himself as 'an acquaintance.' It is -it is, my good Mrs. Gregg-it is-it must be my

father." "Ah! God help your poor innocent heart. You do not know these wicked Irish as well I do. Do you think," said Mrs. Gregg, that old Geraghty would bring your father here to you? Not he-the old infidel; he would as soon think of cheering you up by letting you out of this place to be comforted hy hearing a two hours' discourse on some damnable and hellish doctrine of Popery from the blessed lips of that lamb of grace,

the Rev. Isaac Foundtext. "Oh! do not say-do not think, dear Mrs. Gregg, that it is, or can be any one else than my own, my beloved father. Hist! there is. the lower door opening. I hear steps on the stone stairs outside. Ah!" cried Judith, falling back into her chair. "Ah! that is not my father's step. Oh! Heaven have mercy on

me!" The door opened, and a tall man of middleage entered. He was of full figure, with light yellow hair, and his face, whether from habitual indulgence at the table, or from constant exposure to the air, or from the excitement of the moment, was all one unvarying color, and that a deep scarlet.

In her indignation at beholding this man, all Judith's fears, doubts, and hopes, so vividly extertained, and so rudely broken, were alike forgotten, and starting to her feet, she ex-

"I have seen you, Sir, before; L'am sure I.