

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, truthful, 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, Popish lies?"

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 is, or what it is he means by the attitudes into which he is throwing himself."

"Revenge!" cried Judith; "revenge! who could have wronged a creature such as you? Upon whom or against whom do you seek revenge?" "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.

"P.S.—I have met in my prison with a very good woman, whose late husband served 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."

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 wide—wider—wider. Shut your dear, rood-looking eyes, and see what the Lord will send you."

"Why not, whilst preparing for the last grand 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 Fitzpatrick; to gall and worry into a pit-fall those two avaricious miscreants, Lawson and Ludlow?"

CHAPTER XII.

"It was with feelings greatly agitated, and her senses in a slight degree confused, that the widow Gregg returned to the apartment of Judith, who, instead of sitting in the chair, in which the old woman had left her was now standing at the window,

"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?"

"My DEAREST FATHER,—This letter will be placed in your hands by one who wishes to release me from my present place of confinement. He will be your guide.

"The person who seized upon me, and carried 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."

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"The door opened, and a tall man of middle age 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."