

LLOYD PENNANT.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"For fear of mistake, there's no harm in letting him have a ball through the heart," said Pincher, and he proceeded to load his pistol, as both walked towards the cabin. The man who held the horses had taken the reins from over their heads, so as to enable him to get sufficiently far to see the wounded sailor, when the person who accompanied Pennant, Rory and Pepper, cried, "Follow me and do as I do," quickly gaining the rear, he commenced talking loudly, and ran straight forward—meeting Pincher, who, alarmed by the noise of voices, had returned from the walls, and demanded, "Who's there?"

"Friends," replied the stranger, "and hearing shots, we made for the place, thinking some mischief might be doing."

"And so there was. I'm a Justice of the Peace (Mr. Pincher Martin of Dunseverick), and I accompanied this gentleman, the jailor of the town, to arrest an escaped convict, the fellow made resistance, and we were obliged to shoot him. If you stay here, my boys, and watch the body until I send a cart for it, you shall be well paid for your trouble." On their consenting to do so, Pincher and his companions mounted their horses and galloped off, both greatly embarrassed by the untimely appearance of those who had interrupted their proceedings. No preparations were made for the removal of the body, Pincher having calculated on doing the deed, in a spot so secluded, without its being suspected that he had any share in its perpetration. Pennant's party were equally disappointed at the result, for their object was to secure Johnson alive, and to capture him, if possible, when actually in Pincher's company. "It's very unfortunate, this," said Pepper, as the party entered the walls. "I wouldn't the fellow was dead for any money—Pincher got the start of us, or he certainly shouldn't have killed him." Pennant, who was well accustomed to see the dead and wounded, immediately set about examining the body—blood was streaming from the forehead, but on inserting the little finger into the orifice where the ball had entered, he found that it had not penetrated the skull, which was safe and unfractured; he passed his hand over the breast and belly without discovering any injuries, and he perceived that pulsation of the heart still continued, although the man lay motionless, and to all appearances dead. Blood was oozing from the left thigh, and when he pressed the spot he almost fancied that the sailor winced. Pepper, who anticipated returning with a prisoner, had, with professional foresight, ordered a hack coach, in charge of his son to be in waiting about a mile distant, and Mahon was set to fetch it. While the rest of the party were talking on the road over what had occurred and arranging their future proceedings, they heard a stir within the cabin, and on entering to ascertain the cause, they found it empty; passing through the back door, the only exit for escape, they saw Johnson feebly trailing himself along the ground, and already exhausted by his exertions.

"A waver there," he cried, "don't touch me; I strike, but if my thigh hadn't been broken by that treacherous villain you'd have a long chase, if you'd have ever been able to range alongside of me."

Pepper whispered Pennant to conceal his face, to be silent, and to mount the driving seat with his son. Rory, the stranger and Pepper went inside with the wounded man, whose head they had bound up in the best manner they could, and whose broken limb they placed in as comfortable a position as circumstances permitted. They journeyed in silence for some time, until Johnson demanded "where they were taking him to?"

forbidden to enter the sick ward, for fear of irritating the prisoner, was charged to keep strict guard outside the door, lest any one not officially employed should hold communication with him. Next morning the limb was taken off, the patient bearing the operation with dogged fortitude; but although Pepper and the magistrate were present, he volunteered no communication, neither, as the surgeon informed them, his state was better than he could have anticipated, and that there was no immediate danger, did they press him to make any.

When Pincher returned with a cart to carry off the dead body, as he expected to do, he found no trace of it, nor of the persons left in charge. The hospital of which Johnson became an inmate was in another county, and Pepper having had him entered in a false name, and the magistrate having cautioned the surgeon that for the ends of justice no noise should be made about the affair, the secret of his admission was well kept.

No application had been made by any person for admission at the county infirmary or jail, and thus Pincher was thrown off the scent. As the men who so unseasonably came up at the time of the intended murder had not since appeared to give an account of how they disposed of the dead man, or to claim any reward for their services, he concluded that they must either have been travellers, who passed on, or accomplices, who, for their own purposes, concealed the body. He therefore patiently awaited the result, having, however, as a precautionary measure, made a report of the transactions to Mr. Sharp, the nearest justice of the peace, and afterwards instituted a strict search to ascertain if any dead or wounded person could be discovered in the neighborhood of the ruined "shebeen."

Meantime, the condition of Johnson seemed more favorable than could have been expected. A very slight fever had supervened after the operation, and the surgeon entertained sanguine hopes of his ultimate recovery, when suddenly he became restless, then delirious, and soon unmistakable symptoms of gangrene rendered another amputation necessary, as the only means by which life could possibly be preserved. The second operation was more painful than the first—Johnson was more desperate; still, although warned of his hopeless state and fast approaching end, and pressed by Pepper to make a dying declaration, he gave no signs of repentance, or of any desire to disclose what had occurred between himself and Pincher. The patient who occupied the opposite bed in the hospital was a young man in the last stage of consumption. Being quite resigned to his fate, and being attacked by strong religious feelings, he passed the short time left him here below in endeavoring to prove by his example that resignation to the will of Providence was a virtue, and that death is not appalling to those who regulate their lives by the dictates of religion. He had frequently addressed words of consolation and encouragement to Johnson when he believed in the possibility of his recovery, but when he heard his doom announced, he exerted himself all the more to try and induce him to receive the rights of his Church, for the unhappy man, although apparently steeled against all religious influences, had admitted to him that he, too, was born and had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. During one of the many attempts he made to convince the sailor of his danger, a vessel burst, and he threw up a quantity of blood. The priest was instantly summoned. Meantime, the youth's mother had arrived, and he lay almost lifeless in her arms. From the reclining position in which he was held, Johnson had a full view of all that passed, and he who had shed so much blood himself, and seen so much shed by others in the heat of mortal strife, was appalled at the spectacle of a man gradually succumbing, as he rendered up his heart's blood to the insidious power of an incurable disease. He heard the gentle words of consolation which the sufferer addressed at intervals to his afflicted parent; he remarked him as he clasped his attenuated hands together, and raised his eyes towards heaven, and he was astonished at the smile of hope and contentment which sat upon his moving lips as he prayed; he began gradually to reflect upon his own condition, to remember how he had lived, and to think of what he might expect to suffer in future state, the existence of which seemed now for the first time to dawn upon his obtuse and hardened mind. The young man's vomiting had ceased, and preparations were made for the administration of the sacrament. Johnson was awed by the solemn manner of the priest and his attendants, who carried lighted tapers in their hands; he saw the nurses and such of the Catholic patients as were able to move about on their knees around the death-bed, while others, who were too weak to rise, had their hands propped up by pillows that they might witness the ceremony; he heard the prayers for the dying recited in a most impressive manner, and the responses uttered with extraordinary fervor by those who anticipated that their own time to require the same charitable office from their fellow-Christians might not be far distant. An hour passed, during which the clergyman expatiated on the happiness of a true believer's last moments, when the dying youth attempted to speak. "Bless my child," interrupted his mother, "if you had remained silent, as you were told to do, this might not have happened." "I wished," he answered, "to end with a good action, and if that man," pointing to Johnson, "only gives me the consolation of knowing that he will follow my advice, I shall die happy—do—do," he cried, eagerly, as his eyes closed and his hand fell heavily beside him—there was a pause. Then the priest, feeling for the pulse, declared him dead. The prayers for the departed followed, mingled with the hysterical sobs of the bereaved mother, and the more subdued lamentations of some of the patients, who but too well knew that their own supreme moment was fast approaching. Johnson's first impulse was to cover his head with the blanket, but he was spell-bound by the abjection and appearance of the dead man; he listened to the prayers, and then he remembered of having learned them at his mother's knee. He had long forgotten the words of supplication which he addressed to God in his days of innocence, but now they returned to his memory with all the vividness of first impressions. As the priest was about to leave he beckoned to him. "Hark ye, master," he said, "I've thought you could do anything for a man who has done a deal of queer things in his day, for in case I didn't care as you took a spell at me, in case I must go, as they all say, to old Davy?" The clergyman seized the opportunity to point out the necessity of repentance, and of doing all within his power to atone for his crimes, by making restitution to those he had wronged in matters of property, and by justifying those who had been injured in reputation. "Then if I tell everything I have done against them to those I have damaged, you think that may help me to a snug berth?" he asked, at the conclusion of their interview, and on being assured that it was the first step in the right direction, he expressed his satisfaction.

In due time, before the opening of the com-

mission, Pepper sent a clerk to the jail, with a subpoena, to enforce Brown's attendance as a witness at the trial, who, to his astonishment, found that the debt, having been paid at a late hour two nights before, the prisoner had been discharged, and departed with the friend who released him. On seeing Leonard, for the same purpose, it was discovered that he, too, had disappeared. Pepper was in an agony—the trial was fixed for the first day of the Assizes, and his most important witnesses had either gone over to the enemy or been removed—how, or where to, no one could tell. Mrs. Leonard, who alone could communicate any information regarding the absence of her husband, seemed not at all disposed to afford it—her manner was jauntily, almost insolent, and she answered the questions asked her in such a way as evidently to show those who put them that she knew much more than she was inclined to disclose.

Under these untoward circumstances, Mr. Pepper suggested that the record should be withdrawn, and the trial postponed to the ensuing spring Assizes; but the proposition was opposed by Pennant, who declared that he would run any risk sooner than endure the torture of so long a delay—and by Rory Mahon, who remarked that the witness might not be forthcoming then, more than now, while time would be afforded to remove them to some foreign country—whereas, if a vigorous effort were at once made to discover their retreat, they might still be found in time to give their testimony.

There was evident alarm manifested by Pennant's friends, who were unwearied in their exertions to hunt up the deserters, while Pincher and his adherents assumed an air of confidence and security. They believed their cause made "perfectly safe" for Leonard, whom they most dreaded, now proved himself so devoted to the service of his quondam oppressor, that he was one of the persons employed in the abduction of Brown, and his most trusted guardian, in the temporary confinement to which he was consigned. Leonard unceasingly employed his eloquence in convincing Brown that by remaining staunch to the cause of Pincher they should but save themselves. All required of them was that they should remain silent—should they be unfairly dealt with afterwards by Sharp, they had only to come forward, and state what they knew, when fresh proceedings, based upon their evidence, might be taken by Pennant, and thus, he maintained, they should secure, each of them, not only a liberal, but a permanent provision—whereas, if they turned over to Pennant, they would be left penniless in the event of his defeat, and quite at his mercy in case he succeeded; Pepper having assured him that no settlement could be made with them before the trial, as any such arrangement, if discovered, would be construed into a bribe, and legally invalidate their testimony; they must, therefore, be content, if supporting his cause, to rely on Pennant's generosity should he win, and this Leonard declared he was indisposed to do, "a bird in the hand being always worth two in the bush."

Smart, who had converted Leonard from an enemy into a most ardent friend by the same argument, was not at all surprised at the energy with which he endeavored to win Brown to his view, his interests being in fact deeply involved in his brother-in-law's conduct—for, if Pennant could secure Brown, and obtain a verdict on his unsupported evidence, then he (Leonard) would fall to the ground between both parties, without being remunerated by either; his new-born zeal was, therefore, neither astonishing nor suspicious, and he was considered the safest agent who could be entrusted with the task of guarding Brown, and pointing out the advantages which must accrue to him from his temporary confinement.

The house of the bailiff, or "driver," of an estate, some miles distant, over which Smart was agent, was the place selected for the residence of the two men. They went there voluntarily, there was no apparent constraint used, so that their host might receive them without incurring any legal responsibility. The "driver," a surly, ill-conditioned fellow, had three hulking sons, of quite as disagreeable dispositions as their father, and this family force formed his protection against the ill-will of his neighbors, by whom he was at once detested and feared; were the secret kept, and the witnesses concealed for only one short week, all would be well, and during that time the sons of the "driver" were told to be continually on the alert, ready to aid Leonard in case Brown should attempt an escape; and the master of the house was ordered to place an unlimited supply of whiskey always at his disposal. Singularly enough, this was the only locality which escaped the vigilance of Rory Mahon; he had never so much as thought of visiting it.

The days passed jovially on. Leonard and Brown lived and slept in the same room. The former did the honors of the table, and the "drivers" family were invited to join in the carouses, which were prolonged to an advanced hour every night, Leonard persuading them it was part of their duty to assist him in keeping his companion in a continuous state of intoxication.

Brown seemed quite happy and completely reconciled to his position; nevertheless, Leonard insisted that one of the young men should keep a sharp look out, and come to his assistance if he noticed any struggle taking place between himself and Brown when he took him out for exercise.

In a small, narrow valley, within view of the "driver's" dwelling, and distant but some hundreds of yards, there was the ruin of an ancient church, surrounded by a burial ground, exclusively used by the peasantry and gentry of the Roman Catholic faith; there were no funds to be paid for interment there, and no dread of interruption to the ceremonies, as the Protestant clergyman never had possession of the place, and could, therefore, exercise no control over the priest's proceedings. On the opposite side of a narrow roadway, a spring gushed from the very roots of an oak, which must once have been a veritable giant of the forest; but its vast trunk was now decayed from age, and only a mere shell of timber, covered with bark, remained to convey the vivifying sap to the gnarled and fantastically shaped branches that still continued to push forth a sparse and sickly foliage. The water issuing from the spring, after forming a deep and broad well, topped the embankment that confined it, and tumbled over a pebbly bed, down a gentle declivity. It had the reputation of being a "Holy Well," at which miracles were wrought. The lame, the blind, and the insane were carried there in crowds, to benefit by its healing powers; and a trout, which tradition declared to have been seen there from time immemorial, without increase of its size, was supposed to be the guardian spirit of the sacred waters. The well was approached from the road by a flight of oddly chiseled stone steps, whose centres were worn down by the continual tread of the pilgrims' feet, and a smooth green level, covered with primroses and violets, bordered the beaten space on which its frequenters performed their devotions. This well was a favorite resort of the two men; Brown cooled his stomach with copious draughts of its ice cold water and then reclined on the summit of the surrounding

embankment, to sleep off the effects of the last night's debauch; while Leonard profited by the opportunity to perform "the station." While so occupied on the morning of the Saturday, on which the Assizes commenced, he was joined by a woman, who, after kneeling for some time on a grave in the churchyard, descended to the well, and though no sign of recognition passed between them, it might be remarked that, while engaged in prayer, they knelt in close proximity to each other—later, on that same day, the "driver" received a note, urging him to increased vigilance until Monday night, by which time he should be relieved of his charge.

On the Sunday afternoon Leonard proposed that, as they were soon to separate, their last evening together should be consecrated to a jolly booze; this method of passing it would not only gratify their own feelings, but also prove the best possible means of securing Brown, who, if properly inebriated, would be sure to sleep soundly so long as they left him undisturbed on the following day. The carouse commenced at an early hour, and after some time, Brown, who became completely intoxicated, was comfortably stowed away in bed. But Leonard, still unscathed by his potations, insisted that he and his host's family should enjoy themselves for some time longer in the kitchen. Rashers of bacon were fried, and milk punch was made and consumed in large quantities, until the cock crew at midnight, when his companions being stupidly drunk, Leonard, after taking an affectionate farewell, and ordering that no noise should be made until he got up in the morning, staggered with difficulty to his room.

Having, after many failures, at last succeeded in bolting the door, he sat down and remained quiet until the loud snoring of the other inmates of the house assured him that they were fast asleep, when he proceeded, with more steadiness than could be expected from a person in his condition, to open the shutters, and place the burning candle in the window, then throwing himself on the bed, he lay there until a low, prolonged whistle was heard, when he instantly rose, and removed the candle to another part of the room. In a few minutes after a blackened face presented itself at the window, and the light was instantly extinguished.

The Assizes were opened; Pennant's case, Martin vs. Martin, commenced on Saturday, and after the speech of his leading counsel, was adjourned to Monday. On Sunday, Pepper learned that Johnson was in a hopeless state, that mortification had set in, and that his life must now be of very short duration. It was necessary, therefore, to make another and last attempt to wring his secret from him. Nothing could heretofore convince the unhappy man of his immediate danger—and Pepper thought that the most probable means of extracting a confession would be by confronting him with Colonel Blake and Pennant, neither of whom he had as yet seen. They all three set out for the hospital, accompanied by the magistrate, on whose warrant he was in custody. Pepper, with the surgeon, entered the ward first, and asked Johnson how he felt.

"Why, jolly, all the pain's gone, and I only feel a sort of softening like, now and then—I'm quite comfortable and a deal better, thank ye."

"Don't deceive yourself any longer," said the surgeon, gravely, "before twelve o'clock to-night you must be dead; the pain has ceased, because mortification has set in—it is gradually mounting upwards, and will soon choke you."

"Must—must choke me!" exclaimed Johnson, and he then, for the first time, realized the fact that his respiration was gradually becoming more and more affected.

"Would you wish to see Colonel Blake or Captain Pennant before you died?" demanded Pepper.

"Must I surely die?" he asked the surgeon, before replying.

"Surely—most surely—nothing can prolong your existence, even for this night."

"Then," he said, "I'll see the Colonel."

When Colonel Blake (who was close at hand) came to his bedside, "Ah," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see yer honor's sound and hearty, and not a wreck as I am—shattered and cast away. It does me good somehow to meet ye again, afore I sail on my last cruise. You don't know who I am—hark ye, I'm one of the two boys that met ye at Dunseverick Abbey on the day iv the duel, and that afterwards swore against Squire Ullick—ha, I see ye remember me now. Well, the parson as is here tells me I must needs set every one I wronged to rights, if I don't wish to go straight to old Davy; so I just want to say to you that all ye then told you was a lie—I wish Jim Bradley was to the fore, he could bear me out—but I finished him, as ye know, and I'm sorry for it now—he was a good chummy, and I shouldn't have done it. Squire Ullick did it—killed Captain Desmond—'twas I as did it"—(he looked fully in the Colonel's face, as he made the avowal) and then after a short pause, he continued: "I had my own reasons for the shooting of him—the wronged my sister—Jim, too, had a grudge against the Squire for putting a cousin of his off the estate, and as I told him that he'd suffer as well as me if the truth was known, we agreed to save ourselves, to put the Squire's neck in the halter, and we hanged him; but he had nothing whatsoever to do with the business. Jim of late years was always threatening to tell, and you may remember all that happened at his death on the 'Racer's' deck—what a smart frigate she was—when she sailed I never left my mind since. Where's the Captain?" he enquired, "I may as well see him, too." When Pennant entered, Johnson remained silent until he asked him, "Why have you tried to take my life, what have I done to injure you?"

his own identity as their son. The marriage was proved by Father Stephen O'Mally, the priest who performed the ceremony. "And his further bare testimony to the fact of Pennant's being the offspring of that union from his having had frequent opportunities of seeing the boy, from his infancy up to the time he entered the navy." His evidence to that effect was supported by Rory Mahon, who identified Pennant by the peculiar formation of his toes, which he had publicly announced as his test on first seeing him at the inn, before any personal communication had passed between them, and the correctness of which was immediately substantiated by Pennant's exhibiting his foot. This was in so far satisfactory, but he had then to dispose of the present possessor of the estate, by sustaining his allegation that she was only a supposititious child, and the witnesses on whom he relied to support it were not forthcoming. There was a pause in the proceedings—the barristers employed in the case on the plaintiff's side engaged in an animated discussion with the solicitor, Smart looked demure, Pincher could scarcely restrain a chuckle, Pennant and Pepper gazed anxiously towards the doors, the leading counsel flung himself into his seat, the junior stood fiddling nervously with his brief, attentively watching Pepper's motions—a dead silence pervaded the court, every one felt that something had gone wrong, Pincher's friends became hopeful, Pennant's were in despair. At length the Judge, who had been looking over his notes, enquired, "What causes the delay?" Before a reply could be given a thundering cheer from the crowd outside was repeated by those within the building, as Rory Mahon, escorting Brown, and followed by Leonard and his wife, advanced through the passage opened for him by the people. The excitement became irresistible, as patting her husband on the back with one hand and waving a handkerchief with the other, Mrs. Leonard marched proudly through the outward hall, amidst enthusiastic cries of "Well done, Nell!" "Glory to you, Nell, and long may you reign!" At the entrance of the court she was obliged to abandon her charge to the care of Mr. Pepper, and was almost overwhelmed by the salutations of her admirers.

The cause proceeded—autograph copies of the letters written by the late Mrs. Martin to Pincher and Blatherwell before the young lady's marriage with the former were then put in evidence, the signature and handwriting being proved to be hers by many persons who had been on terms of intimacy with the family. Brown, who was utterly astonished at their production, and whose name was attached to each as witness, proved that he had himself delivered the originals to both gentlemen on the very day of their date. In those letters Mrs. Martin not only declared that her reputed daughter was not her child, but she even went the length of stating who her real parents were, and she concluded the admission of the cheat which she had practiced on her husband by a warning that if Pincher persevered in marrying the girl after such a declaration, he would (to use legal phraseology) be "a purchaser with notice."

Leonard, who, according to the statement made in those letters, was Mrs. Pincher Martin's maternal uncle, was then produced. When he mounted the table on which witnesses give their testimony in Ireland, the clerk of the Crown proceeded to administer the oath. Just as he concluded Mrs. Leonard roared at the top of her voice, "Don't 'take the Book'—until you return the villain that levelled our cabin the money he thought to buy yer soul with." Obdient to the order, and before touching the Testament held out to him by the "crier," Leonard thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth five ten-pound notes. Having shaken them so that their number might be seen, he addressed Sharp—"Here's the money ye gave me to keep myself and Mister Brown away from this trial. I took it that you mightn't suspect what I was about; I knew that if I wasn't in Mr. Brown's side he'd be made away with—in spite of all yer care, I carried him off safe from his jailors, and though I'll damage my own flesh and blood, I'm here now, ready and willing to tell the truth." Another cheer resounded through the court, and Sharp, having completely lost his presence of mind, was extending his hand to receive the proffered money until restrained by Pincher, who sat beside him. The deadly paleness of both men's faces, and the beads of sweat that stood upon their foreheads, clearly evinced the agony of their minds. Pennant's counsel moved "that the notes be empounded." The witness "Kissed the Book," and then proceeded with his evidence. He described how he had carried his sister and her female infant to Castlemore on the night after her confinement; by a track that quented pathway across the fields; that it was given out that the woman's child had died, and that she was employed as wet nurse by Mrs. Martin, whose supposed acquaintance had taken place that same evening; that he alone was privy to the arrangement entered into between that lady and his sister; and that, by the latter's direction, he had himself made a coffin, which he filled with stones and rubbish and then buried, as containing the body of her dead child. On his cross-examination he accounted for lending himself to such a deception, and for not before now disclosing the truth, by stating that he thought it no harm to serve his niece when he wronged no one else, there being no other claimant for the estate; that Mrs. Martin had always paid his rent while she lived, and had promised him that when the harvest came of year should have his spot of ground for nothing; and he freely admitted that he should never have said a word about it if Pincher Martin hadn't broken the bargain, and put him to the road. The personal resemblance between the witness and the defendant was so marked that it added great weight to his testimony, which was further corroborated by proof that a child's coffin, in a state of decay and containing only stones, had been found in the place which he pointed out as that in which he had buried it. It was also proved that the family physician had never been in attendance on Mrs. Martin either during her pregnancy or at her confinement; that on the latter occasion a surgeon living at a considerable distance had been sent for, who was informed on his arrival at the house that the child was already born and that his services were not required, as both mother and infant were doing as well as could be desired—he was paid his fee and never again consulted. And finally, it appeared that the child becoming ill, the nurse, who was in reality his mother, insisted on its being baptized, and that the ceremony was performed, not by the Protestant clergyman to whose flock both Mr. and Mrs. Martin belonged, but by the Catholic priest, and it was naturally concluded that the reputed mother would never have made such a confession to the wishes of the nurse if she were not compelled to submit by some overwhelming causes.

Pincher being unprepared for the production of letters which he supposed to have been destroyed by the fire at Castlemore, and confounded by the chain of evidence adduced against him, was unable to make a rebutting case. The jury at once returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and Pennant was declared legitimate heir to the estate, which he should have inherited in the course of succession. Pincher, who dreaded being sued for meane rates during his illegal possession of the Castlemore estates, in the event of the trial going against him, had pressed on the chancery suits to realize the amount of his mortgages on the Dunseverick property, so as to be prepared for any contingency. With that money he might decamp, in case things came to the worst, and live abroad. The decree for a sale had actually been pronounced, and in order to obtain time to go through the necessary formalities for bringing the estate to the hammer, he threatened to move for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict against him had been obtained by surprise; but Pepper saw his object, and seeking an interview clearly demonstrated to him the impossibility of his ever realizing one shilling of that money. Colonel Blake had already assigned all his interest in the Dunseverick estate to his niece, who would marry Captain Pennant before the sale could be effected, and he then becoming proprietor in right of his wife, would lodge the amount of the mortgages in court and impound the money until his claim for meane rates (a much larger sum) should be liquidated. He also showed him a copy of Johnson's dying declaration, implicating him in a conspiracy to murder, which had not been as yet laid before the authorities, but he at the same time assured him that Captain Pennant was unwilling to have his name published or see him penniless, and that if he gave a full explanation touching the means by which he had obtained possession of the fabricated letter from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, implicating Pennant in the treasonable society of which that unfortunate nobleman was the head, and would further satisfy the mortgages of which he was the holder, and allowed the verdict already obtained to stand, and thus save delay and expense—that in such a case a sum of five thousand pounds should be placed at his disposal, and time be given him to quit the country before any proceedings should be taken which might involve him in the meshes of the law. Seeing all chance of touching the mortgage money cut off, well knowing that he could not remain in Ireland with heavy criminal charges hanging over his head, and having no hope in the successful issue of a new trial for his wife's estate, from the fact of his being fully aware since the time of his marriage of the secret, which had only come to Pennant's knowledge with the possession of his mother-in-law's letter, and Judge Blatherwell at the same time urging him to accept terms, as the only way to avoid public disgrace, and backing his advice with a promise of two hundred a year to be paid him so long as he resided out of the British dominions, Pincher was soon brought to the most abject submission. He complied with the terms proposed regarding the admission of the cheat which she had practiced on her husband by a warning that if Pincher persevered in marrying the girl after such a declaration, he would (to use legal phraseology) be "a purchaser with notice."

Don't be sworn.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle poisons are lying around us ready to enter our system whenever we are careless. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame. Epps' Cocoa is sold only in packets labeled—"Epps' Cocoa & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 129 Fleet Street, London, England."