# LLOYD PENNANT.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

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#### CHAPTER XIX .- Continued.

in the second se

"None, ma'am; there wasn't a letter last week but two, barring Mr. Pincher's—only for the Castle, in truth, the office might be shut up—nnd them, too, was for common people."

"Now, Nelly, my dear," said Mrs. O'Mahony, as she took an affectionate leave, "mind, you be more particular in future."

Before she returned home a special messenger was despatched to another post-town, ten miles nearer Dublin, earrying a letter to the Parish Priest of the place, requesting him to post the onclosure, which was redirected to Colonel Blake, in London. Mrs. O'Mahony was now in a continued state of more than ordinary excitement; she drove from one neighbor's house to another, denianding news, and hinting at the coming of eyents which were sure to astonish the world.

Rory Mahon had on his part much to do, and she drove from one neignoors nouse to another, demanding news, and hinting at the coming of events which were sure to asionish the world.

Rory Mahon had on his part much to do, and one negotiation which must necessarily be undertaken, was as difficult and delicate a nature that the greatest tact and prudence were required to bring it to a prosperous issue. The letters which he received from Darcy in the cave were of the most vital importance to Pennant's interests—but, to make them available to their full extent, it would be necessary to secure the co-operation of the person by whom the originals were deliverage into se which remained in his possession being only copies—for, although the hand-writing might easily be identified by others, he alone could prove the correctness of the copies. If, then, the individuals to whom they were originally entrusted could only be induced to swear to their identity, and to account for their possession, immense difficulties would be at once removed from Pennant's path. If, in addition, this person could and would testify that the conversations held with the writer of them corroborated and confirmed the correctness of the statements contained in the letters themselves, then the case would be clear and the evidence conclusive. The manner in which these documents came into Rory Mahon's hands rendered their application to his purpose extremely dangerous, for an admission of that might implicate him in the burning of Castiemore, and certainly would render him liable to the charge of complicity in a legal crime of the highest magnitude—namely, the escape of outlawed rebels. The attempt, however, to come to terms with Mr. Brown, the original holder, must be made. But, before committing himself by any direct proposal, Rory determined to seek the acquaintance of this man, and then be guided in his future proceedings by circumstances.

Brown dwelt in the pot-house of a village a few willes of any substited mon the very scanty in Brown dwelt in the pot-house of a village a few

Brown dwelt in the pot-house of a village a few miles off, and subsisted upon the very scanty income farnished by Pincher Martin. He was a vindictive temper, and had formerly (when his power over Pincher seemed greater than at present) periodically indulged in fits of gross intemperance. Latterly, however," either from choice or necessity, his habits were considerably improved, and his conduct had become more respectable. Those who knew him best attributed this favorable change in his mode of life to the diminished supplies extracted from his wealthy connection. Some hinted that he had, during a drunken fit, surrendered for an inconsiderable sum of money the possesion of documents which once gave him control over Pincher, and that now, his claws having been clipped, he was obliged to rest satisfied, and be grateful for the limited income he received, the amount of which was calculated on the lowest scale consistent with an ordinarily decent existence. sistent with an ordinarily decent existence, Brown was often heard to lament his folly and

bitterly to regret the weakness which had in-duced him to leave himself altogether at Pincher's mercy.

As Rory Mahon had no fixed residence, he took up his abode at the same inn which Brown inhabited, on pretence of having business to transact in the neighborhood. It was not diffitransact in the neighborhood. It was not diffi-cult to form acquaintance with a person al-ways watching the arrival of new guests, with the hope of being invited to parties of their pola-tions. Rory charmed both Brown and the land-lady; he asked the former to join him in a glass of punch the evening of his arrival, and plied him until he reached the communicative stage of intoxication, when Muhon managed to get a ery clear insight into his disposition and inten-

Brown was not slow in alluding to his brotherIn-law's shabby conduct, nor in throwing out
hints as to what he might have done to prejudice Pincher heretofore, and what it was even
yet in his power toeffect should any hostile claimant for the Martin estate present himself.

Rory listened attentively, but urged no increase of confidence. Evening after evening he
practised the same system, until at length Brown
openly told him "as a friend of the old stock,"
that if a child of Squire Ulick turned un, as rumor said was likely, he would and could make
all safe for a reasonable consideration." Then
Bory venture to enquire into the nature of the
information Brown could impart, and of the evidence which he could adduce as to its truth,
avowing, at the same time, that if he were but
satisfied of its value, he should not stick at a
trifle to obtain the secret, even though it might
happen that it never could be made use of.
Brown told him of the letters which he had in his
possession, and datalied the contents. The fact
of having surrendered the attested copies made
by the writer of the original documents to
Plincher, he did not attempt to conceal, neither
did he seek to deny the real advantage he had
relinguished, and the great difficulty which
there would now be in substantiating his case
without them. He had kept copies, it was true,
but they were only in his own hand-writing—
therefore, useless. Bory advised him to be cautious how he provoked the enmity of the person
on whom he depended for support unless he felt
himself in a position to prove what he asserted.
Brown ended by declaring that if a bill of £19, due
by the writer was put and the felt was rear the secret. Brown was not slow in alluding to his brotheron whom he depended for support unless he felt himself in a position to prove what he asserted. Brown ended by declaring that if a bill of £19, due by him, were not pald the following week, the whole affair should be published in the newspapers—he would annoy if he could not injure—the stingy possessor of a name and estate, to neither of which had he, in justice, the slightest claim. Rory coincided in his guest's opinion as to Pincher's ill-treatment of a connection who had rendered him such important service. He also counselled an application for the means of also counselled an application for the means of discharging the debt alluded to, and threw out a hint that should it result in failure he would be sorry to see a friend embarrased for such a trifle, and might possibly be disposed to come to his agsistance.

## CHAPTER XX.

Brown hired a horse the following morning, for which Mahon paid, and set out for Dunseverick to seek an interview with his brother-in-law. When he reached the castle he was ushered into the library, where Mr. Pincher Martin sat, looking over rentals and tenants' accounts, with Mr. Sharp. The unwelcome visitor was very coolly received.

ing over rentals and tenants' accounts, with Mr. Sharp. The unwelcome visitor was very coolly received.

"Well, sir," said Pincher, without rising from his sect, or taking his eyes off the papers which lay before him; "well, sir, what's your business here to-day? I often told you that if you had any communication to address to use it must be

lay before him; "well, sir, what's your business here to-day? I often told you that if you had any communication to address to me it must be made in writing, for after all that occurred, I candidly tell you, it's the only safe way to hold intercourse with you."

"I merely came to ask a favor, and I wish to have a private conversation with you." said Brown, in rather a tone of defiance.

"Mr. Sharp is quite in my confidence, and I have no objection that any business in which I am concerned should be spoken of before him; but if you allude to that stuff and nonsense, sir," he added, looking sternly at Brown, "by means of which you have endeavored to extort money heretofore, I tell you I don't care that," snapping his fingers, "for what you can say or do to my prejudice; and moreover, I beg to inform you that I have not the least idea of being tormented or annoyed by a drunken blackguard of your sort any longer. I gave you an annuity on condition that you should not appear in my presence, to worry me with your importunities. A bargain—you have broken your share of the agreement—and now I'll break mine. From this hour one shilling of my money you shall never touch." Pincher rose and rang the bell. "Begone, sir, begone this moment, or I'll have you kicked out of the bouse."

"You had better think of what you are about," said Brown, coolly—he seemed to acquire self-

You had better think of what you are about."

THE TRUE WINESSAND CAPHOLICE.

WINDOWS AND CAPHOLICE.

During the various conversations which Rory held with Brown, prior to his imprisonment, he ind made it a special object to enquire into the collateral evidence which might be made available in support of that person's assertions, assuming that the letters were inaccessible (the fact of his possession of them being carefully concealed). He demanded what witnesses would be produced in confirmation of the important secret confided to him, and Rory not only obtained the names and places of residence of such persons as might be hereafter required at the trial, but also made himself acquainted with the particular circumstances of which each person was supposed to be cognizant, and of a striking peculiarity in the personal appearance of one inparticular circumstances of which each person was supposed to be cognizant, and of a striking peculiarity in the personal appearance of one individual likely to operate more convincingly on a jury, than any other description of testimony which could be produced. Having acquired all the information Brown could give, Rory determined to ascertain by a personal investigation how far the statement made tallied with the actual truth; he therefore visited the spot where the event upon which the whole matter hinged was said to have taken place, and found the details relating to the locality correct in their minutest particulars. His next visit was to the man named Tom Leonard, represented as, pershaps, the most important amongst the witnesses, Arrived at the cabin where he was informed this person lived, Itory found it a heap of ruins—the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the act of turning his horse's head to enquire elsewhere, when a child popped forth from annidst the rubbish accumulated within the naked walls. By dint of kind words and some half-pence, the purchin, who was about to regain his place of concealment, was induced to come forward, and after a good deal of questioning Rory learned that the person he sought was seated under the temporary shelter, constructed from the remains of his levelled dwelling. The instant the man appeared, Rory was struck with the strength of the likeness which Brown had said he could not fail to discover.

ple, bless them, and give all the goold you pos-sessed in the world to Pincher, the divil a toe he'd let me put into my own house, nor any other on

the estate, if he could help it; so that's useless thinkin' about."
"And what objection has he to you?"
"That's a long story, yer honor, and it id take a

"And what objection has he to you?"

"That's a long story, yer honor, and it id take a day to tell it."

"In troth, its bad 'Shanaghy," broke in Mrs. Leonard, "for Pincher to put him, or one belongin' to him out, if the truth was known."

"No use in talking of that," retorted the husband, "it's that same truth that's getting me driven from the country."

"Dear knows, your honor," continued the woman, "if the world knew as much as Tom does it, id' be a bad day for some people."

"You hould your tongue," cried Leonard. "Do ye want to say something that 'Ill prevent us getting the money to take us to Amerikey. If you could keep yer mouth shut, maybe it's not on the high road we'd be the day."

"Maybe not," rejoined his spouse, "but wait ill we get the money, and when it's in my pocket, bad luck to me if I don't tell the tyrant my mind; and what's more, it's just as likely that I'll stay where I am, too, after all."

"Hould your tongue, I say," shouted the husband.

"And If he touches me," continued the woman.

band.
"And if he touchesme," continued the woman, "And I he touches me," continued the woman, not attending to the interruption, "I'll give him such abuse that the dogs won't lap his blood atther it; I'll tell him what he is, and what his wife is, too, if it comes to that, the crawling upstart."

"Well," said Rory, "he is a man I don't like myself. I have great some poor was from him

"Well," said Hory, "he is a man a don't like myself. I have saved some poor men from his tyranny, and if I can I'll save you too. Here's a guinea to buy something for the children, and if you come into town to morrow, I'll hear what you have to say and see what I can do for you. Uall at 'The Rising Sun,' and ask for Rory Mabon."

"Oh, thunder an' 'ounds! an' is this yourself,
Mr. Malion ?" shouted Leonard, taking his hand,
and shaking it heartily. "Shure, I often heard
of all you did for the tenants on the Castlemore

of all you did for the tenants on the Castlemore estate—that you may have luck for that same—and it's often that woman wanted me to go and tell you all I had to say."

"That's the good truth, anyhow," said Mrs. Leonard; "and if you did many a thing I wanted you to do as well as that, you wouldn't be what you are to day. But now you have a rand facent man to deal with, that can help you if you desarve it, and if you don't tell all you know, and prove it too, the divil a side ever I'll stretch by you. A purty thing, indeed! You want to spare the ruffian that's sending you and yours to desolation,"

I'll do what you wish on the instant," said the husband.

He and Rory stood for some time upon the He and Rory stood for some time upon the road in earnest conversation. What the nature of the information imparted may have been it is not our purpose just now to disclose, as the interest of our hero demands that it should be carefully concealed for the present.

Rory Mahon was prosecuting his inquiries and arranging his plans of operation, and the Colonel, Kate and Tim were still at Clifton Hall, when Mrs O'Mahony's letter reached Lloyd Pennant at Calais.

nant at Calals.

The Intercourse between Plerre Mulard and Pennant became daily more intimate. Gratitude for a past favor and liberal rewards for present services attached the Frenchman to his benefactor, and the latter felt that he might safely entrust Pierre with his secret and rely on his co-operation when attempting his escape. nant at Calals.

safely entrust Pierre with his secret and rely on you kneed out of the house."

You had better think of what you are about," said Brown, coolly—he seemed to acquire self-control in proportion as Pincher lost it—"you had better consider well before you do anything of the kind, for you well know I have it in my power to ruln you; but I neither wish nor intend to do so, at least, till I see farther."

You may do your worst, and go be d—d," "I doty you."

"I could expose you if I liked," said Brown.

"You may a well 'whistle ligs to a miles, but being, and principled secundrel of your sort? I tell you, you may as well 'whistle ligs to a miles stone' as a steempt to move me. Begone, sir, I say—begone."

"I'm golng now," said Brown, in a very determined the end of the latter possessed his own ostate and stocked his cellar with gonuine Chatean-Margot from the smuggler's hold. At this time he had not only enjoyed Alike's protection, but expended when the latter possessed his own ostate and stocked his cellar with gonuine Chatean-Margot from the "Courgain" talking if haven't £20 before ten o'clock on Thursday nexts, by the stornal—, I'll not leave a house over you, head."

"That's, a 'elear threat," said Sharp, as the door closed after Brown, "and the only way to deal with a fellow of that kind is to lay him up. You can safely swear, learning and the trowling his ecoperation when attempting his escape.

Fortunately, too, Mike recognized an old field in the moonlight burst more frequently the mid the moonlight burst more frequently through its scattered fragments. The lide flowed rapidly. Now, even, on high scattered fragments. The wide flowed rapidly. Now, even, on high scattered fragments. The wide flowed rapidly. Now, even, on high scattered fragments. The lide flowed rapidly. Now, even, on high scattered fragments. The scattered fragments. The scattered fragments. The scattered fragments. The defendance of success seemed momentarily distributed as quickly as the scattered fragments. The scattered fragments. The scatt

father, would be note to to every same, accessablish his claims without any other assistance.

Mrs. O'Mahony was of an exceedingly sanguine as well as jendous disposition, and never hesitated to promise much more than she could perform, in the hope of success, as well as to monopolize the exclusive merit of any good or generous action in which she might bear a part. In reality, nothing more than the speech of Dick Johnson and the declaration of Bradly that Pennant was Squire Ulick's son had been communicated to her, for a clear insight into the peculiarities of her character and the dread of entrusting an important secret to a person of so excitable a disposition, had deterred Rory Mahon from making her the confidant of later discoveries.

Under such circumstances Pennant thought it folly to defer his attempt to escape any longer. The fact of his having returned to Europe was now known at the Admiralty and to many in Ireland, and every further delay in clearing up his character and putting forward his claims only afforded time for preparations for his enemies. Mrs. O'Mahony's letter was shown to Trouville, and the necessity for Pennant's promps peparture so fully explained, that the worthy privateer promised to land him on the coast of Kent the first trip he should make in that direction.

But considerable difficulties must be overcome

this information Brown could give, Hory determined to ascertain by a personal investigation in how far the statement made tailled with the actual truth; he therefore visited the spot with the event upon which the whole matter hinged was said to have taken place, and remained the event upon which the whole matter hinged was said to have taken place, and remained the event upon which the whole matter hinged was said to have taken place, and remained the entering the man named Tom Leonard, represented as, person lived, Rory found it a heap of ruins—the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the actual truth; the there is a sense of turning his horse's lead to caquire elsewhere, the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the actual truth; the person lived, Rory found it a heap of ruins—the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the call of turning his horse's lead to caquire elsewhere, the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the call of turning his horse's lead to caquire elsewhere, the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the call of turning his horse's lead to caquire elsewhere, the roof had been pulled off, and he was in the call of turning his horse's lead to caquire elsewhere, the urelian, who was about to regain his place of contract the little of the person he sought was scated under the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained of the little welling. The instant the man after a good dead of questioning Rory learned the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained to the person he sought was scated under the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained to the person he sought was scated under the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained to the person he sought was scated under the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained to the person he sought was scated under the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained to the person he sought was scated under the temperary shellor, constructed from the remained to the person he sought was scated under the composite the pers

from the ramparts on the sea slue, and Mulard caused them to remove to another apartment in a street directly in front of the "Courgain." His sister lived as servant with their new landlady, and just opposite the door of the house was a "grille," which admitted the water from the gutters of the street into the main sewer leading to the open ditch, to which stafforded a short but very difficult means of access. This sewer, however, was only practicable at low water or during the first period of the rising side, as at high sea it was completely filled. It then became necessary that the hour selected for the escape should correspond as nearly as possible with the time when the tide commenced to flow, for the clipper must have water to float her out, and it should be after the domiciliary vist had been paid the prisoners. To attempt to leave and it should be after the domichinty visit had been paid the prisoners. To attempt to leave at quite low water would be dangerous, as then, the delay before sailing must be longer and the chance of arrest more probable.

Trouville looked to his almanae, and managed

chance of arrest more probable.

Trouville looked to his almanae, and managed so as to have all ready on a night which presented the requisite combination of circumstances. The wind blew freshly from the southeast, and the commencement of the night was dark and gusty. By ten o'clock the police officer had made his rounds, and the old town soon after became as quiet as a village churchyard. The "grille" covering the entrance to the sewer had been previously well reconnoitered, and a few heaves of a crowbar easily raised it from its position. Mulard's sister, a stout, masculine person, kept it upright while Pennant was let down, Mike holding a rope which passed round his walst until he reached the bottom. The fall of the ground being but slight, the distance to be descended was only a few feet, and having his companion to receive him below, Mike followed at once without any assistance from above. The girl then allowed the 'grille" to fall noiselessly into its original place; and the two men below groped their way on allfours to the outlet of the sewer, and in a few minutes stood in the open ditch. The water not having risen much, Pennant stole cautiously across to the opposite wall, where a rope ladder was to have been let down by their accomplice, Mike remaining quiet until his companion's continued absence should assure him that all was right.

Pennant passed his hand carefully along the wall in all directions without discovering anything, although he at once lighted on the vent of a small sewer on the "Courgain" side, the pre-

wall in all directions without discovering anything, although he at once lighted on the vent of a small sewer on the "Courgain" side, the precise place at which Mulard had arranged that they should find the ladder. He waited some time in the hope of hearing a signal, but the clouds broke occasionally and the rising moon cast its light near the spot on which he stood. There was danger to be apprehended from the sentinel and also from Mike's passing over under the supposition that everything was prepared; he therefore resolved to return. The centre of the ditch being deeper than the The centre of the dilch being deeper than the banks on either side, Pennant was alarmed to find that the water, which before did not reach his hips, now almost covered his shoulders. Another half hour without relief and they must surrender or be lost, for already the sea nearly filled the mouth of the sewer, and it would be madness to attempt to return by it. The "grille" could not be raised from beneath it, and though one approximation much to result required to

"grille" could not be raised from beneath it, and though one person might possibly save his life by holding on to the bars and remaining thus suspended until fine the tide fell, there would not be room for the second, who must thus inevitably be drowned.

The fugitives stood close to the town wall in an agony of suspense, but still there was no sound to indicate the placing of the ladder. The wind had increased, the sould flow more wriftly performed.

announce the return from the General Postoffice in London of her letter 'To Colone Blake'
with the words 'No! known at the address'
to for the benefit of the poor in the County Hall,
and Climon and the guests attended a concert
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The fact considerable to her post and the guest attended a concert
for the benefit of the County Hall,
and Climon

"Don't feel at all well this evening, Mr. Nolan."

"You needn't tell me that, Mr, Bush. Have you any more of the stuff?"

"Not a drop; I used the last on't a week since, and I don't think as how itdid me the least manner of good. I'm tired on't you see—it's but nasty stuff at best."

"So it is," harked in Tim—"so it is—and variety is charming in medicines as well as in everything else. Now, what would you think, Mr. Bush, if you tried some multed port." I'm a great hand a-making it,"

"Well," rejoined Bush, his tallow face lighting up with a sort of grin, approaching to a smile—"well, I shouldn't care as I did—not a bad move that, neither, Let's have it, will you?"

"That I will, and I'll beta trifle that you never

bad move that, neither. Let's have a, and you?"

"That I will, and I'll bet a trifie that you never tasted the likes before. In fact, poor Master Mike, long ago, when he was flush in cash, gave the messman of the Inniskilling Dragoons five pounds for teaching me, and a dozen of the best wine, not to speak of sugar and spices, to practice on; an' it took four nights as hard at it as we could go to make me perfect."

The materials being at hand, Tim soon concluded the operation, after the most approved fashion, and placed the smoking beverage before Mr. Bush, who pronounced it to be "excellent."

"Excellent, to be sure it is," said his companion. "Oh, murther, murther," he continued, the muiled wine having carried his thoughts back to the scenes of his youth; "oh, murther, Mr. Bush, if you only saw what I used to see long ago, when I was young—eighteen and twenty of the real sort drinking it. There's where the going used to be—myself making and the gentlemen hiding it as fast as they could. The ranl ould stock of gentlemen, not the 'shoneens' that's now-a-days, but fellows whose blood was too thick to run through a sieve."

"You don't say so," said Bush; "well, I never," and he tossed off a bumper.

"Aye," continued Tim; "them was what you might call gentlemen, and them was the chaps that used to fling about the money like dirt whenever they chanced to have it."

"Valls—to be sure, vails "—cried Tim; "there's where the vails was, and the men that never forget to give them. I never cleared the tables of a night when there happened to be a 'scrimtange,' that the two gentleman that was going into the corners didn't give me their valls, before they took up their pistols, for fear of accident. 'There, Tim, there's half-aguinea, my boy, and if anything happens bury me decent,' was always poor Master Mike's content heaven he his bed; I only wish he was

half-a-guinea, my boy, and if anything happens bury me decent, was always poor Master Mike's speech, heaven be his bed; I only wish he was allve and hearty as he used to be, and here tonight—and that 'id be a pattern for you of a raal Irish gentleman, body and sowl—six feet three in his stockings, and ready to fight the devil in a saw-pit any hour, night or day. Then there's fighting Johnny M'Dermot, another of the raal stuff, would call out: 'Here, Tim, here ye devil's another of them same for you, and if anything happens me, drink my health and promotion in a regular good mult.' 'Long life to your honors!' I used to say, of course, and then, if no one was hit, when they made it up again, there's where the fun was—divils, and grills, and mulls, and the divil knows what else, until it was hunting time in the morning."

"Valls still:" enquired Bush.

"To be sure, still, and to eternity."

"Well," resumed Bush, "I'm happy to hear that same, Mr. Nolan, for you see, sir, I always had a disincinnation like for the Hirish, on account of those here valls—cause, you see, he was some sort of a Hirish lord or other as knocked them hup in this country, and did more damage by that same to regiar sarvants than hall the lords in Hireland and Scotland put together can't never undo—that a did."

"He was no Irishmen," cried Tim, indignantly.

"Yes, but a was, though; I recollect as well as half-a-guinea, my boy, and if anything happens bury me decent, was always poor Master Mike's

lords in Hireland and Scotland put togother cau't never undo—that a did."

"He was no Irlshmen," cried Tim, indignantly.

"Yes, but a was, though; I recollect as well as 'twas yesterday how it all comed about. Old Sir Gilbert, the grandfather of this last, was then living—a reglar one to go, too, I can tell you—I sarved three generations on them in this here hall, you know; well, he was a hard one to go, was old Sir Gilbert, and he used to dine with this here Hirishman, as I mentioned (dang it, what's his name?—let me see—but no matter). Master used to dine with him often, and so used other noblemen gentlemen; but then, you see, nobody could never git that ere man todine with them. Often he asked him, did Sir Gilbert, but never would he put foot in the halt to dinner. Well, I recollect master (that's old Sir Gilbert, but never would he put foot in the halt to dinner. Well, I recollect master (that's old Sir Gilbert as was) telling a large party as war at diancr here the reason of all that squeamishuess like of the Hirshman's. 'Well,' said he (that's the master as then was, old Sir Gilbert), I have found all out (confound his name, I can't for the life of me recollect it), why that Hirlsher (he didn'tsay the word you know) won't dine with us: he told me yesterday, when I pressed him, that he was too poor to dine out.' You should have seen how the company laughed outright at the thought of the man as gave the best and pleasantest dinners in London himself, being too poor to dine with any one helse, 'Yes,' said master,' on my life it's true—the valls, he told me outright, he couldn't afford the valls.' Well, I was laughing to myself at the sideboard at the hidear, when master whops out: 'And I, 'and I,' and I,' shouted every man on 'em in succession, 'I'll do the same; we'll neither give nor take, to make all smooth for him.' Well, Mr. Nolan, I can't tell—I don't know as I felt sich a sensation like come hover me, as at that ere moment. I never could, from that ore day, until I met you, bear the very name of your

Tim did as directed, and the butler undid his walstoot and stock—but the shortness of breathing was evidently increasing. Bush sat immovable, with his big round eyes staring, his mouth open, gasping for breath, and only able to nod his head in answer to Tim's enquiries or

immovable, with his big round eyes staring, his mouth open, gasping for breath, and oaly able to nod his head in answer to Tim's enquiries or suggestions.

"I'm worser, Mr. Nolan—worser and worser I'm's enquiries or suggestions.

"I'm worser, Mr. Nolan—worser and worser I'm gitting every moment."

"Then, I'll tell you what it is," said Tim; mow, what do you think if we'd be just after taking a walk on the say side—there's plenty of time before the quality comes back, and the time before the quality comes back, and the time before the quality comes back, and the given before the quality comes back, and the tide's full, you see—what do you think, ch?"

Bush pray do, go to bed; we don't want to me, which still referred to the anticipated wed ding.

"I'm worser, Mr. Nolan—worser and worser in the cleave the reom; but both commands were unheeded, and the two men advanced resolutely in the cleave the table.

"I'm come to tell you, sir," said Tim, "that I saw Masier Mike to-night—saw him as plain and sclear as isee you now."

"Nonsense!!! cried the Colonel. "Tim, I am as clear as isee you now."

"Nonsense!!! cried the Colonel. "Tim, I am as clear as isee you now."

"Nonsense!!! cried the Colonel. "Tim, I am as clear as isee you to behave in this manner, for the first time in your life, and in a strange house, too—go to bed."

"The devil a harm for that, when it's say air."

"Well, I must go somewhere out of this hor e place," said Bush, jumping up. "I can't say as how! is seed that same start time in your talk of, not knowing any him as plain as you talk of, not knowing any him and so did Mr. Bush—didn't you, Mr. Bush?"

"Mell, I must go somewhere out of this say here no longer, no how."

"Well, I on't say as how! is seed that same sout him, but it's said here; a large reward offered at his moment of the first time in your life, and in a strange house, too—go to bed."

"Mr. Bush—didn't you, Mr. Bush?"

"Mr. Bush—didn't you, sir," said Tim, 'I that. I shat the estate was forfeited when her futher was harged after the r

The first of the second of the

down and look a little at, it—you'll be all the betther, see how well you are already—I knew that."

Bush, who really did experience considerable rellef, allowed himself to be led on, and then both, being rather inconvenienced by the mulled port, sat coutemplating the scene before them—I'm expatiating on the majesty of a real ocean compared to a little "bit of a say "—and Bush occasionally interrupting his narrative to announce that he was rather thick in the tongue, or "summat hot in the coppers."

\*\*Neutonia\*\* the \*\*Bonne \*\*Asperance carrying every stitch of canvass she could crowd on, had rapially crossed the channel and neared the English coast. The sea ran high, and the surf on the shore rendered the landing, at all times unplensant, now absolutely perilous. Trouville had, on pretence of concending the real character of the vessel, ordered all hands below except Mulard, who held the helm; then calling Ponnant and Mike on deck, he pointed out the hazard of attempting to reach the land; but the former, who was well accustomed to the coast, having often been anchored in the Downs, made light of his objections, and resolved to run any risk rather than return to Calais, and so not only consign himself to prison but compromise the safety of his adventurous friend. Both he and Mike could swim well, and, after much consultation, the small boat which hung at the stern was lowered, and the vessel run as close in as safety would permit. Pennant and Mike, after bidding a hearty adien to their kind deliverer, and amply rewarding the services of Mulard, undressed, ready for any emergency; and each carrying his upper garments tied in a bundle on his shoulders, swung himself from the stern rope into the boat. "This maneuvre was effected within a short distance of where the butlers sat; but the shrubs which sheltered them, shut the privateer from their view, and the small boat was conocaled by the height of the shingle, along which she crept, watching a favorable opportunity to gain the land. Mike steered and Pennant pulle

of the beach served in some degree to break the violence of the swell, and Pennant rested on his oars, watching a fitting moment to make his dash.

The swell came, and just as, mounted on the crest of a huge wave, they rolled upon the shore, the two butlers rose to depart.

The first crash stove the boat to pieces, and its occupants were sucked back by the retreating sea. Again and again they gained the shore, but the shingle yielded to their tread, and before they could mount out of reach they were drawn down again by fresh breakers. Pennant was nearly exhausted, when, fortunately, Mike succeeded in establishing himself firmly, and selzing his companion dragged him safely on the beach. The whole occurrence, though actually happening beneath the very spot on which they stood, did not attract the attention of the servants, for so loud was the roar of the sea and the noise caused by the shifting of the stones, that the crash of the boat against the shore could not be heard. The shingle stood almost as abrupt as a wall, still fully six feet higher than the beach on which Mike rested above reach of the waves, and having recovered breath, he made a vigorous exertion, and gained the top of it just as Tim Nolan advanced to take alast and closer view of the sea.

The moon shone full on Mike's face as he rose

made a vigorous exertion, and gained the top of it just as Tim Nolan advanced to take a last and closer view of the sea.

The moon shone full on Mike's face as he rose from the bent position his ascent necessitated, and stood ready to set foot upon the level ground. Tim gazed motionlesss on the apparition, and then ejaculating "Master Mike!" ran towards his astonished friend, behind whom he entrenched himself, muttering prayers, and blessing himself as rapidly as he could.

The exclaimation uttered by poor Tim had a magic effect upon the individual to whom it was addressed, who could not discern the face or figure of the speaker, for the salt water streaming from his hair filled his eyes and the light was unfavorable; but hearing his own name unmistakably pronounced, Mike threw himself again quickly on the shingle and rolled down to where Pennant lay.

"I'm done, my dear fellow," he whispered to the latter; "betrayed—the Frenchman's sold me—the guard on the beach has my name as pat as the alphabet. Stay quict a bit, I'll jumpinto the sea and swim for it sooner than be taken and langed."

Meantime a resolute struggle was taking place

the shrubs both took flight—Tim leading, and old Bush running a much better second than could have been anticipated. The moment Tim entered the house he attempted to close the door and shut out his companion, but Bush rushed with his whole might against it and then both rolled together into the passage. The noise brought the servants from the hall, and the two magnates were borne in by tittering footmen. Tim fainted the moment he saw the light, and Bush sat gasping in a great arm-chair, his goggle eyes rolling fearfully about as he stupidly looked from one to another of the domestics, in reply to their questious.

from one to another of the domestics, in reply to their questions.

"What ever can be the matter with Mr. Bush and Mr. Nolan?" said the housekeeper, as she advanced with her bottle of smelling-saits.

"Nothing whatsomever," said one of the footmen, "only I s'pose they've had a trifle too much liquor, and have hada bito' shindy—I seed them from the winder 'at it' on the walk."

Bush threw his eyes on the fellow and attempted to speak, but he could not articulate, and was obliged to remain content with a wheeze. The housekeeper's restoratives soon caused Tim to open his eyes, but he had no sooner recovered consciousness than he flew again towards Bush and jaunned himself behind him in the great arm-chair, exclaiming, "Father o mercy, defend us! Holy Mother save, us!"

Bush seemed quite as nervous, for he kept up a determined struggle with his opponent, each endeavoring to establish himself at the other's back. While the footmen laughed outright and the housekeeper stood amazed, a thundering knock announced the arrival of Lady Clifton and her friends. The servants fiew to open the door and receive them, but no sooner did the two

her friends. The servants flew to open the door and receive them, but no sooner did the two butlers perceive that they were left along than both dashed after the others, and reached the hall just as the ladies entered. Tim flung himself upon his knees and seized Miss Bingham's dress; Bush imitated his example and held Lady Clifton; large fast in his samprese.

Clifton's legs fast in hisembrace.

"Father of mercy, defend us!" ejaculated
Tim; but Bush looked helplossly in his mistress'
face—there was a momentary pause—and the
servants, no longer able to retain their gravity,
burst into lourbra

servants, no longer able to retain their gravity, burst into laughter.

"What can this mean?" demanded Lady Clifton; "Bush, what is the matter with you?" A wheeze and a cough was the only reply.

"Tim, why do you act so?" cried Miss Bingham, endeavoring to disengage herself.

"Master Mike? to, Master Mike?—I saw him, I saw him, Miss," and he resumed his hold more firmly; while Bush, as if influenced by all Tim's movements, made a similar effort to secure Lady movements, made a similar effort to secure Lady

movements, made a similar ellort to secure Lacy Clifton.

At this moment Colonel Blake appeared, and stood silently looking from one to the other while the ladles were being released and the two mon removed. The lousekeeper insinuated the cause of such extraordinary conduct on Bush's part to her mistress, who took no further notice of the matter from motives of delicacy, while Kate communicated what she had heard to her uncle, who felt perfectly astanished at Tim's behavior, but was too indulgent to make more particular enquiries.

ticular enquiries. Supper had scarcely ended when Tim insisted on seeing his master; and Bush, who had by this time recovered his voice, accompanied him for the purpose of offering explanations and clearing his character from the invendos which he was conscious had been thrown out against him, and which he had not the capacity to refute on the instant.

and which he had not the capacity to refute on the instant.

The moment Bush's face appeared within the disting room doer, Lady Clifton exclaimed:

"Do, Bush, pray do, go to bed; we don't want you here at all."

As Tim followed, Colonel Blake directed him to leave the room; but both commands were unheeded, and the two men advanced resolutely towards the table.

"I'm come to tell you, sir," said Tim, "that I saw Master Mike to-night-saw him as plain and as clear as I see you now."

"Nonsense!" orted the Colonel. "Tim, I am astonished at you to behave in this manner, for the first time in your life, and in a strange house, too-go to bed."

"As heaven's above me, I saw him and so did Mr. Bush-didn't you, Mr. Bush?"

plight, and fearing to subject Mike especially io a particular inspection, they struck into the fields and then made for the town of Deal, which was not far off. Arrived at the inn, a warm supper with some brandy punch was the prelude to a good night's rest; and at an early hour in the morning the tailor was summoned and orders given for clothes. The waiter, who had been many years in the house, recognized Pennant as an old customer, and gave him the pleasing intelligence that some of his former shipmates were then lying in the Downs, and would, no doubt, be on shore during the day. To one of these officers Pennant despatched a note, announcing his own arrival and his object in coming to England, and requesting that he would come to dinner, bring a change of clothes with him, and as much spare money as he could command. The invitation to one brought half a dozen hearty, high-spirited and kind-hearted fellows, each anxious to half his old commade and ready to contribute to his comfort in clothes or cash. Pennant received them in bed, and then there was an interchange of questions and answers as to why he had left the country? what had befallen him him? and how he escaped? After a full and satisfactory explanation, and a luncheon of good cheese and sparkling ale, our hero, dressed from his borrowed wardrobe, strolled out for a walk with his jovial companions. As they roamed slowly along one of the many sequestered and beautiful roads by which Deal is surrounded, two ladies and a gentleman rode rapidly past in the same direction. Pennant was engaged in conversation with his more particular friend and did not notice the riders until one of the party, some paces in advance, saluted them as they dashed on and then remarked:

"I say, old fellow, there's what you may call a fine figure—the finest girl, on my life, I think I ever sum."

The lady alluded to rode on the near side of the road, and was chatting with the gentleman who accompanied them. Her face could not be seen by Pennant, who merely remarked, "That she had

ing from his hair filled his eyes and the light was unfavorable; but hearing his own name unmistakably pronounced, Mike throw himself again quickly on the shingle and rolled down to where Pennant lay.

"I'm done, my dear fellow," he whispered to the latter; "betrayed—the Frenchman's sold me—the guard on the beach has my name as pat as the alphabet. Stay quict a bit, I'll jumpinto the sea and swim for it sooner than be taken and langed."

Meantime a resolute struggle was taking place between Tim and Bush, each endeavoring to keep the other between him and the enemy, not a word being spoken by either, for what with fright and fatigue Bush was incapable of uttering a syllable, and Tim occupied his time in repeating all manner of exorcisms.

When they managed to get the other side of the shrubs both took flight—Tim leading, and old Bush running a much better second than could beyen heavily upon his heart. Now, the weighed heavily upon his heart. Now, the prospect before him was unclouded and glorious—an honored name—an independent fortine, and in oncored name—an independent fortine, and a lovely bride—all within his reach, and me carriely care to mar his enjoyment. The evening passed in unbounded hilarity, and Mike, who remained at home from predenting with thoughts were running on another figure still thoughts were running on another figure still thoughts were running on another figure in his estimation; his spirits were buoy—ant; he trod on English soil once more, free from those mental sufferings which had so long weighed heavily upon his heart. Now, the suffering swhich had so long weighed heavily upon his heart. Now, the finer in his estimation; his spirits were buoy—ant henced on the trod on English soil once more, free from those mental sufferings which had so long weighed heavily upon his heart. Now, the finer in his estimation; his spirits were buoy—ant he trod on English soil once more, free from those mental sufferings which had so long weighed heavily upon his heart. Now, the finer in his estimation; hi

### CHAPTER XXII.

The tailor was punctual with the outfits next morning, and after breakfast, to which all the officers present the preceding night had volunteered to come, Pennant and Mike were to post to Canterbury, and from thence take the mail

for London.

The beefsteak and cold meats had been despatched, Pennant was engaged arranging a partmenteau, and the jolly spinched, Fernant was engaged arranging a newly-purchased portmanteau, and the joly licutenants were looking out of the windows, passing time away until the chaise should come round and they could see their friend clear under weigh, when one of them hallowed out:

"I say, Pen, old fellow, come here and have a peep at the girl's face whose figure you admired so much vesterday."

peep at the girl's face whose ngure you admired so much yesterday."

Pennant went to the window. A gentleman and two indies on horseback had drawn up in the street below while the groom came to the inn door to give some commands. Could he believe his eyes? One of them was Kate—his own Kate Bingham. Fortunately his companions were too attentive to the motions of the party without to petice the change in his command. without to notice the change in his countenance. "Hush," cried one, "let's hear what the groom

Pennant beckoned Mike to the window, who appeared as thunderstruck as himself.
"Post-horses, by all that's lovely," cried one.
"Four," added another; "I heard the order distinctly."

distinctly."
"Hurrah," shouted a third, hopping about the room," li's going to come off at last. What joby fun we shall have, old fellows."

Whilst this conversation was passing the Whilst this conversation was passing the party on horseback rode on, and Pennant, accompanied by Mike, retired unnoticed to the adjoining bedroom, ostensibly to finish their preparations for departure. Pennant closed the door and looked at his companion, whose countenance indicated as great an amount of mental suffering as his own. After a pause:

"Thut was Miss Eingham?"

"It was."
"It was."
"Is there no doubt upon your mind about it?"
"None whatever. I could not be mistaken."
Pennant flung himself upon the bod, and burying his face in the clothes, gave way to a torrent of grief.

Mike did not venture to disturb him, for he not only felt the deepast compassion, for his friend's

or grief.

Mike did not venture to disturb him, for he not only felt the deepest compassion for his friend's crushing and unexpected disappointment, but also fully appreciated the delicacy of his own position. It was on the strength of a connection now never-likely to be formed that he had attached himself to Pennant and shared in his fortunes, without hesitating to accept pecuniary obligations at his hands. Kate, who professed an unatterable attachment herefore, had then evidently changed her mind just at the moment when her first love was forthcoming; and now, in consequence of her fickleness, he must be left penniless and alone in a country where he was proclaimed as a traitor and a price set upon his head, for, come what might, he determined to rid Pennant of his presence, which, he presumed, must necessarily be hateful to him.

At length one of the officers knocked at the door.

door.
"Halloo! Pen, Tom's here to say that if you don't make hasto you can't possibly catch the mail."

mail."
Pennant sprang from the bed.
"I'm coming," he cried, and Mike accompanied him into the sitting-room, where the waiter attended with the bill.
The young men'did not cease their conversation, which still referred to the anticipated wedging.