

GENERAL PRYOR AND O'DONNELL'S DEFENCE FUND.

New York, Oct. 18.—The following cable despatch was received to-day by the Irish Dispatch from General Pryor, who is now in England as one of the counsel for the defence of O'Donnell, the slayer of O'Casey the informer:—

THE TROUBLES OF A REVIVALIST.

Cork, Oct. 18.—Several roughs assembled outside the hall in which Moody was holding his revivals, and attempted to interfere. The police guard the hall nightly. Moody's mission in Limerick was a success.

CONCESSIONS TO IRELAND.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—The Quarterly Review, published yesterday, contains an important paper by Lord Salisbury, in which he reviews the successive concessions made to Ireland by various British Parliaments in 1782, 1829 and 1881.

PREBYTERIANS AND CATHOLICS.

New York, Oct. 18.—The session of the Presbyterian Synod was continued to-day. Regarding the resolution offered by Prof. Hopkins, of Auburn Theological Seminary, commanding the sentiments expressed in the recent pastoral letter of the Roman Catholic provincial council, the committee reported that while the substance of the letter commended itself to the Synod yet it was improper that the Synod should take notice of it. A long discussion followed.

FAVORITISM.

A bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Oldruggists.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.

It is possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by no simple remedy? I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!

Before examining the questions of civil marriage, trial by jury and freedom of the press, the Spanish Government will effect military, administrative and social reforms.

EFF'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—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 may save us many a doctor's bill.

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 maladies are floating around us ready to attack us wherever there is a weak point.

They had not proceeded far, however, when, turning an angle, they came in front of a small hostelry, where half a dozen horses stood reeking and covered with foam.

The latter, however, did not give his antagonist much time to take observations, for before O'Brien could wheel his horse round, so as to meet his adversary full in front, he made a desperate thrust of his long rapier (just then introduced by Rowland York), sending doubtless to take his life; but O'Brien foresaw his aim, and sinking the rowels of his spurs in his horse's flank, bounded forward like an arrow, causing the deadly weapon to pass along the back of his coat, and carrying the owner flat upon the neck of his horse.

Whist Pimpton was recovering his seat, Roger had turned, and both met face to face, resting the points of their swords for an instant in his stirrups.

"Sir Thomas Pimpton, if I mistake not," said O'Brien, "and who art thou, Sir Scot?" glancing at his Highland kilt.

"Scot or not," replied Roger, "I'll protect the maiden from thy impious hand, were the queen of England at thy elbow."

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"How so, good mother?"

"Why, yer no sae faithfu and loyal to yer bonnie queen as when ye sliced the lugs o' Ballic MacPherson, twa years ago, for steppin the royal guard at the castle gate, or ye wadna forgie her for the first blink o' a comitris lassie."

"Thou'rt mistaker, dame; I but asked—" "Out! gae we! ye, man! I ken ye weel, frae the spurs to the tappin'. Whin ye were carried to Father Leslie's, w' a broken arm an a hole in yer side ye might stap a parritch stik in, that ye got frae ans o' black Murray's men, an didna wink yer een, nor ken yer priest, nor ope yer mot, for twa lang weeks an mair; na, na, I was na a stranger to ye then, lad."

"So thou'rt the Nell Gower I heard so much of. By my faith, Nell, I'm right glad to see thee;" and Rodger stretched out his hand.

"Ay, ay, ye'll ne'er be at a loss for the sweet word, I'll bargain on't. Many a crown ye cracked w' yer cudgel in the castle close, and plasted it ower again w' that same Irish balm, twa minits after."

"Why, gadsooks, Nell—" "Heh, it's na wonder," she continued, disregarding his interruption, "it's na wonder ye might be at a loss for the sweet word, I'll bargain on't. Many a crown ye cracked w' yer cudgel in the castle close, and plasted it ower again w' that same Irish balm, twa minits after."

"Thou'rt suffer me, at least," said Rodger, as soon as the old woman had paused to take breath—"thou'rt suffer me to thank thee, at least, however inadequately, for thy faithful services. I do not remember thee, Nell, for my senses had left me, and only returned when the death of a near relative called thee away. But well I know, and have oft been told that, to thee I owe my life. Here, Nell Gower, take this purse, and my thanks to boot, and if ever—"

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if they rode forward, it must be through that stream of light which must faithfully expose them to the revellers at the door. At length she concluded to retreat, and get into the woods on the roadside till the danger had passed, rather than run so great a risk of detection, and accordingly gave the reins to Whitrat, motioning him and Alice to return. But they were not destined to escape so easily; for Peplin, in wheeling round, unfortunately caught sight of the strange horse, and neighed so loudly as to attract the attention of their masters.

"Hilloo, there, fair ladies!" cried the tallest of the group, as he caught a glimpse of Nell Gower's blue cloak; come back, and help us to quaff a can with our friend of the White Hart."

"Ride on, lassie," said Nell in an undertone, and hide yersel among the bushes, while I duff wi' these toppers."

"Behroo me, if ye pass without a Christian greetin, fair demoiselle!" shouted the same fellow; and throwing down his ale flagon, he sprang forward and caught Nell's horse by the bridle rein. "Hon, comrade! Gadsooks, come hither! Here's Beelzebub and his mother on horseback. I say, dame Bluebottle, get thee down, and tell our fortunes. What a fair lady, too, of thy honorable company? Houghton, in the saddle with thee, man, and bring her back! We would fain have her to speech with our nobis master, to answer for her carry rising. His the comrade! she runs like a greyhound."

"An what's a' this for, guld man?" demanded Nell. "To stop the queen's legs at this gait's agin a' law an' reason."

"Come, come, dame, thou must try a draught of Worcesterhire ale this cold mornin; it will warm thy heart, and make thee laugh like a jolly midwife at a christening."

"Out! awa wi' ye, and drink yer bout, Master Goodfellow. I'm no inclined to join ye in yer roisterin, and sic sinful, wastidly ways. Is this a time to be spendin' yer hours in drunken revelry, when mair sacred things ought to employ yer thoughts? D'ye no—"

"Down with thee!" he repeated, taking her by both arms and depositing her on the ground; "there's neither honesty nor good fellowship in thee, to pass us by without a pot to the queen's health. And as for the pretty maiden who left Brockton so early, doubtless Waggilt here will find a cold capon's wing and a cup o' sack for her, when she returns."

Nell Gower saw there was no longer a chance of escape. They were betrayed by some one in the village, where she had gone the evening before to meet Whitrat Macabrain on his return from London. Some enemy had watched her movements and reported them to Pimpton. She hoped, however, to be able to deceive the half-stripped revellers by some trick or device, and thus gain time for Alice to reach a place of concealment; but that was now impossible.

By the time the soldier had led Nell by the arm into the house, Alice was half a mile or more in advance of her pursuers. She spurred Peplin to his utmost speed, regardless of all danger from the rough stones and broken branches that covered the road. But when she came in sight of the old farm house already mentioned, she described a horseman meeting her at full gallop; and supposing him to be one of Pimpton's men, who had taken another rout from the village, she gave up in despair, and dismounted her pace. Hardly had she done so, when one of the party from the tavern passed at a furious rate, and suddenly checking her, crossed the road to intercept her passage, and a second, dismounting, laid his hand on Peplin's neck.

"Why, lassie, thou must not travel so fast on this dangerous road," said the soldier. "I am much concerned for thy safety, and pray thee come back; there's a right noble gentleman at the hostelry, would gladly be thy companion on the journey."

"Know not," replied Alice, "whom thou meanest, or why thou detainest me thus. Surely I did thee no wrong." And as she spoke, she dropped her veil.

"But dost not think—(O thou needest not drop thy veil, fair mistress; we are all trusty servants of the queen and Sir Thomas Pimpton)—dost not think it favors of disloyalty, I say, and rank Papistry, to fly thus the company of her majesty's troops, who, thou must well know, are for the protection of all her faithful and liege subjects."

"Pray let me go, good sir," repeated Alice, "if I have done wrong I will answer for it."

"Why, thou wrongest me even now. Dost not cheat me of a sight of thy fair face?" And as the ruffian raised his arm to tear off the veil, it was broken in two by a powerful blow from behind, and at the same instant he fell crushed under a horse's feet.

"Haste thee on, Mistress Alice," said a voice at her ear, and seek safety in the woods, whilst I cut off the pursuit of these cowardly villains."

Alice, though trembling and confused, recognized the voice of Rodger O'Brien, and without awaiting a moment for reflection, gathered up the reins, and again galloped forward.

Rodger, thinking he had now but one to contend with, had instantly closed with him, when a third voice, more authoritative and commanding than the rest, shouted, within a few feet of him,—

"Hoe, there, Lewellyn! Pursue the misdeed, and leave this fellow to me."

"These words were delivered in a tone that indicated as much self-possession and confidence in the speaker as if he were only about to chastise a naughty boy for contumacy."

O'Brien turned, as the soldier left to execute the order, and beheld a tall, wiry, sharp-featured man, with a dark countenance, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age. He wore a black morion, of the latest fashion, without a plume, a dark-colored doublet, and the long riding mailed boots of the period buckled under the kneecap.

Rodger, the instant he saw this person, was convinced he was in the presence of Sir Thomas Pimpton, and about to engage with him in mortal combat.

The latter, however, did not give his antagonist much time to take observations, for before O'Brien could wheel his horse round, so as to meet his adversary full in front, he made a desperate thrust of his long rapier (just then introduced by Rowland York), sending doubtless to take his life; but O'Brien foresaw his aim, and sinking the rowels of his spurs in his horse's flank, bounded forward like an arrow, causing the deadly weapon to pass along the back of his coat, and carrying the owner flat upon the neck of his horse.

Whist Pimpton was recovering his seat, Rodger had turned, and both met face to face, resting the points of their swords for an instant in his stirrups.

"Sir Thomas Pimpton, if I mistake not," said O'Brien, "and who art thou, Sir Scot?" glancing at his Highland kilt.

"Scot or not," replied Rodger, "I'll protect the maiden from thy impious hand, were the queen of England at thy elbow."

"Now a murrain on thee for a beggarly Scotch churl! I'll whip thee right soundly for thy unmannerly speech!" and again he aimed a desperate blow at the young Irishman, who parried it with an address that made the other pause, and reflect on the necessity of greater caution.

Had O'Brien fought on equal terms with his antagonist, the quarrel would likely have soon ended; for indignant at the cowardly advantage the other had taken, and impatient to follow Alice, he would have devoted little time to the courtesies of honorable fight. But, unfortunately, his weapon was a short sword, whilst his antagonist's was a rapier, and somewhat longer than the law permitted; so that he found it difficult, under such unfavorable odds, to do more than defend himself.

They had now been engaged for fear or five minutes, when Pimpton made a pass, and O'Brien, to evade the blow, checked his horse so suddenly as to throw him almost on his haunches. Pimpton, seeing the advantage, determined to avail himself of it, and advanced with deadly intent; but O'Brien, with his Irish blood and French science, was again too quick for him.

Fearing, however, that more of Pimpton's men might come up and overpower him, if he did not soon bring the quarrel to a close,—for he well knew his antagonist never left London with only two or three followers,—he resolved to hazard his life and the capture of Alice on a single chance.

"Now then, Baxon (ohu), have at thee!" he cried, dashing forward, as if he would run himself on his adversary's point, and holding up his right arm, so that his side was entirely exposed; "have at thee, and God defend the right."

Pimpton rushed on, aiming for O'Brien's undented breast, and confiding in the length and strength of his weapon, threw all his force into one desperate thrust. The young Irishman saw his assailant's object at a glance, and as the long, deadly blade approached within an inch of his person, he rose in his stirrups, and quick as lightning, struck his adversary's rapier with the back of his short sword, shivering both in desiccated fragments. Pimpton, confounded by the suddenness of the act, sat motionless for a second, hardly conscious of what had happened, but Rodger, without a moment's hesitation, spurred on, and ere Pimpton could raise his arm, dealt him such a blow on the head with the hilt of his broken sword, as to hurl him from his horse.

"Hal Sir Englishman," he cried, as the silver handle crashed against his cheek, "the O'ell's arm is surer than thy Toledo."

Now, turning his horse, he shook the reins and started after Alice and her pursuer, just as the clatter of feet became audible behind him. On he went, trusting to the strength and speed of the noble animal he rode to outstrip the half-drunken soldiers far enough to assist the fugitive. In a few minutes, he found he was rapidly gaining ground; for the noise of the pursuit party was becoming every instant less distinct as he turned to the right, when his horse's feet chanced to fall on the soft turf of the old road. Then he had only one to encounter, and the thought itself was encouragement. But with what? His sword was broken, and he had thrown away the hilt. What could he do? Why, do as he often did before—trust to chance. And on he rode, with as much confidence as if he were charging at the head of a troop.

When he came up with Alice, he found her, as he had expected, captured by her pursuers. Lewellyn was standing on the right by the side of her horse, holding the reins with one hand, while he kept off Peplin with the other. Had he reflected for a moment on the possibility of his being so soon overtaken, he would not have ventured to leave his saddle; but he never imagined his master's assailants could have escaped so numerous a party. Now, it happened that, owing to the furious barking of the dog, Lewellyn was not aware of O'Brien's approach till he was ordered to stand back and let the lady pass. The instant, therefore, he recognized the voice of his late antagonist, he made a motion to unsling his carbine; but Peplin sprang forward, and compelled him to defend himself with his sword.

O'Brien now paused for a single moment, as if to measure the distance between Alice and her captor, and then, unbuckling his sword belt, he struck Lewellyn's horse such a blow on the head with his heavy mounting, as to make him turn round, like a top, and dash forward at a furious gallop on the road he had just travelled. O'Brien now saw there was a chance to save Alice, and leaving Peplin in charge of the soldier, he advanced and laid his hand on the maiden's shoulder.

"Miss Alice," he said, "I think I can rescue thee. Will thou trust me?"

She murmured something, raising her eyes a little to look at the speaker; but O'Brien interrupted her, half piqued at her hesitation.

"Your horse is already exhausted,—I will carry both,—come;" and as he spoke he leaped over, lifted the young girl with a much ease as he would a child, and placed her on the saddle before him.

"Now," he cried, "now, Diarmid, my boy! thou'rt never yet failed me at a pinch; and with thee, and God give thee strength in the good cause."

The noble animal snorted and pricked up his ears, as if he understood every word his master spoke, and then set off at full speed. Aware of the danger of tipping over on the loose stones and broken branches on the road, Rodger was obliged to hold a tight rein with one hand, while he kept Alice in her place with the other. Speed alone could now save them, and on he went. Suddenly he felt the maiden's head laid heavily back against his breast, and looking at her face, found she had fainted. At the same moment, he heard the tramp of horses close upon him, as they turned the last angle of the road. But there was no time to stop. She might soon revive, and one moment's delay would place her at the mercy of her pursuers. He concluded, therefore, it was better to trust her to God than Sir Thomas Pimpton; and on he drove, spurring his good horse to his very utmost stretch. He had now reached the foot of a hill, where the road divided, one branch running to the left, and the other straight forward. He chose the straight course at a venture, and had passed the junction some half dozen leaps, when he felt his horse suddenly brought up by a high fence thrown across the road to prevent travel. This was an awkward check to receive, just at the moment he began to feel certain of escape. There was no remedy, however, but to remain and face the danger. Back he came, without a moment's delay, hoping to gain the other road before the pursuit party could reach it; but, alas! he was too late; the soldiers, seeing his mistake, had ranged themselves across the road, and received him, on his return, with levelled carbines, and threats of instant death if he attempted to pass. Rodger saw in a moment he was fairly caught, and that all further attempts to escape would be madness. He therefore drew in his foaming horse, and surrendered himself and his inseparable charge to the hands of his pursuers.

Alice soon recovered, on the application of the usual remedies, and then all returned to the tavern.

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"Hal Sir Englishman," he cried, as the silver handle crashed against his cheek, "the O'ell's arm is surer than thy Toledo."

Now, turning his horse, he shook the reins and started after Alice and her pursuer, just as the clatter of feet became audible behind him. On he went, trusting to the strength and speed of the noble animal he rode to outstrip the half-drunken soldiers far enough to assist the fugitive. In a few minutes, he found he was rapidly gaining ground; for the noise of the pursuit party was becoming every instant less distinct as he turned to the right, when his horse's feet chanced to fall on the soft turf of the old road. Then he had only one to encounter, and the thought itself was encouragement. But with what? His sword was broken, and he had thrown away the hilt. What could he do? Why, do as he often did before—trust to chance. And on he rode, with as much confidence as if he were charging at the head of a troop.

When he came up with Alice, he found her, as he had expected, captured by her pursuers. Lewellyn was standing on the right by the side of her horse, holding the reins with one hand, while he kept off Peplin with the other. Had he reflected for a moment on the possibility of his being so soon overtaken, he would not have ventured to leave his saddle; but he never imagined his master's assailants could have escaped so numerous a party. Now, it happened that, owing to the furious barking of the dog, Lewellyn was not aware of O'Brien's approach till he was ordered to stand back and let the lady pass. The instant, therefore, he recognized the voice of his late antagonist, he made a motion to unsling his carbine; but Peplin sprang forward, and compelled him to defend himself with his sword.

O'Brien now paused for a single moment, as if to measure the distance between Alice and her captor, and then, unbuckling his sword belt, he struck Lewellyn's horse such a blow on the head with his heavy mounting, as to make him turn round, like a top, and dash forward at a furious gallop on the road he had just travelled. O'Brien now saw there was a chance to save Alice, and leaving Peplin in charge of the soldier, he advanced and laid his hand on the maiden's shoulder.

"Miss Alice," he said, "I think I can rescue thee. Will thou trust me?"

She murmured something, raising her eyes a little to look at the speaker; but O'Brien interrupted her, half piqued at her hesitation.

"Your horse is already exhausted,—I will carry both,—come;" and as he spoke he leaped over, lifted the young girl with a much ease as he would a child, and placed her on the saddle before him.

"Now," he cried, "now, Diarmid, my boy! thou'rt never yet failed me at a pinch; and with thee, and God give thee strength in the good cause."

The noble animal snorted and pricked up his ears, as if he understood every word his master spoke, and then set off at full speed. Aware of the danger of tipping over on the loose stones and broken branches on the road, Rodger was obliged to hold a tight rein with one hand, while he kept Alice in her place with the other. Speed alone could now save them, and on he went. Suddenly he felt the maiden's head laid heavily back against his breast, and looking at her face, found she had fainted. At the same moment, he heard the tramp of horses close upon him, as they turned the last angle of the road. But there was no time to stop. She might soon revive, and one moment's delay would place her at the mercy of her pursuers. He concluded, therefore, it was better to trust her to God than Sir Thomas Pimpton; and on he drove, spurring his good horse to his very utmost stretch. He had now reached the foot of a hill, where the road divided, one branch running to the left, and the other straight forward. He chose the straight course at a venture, and had passed the junction some half dozen leaps, when he felt his horse suddenly brought up by a high fence thrown across the road to prevent travel. This was an awkward check to receive, just at the moment he began to feel certain of escape. There was no remedy, however, but to remain and face the danger. Back he came, without a moment's delay, hoping to gain the other road before the pursuit party could reach it; but, alas! he was too late; the soldiers, seeing his mistake, had ranged themselves across the road, and received him, on his return, with levelled carbines, and threats of instant death if he attempted to pass. Rodger saw in a moment he was fairly caught, and that all further attempts to escape would be madness. He therefore drew in his foaming horse, and surrendered himself and his inseparable charge to the hands of his pursuers.

Alice soon recovered, on the application of the usual remedies, and then all returned to the tavern.

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