

To an Irish Mountain Flower.

Maiden sweet of wild Begonias... Fairer than the palest flower...

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER X.

Carroll O'Donoghue, guarded by a mounted force, was hurried to prison, and the news of his arrest telegraphed to Dublin Castle...

"May I never be shot in a duel, but it's Shaun!" Tighe's arms were round the dog, squeezing him in the most human like of embraces...

"Here fellow," he said roughly, "what are you doing with that dog? He belongs to me."

Tighe came forward carrying his burden. "If you please, yer honor, would you mind tellin' me how you kem by him? I was his former master; sure he'll tell to that by the tricks I'll put him through."

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say? Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master. "Well, go around him, and pick out the gentleman of the company."

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say? Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master. "Well, go around him, and pick out the gentleman of the company."

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say? Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master. "Well, go around him, and pick out the gentleman of the company."

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say? Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master. "Well, go around him, and pick out the gentleman of the company."

"Now, Shaun; do you mind what I say? Shaun nodded his head as much as to say that he understood his master. "Well, go around him, and pick out the gentleman of the company."

burst out Tighe; "sure I'll never forget it for you, an' Shaun'll mind it too. An' now, will yer honor give me leave to come an' see you at the barracks? I've a fancy intirely for the barracks, but not one of them'll take kindly to me. I've spent this blessed mornin' tryin' to get a glimpse of the jail yard an' to offer my services to some of the soldiers, but it wasn't one bit of use. But maybe I'd be able to serve yer honor some time."

The Englishman was very much amused; his fancy was picturing how his friends at home would regard this specimen of an Irish valet, should he decide to employ Tighe in that capacity. The drollery of the thing, as well as the fact that his own valet was anxious to return to England, incited him to proffer the situation to Tighe. He passed his hand over his face, as if in perplexed thought, and looked again at Tighe a Vohr. Certainly, a more grotesque or laughable figure never before met his view; the long, flapping coat loosely confined at the waist by several twists of straw, the dingy red waistcoat turned back to show the bosom of a homespun shirt, the bright, blue handkerchief tied in loose sailor fashion around his neck, and the whole surmounted by a hat pressed from hard usage into an odd shape, and looped at the side by a dingy bow that made it all strangely ridiculous, completed a figure that could provoke nothing but merriment.

The officer laughed loudly; the conceit of engaging Tighe and retaining him to show to his friends at home gained upon him, and as he pictured the surprise and amazement of his family—his elegant brothers, and dainty, fastidious sisters—he was almost convulsed with mirth.

"Come this afternoon to the barracks, and inquire for Captain Crawford; that will be passport sufficient for the present," he said, as soon as his laughter had subsided; and turning on his heel, he walked rapidly down the street, leaving Tighe to be besieged by roguish inquiries, and bantered by numerous jests. But Tighe a Vohr was a match for all; he assumed the countenance of a man who had seen the world, and his own apparent simplicity, and the tricks of Shaun, he succeeded in convincing the soldiers about him that he was really a poor innocent, who was capable alone of making fun.

The roll call sounded, and the crowd which surrounded Tighe dispersed. Whistling to Shaun, who had ventured on a little expedition of his own down the street, Tighe also departed in search of forage for himself and his dog. It was still three good hours until the time assigned for his visit to Captain Crawford, and he bent his way to the outer skirts of the town. Well knowing that what hospitality might be denied to himself the tricks of Shaun would be sure to win, he had little hesitation in applying for a meal at any of the houses of the gentry that he passed; he was confident, also, of the influence of his own roguish flattery upon the servants; and he was not mistaken. At the very first house to which he applied the best in the servants' larder was placed before him, and, as Tighe expressed it, a male fit for a prince was laid before Shaun. Both did full justice to the viands, and both expressed their thanks, Tighe by one of his peculiar speeches, and Shaun by antics that convulsed everybody with laughter. Out on the road again, and Tighe penetrated still deeper into the rural surroundings; choosing a lane which seemed little frequented, and on which no house was to be seen, he sat down on a bowlder and whistled to Shaun, who had plunged with frantic delight into the green depths beyond. The dog immediately bounded to his master's side.

"Faith, Shaun, it's a supernatural animal you are intirely! how did you know enough to make me out in the nick of time as you did? I sure if it wasn't for you I'd never be able to get a sight of the master, at all, at all; but now, by gorra, the way looks aisy, only we'll have to be careful."

Shaun looked very earnestly into his master's face, as if to corroborate the assertion. "I'm bothered about one thing," pursued Tighe, talking with all gravity to the dog, "an' that's Morty Carter. I didn't like the money what no mother told me about him, because it would unman him completely; but while I was followin' him to prison I heard a couple of soldiers talkin' about this same Carter, an' it opened my eyes. He's a thraitor an' a villain, Shaun, by the powers, we'll circumvint him yet." Tighe brought his fist down on his knee by way of emphasis to his words, and Shaun barked, not to be behind his master in force of earnestness. "We'll be wary, Shaun, an' we'll watch this same Carter," resumed Tighe; then, having spent some time in silent thought, he judged by the sun that it was time for his promised visit, and returned briskly to the town.

"Captain Crawford is not in now, and he will not be in for an hour," was the response to Tighe's inquiry at the barrack gate. "He told me to come at this particular time," said Tighe, humbly, "an' I'd like to show him I was punctual; maybe yer honor'd let me wait for him."

"Oh, you are the fellow with the dog," said the man on guard, catching sight of Shaun, who had remained behind to gratify his canine curiosity. "I have heard nothing since the morning but the wonderful tricks of that ugly animal of yours; yes, you can go in there and wait, pointing to the open door of a long, low room against the sides of which sundry benches were arranged; and turning away to resume his sentry walk, he muttered:

"What with pretty women that floor you with a look if you dare to wink at them, and cunning Irishmen that get the best of you at every turn, and wonderful dogs that puzzle you with their tricks, this same Ireland is a queer place, and I wish you was out of it."

Tighe quietly seated himself on one of the benches, and Shaun went on an inquiring journey around the room. A stout, burly soldier occupied another of the benches, a little removed from Tighe; he was engaged in writing, a sheet of paper half filled lying on a large book on his crossed knees, and a huge inkhorn by

his side. It was evidently a difficult task, for the pen was often idly poised between his fingers, and his face wore the pumpled, blank expression of one who did not even comprehend his task.

"Hang it!" he said at last, forgetting, in his perplexity, that he had a listener; "I wish the Widow More was at the bottom of the sea before I came across her." Tighe a Vohr, keenly on the alert, pricked up his ears; a bright idea shot suddenly into his mind; rising slowly from his seat, he ambled up to the scribe. "I beg pardon, yer honor, but I heard you mention a name that's dear to myself—an' you mentioned it in a way that went to my heart. Please, sir, say that you didn't mean what you said."

The Englishman looked up at the intruder with blank astonishment; then his first impulse was to laugh at the comical figure before him, his next to kick Tighe for his impudence.

"Who are you, fellow?" he asked, angrily, "and what do you know of the lady I mentioned?" "I am only poor Tighe a Vohr," was the meek reply; "but I know a good deal of the country for her beauty and goodness, and she has scores of lovers all cracking each other's heads about her."

"The devil she has!" interrupted the soldier fiercely. His exclamation and look gave sharp-witted Tighe another important clue. "She has that, an' more by the same token if she's a snug little fortune she'll bring to the man that gets her. Oh, but it's isabins of love letters she recovers every day of her life."

The soldier's eyes instantly fell, as Tighe explained they would do, on his own half-written page. Tighe was exultant—he was sure now, of all that he had only guessed before.

"Sure it's many a one of all the opportunity seein' an' carryin' to her, an' sometimes the lovers'd thrust me so far as to ax me to compose the letters for them."

"You compose a letter!" ejaculated the soldier, his eyes almost starting from their sockets with amazement. "Please, yer honor, it's in Irish I'd do it—I have the power of composin' nately in Irish—an' then I'd read it to them, an' they'd write it down in their own language. Yor see—drawing nearer to the still smased soldier—"The Widdy Moore is an Irish woman all out, an' the Irish women are very queer; it won't do at all to treat them as ye would, beginn' yer honor's pardon, yer own countrywomen; you have to approach them as you would a yam, and a hap'orth their mind givin' you the slip, and cantherin' off just when you're surest of them. Now there was Sargeant it would not be honorable to mention his name—he used to write the nastiest letters to her at all; such beautiful English, you'd think it was honey flowin' from the lips, just to pronounce the words; not one bit of use was it. Didn't the girl tell me how she'd throw the letters down, an' say there was no divarion in them, but that they tired her to read them? Well, I saw how down-hearted the poor fellow was gettin', an' I axed his lave to let me compose him one. He did—arrah it was not long till he got an encouraging answer, an' only his father tuk him home on sick lave, I think it would have been a match."

"Lumph!" ejaculated the soldier, glancing ruefully at his own composition. "It's such a delicate matter," pursued Tighe, that you can't be too careful."

"Upon my honor, but you seem to know a good deal about it," said the soldier. "I'd be reason of the matches I've helped to make all over the country, but I'm thinkin' it's poor success you'd have wid the widdy anyway."

"Why?" and the questioner straightened himself. "You're too slow and too cautious; you haven't the spunk that an Irish woman likes. I'll ingaze, now, that it's some male an' wathery stuff you have written there, instead of the dashin' things that a woman wants. Oh, I wish yer honor luck wid your courtin' but I'm afeerd you'll not have it," and Tighe turned away as if he were too disgusted to say more.

"Stay, my good fellow," said the thoroughly nonplused soldier; Tighe divined apparent reluctance turned back. "I'm thinkin' you've got a letter, an' the soldier continued; "you certainly have divined my feelings towards this charming Mistress Moore—I can think of little else since I met her—and perhaps, odd as it all seems, you may be right about the letters. Here is some paper," slipping a sheet from beneath his own half-written page, "compose one of your letters for me."

He vacated his seat that Tighe might take it. "Aisy a moment," said Tighe, who wanted time to remember fully a letter he had heard read frequently in Mrs. Leary's public house, and cited as a model of elegant style for love letters: "I must consult Shaun."

To the soldier's new astonishment, Tighe whistled to the dog, who, having completed his leisurely survey of the room, had settled himself on one of the benches for a nap. Shaun as usual came bounding to his master's side.

"Now, Shaun!" Tighe held up his finger warningly, and the dog immediately assumed its comical attitude of resting on its hind legs and letting its fore paws drop forward. "We're asked to compose a letter," pursued Tighe, "an' we must think about it—do you mind what I'm sayin' now?"

The dog nodded his head as he had been trained to do at that special interrogation, and an oath expressive of his wonder, escaped the Englishman. Tighe began to walk the room very slowly, and Shaun walked beside him, every little while looking into his master's face, as if to say that he had an idea.

"The devil's such a country as this, where the very dogs are asked to compose the letters," said the Englishman, too mystified to laugh even at the absurdity of the affair. "It's all right now," said Tighe, returning, and taking possession of the seat vacated for him. "But I'll have to hear Shaun first."

He bent and gave a signal to the dog, who had paused when his master seated himself, and now stood looking eagerly into his face. Immediately the animal began a succession of short, sharp barks, which Tighe variously interpreted as: "To be sure—just what I thought—the very thing—it'll do nicely."

The Englishman's stare of horrified astonishment at whole grotesque performance was so ludicrous that Tighe, intuitively feeling such to be the case, would not trust himself to look, but bidding Shaun cease, he immediately commenced to write.

It was a study for a slight of hand man to watch Tighe's hold of the pen; it might have been a crowbar for the strength and desperation with which he seized it, and imagining that much depended on the skill with which he might appear to use it, he lifted it so high from the paper, and made such extraordinary flourishes in the air, that the poor befuddled Englishman began to think he was in company with a madman. Tighe had gone sufficiently far in a course of education to be able to make pot hooks and hangers, and with those crossed and blended in strange confusion, he filed the paper.

"It's the Irish way of writin'," he explained to the soldier, as the latter attempted to scrutinize the hieroglyphics over Tighe's shoulder; "an' now listen to the contents." "Darlin' Mistress Moore."

"Nothin' less than darlin' do," explained Tighe, "because nothin' else'd be strong enough."

"You've been the light of me eyes since I met you, an' the pulse of me heart. Widout any animadversion I may say that in all the circumlocutions of poetry an' logic there's nothin' so superlatively perfect to be found on the face of the globe as the young an' charmin' Widdy Moore."

"Do you mind that word superlatively? Sure it she has a heart of stone she'll be melted at such a word as that."

And Tighe, having glanced for a moment away from the epistle to make the forcible remark, immediately resumed the pretended translation of his Irish love letter. "The bamin' light o' the sun grows dim when you're not in its presence, an' the tender palpitations o' me own palpitatin' heart no longer go on when your smile isn't afore me. Like a rose that kisses the mornin' dew, an' a bee that buzzes round the flowers, consider me, darlin', chairmin' Mistress Moore."

Your own undivided an' undividable lover."

"There, yer honor! May I niver if that doesn't win her. Let me take it when you have it wrote, an' I'll bring you back a divaritin' answer."

Still too mystified and too dull to object that he was being made the object of as keen a piece of sport as even Tighe a Vohr had ever perpetrated, the soldier, like one in a dream, took the pen, and on a clean sheet of paper began to write at Tighe's dictation, word for word of what had been read to him.

"An' what name are you puttin'?" asked Tighe, as the soldier was finishing his signature. "William Garfield, quartermaster in her Majesty's—Regiment," was the response. Sealed and superscribed, the letter was given into Tighe's delighted possession.

"I'll have an answer for you this very night, he said, putting the missive carefully into his pocket. "Captain Crawford is in now," spoke an orderly from the doorway, "here, you fool that wanted to see him, come this way."

"That must be the name they give you in your own country, or you wouldn't be so ready to turn it over to your betters when you come here," said Tighe aisy, as with Shaun at his heels, he prepared to obey the insolently-spoken request.

The orderly gave an impatient stare at the speaker, but feeling that he was an unequal match for the Irishman, he did not answer, and the way to the officers' quarters was traversed in silence. Captain Crawford was in unusually good humor; tidings had been received of the failure of the Fenian plot to take possession of Chester Castle in England, and the shrewd officer, with keener judgment than was evinced by some who were above him in command, foretold in his own mind the paralysis which that failure would give to the movement in Ireland. He received Tighe with unaffected condescension.

"Well, my man, have you ever served in the capacity of valet before?" Tighe a Vohr. "I often heard mention of a valet, knowin' that what was meant by it was land or the like; but that a man could make a valley of himself passes me comprehension intirely."

"I don't mean that," said Captain Crawford, laughing; "I mean what kind of a servant can you make for a gentleman?" "Oh, that's it," Tighe said slowly; then he paused a moment as if in deep thought; after which he began so voluble and ludicrous an enumeration of duties that it almost took the officer's breath, in his effort to bid the speaker cease, and to stop his own immoderate laughter.

"I see you'll do," he said; "at least I'll try you, and thereupon he became so one to show you if you should not know what to do."

"The last bit of showin' in the world, yer honor, 'll be enough. I was always considered smart, an' never fear but I'll serve you faithfully, both meself an' Shaun."

Shaun was gravely listening, as if with his superior intellect he quite understood the bargain which was being made for him. "But I'll have to ask one privilege," continued Tighe.

"And what is that?" said the amused officer. "To run down to Dhrommochool once in a while to see my old mother."

"Very well, Tighe; I believe you told me that was your name. I willingly grant the favor, only don't make your visits at inconvenient times, nor remain long when you go; and now, Rigde, there," nodding at a tall, ungainly, looking man who had been an amused listener during the interview, "will put you in trim; for certainly your present appearance"—speaking with a laugh—"hardly befits a gentleman's servant."

Rigde had more difficult work to put Tighe in trim than his master had anticipated. The suit, having belonged to a former valet who was an exceedingly small and slender man, lacked the size necessary to encase Tighe's proportions; and it was so unlike Tighe's own style of dress that it was with many a grunt and grimace of displeasure that he at length consented to put them on.

"Not a soul'll ever know me," he said ruefully, as he surveyed himself in the glass with so ludicrous an expression of regret that his companion laughed immoderately, saying when he recovered his voice:

"You are the rummest one."

He proceeded to brush Tighe down, and to give what were in his own opinion little artistic touches to various parts of Tighe's dress, attempting at the last to surmount the new valet's curly hair by a hat which had been worn so little that it retained all its first gloss.

"The devil a hair that will go on my head, anyway. I've been takin' your oddcuss thrashment long enough, an' now I'll lade matters meself. Do you see that?" thrusting under the man's very nose his own old battered caubeen—"well, I'll wear that, please goodness, an' no other, till I go back to the colors who placed the caubeen there." He pointed to the knot of faded ribbon at the side.

Argument and badgering were of little use; Tighe carried the day, and presented his respects to his new master with his comical head covering under his arm.

CHAPTER XI. CARTER'S TOOL. Rick of the Hills had fallen speedily into the insidious slumber which Carter had so expertly procured, and though the sun was high in the heavens, shining all the warmer and the brighter after the storm of the previous night, and people in the neighborhood had been long asleep, Rick, stretched upon the floor, still heavily slept. Carter looked in at him a couple of times, but did not disturb him, and now, as he sat solitary over the ashes of bacon and cup of tea he had himself prepared, he was deeply ruminating; sometimes speaking his thoughts aloud, and again so absorbed in silent reflection as to forget the meal before him.

"I'll forward the paper this very day, and once that it is in possession of the party at the castle, it will not be long till I am entirely rid of Carroll O'Donoghue. There was a loud knock at the front entrance. Hastily putting out of sight the remains of his meal, he hurried to the room in which Rick still heavily slept; convincing himself by a look that the number was profound, he withdrew, locking the door, and then he cautiously repaired to ascertain the identity of his visitor. It was Father O'Connor, and Carter was all unconsciousness, flinging the door wide open, and making his most cringing bow while the priest entered. With profuse apology for the disorder of his bachelor's home, he led the way to the room which was still redolent of his late breakfast.

and I shall not be made to tell it to any one."

Father O'Connor also arose. "Morty Carter," he said slowly and sadly, "I have no desire to learn your secrets; my concern is to do my duty by warning you of the evil of your course. God alone sees your heart, and if you have deceived me His judgment will overtake you. Should there be aught wrong in this affair of Cathleen Kelly, the name by which you directed the child to be called, you will one day have to answer for it."

Carter's face slightly fell, despite his efforts to the contrary, and his eyes dropped for a moment before the priest's steady and piercing look.

"I have not come to you in anger," continued the speaker, "I have only come in warning. I do not forget"—his voice took a kinder tone—"that my infamy owes you somewhat; your care for me on the death of my parents, and your subsequent provision of a home with the O'Donoghues for me, claim and possess my gratitude; it is with that feeling now that I beg you, Morty, to pause before you step your soul farther in guilt. If it be in your power, undo what evil you may have already done, and henceforward be true to God, and to yourself."

"I have done nothing," was the sullen reply, "and I cannot understand your seeking me here to brand me with an infamy in which I have no part."

He drew himself up with an excellent assumption of righteous indignation. The priest sighed, and said with an air of pain:

"Well, Morty, you are determined, I see, to persist in the course you have chosen; on your own head be the awful consequences—and I will be the consequence of such villainy as yours; but, waiting that subject now, I have a message to give you from William Kelly. He was mortally wounded in an attack on the barracks, and with his dying lips he told me the story of your confiding to his mother's charge this girl, Cathleen, and he begged me to ask you to continue the monthly sum you have paid for her care. Will you do so?"

"I will," answered Carter, his face brightening; "while Cathleen stays with Mrs. Kelly I'll continue the payment."

"That is all," said Father O'Connor, turning to the door. Carter followed him. "Your reverence," he said, with an exceedingly meek and injured air, "I am greatly distressed. Do you believe me to be guilty of all the base things that are reported of me?"

"I am sorry to say, Morty, that I do. The look in your eye reveals your guilt. May God give you grace to repent! Good-by."

Without even proffering his hand, he descended the old fashioned stair, and passed out through the front entrance so rapidly that Carter hardly realized his departure for a second or two. Then he muttered:

"So I'm being discovered on all sides, and ten to one but they've turned Carroll against me. Well, it makes little difference now; my plans are pretty well laid, and by all that's mighty, I'll see every one of them that's against me crushed yet, and I'll live long enough to behold dainty Nora McCarthy suing for mercy at my feet."

He turned into the room and went to a corner which was occupied by a stout trunk. Opening the trunk with a peculiar key which he took from his waistcoat pocket, there were exposed sundry discolored and half torn newspapers, together with packets of yellow letters tied with bits of dirty tape. Carter plunged his hand amid the mass and drew up a little round tin box. It was securely locked, but a tiny key attached by a slender chain to the key he had already employed opened it, and there was exposed an evenly-folded paper. This he opened and spread upon his knee. There, indeed, was all the evidence required for the arrest and even capital punishment of Fenian leaders—full plans of the organization, the names of the entire names of the officers; details of future movements. Carter's eyes sparkled.

"They didn't discover my treachery in time; and Father O'Connor thought I'd be mad enough to hand over this paper to him—oh, no! delivery of it to another quarter will bring many a pound into my purse. It was a fortunate stroke on my part to get this document just before I gave information of the boy's intended attack on the barracks; and they thought I'd keep it safely—so I will; I'll keep it safe for my own interest's sake. I haven't lived to this time of day, plotting and planning, not to know when a wonderful piece of luck like this falls in my way. With Carroll O'Donoghue hung, as he shall be, a large reward mine, as it will be for this information, and Nora McCarthy my wife, which she must be, the devil a hare I care for the rest of matters. To be sure, I'd like if something would take Rick out of the way after he has served my purpose, and maybe I can manage that also. He knows too much of the past; and what with his mad love for Cathleen, and his devilish scruples about doing dirty work, as he calls it, he is getting to be dangerous."

He paused a moment as if surprised by some sudden thought; then he resumed his soliloquy: "I wonder, now, if this prying poke of a priest would take it into his head to go and see the Widow Kelly, and Cathleen! well, if he should, he'll learn nothing more than he already knows for they are as much in the dark about my doings as I want them to be."

ter, having hastily a journey, entered sleeper was yet: It required minute the latter, and to what Carter was to "I'm off now for touching his breast, imon'd know when mind things about pared when I return last night."

Rick shook himself ered into the face did not reply. "You can have if you like till I call all the provisions and if anything would make it nee me, you can follow I'll drop in there be gone."

Without further waiting down the important and so consciousness of mean and craven inward shrinking, at the dastardly joy emotions had been for years he had infernal aim. strode, regardlessly, cruelly demolish

Written for CATHOLIC BY THE REV. CANON GEORGE HAY, JOHNSON, BISHOP GEDDES the same opinion to Mr. Burke an The eminent sta ever, was a little the substance of In France the E tized. The E and Seus alone the time there but it was not d tinance.

Bishop Hay w Mr. Kemp's libe Catholics attend his charge that he should est poorer population that the same Catholics as were adhered undertake to send their child would himself aid of its fund Mr. Kemp to mo he should visit

Bishop Ged days to Glasg tended with a Convocation of far between, were longest e humble way, a state of things than thirty for occasion of the congregat there could n Only five volu the former vis Bishop Hay of his coadjut Nuncio and t Paris, requir protection in In the event able, he inter for five volu patched a p and that of Gordon, with Innes and Fa ent of Bouan Prefect of a Geddes, how feared that the proposal to g were first co with a view pliance, pray and not soly his own cur

It was l bishops to new Irish works was There were dred copies on his ret On the way Hay had res general re Catholics at Bill. The exceptional made no ob partial les Bishops, do not avoid th now fairly bishops agai and his plan Painful acou in Dr. Reid's v to find that penetration, and so on the Cathol showed the know noth The con Bishop Hay refused to a the Bishop consoling, were some influential family, Mr Mrs. Golt works was The month of the Engli rejoicing such imp pressed his assemble