

Down on the Irish Coast.

"Th' anam 'an' Diah? but there it is, the anam 'an' Diah! God's angels lifting the night's black veil From the fair, sweet face of my Ireland! Oh, Ireland, let's be grand you look, Like a bride in her robes of glory, And with all the best of her heart, I did you the top of the mornin'!"

This one short hour pays lavishly back For many a year of mourning; I'd almost venture another flight, There's no much joy in returning— Watching out for the halcyon shore, All other at raptures scorching! Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me about? I did you the top of the mornin'!"

Ho-ho! on Cliona's shelving strand, The surges are grandly beating, And Kerry is pushing her headlands out, To give us a kindly greeting, Into the shore the sea birds fly, And out from the cliffs with welcome charged, A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land, So low and fair and free, No wonder the wandering Celt should think And dream of you in his roving, The alien home may have some gold— shadows may never have gloomed it; But the heart would rise to the land, Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Covelock charming there, Watching the wave's motion, Leaving her back against the hills, And the tide of her hair in the ocean? I wonder I don't hear Shannon's bells! Ah, maybe their chiming's over, For it's many a year since I began The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, afloat on the waves, Those hills I now love I see no more, Over Memory's dim horizon, I see the land where I was born, But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would go To the Texas' skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texas plains, When the dew and the dunes were over, My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave, And around this lone shore, And the prayer would rise to the future, All danger and doubtings scorching, I'd help to win my native land, The light of young Liberty's mornin'!"

JOHN LOCH.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW HOME.

All Father Meagher's tender, priestly heart prompted him to make the two orphaned children welcome and happy in his humble, but neat and cheerful home; and both girls having repaired to the little chapel, and there laid their griefs at the foot of the sacred altar, returned to the priest's house, at least quiet resigned, if not comforted. There were no more tears on Nora's lovely face, and Clara's brightened color alone betrayed her excited thoughts.

"Sure I know how hard it is," spoke up pretty Maura Mognahan, Father Meagher's niece and dear maid of all work, a merry, impulsive girl, who had no care beyond the charge of her uncle's simple household.

She had shown the ladies to their apartment, and with the privilege of long and intimate acquaintance, she had entered, and had stood toying with her apron strings while they put off their outer garments.

"Didn't I feel dreadful bad, when Tighe went off the way he did?" she pursued; "an' don't I keep hopin' an' prayin' that he'll come back soon, and—"

"She was interrupted by a loud knock at the front door.

Without waiting to finish her sentence, she bounded down the stairs, and in a moment they heard her in excited and joyful conversation. When she returned, her eyes were aflame, her cheeks glowing; she danced up to the two ladies who were sitting together.

"Oh, I have! such news for you, such news! I begged Tighe's mother to let me tell you. Mr. O'Donoghue is back from Australia; he's in Droonacool now, and he'll be here to-night to see you both; an' Tighe is home; he was at his mother's this afternoon. Oh, my heart will burst with joy!"

Nora McCarthy became deathly pale, and swayed for a moment in her chair as if she would faint, while Clara half started from her seat and looked in a bewildered way at the speaker. Then both girls turned and gazed at each other. They seemed to realize at last the full, glad report of what they had heard, and throwing themselves into each other's arms, they burst into happy tears.

They would learn the story from Mrs. Carmody, Tighe's mother, and they repaired to the little parlor where the old woman excitedly told her tale. Expanding on Tighe's "wonderful natural smartness" and his "marvelous escape, and making many an amusing digression and embellishment, she gave at length the substance of Tighe's story; and she thought herself well rewarded when both ladies kissed her and mingled their happy tears with her own.

Father Meagher entered in the middle of the exciting and joyful scene, and the glad tidings were told to him by every voice at once. His kind old eyes grew moist with the emotion he could not suppress, and his delight at the prospect of so soon beholding the escaped convict was as keen as that of the two young ardent hearts beside him; but his manner was not entirely free from anxiety; Nora saw it, and she whispered, while Clara was engaged with Mrs. Carmody:

"You foresee danger, father, Carroll will incur a great risk by coming here; perhaps you have heard something while you were out."

The priest replied in as low a tone: "A company of soldiers have arrived at Casey's, and they seem to be bent on something; now that I have heard about Carroll's escape, and his intended visit here, I fear their arrival has to do with him."

Nora's face blanched.

"Oh, father! he must not come here; we will send him word of the danger."

Father Meagher shook his head.

"If he is in Droonacool now, as Mrs. Carmody says, he is already in the danger; but probably there are those about him who will watch for and warn him; besides we know not to what pre-

else place to dispatch a messenger. Cease your alarm; God, who has so well aided and protected him thus far, will not abandon him now. Pray, my dear child, and all will be well."

There was hardly need of the admonition, for her heart was incessantly sending up petitions for him about whom every fiber of her being had wound itself, and now, as she turned away that her fear might not communicate itself to Clara, her lips were faintly murmuring: "O's, my God! save him!"

Mrs. Carmody gladly accepted Moira's invitation to remain for the evening, and under pretence of arranging for the secret reception of his expected guest, Father Meagher concealed his ominous anxiety. Nora repaired to the chapel, there to strive to banish her gloomy foreboding, and to gain by prayer the calm she so sadly needed; her overwrought imagination was lending the wildest terror to her fears; she saw Carroll snatched from her even before he could make this stolen visit, and she saw him doomed this time, not to a life imprisonment, but to the horrible death of the gallows; she caught his last agonizing glance; she heard the last words of his dying life, words which told of his faithful affection for her; and utterly overcome, she sobbed aloud on the little channel rail beside which she knelt. Sae had supposed herself alone, for the sacred place had appeared to be quite deserted when she entered; but a form had been kneeling in the rear of the altar.

On the entrance of Mrs. McCarthy, it had crouched so low that it could not be seen; now, at the sound of the sobbing, it lifted itself, and peered eagerly forward. It was that of a man of slender stature, with a head ravened between his shoulders, and covered with an abundance of thick, shaggy black hair.

"My God!" sobbed Nora, confident that she had no listener save Him who was locked in the little tabernacle, "accept the sacrifice I have made of myself; I do not ask to be ever his wife. I do not ask to be spared any suffering in this world, but I beg Thee to spare him—he is so young, so good. Save him from this danger that threatens, and then do with me what Thou wilt. Thou knowest how much I love to him and his—his dear father, his loving sister. Oh, my God! save him!"

The listener in the back of the church sobbed in silence, his hand behind his ear, as if to catch more surely the words which floated to him; but she was silent after that burst, and in a few minutes she left the chapel.

The strange man walked forward to the altar; with that peculiar, quick, half-bend of the body with which the Irish peasant recognizes the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, he bent his knees as he neared the humble little channel rail, and began to strike his breast.

"O God! what brought me here at all, when I know I have to do it; I'm in his power, and he'll squeeze the heart's blood out of me. She said in her prayer that she didn't ask to be spared suffering for herself, but if she knew what was coming to her—oh God! how can I do the dirty work?"

He bent his breast more violently, and dropped to his knees, bowing his head till his face well nigh touched the floor, and his scolding tears mingled with his dust. There was a sound of some one entering, and hastily rising, he departed.

Boysant, impulsive Clara, reveling in the expectation of being once more folded to her brother's heart, steadily put aside every fear that came for her safety; he had escaped from Australia, he was here in Ireland near them; and what though a price was set on his head, and keen scouts abroad to secure him, he had eluded them all thus far, and the trusty friends who had already aided him would effect, as they intended to do, his final escape to America. Thus Clara assured herself, and she went about the little house assisting Moira, and chatting with Mrs. Carmody in such a merry, hearted mood that Father Meagher studied all the more to conceal his anxiety from her.

Moira was equally mirthful, and Nora looked at the happy pair and tried hard not to let the gloom of her own sad, longing heart throw any shadow upon them.

The night for which so many hearts yearned came at last; it was dark as the faithful lads watching by the coast could wish, and it threatened to be wild and stormy. The wind rose in fitful gusts, and swept at intervals round the wild hollow shriek of a soul in pain. It was a night to make man and beast hasten to shelter, and Carroll O'Donoghue and Tighe a Vohr buttoned their coats closer about them, and bent their heads before the blast, as both walked quickly and silently forward on the road to Droonacool.

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"My own boy! home again. Thank God!"

The escaped convict was folded in the priest's arms close to the heart that beat with all a father's love for the young fellow so full of generous impulses and noble daring; he could feel the tears of the tender-hearted clergyman as for an instant their faces touched, and his own eyes were misty when he turned to embrace his sister.

Nora still modestly lingered in the rear; indeed, her trembling limbs would scarcely bear her forward; but Carroll, impatient to greet her, released himself from Clara and advanced to her with outstretched arm; in that long, warm clasp of hands, in that gaze of each into the other's eyes, though no word was said, their souls spoke, and Nora's full heart could have sobbed itself out in very joy, while Carroll would have braved again all his past hardships for such a moment of happiness.

There was a sudden exclamation of terror from Moira, and she pointed excitedly to the window. She had been standing close beside it, listening with a prey's readiness to Tighe's tender speeches, and she averred that she saw a form flit by it; she could not say whether man or woman, but she was sure that the shadow of some one had crossed the panes. No one else had perceived it, but no one else of the party had been looking in that direction. Alarm became immediately visible on every face, and Nora shrunk closer to Carroll's side, as if she would strive to protect him, while Tighe seized his hat, which he had thrown on the floor on his entrance, and thrust it upon his head.

"Leave it to me, father," he said, turning to the priest, "to leave if there's a spy about; an' do you all up stairs, an' be quiet till I come back. Mebbe it's only a notion of Moira's, either all."

"It is not," protested Moira, "I saw it, and—"

But Tighe had gone out into the dark, windy night. The priest led the way to the parlor, and seated between his sister and his betrothed, Carroll O'Donoghue told in a subdued voice the story of his escape, and how the latter was due to the faithful affection of Tighe a Vohr. But every whistle of the wind made his ears start and shudder, and even Father Meagher, touched and interested as he was, and anxious to conceal his own alarm, cast hurried, uneasy glances toward the door.

Tighe came back to reassure them: "Not a 'bep' was to be seen of any one. It must be all Moira's own notion."

Pretty Moira would have pointed at another time to be deemed so foolish, but Tighe's assurance had made her too happy now to assume any of her wilful airs.

"I have not had even to welcome you, Tighe," said Father Meagher, advancing to Tighe a Vohr and extending his hand; it was caught and shaken vigorously, then dropped, and Tighe stood twirling his hat and looking down in awkward bashfulness.

"Look up!" said the priest, "and let me thank you for all you have done for our poor lad."

"Don't, yer reverence—I couldn't stand it—I'd almost have to have you put me to bed. I didn't do anything but what me heart told me to do; but I'll make a bold to say one thing," looking up with a shy glance.

"Ask anything, Tighe."

"If I say, in the presence of me mother here, that you have hopes of me yet. She thinks you have none, because of my wild doings, an' mebbe if you could hear she was wrong, it'd be a consolation to her when I'd get into the next skrimmy."

"You are the same Tighe a Vohr," said the priest, with a low laugh which he could not restrain; "but I can give you poor mother the assurance you wish—you'll be a steady fellow one of these days, when you see the folly of putting your heart into such vain things as fairs, and fights, and races."

Father Meagher, I'll never lose the love for the things, till my heart is held somewhere else," and he looked slyly and archly at Moira, who tried to frown him into silence. The priest affected not to understand him, and Moira slipped into the kitchen, where Tighe speedily followed her.

"To go off without a word," she pouted; "an' I'll engage, too, that you never thought of me all the while you were away."

"Don't think of you!" protested Tighe; "do you see that?" pointing to the knot of discolored ribbon on his faded and worn hat; "do you mind the time when I put that on your hair where it lay like a—like a—"

At a loss for a simile, he scratched his head and looked about him—"like a poppy in the midst of a cornfield. Do you mind how you fastened it where it is now? Well, I never moved it, an' I never will tell you give me another an' a betterter keepsake."

"It's easy enough to say all that, Tighe, but if you meant it you wouldn't have left me in such dreadful suspense. How did I know but those horrid soldiers had caught you, and transported you too?"

"No, my darlin', I transported myself for the mother's sake; an' now don't be torturin' that purty face of yours into more cross looks—they're not becomin' at all. Sure I'm here now, ready to ax your pardon on my knees, an' to swear that I'll never leave you again without tellin' you all about it afore I can speak a word to you."

A loud, peremptory knock sounded at the front door. The little party in the parlor and the two in the kitchen started in terror. Tighe rushed to the door, and listening a moment, hurried to the parlor.

"Hide the mother! it is the soldiers. Quick, quick!" Moira's wife were awake and keen.

She pulled Carroll with her in the direction of the kitchen.

Nora and Clara, terror-stricken, stood dumb and motionless. Father Meagher was there behind their seats, and the knocking being renewed with greater force, he ordered Tighe to open the door, and he disappeared with Moira, and Tighe, satisfying himself by a hasty glance that there was nothing to awaken suspicion in the postures of the occupants of the room, went to the door with a heavy step.

"Open, or we'll break the infernal thing in!" shouted a gro' voice, and the menace was accompanied by a shower of blows that threatened to demolish the door itself.

"Aisy," answered Tighe, as he proceeded with provoking leisure to make several feints of opening to the soldiers. "It's a queer time of night you come breakin' into the clergy's house," he continued, "like a set of scoundrels as ye are that river know what it was to be about dacent business. If I was the master here, I'd give you the right about with a blazin' that mightn't mane good luck to you."

"Open the door, or must I do it myself?" ordered the priest in severe tones.

"Sure, father, I'm doin' my best; but there's a ketch in the bolt—bad cess to ye!" as the blows began to shower again, "but ye're the unmanageable lot, the!"

He flung the door open so suddenly and widely that two of the foremost of the soldiers who were close against it fell headlong into the little entry.

"It's down ye ought to be," said Tighe, contemptuously surveying his fallen foes, as they hastily and with visible mortification in their faces struggled to their feet. The priest stood on the threshold of the little parlor.

"To what, gentlemen, am I indebted for such an unseemly visit?"

The noble poise of his dignified, venerable form, the calm, firm tones of his voice, and the kind, gentle expression of his face, brought into full view by the rays of the entry lamp, pendent above him, somewhat abashed the fierce and impetuous soldiers now crowding into the little passage way.

"I regret, reverend sir, to be obliged to make so unseemly and untimely a visit, but duty compels. From direct information received not two hours ago, we believe an escaped Fenian convict to be secreted in your house. We have come to search for him."

Father Meagher retreated a few steps into the parlor; the officer followed, motioning the soldiers back, and in a moment he stood in the presence of Nora McCarthy and Clara O'Donoghue.

"Captain Denier!" burst from both the girls, and the officer, though much and somewhat painfully surprised, responded to the recognition with his usual inimitable grace.

"I shall not intrude further," he said to the priest, "if you will say that the person of whom we are in search is not in the house."

Had he looked, the pallid face and quivering lip of Nora, and the changing color and hurried breathing of Clara would have given him the information he did not desire to receive, but he kept his eyes averted as if he feared to betray his own painful embarrassment.

Father Meagher evaded the momentous question.

"You see here," he said, two young friends who, having been evicted from their own home, have consented to accept the shelter of my humble roof, and if you think that it also covers the person for whom you are looking, you are at liberty to search; I give you free access to every part of this little dwelling."

"I don't think," he called to his niece with the hope that her quick wit would enable her to direct the search without exposing the place in which she might have hidden Carroll. But instead of Moira's answer, there was a shout from the soldiers, who were left on guard with the house, and in another moment the recaptured Carroll was led into the parlor.

Finding no place of effectual concealment in the kitchen to which Moira led him, and fearing to compromise the priest, should he be found in the house of the latter, he determined to risk the chance of an escape by the back entrance; for a few yards he was safe, owing to the darkness, but a keener scout than any of the redcoats would have proved to be scented his trail; the alarm was given, and the soldiers on guard quickly seized their prey.

Carroll O'Donoghue, startled back in his room, and feeling to compromise the priest, should he be found in the house of the latter, he determined to risk the chance of an escape by the back entrance; for a few yards he was safe, owing to the darkness, but a keener scout than any of the redcoats would have proved to be scented his trail; the alarm was given, and the soldiers on guard quickly seized their prey.

Thus journeying, he arrived at length on the outskirts of a village. Threading the deserted streets with quickened gait, he stopped before one of a row of plain windows, and bowed to illuminate for way-farers. Into this building passed Captain Denier and his men with their prisoner, and closely followed by Tighe a Vohr. He who had surreptitiously joined them kept in the shadow, but in such a position that, without being himself seen, he could observe the men as they passed within the portal. When the door was shut upon the last of the soldiers, he turned suddenly and walked back as rapidly as the storm would allow him, by the road he had just pursued.

He needed no light to guide him on his way, and the elements beating about him were in unison with the battle waging in his own heart. Hatred, remorse, and a wretched feeling of despair made him sometimes fling open the tattered coat that covered his naked breast, and lift a well worn hat from his shaggy head, and then he would stand for a moment, his face fevered. After intervals when his thoughts grew maddening in their intensity, a curse or a groan escaped him, and he clenched his hands and beat his bosom in fruitless agony.

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an accent of intense scorn—"the intrusion for which you made so humble an apology; and you prayed to have no enmity between us as individuals;" her voice quivered with sarcasm, "you deplored the suffering entailed upon us poor victims of your country's oppression. This act shows how deeply you deplored it."

"Hush," interposed Carroll, "you are talking wildly; this officer is but doing his duty."

A slight flush colored the captain's cheeks, but it was the only sign of how sharply her words had cut him.

"Remove the prisoner," he ordered, in the same tones he had previously used, and withdrawing a little as if he some what feared the effect of his command.

The soldiers started forward to obey the order; one of them, annoyed at the delay which had already ensued, seized the young man roughly. Clara would have rushed to his aid, but Nora at his side could only look the appeal she had not the strength to make.

"A moment—give me a moment to convince this poor girl that I must go," said Carroll, as he strove to detach himself from his sister's embrace.

"You are making matters worse for me," he whispered to Clara; "let me go."

She obeyed him, and threw herself sobbing into Nora McCarthy's arms.

Carroll knelt at the feet of the clergyman. "Bless me, father."

The priest's voice shook with emotion. "God bless you, my brave boy! may He ever bless you, and give you strength to do the right."

The soldiers closed about him; from the threshold he raised his manacled hands in a sad farewell, his eyes resting last and longest on his weeping betrothed.