THE WAYSIDE SHRINE.

A Legend.

BY (UNA) MARY A. FORD.

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Long years ago, as olden legends say,
Within a castle stately, quaint and gray,
There dwelt a youth last of an honored line,
His sire slept 'neath the turf of Palestine.
Well trained in virtue by maternal care,
Each day at Mary's shrine he kneit in
prayer;
He loved to near his mother's accents mild
Teil of the Virgin and the Holy Child—
Of how the angels sang on Curistmas night
To greet the new born saviour—of the flight
Across Judea's mountains to the land
Where rolls the Nile o'er Afric's yellow
sand.

H's fancy saw the snowy lotus quiver
Upon the bosom of test old-time river,
And Ezypt's graceful palms in reverence
bow
At their Creator's coming. Oft his brow

At their Creator's coming. Of this brow Grew sad when thinking how the hallowed of Cuv'ry drank the life blood of a God, And of the anguished Mother, looking on The dreadful torture of her worshipped Son. Thus taught, to Philip's guileless heart each

year
The blessed name of Mary grew more dear,
And days without some kindly action fraught For Carist's dear sake, to him seemed less than naught. At last his mother's cheek grew thin and

At last his holder's cheek grow thin and pale;
As sinks a willow bent beneath the gale She drooped; for in a knightly tomb was laid
Her heart in far Judea's olive shade.
With her crussder vanished all life's joy;
Earth had no link to bind her save the boy.
Our Lady's altar in her slient room
Each day was decked with flowers, whose rich perfume
The slient worshippers, with thoughts of love. Raised to the glorious Queen of Flowers above. Young roses oped their dewy lips and there Exhaled their sighs, like childhood's first

pure prayer; The sny, sweet violets seemed blue infant Raised to a mother's face in pleased surprise;
The regal tilles, emblems spottess, bright
Of Israel's Lily, lifted up their white,
Clear ivory chalices, in which below
The rim in golden letters, seemed to glow
"Ave Maris," for the lily heard
In Nazareen of old the argel's word.

The days went by-hot streams of molten Poured from the furnace of the sun, and rolled
Aglow with splendid but oppressive light,
To cool within the reservoirs of night.
As as the blazing moon of August came,
The morn of the Assumption robed in flame
The gorgeous East, and Philip knelt beside
His mother, for her blessing ere she died.
With palid lips she pressed the orphan's
brow:

"Sweet Queen of Mercy, be his mother now."
She said, "and oh, my boy, in coming years, In all temptations, trials, doubts and fears, To Mary, pitying mother, ever pray, Whom Heaven crowns within its courts to-

dsy."
Her breathing grew more faint, her voice more weak;
She murmured, "Jesus, Mary"—ceased to

speak;
As wayworn pilgrim rests, his journey o'er,
She closed her eyes and slept to wake no Great was the orphan's grief, but boyhood'

years Shake from their wings the dew of sorrows tears As leaves shake dewdrops. Then the heir of d, and courted by the world, grew

cold
To God and duty. Surely day by day
Sin worked within his soulits stealthy way,
The wild carouse consumed his midnight

nours, Until he fled from his ancestral towers, Proscribed and banned; the mountains then he trod, And scorned slike the laws of man and God, Yet'mid the grand and gloomy solitudes. No day went by, e'en in his flercest moods, But heard him offer up to Mary mild The prayer his mother taught him when a child.

His mad career was o'er, a deed of dread Had been committed; o'er his reckless head The murderer's doom impended. He was found. Condemned to die, and lodged, in irons bound,
Within a ce.l whose entrance was to be
For him the threshold to eternity.

Twas vain to pleat "not guilty;" he had
stood

Beside the corse, his garments stained with Misfortunes are but stairs of light that lead The spirit up to God, and in his need Did Philip think of Him whose boundless

Is more enduring than the heavens above, and beg of Mary, merciful and kind, his spirit's heavy fetters to unbind.
Thus did ne pray as through his prison bars He watened one morn the fading of the stars:

"Oh, Queen of Mercy! who did'st stand : Reside the sacred rood, Waen earth in giddy horror reeled, Drunk with her Maker's blood; When darkness veiled the noonlide sun, And through the loky pall. Above the shrunken stars seemed tears That wished, but feared, to fail.

Oh, pitiful! compassionate!
Behold my anguish wild!
My mother loved thee; for l
Protect her erring child.

"Oh, tender soul! that bore a woe
Whose weight might crush the world,
Benold me in the blackest depths
Of direst ruin hurled;
My sinful lips dare not pronounce
The awful name of Him

The awul name of Him Whose death-sigh shook the universe. So through the shadows dim Of wrong and sorrow, hopefully I raise my eyes to thee, Whose aid was never sought in vain; On, pray to Him for me!

"Pray! and, although upon His blood,
His love, His law I trod,
He will forgive if thou but plead—
He is thy son; though God,
Save for my honored father's sake
My name from felon's brand;
Though many are my sins, thou know'st
No blood is on my hand,
Oh. riven heart! that 'neath the cross
Could'st pray for sinners, thou.
Though all the world may jeer and scoff,
Will not forsake me now!"

Aurora's flagers touched the amber gates Of morn, and back they swung; the prison uminous; the convict's dreary room rescoed o'er with bars of gold and His last dread hour had come; soon, soon

shrinking soul must face Jehovah's His guards approach, dull sounds their heavy tread,
Like fr. 2m clay on some dear coffined head
That fails with sullen clang; and now he
stands
In day's broad glare with strongly pinioned
hands.

As slow they lead him through the gaping d, bing brow in shame and suffering

bowed. He thinks of Jesus, staggering, falling, faint Beneath the cross, yet breathing no com-And prays for strength to bear his own

They near a conguit to bear his own.
They near donna's children dear—
spot to the Madonna's children dear—
wayside allar. Prisoned there in stone
to Mater D'Iorosa stood alone,
glorious figure, bent, not crushed by woe,
the pierced soul quivering on the lips, the

It led the gazzr's thoughts o'er space and time
To vast eternity. As if heart wrung,
Upon the drooping eyelids trembling hung
Great, heavy tear drops waiting but the call
Of some sat human heart to hid them fall
And heat its sorrows. Of had Philip there
In happy childhood bent the knee in prayer,
Nor would he pass it then. His guards
allowed
Him to approach; the chiselled face seemed
bowed

In pity o'er him; and the floral wreath Around the sculptured head (though not

Was stirring) loosened out its lilied bands and fell all stainless on his shackled hands.

The throng amazed, burst forth with startled The throng amazed, burst forth with startled cry;
"He's innocent! He's saved! He must not die!"
And 'mid the turnuit and confusion there, A deep voice rose, half terror; half despair, Repeating, "He is innocent; 'lis I Who am the murderer! He must not die!"
The conscience-stricken wretch thus forced to tell
His guilt, was led to Philip's empty cell,
While he at Mary's shrine, with grateful Vowes that to God and her his future years Should be devoted. And his vow was kept, Beside the sufferer's couch, while others slight sufferer's couch, while others slight watched and prayed, and seldom failed to win

to win
The wand'ring soul from wreichedness and Through Mary's love to God. No day went

But saw some good by angels borne on high To weigh sgainst the evils of the past. His step grew slow, his hair grew white; at last One summer morn some early peasants found
The old man prostrate on the hallowed ground ground Beside the wayside shrine, as if in prayer, The night dew glistening on his slivery hair, But on his lip no breath. Down from her

shrine sweet Madonna viewed, with look divine. The divine.
The aged pilgrim's face bent on his breast,
He seemed a weary child just dropped to rest
At that dear Mother's feet, who from her Son
Life here and life above for him had won.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. CANTY'S RECEPTION. Mr. Garfield's efforts in behalf of Tighe had succeeded; owing to the quarter-master's intimate acquaintance with one of the chief efficials of the jail, all had been admirable. been admirably managed; by what par-ticular means the soldier did not choose to say; and Tighe was too happy to ask for further information than that an unobstructed passage would be afforded the prisoner's three friends, provided they came at a certain hour on the ensuing night. Tighe was so delighted that he could hardly wait for the mail-car to bear could hardly wait for the mail-car to bear him to Dhrommacohol. As he stepped from the car he met Father Meagher, who was just returning from his parish rounds; the clergyman's face brightened when he saw Tighe a Vohr, and he extended his hand in hearty welcome.

"I have good news, father," he whispered, when they had gone beyond curious observation; "to night you will be let into the prison to see Mr. Carroll; you and the young ladies."

"How did you manage that, Tighe," asked the priest; "did you obtain a pass?"

pass?"
Tighe was somewhat nonplussed righe was somewhat nonplussed; knowing the clergyman's stern integrity, his severe reprehension of anything that pertained to deceit or disbonor, he could have borne better to be executed than to confess to the clergyman by what plans of deception he had contrived to bring about the present fortunate state of affairs. of affairs.

of affairs.

"Now, Father Meagher," he said, after a pause during which he pretended to be concerned about Shaun, who was sportively chasing a butterfly, "it goes to me heart to have you all the toime wantin' to know the whys an' the wherefores o' me doin's—it tells so plainly that you have no thrust in me."

you have no thrust in me."

The clergyman looked full in the face of Tighe a Vohr; not a muscle of the latter's countenance moved, save to re turn the gaze by one of most dolefully

irjured innocence.
"I mane it, father; an' if you'd only listen whin I bring you news loike the prisint, widout axin' to know how I kem be me good luck, I'd be the happiest. man aloive. I'm thryin' to be good, yer riverince, sayin' me pathers an' aves dutifully, an' kapin' from me usual divar-

"Except the drink, Tighe," interrupted

"Except the drink, Tigne," interrupted the priest slyly.

"Oh, yer riverince, as to that, I'm kapin' sthraight intoirely; barrin' a wee dhrop that I had wid Corny O'Toole yestherday, whin the heart was wake widin me, I haven't touched a sup since—since I promised Moira I wouldn't,"

Tighe looked up a little fearfully; he dreaded the effect of his last words on the elergyman; but the latter, without seem-

Tighe looked up a little fearfully; he dreaded the effect of his last words on the clergyman; but the latter, without seeming to notice it, resumed: "You say that everything is arranged for our visit everything is arranged for our visit to sight?"

"Anymere," he said to the driver, who was keen enough to suspect that his sorry-looking, breathless customer was the victim of some practical joke, "only get me out of this cursed place!" to-night?

"Tim Carmody, you are an artful rogue!" Despite the severity the priest strove to assume, a smile curled his mouth as he remembered the trick which mouth as he remembered the trick which had been played upon him by his niece and Tighe a Vohr. He continued: "It was well you knew how to get over the difficulty when she was under the orders, as you term it! and you'll never be at a loss while you have Shaun for a mouth

Tighe rollled up his eyes till ihe whites alone were visible, muttering: "He knows it begorra, he knows all about it!" Moira was permitted to speak to him. and while Clare and Nora, in a flutter of anxiety and joyous anticipation, owing to the tidings which Father Meagher brought, were making hasty preparations for their afternoon trip to Tralee, Tighe and Moira were enjoying an undisturbed conversation in the kitchen.

The sun was in the full glare of the noondsy heat when the little party of four left the pastoral residence to take their way to the car office. But a strange excitement possessed the village; men, women and children were converging to one spot—the street on which old Maloney's abode fronted, and where there might be witnessed an unusual and

agony for the safety of his hoarded gold, which he imagined the rabble were seeking, he hastily barricaded door and window. With carbine in his shaking hand, he stood ready to intimidate the first who should force an entrance. On they came, Joe Canly, in torn and dilapidated plight, at full speed, and the whole motley, howling crowd after him. By this time Father Meagher, having left the young ladies in care of Tighe, arrived at the scene, and his presence and voice restored sufficient order for him to learn that the stranger, on his peaceable way to see Mr. Maloney, had been surrounded by a number of people who acted as if they were mad, entreating and praying him to return immediately to tae place whence he came; indignantly refusing to do so, he had been set upon in this howling manner. The priest had not another moment to stop if he would catch the car, and with a hasty rebuke to the crowd, among whom he recognized all the scamps of his parish, he hurried away; and once that his reverence was out of sight, that portion of the crowd who knew the cause of the "set-to" on Mr. Canty, and who were determined to keep their promise to Tighe a Vohr, began anew their entreaties.

"Dun't you see how ould Maloney has

treaties.
"Dun't you see how ould Maloney has his dure locked agin you? it's as much as yer loife's worth to go foreninst the ould sinner."

ould sinner."

"Do, ma bouchal, go back afore you're killed!" "You're too fome a gintleman to be stretched the way the ould miser's blundherbuse'll lay you." "For the love o' Heaven go back afore you're a corpse entoirely!" Such were a few of the many shricking entreaties with which Mr. Canty was freshly assailed. He raged, and swore, and left half of bis coat in the hands of the mob, but all availed him not; at length some one proposed that, as the crowd was suffici. availed him not; at length some one proposed that, as the crowd was sufficiently large to protect the stranger, a truce should be made long enough to enable him to speak to the miser through a hole in the window of the shop.

Canty was in no mood to use the mild tones that might have re assured the trembling miser and induced him to take down his harricada.

take down his barricade; he was sore, angry, mortified, and discomfited, and he roared through the circular space for admission in a way that made old Maloney roar back his determination to Maloney roar back his determination to shoot the first man who dared to force an entrance. Thus repulsed, the humiliated applicant was obliged to desist, and with loud, deep curses he turned his face to the car-office followed by the rabble, the foremost of whom were shricking in his ears: "Glory be to Gcd that you're saved! if you listened to rayson afore it's not to all this throuble you'd be puttin' us; be thankful, man, that you kem off wid yer loife, an' niver moind the condition o' yer clothes,"—as Canty, nearing the caryer clothes,"—as Canty, nearing the car-office, took a hasty survey of his dilapid

ated person. By this time a ludicrous side of the affair presented itself to some wag in the crowd, and a mirthful remark from him provoked a simultaneous roar of laughter. That was too much for the hitnerto proud and overbearing sport—to be laughed at by that horrid rabble, in ad dition to the thought of how he would ever face Tralee in his present absurd condition; he was maddened, and darted, he hardly knew whither; he had taken, however, the road to the post-office; adjacent were the public stables, and there, fortunately, he found a

"Anywhere," he said to the driver,

He jumped into the conveyance, which "Yis, father; there isn't one thing to do but to put yersel' under me care until we rache the jail, whin I'm to give you in charge o' a trustworthy person."

Father Meagher made no further observation, save to insist that Tighe should accompany him to the little pastoral residence, in order to be pastoral residence, in order to be pastoral residence, in order to be the interpolation of the trouble, were shrewd enough to see in the whole one of Tighe's wonted "divartin' thricks." That made their mirth none the less, however, and immediately drove off, followed by as the world should charge, remember that the vertical party and prolonged a cheer as ever nill we rache the jail, whin I'm to give out in charge o' a trustworthy person."

Father Meagher made no further

He jumped into the conveyance, which immediately drove off, followed by as the world should charge, remember that my heart can never change to you; its burst from human throats. The fun of the affair now alone possessed the rabble, and some, when Tighe a Vohr's name shall do, my last sigh, my last thought, pastoral residence, in order to be refreshed after his journey.

"And how, yer riverince, is Moira to behave to me?" Tighe asked, with a roguish twinkle, as he stood hesitating on the doorstep of the little dwelling; "is she still under ordhers not to spake to me?" Tighe asked, with a not the fact that old Maloney never relaxed the fact that old Maloney never relaxed to me?" and the fact that old Maloney never relaxed the fact that old Maloney never relaxed to me?" and the fact that old Maloney never relaxed the fact that old Maloney never relaxed the fact that old Maloney never that the fact that old Maloney never that made the fact that old Maloney never the f

Tim Carmody, on his rapid way to Tra lee in company with the priest and the two ladies, was vividly picturing to himself the whole ludicrous scene. Father Meagher had given the account of what he saw, and while the worthy priest was wendering what could be the origin of the trouble, and deploring the state of society among the lower class which could cause such scandalous excitement, Tighe was coughing, wiping his face, talking to Shaun, thrusting his head out of the window, and acting in an exceedingly resiless manner to suppress the mirth with which he was inwardly exploding. What would he not have given to be present at Mr. Canty's reception! and it was only on their arrival at Tralee, and the near approach of that visit to which, though Tighe himself was not to enjoy, he looked forward ith anxious interest, that he became composed and

CHAPTER XXVII.

CARROLL SEES HIS FRIENDS.

The quartermaster had kept his word unquestioned, and apparently even unnoticed, the little party of three were conducted to the cell of Carroll O'Donoghue. The iron door swung open, and they were in the presence of the pris-oner. The feeble rays of a lamp revealthere might be witnessed an unusual and remarkable scene:—a man in fashionable sporting dress surrounded by a motley crowd of men, women and children, some clinging to the skirts of his coat, others on their knees before him, and all gesticulating and hallooing in the wildest confusion. The sporting atranger, red, perspiring, and desperate, sought to get on from his captors; but they, each moment swelled by some new

accession, who, knowing nothing of the origin of the excitement, yet catching the infectious passion of the moment, shrieked and gesticulated as wildly as those who had come earlier upon the scene, fettered every step he attempted to take. At last with a sudden dash he cleared a passage, and darked with the speed of a hare to vards Maloney's shop. The miser had not been deaf to the upor a almost at his door, and in trembling agony for the safety of his hoarded gold, which he imagined the rabble were seek ing, he hastily barricaded door and window. With carbine in his shaking

"I am not changed," he answered, striving to speak gayly, and drawing to a tighter clasp the hand of Nora, which he had already fondly seized. Clare put the lamp down without answering, but her passionate eyes told the opinion she would not trust herself to utter. "Tell me how this good fortune has happened," resumed the prisoner; "I have been solitary so long that I feared I should see none of you until we should meet in the court-room on the day of my trial."

"It is due to Tighe a Vohr," responded the priest; "by what means he would not say; out we owe to him the privilege of this visit."

"Always Tighe!" murmured Carroll; "my heart has ached to see the faithful

"Always Tighe!" murmured Carroll; "my heart has ached to see the faithful fellow. Knowing his affection for me, and his ability to accomplish almost anything upon which he determines, I half expected to see him before this; but he has given sufficient proof of his solicitude for me in contriving to bring about this visit!" and a smile of tender affection beamed on his visitors, resting longest, however, on pale, silent Nora.

anection beamed on his visitors, resting longest, however, on pale, silent Nora.
Father Meagher was mentally debating the propriety of making some communication; at length he decided.
"Carroll, I have something to tell you about Morty Carter; I would put you on your guard—"

your guard—"
He was interrupted by Carroll hastily rising from his seat, and answering with a strange impetuosity: "Father, I beg of you to say no more; I know all you would tell me, and I implore you to

would tell me, and I implore you to spare me your recital."

It was the priest's turn to rise in astonishment from the one stool which the cell possessed, and which he had taken, while the ladies had preferred to seat themselves on the pallet beside the prisoner: "My dear boy, how could you have heard? who has told you?"

"Ask me not, father, I implore you,— it would be too harrowing; I could not bear it!"

The priest was silent, convinced that Carroll, by some mysterious means, had discovered Carter's perfidy, little thinking that Carroll had resorted to this entreaty to spare himself the pain of hearing Carter defamed when he was not

hearing Carter defamed when he was not at liberty to defend h.m.

The short half hour allotted for the visit was almost over. As the minutes drew to a close an insufferable weight pressed upon Nora's heart—a feeling that in all her grief she had never before experienced, and which she was utterly unable to explain; she clung to Carroll in an agony of sorrow. It was so unusual to see her thus—she, whose calmness, and strength, and heroic resignation fortified Clare, and even edified Father Meagher—that both pressed to her now. Meagher—that both pressed to her now, and besought to know the cause; Carroll himself, in the deepest distress, entreated her to tell.

"I hardly know," she said through her streaming tears; "it is as if some other trouble than this dreadful one which threatens was going to part us—a some thing that will make our paths in this world lie widely and forever apart."

"That cannot be," interposed Carroll, gently; "unless, indeed, you prove false to the troth you have plighted me,"

A look was her only answer; a look of such affectionate reproach, and deep tenderness, that the young man never

shall be of you!" shall be of you!"

The time was quite up; the guard already at the door, and the horrible grating of the lock as it turned sounding in their ears; Father Meagher had given his blessing, and torn himself away, unable to say adieu; the distracted girls still clums to the prisoner.

able to say adieu; the distribution able to say adieu; the prisoner.

"Oh, Carroll, my brother, how can I leave you!" and Clare's low, passionate the prisoner wented upon his bosom. He leave you!" and Clare's low, passionate sobs were vented upon his bosom. He held them both; he sought to comfort each, and when the door swung back, revealing the affecting scene to the guard, even the latter was touched : he drew back involuntarily; as if he would give

them another moment.
"Go!" said Carroll, freeing himself from the frantic clasp of hands that would have held him forever; and they reluctantly obeyed. From the doorway all turned to look one more adieu. On Nora that scene was burningly im-pressed; in after days, when a more bitter and dreadful anguish than any which had yet come upon her was sear-ing her heart, she was to revert to that solitary figure standing in its miserable cell, with hands outstretched as if in its agony it would have called them back, and face expressive of so heart-broken a woe that her soul was wrung by it.

Tighe a Vohr awaited them outside the jail; his ardent imagination had been picturing an affecting scene, and it needed but one glance at their mournful faces to bring the ready tears to his

eyes. "Accept our thanks, my faithful fellow," said Father Meagher at the station whither Tighe had accompanied them when he learned that they would take

the night car to Dhrommacohol; and the priest warmly shook Tighe's hand. Tighe dashed the sleeve of his coat Tighe dashed the sleeve of his coat across his eyes; he could not trust himself to reply; for if he did he would have blubbered like a child. Pulling his hat cover his face, he waited till the car started, and then he turned away to seek the temporary lodging which he had hered in the town. Early the next the first had hired in the town. Early the next the first had been a sovereign balm to the little man for the humiliation balm to the little man for the humiliation beam discovered for the discovered for the day of the could have been discovered for the late of the had been subjected by Mr. Or. Dio Lewis, over his own signature said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would us? Warner's Safe Cure."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

were many and deep. Lines of suffering were worn in his face, which had become so thin and so white as to be almost transparent, while, mixed with the golden locks that waved upon his brow, Clare fancied she detected the gleam of many a silver hair. He smiled at her fond survey—the old time smile that was so wont to kindle his face, but which now, despite his effort to the contrary, had a sadness about it more touching than a surer evidence of grief would have been.

"I am not changed," he answered, striving to speak gayly, and drawing to a tighter clasp the hand of Nora, which he had already fondly seized. Clare put the lamp down without answering, but her passionate eyes told the opinion she would not trust herself to utter. "Tell was a been practiced, and to spoil all Tighe's cunningly contrived schemes. Trusting, however, to the singular good fortune which had been practiced, and to spoil all Tighe's cunningly contrived schemes. Trusting, however, to the singular good fortune which say the server, to the singular good fortune which say of trusting, however, to the singular good fortune which say of trusting, however, to the singular good fortune which racely dezerted him, and which so otten produced something in his favor at the very last moment, he resolved to yield no more to his fear. His resolved to yield no more to the back of "Brian Bru," and flying over the country in true racing style, he felt all that elation of spirits which is due to a fine morning, a magnificent thorough bred, and a stretch of open, delightful country. Shaun, with an enjoyment of his own, entered, into the sport; he could not keep up with the racer, but he gamboled through the risk of the produced schemes.

Att Mover was a sivil and obsequing the shault of the produced schemes. his master's return.

Arty Moore was as civil and obsequious

as Tighe could wish, and the latter dropped shrewd remarks calculated to impress Arty with the fact that Mr. Maloney had been visited by himself since the latter had brought up the horse, and how satisfied the old miser

was with all arrangements.

On his return through the town with a determination of dropping in upon Corny O'Toole, he sauntered into the hall of O'Toole, he sauntered into the hall of the "O'Sullivan Arms," knowing the place to be the head-quarters of much of the sporting gossip. An excited group surrounded one of the tables, but they were talking so rapidly, and so many voices together, that for a time Tighe could not catch the drift of the eager conversation. At last he was convinced that the subject was Joe Canty.

"He is so sore about this affair that he will not ride, I tell you."

will not ride, I teil you." somewhat spent now, and for the sake of the backers he will not withdraw at this

late date."

"I doubt it; why, I tell you I never saw a more violently inflamed man than he was; good Heavens! when I think of it...," and the speaker paused to laugh loud and immoderately.

"Tell us about it!" echoed a half dczen voices; "give us the true version of the affair, for there are so many stories afloat about it that it is difficult to pick out the right one; one rumor is that he was set on by this Mr. Maloney and beaten almost to death; another, that the people of the confounded village, or whatever it is, threatened to devour him, body and bones, if he did not immediately return; and still another says that the horse, and still another says that the horse, which is reported to be Mr. Maloney's bedfellow, thrust his head through a hole in the door, and so frightened poor Canty that he had to run for his life."

in the door, and so frightened poor Canty that he had to run for his life."

"Well, boys, the story which says the people of Dhrommacohol threstened to devour poor Canty is nearer the truth than any of the others. The moment he stepped from the car, and had received from a little urchin of whom he inquired full directions to Mr. Maloney's, he was accosted first by one man, asking him if he wasn't going to Mr. Maloney's, and begging him to return, as it would be as much as his life was worth to go on; then by another, with the same story and entreaty; immediately after by a third; and so on, till he was surrounded by a howling crowd of devils, as Canty calls them; oh, Lord! it's too much!"—and again the speaker paused to give vent to loud and prolonged mirth, in which he was heartily joined. "Well, although he thought he was surrounded by a set of lunatics, poor Joe became desperate, and determined to press on; the mad rabble were as desperate, and they pressed on, too, holding on to his clothes till they didn't leave a whole tatter on his back, and howling and shrieking, till he felt like becoming as mad as themselves. Then the priest came on the scene, but as he could only stay a minute he didn't make matters much better, for the moment he was gone they set to on Canty worse than before. By this time forgot it.

"Nora," he said earnestly, "though the world should charge, remember that they had reached old Maloney's place, it seems, and, worse than all, for some reason or other he had it shut up tight; then some one proposed to have Canty speak through a hole in the door, and when he did he received an answer that Mr. Maloney was waiting to shoot the first man who would try to enter. That settled the matter; poor Joe faced about for the post office, followed again by the whole mad, howling crowd, and when he jumped into the first vehicle he could find to hear him from the many the could set up such a cheer for the poor torn, desperate, fellow, that he swears it is ringing in his ears yet, and he relieves himself by cursing Dhrommacohol, Mr. Moloney, and Morty Carter. If he knew Carter's address in Dublin he would send him a patter that the carter's address.

him a pretty stinging message."

There was another prolonged roar, in which none joined more heartily than Tighe a Vohr, who, from a safe corner, could hear and laugh without exposing himself to unpleasant observation

"And do you think he will ride after all that?"

all that?"

"I do not," replied the man who had narrated the story.

"But I do," responded he who previously expressed himself sanguine as to the prospect of Canty's part in the race. "He'll get over this, and his backers will urge him; then he is such an excellent horsement that he are well affected." horseman that he can well afford to rely upon his skill to bear him through, even hough he does not see the horse until orning of the race. "Perhaps he will make another attempt

to visit Mr. Maloney."
"Not he! the very mention of Dhrommacohol is enough to put him in a cold sweat, and he'll no more set foot in that part of the country than the devil'd dip

his hand in holy water."

Tighe, holding his sides, left the coffeeroom. "Oh, Shaun, we fixed him—sure we laid him out beautifully! an' now we'll hurry to tell it all to Corny."

The side splitting recital which Tighe gave to Mr. O'Toole proved a sovereign balm to the little man for the humiliation

cut pirouettes upon the floor, supposed to be the difficult steps of an Irish jig.

"Faith, Corny, if me mother could only see that, her heart'd be taken intoirely."

Whereupon Mr. O'Toole's ungainly feet executed new flourishes, until Tighe, catching the spirit of the movement, joined in the jig, snapping his fingers to the motion of his feel, and frequently giving utterance to a cheer expressive of his feelings, and the neighbors, attracted by the noise, bogan to collect outside the door.

door.

"Well done, my boy!" said Tighe, stopping at last and shaking Corny's hand vigorously; and then both, tired and breathless, threw themselves into seats, while the neighbors, hearing no more jigging, passed on, entertaining stranger opinions than ever about that odd little man, Corny O'Toole. "You'll be to the fore on the mornin' o' the race, Corny ?" said Tighe.

be to the fore on the mornin' o' the race, Corny ?' said Tighe.

"O' course, my boy; if it was only to see how that knave of a Canty will take his disappointment."

"But what, Corny, if ould Carther should come back afore the day o' the race; what'd become o' me?"

"Tighe, my boy, Heaven always protects its own; and you, the dutiful son of so respected a mother as Mrs. Mollie Carmody, and the truthful, upright, noble boy that you are, Timothy Carmody, who ought to be Timothy O'Toole, are the object of its constant and special protection."

Either the great and unwonted exer-Either the great and unwonted exer-tion which Mr. Toole had so recently made, or the effect of a potation that he had taken before Tighe's arrival, con-spired to make his voice less steady than usual, and, as if conscious of that fact and desirous of making up for it, he nodded his head at his visitor with every word that he utstand until at the lest word that he uttered, until at the last, entirely overcome, he dropped forward on the table and went fast asleep.

A GLORIOUS EPITAPH

On a gravestone in New London, Conn., appears the following inscription. The records of ancient Greece or R. me lo not exhibit a nobler instance of patri

"O. October 6:h, 1781, 4000 British troops fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was laid by them from the magszine of the fort to the see, there to be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. William Hotman, who ly wounded not far distant, beheld it and said to one of his companions: Let us endeavor to crawl to this line; we will wet the powder with our blood. Thus with the little life that remains to us, we shall save the fort and magazire, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded. He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. He died on the powder he had dampened with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lines preserved."

After this simple narrative are these words in large characters: "Oa October 6:h, 1781, 4,000 British

words in large characters :

HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN. ---On Connecticut's coast, when was New London town—
While America's fate hung suspended—
While America's fate hung suspended—
lieg'd by British forces of warlike renown,
And few were the brave who defended. With fire and with sword, both by land and

by sea,
By four thousand soldiers surrounded,
Her case seem'd as hopeless as any could be—
Her bravest defenders lay wounded. To blow up the fort, was the merciless plan To raze her, they thought of contriving To join in one holocaust every man, Whether wounded, or dead, or surviving.

A train of gunpowder was carefully laid From the magazine straight to the hard One dying defender who saw it, thus said To a comrade, with heroic ardor,

"We are wounded and dying, unfit for the fray, All our country e'er asked have we paid her; But one other effort we'll make that we may Yet baffle the rathless invader.

"See yonder black train, leading straight to the fort Where our wounded companions are lying; One spart touch'd to it, would, with awful Blow their fragments high in the air fly-

"Let us creep to that spot while yet strength doth remain, E'elife's crimson tide ceases flowing, And with our heart's blood we will damp the dark train, And stop the flame farther from going."

Thus spoke William Hotman, then dragged his along—
Every foot of the course his blood staining.

His weak and rent body; nor cared to prolong Life, only for this task remaining.

His wounded companion, inspired by such zeal,
Tried to follow his noble example;
Only through lack of strength, did his brave
effort fall;
For, of will and resolve he had ample.

Onward crept our brave hero: the rapid Of his signt and his strength him affrighted; affrighted;

an he see the faint mark? Will he reach
that dark line
Ere it will by the foe be ignited? Can be se

As he neared the dread goal, he one hasty As no house gave, glance gave, Saw the foe had already just done it; Then with one mighty effort, his comrades to save, Dragged his dying-dead body upon it.

The flame swiftly reached where the hero's blood laved,
But, as quickly expired at that breaker;
The fort and his wounded companions were saved As his spirit took flight to its Maker. M. C. O'DONNELL,

"It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day," said the late Dr. J. G. Holland in Subscriber's Magazine, "are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and advertises them, in opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." Failure of eyesight, fixlie appetite, head-ache, extreme wakefulness, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, gradual failure of strength and dropsies is welling—these are symptoms of kidney disease. If you neglect the symptoms you will have Bright's Disease. Warner's Safe Care is the only specifi; which has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature

CATHOLICS OF SC

BY THE REV. MNEAS M'DO

LL. D., F. R. S. It pained him, moreover inquiring of his friend, th the portrait of Baron Menz! which was in the recreation Scotch college, together w portraits, all the English bo of the classics in every langu sold by the late rector, in Navona. No wonder if the

every exertion to have a r

As a warning to all Cath

of political agitation the

Downle, a member of the E

dent appointed.

gregation, comes now to The principles of the Frenchers spreading all over all of Europe. Scotland was from the contagion. At Ed was formed an association was formed an association itself 'Friends of the Peobelieved to be in correspond French convention, perhasidized by it. This society, of the year, fell into the ha The ring-leaders, and amor Unitarian minister of Dand and transported. This was apon the association. It stits treasonable designs. A cleaure was made when pi deadly shape were discov weapons combined the propike, an axe and a small scy wine merchant, in whose ho ackemith named Orrock. them. At first these particular size any information conemployees and associates. more strick imprisonment, duced them to speak. It that the pikes had been ord for by Dayid Downie, a ge for many months had been a the "Friends of the People fortunate man was a membe Catholic congregation. He character and had been ad-post of treasurer of the company. He could not ele-cused for his treasonable proground of youth, for he sixty years of age. Som this man was arrested Bisl denounced the "Friends or that the pikes had been ord denounced the "Friends of from the pulpit, insteting, at on the duties of loyalty a This denunciation excit radical enthusiasm, and he bishop has turned recruiting King George, and I will more to do with him." He of his threat, gave up att blehop's chapel. Watt and Downie were

lives and sentenced to dec now came to a better state wrote a penitent letter to praying forgiveness and b bishop to send a priest to pr death. Mr. Alexander C succeeded his uncle, Bishop rectorship of Valladolid, for this service. There tenuating circumstances in the jury had recommended and a memorial in his beha London. Bishop Hay visit while, and did all in his po-Mrs. Downle and her famil of the condemned man was in St. Margaret's chapel to the people on the Sunday preceding the day fixed for He was, however, respited month; and, afterwards, hi The bishop was now pre annual meeting at Gibston.

he wrote to the agent at Re

him of the success of his vi He had satisfactorily settle

Douglas regarding the college in England, in or

the loss of the college at D

It gave him much pleasu the English gentlemen w part in the "Catholic Co afterwards in the "cis Alpis succeeded it, had given up deas and declared entirely He mentions his most fr with Mr. Burke and adds of the intention to have s land and recommended thapply to Government for letters patent in order to manent, giving them to the same time, that such f be refused. The bishops a court would meet with et court would meet with et ment. There was no le bishop's friendship with it Mgr. Erskine, who show attention, and, shortly be city invited him, together lish bishops, and some of to dine with him. The spent with the utmost cobishop's great satisfaction the French, but too succeed dangerous to send at Bishop Chisbolm, in the med their studies, so that possible should be caused The letter is dated August When at Salan the

honor of a visit from His of Gordon and Mr. Mer. of Gordon and Mr. Metz
On the following day H
arrived from the Highlar
troduced to the potentat
From Scalan the two blen
G bston, where they h
meeting. The greatest
vailed. Blabop Hay left
a new Procurator e
a ministrators of the
having first laid beforeumstances which, he tidatasming them. He the determine them. He the deliberations, and left the with their election. The mously to ask him to ret three years longer. I declared, both publicly an he would perform no r duties of the procuratorsh tion, however, was change mous request of the adm he would accept the chs period on certain condition

When at Salan the