

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RACE.

The morning of the race dawned bright and clear, and Tralee, despite the excitement caused by the approaching trials of the Fenian prisoners, six of whom beside Carroll O'Donoghue were confined in the county jail, seemed to be equally excited about the coming race. All the town appeared on its way to the course; from gigs driven tandem, to carriages, and painted jaunting cars moving on springs, family carriages, and innocent of springs or paint, every description of vehicle was employed, and laughing faces and bright eyes looked from every one of them. The road leading to the course was crowded; and between the saloons of good natured drivers, the impressions of jostled pedestrians, and the laughing repartees of some of the occupants of the various vehicles, all was a scene of happy confusion. The stand reserved for ladies and gentlemen of high social position was already full, and still each moment brought a fresh accession of gay gallants and rosy-cheeked, mirthful damsels. The Widow Moore, stout, fair, and resplendent in a light robe that set off her clear complexion, and admirably displayed her fine form, was foremost among a bevy of beauties, and surrounded by a half dozen admiring masculine satellites. Garfield was there, considerably removed from her, but where his eyes could devour her. His jealousy, as he observed the gracious, familiar manner with which she accepted the attentions of her admirers, would have been more violent but that he remembered, and now fondly believed, all that Tighe had told him. He was fully persuaded that she liked him in secret, and that she was anxious for the success of his horse in the race. And Carroll O'Toole was there, in his antiquated costume, and as near the place whence the horses were to start as it was possible for him to get, in order that he might have a close view of Joe Canty's discomfiture; already it was rumoured that Canty was well nigh insane because of the non-appearance of the animal he was to ride, and that messengers and runners were hurrying in every direction to obtain some tidings of the absent groom. A telegram had been dispatched to Mr. Maloney, but no answer had been received thus far, and it was within a few minutes of the starting time. Canty danced with passion, swearing that he was the victim of some trick, and all his backers looked blue with consternation.

"Time!" called the starter. Everything became bustle and expectation. One by one the horses were called, and led out to their respective places, their jockeys standing beside them ready to mount. "Brian Boru" was the last called, and a buzz of admiration followed the appearance of the magnificent steed. Timothy O'Carroll, in true jockey style, every garment a perfect fit, and his form cunningly made up to reach the required weight, stood beside him. The horse "Charmer," not appearing, was withdrawn. The jockeys mounted, the signal was given, and the horses started. They kept well together for the first stretch, neck and neck, with even speed and equal mettle. Intense excitement and eager expectation prevailed, even among the fair sex, who, as enthusiastic as the most interested of their masculine friends, leaned forward, clapping their hands, waving their handkerchiefs, and making their own shrewd guesses as to the power and endurance of the animals. Neck and neck they flew, now one horse leading, now the other, now another leading, lagging for a moment, then recovering lost ground by a sudden feat which brought him the length of a neck ahead; but "Brian Boru" seemed to continue at the same rate of speed with which he started, nor did his rider appear to be making any extra effort. With a careless grace Tighe sat his horse, now stretching forward to slacken his bridle rein, now straightening himself to hold in the animal, but doing all with an easy manner which proclaimed his perfect skill and confidence. There was none of the nervous dash about him that marked his fellow riders, and his horse-ship, so easy, so apparently careless of effort, was more calculated to make an unfavorable impression.

The horses were now on the home stretch, each animal, excepting Tighe's, spurred to its greatest endurance. On they flew, manes streaming, hoofs striking fire from the track, and riders strained to their utmost nerve. More eager, more wild, grew the expectation of the spectators—a breath might be heard; and cheeks flushed, and bosoms swelled with the ardor of the moment. The attention of Garfield, at last with drawn from the widow, was tremblingly centred on the race. His heavy face was unusually flushed, and his small pale eyes shone with a singular light; he leaned forward, clapping his hands, so tightly together in his excitement that the nails sunk deep into the flesh. A half-smothered oath was on his lips as he saw "Brian Boru" drop a full length behind, and still his easy rider appeared to make no effort to recover the loss. But Tighe a Vohr knew well what he was doing; he had not made daily trials of the horse for the past week without becoming perfectly aware of the nerve and temper of the animal, and by what peculiar means of his own he could cause "Brian" to perform unusual feats of speed. He waited till they were within a quarter of a mile of the home stakes, then with an easy flourish of his whip, a single straightening of himself in the saddle, he put his horse to its full racing power. In a short time he had distanced his competitors by a neck; in vain the latter strove to recover their ground; "Brian Boru's" mettle, hitherto not fully displayed, was unequalled, and in a few seconds more he came gallantly in the winner by two full lengths.

Cheers after cheers were given: people were wild, and Tighe was speedily surrounded by a dozen or more of hearty, genial, delighted fellows who fain would have borne him in triumph upon their shoulders; while Garfield was the center of a large group of lucky bettors, each in turn shaking him by the hand and congratulating him and themselves in a breath.

Carroll O'Toole was beside himself with joy. He threw up his hat, and he executed proudest of the intense amusement of wandering spectators, and then, even before he would see Tighe a Vohr, he went in search of Joe Canty, who, some one said, was being held by main force within one of the booths. Carroll's pleasure would not have been complete without a sight of the humbled and discomfited sport, and perhaps, also, with an opportunity of making some mocking triumphant speech to the latter.

The report of Canty was not wrong; four of his own class were rushing out, seeking to detain him from rushing out madly upon the track. "I shall catch Carter!" he shrieked: "this is all an infernal trick to make me fail, and that fellow Carmody, whom nobody except Garfield seemed to know anything about, is at the bottom of it—he, and Maloney, and that jackass that came with the message to me the other day!"

"How can that be," answered one of his friends, "when Carter and Maloney both will be heavy losers by this affair?" Just then Carroll O'Toole thrust his head into the inclosure. "The jackass'd like to congratulate you, Mr. Canty, on the success of your knavery, and tell you you'd better spare your powder on Carter—I'll do you little good."

"Let me at him!" shrieked Canty, striving desperately to release himself, and to spring after Carroll. His rage was so violent that froth issued from his mouth; but he was firmly held, and Carroll O'Toole, with a mocking chuckle, disappeared as suddenly as he had thrust himself into their sight.

Excitement reigned everywhere, and on different parts of the course shillalaha and whiskey had a due measure of attention. The bettors were busy with their important interests, and Garfield was in too much demand to be able to seek the Widow Moore, as he desired anxiously to do. Now, in the flush of that success for which he fondly believed he also ardently had hoped, he thought he might venture to approach and address her; but his presence was necessary in the sporting circle whose interests were so intimately concerned with his own, and thither he was reluctantly borne by his friends.

Tighe a Vohr, now that so much had been successfully accomplished, began to think somewhat of what the consequences must be to himself. Breaking away from his admiring friends, many of whom had been astounded to recognize in the successful jockey the well-known Tighe a Vohr, and who now, in their ardent friendship, would have detained him by main force, he sought the stall of "Brian Boru," and there, attending to the horse, he encountered Arty Moore, the groom, whom he had left in the little country place where the horse had been stabled, with an injunction to remain there till he, Tighe, should return with the animal. There was a knowing look in Arty's eyes, and a boldness of manner very different from the cringing, humble air which had previously marked his deportment to Tighe.

"How dare you disobey me orders?" asked Tighe, with an assumption of indignity authority that would not have done discredit to Lord Heathcote himself. Arty nodded with provoking familiarity, and returned Tighe's stare with one of equal fearlessness. Coming close to Tighe a Vohr he whispered: "I know all about it, Mr. Carmody, and it was a very clever trick indeed, you played; I have not said a word to anybody here, and I won't, providing you share halves, you know."

Tighe gave a prolonged whistle, then retreating to be dumfounded, and awed as well. "Tell me how you found it all out, Arty?" "Well, do you see, I had a great mind to witness the race—a great mind entirely; and when you told me to remain where I was, it seemed very hard. Besides, Mr. Carmody—you'll forgive me for saying so—but when you were so determined on my staying behind there, and not coming forward with the horse, I began to have suspicions of my own. I waited till you were well gone, and I followed. It all seemed right enough till the horse was led out as 'Brian Boru.' I knew he had been entered for the race as 'Charmer,' that opened my eyes a bit, and it wasn't very long till I heard the people talking of the dreadful state Mr. Canty was in because his horse didn't arrive, and then Mr. Maloney's name began to be mentioned; it all flashed on me, and faith I couldn't help admiring you for the clever trick you played on old Maloney. I resolved to keep my counsel, for I thought you'd be generous, Mr. Carmody."

"An I will be, Arty," said Tighe, extending his hand, and assuming an expression as if he was just released from a show-bath. "But the shankers are not paid up yet, so that I haven't received my amount they're to give me. But can I trust you, Arty, to help me, if I say a fair half?" "With all my soul!" and the groom's hand clasped Tighe's.

"Well, then, it's reported that a tily-graph, or some divilment, has been sent to old Maloney, an I'm afeard of what that'll bring forth—now I'd loike to have the horse out of the way, an' meesal, too. Will you run away with the beast for a couple or three days, till I see what turn matters will take? On the third day from now I'll mste you in Dick O'Carroll's shebeen, the same that stabled 'Brian Boru' for us. You can put into it and payle that you're takin' the horse to his master—and that'll be no lie, for so you will take him to his master, only we'll try first what we can knock out of the old miser. I'll swell our gains. Do you understand me, Arty?" And Tighe looked with a wonderfully anxious gaze into the snapping eyes of the groom.

"Do, Mr. Carmody, perfectly; and I'll do it. On the third day from this say at noon, I'll wait for you in Courcy's."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, but even if it were not, everybody who approached the stall was in too much haste and excitement to give it any attention.

"Away with you, thin!" urged Tighe; and it was with a smile of intense satisfaction that a few moments after he beheld the groom, mounted on "Brian Boru," riding quietly away from the course, and in an opposite direction to the town.

In one portion of the course the excitement had received a new and extraordinary impulse in the sudden appearance of a man so tall in form as to inspire awe by his unusual height, and with so sinister and repulsive an expression as to win no brief nor pleasant observation, and dressed in so dirty and strange a garb that many shrunk from his approach. He was screaming at the top of his voice, and gesticulating wildly.

"My horse! my horse! I sent him here; he was to run; somebody has stolen him!"

A crowd gathered about him, and by degrees sufficient of his story was learned for some one to volunteer to conduct him to one of the stalls.

Tighe a Vohr, armed in arm with Corry O'Toole, beheld the approaching crowd—for every one who had heard the man's strange account now followed in his wake; he ventured near enough to ascertain the cause of the gathering. "Blood an' ouns! Corry, if it isn't old Maloney! oh, where'll I go at all, at all!"

"I'll tell you, you take the message," said Corry, "and get to my room as fast as you can, and stay there; if they do discover enough to put the police on your track, they will not find you awhile. I'll stay here and see how things go."

"But they'll be after you too, Corry; can't you tell how you take the message?" "The devil a one fear of their getting anything out of me; I'll badge them, Tighe, till they'll think they've got enough of Corry O'Toole, jackass, as Mr. Canty politely called him."

Tighe a Vohr followed the little man's advice, and was soon safely housed in the bachelor apartment, much to the delight of Shaun, who had been confined there a very happy prisoner since early morning. He immediately began, with the help of sundry garments of Corry's wardrobe, to end-avor to change his dress, and thus to disguise effectually his appearance.

At that same time the train which came down from Dublin brought Carter; he was in a flurry of excitement, having expected to reach Tralee in time to witness the race. He hired a conveyance, and was driven rapidly to the course. He mentally cursed Lord Heathcote, who had been the cause of his unlucky detention, and with a wildly beating heart he ordered the driver to urge his horse, that at least he might be in time for the settling of the stakes.

He was met on the grounds, as he expected, and his horse, as he had been ordered, perspiring and panting from the vehicle, by one of his intimate sporting friends.

"Gone—Carter—we've lost!" "Lost!" Carter appeared transfixed; his eye almost starting from their sockets.

"Yes; your horse didn't appear, and a magnificent animal named 'Brian Boru,' and ridden by one Timothy O'Carroll, distanced all the others without an effort."

"Timothy O'Carroll!" repeated Carter in a dazed way.

"Yes; those who know him say he's always called Tighe a Vohr."

"Tighe a Vohr?" Carter threw up his hands, and gasped for breath.

"It's the queerest piece of business that ever happened on a course," resumed the first speaker; "all the morning Joe Canty's been swearing and fuming like a madman, and after the race was over an old man, acting as mad as a March hare, came rushing on the course, screaming for his horse, and saying that it had been stolen. They have got him now in one of the rooms, and he declares that you sent Tighe a Vohr for the horse, which he says is the one that Canty was to ride; and they have dispatched me to find Canty; so you had better hurry in yourself—indicating the room he had just left—and gasped for breath.

"Where is your horse?" yelled Carter. "Where is my horse?" screamed Maloney, this time a little more discomfited; "you scoundrel, tell me where he is!" and he shook his bony fist in Carter's face.

At this juncture Carter entered, and seeing the attitude of Maloney, and fuming himself to be able to revenge his disappointment and humiliation, both of which in his blind passion he attributed to Carter, he rushed forward, and before any one could intercept or even devise his intention, planted a well-directed blow full in Carter's face. It staggered the latter, and but for the friendly support of some one in his rear he would have fallen. The friends of Carter, indignant at the outrage, fell upon Canty; but the latter was not without his sympathizers, and they immediately assisted him in true fighting style; Carter and Maloney, the reluctant centers of the struggle, were obliged to strike in their own defence even though the courage of neither was of the stanchest kind. Everything became confusion and clamor; it was the first *mele* of the day, and the hot young bloods, that of class whose chief sport seemed to be breaking heads and disfiguring faces, hailed the affair with delight. Sticks flew, chairs were overturned, and the pewter mugs, which stood on the table still reeking with the remains of Beausish and Crawford's porrier, were hurled among the combatants. Maloney was knocked down, and Carter was shoved heavily upon him so that the frantic cries of the miser, in which the word horse was incessantly uttered, were somewhat smothered by the heavy weight. The fight speedily attracted attention without its own immediate precincts, and shortly almost every one on the course had arrived at the scene of the excitement. The police followed, and peace

was only restored when arrests had been made of the leaders in the affair—Mortimer Carter, Joe Canty, Ned Maloney, and a couple of others who seemed to have taken the part of instigators. In vain Carter protested, saying that the fight was a mistake, and the origin of a misunderstanding; in vain Canty swore, and in vain old Maloney pleaded on his knees to be released that he might look for his horse; all were borne in triumph to Tralee bridewell, and Corry O'Toole, a spectator from a distance of the whole affair, grew so red from laughing that his yellow complexion, to which Mrs. Carmody objected, quite disappeared for the time.

FIGH A VOHR'S SWEETHEART. Garfield, and the betting circle of whom he was now the popular center, had gaily pocketed their winnings—a proceeding which might have been unpleasantly delayed had it not been for Mortimer Carter's incarceration. He was now out on bail, having been confined but a few hours; and Canty, having given surety, was also at large.

Old Maloney was not yet released, owing to his inability to procure a bondsman; he was utterly unknown in Tralee, and if he sent to Drogheda he would be as little likely to find any surety there. In this despondent state he was visited by Carter, at sight of whom he was raved like a wild beast. "My horse! my horse!" he roared and incessant cry. It required time for Carter to quiet him sufficiently to gain a coherent statement; but at length he learned all the visit of Tighe a Vohr with the note, the extraordinary tale of Canty's forthcoming arrest, the line of conduct prescribed by Tighe for the miser in the event of Mr. Canty's actual visit—all of which Maloney related divinely now without a regard for the oath of secrecy he had taken—his yielding of the horse and groom to Tighe, and his remaining in quiet certainty of all being right—a certainty which the fact of his receiving no visit from Mr. Canty rather strengthened. The old miser did not suspect, and the cunning rascal of Drogheda, each of whom was too ardent a friend of Tighe a Vohr to disobey him in the slightest particular, did not tell him that the excitement and terror into which he was thrown one afternoon by the horde of yelling people in front of his door was due to the occasion of Mr. Canty's visit. He had no suspicion of anything being wrong until the arrival of the telegram on the morning of the race. The contents of that, which ran:

"Your horse, 'Charmer,' has not arrived; have you sent him?" and which was signed Joe Canty, put the old man into a fever. His horse not arrived, when a week ago the animal was supposed to be stabled in Tralee! Horrible fears immediately crowded on his suspicious and sinister mind. Like a madman he locked up his abode, from which he had not been absent for years before, and took the first car to Tralee. He arrived on the course to find the race over, and that his horse was not among those in the stalls; nor had any animal by that name been seen.

Carter was in as violent a rage as the miser; all the more that the payment of the stakes to the fortunate winners was the occasion to him of no inconsiderable loss. Maloney's grief for his forfeit was somewhat absorbed in his greater distress for the abstraction of his horse.

"It's all the doings of that devil of a Tighe a Vohr," said Carter striding the prison floor; "I wrote a note telling of my intended journey to Dublin, in consequence of which I should be prevented from going down to Drogheda to see the horse as I had promised, and bidding you bring him up yourself; and that note I gave to a little runner at Hoolahan's, who was going down your way, to give you."

"He never came near me!" protested Maloney.

"No, Canty?" asked Carter, though he had already heard a second time from Maloney that there had been no visit of the sporting man to his place.

The miser answered testily: "I told you before he didn't come."

"It's past understanding," resumed Carter; "but there's nothing too big nor too base for that infernal Tighe a Vohr to do to serve me. I'll go to hell to serve Carrall O'Donoghue, and I'll warrant he's had some object that was to benefit his master at the bottom of all this. At all events, we have a clear case against him;—he obtained the horse on false pretenses, and, if it is the same animal that he entered for the race, he entered him without my right to do so; and now it looks as if he had stolen him. I'll get out a warrant for his arrest immediately."

"And the horse?" broke in Maloney, trembling; "will the warrant recover him?"

"To be sure; if we find Tighe, the horse will think it not far off; but I'll go off to Canty now, and find out why he didn't go down to Drogheda as he promised."

"And me?" whined the miser; "how long will I stay here?"

"Be still, you old fool! you'll be out to-morrow." And Carter hastily departed to procure a warrant for Tim Carrol's arrest, and, immediately after, to seek Canty.

Canty, not altogether convinced that he was not the victim of a trick originated by Carter, met the latter somewhat haughtily, and seemed inclined to maintain his proud and moody reserve throughout the interview. Carter explained and protested, and swore that he was as innocent of any part in the transaction, and as deeply injured, as those of the duped party, and then he retaliated by denouncing, in no easy terms, Canty's faithless omission to see the horse prior to the race; upon which followed from the sporting man, in graphic and violently indignant language, an account of the message that was sent to him by Maloney, the messenger being described by Canty as "a little old yellow fool," and a description of his visit to Drogheda, with enlarged details of the reception that was accorded him by the people of that memorable village.

Carter was shrewd enough to detect in all that further evidence of Tighe a Vohr's work, and it made him more

madly eager for the arrest of Tighe. Venting his rage in loud, deep oaths, he left Canty's presence, the latter at last satisfied that Carter had been as badly tricked as any one else.

Tighe, arrayed in some old-fashioned garments of Corry O'Toole's, the said garments being much too wide and too short for their present wearer, presented a more odd and droll-looking figure than he had been wont to do in his own old costume before he exchanged the latter for a valet's outfit. He was listening with every evidence of delight to Corry's animated description of the fight on the grounds and the arrest of so many of the parties, but when Corry ceased Tighe became suddenly despondent.

"They'll make out a clear case agin me," he said, "an' they'll put me in jail; an' begorra that won't suit at all—to be losin' me toime in prison win the master's trial is so near comin' off."

He bowed his curly head on his hand for a moment. Corry, in deep sympathy, but unable to afford any aid, looked in the face of what he felt to be the truth, was silent; suddenly Tighe looked up: "Corry, just write a bit of a note to Carter in my name; tell him I'd loike to see him a few minits on business that's o' life an' death importance, an' I'll run down wid it to Hoolahan's; I think I'll find him there."

"Sure that'll be putting your head in the trap at once," said Corry; "if you trust yourself out of here before night fall, you'll not stand much chance of an escape from the peelers."

"I have an idea, Corry, an' it's that idea that's drivin' me to what I'll do; but the help of God, mebbe, it'll come out all right, but for fear it shouldn't, do you kepe Shaun here for a while."

At the mention of his name the dog roused from his sleepy attitude near Tighe, shook himself, and drawing closer to his master, looked very expressively into the latter's face. Tighe returned the look with one of admiring affection.

THE FRENCH CATHOLICS.

WHAT BOULANGER SAYS HE WOULD DO FOR THEM.

Gen. Boulanger was recently interviewed by the representative of an English Catholic paper. After a few remarks about the general's visit to the House of Commons, the conversation turned upon the position of the French Catholics at the present crisis. The reporter told the general, that as a Catholic journalist, he was naturally most interested in this aspect of the question, and he asked the general if he considered the count upon Catholic support at the elections.

"Yes," he replied. "At every election I have the Catholic vote on my side, and this for no personal reason, but because the Catholics have been oppressed, and they hope to get rid of the oppressors. I am, it so happens, their rallying point against the policy of persecution."

"And you mean, if you can, to put an end to that policy?" "Yes, certainly, I am for liberty as I have seen it practiced in the United States, where each one can follow the religion he professes without being interfered with, so long as he does no harm to others. Unfortunately, there are many people in France who do not understand as liberty in this sense. For them liberty means that if they do not care to go to church themselves, they must have the right to prevent other people from going there. But, I say, let us have done with the policy of persecution, and let men be free to act as their conscience directs, whatever this one or that may think of their opinions. This is simple enough, is it not?"

"Yes, and in the present case quite sufficient. But do you not think, general, that the men who are actually in power in France are trying to come to terms with the French Catholics, and to take up a more tolerant attitude?" "They cannot do it," he replied promptly; "first, because those who are behind them, the men who pull the strings, will not let them; and secondly, because the Catholics have been deceived before by their promises and will not trust them again. No, the present government will not succeed in making peace so easily, and the Catholic vote will go solid against them."

"I suppose not much will be done till the autumn?" "Naturally. But in the autumn the general elections will decide everything."

"And you hope to succeed, general?" "I have no doubt about it. I am absolutely certain," he replied with an emphasis.

"All?" he said, "so far you have made good your prophecies. I see there was a vote in your favor at some local election on Sunday at St. Ouen."

"Yes," he said, "a small affair, but a sign of how matters are going."

The impression which the interview gave was that the general fully realizes the strength of who for opposition as liberty in France who do not understand as liberty in this sense. For them liberty means that if they do not care to go to church themselves, they must have the right to prevent other people from going there. But, I say, let us have done with the policy of persecution, and let men be free to act as their conscience directs, whatever this one or that may think of their opinions. This is simple enough, is it not? "Yes, and in the present case quite sufficient. But do you not think, general, that the men who are actually in power in France are trying to come to terms with the French Catholics, and to take up a more tolerant attitude?" "They cannot do it," he replied promptly; "first, because those who are behind them, the men who pull the strings, will not let them; and secondly, because the Catholics have been deceived before by their promises and will not trust them again. No, the present government will not succeed in making peace so easily, and the Catholic vote will go solid against them."

THE CUREFW AND THE ANGELUS.

A DEVOTION THAT IS DEAR TO THE CATHOLIC HEART.

We were much pleased with the copy in words of Millet's beautiful painting, "The Angelus," by Miss Emma Howard Wright, in last week's Mirror. It was an exquisite production, and what the lady says of the picture, viz., that while gazing upon it "you can almost imagine you hear the sound of the Angelus bell coming softly through the still evening air," we may say of her description; for to him who does not read merely with his eyes, the picture and the suggestion are all before him.

There is, perhaps, no devotion more dear to the Catholic heart than the Angelus, that overarches the dawn, noon, and dewy eve with meditation and prayer. We hear the bell, and no matter where we are, or what we are doing, we turn at once our attention from earthly pursuits, to the contemplation of heavenly things; and while other lips may hesitate to utter the prayer, no one who sees but must feel edified. The very sound of the bell sends a thrill through the heart. Especially is this the case at evening. Now is the hour, sings Dante—

"That wakes fond desire in men at sea, and melt their thoughtful heart; Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell; And sighs sadly on his road with love Thrills, if he hears the vesper bell from far That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

And Longfellow, who delighted so in portraying Catholic customs and devotions, says:—

"Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

Such is the Angelus bell! It may be true that few of us heed it; that "the noise of the busy world" drowns its soft pleading, and hurry and rush leave no time to respond to their silvery tones; yet will we venture to assert that never did an Angelus bell peal forth its music but some one was made better by the thought it inspired. The seeds of suggestion it casts about oftentimes fall and take root where we least expect them. There appeared in the columns of the Mirror not long since a poem by a Protestant clergyman that was inspired by these peals from a neighboring belfry. And we once heard a priest tell a story of a fallen Magdalen, who was called from her ways of sin to a purer and holier life by the sound of the Angelus bell.

With the rise of Protestantism all devotion to the Mother of God was looked upon as idolatrous. Indeed, we are at times surprised that men were allowed to honor their parents at all, for not only was it taught that Jesus was lacking in obedience to this law of the Decalogue, but that no honor whatever is to be given to any creature. The Angelus bell was no longer heard in England. But as it had taken such a deep root in the hearts of men, they must have a bell of some kind to take the place of the sublimated Angelus. Poets, therefore, substituted the Curfew. Poets, I said; I should have said one; for the only poem in which the Curfew figures as a substitute for the Angelus is Grew's Elegy:—

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day." That this is the Curfew will in name must appear to the reader, when he bears in mind that the Curfew was rung several hours after the day was, figuratively speaking, a corpse. The poem must therefore have already homeward plod his weary way, and the glimmering landscape faded in the sight. Were we inclined to find fault with the poetry, we would further add that the verb tolls is entirely inappropriate. The Curfew was not tolled, it was rung.

"Curfew was rung—lights were set up in haste." It was, moreover, rung loudly, that no one could say he had not heard it. "Curfew shall not ring to-night!" is much more in the spirit of this ancient custom than the famous but faulty line of the poet's masterpiece. Moreover, even if it did toll, it would not tell the knell of parting day. A knell is not tolled for the party, but for the party.

The word Curfew may have suited his rhythm better than Angelus, or as Carey and Byron translate it, the vesper bell; but that it involved his description in confusion and contradictions we hope we have made apparent to the reader. And how different the picture which Millet paints of the Angelus. Every image is an improvement on Gray's. The laborer does not homeward plod his weary way, like the cattle described in the line before—no! the ringing of the Angelus awakens in their hearts a heaven of hope and trust in God and His mercy. And we might, in connection, say the entire clergy is more in the spirit of philosophy than religion. The climax of the poem, as Poe would call it, is the famous couplet:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air." The climax should have been Christian hope!—Frederick J. Hahn in Catholic Mirror.

GOD BLESS HER, SHE IS AN ANGEL.

Erie Dispatch. A feeble old man stood at the corner of Nineteenth and Peach streets the other afternoon, when a number of persons had congregated in waiting for the west-bound Nickel Plate train. His clothes were clean, but covered with patches of different colors, and his form was bent. He said that his daughter lived near Geneva, O., and that she was dangerously ill. In answer to a question whether he had money enough to pay his fare, he said he had just enough to buy a ticket to Girard, and that he would try to walk from there. A laughing-eyed, sweet-faced young lady, who was standing near and overheard the conversation, slipped into the waiting-room and purchased a ticket to Geneva, which she quietly slipped into the hand of the old man and then started up street before he could realize what she had done. His fervent "God bless her, she is an angel!" found a hearty response in every heart in that motley company, and brought tears to eyes unused to weep.

WRITTEN FOR CATHOLIC RECORD.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. MESSRS M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

Bishop Galdes was still able to continue his literary labors, and with his wonted activity. Dr. Gleig alone kept him busy, and at work of the most agreeable kind. This indefatigable writer had just prepared an article on purgatory for the "Catholic Review," and the learned doctor asserted. In this essay the writer perfectly showed that the doctrine was perfectly harmless and not peculiar to the Church of Rome. There appeared in a former edition of the Encyclopaedia an account of purgatory which he considered very absurd. But the doctrine he thought, when fairly stated was exceedingly reasonable. He requested that the bishop would write for him a short paper on canonization under the word saint, or such as he remembered having seen in Bishop Hay's Scripture Doctrine of Miracles. Dr. Gleig, moreover, consulted the bishop in regard to the Roman Catholic view of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, which he proposed inserting under the word, transubstantiation, or the Lord's supper. It must be owned that the non-jury edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica freely expend its pages, with most exemplar impartiality, to a fair statement on both sides of every vexed question.

We now find diplomacy at work. Mr. Hippley, as powerful at Rome as ever, applied with his wonted energy, to the apparently hopeless task of obtaining national superiority for the British College. Mr. McPherson, as representing the Scotch Bishops, cordially seconded his endeavors. What may be called an accident, held out for some time a prospect of success. Serious difficulties occurred in the Irish college, consequent upon the departure of its Italian masters. The students appealed to Mr. Hippley. The diplomatist promptly took up their cause, and addressed Cardinal Liviuzzi, the protector of the Irish. The Cardinal replied in polite terms, but not to the satisfaction of Mr. Hippley, who, in turn, expressed his regret that Irish superiors were not more zealous for the welfare of the students with His Emancipation, adding, moreover, that "he trusted to the wisdom and justice of the venerable Sovereign whose moderation, sweetness and goodness he gained for him so much glory, and won all hearts." The British envoy lost no time in carrying the case to the Pope, pleading earnestly for Irish superiors to be college, and for justice to the students. He also addressed to Cardinal Albani, Dean of the College of Cardinals, a letter in which much kindness of heart was mingled with the politician's instinctive love of negotiation and diplomacy. The vigorous appeals of Mr. Hippley, meanwhile, backed by his threats of asking his own Government to interfere, gave the matter a fair prospect of success to the cause for which the bishop had been so long contending. The death of Campanelli, the English protector, destroyed this prospect. Albani and others concerned in the matter condemned the proposal to make any change. The support of Cardinal Antonelli at Propaganda was lost to the advocate of national superiority by his resignation, at the time, in consequence of his increasing infirmities. His successor, Cardinal Gerdi, although good and able, was too aged and too little acquainted with Scotch affairs to efficiently to replace him. The English college, notwithstanding, obtained a sort of promise that a national superior would be appointed at the next vacancy.

Some difference having arisen between the two priests at Aberdeen and Bishop Hay, the mistrust entertained by the latter was done away with by the peace-loving Bishop Galdes, who assured the senior bishop that there were no two ed gymen in the country who had his welfare more at heart. It was a source of consolation to Bishop Galdes to contribute towards peace and unanimity.

This year (1798) Mr. Ratray and Mr. John Sharp, so favorably known for their wards in the missions, were expected from Spain, and the same year Mr. Andrew Carruthers and Mr. Andrew Scott, both at a later date, bishops, the former at Edinburgh and the latter at Glasgow were ordained priests by Bishop Hay at Aberdeen. Mr. Charles Gordon, destined to be the superior of the popular mission of Aberdeen, and who at the time wanted two or three months of the age required for priests' orders, was on the same occasion promoted to the rank of deacon. The day after the ordination the bishop conducted Mr. Scott to the mission of Desides, for which he was destined, and introduced him to the congregation. The bishop on returning happened to pass a man who was leading a young horse, and at the moment the bishop was passing the animal turned suddenly round and kicked him on the shin. The blow was at first very painful, but he thought nothing of it till it reached Aberdeen, when it was found that he had been ten days in the room for several weeks. He was prevented from giving any assistance with the duties of Easter tide.

During the reign of terror in France considerable anxiety was caused to the bishops by the imprisonment of M. Alexander Innes, who had been temporarily appointed Principal of the Scotch college at Paris. When some kind order was restored, however, he was at liberty.

Mr. Farquhar, lately appointed Glasgow, as successor