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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, 1877.

No. 10

PATRIOTIC SONG.

With a minstrel's devotion,
I crossed the blue ocean.
My heart bounded lightly, strange countries to see;
But from all the splendor
Their beauties could render
I turn'd, O my Erin! with fondness to thee.

How sweet the repose is,
'Mid myrtles and roses,
In the bowers of the South, where no wintry winds be:
But beneath the bright flowers
That bloom in those bowers
Lurks the serpent, whose venom's a stranger to thee.

In the western world
Where freedom unfurl'd
Her banner triumphant, I've roamed with the free:
But though strangers possess thee,
And tyrants distress thee,
Still, Erin! thou'rt fairest and dearest to me.

Thou land of my sires,
Thy wild harp inspires,
Our bosoms with freedom, from ocean to sea;
Then in mountain and valley,
Let Irishmen rally,
And their cry be, "Home Rule, and justice for thee!"

THE O'DONNELLS
OF
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"
"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Lizzie Ellis became most zealous in aiding the Rev. Mr. Sly in his missionary labors; they visited the neighboring cottages of the poor together. They distributed meal and soup, and tracts to the righteous, and advised the obstinate to forsake their worship of idols, and to embrace the purity of Protestantism. Owing to the pressure of the time, some were unable to resist the temptation, but they were few indeed. It is a fearful trial, no doubt, to see one's wife and children for days without eating a morsel of food, except cresses and turnip-tops, and the like,

and then to be offered food and raiment, but to put on the semblance of apostacy; yet thousands preferred death.

These men must be actuated by a Christian spirit, who could hold bread to the lips of the starving poor, and then snatch it away, because they would not forsake their religion; this is the charity of loving your neighbor as yourself. There is many a heartless Dives in this world, whose idea of "who's my neighbor?" is—"every rich and respectable person, whose religion and politics are in accordance with my own." As to the poor wandering outcasts, the houseless poor, those little ones of our Great Master, he knows them, not. Ah! Dives, when you look upon your splendid house, your fertile fields, and ample stores, think on the parable of the rich glutton and the poor man, and consider that you naked, trembling wretch, is, perhaps, dearer to the Lord than you, who are clad in "purple and fine linen." Think that the great Law-giver has said: "As often as you give to these little ones, you give unto me." His followers were both Jews and Gentiles, for He came to save all that obey his laws.

The works on Knockcorrig had commenced, and liberal wages were given. The old and young, men, women and children, sought work there. Children were employed there so young, that they had to be brought on their parents' backs, and old persons had to be carried by asses.

This was in the middle of a severe winter; the ground was covered with snow; sleet and snow and rain drenched the wretched creatures. The old and young were put to breaking stones. There they sat, from morning until night, their bodies half naked, and the rain and snow and sleet pouring upon them. It is no wonder, then, that fever and dysentery were prevalent, and that each morning several were crossed off the books without the least comment or remark—they were dead, that's all.

The Rev. Mr. Sly frequently drove about from house to house. Lord Clearall's tenants had to receive him with seeming courtesy at least; they knew the conse-

quences too well if they acted otherwise. Even now a fresh-screw was placed upon such as refused sending their children to the "soup school." Not only were they threatened to be evicted, but they were also refused employment on the public works. This was easily managed, as Lord Clearall's deputies had the sole management of them. So, it was easy to find some pretence for refusing the obstinate.

Mr. Sly had the seat of his gig crammed with Bibles and tracts; he also had a quantity of bread and broken meat. Lizzie Ellis sat beside him.

"What way shall we go to-day, Lizzie?" said Mr. Sly, as they were going out of the avenue.

"I don't well know. What would you say if we called on that Mrs. Sullivan? She was with me this morning; her son was on the works, but was sent home, as she wouldn't send the other children to the school; she wanted me to get him back."

"Do you think has the Lord moved her; is she penitent, Lizzie?"

"She looks to be very poor. I'm sure she is; for I told her there was no use in interfering unless she let the others go to school. She said nothing, but sighed."

"What a stiff-necked people they are; love; but God hardens those. He will destroy."

Nelly Sullivan was sitting at the table with her poor children; before them was a dish of turnip-tops and cabbage leaves, sprinkled with salt. The children eat ravenously of this coarse fare.

"Mammy, won't you ate any?" said one.

"No, alanna, no; ate away; shure there's not enuff for yerselfs."

"But, mammy, you were walking all the mornin'; shure you're hungry, and you didn't ate anything these two days."

The mother looked at the coarse food, unfit for pigs, and her eyes glistened; she then looked at her wretched children, and she turned away as the tears trickled down her withered cheeks.

"No," said she to herself; "bad as it is, they haven't enuff. God help them! My God, I'm dying;" and she squeezed her hands upon her sides, and sat upon an old stool.

"Oh! mammy, mammy! it is so tough I can't ate it; it's choking me," said one little thing.

"And me too," said another.

"Oh! if we had a bit of bread or a sup of milk, or a pratie," said another.

"Here, pet," said Johnny, a little boy about twelve years; "here," and he picked the softest bits for the youngest. He then got some and took it to his mother. "Here, mother, ate this," said he, and he placed the coarse food in her hand.

She groaned. He rubbed her face—it was covered with a cold sweat.

"Mammy, mammy, what ails you?"

shouted the boy. "Oh, mammy is dying!" he exclaimed.

The others ran to her, clasping their little hands, and calling their mammy.

"Johnny," said she, faintly, "bring me a drink."

He brought her a vessel of water, from which she drank; she then ate some of the leaves.

"What ails you, mammy?" said a little thing, nestling at her knees, and placing her tiny hands in hers.

"Nothing, pet; nothing. I am well now," and the poor woman stroked the little flaxen head.

"Oh, mammy, here's a lady and jittleman!" said another, as he saw Mr. Sly drive to the door.

"Thank God!" said she, clasping her hands and looking up. "I hope they have come to save us."

"Good-day, ma'am!" said Mr. Sly. "This is a miserable place, ma'am;" and he looked at the wretched cabin in a most commiserating manner.

"Indeed it is, sir," said Mrs. Sullivan, with a curtsy. "It is a poor place for a lady and jittleman to come to; but then, if people can keep from starving now, it's enuff. I am sorry I haven't a sate for the lady," and she bowed to Miss Ellis.

"Don't mind, ma'am," said Mr. Sly; "we can stand. Would you let this little chup hold my horse for a moment?"

"Yes, sir. Run, Johnny, and hold the jittleman's horse."

Miss Ellis was all this time taking a view of the cabin. The roof was broken in several parts, and the rain had formed into little pools on the clay floor. In a corner a bed of straw lay on the cold ground. A vessel was placed in the bed to receive the dropping rain. There was an inner room, but it was deserted, as being unfit to be occupied, for the roof had nearly fallen in. A few embers burned on the hearth, and the emaciated, half-clad looking children crowded around it.

Miss Ellis knew little of the poor; caged in her father's splendid house, surrounded by every luxury, she wondered why the people should be poor at all, or have such wretched hovels to live in. It is only lately she began to comprehend Mr. Sly, her young and sensitive heart was touched at the tales and scenes of misery she had heard and witnessed. She might have become a ministering angel; but her artful guide smothered these aspirations of gentle pity in her breast, by telling her that all their sufferings were sent by the Lord to afflict them for their sins, and to lead them to righteousness.

"How do you live here at all, ma'am?" said Lizzie, as she glanced at all the signs of wretchedness that surrounded her.

"Really, I don't know, miss; we haven't had a bit these two days but some cabbage and turnip leaves. I didn't ate a bit myself to-day. God knows I am starving!"

"Run, Robert," said Lizzie to the Rev. Mr. Sly, "and bring them some bread. You see we have some with us, ma'am, for urgent cases."

"God bless you, miss!" said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Go, Robert, if you please?" said Lizzie, turning to the rev. gentleman, who all the time stood still.

"Yes, darling, yes; but first let us see, has this poor woman seen the error of her ways, and is she moved to grace? I am sure——"

Here his speech was interrupted by a regular scramble at the door, and cries of "Give, me a bit!" "Tom has it all?" "Bring it in to mammy."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Sly, "but these brats have taken all the bread;" and he ran to the door.

Johnny got into the gig, and seeing a loaf of bread, and hearing the lady telling Mr. Sly to bring it in, he seized it, and was bringing it in when the others assailed him at the door.

"The brats!" exclaimed Mr. Sly, as he seized the bread.

"Here, mamma," whispered Tommy, as he slipped a part of the loaf, unseen, under her apron, "ate this."

She was hungry. Perhaps that crust of bread might save her life. Who could blame her if she paused. She then drew forth the bread——

"No, child, no. It's not ours; it would be sinful; give it to the jittleman."

"Here, sir," said Tommy, handing him the bread.

Mr. Sly took it, and placed it in the car. "Leave it to him," said Lizzie.

"No, it would be encouraging robbery, Lizzie. Well, my good woman," said Mr. Sly, "Your son was turned off the works?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Your reverence, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Sly, with a bow. "I think, ma'am, he must have deserved it; you see he's a dishonest boy; how soon he stole the bread."

"I never knew him to act dishonestly, your ho—— reverence I mane. I'm shure he wouldn't take the bread, but he heard the lady telling you to bring it in."

"Indeed, I wouldn't, mammy," said Johnny; "and shure I was bringing it in to the jittleman when they stuck in me."

"Likely story, that; no matter, I will see about getting him reinstated."

"God Almighty bless your reverence!" said the poor woman.

"But, ma'am, you must send these other children to my school, where they will be well treated. They will be educated and fed for you for nothing, so you ought to be grateful, ma'am."

Mrs. Sullivan did not look grateful, but held down her head and wept.

"Well, ma'am?" said the Rev. Mr. Sly.

"I can't do it, sir, I'll starve first, and God knows I am near enuff to it already."

Oh! give us some bread, sir, and get work for my boy, and may God reward you. Oh! Miss Ellis, will you aid the poor widow, and her blessing fall upon your head.

"Do, Robert, do," said Lizzie.

"Well, ma'am, do you repent?" said Mr. Sly.

"I can't—I can't sell my soul! Shure the priests told us not; that ye are trying to make soulders of us all!"

"The priests, ma'am, are a great humbug; teaching you to adore idols, and worship saints, and living people like ourselves."

"No, sir—your riverence I mean—the priests are our only comfort; they visit us when sick and afflicted; and if they had the means we wouldn't want."

"So you refuse sending them to hear the word of God!"

"I refuse sending them to your school, sir."

"Then the consequence be upon your self. You are refusing warm clothing, plenty to eat, and a snug house. Recollect, sinful woman, I called and you refused. Evil-doers shall be cut off. I will now leave you to yourself and your priests. Mind, you will not only be refused employment, but this very house shall be levelled over you. This is Lord Clearall's orders."

"God's will be done!" said Mrs. Sullivan, clasping her hands together and looking towards heaven.

"Come, Lizzie," said Mr. Sly; "let us leave this house of iniquity. Here, however, is food for your soul," and he handed her some tracts.

Lizzie was following him when Mrs. Sullivan threw herself on her knees, and seized her dress, exclaiming——

"Oh, Miss Ellis! for the love of God, don't let them ruin the poor widow and her orphans. I am dyin' with hunger; oh! get us work or something to ate—do, and may God reward and bless you; and mark you to grace. As for that bad man, may——"

"Don't curse, ma'am," said Lizzie, slipping a shilling into her hand, "and I'll do my best for you."

"God bless you, my sweet young lady."

"Come, come, Miss Ellis, it's time to go," said Mr. Sly.

Lizzie got into the gig, and was quite reserved. Mr. Sly noticed this, and said:

*Let my English readers should think that such coercion exists only in the writer's imagination, I had better give them a few extracts regarding Lord Bishop P———'s interference with the consciences of his tenants. One man swore—"The Rev. Mr. P——— and Miss P——— called upon me to send my children to their school. As I had a large and helpless family, I did, but God knows the bit I eat didn't do me any good from that out." Another witness swore, "that she refused to send her children, as she was sure that they would be perverted." Next day the bailiff called upon her for possession, and served her with notice to quit." Several other witnesses swore to the same effect. Such is the liberty of conscience in Ireland!

"Cover yourself well, love, the day is very cold; allow me to put this rug about you. I declare it went to my heart to refuse that poor family; but, then, we have a duty to perform; if we allow them to set us at defiance this way, we could do nothing. I'll bet you she will come to terms; now, when hunger will press on her to-night, she'll send them to school to-morrow; see what a victory that'll be; if not, I'll do something for them, since you wish it, love?"

"Do, Robert, do; perhaps you're right, but, then, they are so poor."

"They are poor, no doubt; so is almost every one you meet."

"Somehow, Robert, I feel an interest in that poor woman, no matter how obstinate she is: 'The Most High is a patient rewarder,' and shall judge us according to our good deeds."

"My little love, you'll shortly be able to preach Scripture as well as myself; you'll make a brave little missionary."

"I hope so," said Lizzie, recovering her good humor.

Mr. Sly had not gone far, when another visitor entered Mrs. Sullivan's cabin. She had a basket under her arm.

"Good evening, ma'am," said she, in a soft voice.

"Good evening kindly, and you're welcome, Miss O'Donnell," said Mrs. Sullivan.

Kate O'Donnell took the basket from under her cloak, and brought forth plenty of bread and meat.

"Here, Mrs. Sullivan," said she, "perhaps you are in want, for who is otherwise now? and on account of family troubles of my own, I was not able to visit you some days back."

"We all have our troubles, Miss Kate. I didn't ate a morsel these two days."

"God help us!" said Kate; "here, eat some now," and she placed the food before her.

After eating a few bits, Mrs. Sullivan fell back in a faint. Kate sprinkled her with water, and she soon recovered and partook of the food. She then told her all about the Rev. Mr. Sly's visit.

"God help us!" said Kate, "it is a wretched country, where men, calling themselves ministers of God, can trade on the misery of the poor."

"Shure it's too bad," Miss Kate, to try to make us sell our souls, to keep our bodies alive."

"It is, Nelly—it is so monstrous, and even honest Protestants and true ministers blush with shame."

"Why, isn't Mr. Sly a minister, Miss Kate?"

"Indeed, from all I have heard of him, I should think not; if he were, I would expect him to be a gentleman, but I suspect he's only some low Scripture-reader."

"Very likely, Miss Kate; he's not a jintleman nor a Christian anyway."

"Well, Nelly, what do you mean to do?"

"I don't know, Miss Kate; I fear I must go into the poor-house. I know they won't give me employment."

"I fear so, Nelly; and only that times are changed with us, you should never go there; however, I fear it is your only course now. I can do very little for you; our stock is seized, and, perhaps, we will be shortly without a house, like yourself."

"God forbid, Miss Kate; ye were good and charitable, and God will not forsake ye."

"I hope not, Nelly, I hope not; though I always took little pride in riches, I long for them now when I see so many dying around me. It is only yesterday Frank went into a cabin in the bog, where he was fowling; there he found a poor woman dead, and two children sucking her breast."

"Thanks be to God! that's frightful," and Nelly cast a look at her own poor children.

"Nelly, as my father is a guardian, if you wish to go into the house—and I fear you must—I'll get him to put you in."

"Thank you, Miss Kate, I'll think of it."

The Rev. Mr. Sly passed by Knock-corrig, on his way to the school; seeing so many ragged, wretched creatures together, he could not lose the opportunity of giving them a lecture on the evil of their ways. He drew up his gig in the midst of them. A suppressed murmur ran through the crowd. He alighted, and Adam Steen held his bridle.

"Here is the souper parson."

"The devil take him, and shure he will some fine day."

"I wish we could give him his due," was muttered by the crowd.

"Brethren," drawled the Rev. Mr. Sly, and took and opened a Bible. Hammer's rapped, stones, and spades, and shovels were set to work with such vigor as to drown his voice.

"Mr. Pembert, I think you ought to order these men to stop work while the word of God is preaching to them."

"Lay down your tools and listen," said Mr. Pembert. The men sulkily obeyed.

"I thought these men were here to do government work, and not to be preached to," said a Catholic steward.

"What's his name, Mr. Pembert?" said Mr. Sly.

"William Fogarty; he's a steward."

Mr. Sly took out a pencil, and wrote down, "William Fogarty, steward."

"Had Lord Clearall anything to do with his appointment?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Sly wrote down again, and then said:

"Young man, I'm sent here by his lordship and his excellent agent; I shall let them know of your conduct."

The young man thought for a moment; he had an aged father and mother and two young sisters dependent upon his hire; if he were to act as a man what would become of them? A blush of shame and

indignation mantled upon his cheeks; and the tears rose to his eyes, as he muttered:

"I didn't mean to offend you, sir; I hope you'll overlook any hasty word I said."

"Well, well, I'm glad to see you repent; I'll consider it."

The young man turned and muttered:

"Oh, my God, how we are scourged!"

"Brethren, the Scripture tells us that, 'if the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch;' now, ye are in the blindness of sin, and quacks, that are as blind as yourself, pretend to lead ye. 'They are glad when they have done evil,' sayeth the proverb; so, with your priests, they sow the seed of iniquity in men's hearts, that they might empty their pockets, but the Scripture says, 'evil doers shall be cut off.' Our Saviour called each servant to account for the talents entrusted to his care. Now, what could your priests say, they are living in idleness."

"Oh, oh!" murmured the people.

"Hould your tongue, you schamin villain, shouted some man from behind."

"Shut your thrap!"

"Go, preach to Miss Ellis, behind the ould chap's back," said another.

"Faith, he's practising bether than he's preaching, there," said another.

"Who could blame the sturved devil," said a little thin fellow, almost without a rag upon him.

Mr. Sly looked horrified.

Miss Ellis wondered what it all meant, and asked Mr. Sly to come into the gig, and drive away.

"No, Miss Ellis; I have a duty to perform, and I will," said he, heroically.

"I tell every one of ye," said Mr. Pembert, "if I hear another word from ye, I'll stop the work and send ye home, so take your choicé."

"Shure he's abusing the priests, that always sthuck to us."

"Take your choice now—go on, Mr. Sly."

"Ye all know that your priests will not do anything without payment. It is with them as if I were travelling, and lost my way, and fell into a deep pit; I chance to catch some branches on the edge, and cling to them; a man is passing; I call to him, for the love of God to pull me up; he asks me, 'Have you a half-crown?' 'No.' 'Oh, well go down, I can't help you.' So your priests will let you go where you like, if you haven't the money. Again, they tell ye that no one will get to heaven but Catholics, as if Christ did not shed his saving blood for all Christians. Now, let us take a parable, when, say Mr. Ellis dies, he will go to the gates of heaven; Saint Peter will ask, 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Ellis, sir.' 'What kind of life did you lead?' 'A good, charitable life; gave every man his due, and wronged no man.'"

Here there was a general titter at the picture he drew of Mr. Ellis's life.

"Faith," muttered one, "I think he'll scarcely see the gates at all."

"Nabocklish," said another, "if he do Saint Peter will be ashleep."

"Well, the Saint will say, 'all very good, but now, what was your religion?' 'I was a Protestant, sir.' 'Oh, ha; if so, you must leave this,' and he shoves him down to hell."

"Faith, in troth, true enuff for you, it's there he'll go."

"Aye, and into the warmest corner, too."

"Shure, he'll have company; they say the best of quality are there."

These and similar expressions were muttered.

"Well, take the other side; some ruffian dies, whose hands are red with the blood of his fellow-creature: 'Saint Peter asks him, 'How did you live?' 'Only middling, thank your riverence.' 'I want to know, what kind of a life did you lead?' 'No' great things of 'one, for, the devil take me, if—' 'Don't be cursing.' 'If I was not a making, drunken fellow.' 'Bad enough, but what's your religion?' 'Arrah, faith, in troth shure I'm a Catholic, and every mother's soul that ever came before and after me; and, more betoken, my—' 'Hush, hush, that will do, come in, the joys of heaven await you.' You see the bigotry and narrow-mindedness of your priests; they would consign the good Christian to hell, because he differed with them in religion, whilst they would send the murderer to heaven. Again, they will not allow you to read the Bible, lest your eyes would be opened; the Scripture says: 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked.' We will give you the Bible, the word of God, and point out to ye the way of life. We are the light."

"Yes, a new light."

"Aye, and a d—n dark one, too."

"A light that will quench in darkness."

"It would be no harm to cut your wick," muttered the crowd.

"Again, your priests tell you to pray to images, and to worship the saints. You pray to the mother of God, as if she were a God, while she is merely a creature like yourselves. God is all grace, with Him is salvation; what need, then, is there of praying to a woman? she has no influence; she—"

"Sthop," said an intelligent old schoolmaster, who was a ganger on the works, and who prided himself upon his knowledge of the Scriptures; he had committed them to memory, and was looked upon by the peasantry as a second Father Maguire.

"Sthop; don't we say, 'Hail! Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee—'?"

"Yes."

"Then the Lord is with her; we only ask her intercession with the Lord."

"Rank heresy, my man."

"Why was she asked to intercede with him at the wedding of Cana and Gallilee?"

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to turn the water into wine?"

"But he refused her, my man, and said his time was not come."

"Ay, to show that he wouldn't do it for any other one; didn't he do it, though?"

"Bravo, Paddy! that's it," shouted the crowd.

Paddy elbowed his way in, and stood fronting Mr. Sly.

"I ax you, sir, if you wanted a favor of Lord Clearall, wouldn't you go to Mr. Ellis to intercede for you?"

"Faith he would, Paddy; that's a poser."

"Bah! he's done up; that sthopped his fine speech."

"Shure ye have no religion," continued Paddy. "You are divided into so many sects that ye are changing every day. Socinians and other sects scarcely believe anything at all, and yet, they belong to you. No, the Spirit of God cannot teach contradictory things, and 'there is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' and how can all your faiths then be right?"

"Success, Paddy; sthick it into him; he hasn't a word."

"Begor, Paddy is the great man entirely," shouted the women.

"You are wrong, my man; all Christian sects believe in the fundamental articles of faith; they believe in the grand dogmas on which eternal salvation depends."

"Do they, indeed? Is it an article of faith to deny that our Saviour was God? It will not do to believe small things. Ye must believe all things: Hear what our Saviour said to His apostles: 'Go ye, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you.' Again—'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.' Who founded our religion? Ay, will you tell me that? Luther and Calvin, and Henry the Eighth, and Queen Bess; a precious and chaste lot, no doubt—nice apostles to preach the word of God! Oh! your religion is a rotten humbug, sir; got up to favor rapine and plunder, and every kind of injustice, and the worst of passions. It is divided into contradictory sects, without union, without—"

"Stop, sir; if we haven't the union of sects, we have the union of faith, and faith—"

"Arrah! hould your tongue, man; how can ye have faith when ye believe different doctrines; and as to charity, shure ye have it!—Arrah! isn't it the nice charity to go into the houses of the sick and stharring, and to try and timplt them with meal and money, and when they wouldn't sell their souls, to lave them to die, as you did to-day, and as you're doing every day. Look at the priests; they are going into fever hospitals, into fever cabins, attending and

consoling the poor. Shure, they haven't a shilling—they can't thrive in a gig. And the poor are forced to send their children to hear their religion and the Blessed Virgin reviled."

"We are but leading them from darkness. As to the mother of God, it is blasphemy, heresy, to pray to her; she's a woman, she is—"

"Arrah! now, do you know better than the saints. Saint Bonaventure says, 'Mary is most powerful with her Son,' and Cosmas, of Jerusalem, that 'The intercession of Mary is omnipotent.' She is called 'As a fair olive tree in the plains.' The Archangel said to her, 'Fear not, Mary, thou hast found grace.'"

"It is blasphemy, my man; rank blasphemy, to attribute to a creature the power of the Creator. Mary is a woman—she's nothing but—"

"Oh, holy Joseph! do ye hear that? Maybe it's something as bad as himself he's going to call the Blessed Virgin," said an old woman from a heap of stones.

"Bad cess to me; did ever any one hear the likes! Dhoul take every mother's soul of ye, to let the Blessed Virgin be run down that way. Oh, if I were a man," said another, and she commenced rocking herself to and fro.

"Take that," said a virago, flinging a lot of dirt into the Bay. Mr. Sly's face.

"Oh! ye cursed papists," said Mr. Sly, hitting the woman with the whip.

The men were looking on for some time with a kind of sulky stupidity; they felt themselves annoyed and insulted; but what could they do? Ruin stared them in the face if they said a word; but at this insult they could not bear longer.

"Let us dash the devil into the pond beyond," shouted one.

"Kick him about; to the deuce with the whole dirty set," said another.

"Hurra! give it to them, the soupers!"

The women flung mud at Mr. Sly, and at Adam Steen, who came to his assistance; even Mr. Pembert did not escape. They then hoisted the two first between them, and were dragging them over to the pond, when Lizzie Ellis ran and threw herself on her knees before them.

"She deserves the same thratement for helping the villains!" shouted some of the women. But others thought better of and contented themselves by rolling their victims in the mud.

Mr. Sly and his colleague were very glad to make their escape. Mr. Pembert ordered the works to be stopped, and went to lodge information. The works were thrown idle, and men and children prowled, living skeletons, about the country; some stole potatoes and sheep to keep soul and body together; but their owners were well repaid for these by county taxation.

The Petty Sessions came on in a few days. Lord Clearall was the presiding

magistrate. Mr. Ellis and another magistrate were the only ones in attendance. The streets were crowded; for there were several indicted for assault upon the Rev. Mr. Sly and Mr. Adam Steen.

There was the greatest possible excitement among the people. The prisoners were convicted, of course, and sentenced to different periods of imprisonment. Lord Clearall made a very touching speech on the heinousness of their crime in assaulting a minister while preaching the word of God; also in creating a riot, which set hundreds, who were depending on their hire for subsistence—for life—idle; but, then, out of compassion for their wretched state, the works would be resumed tomorrow. He then complimented Mr. Sly on his forbearance and Christian meekness.

The poor wretches were then huddled off to jail, and their families left to starve and die.

Lord Clearall held a meeting of magistrates in the jury-room, and it was agreed to petition the Lord Lieutenant for additional police force, to be paid by the county; also to have the county brought under the new Coercion Act, as it was in a lawless state.

All this, of course, was done; and the Viceroy not only granted their request, but thanked them for their zeal in behalf of law and order!

CHAPTER XIX.

FAMILY DERANGEMENTS—THE O'DONNELLS IN TROUBLE—LOVE'S PLEDGES.

Mr. O'Donnell was, as I said before, not only a wealthy farmer, but also manager of a local bank.

This gave him much influence. A great many loan-fund banks had been established through the county; Mr. O'Donnell, as manager of one of these, conceived the bold plan of converting it into a discount bank. Having got legal advice as to the safest and best mode of proceeding, he opened his bank. The safe and liberal accommodation given by Mr. O'Donnell enabled him to pay large interest to the shareholders. However, the affair being new, he had to secure many of the depositors. With their shares, and what available money he had himself, he had a working capital of some thousands.

Mr. O'Donnell was the poor man's friend, and as he was wealthy and generous, he often ran heavy risks to enable the poor to meet their rents.

His bank was useful also to the middling class of farmers, and the needy landlord. It is no wonder, therefore, that he was a popular and a rising man.

The country was fast collapsing into a state of ruin. Mr. O'Donnell could not foresee this. No human foresight could foretell the failure of the potato crop. It came like the withering simoom of the

desert, spreading death and desolation in its track.

The shareholders applied to him for their money; he paid them as fast as he could get it from the borrowers.

Several of these, though, became bankrupt, and fled the country; others had to give up their farms to get relief or work, in order to keep themselves alive. In this state of things those who held his notes sued him for the amount; he offered to forfeit all his own money, and to hand over the bank to their management. No, they'd have nothing to do with it; they held his notes, and should be paid. He then asked time until he would recover what he could out of the bank. They would not consent to this, but took executions against him.

Two years have passed since we introduced our readers to that happy Christmas party, around Mr. O'Donnell's pleasant hearth. It is Christmas-eve again, but there is no yule-log burning on the hearth, or Christmas-trees sparkling on the table. Times are changed indeed.

Mr. O'Donnell sits near the fire; his head is bent upon his hands; his hair is quite grey, and he seems as if twenty years had passed over him in so short a time. There is nothing of his former strength and gay good-humor about him.

Mrs. O'Donnell, too, looks very thin and pale; care and trouble are wearing her down. Beside her sat Bessy; she looked quite sickly; the thin, blue veins showed through her hands and face; black rims were under her eyes, and she had a short, dry cough. It was evident that consumption was fast doing its work.

"How do you feel now, darling?" said Mrs. O'Donnell, turning to Bessy, after a fit of coughing.

"Better, mamma; I'll lay my head upon your lap."

"Do, pet."

Bessy nestled her little head in her mamma's lap. Mrs. O'Donnell looked at Bessy, then at her once fine manly husband, and sighed. He raised up his head and looked at her, then at Bessy, and sighed also.

"I wonder," said he, after a time; "what's keeping Frank; I hope he'll bring good news."

"I hope so too, John; my dear, you take things too much to heart. It will not mend matters to fret this way; how many, in those times of affliction, have cause to mourn as well as we?"

"True, love; Heaven knows our cup is bitter enough. There is actual poverty staring us in the face, and I fear that's not the worst either," and he gave a mournful look towards Bessy.

"God help us! John; it is true, we could bear poverty; but other afflictions—and she wiped the tears from her eyes.

Bessy slept on, and a hectic flush now

and then mantled her cheeks, and then came that short, dry cough.

"If Mr. Ellis doesn't stand to us, we're ruined; and it is melancholy to see ourselves and our children reduced, perhaps to want."

"It is, husband; but God's will be done."

"Blessed be His holy name," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"You couldn't help it, John."

"No, love; I always thought I was doing the best; no one could foresee the ruin that was coming."

The door opened, and Frank entered; he sat down wearily upon the chair. Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell looked at him, to see what news could they read in his countenance.

"How is Bessy, mother?" said he; "I see she's asleep."

"She is, Frank; I think she's something better, thank God!"

"Thank God! that same is a relief," said Frank.

"What news, Frank?" said Mr. O'Donnell.

"Nothing good, sir; I didn't get a pound from either of your friends," said Frank.

"My God! how often did I assist them; Frank, I even lent them money to take land; in fact, they owe their riches to me."

"So I told them, sir; but they said they thanked their own industry; that you were too ambitious; that you——"

"That will do, Frank; stop, my heart will break. What did the attorney say?"

"That he wouldn't enforce the execution for a few weeks, but couldn't keep it any longer; I had to give him two pounds as a consideration."

"Frank, our only resource now is Mr. Ellis; God knows I have no great faith in him; still we must trust him. He will be sheriff in a few weeks; I will get him to seize on the stock, and cant them; you can buy them up, and, as our lease is out, we must try and get a new one in your name."

"I have no faith in him, father," said Frank.

"Nor I either, Frank; but I don't see what we can do otherwise; we must trust him. We owe no rent, thanks be to God! he can seize them for the running gale; you can buy them up, and sure they can't refuse giving a lease to you. We can then pay these executions by degrees. It would be pleasant, Frank, to keep the old home of our childhood, that witnessed so many festive scenes, over us," and he looked about the room, and sighed; for fancy and imagination were busy peopling them with happy faces, long since gone; with the laughter, and song, and mirth, of many a merry Christmas and happy New Year in Glen Cottage.

"I don't see what we can do otherwise," said Frank; "we must run the chance,

though it looks like putting your hand into the lion's mouth."

"It does; but then Lord Clearall must consider old respectable tenants; besides, I saved the life of his father. I was going up the hill of Knockcorrig, just the year I was married; I heard a coach coming down at such a rate that I at once conjectured the horses were running away. I heard a voice calling out to stop them for God's sake. I had a stick, so I stood in the middle of the road; as they came dashing towards me, I struck the foremost horse, and then grasped the rein. They plunged and dragged me under their feet; yet, I held them and forced them against the wall. His lordship came out—for it was he that was in it—and ran to my assistance. It appeared that the coachman somehow fell off, and that the horses dashed away. Had they gone a few hundred yards more to the short turn at the bridge, they would be all dashed over it. His lordship thanked me most warmly, and told me to ask any favor I liked. As I looked upon it as a mere act of charity, that I should do for anybody, I would not accept any favor, but told him, if I ever needed his interest, I would call upon him. I had to go home with him to get my wounds dressed, for I was all bruised and torn; the driver wasn't hurt, so we proceeded along, I in the coach with his lordship. If there be a spark of natural affection in Lord Clearall, he will berriend the man that saved his father."

"I remember the occurrence well," said Mrs. O'Donnell.

"I hope his lordship will remember it as well," said Frank.

"Well, I trust he will," said his father.

"Where are Kate and Willie?" said Frank.

"They are above stairs in the little parlor," said Mrs. O'Donnell.

"I have a letter for Willie; we had better call him Doctor now, I suppose, since he has got his diploma. I have another from Father William, asking us over to spend to-morrow with him."

"I hope you'll go, Frank," said his mother; "this house is getting too gloomy now for light young spirits; go and try and make yourselves happy for a day at least."

"Yes, my boy, I think ye had better go," said his father.

Kate O'Donnell was sitting upon a low stool embroidering. She now and then looked lovingly into Willie's face, for he sat beside her reading that touching picture of misguided love, "The Sorrows of Werter." The unfortunate Werter breathed forth his passion with all the depth of human feeling. Willie did justice to the subject, for he had a full, deep, pathetic voice.

A tear now and then stole from Kate's eye, and moistened the embroidery.

"Kate, love," said Willie, as he closed the book, "will you sing a song? Somehow I feel so depressed that it requires your sweet voice to dispel this cloud."
 "What shall it be, Willie? One of your own. I shall sing 'Lovely young Bessy.'"
 "Even so, Kate; any song from you will have a charm for me."

LOVELY YOUNG BESSY.

"Come, sweet maid! it's a mild morn in May,
 The dew's on the grass, so purely bright,
 And the flowers are peeping out so gay,
 And the sun is up with its golden light,
 Softly streaming o'er hill and dale;
 Come, Bessy, to pluck flowers in the vale."

Come, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air.

"List to the milkmaid's song upon the hill,
 And the streamlet rippling through the glen,
 And the low, humming creak of the mill,
 And the warbling little birds—and then,
 Harbells and primroses are looking out I ween,
 Smiling a welcome to their fair young queen."

Come, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air.

"Come, sit here, love! where the wild blossoms
 Sweetwine and woodbine have twined as a bow,
 The lambs are sporting in the meadows below,
 And fragrant the perfume of the wild flower,
 See our cottage! it gleams in the distance above;
 Ah, is it not a sweet morn—a morn for love!"

Come, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air.

"I prison'd her snowy soft hand as I said,
 Ah, Bessy, sweet love, my own darling fair!
 He the light of my heart, my peerless maid!
 Look and say is there love for me there.
 She raised her mild eyes—oh, rapture divine!
 The flower of the valley—young Bessy's mine."

I love, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air."

As Kate finished the song, Frank entered the room.

"Here is a letter for you, Willie," said Frank, "and I have another from uncle, asking us to spend to-morrow with him." Willie read his letter and turned pale.

Kate looked at him; he handed her the letter; she read it through, then let it fall and clasped her hands together.

"She's fainting," said Frank. "What have you done to kill her, man?" and he ran to support her.

"Stop, stop! my God, Kate, darling, what ails you?"

"Oh! Frank, water! water!"

Willie held a draught of water to her lips, and then sprinkled her face.

"That'll do, I am better now; Frank support me to my room?"

"No, no," said Willie, taking and placing her on a sofa; he then knelt at her feet.

"Hear me, Kate, my love, hear me! Read that," said he, handing the letter to Frank.

Frank read:—

"Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1847.

"DEAR SIR,

"We have appointed you as surgeon to the ship *Providence*, bound for Melbourne. The terms are £20 and full rations for the out voyage. As she sails on the 7th, you must be on board the 5th, January.

STEENER & Co."

"What does this mean?" said Frank; "have you trifled with my sister's affections, now to forsake her?"

"Hear me, Frank, and Kate, love, hear me, and do not wrong me. I have not trifled with her affections; no, Kate, darling! Heaven knows; life would be a blank without your gentle love to smooth my way; but, seeing the altered state of your once prosperous affairs, I knew I couldn't expect any fortune with my Kate from her dear father, and then knowing the difficulties a young doctor has to contend with, particularly in the present state of this wretched country, I came to the resolution of earning some money first; I wrote for an appointment on board an emigrant ship; I did not tell you this, as I did not wish to alarm my own love, and as I couldn't be sure of succeeding."

"Now, Kate, love, here in the presence of your brother, here, before my God, I pledge myself to be yours, to love and cherish you; whether you come with me now, or await my return, I swear to be yours. Now, sweet girl, do you forgive me?"

"I do, Willie," she whispered.

"And you accept me, Kate, and bind yourself to me?"

"Yes, Willie," she whispered.

"God bless you, darling!" and he sealed their pledge of mutual love with a kiss.

"Frank, have I done right?" said Willie.

"I think you have," said Frank.

"Well," said Willie, "I think we had better ask your parents' consent; I hope they will agree?"

"No fear of that at all," said Frank, "for when they had wealth to give her, you were the man they wished to wed their daughter; now, when they have nothing but their blessing to give her, I'm sure they won't refuse."

"Kate, love, you are dearer to me now than when you had wealth; now you will believe me when I tell you that it is yourself alone I love."

Kate smiled fondly on him.

"I think ye might as well come down," said Frank, "and I will go before and prepare for your reception," so saying, he left the room.

"Well, my sweet girl, my time is short; hadn't we better prepare and get married after to-morrow?"

"No, Willie, no; I couldn't leave my parents now in trouble, and my dear little Bessy, I fear, dying; we are now betrothed; after your return I will consent."

"Bless you, darling, I cannot blame

you; your love will cheer me, pray for me."

Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell received them with open arms.

"I thought, Willie, that I could give you a good start in life with her, but times are changed; however, you have a treasure in herself," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"A treasure which I prize above all the wealth Lord Clearall possesses; oh, father, you now make me happy."

"God bless ye both, my children."

They knelt down, and as their father and mother breathed their blessing over them, they renewed their vows.

"I wished to get married now," said Willie, "but Kate has refused; she says she couldn't leave you, but will consent on my return."

"Ever the good, considerate daughter; I think she's right, Willie."

Though poverty was staring them in the face, there were happy hearts in Glen Cottage that night.

It was settled overnight that they should drive over to Killmore to Mass in the morning, and spend the day with Father O'Donnell.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRIEST AND THE PARSON AS THEY SHOULD BE—THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS—CHRISTMAS DAY AT FATHER O'DONNELL'S.

Christmas morning was ushered in with a grim, sleety appearance. There was nothing of that genial warmth about it that opens men's hearts; neither did you get the smile nor the hearty greeting of Christmas time from your neighbors. Ah, it was a sorrowful Christmas to many, for, instead of the feasting, and revelry, and good cheer, that should welcome Christmas times, and make men's hearts glad and light; instead of the mistletoe and holly and ivy, gaunt famine and death were keeping their dark jubilee in many an Irish home.

Father O'Donnell was robed in the sacerdotal, going to celebrate Mass, when our party arrived. The good old priest looked thin and care-worn, as if the times were preying upon him.

He welcomed our friends with his usual greeting, *cead mille faillte*. Mr. Maher and Alice were there also to participate in the welcome; they had promised to spend the evening with Father O'Donnell.

Father O'Donnell's chapel, like himself and his congregation, seemed the worse of the times; the plastering had fallen off the ceiling over the sanctuary, and the dove had lost another wing, and hung its head despondingly. His motley and ill-clad congregation knelt before him in fervid piety, and though famine had reduced many a once stalworth frame to a living skeleton, there was not a murmur of discontent in that house of God. A feeling of pious resignation, of deep devotion, per-

vaded all. There is a solemn depth of sanctity, of something beyond man's conception, in the ceremony of the Catholic Church. The senses are first captivated, then the heart is bowed down with a mysterious something, that makes us feel that we are in the presence of our God, and that we are but as dust, as nothing, before His omnipotence. As the priest, in low and solemn tones, pronounced the words, "Sanctus, Sanctus," his congregation bowed down and wept, and prayed the great Lord to have pity upon them. They forgot their poverty, their want; they forgot that many of them had not a dinner to eat, or a home to go to, that blessed Christmas Day; they forgot that, before that day week, the coroner would pronounce over the corpses of many of them, "died from the effects of starvation;" they forgot all but that they had assembled there to honor the Saviour of the world. Poor people, heaven, at least, must be your home; for this world was one of trial and wrong and suffering! After the last gospel he gave them his usual exhortation in the following manner:

"My dear people, this is a sad Christmas to many of ye; I know that there are many of ye that haven't a bit to eat this blessed Christmas Day. God help ye! The potatoes were never so bad as this year; I got a load this week from Mr. Maher—God bless him; sure but for him and the Rev. Mr. Smith, ay, faith, the Protestant minister, and a few other rich parishioners, I couldn't live at all. Sure I couldn't expect a halfpenny from you, poor creatures, and you starving. God relieve ye! Well, as I was saying, though they were all picked potatoes, there was one-third of them black. I am nearly as poor as yourselves; I'd scarcely have a bit of meat for my dinner to-day, only Mr. Smith sent me a leg of mutton and a ham of bacon, though he's not much better off than myself, for he gives every pound he can spare to the poor. God reward him, and sure He will."

A murmur of applause ran through that mass of human beings, and many a prayer was breathed for the good minister.

To be continued.

MANNERS AT TABLE.—As do the old so will the children do. If, when a child asks for a biscuit, it is picked up by the parent and handed around one at a time, or thrown to the child, there is no chance to reprove the child when it does the same to the parent. When a parent eats with a knife, and forgets the fork, the child is warranted in doing the same. A chatty, cheerful table is always to be desired; free from formal stiffness; but freedom is not rudeness, and is not boorishness; good breeding will show its presence quicker at table than in the parlour or saloon. Let parents be careful to set the example, and the children will not be slow to do likewise.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

About fifty years since, upon one of the plains which overspread large portions of the south-western part of Maine, certain mysterious things obtruded themselves upon the notice of the community. They startled the thoughtless, puzzled the philosophic, set the superstitious all agog, and made the timid tremble. Unaccountable sounds were heard there; unnatural signs were seen; and often, without any visible cause, dogs, cattle and horses were terribly affrighted.

A pine tree, which stood by the roadside, and which overshadowed the way with its spreading branches, marked that spot which was noted for its wonders. It was tall, straight, and well proportioned—as fair to look upon as its neighbors—and still under its deep shadows all these unaccountable phantoms appeared. The surrounding forest was thickly studded with the same stately growth. In the light of day it was harmless. When the sun pressed its bright rays through that forest, when all natural objects were unmistakably distinct and visible, no fearful sight nor sound alarmed the passing man or beast.

But when the eve of day was closed, when deep night—doubly thick and heavy under those green overshadowing tree-tops—wrapped all things in sable curtains, then these disturbing forces infested the place and let loose these marvels.

It must be affirmed, however, that this tree did not stand in the most dreary, frightful spot traced by that lonesome highway.

It was not in the middle of that gloomy forest. It stood nearer the side which bordered on the thickest settlement. Not far above it lay a dark, deep, chilly hollow—often entered with a shudder—which all would declare was the fit home of ghosts and hobgoblins, and where practical robbers would naturally select their ambush. Still, it soon became notorious that this apparently innocent and promising tree was a haunted tree—marked as such by all the surrounding inhabitants and heralded as such through all that region.

It must be added that this spot, which rose into such puzzling notoriety, was about two miles from a dull, unpretentious hamlet, where stores were kept, in which some useful merchandise could be found; but the great article of trade at that time, as it was everywhere, was ardent spirits. Many then regarded strong drink as the elixir of life, while it was surely gliding them into graver difficulties than frights and heart-beatings at the haunted tree. But business at the shops, at the post office, and most of all at the stores licensed to keep and sell the fashionable, much-loved beverage, would draw the rustics thither after the toils of

the day were ended, many of whom had to pass this haunted tree.

As a child could pass it harmless when the light of the day guarded the place, they would start in season to pass it before the dusky and fearful hour of night licensed the appearance of these terrors. But if they went on foot they would always have their dog accompany them, and then not return alone if they could find company. But after taking a social glass, doing their business, listening to the gossip of the day, hearing the last-reported "scare" at the tree, they would linger to discuss these mysterious appearances, *pro and con*, and avow their belief or disbelief in them.

Some who were constant attendants upon the preaching of the uneducated, unpolished, but deeply pious minister of the place, would take a still more serious view of these things. They would say: "These mysterious sights and sounds mean something! They augur of crime—secret, dark, and heaven-daring. God is making inquisition for blood. Murder will out; and till the awful secret is divulged that spot will be haunted."

This would disturb the serenity of the man behind the counter. He prided himself as above belief in ghosts, witches, and phantoms; as too intelligent to swallow down such admissions of spiritual manifestations, or of supernatural appearances, and he would say, "Nonsense, nonsense! It is all imagination—all whims, all superstition!"

But at length his own turn came to try these troubles, and to see if it was all bosh and gammon. Returning home one evening upon that road, as he approached the haunted tree, his horse stopped short, and stubbornly refused to pass it. It would no more go forward than the beast upon which Balaam rode, when the angel of the Lord, with a drawn sword in his hand, confronted him. This perplexed and disconcerted our merchant; but it was no place to be angry. Though he neither saw nor heard anything unusual himself, his noble horse was trembling with fear and unwilling to advance, as if the road was bristling with armed hobgoblins. He whipped and gouted him on till, with a desperate plunge, he dashed out into the thick scraggy bushes; rushed by the obnoxious tree, and ran at the top of his speed, until he brought up, panting and trembling, at his own stable door.

Another incident, which is hard to put aside as a mere phantasm. An elderly man, of a bold, defiant spirit, was passing that way in a partially intoxicated state. A son of six or eight years and his faithful dog were with him. As they drew near the tree a light was seen, as if some invisible hand was holding a lantern. The old man cheered his dog to an attack. Bristling and barking, he

bravely struck for the light, when it moved out into the forest; our tipling friend, more daring than usual, just then, attempted to follow it. Up to that point the courage of the boy held out (as he informed the writer), as he saw nothing but a light, and that retreating before the dog. But when the father turned into the bushes, he was thoroughly affrighted, and wished to hasten home, if naught forbade him. But the light soon faded, the dog became composed, the father returned to the road, and another wonder reported.

Some times these same persons would pass unmolested, silence reigning through the whole forest, and no unearthly sight disturb them.

Some passed frequently in night's deepest darkness, and never saw or heard anything strange or supernatural. Such was the case with a young physician, whose practice often led him by that place. He was a man of integrity, every way reliable, generous and kind in spirit.

Keeping a clear conscience toward all men, he was fearless of both the dead and living, and often, in the still night, rode by the tree, calling upon any one who had anything to make known, to come and tell it. But he had no vision of these things. Those who were molested by these unaccountable manifestations were usually struck dumb, passed it as best they could, and gave no challenge.

On a snowy winter day, two men, of good habits, sound judgment and unquestionable veracity, were passing by that place with wagons heavily laden.

The falling snow had become quite deep. They plodded slowly through it, beguiling their dreary way with occasional conversation. As one of them was observing that nobody ventured out, the storm was so severe, they both looked forward, and saw an old and peculiarly dressed man, footing it through the deep snow toward them. Both noticed him, saw that he was a stranger to them, but in all his appearances a veritable man.

The driver of the foremost wagon went forward to get his horses a little out of the road, and give the venerable stranger an easier passage by; and, behold, no one was to be seen! Looking around in every direction, and seeing no one, he asked his companion if he saw a man just before approaching them? He replied that he did. What had become of him? He could not tell. They stopped their wagon, and made search; but could not discover any track in the snow, neither in the road where they thought they saw him, nor in any direction by which he might turn aside. Yet they both ever affirmed that they could not have been mistaken, and that the form, and dress, and motions of a veritable man surely appeared to them.

Thus several years passed on; the list of unnatural manifestations lengthened; the wonders of the haunted tree grew

more and more wonderful, till they reached their climax in a face-to-face interview. The mystery was then solved; the curtain dropped; and no more troubles have been experienced.

Upon one of these fertile ridges which rise from the plain, there lived a young man, truthful in speech, industrious in his habits, of strong nerve, and not especially superstitious. Upon a bright moonlight night, in the month of September, he was returning from the store at an early hour, alone, but in a state of calm sobriety. Reaching the haunted tree, the horse upon which he rode came to a dead stand, and would not be urged further. Nothing unusual was there visible to the rider. He coolly dismounted, stepped before the horse, and led him, without any unwillingness, to follow his rider by that fearful place. Having passed the gulf safe and fearless, too, without premeditation—scarcely conscious of what he was doing he spoke but in a firm voice, "If any one is here who wants anything of me, I would like to see him."

Immediately a man, venerable in appearance, dressed in a gone-by style, with gray locks hanging below a broad-brimmed hat, stood directly before him. Surprised, dismayed, and nearly confounded, he felt that he was sent for, and the worst might as well come; so, in trembling tones, he asked, "What do you want of me?"

The spectre, in tones our dismayed friend could never forget, proceeded thus:

"My name is Hiram White. Twenty-five years ago I was robbed of thirty silver dollars, and then murdered under this tree. The names of two of the guilty perpetrators of that deed of blood will I give, as they are now living. They were Caleb Walsh and Franklin Ormes; but some parts of that awful scene I cannot relate to you. Read the 9th Psalm, and you will apprehend them. I have long haunted this blood-stained spot, to make some one inquire for the terrible secret. You are the first person that has challenged me, and now I have devulged it, these things will no more appear. Follow me and I will show you where they buried my body."

The spectre led the way into the forest, and our terrified friend followed, feeling that it was no time to oppose, or make excuses. Coming to a low, over-shadowed hollow, he affirmed, "Here is the place?" and instantly vanished. The young man, finding himself unharmed physically, and still alive—though the last dread summons could not have caused a greater mental anguish—made his way back to his horse, which, totally undisturbed, had not started from the place where he left him. He rode slowly home, deeply affected by what he had seen and heard. Upon reaching home, his sad and woful countenance betrayed him.

"What is the matter?" was the first inquiry of his wife.

He tried to evade a disclosure, but could not. Unbosoming himself freely, confidentially to her, it was too momentous, too sacred to be kept secret. Once let loose, it travelled with lightning's speed and power through the community.

The place pointed out as that where the corpse had been buried, was dug open; and there, sure enough, human bones were found.

But did any other circumstances corroborate the young man's statement? The recollections of the aged were sounded; and some of them remembered that a man bearing the name of him who professed to be the victim, often visited that place as an itinerant preacher about the time referred to in that disclosure; that his visits suddenly ceased, and he was not afterward heard from. But as he came from a distant place in New Hampshire, and was somewhat eccentric, his non-appearance excited no surprise. His profession as a preacher may explain the peculiarity of his sending his auditor to an imprecatory psalm to find the supplement of his awful disclosure.

Another fact is well verified. About the same date of this alleged crime a stray horse, with a saddle turned and bridle on, was found in the highway, about two miles from the noted tree; it was advertised; a green withe was kept upon his neck for several months, as the law required; but no owner ever claimed it; it remained with the person who picked it up.

The names given as the perpetrators of this revolting deed were not unknown—were not fictitious. They had lived and left families there, and these were sensitive and disturbed by these grave charges.

They had died, too; and it was now remembered that the last trying scene with them was marked with long and intensified agonies. Beyond all precedent they rolled and struggled in the grasp of the grim monster, but seemed "forbid to die," till conscience was relieved by some death-bed confession.

With one of them it did come, but came to be locked up in the bosom of its recipient. After long and severe throes and awful moanings, he requested all present to leave the room save one aged, intimate neighbor. With a charge of perfect secrecy he entrusted to him the agonizing burden which no other ear must hear. This done, death completed his work. The waiting and anxious friends came in, but could learn only what they could read upon the troubled visage of him who possessed the dying secret of the departed. Evidently an awful disclosure had been made; but none could draw it from its appointed hiding-place.

Such were the firm impressions upon the minds of the staid, honest-hearted,

and more intelligent of that people. No one could convince them that these things were mystical or empty phantoms. They retained the recollection of these mysterious adventures, without attempting any other explanation than that which we have given.

THE PARIS EXPRESS.

"Take your places!" shouts the guard, waving his hand toward the waiting train.

The guard wears his official cap placed jauntily on the curling, oily locks adorning his head, and his olive-tinted face, with its huge black moustache, is not incapable of smiles, yet he so far departs from the admirable example of his English brother, whose quiet assiduity forms part of an unlimited capacity for absorbing shillings, as to merely stand his ground before the glass doors of the waiting room, through which surges an anxious throng, and contents himself with the injunction, "Take your places."

Mr. Jeremiah Swan, armed with portmanteau, umbrella, linen coat and cane, has pushed his way, glided around, and inserted himself between his fellow-passengers with the eel-like celerity for which he is distinguished; and when the glass portal slides back, he speeds wildly along the platform toward the train, actuated by a determination to obtain the best place for himself. Nature and circumstances have adapted him to this noble end in an unusual degree. There are no generous impulses in the soul of Mr. Swan likely to impel him to rash deeds, and there is not a superfluous ounce of flesh on his frame to impede a swift rush to all grounds of vantage over his fellow-creatures. Accordingly, when panting humanity, encumbered with children, wraps and bags, reaches the particular railway carriage in which our traveller has already ensconced himself, it is no marvel that he is discovered to have chosen a place by the window in reference to sun, the cinders and the landscape, and is prepared to beam on those who come after him with a triumphant sense of personal superiority.

What becomes of these first-class passengers who find no vacant window, much less any seat at all? Do they melt away altogether from the depot, like morning mist in the sunshine, or are they wedged into second-class carriages, family ruthlessly severed by the inexorable guard of the olive complexion? Mr. Jeremiah Swan, travelling agent for the great American house of Moon's Polish, neither knows nor cares, since he has been able to make his own little arrangements for comfort and ease. Nevertheless, he casts a speculative eye on his future companions.

Enter monsieur and madame of the once

bourgeoise, presumably, who reluctantly accept the other window, where sash and curtain are speedily closed to preserve the latter's black dress and feather-trimmings from dust and sun. A French woman will endure much martyrdom of discomfort rather than mar her toilet. Enter a stout German, who plumps down opposite Mr. Swan, flushed, perspiring, and converting his straw hat into a fan. Enter an apoplectic old English gentleman, with an apoplectic wife and pretty daughter.

"Bless my soul! No other place!" grumbles *paterfamilias*. "Will the heat be too much for you, Maria?"

"I can not endure it, I am very sure," gasps *materfamilias*. "Goodness knows how they manage matters out of England now!"

"Try second-class," suggests the husband.

"I never travel second-class," returns the wife, with dignity.

"Oh, mamma, please to get in here, or we shall be left," implores the daughter, hovering on the step, a vision of loveliness, in a cavalier straw hat and black mantle.

The potent spells of feminine charms have long been sung in rhyme and told in story. Perhaps the homage paid them has passed away from ear to the minstrel bards themselves. The sweet, imploring eyes and blooming face of the English girl, made no more impression on the chivalrous souls of Mr. Swan or his German *vis-à-vis* than as if they had been graven idols instead of men. "You don't catch me giving up my seat to the old woman; let her stay at home," reflects Mr. Swan, and becomes superciliously absorbed in *Le Gaulois*, although his knowledge of the language is somewhat defective. It is not until the dowager, with rebellious rustlings of her purple flounces and adjustment of veil and bonnet strings about a crimson countenance, has taken a middle seat, that Mr. Swan observes the eighth passenger, who has slipped in quietly during the commotion incident to settling the other inmates. He is a tall, thin man, eccentric in costume, with white fatigue shoes on his feet, a silk hat, which he exchanges for a Turkish fez with dangling tassel, and a large ring on the third finger of the left hand containing the opalescent stone known in India as a "cat's-eye." Whether it is the ray of rosy light in the jewel which attracts Mr. Swan's attention, or some striking individuality in the wearer, he is unable to decide, but from sheer force of puzzled inquiry he reverts to the tall thin man again and again.

The train moves away, and Boulogne-sur-Mer, with the bathers already on the beach, the skaters already preparing for another day of aimless circling around the rink, the English tourists already flocking toward the *Etablissement* for a morning

gossip, is left behind in the hot sunshine, Napoleon I. in bronze gazing ever across the waters from his pedestal on the cliff toward the England he failed to conquer.

There is little conversation in the railway carriage; the French couple quietly simmer in their corner, and Madame's black dress is preserved; the apoplectic English papa pants; the English mamma, with symptoms of asphyxia, gazes at the roof of the conveyance, which resembles a padded box without ventilation; the tall thin man dozes; and Mr. Jeremiah Swan, by a happy inspiration discovering that a draught endangers his right ear, pulls up the side sash, thus considerably increasing the discomfort of his fellow creatures.

"I shall die!" exclaims the British matron, waving her large fan despairingly.

Perhaps Mr. Swan would lower the window again but for several very powerful reasons with one of his organization. In travelling on the Continent he is especially desirous of appearing *au fait* with the situation, and he has so far been eminently successful in claiming the best for himself, with the aid of coin of the realm. Again, he is a man of small wits, proud of the confidence reposed in his own sagacity by the proprietors of Moon's Polish, proud of his business knowledge and powers of penetration in dealing with humanity. Altogether he feels himself to be equal to any emergency, and intends to impress others with the fact as well. Always equal to the emergency, Mr. Jeremiah Swan, with the tall thin man gazing at you stealthily through his eyelashes.

The German traveler feels the waste of tissue. He produces a pocket flask of Rhine wine, a roll and a sausage; his fat cheeks wrinkle into a smile as his mouth expands.

"I wait not for ze buffet at Amiens," he says to Mr. Swan.

"No," returns the latter, affably. "There's nothing like knowing how to travel in all countries. I am an old traveler myself."

The English papa purses up his lips and frowns; the English matron's face assumes still more the purple hue of her own flounces; the tall thin man's face twitches as if with a suppressed smile. All the landscape seems to slumber in the heat. Soil of brown and chrome tints interspersed with fields of golden grain, where reapers toil at the harvest, and thatched cottages. On one horizon stands a windmill; on the other the sea makes up in marshes and creeks, and the salt breeze comes fresh from that sanitarium of the coast, Berck.

At last Montreuil is reached, and the British matron descends to the platform like a bombshell, protesting that she is suffocating, and will go anywhere else if she is only permitted to breathe.

"We can't all be first," Mr. Swan remarks, and places his umbrella on the seat lately occupied by the pretty English girl. At Abbeville the German departs; at Amiens the French couple follow. "I call this comfortable," says Mr. Swan, with a sigh of satisfaction. The tall, thin man makes some grumbling, inarticulate response, and settles himself for a nap. Mr. Swan gazes at the two little spaces of mirror inserted in the opposite wall, with the notice, in French, English, and German attached:

"In case of any extraordinary emergency requiring the attention of the guard, the passenger is requested to break the glass with his elbow, pull the tag inclosed, attached to the engine, and signal with his arm from the right-hand window. If a passenger checks the train without sufficient cause, he will be prosecuted by law."

"We do things better than this in America; the open car is safer, and has more air. How is a man to signal the engine and wave his hand from the window if he is being murdered, for instance?" Mr. Swan meditates, with a yawn, and also disposes himself for a nap.

He may have slept minutes or hours, so complete has been his oblivion, when a hot breath scorches his cheek, and a voice hisses in his ear,

"Snake!"

"Where?" As he opens his eyes, with a start, Mr. Swan involuntarily draws up his feet from possible contact with reptiles. The tall thin man is no longer recognizable; he has cast his feet upon the floor, his hair bristles on his head, his features are subject to frightful contortions, and he sits peering into his solitary companion's face with a most blood-curdling expression.

"Snakes!" he repeats, in the same hissing whisper—"snakes and rats!"

"Oh, I guess not," returns Mr. Swan, soothingly, his previous survey of the floor now concentrating in the tall thin man.

"Snakes and rats in the castle tower, where the wind moans and the ghosts walk at midnight. Hark!" The speaker, vibrating from a dreary monotone to the sudden, electrified attention, hurls himself to the other end of the carriage, and presses his forehead against the glass, as if his life depended on discerning some surpassing object.

Mr. Jeremiah Swan feels a creeping chill descend his spine as he watches his erratic companion apprehensively. "Who is he? Where did he come from? What will he do next?" This last question is answered almost before framed. The tall, thin man throws back his head, with a loud laugh of infinite derision, kneels, and gazes under each seat successively, until he reaches Mr. Swan, to whom he makes

lucid explanation of the singular manoeuvre: "I thought he was here."

"Who?" questions Mr. Swan, with ill-concealed anxiety. "Never mind. Well, if you must know, the Tower executioner. He promised to come." The stranger then seats himself opposite his fellow-passenger, and placing hands on knees, brings his face on a level with that of Mr. Swan, asking, briskly, "Sir, are you the Shah of Persia?"

"No, I am not," responds Mr. Swan, dubiously, and unable to perceive any humor in the question. All the instructions respecting the treatment of the insane he has ever heard crowd into his mind and bewilder him. The tall thin man is evidently mad. In vain Mr. Swan tries to fix and quell his rolling eye—in vain endeavors to follow the other's movements. The situation is certainly a grave one.

"It is false!" shouts the strange creature, in tones that cause Mr. Swan to jump nervously. "I knew you from the first, Shah-in-Shah, and you are doomed, for I cannot always be deceived. Ah! you turn pale, miscreant! I tell you that I recognize you under all disguises and in any garb. When the train stops we shall be quits."

"My good man, you are mistaken," quavers Mr. Swan, feeling for the door handle.

"Not so, wretched tyrant. Do you know me now? I am the avenger. Was not my beloved seized on the Persian frontier and rawn asunder because she called you a sattlepate, a monkey? And you ask me for mercy—me!" The speaker's voice rises to such a climax of fury with each word, as he towers above Mr. Swan, arms gesticulating, features convulsed with rage, that the other parries an anticipated blow. But the avenger does not strike. He withdraws to the other end of the carriage with a cunning smile, mouthing and gibbering, and takes from an embroidered sheath an Oriental knife of dazzling steel. At first he contents himself with snatches of wild song, declamation, poetical recitations. Mr. Swan is congratulating himself on being forgotten when, with the same cunning smile, the tall thin man feels the keen edge of his knife, and moves stealthily toward his companion.

"What do you want?" demands Mr. Swan, incoherently, scarcely able to believe the evidence of his senses.

"Blood!" mutters the avenger, in a frightful voice, still moving forward with that suppressed, stealthy aspect.

All that a man has will he give for his life! Mr. Swan, at last thoroughly aroused to his danger, with one bound, breaks the glass of the little mirror in the wall, pulls the bell desperately, and thrusts his arm out the right-hand window. The train stops, heads pop out of other

carriages, guards hasten to the rescue. What have we here? The tall thin man, cool and composed, sits reading a newspaper, his fez restored on his head, and Mr. Swan, opposite, eagerly, excitedly tells his story in broken French. His life has been threatened with a knife. The tall thin man is a raving lunatic. He, Mr. Swan, just reached the bell in time to escape being murdered. All this, and much more, the guards hear scowlingly. Other passengers cluster about the door. The tall thin man glances with quiet compassion at Mr. Swan; then remarks: "Monsieur seems to have suffered from fright in his sleep—he may not be used to travel—and snatched at the bell before I could prevent him. Surely he can not say that I have touched him?" Oh, the cunning of maniacs!

"How dare you!" begins Mr. Swan, turns pale, and pauses in utter confusion. During his most extravagant ravings and threatening gesticulations the tall thin man has not once touched him. Is there method in such madness?

All eyes rivet on Mr. Swan as he repeats his story. How tame and inadequate that story sounds, with the guards scowling, the passengers smiling incredulously, and the voice of the British matron heard from an adjacent carriage—"I am glad of it. The brute!" From which comment only the most painful inferences can be drawn as to the state of a charitable lady's feelings. A gentleman steps forward and greets the tall, thin man. "Why, it is M——. How are you? Then, with some rapid explanation to the guards, evidently intended to produce a favorable impression as regards Mr. Swan's enemy, the gentleman gets in the carriage and shakes hands with the maniac. "I thought you were staying in the provinces. What's the row here?"

Thus is Mr. Swan left in the lurch. A wild impulse to escape possesses him, checked by many hands. He is in an enemy's country, and has made a direful mistake. He might talk himself blind and hoarse, and his audience would simply smile. "I have told the truth," he asseverates, although the guards are talking with excited animation, and other passengers turn away. The tall thin man even intercedes good-humoredly, the guards, deeply affronted and incensed, threaten Jeremiah Swan with fine and imprisonment.

When Paris is reached, behold our much crest-fallen traveler, reviled, ridiculed, and despised, in the custody of the gendarmes, while the tall thin man follows, accompanied by his friend, having previously tossed away a toy weapon of Oriental workmanship.

"If you had American cars, such things could not happen," says Mr. Swan to the nearest gendarme, whose response seems to suggest a lack of the English language.

The tall, thin man explains matters to his friend for the first time. "I could not resist the temptation, your lordship. I have discovered that nature has adapted me for tragedy, and I have mistaken my calling hitherto. We must get the beggar off. I did not anticipate his going to such extremes, and, on my word, his fright was most extraordinary."

Thus Mr. Swan pursues his way in this inglorious fashion, and the tall thin man, eccentric in costume, with the Eastern gem on his finger, follows to avert the serious results of his joke.

Four Things to be Remembered.

Prepared for death—you'll surely die one day;

But when, or where, or how, no man can say.

Fear Judgment—to a wise and mighty Lord

You must account for thought, and deed and word.

Remember Hell to shun it—dark despair, Fire and the worm that never dies, are there.

Look up to Heaven!—if you are firm and true

In serving God, its joys are all for you.

ANECDOTES OF A PARROT.—Bayard Taylor, writing on animal nature in "The Atlantic," tells this story of a parrot owned by a friend in Chicago. When the great fire was raging, the owner saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one. After a moment's hesitation she seized the Bible, and was hastening away, when the parrot cried out in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being could have been deaf to such an appeal; the precious Bible was sacrificed and the bird saved. He was otherwise a clever bird. In the house to which he was taken there was, among other visitors, a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him it listened in silence for some time, then, to the amazement of all present, it said, very emphatically, "You talk too much!" The gentleman, at first embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourses. Thereupon the parrot laid his head on one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm—m!" and added, "There he goes again!"

Sun-dials mark only the bright hours. Would it not be well if most people imitated them.


 THE HARP.

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

\$1.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Articles for publication solicited.

All Communications to be addressed to GILLIES & CALLAHAN, Printers and Publishers, 195 Fortification Lane, Montreal.

MONTREAL, 1877.

TO OUR READERS.

The proprietors of the HARP, in recommending its issue, desire briefly to inform their patrons that its temporary stoppage was in no way caused by lack of support, for the Irish people of Canada, and those interested in matters pertaining to "the land of our fathers," were never wanting in their support of this truly Irish publication—the only one of its class published upon the American continent. In a word, the cause of the collapse was, that its owner had embarked upon an ill-fated enterprise which, in its downfall, carried the HARP with it.

In response to the many demands for an Irish Monthly Magazine, and upon the assurance of a liberal support to it, Messrs. GILLIES & CALLAHAN have purchased the copyright, and to all subscribers, in order to keep up the continuity, propose to supply, without extra charge, the three numbers necessary to complete the second volume.

In order to still further popularize an already popular and highly valued institution, it is intended to reduce the subscription in the future from \$1.50 to \$1.00 per annum, and this, with the additional attractive features that it is proposed to introduce, warrants the expectation that the HARP will receive "Cead mille failthe" in hundreds of additional households.

In the future, as in the past, the HARP will be Irish and Catholic. As sons and daughters of Erin we have each one of us reason to exclaim in the words of the poet Davis:

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
 Oh! she's a true and rare land;
 Yes! she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

The HARP will be Irish, because its endeavours will be to awaken every son of Erin to a sense of the high honour which attaches to him as a descendant of those who so nobly fought and so nobly suffered for faith and fatherland. Its efforts will be to stimulate Irish Canadian patriotism and Irish Canadian love of everything that is honourable and of good report, assured that in such event "our people" will show by their deeds that they are worthy sons of worthy sires.

The HARP will be Catholic, not merely because, as Irishmen, we are Catholics by descent and education, but because we are firmly convinced of the truth of the doctrines of Holy Church, the wisdom of her government, and the wholesomeness of her discipline. But while maintaining our nationality and our creed, the HARP will not be aggressive upon the nationality or religious belief of others, for as Moore says:

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

One of the most useful influences of the HARP will be to give our Irish friends in the United States and in the old country, correct information of us in Canada, and to thus strengthen the ties of national fraternity which prevail everywhere the Irish name is mentioned. However humble may be their attempts, and though they may not be in a position to play upon a thousand strings, the Editors of the HARP hope so to govern themselves and their publication, that not only shall they accomplish to some extent, the high and important mission which has just been briefly sketched, but that they shall be instrumental in fostering among the Irish people of Canada that love of literature which cannot but be inbred in the posterity of those who were the patrons, the protectors, and indeed, the embodiments of learning in the world's dark days, when almost the only light was reflected from the little Emerald Isle which we so fondly claim to be the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

So far as possible the HARP will be an instructor, a monitor, and a moralist. Indeed it will strive to present—

"What leisure hours demand,
 Amusement and true knowledge hand-in-hand."

ENGLISH STEALINGS.

For a long time it has been the fashion in polite circles to call such men as Goldsmith, Moore, Sheridan, Griffin, Barry, Hogan, Balfe and Foley, Englishmen, and their works, whether of art or literary, productions of English genius—the gift of the English mind to the world. This mistake should surprise us were we not aware that people of pretensions, like common folk, can sometimes be very silly and very stupid.

Few readers of English literature have any idea what Irishmen have done for the English language. Even the reading public of Great Britain to-day is supplied by the productions of the Irish mind to an extent which it is totally ignorant of, and what it should never expect.

There is no union between the two countries, and there never has been. Union implies love or consent. It would be a mockery to say England loved Ireland, and it would be a base falsehood to affirm that Ireland ever consented to English legislation and English tyranny. In her helplessness she has always cried out in eloquent protest, and in her extreme agony she has been driven to acts of desperation. We know the explanation of the animosity existing between England and Ireland, but it is too shocking and too sad to be unnecessarily brought in here. 'Tis enough to say that each country has a different story as well as different hopes; the one is Celtic, the other Saxon; each has a nationality of its own; England is powerful and dazzled with the brightness of her name; Ireland has grown strong in suffering, is full of hope, and demands now as of yore what she once enjoyed—National Autonomy. Verily there is a difference between the two countries. Ireland would be poor indeed if she had not her great names. She loves them by the right and with the strength of a twofold love—nature and misfortune. Therefore it is most unjust, nay cruel to rob her of them. But since the temple of freedom is shattered, the mouth of the goddess gagged, and the giants of old laid low, every pirate thinks himself at liberty to enter, walk amidst the ruins and bear away the treasures and the best specimens

of the once stately pile. 'Tis not so. Proud of the past and jealous of her children's name, Ireland looks with well grounded and rational confidence to the future. The present is her glory. Her condition a quarter of a century ago and her condition now admits of no comparison. This is a grand thought. Though, for our own part, we revere the past, yet we are too practical not to have regard of the present. With the poet and the antiquarian we love the grandeur of her ruins; but the wondrous vitality, the recuperative power, and the purpose of the people we like still more. How sweet, calm and solemn soever the night may have been, we welcome the new-born day, hail with gladness the rays of morning light as they dart through the gray clouds, and gaze with rapture on the splendor of the rising sun.

Ireland has twice lighted Europe. In the early centuries the torch of learning attracted to her shores the flower of the nations. In later years the sacred light was extinguished to give place to an unholy conflagration, the blaze of falling churches and schools, the flames of the houses of the peasantry and the cabins of the poor cast a lurid effulgence over the whole continent. Another light is yet to come. National genius cannot be either born or developed unless liberators precede, make room for, and supply suitable food for its subsistence. When this event shall have happened a new bard will strike again the ancient lyre of his country and sing a new and inspired song to his redeemed people. Then, too, will Ireland's historian come forth and write the story of his country. What a task! How great a man! He shall have the integrity of John Mitchel, the patriotism of Thomas Davis, the patient erudition of Eugene O'Curry, the piety of the Four Masters, and the genius of them all.

When they were burying Lord Norbury, the grave was so deep that the ropes by which they were letting down the coffin did not reach to the bottom. The coffin remained hanging at mid-depth, while somebody was sent for more rope. "Aye," cried a butcher's apprentice, "give him rope enough. It would be a pity to stint him. It's himself never grudged a poor man the rope!"

EDITORS AND THEIR SUBORDINATES.

To those who are behind the scenes and know something of the practical machinery of newspaper life, it is not altogether surprising that editors and their subordinates—that is, the sub-editors, contributors, reporters, assistants, etc.—should be even more prone to little disagreements than the generality of the people. This characteristic, too, of the editorial fraternity is by no means to be accounted for by that unconquerable tendency to quarrel inherent in poor humanity. In fact, there would seem to be special and exceptional causes of dissension amongst the hard-working class of individuals who supply the newspaper-reading public with their daily round of intelligence. An editor, if he intends to do his duty to his employers, and effectually edit the paper entrusted to his charge, must, so far as his sphere extends, have supreme authority. There must be no depreciation of his power in his own department, and it is necessary that those who are employed under him should fully recognize the fact that his orders must be obeyed. It frequently occurs, however, that there are employed on the staff of a newspaper a number of great geniuses—or those who believe themselves to be great geniuses, which is perhaps not exactly the same thing—and such gentlemen are, as a rule, very impatient of anything like superior authority. They have an idea—which may be correct or otherwise, but that is immaterial—that they are constituted by nature to be the first in command; and although adverse circumstances may have placed them in a position somewhat inferior to that for which they deem themselves intended, they do not accept that position too cheerfully, and prefer to have their own way as much as possible. Hence, when an editor has a number of gentlemen of this character on his staff as writers and assistants, his duties frequently require the exercise of some little amount of patience. In the first place, it is not an uncommon thing for contributors to entertain the opinion that an editor takes a most unwarrantable liberty if he alters a line in their "copy," or if he modifies in the least degree any of the opinions they have expressed. If their articles are in any way altered in this respect, they immediately ascribe it to editorial officiousness and ignorance, and speak of the offending editor of as a man quite unfitted for his position and as deficient in courtesy to gentlemen of the press. There is nothing so tiresome and unpleasant to a hard-working editor as to be bothered by gentlemen of this impracticable spirit, as they do not for a moment suppose that the editor would never take the trouble to alter their copy unless he saw that the opinions expressed were not

in unison with the programme of the journal, and likely to be unpleasant to the constituency of readers for whom it was his duty to write. Thus, it may be readily imagined that a frequent cause of strife occurs in this way between editors and their contributors, and we have known even experienced and practical sub-editors and leader-writers quarrel with the head of their department for what they considered meddling interference. Doubtless, in some cases, there may be justification for such a line of conduct, but as a rule we are certain that no editor who knows his business, cares to take upon himself needlessly the duty of meddling with contributor's copy, unless he feels that there is a necessity for so doing. It is unwise policy for any writer who is obliged to get his living out of newspapers to have differences with editors, or those who accept copy. Let the opinions expressed be altered as much as possible—let the turn of the sentences be changed, or the articles revised in any way—the sensible contributor does not quarrel with his editor, so long as he gets paid for his article. That is the material part of the matter which is before the eyes of the wise man.

Editors and sub-editors have frequently quarrelled beyond forgiveness with regard to a much more serious matter—a matter so important that it is absolutely necessary that right opinions should be entertained with regard to it in the editorial department. Of course, it is in the highest degree dishonorable that a member of the staff of one paper should utilize the exclusive information he obtains in that way by sending it to another and possibly rival journal, which will remunerate him at a high rate for such intelligence. It is needless for us to say in respect of this matter that no respectable sub-editor or reporter would for a moment entertain the idea of acting thus discreditably to his employers, inasmuch as no conduct could well be so base on the part of any one connected with the editorial department of a newspaper. Still the fact remains that such things have been done—that intelligence obtained at great cost and through much enterprise by one journal has, by some means or other, been communicated to another paper, and this has led to many dismissals of sub-editors and reporters in the past. When a needy man—and sub-editors and reporters, as a rule, are not opulent—is aware of the fact that by writing a few lines for a certain paper he is sure to be well paid, it must be admitted that, however reprehensible his conduct, the temptation is not inconsiderable, and that he has some excuse, although it is a paltry one, and one which no newspaper editor could for a moment allow as exculpatory. Such practices as these, however, are, we trust becoming things of the

past. As the profits of newspaper management have increased largely in our day, and as many of our principal dailies have attained a position of prosperity and success formerly unknown in journalism, the status of those employed in the editorial department has also been improved, and consequently work goes on

much more smoothly in every respect. It is satisfactory that the truth is becoming more generally recognized—if it is not always acted upon—that it is of the utmost importance that those who are entrusted with the literary conduct of a newspaper should be well paid.—*English Printer's Register.*



CITY OF QUEBEC.

"The ancient capital" of the Canadas, founded by Charlevoix, in 1608, on the site of an Indian village called Stadacona, is a strange, quaint old city. It is, in fact, a perfect museum of curiosities and relics, commemorative alike of the habits and customs of its founders, and of the stirring events that render its name famous, and make it a subject of the deepest interest to the student of history. Its narrow streets, tall houses, built for the most part of grey stone, and buff or cream colored brick; its deep acclivities, strong walls, frowning ramparts, ornamented and thickly studded with grim instruments of death,—its ancient churches, and its unassuming population,—all conspire in attaching to it a prominence and interest that centre perhaps in no other city on this continent.

On the 25th May, 1615, the venerable Recollets, arrived in Tadousac, and a few days afterwards in Quebec. Their first act was to set about the building of a chapel, and very shortly afterwards enjoyed the happiness of celebrating the first Mass in New France, in the small chapel of the Lower Town! . . . Humble chapel of roughly hewn timber, . . . and yet

the Mother of those countless chapels, churches and gorgeous cathedrals, reflecting the lustre of the finest gold, and sparkling with the splendour of the most precious stones to be found to-day dotting the whole extent of this vast North American continent, and at sight of which the traveller pauses to gaze and wonder.

The French Cathedral, though very old, is internally, very beautiful. It is divided into a nave and two aisles; the grand altar occupies one end, and in the aisles are four chapels, dedicated to different saints. The pictures are very fine, the productions of Vandyke, Carlo, Moratti Restorut, Flovet, Vigneu, and Blaiholou. The Seminary Chapel, attached to the Laval University, boasts also of some very fine paintings, the works of Champagne.

That little chapel in Lower Town is also the Mother "Fons et Origo," of the venerable cathedral of Quebec, which the immortal Pius IX, in 1874, raised to the dignity of a Basilica Minor—thus conferring on it quite a special token of his affection, a distinction that gives it a primacy over all cathedrals of the two Americas, she being the only Basilica on the continent of America.

On the 1st October, 1674, the Diocese of Quebec was constituted, under the charge of Francis de Laval de Montmorency, as Bishop of Quebec. There have been since that time 15 bishops who have occupied the position, His Grace Archbishop Taschereau being the 16th Catholic Bishop of Quebec.

The Citadel, called the "Gibraltar of America," occupies the summit of Cape Diamond, and is about 350 feet above the river; in fact it rises so sharply that it may be said to overhang the river, or rather the street running along the edge of the river, Champlain street—the scene a few years ago of a sad disaster, caused

by the falling of a rock which crushed four houses and killed five people. The Citadel and its ravelins cover about 40 acres, and the fortifications and ramparts 25 to 30 feet high, mounted with cannon, encircle the upper town. From the flag-staff may be had a view which all consider as unequalled. The whole city is taken in at a glance, as well as the promontory on which it stands, formed by the rivers St. Charles and St. Lawrence. The Isle of Orleans, the pretty villages of St. Joseph and Point Levi on the opposite shore—the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway; the piles of lumber in and about it, the great St. Lawrence, with every species of craft, from the raft and Indian canoe to the powerful ocean steamer dotting its surface, and presenting a scene of unusual bustle and activity, form a picture, and produce an impression that can never fade from the memory. Viewing the position of Quebec, one need not wonder that Count de Frontenac, Governor during the most brilliant epoch of French dominion in Quebec, when writing home to France, spoke of Quebec as “intended by nature to constitute the capital city of a great country.”

In the Government Garden stands a monument erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. Perhaps no country in the world can point to another such, where the same slab serves to perpetuate the memories of two Generals who fell while contending with each other at the head of their respective forces.

“There, taming thought to humble pride,
The mighty Chiefs lie side by side.”

The Parliament buildings, built of brick, occupy a pleasant spot, and command a fine view of the city and surroundings.

The plains of Abraham; the monument of Wolfe standing on the spot where he fell; and the path whereby he gained the summit and captured this great stronghold, should be visited. Returning to the city, we pass by a tottering wooden house an inscription on which tells us that the United States General Montgomery was laid out in it December 31st, 1775.

BE A MAN.—Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master and do not let fashion or society swallow up your individuality.—hat, coat, and boots. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your necessities. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; to proud to lie or steal or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

The Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Q. What does Mr. Froude say of Gilbert, another of the military agents of Elizabeth's government, who commanded at Kilmallock.

A. He says: “nor was Gilbert a bad man. As times went, he passed for a brave and chivalrous gentleman; not the least distinguished in that high band of adventurers who carried the English flag into the western hemisphere, a founder of colonies, an explorer of unknown seas, a man of science, and, above all, a man of special piety. He regarded himself as dealing rather with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens, he strangled the cubs and rooted out the entire brood.”—(Hist. Eng., vol. x., p. 508.)

Q. Did he always succeed in “tracking them to their dens?”

A. Not always. Mr. Froude says, “In justice to the English soldiers, it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood.”—(Ibid. p. 509.)

Q. Was massacre a familiar instrument of English government in those days?

A. Yes; massacres of the Irish people by the agents of English power in this country were frequent.

Q. What is the difference between the ancient and the modern modes of getting rid of our people?

A. In the days of Elizabeth the Irish people were thinned out by massacre, and also by the deliberate destruction of their cattle and corn, whereby desolating famines were produced. In our own day the Legislative Union is substituted for the ancient methods of getting rid of the Irish people, and it effectually achieves that purpose.

Q. How?

A. By enabling England to carry off annually an enormous amount of Irish money, extending to many millions sterling; which money, under a domestic Parliament, would circulate at home for the support of the people whose industry produced it, and who are now compelled to emigrate because England abstracts the means that should sustain them in their native land.

Q. What were Elizabeth's plans with regard to Ulster?

A. She intended to despoil the old proprietors of their inheritance, and to plant the province with English colonies.

Q. Who was the chief Englishman that visited Ireland to execute this scheme?

A. Walter, earl of Essex.

Q. What was his character?

Q. Treacherous and sanguinary; he did not hesitate to commit any crime which he thought might weaken the Irish.

Q. State an instance!

A. He invited a chieftain of the race of O'Neill to a banquet, under the semblance of friendship, and then took the opportunity to murder his unsuspecting guest.

Q. Did the scheme of planting Ulster with English colonies succeed?

A. Not to any considerable extent until the next reign.

Q. What remarkable incident occurred in 1578?

A. Fitzmaurice, one of the Geraldines of Desmond, who had been treated with severity by the government, sought for foreign assistance against English power in several of the continental states.

Q. Did he succeed?

A. He met no support from foreign sovereigns; but he mustered a small band of about fourscore Spaniards, whom he headed in an invasion of Ireland.

Q. Did the little armament land in Ireland?

A. Yes; upon the coast of Kerry.

Q. What then happened?

A. Their ships were immediately seized by an English vessel of war.

Q. What was the fate of this enterprise?

A. It was unsuccessful.

Q. Was their insurrection sanctioned by the earl of Desmond?

A. No; he had been released from the prison into which he had been unjustly thrown, and carefully avoided any step by which he might again incur the wrath of the government.

Q. Did this prudence protect him?

A. No; for the government were resolved to destroy him.

Q. What was his offence?

A. The greatness of his estates, which the friends of the government were resolved to seize and divide amongst themselves.

Q. In what manner was the war against Desmond carried on by the government?

A. With the utmost ferocity and cruelty. It was, in truth, a succession of massacres committed on the people of that territory, diversified with the destruction of their houses, and the wasting of their substance.

Q. Did any succours arrive to Desmond?

A. Yes; a Spanish force of 700 men landed at Golden Fort, on the coast of Kerry.

Q. What was their fate?

A. They were blockaded in the fort; and then massacred in cold blood by the order of Sir Walter Raleigh. Among the apologists of this massacre, is the English poet Spenser.

Q. What was the conduct of Admiral Winter?

A. He received into his fleet some miserable fugitives who sought refuge from the persecution.

Q. Was the humane admiral censured for this conduct?

A. He was, by the ferocious party who supported the government, and who thirsted for the extirpation of the people.

Q. What was the conduct of Desmond, surrounded as he now was by enemies?

A. He made a gallant battle to the last, and in one of his sallies took the town of Youghal.

Q. What finally was his fate?

A. His forces were overwhelmed by numbers, and he himself was murdered by a traitor named Kelly, who discovered the aged earl in a hut, in which he had sought safety and concealment.

Q. What was done with his head?

A. It was sent by Ormond to the queen; and by her orders exposed on a stake at London-bridge.

Q. Who was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1584?

A. Sir John Perrot.

Q. What sort of parliament assembled in that year?

A. A thoroughly national one, in which the descendants of the aboriginal Irish clans sat side by side with the members of the Anglo-Norman families.

Q. Did that parliament reject the measures of the court?

A. Yes; they refused the supplies, and rejected several bills which had been introduced by the influence of the English privy council.

Q. What made them so refractory?

A. The horror they felt at the crimes committed by the government in the war against Desmond, who had been driven into insurrection by the arts of his enemies.

CHAPTER XV.

The Reign of Elizabeth, continued.

Q. Who was Hugh O'Neill?

A. Nephew of the late earl of Tyrone.

Q. What requests did he make of the government?

A. He petitioned for leave to take his seat in the house of lords as earl of Tyrone; and he also prayed that his estates might be restored to him.

Q. What was his claim upon the English government?

A. His uniform loyalty to the crown.

Q. Were his petitions granted by Elizabeth?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he long continue in the quiet enjoyment of his territories?

A. No; the managers at Dublin Castle were resolved that his extensive estates should be divided amongst English adventurers; and with a view to effect his ruin, no means were left untried to drive him to rebel.

Q. Meanwhile, what crimes did the new lord lieutenant, Sir William Fitz-William, commit in Ulster?

A. He marched into Monaghan, seized on the chief of the Mac Mahons, had him tried and convicted on a false charge of high treason, by a jury of common soldiers, by whom the hapless chief was murdered on the spot.

Q. What was the signal for open war against O'Neill?

A. He had been driven, by a variety of oppressions and petty hostilities, to attack the English garrison at Blackwater; whereupon a force of 2,000 men, under the command of Sir John Norris, was sent to oppose him.

Q. Was the war against O'Neill at once successful?

A. Far from it, O'Neill renewed his attack upon the fort of Blackwater, of which, after a hot contest, he obtained the possession, as well as of the town of Armagh, which the English garrison evacuated without a struggle.

Q. What was the loss upon the English side at Blackwater?

A. The English lost 1,500 men, including many officers; the Irish obtained 34 standards, besides the entire arms, artillery, and ammunition of their enemies.

Q. Was the English army totally destroyed?

A. No; there was an emanant of it saved.

Q. Through whose agency?

A. Through the valour of an Irish chief named O'Reilly, who had joined the royal cause against O'Neill.—O'Reilly, at the head of his clan, covered the retreat of the survivors of the English.

Q. How did O'Neill then occupy himself?

A. In combining together as many of his countrymen as he possibly could, for the purpose of resisting England. He also sent ambassadors to Spain, to solicit the aid of King Philip.

Q. What measures did Elizabeth take?

A. She sent an army of 20,000 men to Ireland, under the command of Robert, earl of Essex.

Q. Did Essex crush O'Neill?

A. No; he marched to the south to quell the insurrection, which had spread into Munster.

Q. What was the policy of the Irish?

A. They avoided a general engagement, but frequently defeated detached parties of the English army.

Q. What was the most memorable of those triumphs?

A. A victory won by the O'Moores of Leix over a large body of Essex's cavalry. From the great number of feathers lost by the English troops in that engagement the Irish called the place "the Pass of Plum." (Leland, book iv., chap. 5.)

Q. Was there any other noted conflict in Leinster?

A. Yes; the O'Byrnes overthrew another detachment of Essex's army, although the advantage in numbers was on the English side.

Q. How did Elizabeth receive the news of these reverses?

A. She was enraged against Essex, and ordered him to march to the north.

Q. What was the fate of Sir Conyers Clifford?

A. While leading an army northward to the aid of lord Essex, Sir Conyers fell into an ambuscade prepared for him by the chief of the O'Ruacs, and was slain.

Q. How did the campaign of Essex end?

A. In an amicable conference which he held with O'Neill, on a rising ground within view of both their armies.

Q. What was the immediate result of that conference?

A. A truce for six weeks, during which Essex went to England, and the command of the English army was entrusted to Sir George Carew, president of Munster, and Blount, lord Mountjoy.

Q. How did those leaders conduct the war?

A. With great barbarity, especially Carew, whose natural disposition was cruel and ferocious. He ordered his troops to destroy the crops growing in the fields, so that the wasting influence of famine came in aid of the English arms. He burned the houses in O'Neill's country, and massacred their inhabitants.

Q. Did he seek to draw the people to allegiance to the queen?

A. No; and wherever an offer of allegiance was made by any of O'Neill's partisans, Carew would only accept of it on the condition that the party making the offer should first prove his title to admission by murdering one of his former confederates.

Q. Were the Irish, whose food was destroyed by the agents of the English government, a thriftless, idle race?

A. No; they were thrifty and industrious when they could get rid of the murderous government.

Q. What says the Protestant historian, Leland, on this point?

A. He says, "The Leinster rebels, by driving the royalists into their fortified towns, and living long, without molestation, had established an unusual regularity and plenty in their districts. But now they were exposed to the most rueful havoc from the Queen's forces. The soldiers, encouraged by the example of their officers, every where cut down the standing corn with their swords, and devised every means to deprive the wretched inhabitants of all the necessaries of life." (Leland, book iv., chap. 5.)

Q. That is what Leland says of Leinster. What does he say of Ulster?

A. That in that province, "all the English garrisons were daily employed in pillaging and wasting. . . . They (the Irish) were effectually prevented from sowing and cultivating their lands."

Q. What does Leland say of the gover-

nor of Carrickfergus, Sir Arthur Chichester?

A. That for twenty miles round his quarters, he reduced the country to a desert.

Q. What of Sir Samuel Bagnal, the governor of Newry?

A. That he "proceeded with the same severity, and laid waste all the adjacent lands."

Q. How does Hollinshed, speaking of the south of Ireland, describe the country as it was cultivated by the native population?

A. He says it "was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the good blessings of God, being plenteous of corne, full of cattel."

Q. Who was Edmond Spenser?

A. An eminent English poet. He attended lord-deputy Gray to Ireland as secretary, in 1580; got 3,000 acres of confiscated lands in Munster; and wrote a book entitled, *A View of the State of Ireland*.

Q. What does he say on the productiveness of the country?

A. He thus describes the operations of his countrymen in Munster: "A most populous and plentiful country, suddenly left void of man and beast."

Q. What do we infer from these testimonies with regard to the habits of the Irish people?

A. It is plain that if the people had been thrifless and idle as their enemies allege, their country would not have exhibited the plenty which required industrious habits to produce. In the words above quoted from Leland, they "established an unusual regularity and plenty in their districts," whenever they were lucky enough to drive off the royalists; a fact incompatible with lazy and improvident habits.

Q. Did O'Neill receive help from Spain?

A. Two thousand Spaniards, under the command of Don Juan d'Aquila, landed in the extreme south of the kingdom.

Q. Were these Spanish auxiliaries of the slightest use to O'Neill?

A. No; they were rather an incumbrance; he was obliged to march an army to their relief from the other end of the kingdom—a task of difficulty and danger.

Q. What was the issue of the struggle?

A. O'Neill, urged by the foolish impatience of the Spanish commander, risked a premature attack upon Mountjoy; which, however, might have been successful, if his plans had not been betrayed by spies to the English general.

Q. Was Mountjoy victorious?

A. Yes; notwithstanding the valiant exertions of O'Neill to recover the day. The Spaniards returned to their own country, O'Neill to Ulster; and the slaughter of those who were unable to

secure their safety by flight was most horrible and merciless.

Q. Whither did the Irish lords who had been in arms against the queen direct their course?

A. To Spain, where many of their posterity are to be found to this day.

Q. What was the ultimate fate of O'Neill?

A. The government still carried on the war against him in the north; the provisions of his followers had been destroyed by the English troops, whilst his enemies obtained ample supplies from England. Unable to endure the sight of his own friends perishing daily around him from famine, he entered into terms with the English, which Elizabeth, who was now in her death sickness, ratified.

Q. What was the cost of the Irish war to Elizabeth?

A. Three millions sterling, and the destruction of the flower of her army. And after all, the subjugation of Ireland was partial and imperfect.

Q. In what respect does the mastery acquired by England over Ireland differ from the conquest of England itself by the Normans?

A. The conquest of England, by the Normans was rapid and complete, whereas the subjugation of Ireland has never been thoroughly accomplished even to the present day.

Q. In what year did Elizabeth die?

A. In the year 1603.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Reign of James the First.

Q. Who succeeded to the throne on the death of Elizabeth?

A. James, king of Scotland.

Q. How did James treat the great northern chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell?

A. He confirmed the former in his title of earl of Tyrone; and revived, in favour of O'Donnell, the earldom of Tyrconnel.

Q. What salutary measures were adopted in Ireland by James?

A. He divided the whole kingdom into shireground, and settled the circuits of the judges on a permanent basis.

Q. What evil measures did this king inflict upon Ireland?

A. He re-enacted the severe penal laws against the Catholics; and he soon turned his mind to the project of plundering all the proprietors of land in Ulster of their estates; in order to supplant them with English and Scottish adventurers.

Q. How did the government commence their operations?

A. An anonymous letter was dropped in the privy council chamber in Dublin Castle, imputing high treason to the great Ulster lords, O'Neill and O'Donnell.

Q. How did those two nobles act?

A. They fled to the Continent.

Q. Why?

A. Because they felt certain that the government had resolved on their destruction. They had not now sufficient forces to give battle to James; and they knew that if they stood their trial, a jury could be easily packed to convict them.

Q. What extent of land did James thus confiscate in Ulster?

A. Three hundred and eighty-five thousand acres.

Q. What was James's next step?

A. He summoned an Irish parliament, in order to obtain the sanction of law to his enormous wickedness.

Q. Did the parliament ratify the criminal acts of the king?

A. A fairly-chosen parliament would not have done so; but James packed the parliament in order to secure a majority in his own favour.

Q. How did he manage?

A. He created forty new boroughs in one day, and the members returned for those boroughs were tutored to vote for the crown. (It is worthy of remark, that if it had not been for the creation of those forty close boroughs, the Union could never have been carried in the Irish House of Commons.)

Q. What next scheme of plunder was projected by the king?

A. He issued what was called a "Commission for the Discovery of Defective Titles."

Q. What was the object of this commission?

A. To detect pretended flaws in the titles of the Irish landed proprietors to their estates, in order that the crown might either seize the property, or else compel the possessors to pay heavy fines for new titles.

Q. Who was placed at the head of this commission?

A. Sir William Parsons.

Q. What was Parsons' mode of proceeding?

A. Torture and subornation of perjury. In the celebrated case of the Byrnes of "the Ranelaghs," he suborned witnesses to swear an accusation of high treason against those gentlemen.

Q. Did the witnesses swear willingly?

A. No; Sir William forced them to swear up to the mark by the infliction of the most horrible tortures. He had one witness, named Archer, placed on a gridiron over a charcoal fire, burned in several parts of his body with hot irons, and barbarously flogged, in order to compel the wretched man to swear against the two Byrnes, whom the court had resolved to despoil of their estates.

Q. Did Archer yield?

A. Yes; when he was tortured beyond endurance, he promised to swear all that Parsons wished; and by this diabolical proceeding the proprietors were robbed of their inheritance.

Q. Did James intend to confiscate Connaught?

A. Yes; but ere he could effect his purpose, he was seized with an ague and died.

Q. In what year?

A. In 1625.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Reign of Charles the First.

Q. What was King Charles's conduct towards his Irish subjects?

A. He followed in his father's footsteps—bigoted hostility to the Catholics, treachery in making promises which he did not intend to perform, and steady perseverance in the plunder of estates; these were the leading features of his policy in Ireland.

Q. What was the declaration of the Irish Protestant bishops in 1626?

A. They declared that the toleration of "Popery" (by which they meant the Catholic religion) was a grievous sin; and that all persons concurring in such toleration became thereby involved in the guilt of "the Catholic apostacy."

Q. Whilst the bishops thus urged the persecution of the people, how was the court occupied?

A. In the wholesale plunder of estates. The judges were ranged on the side of the crown, and there were found complaisant jurors who were given an interest in finding verdicts against the proprietors.

Q. What steps did the Catholic nobility and gentry of Ireland take in 1628?

A. They held a meeting in Dublin, at which many Protestants of rank and influence also attended.

Q. What measure was agreed on at that meeting?

A. They framed a petition to the king in which his Majesty was requested to concede to his Irish subjects certain privileges termed "the graces."

Q. What were these graces?

A. Security of property, religious liberty, free trade, mitigation of the severities practised by the established clergy, abolition of the private prisons kept by that clergy for the incarceration of persons condemned in the church courts, and a free pardon for all past political offences.

Q. What offer did the Irish make the king on the condition of his granting the graces?

A. They offered him the sum—an enormous one for those days—of one hundred thousand pounds.

Q. Did Charles take the money?

A. Yes, he did.

Q. But did he grant the graces?

A. He did not.

Q. Whose fault was that?

A. It was partly the fault of his own weakness and bigotry. Some of his advisers exclaimed that the concession of the graces would exalt Popery on the

ruins of Protestantism; the king took fright, and sheltered himself for his shameful breach of promise by allowing the blame to fall on lord Strafford, who soon after became lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Q. What was Strafford's part in the affair?

A. He strongly urged Charles to break faith with the Irish, and readily put himself forward to bear all the odium of the royal treachery.

Q. Of what other crimes was Strafford guilty?

A. He prepared to rob the Connaught proprietors of their estates by means of the Commission to Inquire into Defective Titles.

Q. How did that commission work?

A. The proprietors were put upon their trial to show title. The judges were bribed by four shillings in the pound on the first year's rent of the estates, to be paid them in the event of a verdict being found for the king; the jurors were also bribed; and the people were overawed during the trials by the presence of a strong military force.

Q. Did these precautions always secure verdicts for the crown?

A. They usually did; there were, however, one or two instances in which the honesty of the jurors stood out against both terror and corruption.

Q. How were such conscientious jurors treated by the government?

A. They were fined, pilloried, their ears cut off, their tongues bored through, and their foreheads marked with hot irons.

Q. On what authority do you state these facts?

A. On that of the journals of the Irish House of Commons, vol. I, p. 307.

Q. Were not the proprietors afforded the alternative of redeeming their estates on payment of a fine to the crown for new titles?

A. Yes; Strafford in this manner extorted seven e'en thousand pounds from the O'Byrnes, and seventy thousand pounds from the London Companies, to whom James the First had granted lands in Ulster.

Q. Did Strafford crush the woollen trade in Ireland?

A. Yes; he injured it to the utmost of his power, from the fear that it would successfully rival the English manufacture.

Q. In the midst of all his crimes, do we find one solitary good conferred by Strafford upon Ireland?

A. Yes; he gave effectual encouragement to the manufacture of linen, which for a long time after flourished, and became a fruitful source of wealth to this country.

Q. What circumstances induced Charles to withdraw Strafford from Ireland?

A. The troubles in Scotland, which

violently raged, required all the aid and counsel of the ablest ministers at the English court.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Civil War of 1641.

Q. What was the cause of the Irish civil war of 1641?

A. The Irish were impelled to take up arms, by the intolerable oppressions of which for many years they had been the victims, and to defend themselves against the settled purpose of the government to exterminate their race.

Q. Into how many sections were the party, who might be called "Irish," divided?

A. Into three. There were the ancient Irish clans, the Catholics of the English pale, and the royalists.

Q. What party was opposed to those three?

A. The Puritans, or parliamentary party.

Q. Where did the civil war begin?

A. In Ulster.

Q. Who headed the outbreak in that province?

A. Sir Phelim O'Neill.

Q. What was the object of the insurgents?

A. To recover the estates of that province for their ancient proprietors, and to secure freedom from English oppression for all the inhabitants of this kingdom.

Q. Was Sir Phelim O'Neill qualified to lead so great an undertaking?

A. No; he was a person of small abilities and ferocious temper.

Q. What was the immediate outrage that drove the men of Ulster to revolt?

A. A massacre committed on the inhabitants of Island Magee, by an armed party who issued from the English garrison at Carrickfergus.

Q. Who were at that time the lords justices of Ireland?

A. Sir William Parsons (the same person who had contrived the horrid crime committed on the Byrnes) and Sir John Borlase.

Q. How did they act?

A. They published a proclamation, charging the great body of the Irish Catholics with being engaged in a conspiracy against the state.

Q. Has it not often been asserted that there was a great massacre of the Protestants committed by the Irish Catholics in October, 1641?

A. Yes; that assertion has been made.

Q. What is the date fixed for the alleged massacre by the writers who assert that it took place?

A. Lord Clarendon says, "On the 23rd of October, 1641, a rebellion broke out in all parts of Ireland, except Dublin, where the design of it was miraculously discovered the night before it was to be ex-

executed." The same date is adopted by the other historians who accuse the Catholics of committing the massacre.

Q. Is their statement true?

A. No. Its falsehood is demonstrated by the government documents of the period, in which no mention is made of any massacre; and in which, if it really had then happened, it would infallibly have been recorded.

Q. What documents do you speak of?

A. The proclamations and despatches of the Lords Justices at Dublin Castle. The date of the alleged massacre is, as we have seen, the 23rd of October, 1641. The dates of the despatches of the Lords Justices are, the 25th of October, the 25th of November, the 27th of November, and the 23rd of December, in the same year. Now, the despatches bearing these four dates accuse the Irish Catholics of various acts of turbulence and plunder; they specify the murder of ten of the garrison of Lord Moore's house at Mellifont, by a party of "rebels;" but they do *not* say one word of any general massacre of the Protestants. Had any such massacre then occurred, it is perfectly incredible that it should not have been mentioned in the despatches written by the bitter enemies of the Irish people, who were always eager for an opportunity of making charges against them.

Q. What discrepancies strike you in the accounts given of that alleged massacre by writers adverse to Ireland?

A. The irreconcilable details of the number said to have been slain in cold blood.

Q. How many does Milton say were massacred?

A. Six hundred thousand.

Q. How many do Burton and Temple assert were massacred?

A. Three hundred thousand.

Q. How many do Franklin, May, and Baker say?

A. Two hundred thousand.

Q. How many does Rapin say?

A. One hundred and fifty-four thousand.

Q. How many does Warwick say?

A. One hundred thousand.

Q. How many does Lord Clarendon say?

A. Forty or fifty thousand.

Q. How many does David Hume say?

A. Forty thousand.

Q. How many does Dr. Warner say?

A. Four thousand and twenty-eight.

Q. What remark is suggested by the number which Dr. Warner adopts; namely, four thousand and twenty-eight?

A. That it falls far short of the number of Irish starved to death by one single regiment commanded by Sir William Cole; of whom, says Leland, "we find the following hideous article recorded by the historian Borlase, with particular satisfaction and triumph:—"Starved and famish-

ed of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by this regiment, seven thousand." (Leland, Book V., chap. 5.)

Q. What observation does Dr. Warner make on the wholesale charges flung at the Irish people?

A. He says, "It is easy enough to demonstrate the falsehood of the relation of every Protestant historian of this rebellion."

Q. What was the motive which induced the anti-Irish party to circulate those stupendous calumnies against the character of the country?

A. Because they had got possession of the estates of the native gentry; and it was in the highest degree their interest to deprive the old proprietors of all chance of sympathy or aid, by blackening, to the utmost, their character and that of their nation.

Q. When Milton, Burton, and Temple respectively alleged the massacre of their "six hundred thousand" and their "three hundred thousand" Protestants by the Irish Catholics, pray what was the total number of Protestants in the kingdom?

A. According to Sir William Petty, the best statist of his day, the entire Protestants then only amounted to about 220,000.

Q. You have already stated that the Irish rose to defend themselves against the effort to exterminate them. What evidence have you that the government intended their extermination?

A. The evidence of several Protestant historians.

Q. What does Dr. Leland say?

A. He says that "the favorite object of the Irish governors and the English parliament was the utter extermination of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland."

Q. What does Carte say?

A. That the lords justices had set their hearts on the extirpation, not only of the "mere Irish," but likewise those of all the English families that were Roman Catholics.

Q. What does Lord Clarendon say?

A. That the parliament party "had sworn to extirpate" the whole Irish nation.

Q. What does Dr. Warner say?

A. That it is evident that the lords justices "hoped for an extirpation, not of the mere Irish only, but of all the old English families, that were Roman Catholics."

Q. In the course of the civil war, did the government try to restrain the blood-thirsty excesses of their followers?

A. No; on the contrary, they urged them to the work of massacre.

Q. Can you state the words of their mandate for massacre?

A. Yes; in February, 1642, they issued an instruction to Lord Ormond, "that his lordship do endeavor, with his majesty's forces, to wound, kill, slay, and destroy, by all the ways and means he may, all the said rebels, their adherents and relievers;

and burn, waste, spoil, consume, destroy, and demolish, all the places, towns, and houses, where the said rebels are or have been relieved or harbored, and all the hay and corn there; and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting capable to bear arms."

Q. Who were the lord justices who issued this diabolical instruction?

A. Their names were Dillon, Rotheram, Loftus, Willoughby, Temple, and Meredith.

Q. Were their orders obeyed?

A. Yes; to the very letter, by their sanguinary subordinates.

Q. Where were the headquarters of the confederated Irish?

A. At Kilkenny.

Q. Did the Irish leaders also draw up a manifesto to regulate the conduct of their army?

A. They did.

Q. What was the character of that manifesto?

A. Humane and merciful. The Irish leaders enjoined all their military commanders to prohibit, on pain of severe punishment, any wanton aggression on the persons or goods of the public; which injunction was further enforced by the penalty of excommunication fulminated by the Catholic prelates against all such Catholics as should disobey it.

Q. Who were the principal leaders of the confederated Irish?

A. Roger Moore, Connor Macguire, O'Farrell, Clanricarde, Owen Roe O'Neill, Preston, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Audley, Mac Mahon, and Sir Phelim O'Neill. These men's ordinary political views were abundantly dissimilar; but they were now banded together by a common exigency.

Q. Was their purpose to throw off their allegiance to the king?

A. By no means. At a conference between the Irish leaders of English and Irish descent, held prior to the taking up of arms, at the Hill of Crofty, the lords of the Pale asked Roger Moore to state distinctly his purpose; to which question Moore replied: "To maintain the royal prerogative, and make the subjects of Ireland as free as those of England."

Q. How did Sir Phelim O'Neill endeavor to raise troops?

A. By alleging that he had taken up arms for the king, and exhibiting a commission, purporting to be from his majesty, to which he had forged the royal seal and signature.

Q. What was the personal character of Sir Phelim?

A. It contrasted strongly with the dispositions of the other Irish leaders. He was a ferocious, headstrong man; but he in some measure redeemed his crimes by the noble candour which he displayed when on the point of being executed.

(To be continued.)

How to promote peace In the family.

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give any angry answer, to "overcome evil with good."

7. If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are suffering, to drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, of the weather and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all little pleasures that may occur to put self last.

13. To try for the "soft answer which turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves; "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us, we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the hard lessons from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal.

1848—The Escape of the Pope from Rome.

"We extract the following profoundly interesting sketch from a lecture delivered to St. Saviour's Literary Association Limerick, by the Very Rev. Dr. Carbery, O. P.—"

On the 23rd of November, 1848, we celebrated the feast of the Patron of our Church in Rome, St. Clements, with more than usual pomp and festivity. Many distinguished prelates and priests came there on that day to celebrate the holy Mass for the Pope's intention. Amongst those who came to celebrate Mass on that day was Father Bernardus, the Minim, who since died in the odour of sanctity, and the cause of whose beatification is before the Sacred Congregation. In the afternoon we had a dinner party, at which were assembled some of the most illustrious visitors. It happened that in the middle of the dinner, a messenger came from the Palace to see the Prior, he having asked leave of the company to obey the summons left the table and after a brief absence returned to his place. He was most thoughtful in appearance evidently having received an intimation of some affair of more than usual importance. It was Monsignore Cenni who had come. Now I must tell you who this Monsignore is. He is the faithful, confidential Private Secretary of his holiness. When Pius IX. was Bishop of Inola he took special care of his Diocesan Seminary. In his intercourse with the students, he noticed a youth of great intellectual acquirements, and deep-seated piety, the young Cenni. His theological course being finished and having won academic distinctions he was ordained a Priest, and the good Bishop took him in his own household as his Private Secretary. In this office his duty was to assist the Bishop in the correspondence he got charge of, and be his associate in reading the Divine office, in a word his faithful and trusted companion. In course of time, when through the Grace of Divine Providence his master was called to the responsible office of Supreme Pastor and Head of the Church, he called to his side his faithful Secretary and made him a Monsignore, a Prelate of the Household. In his new home he continued to hold his position of confidence by the Pope's side. Therefore it was that he was led into the secret of the Pope's flight from Rome—a matter made known to very few even among the cardinals. It was necessary from the high pitch of excitement then among the Revolutionary party in Rome to provide a place for himself when the Pope would be gone. It was decided he should take refuge with the Irish Dominicans at St. Clements and therefore it was he called on the Prior of the house saying he would be with us at half-past 9 o'clock that night; and gave a

special charge that his coming amongst us should be kept a profound secret even to the community. Directly the evening devotions of Vespers were over, the Prior called me to his room and gave me the secret, with instructions that I should see that supper should be anticipated by one half hour; so that the community could retire from the night at half-past eight o'clock. It was arranged accordingly, I giving all to understand that as the duties were manifold and heavy during the day they required more rest than usual. When all had well retired I betook myself to the Prior's room where the keys of the Convent were kept. At that season all the doors were locked at 6 o'clock. Here we waited in much anxiety the hour of half past nine that was to bring our strange visitor, not knowing at the time the true secret of his coming. True to his appointment a carriage drove to the convent gate at half past nine; and having pulled the bell the Prior and I went down to welcome our guest. We brought with us a dark lantern to light him through the convent as all the lights were out. His luggage was light, as all he brought with him from the Pontifical Palace of the Quirinal, was a pocket-handkerchief with his night dress, and some few other articles. He was in a state of intense excitement, and could not articulate. He came to the Prince's room, where we had refreshments prepared such as wine, lemonade, &c. He could merely wet his lips from time to time until he was able to articulate, when the first words he uttered were—"God be thanked the Pope is safe." We were both startled at the extraordinary announcement. After a while he explained as follows:—I suppose you are not aware that it is the intention of the Revolutionary party to attack the Palace on to-morrow to seize on the Holy Father and bring him prisoner to the Castle of St. Angelo. He held council with some of his trusted friends, and determined to fly from Rome, as he has safely done this evening at past six o'clock. It was arranged that as soon as the Ambassadors had got their audiences at six o'clock, Count Spaur, the Bavarian minister, was to be the last. He went into the private apartments of the Holy Father where his Holiness laid aside the Pontifical garments and put on the dress of a simple Bishop, to which he added a pair of blue spectacles, this being done quickly, he and Count Spaur walked out from the apartment, chatting quite coolly, first through the inner ante chamber, where the prelates of the palace were assembled, through the chamber of the noble guards; then through the chamber of the soldiers, and so on till they got clear out of the Pope's quarter. They then descended the grand staircase all the while unrecognised by any one, not even a shadow of suspicion crossed the mind of

one, till they came to Count Spaur's carriage that was in attendance below in the courtyard. This they entered without delay; and drove off in all security towards Albano.

Meantime Monsignor Cenni was to do the pantomime, giving those around to understand that the Pope was still in the Palace. He came out from the private apartment, and said to those in the first ante-chamber that his Holiness would receive no other visitor that night not even a cardinal or ambassador. He gave word to the domestic that supper should be sent in to the private chamber at the usual hour, eight o'clock. When the hour came he appeared at the door and took in the tray with the Pope's usual simple supper on it. He cautioned all not to make any noise, and that he would attend himself. Accordingly, upon having taken in the tray unfolded the table cloth, and distributed the order of the articles on the tray, he then opened the dishes, out of a small portion and soiled plates, knives, forks, &c., and having waited awhile he brought out the tray to the domestics, and told them that they might retire for the night—that he would do the rest, and that he had to recite the Matins which is a portion of the Divine office, for the next day. We can easily imagine what state of mental anxiety this good prelate must have suffered from the moment of the Pope's departure, and the efforts he must have made to maintain his usual placid manner. It was indeed a great trial, and a test of a more than usual strong mind. At nine o'clock he descended by the private staircase taking with him no other baggage than the small parcel I have already mentioned, and entering into the street below, got into a carriage he had previously ordered, and came to S. Clements.

He remained with us for a fortnight. We arranged that he should be called Padre Antonio from Lombardy. I gave him one of my habits, in which he appeared the next day. We agreed that he was to celebrate Mass in the Church of the Good Shepherd Nuns, distant only a few houses from our Church, and in the Via Laterano. He came to meals with the Fathers as one of the Order, and even on that day came out to walk with us in the full Dominican habit, he wore it as though he had it on all his life long, and in all things made himself quite at home, so much so that the community never suspected who he really was. During the time of his abiding in S. Clements he had frequent communications from the Holy Father who was then at Gaeta. At the end of a fortnight it was decided that he should join his Holiness in his exile. Accordingly he had his own dress as Prelate sent out to the house of our vineyard outside the Porta Laterano. There, he left off the Dominican habit and drove to

Gaeta where he remained with the Pope and is now his still faithful companion in the Prison of the Vatican.

Misquotations:

There is in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" a quotation often used, and often quoted from the Bible, viz: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." There is no such sentence in the Bible.

Another quotation, which is a great favorite of orators and clergymen, who should know better, is this: "He that runs may read." Its biblical suggestion is found in Habakkuk, the 2d chapter and 2d verse; "And the Lord answered me and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon the tables, that he may run that readeth it."

The idea is evidently taken from the ancient custom of writing laws and other important documents on tables, and placing them in public places where they would be studied, and then acted upon intelligently, not glanced at in a hurry by one running past. There is too much of this running and reading, and too little of intelligent study at leisure, that one may run with certainty.

So much for quotations from the Bible. There is another class of quotations, from one of our oldest American poets, many of whose sharp sayings have become "household words," but of which the credit is almost uniformly given to Butler's Hudibras. We refer to such quotations as:

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law" &c.

Now this is from Trumbull's McFingal, and not from Hudibras, in which nothing of the sort can be found. In McFingal it reads:

"You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render
Serve only to provoke the offender;
The will gains strength from treatment
horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears."

It is by honest labor, manly courage,
and a conscience void of offence, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our honesty and respectability.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.