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GILL'S IRISH RECITER

A SELECTION OF GEMS FROM IRELAND'S
MODERN LITERATURE

CHUASACHT SEÓD AS SCRÍBINNIÚ ÉIREANN

EDITED BY

J. J. O'KELLY

Author of SAOĀAR ĀR SEĀN I SCĒIN; BRIĀN BÓIRĪNE
BEACA AN AĀAR TIOBÓIO

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SINCE the inception over a decade ago of the active campaign of the Gaelic League the need for a collection of popular pieces suitable for recitation before Irish audiences has week by week been making itself more seriously felt not only in the schools and colleges of Ireland but also in its class-rooms, concert halls, libraries, and elsewhere. Miscellaneous collections of the gems of Ireland's modern literature we have had in comparative abundance, with the happy result that, at present, the difficulty of the editor of a popular "Reciter" is less in collecting ample matter for a comprehensive volume than in selecting from an almost inexhaustible mass a limited number of the more dramatic and acceptable pieces.

The nineteenth century was singularly prolific in Anglo-Irish poetry of an intensely national character. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left us in our native tongue volumes of prose and verse which for patriotic and religious fervour are likely to remain unsurpassed in the literature of our land. One of the aims in this work is to present a fairly consecutive summary of the events that have illumined our chequered story. With such persistency and fidelity have these events been chosen as the subject matter of stirring ballads by those of our race who wrote in an alien tongue that it would, perhaps, be as easy now to produce from their work a metrical history of Ireland as it was for Keating in his day to verify and embellish his Irish history by a judicious use of the poetry of the bards who preceded him. Nor has there been any lack, on the

A

contrary, there has been a very profusion of contemporary Irish poetry from Keating's time until our own. Thus, despite penal laws, bitter persecution, enforced illiteracy, incessant emigration, outlawry, exile, and all, we are to-day in the peculiar position of possessing the materials from which to compile complete and reliable metrical histories of our country in either of two languages.

"Our modern minstrelsy loses much by its recent origin," wrote Edward Hayes exactly half-a-century ago in a scholarly preface to his 'Ballads of Ireland.' . . . "The sonorous melody of the Celtic tongue would be preferable," he went on, "though the wish to return to it now might be considered impracticable. It has been well said that we can be thoroughly Irish in thought and feeling although we are English in expression." The future of our national speech must then have seemed very unenviable, and the general national outlook all but hopeless indeed. But half-a-century brings many a change; and though prominent writers of to-day are wont to refer to Moore as "our National poet," there are growing hosts who rightly prefer to associate the distinction with the name of one or other of the native singers who contributed to our literature the deathless vernacular poetry of the last three centuries.

This poetry may be said to have begun with Keating, the father, by universal consent, of modern Irish. So, too, the Irish selections presented in this volume practically commence with Keating. Only one poem* written anterior to his period is included. This is a spirited appeal to the people of the historic O'Byrne country to unite in face of the English enemy. It was written in 1580 by *Dongur mac Doighe uí Óálaigh*. A very fine translation of the

* Some Ossianic pieces have been added since.

piece will be found in Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael," where, not inappropriately, it follows the "Downfall of the Gael," the original of which was written also in 1580 by O'Gnive, Bard of O'Neill. O'Gnive's poem, like O'Daly's, is in its essence a rallying-cry, and reaches a high dramatic level, as will be inferred from the concluding stanzas even in their cold and foreign English dress :

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home !
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven !
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven !

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her—
Unite, oh, unite !
Or the billows burst o'er her !

Such the national prospect in the period of Keating's boyhood. He had scarcely reached man's estate before Trinity College was founded as a first step, Lord Bacon said, "towards the recovery of the hearts of the people." Recovery, *ῥοπήσις* ! The next step was the preparation of "versions of Bibles and Catechisms and other works of Instruction in the Irish language." Trinity's subsequent propagandism need not be discussed here ; directly or indirectly it constitutes the burthen of a big proportion of our modern literature.

Keating appropriately initiated the fight against the Anglicising methods of Elizabeth's stronghold of Ascendancy, as MacHale initiated the campaign against a later and equally

insidious scheme. Fr. Daniel O'Sullivan, in his *COMHAD ROIR* *TAOS AGUR A MHAICAIR*, blew a leg from the proselytisers' flesh-pot the moment that oily instrument of civilisation was brought to the aid of Trinity:

"The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage;
The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it."

More recently, the Rev. author of "*CHEIDEAM AGUR ZOITA*" in the *CAOINE* which he ascribes to poor *CÁIT NÍ SÚILLEADÁIN* has given us a luminous example of the contempt in which "the Spirit of Souperism" was held even by children gasping of thirst and hunger on their bed of death:

"NUAIR A BÍ AN T-OCMAIR UOIRIB DUBH UTRAOÓADÓ,
AN UAIR DO RTIAC AN TART ZO LÉIR RIB,
NÍ HÉ RMAOIN DUBH ZCPOIDE 'NBUR ZCLÉIB ÚEIR
CHE NA N-APPTAL AIR ANDBUIE A ÉRÉIGEAN."

So has the struggle been maintained for upwards of three centuries. No need to say how fares to-day the fight virtually initiated by Ireland's greatest historian.

Though Keating will probably be best remembered for his monumental *POPAR FEARA*, he has also left among many other works a goodly volume of poetry, founded principally on the events of his time. The more remarkable of the poets who succeeded him, while fond of legendary and mythological allusions, limited their range of subjects, except in so far as they were of a religious character, to the great incidents of their respective periods. O'Bruadair, O'Neachtain, Ferriter, Ward, O'Donoghue, O'Rahilly, M'Donnell, Eoghan Ruadh, *TAOS ZAEΘEALAC*, O'Longain, and their brethren

have left us a faithful picture of the troubled era intervening between the advent of modern Irish and the inception of the more modern Anglo-Irish literature. But beyond these limits they rarely take us. Notwithstanding the illustrious record of the early Irish on the Continent, it really was not until the brilliant intellect of "Young Ireland" applied itself with a purpose to a systematic study of the available materials of Irish history that our ancient glories began to be reflected, as on a revolving mirror, before the gaze of the modern world.

It has, of course, to be borne in mind that an efficient printing-press, greater facilities for travel and for the circulation of their work, and the vastly wider auditory ensured by the language which they adopted, gave the Anglo-Irish writers of the nineteenth century immense advantages over the vernacular poets who preceded them, and the incentive thus provided resulted in the production of volume upon volume of popular ballads. Accordingly, while it is comparatively easy to cull from the best Anglo-Irish literature of the last century a most dramatic ballad history of our country, the available modern Irish poetry, with such notable exceptions as "*Ṭaoi Oirín*," takes us back only to the period of the Four Masters. Not that the very cream of Irish literature was not produced anterior to their time. The translations by Ferguson and Sigerson and Hyde and O'Flannghaile, by Walsh and Mangan and Callanan and Guinee, though no other evidence were forthcoming, bear abundant testimony to the excellence of Irish poetry in all its stages of development. But Irish literature produced before the age of Keating would manifestly be now unsuitable in a popular volume, and it has therefore been

considered desirable to include a few modern prose pieces having reference to subjects which do not seem to have received specific attention from the writers of the past.

Subjects that should, and doubtless soon will, afford fitting themes to writers of Irish are Brigid addressing the Young Women of Ireland, Colm Cille entering a plea for the Irish Bards, Colonel John O'Mahony urging the possible potency of the Irish language to restore the ancient martial spirit of the Gael, Fr. O'Growney fighting the martyr's fight for the preservation and cultivation of the language, and so on. It has not been found possible to provide such original pieces for this volume, however. Accordingly it is not claimed that a thorough historical narrative is presented. Nor is rigid chronological sequence claimed for the arrangement of the work. Least of all is it pretended, as is done in other "Irish" collections, that all the pieces in our whole literature most suitable for recitation are included. Readers will almost instantly miss such stirring poems as Davis's "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill;" Seumas MacManus's "Shane O'Neill," and "Coming of Eoghan Ruadh;" William Rooney's "Ceann Dubh Dúir;" Mangan's "Cathal Mór of the Wine-red Hand;" D'Arcy M'Gee's "Connacht Chief's Farewell;" Patrick Archer's "Dying in Exile;" Lady Dufferin's "Lament of the Irish Emigrant;" John Keegan's "Holly and Ivy Girl," and numbers of others. Their exclusion has been determined partly by a desire not to include more than a couple of pieces from any writer, and partly through many of them being so accessible elsewhere; but principally because many of the most dramatic pieces in Anglo-Irish literature are, like the *Airíng* of the Irish bards, written with a great sameness of metre, and rightly

breathe a spirit of almost uniformly vehement patriotism. The elocutionist, however, will have variety in tone and subject as in metre ; and every effort has been made to ensure the desired range. It goes without saying, indeed, that the necessary variety is obtained with the minimum of difficulty because of the hosts of writers who have written on most of our popular themes. The Rev. Dr. Murray, *Ἐὐδὲν ἔσθ' ὅσον ἡμεῖς*, and Fanny Forrester are among the great writers who have written of "The Sister of Mercy;" "The Sister of Charity" has been sung of with becoming reverence by Gerald Griffin, D'Alton Williams, Fisher Murray, and others; "The Christian Brothers" by John Fitzgerald and *Ἄλλοις ὅσον*. While Gavan Duffy puts stern words of counsel into the mouth of the dauntless St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, taking the eve of the Battle of the Curlious for his text, puts an irresistible appeal to arms into the mouth of Red Hugh O'Donnell. John Boyle O'Reilly, on the threshold of our own time, appeals to the patriotism of "The Priests of 'Seventy-three," as Fr. Furlong tells us with pardonable pride of the valour and fidelity of "The Priests of 'Ninety-eight." Of the other memorable incidents of 'Ninety-eight hosts of writers both Irish and Anglo-Irish have written almost lavishly. By their timely ballads Kevin T. Buggy and C. J. Kickham, to name no others, preached an anti-recruiting crusade from a million throats in a past generation, and Fr. Tormey, Keneally, Starkey, and ever so many besides, raised prophetic voices against the evils inseparable from emigration. The day-dreams of the Irish exile are vividly presented to us by Geoffrey Keating, *Ἄλλοις ὅσον*, *Ἄλλοις ὅσον*, Andrew Orr,

James Orr, M'Gee, M'Carthy, M'Dermott; and for a foretaste and an appreciation of the joy of returning to Ireland it is difficult to say whether to turn to the "Old Man's Prayer," by Helena Callanan; "Here goes for my native Land," by John Locke; the "Homeward Bound," by D'Arcy M'Gee; "The Return," by George A. Greene, or "The Returned Exile," by B. Simmons. "The Holy Wells" have been fairly immortalised by Frazer, "Eva," and the modest "Sulmalla," while Moore, Callanan, Griffin, M'Carthy, Dáian MacShiolla Meiríne, and Fr. Dinneen are, relatively, but a few of those who have depicted Ireland's scenery in all its glistening tints and glowing splendour.

It will therefore be seen that we have quite a profusion of poems on almost every conceivable popular subject. Exigencies of space have, however, necessitated the omission from this collection of very many magnificent pieces. Still it is confidently hoped the book is as representative of Ireland's national literature as its limits and the special purpose for which it is intended will permit. Irish and Anglo-Irish poetry naturally constitutes the greater part of it. Prose in both languages is introduced somewhat sparingly, and a few pieces in which English and Irish are pretty deftly interwoven are also given. The facility with which some of the Irish poets interwove and wielded the two languages—often more than two, indeed—must have given them immeasurable advantages over would-be rivals who had to rely entirely on a stunted English vocabulary, and it would seem that they rarely neglected turning these advantages to account. The extempore song sung a century and a-half ago by Donnchad Ruað MacConmáda for a mixed party of English and Irish sailors in St. John's,

Newfoundland, furnishes a case in point. Here is the concluding stanza, and a veritable sugar-coated pill it is :

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
 Our chief commander, *náir órouis Críórt*;
ir bíod' bair n-átcuinge cum muiré má'tair
é féin 'r a gáiridíde do leasad ríor.
 We'll fear no cannon, no "War's Alarms"
 While noble George will be our guide,—
a Críórt, go breicead an bair do á cáird
as an mac ro ar fán uaimn éall 'ran bfairne.

Óeap na Sapanais bócta gur as molaó "Royal George" do bí Donncaó. Níor éirgeadar gur éus ré a náir leigir Dia gurab amlaíó a beir! i ndiaíó gac abarta de'n tsíamte. Éus na héireannais bair an rcéil i n-iomlán asur bíodair ar na trígíó, nór náir b'iongnad. B'é Prince Charles Edward Stuart "An Mac ro ar fán uaimn éall 'ran bfairne."

It must always be remembered that the great bulk of our modern Irish poetry was wedded to popular and sometimes very intricate Irish airs, and has continued to this hour to be rather sung than recited. Such pieces obviously would not be the most suitable for this collection. The same applies to the Caoine, or Lament, and though "Caoine Airé Uí Laochairé" gets a ready place in the volume it can hardly be hoped that it will ever again be rendered with the earnestness that its character demands, or that the Caoine as a form of recitation will ever be studied or developed in the schools. This is especially applicable to pieces intended for the female voice. In the case of male voices it may be somewhat different. A male voice might, without producing a very depressing effect, recite Pierce Ferriter's "Lament

for Maurice FitzGerald," which Mangan's abridged translation has made familiar to many. So also with Dr. Sigerson's beautiful translation of the Elegy on Francis Sigerson. This elegy, and all pieces in the same peculiar metre, seem indeed specially adapted to recitation, the chain verse or *conacloinn* ensuring a sequence throughout which could not otherwise be maintained or even obtained. *peac!*

"*Deáirc i n-a tíg ba mionic do bíos le faḡáil,
míar de'n mion ír cuio de'n im 'na láir;
éadac cuir do'n té do bíos 'na ḡábad,
Spolla na fáille ír cuio de'n uig do b'féarri.*

*Do b'féarri tú ná a lán ada dá bpeacatair fóir,
a feabais áluinn do táinig ó sígearnon móir;
ní mair cáim oir ós' mádair o'fhuil conallais éoir
a fábdair an ádair do bmonnad an t-óir.*

*Óir glan go leoir ar na boctais do mair
ceann treoir ír cómaidileoir an róbail leat'ir tair;
ní mair crioit'-féar ó'n ḡcór íoir go daingean na ḡclair,
cé ḡuir móir do bí beo 'ca, ná leaḡad do mair."*

In *conacloinn*, it will be noted, each stanza commences with the last word or words in the preceding stanza. Thus, *pann* after *pann*, the reciter gets a cue to his lines just as an actor does from the prompter behind the scenes. Poems of this kind once committed to memory are scarcely ever forgotten.

It does seem at the same time that the only traditional forms of recitation now surviving to any appreciable extent are those popularly associated with the rendering of such semi-religious pieces as Patrick Denn's "*Aighear an pdeais leir an mbár*" and humorous pieces like "*Dáit de banna ar uirg Deirce*." Light pieces, such as "*Du an olacáin*," and

“Θαύτα Σέαμυρ Ξίαιε,” are also popular, and the βέαριτα βήριτε, or the βέαριτα βλαδὸμannaδ, as the case may be, seldom fails to amuse an Irish audience. It is, in fact, to be observed that the fluent Irish speaker is rarely in happier mood than when an opportunity is afforded him of jauntily using an English word or clause without premeditation. He seems to say: Σεαδ, τὰ ἀν μέρο ριν ὀέαντα ἀστα τὸμ. Ὀίρ σο ηάιρεαμὰι ἀσταμ, ἀσταρ ὅλαν ἀρ μο ῖαδὰρε ἀνοίρ.

The ρειρ, which fortunately is fast becoming one of the great rallying institutions of the country, will do much within the next few years to restore and popularise and develop Irish elocution, and for the present the best course obviously is to give what survives of the traditional principle of recitation free play. As to the recitation of pieces written in English it will here suffice to repeat Cathal MacGarvey's simple guiding precept: “Always be distinct, but, above all, be natural. Use Art cautiously to assist Nature, so to speak.”

All that is attempted in this volume, therefore, is to present suitable material. The Σεαν-λαοι, Σεαν-ὀάν, prose pieces grave and gay, pieces suitable for Cómhád competitions and for Irish entertainments, will be found in the volume in some variety, and generally such readings, Irish and Anglo-Irish, as are best calculated to give the youth of Ireland an acquaintance with the great events of their history, and imbue them with a lasting love of those who hazarded all for their sireland, and a longing, rooted in conviction, to follow in the footsteps of the faithful and the brave. Why should we not ever love the fearless and devoted singers of our race; who, rather, could deny them the most intense and steadfast love? Keating, one of the most notable of

them, compiled his history of Ireland in a cavern in Tipperary whither he was obliged to fly for his life by the "civilising" Saxon; Colonel John O'Mahony translated it in America where he toiled and died in exile. Pierce Ferriter was murdered by the English in the streets of Killarney; Ward led with the Earls to Rome. Meagher of the Sword, Boyle O'Reilly, D'Alton Williams ended their days in enforced exile; the same might, in fact, be said of the whole band. For they all idolised fair "Banba of the Streams," as Mitchel happily styled our sainted sireland, and would have lived for her and died within her shores had Right prevailed. Examples of devotion, indeed, have never been wanting in Ireland. And however we may regret the premature calling away of the specially gifted we have a right to be proud of the devotion to motherland which in our own day has fairly won the martyr's goal for Fr. O'Growney and Anna MacManus, for William Rooney, Denis Fleming, Patrick O'Leary, *micéál b'péactnaí*, and many others. *Ar deir tú é go maíó a n-anamna go léir!*

Some liberty has been taken in this volume with unduly long pieces both in Irish and in English. Stanzas not essential to the effective rendering or the sequence of the pieces have been omitted, but the omissions are in all such cases shown and references given to complete copies of all poems thus interfered with. English pieces which, through a false sense of humour, have obtained some vogue in Ireland are rigidly excluded. *Céad móláó le túa* that the time has come when Irish readers, and juvenile readers particularly, need no longer depend on collections misnamed "Irish" in which "The Homeward Bound," the "Death of King Conor MacNessa," and "Dear Erin" are

found almost bracketed with abominations like the "Kerry Recruit," the "Battle of Limerick," the "Irish Fire Brigade," and the "Shillelagh Shindy." This collection harbours none of the insult, veiled and unveiled, which scoffers and cynics pretend to accept as humour. The volume is in the main a record of the hopes that have stirred the souls of generations of Erin's most gifted sons and daughters :

"It is thus in their triumphs for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of our land."

SEÂN UA CEALLAIG.

For permission heartily given to use the pieces here appearing over their names special thanks are due by the Editor and gratefully tendered to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, to the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A. ; Miss Alice Milligan, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Messrs. T. D. Sullivan, Seumas MacManus, Patrick Archer, Brian O'Higgins, Cathal O'Byrne, Cathal MacGarvey, An buacailín buíde, and ταςς Ó Donncaða. Mr. Seumas MacManus also readily consented to the inclusion of "Brian Boy Magee," from the pen of "Ethna Carbery," ar deir dé so raib a nanam ! The kind indulgence of other proprietors of copyright matter is sought if any pieces subject to such rights have been introduced without express permission. Níor cuirlead oílead ir amháin irteac 'ran leabhar san cead o'fáigáil, mar ir shácl, uacá ro sur leo iad. Má tá níóche ann san a sceaó-ro ir amháir do deir slan oíamh iad o'aimpiuácl.

The following references are given to complete versions of the abridged pieces appearing in this Volume :—

IRISH READINGS for “ St. Lorcán’s Address ” and “ The Priests of ‘Ninety-Eight ’ ” ; IRISH LANGUAGE MISCELLANY for “ Διῆνεαρ ἄν ῥεακαῖς τεῖρ ἄν μβάρ ” and “ Στορμα ἄν ἄνμα τεῖρ ἄν ὕκολαινν ” ; IRISH MINSTRELSY for “ The Winding Banks of Erne ” ; LAYS OF THE WESTERN GAEL for “ Willie Gilliland ” ; TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY for “ The Good Ship Castle Down ” ; SPEECHES FROM THE DOCK for Emmet’s Speech ; LIFE OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER for “ A National Flag ” ; FR. DINNEEN’S LECTURES for “ The Living Irish Speech ” ; FERRITER’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “ μο ἑμαοῦαὸ ἱρ μο ῥαοῦ ἡεμ’ λό ἐύ ! ” ; TADHG GAEDHEALACH’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “ ἄν ραιτορῖν ράητεαδ ” ; KEATING’S POEMS (Fr. MacErlean) for “ ράιρ-ἑρπέαζαδ ἄν ῥαοῦαλ ῖο ” ; Patrick O’Brien’s Edition of the Poem for “ Cúirt ἄν ἡεαδῶιν Οἰῶθε ” ; and for “ ῥαοῖνεαὸ ἀητε υῖ ῥαοῦαηε ” *see* note at page 128.

Of course it is not pretended that these are the only sources from which the pieces referred to may be obtained.

The following are among the books that have been consulted in the preparation of the Volume :—

- Poems and Ballads, William Rooney.
- The Poems of R. D. Williams.
- Poems from the Works of Aubrey De Vere.
- Songs and Poems, T. D. Sullivan.
- Select Poems of J. C. Mangan.
- Select Poems of Gerald Griffin.
- The Four Winds of Erin, Anna MacManus.
- Ballads of a Country Boy, Seumas MacManus.
- Lays of the Western Gael, Sir Samuel Ferguson.
- A Treasury of Irish Poetry, Brooke-Rolleston.
- Irish Readings, Sullivan.
- Speeches from the Dock, Sullivan.
- Life of T. F. Meagher, Capt. Lyons,

Ballads of Ireland, Hayes, 2 vols.

Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland, M'Dermott.

Poems of Rev. A. J. Ryan.

Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Harp of Erin Song Book, Ralph Varian.

Bards of the Gael and Gall, Sigerson.

Poets and Poetry of Munster, Mangan.

Irish Language Miscellany, O'Daly.

Seairic-leanaímaínn Ćríort, An tArdair Doimnall ua Súilleabháin.

Cormac ua Conaill

Cheirdeam dSur Dorra

Dánta píaiair feiriútear

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Dánta doíóáin uí Raíaille

Dánta Séáááin Ćláiaíá

Dánta eoíáin Ruaió

Dánta Ćaióá Séáíeáiaíá

Dánta Séáííínn Céitínn, An tArdair Eoin MacGiolla Eain.

Trí Uíor-ááete An Uáir, Séáííínn Céitínn.

Rambles in Eirinn, William Bulfin.

Canon Casey's Poems.

"Leo" Casey's Poems.

Sir Samuel Ferguson's Poems.

Reliques of Irish Poetry.

Life of Father Mathew.

Speeches of Father Tom Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett and Shiel respectively.

Poems by "Eva" of "The Nation."

Leááar na Láoiíeáó.

The Gaelic Journal, páinne an Láe, An Cláríeam Soluir, bándá, and the "Ballad History of Ireland" which was such an interesting feature of the "United Irishman" have also been referred to with advantage. Some of the above are now out of print. Particulars regarding the others can be obtained in the Catalogues issued from time to time by M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED, Dublin and Waterford.

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GILL'S IRISH RECITER.



A FÍR ÉALMA 'SAN TEANGAIN.

An fíir éalma 'ran teangain rin na nŠaeðeal tá fann
Tabair deapca fuilc ar meamram ir péir do peann,
Aitfir dom gan meapacal, ná claon ro' rann,
An fada beam i n-anaóruic pé péim na nŠall?

An fada beir na Šallapuic dár nŠaorað i bpeall,
An fada beir i mbailtib puirt na nŠaeðeal go teann,
An fada beam as Šlafapnaig le bŠapla Šall,
An fada beam as asallam 'r gan éipeacé ann?

An fada beir ár nŠaŠlaip go léir i tpeall,
An fada beir an ainveipe 'r an léan 'ár Šceann,
An fada beir ár nŠealabpuig as cléir ir cam,
An fada beam pé anaóroir na nŠéigipt' éall?

An fada beam i n-ainbriop marí don ir dall,
An fada beam gan reanóir ná rpeir i nŠreann,
An fada beir an Šarpea-fuil 'r Ó Néill go fann,
An fada beir na reanarpuic i nŠéipinn gan?

An fada beir na fanaiticir as réabað ceall,
An fada beir as rearam énuic le faobair lann,
An fada beir ár mainirpeacá maol gan ceann,
An fada beir ár nŠirpeann pé Šeasailb crann?

Ní'l peacáa rnuiré i meamram dár léigear i rann,
Ní'l airte fuilc naé labarann ar éraoacá Šall;
I n-aice rin tá tairnŠpeacé na naom go teann,
Dá éaŠapað naé fada 'noir go bplearcepa an crann.

MY CREED.

One Queen, I own, and one alone
 Commands my meek obedience ;
 No Sovereign named by human law
 From her draws my allegiance.
 For her I live, for her I strive,
 And shall, till life is ended ;
 And with my latest parting breath
 Her name it will be blended—
 Kathleen,
 Your dear name will be blended.

I love God's peace upon our hills,
 And fain would not destroy it ;
 I love sweet life in this fair world,
 And long would I enjoy it.
 But when my Sovereign needs my life,
 That day I'll cease to crave it ;
 And bare a breast for foeman's steel,
 And show a soul to brave it—
 Kathleen,
 For your sweet sake to brave it.

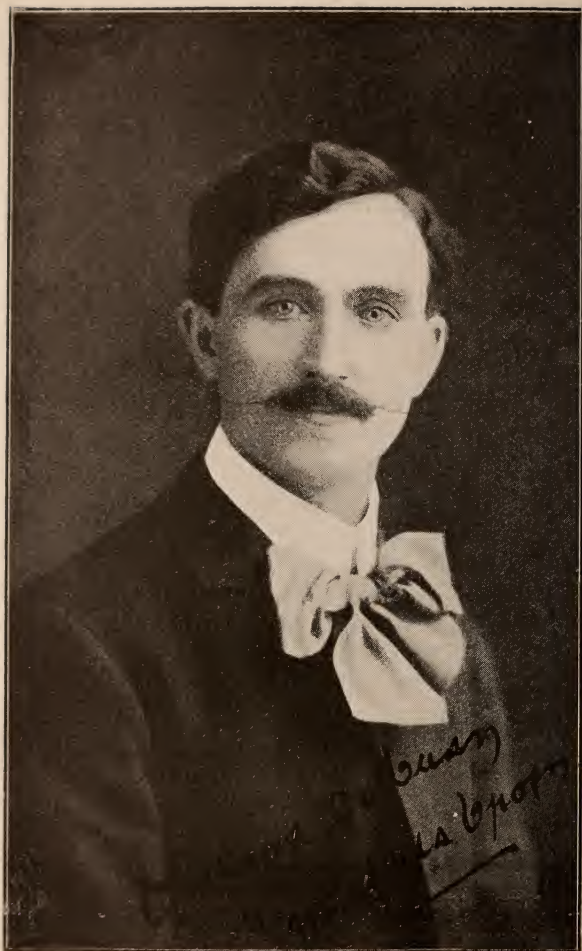
O, glorious Death on battle-plain
 Our foemen oft has baffled ;
 And proudest lovers of Kathleen
 Have holy made the scaffold.
 Not mine to choose, nor mine to care—
 The cause the manner hallows—
 I'll court the steel, or kiss the cord,
 On green hill-side or gallows—
 Kathleen,
 For you I'll woo the gallows.

My life is then my Queen's, to leave,
To order, or to ask it ;
This good right arm to fend or strike,
This brain is hers to task it.
This hand that waits, this heart that beats,
Are hers when she shall need 'em,
And my secret soul is burning for
Her trumpet-call to Freedom—
Kathleen,
O, sound the call to Freedom !

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

TARA OF THE KINGS.

In the great Hall of Tara of the Kings,
Whose fourteen doors stood ever open wide
With fourteen welcomes to the night and day,
The feast was set. Great torches flared around
From niches in the pillars of red pine
On gallant chiefs and queenly women there,
The warm light glanced and shone on the red gold
Of the rich battle gear of Erin's men ;
And on the gleaming mail, and wolf-skin cloaks
Of the sea-roving giants of the Lochlanachs.
Strong-limbed and fierce were they, with eyes that held
The cold, blue sheen of starlit northern deeps,
And teeth that gleamed through flowing, tawny beards.
The tables groaned beneath the mighty weight
Of ponderous vats of rare and precious wines,
And carcasses of oxen roasted whole.
Methers of foaming mead went gaily round
From lip to lip, and friend and foe alike
Ate, drank, and quaffed their brimming, golden cups,
Forgetting for the moment every wrong
That ever held them sundered—such the law—



cačal na brojn

No man might draw his sword in Tara's Hall
In anger on another man, and live.
Then when the feast was ended, and the bards
And Ollavs skilled in Erinn's ancient lore
Stood in a white-robed throng around the Throne,
Then was it that a silence deep as death
Fell on that mighty crowd. Outside, the wind
Stirred in the quicken trees, and to and fro
As if by fairy hands, the banners waved,
And from the farther end of the great Hall
A silver rivulet of music flowed
Into the gloom and silence of the place ;
Faintly at first and sweetly, like the song
Of sunbright waters, rang the harp's clear sound.
Louder and louder yet the music swelled
As bard and bard and bard took up the strain,
And all the burthen of their thrilling song
Was Tara, and the glory of its King !
Of Fian and his matchless men they sang,
Of the red rout of battle, and great deeds
Of skill and daring on the tented field.
And then the music took a softer sound—
'Twas Deidre's sad tale the minstrels told,
And the dread fate of Uisneach's hapless sons,
A dirge of sorrow, desolate and lone—
The saddest tale the world had ever heard.
The women listened with bright, dew-wet eyes,
And stern-brow'd warriors stood grim and mute ;
Instinctively each hand went to its spear,
And a low, sorrowful murmur like a caoine
Thrilled through that mighty crowd.
Still the harps sobbed, and still the bards sang on,
Until with one grand maddening crash they tore
A mighty chord from out the quivering strings,
And the sad tale was told. Adown the Hall
The murmur grew to a tumultuous sound ;

The music's fire had quickened hearts and brains—
 Shield clanged in meeting shield, and through the gloom
 The torches, in a myriad points of light
 Flashed on bright skians and forests of grey spears,
 Until the swelling chorus thundered forth
 In one great, sonorous, deep-throated roar
 Of wild applause its mighty mead of praise
 That echoed through the dome of the great Hall,
 And floated through its fourteen open doors,
 Out and away into the silent night,
 Startling the red deer from its ferny lair
 In the green woods round Tara of the Kings.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

LAOI CHUIC AN ÁIR.

Cnoc an áir an cnoc ro íar,
 'S go lá an bpráta biaio dá shairm;
 A páorais na n-óacall mbán,
 Ní san pác tuasá an ainm.

Lá dá rabamair ir fionn flait,
 Fianna Éireann na n-eac reang,
 Ar an gcnoc ro, líon a rloš,
 Níor b'iongnadó dóib teacét go teann.

Doim-bean do b'áilne ná an shian,
 Do cíó an fiann as teacét fé'n leirš,
 O'fionn mac Cumáill, innrim ouit,
 Do beannuis bean an bprait óeirš.

"Cia tú, a mošán? ar fionn féin,
 Ir fearr méin 'r ir áilne deatb;
 Fuaim do šóca ir binne linn
 Ná a bfuil pe feinm šion šupab fearb.

“Níam nua-éiroctac ír é m’áinn,
Ingean Śairib níc Úolairi óein
Áirorí Śrédas—mo mallaét air—
Ír é do nairc mé le Taitc mac Tréin.”

“Cpéao do beip dā fedaçnao tú?
 Nā ceil do pūn oim anoir,
 Ar don fepar eile so brāt
 Sabaim do lām tú tap a énoir.”

“Ní gan fáct túsar do fuaí,”
Do páirí an ríuag ba maíe gné,
“Óa éluair, earball, ir ceann caite
Atá air, ní maíe an ríeín.”

“Do fíublaí an domhan fó tóí,
'S níor fáḡar ann ní ná fíat
Nár fípeáí, áct ríbre, an fíann
'S níor ḡeall tḡat m'anacal aín.”

“Coinḡeobadh féin tú, a inḡean óḡ,”
 Do márd Mac Cumail nár clóḡadh mian,
 “No tuitfid uile ar do rcáit
 Na reáit ḡcaḡa tá de’n fíann.”

“Dap do lám-re féin, a fínn,
 Ir easal linn go n-éarúair bréas;
 An té as a dtéicim roimhe a b'as,
 Tuairpe leir reáct scafa 'r céad.”

“Νὰ θέιν ιομαρτυαίς αἱ,
 Ἀ πῦλ ἐαίρ αἱ ὅατ' ἀν ὀίρ;
 Ἡ εἰνίς δον λαοὺς πᾶ'ν νῆρῃν
 Ἡ πῦλ πᾶν ὕφῃνν περὶ ἃ ἐλδοῦ.”

ba gearr go b'acamaid a's teac
 Ri fear s'caiteann ba éruar lánna;
 níor beannuis ir níor umlaig d'fionn,
 áct d'iarr comhac tar cionn a mhá.

Cuirimís dá céad 'na dáil,

Do b'fearr lán do láthair gleoibh;
'S níor fill doinnead díobh tar 'air,
San tuitim le Tailc mac Treoin.

Deic gcéad daoiread, deic gcéad laoc
Taobh re taobh d'áir muinntir féin,
A bádrais an éiríomh éruaí,
Ir ead tearcuig uainn de'n féinn.

Iarrair Orcair céad ar fionn,
Cé doilb liom beic dá luaí,
Dul do comrac an laoié,
Mar do connaic díc an trluais.

"Do beirim cead duit," do ráir fionn
"Cé doilb liom do tuitim trío.
Éirig, beir mo beannaíct leat,
Cuirimís do gail ir do gním."

Fead cúig n-oiúce, fead cúig lá,
Do bí an dír nár éiláit as glic,
San biaí san deoc ar díc ruain,
Sur tuit Tailc le buaí mo méic.

Do léigeamair trí gárta ór áir
D'éir an áir ba garb glaic,
Gáir daoimte tré'n caillead de'n féinn,
Ir dá gáir maoiríte tré éas Tailc.

Níamh nua-éiríad, ba mó an béad,
Mar do connaic méad an áir,
Gáir nár an gáiríad fáir-glán,
Sur tuit marb i mearc cáic.

Dár na ríogha d'éir gac uile,
Ir é ir mó do cuir ar cáic;
Ar an gcnoc ro d'éir an gliaí
Do bairt an fiann Cnoc an Áir.

CAOIRÍ OISÍN I NÓIADÓ NA Féinne.

Ué, ír truaḡ, ón ué ! ír truaḡ
 Oirín dubháé 'ran éill fá ḡruaim,
 Ué, cáir mírte ḡac d'íé
 Déit fán fínn ír a éiréan-fíuaḡ.

Ué, níor d'íé liom ná earba
 Déit ḡan acmáinn neart no lúé
 Déit íota tarit ír troicead fada
 Do ḡoro mo éara ó éiréigear fíonn.

Ué, arír, an uair éluim an éléir
 Ír ḡan m'anaema féin do luad
 Ná tráéit ar fíonn ná ar an bféinn
 Duó máire do 'Día mo éruaḡ.

Ué, an uair éigeann mo béile
 Ír do rmaoinim ar féarta fínn
 Ír ionḡad liom eiorde cloice
 Náé ḡlacann doiaó trem' érié.

Ué, dá bfeicead fíonn ír an fíann
 Mo béile-re ar iarnóin
 Deamán donair riam dá d'áinig
 Ní éoircead óm' d'áil a d'treoir.

Ué, dá mbead fíonn ír an fíann
 Aḡam, a 'Día, uait anuar
 Lem' ré-re ní rcarfainn riu
 Ír ní beinn i ḡcumáir ḡan dul ruar.

Ué, a 'Día má táir i bfeirḡ
 Ó'n nḡráó ro beirim d'fíonn
 Ní curta i b'páé mo ḡlór
 Earba mór báimear liom.

Aibear mo laoiúe-re mar táim san treoir
 San amharc fóir san lúe san péim
 Críin-íreigste lom-éireadac díreoir
 Im' éuail éanóir san iut san léim.

Dá mairleadó fionn na n-eac reang
 Ir Orcuir teann na lann ngear
 Do bairleadó biaó d'á mb'éigim de'n deamán
 Ir ní beaó Oirín fann san taca cléib.

Mo plán le ruiuge ir le reilg
 Slán le meirce ir le ráir-éoil
 Slán le trodaib ir le caéaib
 Slán le lannaib gára fóir.

Slán le lúe agur le neart
 Slán le ceao ir le fadóar-foim
 Slán le cian agur le teac
 Slán le malairt ir le gliaonaib.

Slán le biaó agur le oig
 Slán le iut agur le léimuis
 Slán le fiaóac gac garb-énuic
 Slán le cupaócaib na dtréimfeair.

Slán leat, a fínn, ariir agur ariir
 Céao plán leat, a ní na féinne
 Ó'r tú do coirceleadó mo éairt
 Ní hionann ir ppar na cléire.

Slán leat, ir tú ag cup an áir
 Slán leat, a lám lán-láoir
 Slán leat, a fárdáil na gcríoc
 Ir duadac mo rmaointe-re 'r ir cráirde.

Ue, a fínn, a cumainn, má'r fíor
 So bfuilir fíor i n-uamais na bpian
 Ná fulaing do deamán d'á bfuil irtig
 Airim buadha aige ná ceao a pian.

Slán leat, a Opcuir na lann nime,
 Slán leat, a plúgáir na mbéimeann
 Dá mbeiteá agham-ra mar uprain
 Do cuirfíde ruais dhuime ar an gcléir reo.

1r Dubac liom san amarc Sceóláin
 1 n-deoró cómháir na féinne
 1 n-am an fíaró do dúiread
 1r meróreac d'fúigfinn dá héill í.

Ué, a Conáin maoil neimhfinn,
 Creao ná tigrí-re dom' féacam?
 1r go bfaictá ceao reuorta 1r millte
 Ar fead líonmaire na sann-cléire.

Atá an nóin anoir agham
 1r ca bfuil reacr gcafa na gnáitféinne?
 1r iongnad liom cá conair 'n-a nhabaro
 1r nac tigrí fearra dom' féacam.

1r minic do connac don flead amáin
 1 n-áruir ríog na gnáitféinne
 Do b'feairi ioná a raib agh ráorais
 1r agh ionflán na railm-cléire.

Ué, 1r mire Oirín mac fínn
 San fonn san gnaoi agh cóimpeam cloc,
 Gróde uair do-geibinn an greim
 1r fada arís go bfaiginn an deoc.

1r ué, a Dá, atáim i nhabaró
 Agus an fíann óm' dáil ar ceal,
 D'éirfinn le gac na gcliar
 Dá bfaiginn ruar mar buró ceart.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

Lo, they come, they come ; but all too late—their king is
on the wave,

Bound to the mast of a Danish ship, the pirate Northman's slave.
Dundalk, thy shores have often heard the roar of the boiling sea,
But wilder far is the maddening shout that now is heard by
thee ;

The voice of the soldiers' rage when the foe with the prize
is fled,

And the bursting yell of pale despair when hope itself is dead ;
Then o'er that warrior-band in wrath a death-like silence passed
As they gazed where Sitric's sails unfurled swelled proudly
to the blast.

And must he go ? Shall Mononia's king serve in a hostile land ?
Oh, for one ship ! with Irish hearts to crash that Danish band !
But hark ! a cheer—and the listening hills give back the
joyous sound

A sail—a sail is seen away where the skies the waters bound.
There's a pause anew—each searching eye is on that sail afar ;
Again the cheering's loud and high—'tis Mononia's ships
of war.

Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide, their men as wild
and free

As winds that play on the mountain's side, or waves that
course the sea.

And well may they come to free their king from robbers of
the main ;

His sceptre ne'er a tyrant's rod, nor his rule a tyrant's chain.
And onwards towards the foe they steer—a sight sublimely
grand—

War's stern array hath there an awe it never knows on land.
Soon many a sword salutes the sun, drawn in that deadly strife,
From many a heart that bounded high soon flows the tide
of life.

The King—the King—to free the King bold Fionn* hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword on this eventful day.

The King is won ; but the lion heart that sets his master free
Is deeply pierced—as he cuts the cord his life-blood dyes the sea.
Brave Fionn's head is held on high, the Irish to appal,
But they rush more fiercely to the fight, led on by young Fingall.

Sternly, foot to foot, and sword to sword, for death or life they meet,
And bravely, though few, they long withstand the hordes of Sitric's fleet ;
But slowly at last o'er heaps of slain the Irish yield apace,
The many have the few o'ercome—defeat is no disgrace.

Oh, †Fianghal—Fianghal, what dread resolve now seizes on your mind ?

All, all is done that valour can, give way, and be resigned !
Swiftly he rushed, as one possessed, 'mid all that hostile train,
Seizing their king, with one wild bound, plunged both into the main,

Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave,
The king's two brothers as quickly seized, and dashed into the wave,

And Freedom smiled when she saw the deed, she knew the day was won ;

But with that smile came a bitter tear, she had lost her favourite son.

With terror struck, th' astonished Danes at every point gave way,

And few were left to tell the tale of that destructive fray.

There was joy that week o'er all the land, from Bann to Shannon's shore ;

For they said those Danish chiefs will come to spoil our homes no more.

But ere the song of mirth went round or toast in hut or hall,
A tear was shed, and a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

* Fáilte Fionn, King and Admiral of Desmond.

† Fianghal, second in command.

And through the wars of after years their name was the battle-cry,
 And many a heart that else had quailed, by them was taught to die ;
 And oft as Freedom broke a chain, or tyrants met their fall,
 A tear was shed—a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

NEIL M'DEVITT.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

O, Ireland ! Ancient Ireland !
 Ancient ! yet for ever young !
 Thou our mother, home, and sireland—
 Thou at length hast found a tongue.
 Proudly, thou at length
 Resistest in triumphant strength.
 Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled ;
 And as that mighty God existeth
 Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
 Thou yet shalt wake, and shake the nations of the world.
 For this dull world still slumbers
 Weetless of its wants and loves—
 Though, like Galileo, numbers
 Cry aloud : “ It moves ! it moves ! ”—
 In a midnight dream,
 Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream—
 All march, but few descry the goal.
 O, Ireland ! be it thy high duty
 To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty
 And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance ;
 Not in idle threat or boast,
 Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
 At the haughty Saxon host ;
 Thou hast claimed in sight
 Of high Heaven thy long-lost right.

Upon thy hills—along thy plains—

 In the green bosom of thy valleys—

 The new-born soul of holy Freedom rallies,

And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains.

Deep, saith the Eastern story,

 Burns in Iran's mines a gem,

For its dazzling hues and glory

 Worth a Sultan's diadem

 But from human eyes

 Hidden there it ever lies !

The eye-travelling gnomes alone ;

 Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,

 May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure

Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation

 Which would win for its rich dower

That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—

 It must labour hour by hour.

 Strangers who travail

 To lay bare the gem, shall fail ;

Within itself must grow, must glow—

 Within the depths of its own bosom

 Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom

The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all—rejoiceful !

 March on thy career unbowed !

Ireland ! let thy noble, voiceful

 Spirit cry to God aloud.

 Man will bid thee speed—

 God will aid thee in thy need ;

The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—

 Be sure thou soon shall form the vanguard

 Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Man guard ;

And these words come from one whom men have called a seer !

J. C. MANGAN.

banba as maectnam ar doibneas na noolas.

Mire ! Bíor-ra leir ós tráé, com ós aepeac leir an té
ir óise asaió. Capaó mire ór cómai na zréine com maié
leo, com luac leo ; asur do éar asur o'ac-éar an zeimpeao
orm na cianta pul ar iusao ár Slánuigéoir, céao molaó
asur buíoeacáir le na aimn ! Bíoó fleao ir féile asam-
ra féin asur ir orm, zo veimín, do bíoó an brioó an uair
éasao an tsaoipe orm zac bliadóin. Ní mó ácar ar an
bpáirte ir aeuge ar éacé na Noolas 'ran raozal ro
'ná mar bíoó orm-ra ar éacé na Dealtaine asur na Samna
le linn na Opaioeacáta. Bíor-ra ós bog leanbairde asur
ir cuimín liom an uain, a bpaó uaim anoir, 'nuar ná raib
cúram 'ran raozal orm acé zreann asur féile. Acé
éuaoar i n-aoir asur i n-aoir, bí mo élann féin asam i otrapé,
asur do féir mar éuao mo mupzáil i méio bí mo dúil i
bfeile as oul i laigead. I zcionn na zcian bailig mo élann
leo, bíoóar as éacé ir as iméacé, asur as éacé ir as rí-
iméacé. Fé veipeao o'filleaoar leir an zcpeioeam
éugam, asur i oteannta an épeioim éugaoar leo an Noolas.
Éuaoar i n-óise fé glóir na Noolas aríir zo oí zo rabar
com leanbairde rimplíde le naoíoeanán. Cupeao ac-éapao
na Noolas oipeao ácar orm-ra ar oúir ir mar cupeann
ar an aoir ós inoiu. Acé o'iméig an leanbuíoeacé ro leir
an aimpir : oíbir cúram an traozáil aríir í. Asur níor
móir an iongnao é, oar noóig !

Tám as caiteam na Noolas anoir le míle zo leic bliadóin
nac móir. Ir iomóa treaoó ir oúéaig trearcapáta le linn na
haimpire rin. Ir iomóa ríoeacé a bí zo comáctac míle
zo leic bliadóin ó foim acá zo meacéte faonlas tinn inoiu,
asur ir iomóa tír a bí zan comáct an uair rin acá zo
tréan éipeacac neimrpleáoac inoiu. Táim-re as faipe
oíca zo léir, as faipe ar oíoc-obair asur ar oéag-obair

do péir mar t'asair. I r beas nac ionann mo cúrraíde-ra asur cúrraíde na snáct-mná, aét sur reáct ria ar an raogal ro mire, asur sur míle mó tabairta fé n'oeaia asam dá péir. Ba minic mire as caiteam na noolaas asur an ríoc ir an rneaáta, báirteaé ir saot ir cóirniis míllte as cur tuirre ir eagla ar ar máir fém' ríaraó. Níorb annam ár asur comhearcar asur an donar, fóiríor, as réveaó timceall oim asur Spíoraro na noolaas as cairteaí fém' óéin : uair no óó bíor i mbéal báir asur ceapaó ná béarfaó noolaas go bráct ariír oim. Aét reo fóir annro mé, molaó le OíA, asur mé ullam ar an éascoir a veineáó oim do máiteaó asur an ruaimnear do ráinis dom o'aoimáil.

Cao ir ríú noolaas no óó do caiteam fé'n ainveire i gcomórtaí le rna céaotais ceann atá caíte fé doibnear asam ? Á ! ir iomda noolaas a caitear fé ruaimnear, asur dá bris reo cionnur a tiocfaó ná tuigfinn go cruinn an t-átaí a bíonn ar ós asur doirca, ar boét ir raibíir an uair beireann an noolaas oirca saé bliadain. Cionnur a tiocfaó, reáó, cionnur a tiocfaó ? Nac tuigte óom-ra cionnur mar éartaí rmaomte an veoráide fé óéin a dúcaíge fé comairce na noolaas ; ná moctuísim-re cionnur mar bíonn cuirle na mátaí as rreabaoó go rínteair licií na noolaas éúice ; na dearbháirteaáa bí ar reacrán nac eól asur nac rean-eól dom cionnur mar éruinnigteaí iao timceall an teinteáin mar ar oileáó iao, timceall búirto na féile mar ar tósaó iao : ná fuilim as éirteaét le gurdeáctaint mo éiomne saé oiróce noolaas ó rusaó clann dom ! Náí éiala-ra cluis na cille as bualaó go módmárac saé bliadain dáí beir oim ó teaét an éreioim asur as múcaó glíosaíí glóraíis sairb an traogail ; náí ariugear cantan ciuim na heaglaire as cur náire ar glóir ir ar fótrám luét tapcuirne ! Mire náí tuir néal cooalta ríam oim aét as doóaireaét mo mupgaile de ló ir o'oróce ; mire tá as réaáaint ar rpéir glam lae noolaas ó'n lá i n-ar minis Diaqlan pocai na rírinne ór mo cómaíí ; mire sur snáctáé liom na rluaisge o'feicrint as gluaireaét go dútraátaé fé óéin an tréirpéil

asur as eimao go humal ar asar na haltora, as breic
 buideadair da Slanuigtheoir mar ba coir fe elod eadib-
 teadta do'oirpead do neam, ma'r ceadta dom ran a pad;
 mire,—mire, go bfuil mo eluar ir mo fuil oirughe ar an
 uiraim ir an mear ad as iarc ir ean ir annidhe, gan bac
 i n-don cor leir an ndaonnadhe ar diaodact na nothas o
 la beirte a gcruora. Diaodact ir daonnaact ir outraact,
 ruaircear ir ruaimnear ir riothead, aine ir uiraim ir
 doibnear na nothas, cia feadpad cur rior ort a go eumh?
 Tam-pe as maetnam ort le pad, asur as fair le
 inn mo padail ort, leir; asur ni'l le pad asam act
 fe mar a eula asur mar adubart go minic poime reo:
 go mba toil de ruaimnear ir ruaircear ir riothead na
 nothas do beic as cad do peir mar tuilltear, asur nara
 pad go bfuarcidodair se me fein asur mo elann o eaduib
 nime an eactrannais i gcuma ir go scaitrimid la a beirte
 fe padime asur fe padire go lo an luain!

moš ruic.

BRIAN OF BANBA.

Brian of Banba all alone up from the desert places
 Came to stand where the festal throne of the Lord of Thomond's
 race is,
 Came after tarrying long away till his cheeks were hunger-
 hollow
 And his voice grown hoarse in a thousand fights where he
 called on his men to follow.
 He had pillowed his head on the hard tree roots and slept
 in the sun unshaded,
 Till the gold that had shone in his curls was gone and the
 snow of his brow had faded.
 And where he came he was meanliest clad midst the nobles
 of the nation,
 Yet proudly he entered among them all
 For this was his brother's Banquet Hall,
 And he was a prince Dalcassian.

Mahon, King of the Clann Dal Cais, throned in his palace,
proudly
Drank the mead from a costly glass whilst his poet, harping
loudly,
Traced in song his lineage long to the time of ancient story,
And praised the powers of Kennedy's sons and counted their
deeds of glory,
And chanted the fame of the chieftains all that banquet
board surrounding,—
But why does he turn to this stranger tall, for whom is his
harp now sounding ?
“The king,” he says, “is champion bold, and bold is each
champion brother ;
 But Brian the youngest,
 Is bravest and strongest,
And nobler than any other.”

The king stood up on his royal throne and sorrowful was
his gazing,
And greatly the envy grew in his heart at the sound of such
high appraising ;
For Mahon had dwelt in a palace fair, at peace with the
land's invader,
While Brian lurked in the wild cat's lair and slept where the
she-wolf laid her.
Mahon was clad in a robe of silk, the gift of a Danes' chief's
sending,
The only cloak that Brian had was torn by the brambles'
rending.
Mahon called for the mead and wine from the hands of those
that hasted,
 But the cold thin wave that the swan flocks sip
 Was the only wine that Brian's lips
For a year, and more, had tasted.

“Brian, my brother,” said the king, in a tone of scornful wonder,

“Why dost thou come in beggar guise our palace portals under ;

Where hast thou wandered since yesteryear, in what venture of love hast thou tarried ;

Come, tell us the count of thy prey of deer and what cattle-herds thou hast harried ;

Where is thy mantle of silken fold and the jewelled brooch that bound it ;

In what wager lost was the band of gold that once thy locks surrounded ;

Where hast thou left the courtly train that befitted thy princely station,

The hundred high-born youths I gave,

The chosen sons of the chieftains brave

Of the warriors Dalcassian ? ”

“I have followed no deer since yesteryear, I’ve harried no neighbour’s cattle ;

I have wooed no love, I have played no game but the kingly game of battle ;

The Danes were my prey by night and day in their forts of hill and hollow,

And I come from the desert lands alone because none are alive to follow.

Some were slain on the plundered plain and some in the midnight marching,

And some have died of the winter’s cold, and some of the fever parching ;

And some have perished by wounds of spears and some by the shafts of bowmen,

And some by hunger, and some by thirst,

Until all were gone, but they slaughtered first

Their tenfold more of their foemen.”

Then the king leaped down from his cushioned throne and
he grasped the hand of his brother,
"Brian, though youngest, thou art bravest and strongest,
and nobler than any other ;
So choose at thy will of my flocks on the hill and take of my
treasure golden,
Were it even the ring on my royal hand or the jewelled cloak
I'm rolled in."
Brian smiled : " You will need them all as award of bardic
measure ;
I want no cattle from out your herds, no share of your shining
treasure ;
But grant me now," and he turned to look in the listening
warriors' faces—
 "A hundred more of the brave Dal Cais
 To follow me over plain and pass,
 And die as fitteth the Clann Dal Cais,
At war with the outland races."

Alice MILLIGAN.

ST. LORCÁN'S ADDRESS.

(Supposed to have been delivered to the native Irish Princes about 1171 A.D. on the landing on our shores of the second gang of English adventurers. St. Laurence O'Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin at the period, was in due time chosen as its patron Saint. Ireland has produced no more faithful son.)

Princes, Tanists, Chiefs of Iran, wherefore meet we here
to-day ?
Come ye but to raise a calloid o'er your country's lifeless
clay ?
Come ye here to whine your sorrow for the ill yourselves
have wrought,
Or to swear you'll buy redemption at the price it may be
bought ?

Once your names were names of honour in the citied camps
of Gaul—

Once the iron tribe of Odin did not blush to bear your thrall—
Once the proud Iberian boasted how your royal race begun ;
But your glory hath gone from you, swiftly as the setting sun.

And throughout our desolation mark you not God's holy
hand,

Smiting us with subtle vengeance, for our sins against the
land ;

Frantic feuds and broken pactions, selfish ends and sordid lust,
And, the blackest vice of vices, treason to our sacred trust !

When the stranger came a stranger, still you gave the stranger's
meed—

Shelter when he came an exile—succour when he came in need ;
When he came a student, learning and the right of book
and board—

Princes ! when he came a robber had you not the axe and
sword ?

And was peace the fruit of treason ? Let our kinsmen,
fled or dead,

Chainless plunder, lust, and murder, teach you how sub-
mission sped ;

Nay, behold yon vale ! a convent lay like love embosomed
there,

Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded needful care.

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to Heaven night
and day,

Like a healing incense burning all infectious sin away ;
There it flourished till the spoiler, Christless more than
Heathen Jew,

Came—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck between
them two

And their king will be your father ? Yea, and grant you
many a grace—

Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his own begotten race !
Scorn this slavish scheme to mesh you in a net of idle words ;
Thank him as his sons have thanked him—thank him with
your naked swords.

Still ye doubt ! Then, royal Norman, reeking red with holy
blood,

Come and lead to newer slaughter all your sacrilegious brood ;
Come in triumph—here are bishops, worn to stone with
fast and prayer,

None shall question why you send them Beckett's bloody
shroud to share.

Nay, my children, if you doom us to the martyr's bitter
crown,

With your own dishonoured weapons strike your priests and
prelates down ;

Better thus than by the stranger—better thus than being
cursed

With that hideous daily torture, living on to know the worst.

And the loyal wives that love you with a fond and generous
truth,

And the daughters who surround you with the sunshine of
their youth,

Drag them to the carnal tyrant as he swoops upon your shore—
Meekly you must do his pleasure, nor deny him evermore.

Oh ! forgive my rash injustice ; Heber's blood is wroth
with wrong,

And I see you burn to grapple with the ills we bore so long ;

And you'll league like royal brothers, till from joyful shore
to shore

Princely rage indeed shall thunder, women's tears shall rain
no more.

Yes, like brothers ; let the Psalters link his name with fixt
disgrace,

Who, when Iran waves her banner, strikes for region, clann,
or race :

Not for Desmond, not for Uladh, not for Ir or Eoghan's seed,
But for ocean-girded Iran must our kingly chieftains bleed.

Moran's self-denying justice, Dathi's world-embracing fame,
Fodhla's wisdom, Cormac's counsel, holy Patrick's sacred
name,

And our own dear land that gave us kindly culture, state,
and gold—

Oh ! my children, need you stronger spell-words for the true
and bold ?

Thus you match and overmatch them, be they harnessed
breast and backs—

Never Norman forged a cuirass could resist an Irish axe ;
And be sure your fearless clansmen soon shall scorn their
black array,

As the cowards clad in iron and a horse to ride away !

And the dull and slavish Saxons whipped and leashed by
Norman hands,

Trained to wreak the wrongs they suffered on the breast
of kindred lands—

Trained like mastiffs in the shambles, at a beck to rend and
bite,

As the wolves before the beagles you shall track their bloody
fight.

Pause not till each Dun and Tower planted by the strangers'
hands,

Blazes like a Viking beacon, guiding them from out the land—
Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall have fled,
Shuddering at the dire *gall-tromba* as the trumpet of the dead.

aiḡneas an péacaisḡ leis an mbás.

an bás:

Ír éuḡat a tánḡa, a péacaisḡ éríonna,
le hórouḡaḡ láríur tú bḡeít de'n raiḡeat ro,
ḡo tḡabairḡá cunntar íḡ' ḡroicé-ḡníomairḡaíb
ḡo'n Ríḡ fuair bár ar an ḡCíoir tía hḡoine.

an péacac:

Ír cia hé tura tá aḡ labairt com' dána
le reanóir liaḡ tá fé éiac cráíḡḡe?
Oc, mo canntla! ír rann atáim-re,
Ír mo éroirḡe dā bḡiread le huirearba rláinte.

an bás:

Míre an bár atā lán de tḡéin-neart,
ḡo leaḡ ar lár clann áḡaimḡ ḡo léir-céart;
leaḡraḡ tura anoir mar aon leo,
Ír béairḡaḡ ḡḡ' máoin ḡan bḡuḡ fé éré tú.

an péacac:

Éirt, a bár! tabair cáirḡe rór dom,
ná déin mé éreacāḡ 'r ná mairḡ ḡo fóil mé,
ḡo nḡéanraḡ aicḡuḡe im' péacáíb móra,
Ír ḡo nḡioḡalraḡ m'ḡiaḡa le Ríḡ na ḡlóire.

an bás:

Ír raḡa an cáirḡe fuairḡ ḡo tḡí ro,
Ír an raḡ eile dā bḡaḡḡá arír é,
Mar mairḡ riamḡ ḡo mairḡeá coirḡce,
Dā raḡ é an cluicḡe ḡo deirḡad ḡo rḡríbe.

an péacac:

Ní hamla mairḡinn ḡeallaim ḡm' éroirḡe tuit,
áct im' aicḡuḡeac dīan fé éiac aḡ caoi-ḡol,
aḡ tabairt ráraimḡ ḡo dīa ír ḡo dāoinḡ
Im' ḡroicé-cléacḡad ír im' beairḡaíb baoirḡe.

an bÁs :

Ir iomða geallamain fallpa tusaip ió' fáoiḡeal uait
 O'fear ionaid Dé fá éide fóra.

ḡo ttréiḡfeá an peaca 'r ḡo mairfeá mín tair
 Fé maḡlaḡaib naomta ḡan a ttréiḡean coiróce.

an peacaḡ :

Ir fíor ḡur ḡeallar do'n trasair, ní bpreáḡaḡ,
 fáoiríoin mo beaḡaḡ do d'éanam i n-éirfeáḡ ;
 áḡt cúram an trasḡail ir an cíor aḡ ḡlaḡaḡaḡ oim
 Uo éraíḡ ríao ríam ir do éiap ḡo léir mé.

an bÁs :

leis doo' fíandúr, a fíandúine énaoíḡte,
 No ráitfeáḡ an bíor ro tré lár do éroíḡe 'rteáḡ,
 Ir taḡarrfaíḡ don mÍac Muire breit ḡan rcaoiḡeáḡ
 Ar t'anam anoir, ir ḡo hírfeann ríor leat.

an peacaḡ :

Mo ḡreim doḡ doḡaḡaḡ ir mo bñón an rcael ro
 Míre beit caillte 'r mo múinntear im' éaḡmuir,
 Ir m'anam dá lorcaḡ i n-irfeann péineáḡ
 I tcaoiḡ iomaḡ mo éor ir mo móir-éuir claonta.

Do fáoiḡear ríam ná rinnear don nio
 Do éuillfeáḡ ríanta ríorruíḡe éaḡtaḡ' ;
 Ní rínn mé ḡoir ná bñoir ná éiḡean
 Muirḡar ná feall don am dom' fáoiḡal.

Do éuḡainn lóirḡín do ḡaḡ deoraiḡe tréit laḡ,
 Biaḡ ir deoḡ do'n té éiríinn 'na n-éaḡmuir,
 Oíoluiḡeáḡt éearḡ le fear an eilim,
 Ó ! náḡ éruaiḡ ó fóra má ḡnóḡeann mé d'aoiraḡ !

an bÁs :

Ní'l doḡaḡ náḡ fíor ḡaḡ nio de'n méir rín,
 áḡt éirḡ ḡo fóil aḡur 'neorḡaḡ féin duit
 Cao iao na nioḡe tá ió' éoinne aḡ an don mÍac
 'Na éuir móir érom le ríonn tú d'aoiraḡ .

Do bír páireonta d'roic-labairtá b'réasac,
 imearptac óltac ríormaíac rcléipeac,
 barbarac glasarac ír as dearbhusaó éitig;
 ír tuig go dtuilleann an róit ran tú d'aoiáó.

an peacac:

má ólainn rclling go minic i dtig tábairne
 i b'roáir mo cómúirán no mo cómúir cáirde,
 ír mairg duit cóirde rin do m'aoiáóim im' láair
 ír feábar mo éiríde-pe cum díol éar cáe díob.

Do bí mé tamall i dtorac mo fáogail
 go bhuirdeantac barbarac ír tabairtá d'éitíac,
 d'einear fáoiríoin fáda mo beaáó 'na d'éirí rin
 ír do fáoilear, seallaim, go faib mairte mo élaonta.

an bās:

ná tuig, a rpaóaire, go mairtíó mac d'é duit
 tar éir ar d'eirir de cuirptíac élaonta,
 ír ar b'uirir dá d'ligíe ír san ruim 'na éréactíob,
 áct dá éaraó ír san ríct le héisdear.

Ír fáda é as foirne leat, a élaóaire méirli,
 ír tú lán de éaróbre ír de élaómann éitig;
 do fáoilir é meallá leó' élaóar 'r leó' b'réasáib,
 áct anoir éirir gac gnióm deó' éiríob.

an peacac:

róil, a báir! tabair cáirde an lae reo
 go ndéanfaó m'udáct mar ír dual a d'éanam,
 cum ná beir buaóairt i mearc mo gaoitá
 i d'aoiob mo fácmair nuair leasfar mé tráocta

má'r fíor gac a ndeir tú go mbeaó-ra d'aoirtá
 ar ron na gcor do 'nirir ió' rceál dom,
 ír é mo tuigrin gur beas ran tráoíal ro
 san beir cóm dona liom 'ran méirí rin.

an bÁS:

Ní'l tuine 'ran traoḡal ro bhuir tlighe an áirtoimic,
Dá olcar a ḡníomharḡa aḡur oit na nḡmár aih,
Má deimeann faoirḡoin le bhuḡ ḡo lán-ḡearḡ,
Ná ḡo maiḡrḡo fḡra a pḡacaíḡe ḡo bḡáḡ ḡó.

'Sé rlighe 'na meallḡar clann boḡḡ áḡaíḡ,
Nuair deimḡ an pḡaca ír anam íaḡ cármhar;
Cuirpeann an diaḡal rḡian le n-a lán oíḡḡ,
Aḡur rḡracann ó 'ḡia 'na oíaíḡ ḡo bḡáḡ íaḡ.

an pḡACAḡ:

Cé ḡur tláḡ laḡ tḡéit cáim fḡim ra ḡiaḡ ro
Ír tura, a 'ḡair, aḡ cur lán-ḡoḡ' pḡian oim,
Le eagla rḡmáḡ ír rḡoim oíḡḡaltar an Tíḡearna,
Má'r fḡoir ḡo rḡáirḡe tá mí-áḡ an diaḡal oim.

an bÁS:

Cḡeio mo rḡéal-ra ír ḡéill ḡo fḡoir 'ḡom
ḡur ḡairḡo ḡo mbéirḡir i n-íḡpeann fḡoir uaim,
Mar ná rḡnnir aitḡiḡe íḡ' pḡeacáíḡ lḡonmhar'
Áḡḡ dá ḡur ar cáirḡe ḡaḡ lá ḡo oḡí ro.

an pḡACAḡ:

Aitḡur 'ḡom, ír ná deim bḡéaḡ lḡom,
Caḡ é an rḡrḡ oḡoine ḡo bḡionn dá nḡoaraḡḡ
Ír dá ḡearḡaḡ fḡoir ḡo híḡpeann pḡéineac
Ar ron a bḡeacaiḡe ír a mailír claoḡḡaḡ?

an bÁS:

An 'ḡream oub ḡallḡa pḡamhar na mḡr-ḡoḡc
Áḡá deaḡailḡe ó 'ḡia, leir an nḡiaḡal ḡo ḡeoḡaíḡ rḡaḡ;
Ír an 'ḡream tá 'ḡall ír ná ḡlacraḡ cómairle
Beio 'na oḡeannḡa fá rḡcannraḡ a nḡóḡain.

Ní'l tuine 'ran 'ḡoman mar namairḡ aḡ an áon mḡac,
Má faḡann báḡ i bḡeaca mḡarḡ, ná oḡarḡar
Ír ná cuirḡear ḡo híḡpeann ír an teine dá ḡḡearaḡ
I mearḡ na nḡeamhan, ḡo lom fḡe ḡḡear-ḡlar.

an peacadh :

má bíonn an méid sin go léir díob' caillte,
 Agus feartha go ríor ó Chríost san aithnear,
 Is beag a pacáid fé ghrádam go meathra
 Go cúirt na bpláitear 'meare aingeal dá adrao.

an bás :

Ní pacáid go parráchar, geallaim óm' béal duit,
 Aét an t-aithneadh cóir, sin leor-daochain,
 Tug fáram ríor do Rí na Naomh ngeal
 I bpeacáid a beatha go catuigheadh déanaí ;
 Aét amháin an leanb náir péacúig go héag dó,
 Raáid ar an nóimead go Cúirt na Naomh ngeal,
 I meare na n-aingeal go taitneamhach gléigheal,
 I reilb na glóire i gcóir do'n Naoimh-Spioraid.

an peacadh :

Oc, a báir ! is cráirte an réad liom
 Laigead na ndaoine beir raor 'ran traoḡal ro
 Mar go bfuilid uile san tuigint san éirim,
 San réim a leara cum aithne do déanaí.
 Is minic go dtí ro pinnear gníomhartha éadta
 Déarc is carctannaét is an-cuid daonnaét'
 A bfaḡad don luact im' mór-mait ar don cóir,
 Tar éir sad ar tugar de gurta an traoḡail uaim ?

an bás :

Ná bí meallta a clampaire méirig
 Ní bfaḡair don luact tréid' mór-cuid daonnaét'
 Mar go rabair marb 'ran bpeaca sad tréimhe
 'Na pinnir an carctannaét, 'r san eagla Dé oir.
 Tabair fé ndeara san dearmad an méid reo :
 An fáir is bíonn an duine ag bpiread 'r ag réabad
 Duighe mhuir tré cuirpe a claonta
 Ní bíonn don tairbe 'na maithear go léiréad.

AN PEACAĆ:

Aitir fóir dom san gó an rceal ro,
 Cao é an ciall 'na mbeir 'Dia as glaothac orainn
 Lá na mbreac 'r na screac 'r na n-éigean
 Ór sac ait cum clann ádaimh d'éirteact?

AN BĀS:

'Sé an cúir i n-a dtiocfaid an cine boct daonna
 So gleann móir lórophait lá na ndaoir-breac
 Cum iomao a scoirca do noctao do'n traozal
 So bfeicfead sac ntuine aca loctuirde a céile.

.
 Sul a dtiocfaid an lá ro beir ar 'ran traozal;
 Loircefar an domán ir sac nio ar a éadan;
 Beir an grian so dubac fé rmúit as éiclipr,
 Ir an gealać, mo mairg! com dearg le haon fuil.

Beir an rpéar ar buile ir tuitir na réalta;
 Beir tíorca ar bogad ir as orcailt ó céile.
 Beir an fáirgse ar larać as imteact 'na caoraid.
 Agus cloca ir crainn le n-a linn as a réabad.

Beir cnuic ir gleannra le rcannrać as léimrigh,
 Beiridigh an domáin so haóball as géimrigh;
 Na peacais dóna dá loircać 'r dá dtiaocad,
 Sceimle ir easla orca roim fearg an doinnic.

pĀORAIg DEINN.

THE MUNSTER WAR SONG.

A.D. 1190.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves
 That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
 To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow
 Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze
 From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Galtees;

Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Sliavnamon, Gleann Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mór !

The sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,
Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers ;
And the dark hills shall bristle with sabre and spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane—
His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes !
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain !
He reels o'er his charger, deep-pierced through the brain.
And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale—
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie,
And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,
And rush down the ravines like wild wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh Bloom
To tell the pale Saxon of Tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves ;
But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves ;
From the gloomy Ard Fionain to wild Teampoll Mór—
From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold ;
By St. Bride of Kildare ! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow !

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

DE COURCY'S PILGRIMAGE.

(Sir John De Courcy was, under Henry II., the principal conqueror of Ulster. Having declared, later, that the death of Prince Arthur, rightful heir to the English Crown, was effected through the commands of King John, the King, on hearing it, directed Sir Walter and Sir Hugh De Lacy to arrest De Courcy and have him conveyed to England to be hanged. But in a battle which ensued De Courcy was victorious. The incident described in this ballad is a popular theme in many an Ulster home.)

" I'm weary of your elegies, your keening, and complaints,
We've heard no strain this blessed night but histories of saints ;
Sing us some deed of daring—of the living or the dead ! "
So Earl Gerald, in Maynooth, to the Bard Neelan, said.

Answered the Bard Neelan—" Oh, Earl, I will obey ;
And I will show you that you have no cause for what you say ;
A warrior may be valiant, and love holiness also,
As did the Norman Courcy in this country long ago."

Few men could match De Courcy on saddle or on sward,
The ponderous mace he valued more than any Spanish sword ;
On many a field of slaughter scores of men lay smashed and
stark,

And the victors, as they saw them, said—" Lo ! John De
Courcy's mark."

De Lacy was his dead'ly foe, through envy of his fame,
He laid foul ambush for his life, and stigmatized his name ;
But the gallant John De Courcy kept still his mace at hand,
And rode, unfearing feint or force, across his rival's land.

He'd made a vow, for his past sins, a pilgrimage to pay,
At Patrick's tomb, and there to bide a fortnight and a day;
And now, amid the cloisters, the giant disarmed walks,
And with the brown beads in his hand from cross to cross
he stalks.

News came to Hugo Lacy of the penance of the Knight,
And he rose and sent his murd'ers from Durrogh forth by
night;
A score of mighty Methian men, proof guarded for the strife,
And he has sworn them, man by man, to take De Courcy's
life.

'Twas twilight in Downpatrick town, the pilgrim in the porch
Sat, faint with fasting and with prayer before the darkened
church;

When suddenly he heard a sound upon the stony street,
A sound, familiar to his ears, of battle horses' feet.

He stepped forth to a hillock, where an open cross it stood,
And, looking forth, he leaned upon the monumental wood.
"'Tis he, 'tis he!" the foremost cried, "'tis well you came
to shrive,

For another sun, De Courcy, you shall never see alive!"

Then roused the softened heart within the pilgrim's sober
weeds—

He thought upon his high renown, and all his knightly
deeds—

He felt the spirit swell within his undefended breast,
And his courage rose the faster that his sin had been confest.

"I am no dog to perish thus! no deer to couch at bay!
Assassins! 'ware, the life you seek, and stand not in my
way!"

He plucked the tall cross from the root, and, waving it around,
He dashed the master murd'rer stark and lifeless to the ground.

As, row on row, they pressed within the deadly ring he made,
Twelve of the score in their own gore within his reach he
laid,

The rest in panic terror ran to horse and fled away,
And left the Knight De Courcy at the bloody cross to pray.

“And now,” quoth Neelan to the Earl, “I did your will
obey ;

Have I not shown you had no cause for what I heard you say ?

“Faith, Neelan,” answered Gerald, “your holy man, Sir
John,

Did bear his cross right manfully, so much we have to own.”

T. D. M'GEE.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas !
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it, and swore
That never ! no ! never ! while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never ! no ! never ! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high ! 'tis as bright as of old !
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold ;
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears !
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft ! look aloft ! lo ! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high !
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh !

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old banner of green !
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen ;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus for ever ? No ! no ! God is just !
Take it up ! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it will bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches wild-howling for bread ;
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread ;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red !

Lift up the Green Flag ! Oh ! it wants to go home,
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled ;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die.
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
 To join in the march to the land of their birth;
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam;
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
 They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

oiröce bíos aḡ luíḡe im' śuan.

Oiröce bíor aḡ luíḡe im' řuan
 Ír mé ar buairírc tré na caḡairöe,
 Do řín an trirö-bean řítleaḡ řuairc
 Taobh liom řuar aḡ döanam taḡaiḡe;
 Ba éaol a com, a cřuab-řolt leabair
 Aḡ teaḡt ḡo bonn léi 'na řraḡairöe
 Ba öuibö a řřuaḡ ná an řual
 'S ba ḡile a řřuaö ná na healaíöe.

Do éonnac í, a řřaol řan řřuaim,
 A claon-řorc uaine ír a béal tanaíöe,
 A mion-éioḡa cřuinn řeal cřuaíö,
 'S a mion-éneap řuar ná řuil tearaíöe,
 A naol-éorp řeang a řéirö-éřob leabair,
 A caol-řorc teann, a döíö 'ř a malaíöe;
 Ír říor řřuab aoibinn linn a řřuaö
 Bíöb řřu řřuaḡ mé aḡ an řealaíöe.

řuair döarcar í do bíöḡřar řuar
 ḡo öřionainn uaíte cřéaö ar ö'ar í;
 'říor labair ří, do řceinn ří uaim
 Ír do bíor ḡo döairc tar éir mo řtaḡaíöe.

O'éisgear go lom 'na déir le fonn,
 Níor dontuig liom ir mé ar meapairde,
 Sur leanar i do'n tír ba éuaró
 Go Sió na ngruaḡac cé sur b'fao' i.

Tigim aníor arís de ruais
 Go Sió Cpuacna, go Sió Seanb,
 Go Sió Čnuic doibinn fíunnn fúair
 Mar a mbíod an rluag le taoib na Dannaide,
 Go haol-bpuḡ Doinne donḡuir óis
 As péacaint uaim ir as déanam airtíde,
 'S ní ruib a tuairirc ríor ná ruar,
 Aét i as gluaríeáct tré na bealaíḡe.

Ir tigim go Sió mic lip na ḡcpuac
 Ir ar Cpuoib Ruairó tigim go Teamair,
 Go Sió doibinn doiró Ear' Ruairó,
 Go hdoibill Ruairó le taoib na C'ruaíḡe.
 B'i céad ban óḡ ba féime clóó
 As éirteáct ceoil 'r as déanam airtíde
 I bpočair doibill ruḡ-bean Tuad'muman
 Ir míle ḡruaḡac ḡlé le ḡaircíde.

Do b'i an trío-bean rítleac fúairc
 Do cuir ar buairírc mé im' reáčairde
 'Na ruirde go maoinéac naoiróin-ḡeal ruar,
 A olaoi-folt cuácaé léi go haltairde;
 O'féac anall go maoróa moóamail,
 Ba léir oi ar ball sur mé do lean i;
 Ar rí: Ir rpuag liom do éuaró
 Tíḡ anuar ir éirt ar ḡceapnairde.

Mo énead, ar rí, mo buirdean ar buairírc,
 Mo tír mo rluag mo laocruad ḡaircíde,
 Do éreacáó tíorča coimčíḡeac' cpuaró'
 Ue lion-ruit luat na otrean otreapairde,

Maṛ bīo fé ceo san bṛuṣ ḡaē lō
 fé cūing an bṛōm aṣ na ḡallaiṛe :
 lṛ iomṛō mac ṽilṛ ṽibeaiṛa uaim
 'S, a Ćpīoṛc, naē tṛuaṣ mé 'na n-eaṛbaiṛō.

O'fiapṛuiṣear ṽi cia hí an bliadain
 O'aoiṛ an Tiṣearṛna beṛō an feaṛ ḡmōiṛe
 'Na ṛuṣ aṛ ḡaeṽil ḡo bṛioṣṡmaṛ ṽian
 aṣ ṽibṛc fiaṽ-ṛoc ō n-a hallaiṛe.
 Oo ṽūn a beol, ní ṽubaiṛc níor mō,
 Seo 'ṛ ṛiubal maṛ ceo í no maṛ ṛioṽ-ḡaoiṛc,
 'S ní'l cunnṛaṛ fōṛ le taṽaiṛc i ḡcōiṛ
 Cia ham a fōiṛfeaiṛ aṛ aṛ n-eaṛbaiṛe.

ṛeannaiṛ 'ṛ fiaṽmaṛ ṽian i ṽteaiṛ na ṽteínteaiṛ,
 ḡan ēaiṛaiṛ ḡan liaṣ ḡan bliadō ḡan ṛtaṽ aṛ íota,
 ḡan leabaiṛō ḡan ṛian ḡan Žia ḡan ḡean aṣ ṽaoimṽ
 aṛ ḡallaiṽ i mṽliaṽna ō'ṛ iaiṽ ṽo ēṛeac aṛ muinnṛaṛ.

SEĀN CLĀRAĊ macṽOṽṡṡnaill.

WILLIE GILLILAND.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and
 king ;
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
 he hath ;
 So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death ;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzelle,
 And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done their errand
 well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land ;
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand ;

His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head.
A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead !
And so on moor and mountain from the Lagan to the Bann,
From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed
man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side,
There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den,
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then !
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream by day ;
At night, betwixt his greyhound fleet and his bonny mare
he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
From Sliabh Mis foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And now upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye ;
And all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze, from the cave's mouth it came,
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the
same !

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away ;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used
to be,

And stretched among the prickly comb, his heart's blood
smoking round,
From slender nose to breast bone cleft, lay dead his good
greyhound !

“ They’ve slain my dog, the Philistines ! they’ve taken my bonny mare ! ”

He plunged into the smoking hole ; no bonny beast was there ;
He groped beneath his burning bed (it burn’d him to the bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none ;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night ’twas thus he made his moan :—

“ My bonny mare I’ve ridden you when Claver’s se rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind.

And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank I swear
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !

Though sword to wield they’ve left me none—yet Wallace wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi’ waur weapon than this.”

His fishing-rod, with both his hands he gripped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke ;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
But, grasping the thick hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point, then pulled his bonnet down,

And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle grey,
And up thine aisle, St. Nicholas, has ta’en his morning way,
And to the North Gate sentinel displayeth far and near,
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,
Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill ;
 Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still !
 And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show,
 Pricked jeering grooms, and burghers blythe, and troopers
 in a row ;

But one has little care for jest so hard bested is he,
 To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at least is she !

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
 The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone !
 He lies a corpse ; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,
 And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein ;
 Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and
 run amain !

But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied
 in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willie Gilliland when he on Skerry's side
 Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow, after that weary ride,
 That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
 Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own ;
 Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
 Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom
 too.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.

A.D. 1451.

Fair she stood—God's queenly creature !
 Wondrous joy was in her face ;
 Of her ladies none in stature
 Like to her, and none in grace.

On the church-roof stood they near her,
 Cloth of gold was her attire ;
 They in jewelled circle wound her—
 Beside her Ely's king, her sire.

Far and near the green fields glittered,
 Like to poppy-beds in spring,
 Gay with companies loose-scattered
 Seated each in seemly ring.
 Under banners red or yellow,
 There all the day the feast was kept,
 From chill dawn and noontide mellow
 Till the hill-shades eastward crept.

On a white steed at the gateway
 Margaret's husband, Calwagh, sate ;
 Guest on guest, approaching, straightway
 Welcomed he with love and state.
 Each passed on with largess laden,
 Chosen gifts of thought and work,
 Now the red cloak of the maiden,
 Now the minstrel's golden torque.

On the wind the tapestries shifted ;
 From the blue hills rang the horn ;
 Slowly toward the sunset drifted,
 Choral song and shout breeze-borne.
 Like a sea that crowds unresting
 Murmured round the grey church-tower ;
 Many a prayer amid the feasting,
 For Margaret's mother rose that hour !

On the church-roof kerne and noble,
 At her bright face looked half dazed ;
 Nought was hers of shame or trouble—
 On the crowds far off she gazed :

Once, on heaven her dark eyes bending,
 Her hand in prayers she flung apart;
 Unconsciously her arms extending,
 She blessed her people in her heart.

Thus a Gaelic queen and nation
 At Imayn till set of sun,
 Kept with feast the Annunciation,
 Fourteen hundred fifty-one.
 Time it was of solace tender;
 'Twas a brave time, strong, yet fair!
 Blessing, O ye angels, send her,
 From Salem's towers, and Inisglairé!

AUBREY DE VERE.

SEÁN'S HEAD.

Scene—*Before Dublin Castle.* Night. A clansman of Seán O'Neill's
 discovers his Chief's head on a pole.

God's wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know the pride
 Of dying on the battle-field their broken spear beside;
 When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
 Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
 May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the heart of
 man,

Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
 For sure, O God!—and You know all, Whose thought for all
 sufficed—

To expiate these Saxon sins they'd need another Christ.

Is it thus, O Seán the haughty! Seán the valiant! that we
 meet—

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?
 Have *I* no chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defence,
 Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle-tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough
with power ;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung ;
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery
tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Colm Cille
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of
Derry Hill ;

Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to
knaves,

And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy
cheers ;

Ay, Seán, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your
tongue,

Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Seán ! the same moon shines on Liffey as on
Foyle,

And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil ;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.
Thy face is paler than the moon ; my heart is paler still—
My heart ! I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas yours ! to
keep or kill.

And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief, your life, your soul,
your pride ;

But they sought it in thy bosom, Seán—with proud O'Neill
it died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as Spanish
steel—

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the " Bloody Hand " until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tir Eoghain as Chief had never done ?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty"
with the foe;

He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow
for blow!

He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild to see
his hearth-stone razed?

He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!

He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he
flung away

Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking
spray,

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it
till Tir Eoghain

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands" to clutch
their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Séan!" Ye Saints, he makes
no breath;

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from
death.

Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?

"Dost hear, dost hear? By Randolph led, the troops the
Foyle have crossed!"

He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout;
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom
up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Loch Foyle or Bann
the Fair!

I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there,
proud Séan,

In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate
again.

CAT GLÉANN MAOILIUGRA.

maí ar buairt fíada mac dotha ó bpoim ar Gallaiß, 25 Iugnara, 1580

Do táinig Srae de Bilton cuḡainn
 N-a bōdairē uaißreac mñe ;
 Ní maib ōream pé gléar ra cḡuinne maib
 Ná go ōtiocpað leir a élaioðe :
 “ Tairpeánpað ōor na coḡlataiḡ peo
 I nñir fáil ḡan moill,
 Mianac fola an Normannaiḡ
 Aḡur tpeire a lám i mbḡuigín.

Iḡ go ōeimín ó tánaḡ eatorēa
 Ní fuláir ōúinn beapc iḡ ḡníom
 ōo cḡir i leit élu Sariana
 'S ár nōeaḡ-banḡioḡan Eilir ;
 Aḡuḡim ḡo bḡuil i nḡoirēacḡ ōúinn
 An maḡpað iḡ ōána ōioð ;
 Ullmūḡiḡó i ḡcōir na maḡone ōam
 Aḡur leaḡḡam beárna tḡiḡo.”

ōo cait de Bilton reaḡḡmáin ḡlan.
 Cé ḡur leapc leir uair de moill,
 Ar pcoḡ na nḡall ōo tairpac cūḡe
 I mḡaite áḡa éliaḡ ḡo cḡuinn ;
 Aḡḡuairḡ aniair 'r anḡear ḡo tiuḡ
 ōo ḡaḡḡaḡar plán ḡac rliḡe ;
 Fairē, cūḡat, a ōḡanaiḡ ḡil,
 Tá an ḡḡamḡairc ar ōo tí !

Aḡḡ níor cōḡlað ruain ōon ōḡanaḡ e
 An tḡeaḡḡmáin ōo i ríḡ ;
 'S mo míle tḡuaḡ de Bilton tú
 Má blaḡḡir ō'ḡaḡḡar a élaḡm ;

“Seobad pphóinriar meap Mac Seapailc
 Agus Séamur Mac Éartaoir;
 Mo duórlán beo agus marb fúib,
 A clanna lunnodain féil.”

So luat do gluair an Seapaltaic,
 'S a cara le n-a taid,
 Ar fuair Ó tóirín na scailmfeap
 Ó b'fáilge maic ir laisir;
 Ba fuaire é croidé sad ceatarnais
 Nuair glac n-a láim a claidéam;
 “Sead, gabaim tu i n-ainm Banba,
 'S gan dearmad déanfai gníom^{ls}”

Níor teirte ar an nSeapaltaic,
 Do carraing leir a buidean,
 Ir Mac Éartaoir dá leanamaint
 I gan-fíor trío an tóir;
 'S i n-inveoin ar deir na Saranaig
 Do gabadar folac óin
 I nGleann Maoiliugra an b'pnaig mhir,
 'S ar Sliaib Ruaó i mearc an f'paois.

Um deirfad tíar na reachtmaine.
 Do spreao de Bilton poime,
 Fíce míle Saranaic
 So spreanta gléarta i scóic,
 Sunnaide móra ir beaga aise
 'S gan dearmad airm faoiuib,
 Ir tós ré longpórc taitéadac
 I mbéal an gleanna tíor.

Ar lughnara a cúis fícead
 Fé b'potal lae tearaíde
 Bí ullam as de Bilton,
 Ir o'fás a longpórc doil;

Seo aníor an gleann an srampairc ;
 Cá n-deáir a b'pandais s'poidé ?
 An i san-íor duit go b'fuiltear éugac ?
 Ó, a Dá, an it' éolad' taoi ?

Ní cloirtear tomann a d'airtíl
 Cé gur sárú ciuair i an trlige ;
 S má tárlaídeann duine 'á leasad' ann
 Ní cloirtear a earcaimíde ;
 Na r'éarta tuar san anfaite ;
 An talam' ciúin 'r an cóill ;
 An s'uan anuair as taitneam' oirta,
 I' r' aitear ar an mbuidín.

Aót de g'eit do éirt an talam'
 I' r' laraó ruar an cóill,
 I' r' leasad' r'peat' b'peat' Sapanac ;
 Mo s'puidín tú, a f'iaáa éroidé !
 Apír do b'uiré an tomann úo
 I' r' do tuit r'peat' eile díob' ;
 Do glac an fuigealaac eagla,
 'S cum peata leo san móill.

Anoir, a s'aeóeala cáilma,
 Seo, tagaid' fúta apír ;
 Leanaid' iad i' r' leasaid' iad
 I' r' aspaíd' oirta díogal
 'Na n-deápnadar de b'eartaib' uile
 Ar f'earann éibir f'inn ;
 Tá raite annrúo ar teicead' nomaid'
 I' r' tugaid' díob' an claidéam'.

Anuair sac' taob' do p'neabadar
 Ar aicme an b'earla cáoil,
 Dá puasad' 'gur dá r'pacaó,
 Dá mbarcaó 'gur dá s'claoiré.

Ślac pcanhpaò a báiṛ de Bilton
 1ṛ do teiò fé uamán ón mbruiṡin;
 1ṛ Carbí Mullaṡ Mairtean
 Cuarò pleasṡ tṛé lár a óroirde.

TAÓŚ Ó DONNĀDA.

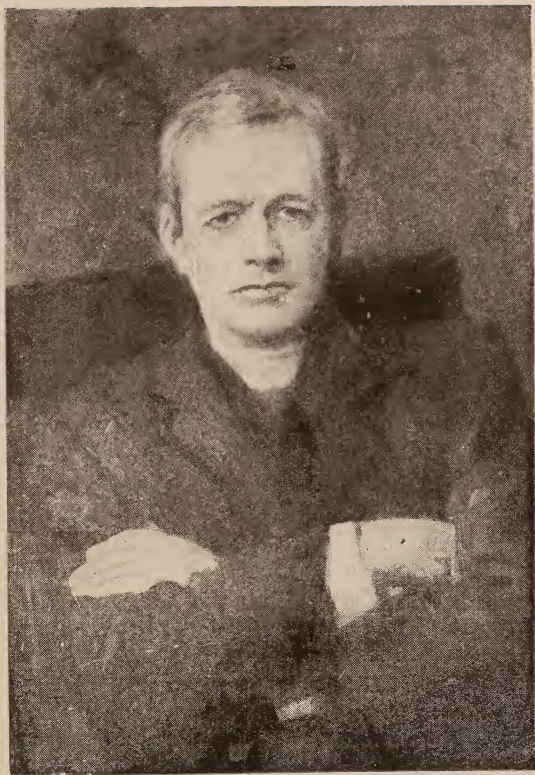
THE LIVING IRISH SPEECH.

From a lecture by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., entitled: "The Preservation of the Living Irish Language—a work of National importance."

It is difficult to forecast the political future of this island. I speak not as a politician, but as a student of history when I say that the conglomeration of countries and islands that are marked red on our present maps, and called the British Empire, will not always cling together. The Roman Empire had far stronger bonds of union than the British, and yet that great Empire, even in the zenith of its power, had clay mingled with its feet of iron and nurtured the seeds of disruption, which grew strong in time and shattered it to a thousand fragments. The British Empire will burst up as the Roman did. Nay, the bonds of constitutional government that unite this island to the larger island across the Channel have no perpetuity in the nature of things. These two islands have been united under the same monarchy for three hundred years. But what are three hundred years in the life of a nation. The day may come, it may not be far distant, when this island may have to lead a separate political life, or enter into some new combination and form part of a new Empire. The day may come when the prestige and importance of the English language will not be what it is now. Even now, as a literary language, English is fast waning. The past fifty years have witnessed a deterioration in the quality of English literature which has no parallel since the

age of Chaucer, and which seems on the increase as years go by. There seems no chance of an aftermath of English literature, till youthful nations infuse their vigour into dialects of that language. Imagine the state of things that may exist a hundred or two hundred years hence. The British Empire shorn of most of its territory. Ireland and England no longer under the same government. New Empires, new dynasties sharing between them the sovereignty of the civilized world. The English language melting down in the crucible and new dialects springing up. Imagine, if you can, the loss, the incalculable loss to this country if every vestige of living Irish shall have been wiped out. Three or four hundred years spent under the shadow of the British constitution, and we emerge bearing the most unmistakable of all badges of slavery, the badge of a slavery that not only enslaved the body, but that also corroded the mind—the very accents, the tone, the speech of our masters. When we have lost our language—then, and not till then, shall we be veritable slaves.

Try to imagine the loss to our country if, in these no very distant days, perhaps, all she can point to as memorials of her antiquity, as evidences of her pedigree among the nations of the earth, as proofs of her past greatness, be a few old manuscripts in a disused character, a few old ruins, a few inscriptions on stone, while that living voice of Irish speech that re-echoed amid her hills for three thousand years is hushed into silence for ever. That voice might have been preserved as a living witness to the high antiquity of our people, to their ancient lineage among the nations, as the living nurse and fosterer of immemorial traditions and dreams of a glorious past. Consider the advantage of a living witness over a witness that is dead and gone. The evidence of a dead witness may be misrepresented. You cannot cross-examine him. You cannot piece together his story with all the colouring of time and place. You may question a living witness. Each new question may reveal truths long hidden, may drag to light evidence of the utmost moment,



REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M.A.

The living tongue, even though the area over which it is vernacular be circumscribed, is an energising power in the land. It is a compendium of our history, it is our fierce war-cry in the conflict of nationalities, it is our title-deed in the court of nations. It is the voice of promise alluring us to a higher and nobler national existence. Its reviving tones salute our ears at the opening of the new century as a trumpet-call reminding us that we have been dwelling in Babylonian bondage, warning us not to eat the unclean meats, not to quaff the sorcerer's cup proffered to us by our captors, telling us that already many of our people are drunk to swinish drunkenness with the alluring wine of a foreign civilization, that already many of them are sunk hopelessly in all that is vulgar and barbarous of foreign customs and habits. That living speech will train up the rising generation in all the traditions of their ancestors, it will keep alive the characteristics that individualize our race; it will keep alive our spirit of chivalry, of heroism, of generosity, of faith. It will nurse the simplicity of character which distinguished our forefathers; it will waft across the centuries the breeze of romance and enthusiasm from the days when kings held high festival at Tara and at Cruachan, when gay huntsmen from Eastern climes gambolled on the green sward of Meath and of Kildare, when men revelled with the new wine of life, of beauty, and of strength.

Woe to us if ever that living nurse of our ancient traditions is lost to our race! Woe to us if we let the national spirit of our children perish from want of being duly nursed in our history through the living accents of Irish speech! Woe to us if we are forced to nurture our national spirit merely on the dry bones of a dead and neglected tongue. I remember once hearing a folk-tale. A mother who was on her death-bed had two daughters, one of whom she loved while she hated the other. Both were present at her bedside. She gave several heads of advice to them, but that advice was put in enigmatical language in order that the daughter

whom she disliked may attach the wrong meaning to it. One point of advice was this:—"Always keep old bones under your children." It happened contrary to her expectations. The daughter she loved failed to penetrate the mystery of this advice, and took it in the literal sense; she had her children constantly seated on a heap of old bones with the result that they caught cold and drooped and died. The other daughter was wiser; she, too, procured old bones for her children, but they were living bones, for she provided them with a careful old nurse who had them constantly in her arms. If the Irish nation of to-day discard the living Irish speech, contenting themselves with its remains in books and manuscripts, we shall be following the example of this foolish daughter, and our children shall lose their national spirit. If, on the contrary, we secure a living old nurse—the nurse of living Irish for the rising generation, they will grow up sound in mind and body, and perpetuate the historical traditions of their race. She is truly an old nurse, but though old, full of the vigour and sprightliness of youth, full of the glad music of happier days, full of the spirit of independence and self-reliance.

Let none believe our lovely Eve outworn and old;
 Fair is her form, her blood is warm, her heart is bold;
 Though tyrants long have wrought her wrong, she will
 not fawn,
 Will not prove mean, our Caitlín Ní Ualacháin.

TOIA LIÖ, A LAOCRAIÖ ŠAOIÖEAL.

TOIA LIÖ, A LAOCRAIÖ ŠAOIÖEAL,
 NÁ CLUINTEAR CLAOIÖTEACÖT OPAIÖ,
 RIAÖ NÍOP TUILLEADAIÖ MAPLAÖ
 I N-AM ÉACÖ NÁ COŠAIÖ.

Déintear lib comhleic éalma,
 A buirdean arm-ġlan faoilteac
 Fé éeann bui bpearmann dútéar
 Buirt úrġuirt Inre ġaordeal.

Ma' r áil lib aġrað Éireann,
 A ġarrað céimeann ġcriðda,
 Ná reaġnarð éaġt ná iorġail,
 Ná caġa mionca móra.

Fearr beit i mbarraid buair-beann
 I bpeiteam ġuam-ġearr ġrunnmear
 Aġ reitġ troda ar féinn eaġtrann
 Aġ a bfuil fearann bui rinrear.

Mó ir mall do naġrað lib-re
 Máġ life no lior Teamrac,
 No Cairéal na rreab nua-ġlan,
 No mín-élar ġruaġna Meaðba.

Dit cúinne, a élanna Míleað,
 Fonn réir na riġ-lior noaite-ġeal,
 ġuġ oraid ġan aġra Tailtean,
 No táġ críoc maġreac Máirtean.

Ní taġa lúit ná lámairġ
 ġuġ oraid, a adbarð Banba,
 Beit díb urramac umal
 Do mear-rluaġ ġurmar ġallba.

Aġt naġ deom le Dia, a Éire,
 Sib le céile do congnam,
 Ní beað bui mbuair i n-éimreacġ
 Aġ rluagġ críoc léromeac lonnoan.

Cráð liom eaġtrann dá bpoġrað
 Rioġrað fódlá ir a n-oirreacġ
 Ir naġ ġoirtear díob 'na noútéar
 Aġt ceiteirh cútal coille.

Ir iad féim i nġleannraid ġarba
 Laoic Banba, beag dá leaġtróm,

I' fonn mìn an cláir-reo Críomhann
 As fearóam fíochmair eadtrann.

ḡac nún feill dá bfuil éugta,
 Burdean fial cupaó ḡcoḡta,
 I' a liacé náma ar tí a ngona
 Do beir orm coḡlaó corraó.

An trác beirto laoió laigean,
 Cinn deigheair cláir na ḡcupaó,
 Buairó eadtrann an éraoi Cuinn-re
 Bíonn m'aigne foilbhir rubaó.

Dubac bím-re uair eile
 Mar beirto buair na raoirfeair
 Na ḡaill reo éis tar tonn-muir
 Do éomlot ḡarraó ḡaordeal.

Lion ḡleoró do laoiómar lann-ḡuirim
 ḡabáil Raḡnaill, Dia dá noídean,
 Méro a nguaire 'ran ngleann-ro
 Do cuir mo méanma i míneairt.

Dia leo as luighe i' as eirḡe,
 Tréinfir i' treire i' otaóar,
 Dia 'na fearam i' 'na luighe leo,
 I' i' otrapáó cupaó an éata!

ΔΟΝḡUS ΜΑC ΔΑΙḡRE υí ΔΑΛΔΑḡ.

O'RUAIRC'S REQUEST.

PRINCE OF BREIFNE—A.D. 1589.

You ask me what defence is mine? Here! 'midst your
 armed bands!

You only mock the prisoner who is helpless in your hands.
 What would defence avail to me though good it be and true,
 Here! in the heart of London town, with judges such as you?

You gravely talk about my " crime ! " I own no crime at all ;
The deeds you blame I'd do again should such a chance befall.
You say I've helped the foreign foes to war against your
Queen—

Well, challenged so, I'll proudly show what has my helping
been.

On that wild day when near our coast the stately ships of
Spain

Caught in a fierce and sudden storm, for safety sought in vain ;
When wrenched and torn 'midst mountain waves some
foundered in the deep,

And others broke on sunken reefs and headlands rough and
steep—

I heard the cry that off my land where breakers rise and roar
The sailors from a wrecking ship were striving for the shore.
I hurried to the frightful scene, my generous people too,
Men, women, even children, came, some kindly deed to do.
We saw them clutching spars and planks that soon were
washed away,

Saw others bleeding on the rocks, low moaning where they
lay ;

Some cast ashore and back again dragged by the refluent wave,
Whom one grip from a friendly hand would have sufficed
to save.

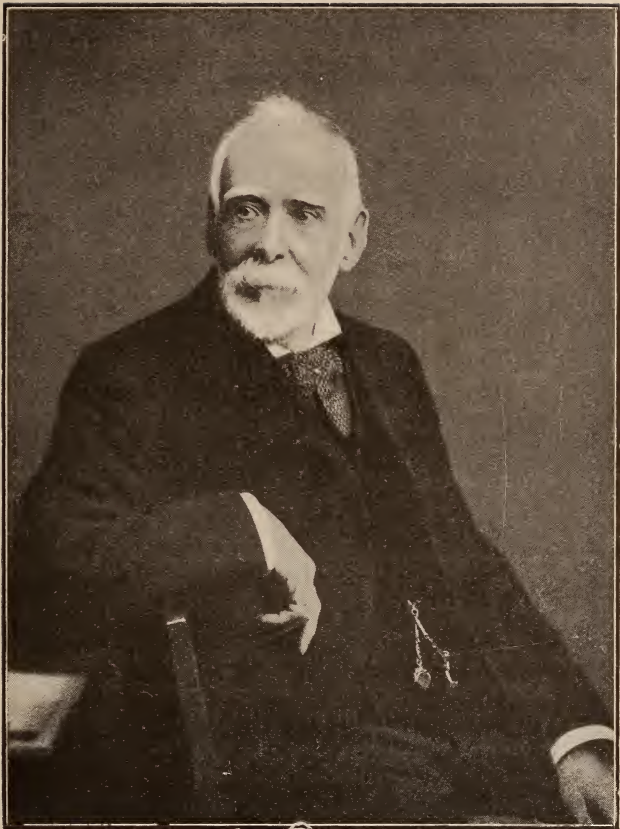
We rushed into the raging surf, watched every chance, and when
They rose and rolled within our reach we grasped the drowning
men.

We took them to our hearths and homes and bade them
there remain

Till they might leave with hope to reach their native land
again.

This is the " treason " you have charged ! Well, treason
let it be,

One word of sorrow for such fault you'll never hear from me.



T. D. SULLIVAN.

I'll only say although you hate my race, and creed, and name,
Were your folk in that dreadful plight I would have done
the same.

Oh! you would bring me to your Queen, low at her feet to
kneel.

Crave mercy from her stony heart, and urge some mean
appeal!

I answer, No! my knees will bend and prayers of mine arise
To but one Queen, the Queen of Heaven, high throned above
the skies.

And now you ask my dying wish? My last and sole request
Is that the scaffold built for me be fronted to the West.
Of my dear country far away, one glimpse I cannot see,
Wherever, and however high, you raise my gallows tree;
Yet would I wish my last fond look should seek that distant
shore,

So, turn my face to Ireland. Sirs, of you I ask no more.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

EARL DESMOND AND THE BEAN SIDHE

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed;

There's a weary way before us—

Across the mountain swiftly speed

For the storm is gathering o'er us.

Away, away, the horseman rides;

His bounding steed's dark form

Seemed o'er the soft black moss to glide—

A spirit of the storm!

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,

The thunders loudly crashing;

And through the dark clouds, driving by,

The moon's pale light is flashing.

In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes rolling down the glen ;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave
And plunged into the stream ;
And snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is passed—the bank is gained—
Away with headlong speed ;
A fleeter horse than Desmond reined
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train in eager haste,
Far, far behind him ride ;
Alone he crossed the mountain waste
To meet his promised bride.
The clouds across the moon's dim form
Are fast and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm
Of wild, unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seemed to die
Away, and faintly languish ;
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
Were crashing in the storm,
With ringing hands and streaming hair,
There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
His steed refused to stir ;
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
Was struck the bloody spur.

The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
Withheld its fitful gleam ;
And louder than the tempest blast
Was heard the bean sidhe's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
And showed her paly light,
Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
That shrieking form had vanished
From out that lonely place,
And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed, his bosom swelled
With grief and sad foreboding ;
Then on his fiery way he held,
His courser madly goading,
For well that wailing voice he knew,
And onward hurrying fast,
O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
The trembling drawbridge clangs,
And Desmond sees his own good roof,
But darkness o'er it hangs.
He passed beneath the gloomy gate,
No guiding tapers burn ;
No vassals in the court-yard wait,
To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
No banquet decks the board ;
No page stands ready at the call,
To tend his wearied lord.

But all within is dark and drear,
 No sights or songs of gladness—
 Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
 Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swelled the caoiners' strain
 With loud lament and weeping,
 For round a corse a mournful train
 The sad death-watch were keeping.
 Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
 Hope's fairy visions fled;
 His fears confirmed—his beauteous flower—
 His fair-haired bride—was dead!

SLÁN LE CILL ÁIRNE.

Mo goin cad é an pmúir seo a's dúnao ar mo éiríde,
 Rinn' mo balla neamh-lúcthar ir d'fúis mé san bhuí,
 Do spioruis mo fáile le dúctraet cum caoi,
 Ir an rput leacta tiús guir d'a múcao ríorpuirde?

Cad é 'n pmaoinead ro élaoidéar mé ó maidin go neoin,
 Ir do ríor-fuaróteann m'intinn le mearbail bhróin?
 A's cuimneam ar élaoin-beartaib Danar ir só,
 Do ríoróann mo fíe uaim san carad go deo.

Ir goim iad na toinnta 'r bhuac loca sil léin,
 'S ir borb iad do éora-ra, a mluchoir na n-éan!
 Ir roilb le cloirint é ronnad na scraob;
 Aet mo doéar! ir roilb dubad doréa mé!

Tá an óis-geir go ruaimnear a's rnam ar an linn,
 Ir glór glairíde a's gluaireact tré bántaib ró-binn',
 Tá leoitne a's luarcao na ngeas n-úr ran goill,
 Aet ir ró-beas mo ruaimnear, san áear a bím!

FEITE FÓULA.

Na fáilr-éir a dóiric a gcuid fóla i dtóir,
I r i lán-crear na ngorr-élaídeam gortad tar fóir,—
I r fáil é a gcuidad 'r i r focair fá'n b'fó,
I r mo éirad i r mo éiríamh ná coúlaim-re leo!

A éalaim na n-éan mbinn 'r na gcraob n-úr, san tlar,
I r fada san réim duit, san éim mar ba sháit,
Fé reamall i n'odoir-bhuir, san éile san páirt,
'S é do éirad 'r do réabad do léanuis mo lá.

'S é do énead éir i bpéin mé, a éalaim mo éiríde,
I r do éirad san faeream le haicme an fill,
Do shreabad 'r do réabad le larair i r claidéam,
I r, mo éreac, mé i n'gébinn, 'r san éneadad ar do éit.

Adt, a éara, glac meanmna! B'féirir le Críort
Go bpreabrad éiríamh garrad de'n shreag-fuil úo éir,
Le fearraib a n-arm, san éiríamh san teimeal,
Adt crearcair na n'odair 'r dá léar-éir tar tuinn.

Slán, rlán leat, a léin-loc na bpéit ngorr n-úr
Leanfáir áilne do réim' mé go dtéirid mé 'ran úir;
Ná raib cáim ar do réiríad, ná béim ar duilleabair,
Cíod fánaic i gcéin mé im' éraodad le búir.

AN TADAIR PÁDRAIG UA DUINNÍN.

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

A.D. 1599.

“Look out,” said O'Moore to his clansmen, afar—
Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners' drums?
By Heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll:

And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
What a winter of plumes on that forest of spears !
To the clangour of trumpets and waving of flags
The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags ;
And their plumes—by St. Kyran ! false Saxon ere night,
You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your flight.
Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the Pale
To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill ?
Shall we yield to O'Ruairc, to MacGuire, and O'Donnell
Brave chieftains of Breifne, Fermanagh, Tir Conaill ;
Yon helmets that eric thrice over would pay
For the Sasanach heads they'll protect not to-day !
No ! by red Mullachmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
Avenge your sire's blood on their murderers' race.
Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,
Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and together !

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows,
Up swelled from the sounding fields ;
And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
And the clash of a thousand shields ;
And the long plumes danced, and the falchions rang,
And flashed the whirled spear,
And the furious barb through the wild war sprang,
And trembled the earth with fear ;
The fatal bolts exulting fled,
And hissed as they leaped away ;
And the tortured steed on the red grass bled,
Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimsoned—I hear the mingled cries
Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the skies.
The Coolun'd kern rushes upon armour, knight, and mace,
And bones and brass are broken in his terrible embrace !
The coursers roll and struggle ; and the riders, girt in steel,
From their saddles, crushed and cloven, to the purple heather
reel,

And shattered there, and trampled by the charger's iron hoof
The seething brain is bursting through the crashing helmet's
roof.

Joy! Heaven strikes for Freedom! and Elizabeth's array,
With her paramour to lead them, are sore beset to-day.

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
Are trampled on the battle-field, or scattered on the gale!
As the cavalry of ocean the living billows bound,
When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang around,
And tempest-crested, dazzlingly caparisoned in spray,
They crush the black and broken rocks, with all their roots
away;

So charged the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire—
Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric fire—
They rose like banded billows that, when wintry tempests
blow,

The trembling shore with stunning roar and dreadful wreck
o'erflow,

And when they burst tremendously, upon the bloody groun'
Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shivered barques
went down.

Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of the Pale,
And your snowy ostrich feathers as a tribute to the Gael.
Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight and
squire;

They will make our virgins ornaments, or decorate the lyre.
Ho! Essex! how your vestal Queen will storm when she hears
The "mere Irish" chased her minion and his twenty
thousand spears.

Go! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, MacHugh, O'Neill,
Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Inisfail.
The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to
nurse,

And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse;

From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a quenchless fire,
And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than
his sire.

By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our cromleachs
raths, and towers,

By sword and chain, by all our slain—between your race
and ours ;

Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears
and gore

Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from the
shore !

R. D. WILLIAMS.

RED HUGH O'DONNELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CURLIEUS.

I.

Brother Chiefs, and clansmen loyal in many a bloody fray ;
God be thanked, these robber Saxons come to meet us here
to-day—

Boasting Clifford, Essex' minion, swears he'll make the
rebels flee—

We will give them hearty greetings like to that at Ashanee.
What though traitor Celts oppose us, be their numbers three
to one !

Greater glory to Clann Connell when this tough day's work
is done.

Shrived at holy Mass this morning, danger we may fearless dare ;
For we draw the sword of justice, shielded all in faith and
prayer.

Not for conquest or for vengeance, on this blessed Lady Day ;
Not in strength or numbers trusting do we face their proud
array ;

But for holy Mary's honour, by their tainted lips defiled ;
For the sacred rights of freemen, for the mother, maid, and
child.

II.

Prone and bleeding lies our country, sorrow clouds her crown-
less brow ;
All the lines of peerless beauty limned in ghastly colours now
In the light of glories olden, beaming through our dark
disgrace—
See the maddening wrongs and insults heaped upon our
fallen race !
Roofless homestead, broken altar, slaughtered priest,
dishonoured maid—
Children of an outraged mother ! whet ye well the thirsty
blade !
Scorning rock and brushwood cover, rush like swooping
eagles forth ;
Hard and home push every pike-head, sinewy spearmen
of the North !
Cleave in twain the lustful Saxon, tame Dunkellin's soaring
pride ;
Smite the double-souled O'Connors—traitors false to every
side.
Down upon them, Banagh's chieftain ! sweep their ranks
your spears before,
As the north wind sweeps the stubble through the gap of
Barnesmore.
Forward ! Forward ! brave MacDermott, strike for fair
Moylurg's demesne,
For yon lake in beauty sleeping, for the holy islands' fane !
Strike and drive the swinish Saxon, herding in their sacred
shade,
Far from Boyle's old abbey cloisters, where your fathers'
bones are laid.

III.

Holy Virgin, we implore thee, by that abbey's rifled shrine,
Columbcille of Doire Calgach, patron of O'Donnell's line,
Good St. Francis, for the honour of thy name in Donegal,
Speed ye now, Tyrconnell's onset, till we rout them one and all !



HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. DR. HEALY.

Should O'Donnell fall in combat—if the foe be forced to yield,
 Better death I never wished for than to die upon the field,
 Where the cause of Erin triumphed, and the Saxon was laid
 low,

With that green flag floating o'er me, and my face against
 the foe.

Never chieftain of Clan Dalgaigh to th' invader bowed the
 knee ;

By the black years of my bondage, it shall ne'er be done
 by me !

I would rather angry ocean roared o'er castle, cot, and hall,
 Than see any Saxon *bodach* rule in Royal Donegal.

Deathless fame in song and story will enshroud the men who
 died,

Fighting God and Freedom's battle bravely by O'Donnell's
 side.

Great will be his meed of glory, honoured long the victor's
 name ;

Pointing proudly to her kinsman, many a maid will tell
 his fame.

“ Lo ! he fought at Doonaveragh,” agèd men will whispering
 say,

And make way before the altar for the heroes of to-day.

Gleaming bright through dark'ning ages will this great day's
 memory glide,

Like the Saimer's bright-waved waters glancing onward
 to the tide.

MOST REV. DR. HEALY,

Archbishop of Tuam.

FÁIR-BREASAC AN SAO^{GA}L SO.

Fáir-breasac an saog^{al} ro ir ná humla^{is} d^ó,
Seairⁿ béair^{ar} na réad^a ro énuairⁿis^{ir} d^ó,
Ní fuil lá téarma d^{is} don neac sup buan biar beo,
Aet mar blá^t éad^otr^om épaob⁻glar an uair bi^or nó^o.

Réac, cáir g^{ab} Caer^{ar} 'r a érua^o-bui^oean trl^ois^g,
Ná Né^o éuirⁱ lé lapa^o ruar i an Róim^h,
Ná Séair^{lar} Mórⁱ éad^ota^c le n-a mbuair^otí g^{leo},
Dá ngéillea^o an éair^oir, an uair bi^o beo.

Mo rcéal d^{uit}, a r^éir⁻bean, ir ruair^{ic}-mín r^{nó}o,
Nac fuil éir^{ea}ct 'ran traog^{al} ro aet tuar ma^oite 'r b^{ro}in
Ná déanta^r leat éag^{na}c ná uairⁱl ní^or mó,
Ir bréas^{ac} do r^{cé}m⁻re, 'r ní buan i, im' d^óis^g.

Ní fuil aet cré i^o' éad^oac má^r muar bi^or d^óir,
'San déag⁻mat^{al} daor⁻dait^e, dá uairⁱl^{is}e i^o' d^óis^g,
'San léim^o glé⁻gil ná i^o' g^{ua}naib^h r^{ro}ill,
Ná 'ran g^{er}paob⁻banna réac^o 'na ngluairⁱg^{ea}nn r^{er}o^o.

Ní fuil aet cré i^o' béal tana ar r^{nu}a^o-g^{na}oi an r^oir,
No i^o' ba^oit⁻éangair^o gléar^{ta} ór luairⁱmⁱg^e an glóir,
'San éa^oim⁻leaca ar g^{né} d^{at}a an g^{ua}il g^{ir}ir⁻beo,
No 'ran déa^o cáilce glé g^{ea}l mar buairⁱr^oe i g^{cló}o.

Ir ní fuil aet cré i^o' céib^h éar^{ta} an d^{ua}ilín óir,
Ná i^o' éad^oan g^{ea}l réir^o-glan ar r^{nu}a^o an doil r^oir,
Ná i b^éair^{la} do élaon⁻porc mear⁻érua^o rⁱgⁱn réoir^o
Ná i^o' éaol⁻mála néata mar ruairⁱnín r^oin.

Ir é an té éru^{ta}is^g éad^a ir a r^{lu}a^{is}-fíol mór
Do éuirⁱ r^{cé}m^h ar an g^{er}e rⁱn mar luair^omí^o d^óib^h;
Ní déanta d^ó don neac dá b^{ru}a^{ir} i glóir,
Sup leirⁱ féin ir réir^oir a m^uar⁻bui^oe éobair^e.

Éasfaiṛ na héire inṛ na cuantaibṛ ceoibṛ,
 Éasfaiṛ an éanlaicṛ dṛ luaimniḡe dṛoibṛ,
 Éasfaiṛ na tréada 'ṛ na buailtiḡe bṛo,
 'S gacṛ rṛpé cṛnuic, dṛar féioir a luadṛ dṛoibṛ fṛr.

Éasfaiṛ luēt bṛéiḡe asur bṛiṛtiḡe óir,
 Éasfaiṛ luēt cṛaoir asur cṛúircinṛ d'ól
 Éasfaiṛ luēt tréideanair ḡuanairḡe iḡoin,
 Ir éasfaiṛ luēt dṛéiḡ-beairc nacṛ duḡairc iṛamṛ ḡó.

Éasfaiṛ an duine dṛorta ir an truaḡ-naoirḡe óḡ,
 Éasfaiṛ na cléiriḡ ir na tuataiḡ leo,
 Éasfaiṛ do céile 'ṛ do mṛirniṛnṛ deoil,
 Ir éasfaiṛ-re féin, dṛar mo cúbar, ní ḡó.

An trácṛ éasfaiṛ-re, féacṛ leat, an duaiṛ dṛibṛ bṛón;
 Claoṛfaiṛ do claoṛ-deairc ḡo huaiḡneacṛ cṛón,
 Duḡ dṛéirṛneacṛ t'éadṛan 'ṛ do ḡruadṛ ar lí an rṛmóil
 Ir tréiḡfṛio do céadṛfada a muair-bṛiḡ fṛr.

Ní léiḡfear leat céirre ná cúirín rṛóill,
 Ná raor-bṛiat ḡan éiréacṛ, dṛar cṛnuaruiḡir fṛr,
 Acṛ éadacṛ nár rṛpéir leat an uairṛ bṛir beo,
 Ir léine 'na féabadṛ nó fuar-rcaoilṛteosṛ.

Deairfaiṛ tú le céadṛfaiṛ ar ḡuailniḡ iṛ' iḡóim,
 Ir ḡléarfaiṛ dṛuit féin leadbairṛ fuar-cṛaoilṛ dṛóimain;
 Adéarfaiṛ luēt d'éasḡaiḡ as cṛruadṛ-cṛaoiṛ deor:
 "Cuirṛ cṛé uirṛe; cṛéadṛ é a ḡnó fuar níoirṛ mó?"

Tréiḡfṛio do ḡaoil tú ir buḡ truaḡ cṛoirḡe leo,
 Léiḡfṛio tú iṛ' adonarṛ 'ran uaiḡ rcaoiṛ fṛo,
 Tiocfaiṛ riarṛa ḡéara na dṛtuambairḡe iṛ' cṛóimair,
 Ir do dṛéanfaiṛ oirṛ féarṛa, ir buḡ truaillṛiḡe an rṛóḡ.

Má'r dṛéideanaiḡe do céile ná tú, 'inḡean óḡ,
 Do-ḡéana fé i n-éasḡuirṛ do ḡuailniḡe cṛoir,
 Ir adéara ḡo héadṛrom, má rṛmuainiḡeann óirṛ:
 "Céadṛ beannaacṛ léi-re! do cúairṛ rí iḡóimainṛ."

Áir léir-éadgarc féin duit ir d'ual daoiib zóbaíl
 Déan raotar do-béara zo buan daoiib rtor
 le raogal na zcéad-éleap ir uaillige zlóir,
 ná bréagtar tú le béatár an uabair níor mó.

Smuain féin ar na créactaib do fuair Críort cóir,
 Ir tabair déara i n-éiric a muair-rian Dó,
 A maot-éirighe, a naom-zlaca, ir crú a éiríde ar rtor,
 As péirteac cloinne Éaba ar cruad-índaróm broidin.

Cré an dá arptal déag zan éruar éiríde ar dōman,
 'S zac nio déarpar an naom-eaglaír do luair Críort
 mómainn;

Zo raorpar Mac Dé tú, zo mór bioú io' dōis,
 Zrád Dé zil, bioú ré 'zac, 'r ná fuatais cómuir'.

seatrún céitinn.

HUGH O'DONNELL ROE.

A.D. 1602.

(The lament of a Tir-Conaill clansman when the news arrived in Ireland that Red Hugh O'Donnell had met death at the hands of the English in Spain.)

I.

They've poisoned him ! they've poisoned him ! our glory and
our joy.

The one who led Tir-Conaill's clans when yet a beardless boy,
The one who broke the Saxon power, and crushed the Saxon
pride

And swept their hosts from many a field, like reeds before the
tide.

My bitter, blighting curse be on their heads for evermore,
And may God's wrath with vengeful force sweep down upon
their shore,

For every seed they place in earth may nought but ashes grow,
The wolves—who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh
O'Donnell Roe !

II.

The hate that nerved him in the fight, their own false hands
 had sown,
 The day they lured him to their ship, by stately Innishowen,
 And chained him fast in Dublin towers ; tho' little more than
 child,
 Small wonder that his heart was filled with throbbings fierce
 and wild :
 For every link that bound his limbs a lasting vow he made,
 That while his hand could lift a spear or grasp a trusty blade,
 That while remained in his right arm the strength to strike a
 blow,
 So long should England feel the hate of Hugh O'Donnell Roe !

III.

But English chains could never hold a captive such as he,
 And one brave day we welcomed home our gallant chieftain
 —free !
 And never had Tir-Conaill's homes a warrior lord more true,
 Or one more fit to lead the fight than he—our dauntless Hugh.
 Then, *then*, burst forth, like lightning flash, his long-pent fiery
 wrath,
 And woe betide the Saxon churl who dared to cross his path.
 And cried he in our midst that day, his dark proud eyes aglow,
 “ For God and Home, who'll follow now with Hugh O'Donnell
 Roe ? ”

IV.

He rode and fought from Bann to Boyle a sweeping vengeful
 flame
 To burn to ashes, root and branch, the Saxon race and name.
 He drove the robber wolves to bay, by ford and castle wall,
 From Connacht's plains thro' the Annalees to heath-clad
 Dún-na-nGall.
 The Fiery Cross lit up the skies o'er many a field of dead.
 Tir-Conaill's war-cry pierced the souls of those who turned
 and fled.

“Clan-Conaill on! your Chieftain leads! strike down the
plundering foe,
No Saxon swine shall rule our land,” cried Hugh O'Donnell Roe!

V.

Tir-Eoghain's Hugh, Tir-Conaill's Hugh, like brothers hand
in hand
Stood, fighting Ireland's foes—*alone*—two chiefs in all the land
mo b'pón! the East and West were dead, the South was fast
asleep,
And bravest ships must sink at last, where winds in fury
sweep.
Pressed on the English foemen then—ay, ten to every Gael,
My God! 'twas hard to see *their* flag wave high above Kinsale.
The night came down, the Fiery Cross was crushed and
drooping low,
Away to Spain for swords and men sailed Hugh O'Donnell
Roe!

VI.

O, how he pleaded, how he prayed, while sped the weary days,
His eyes for ever toward the sea, his fervent soul ablaze,
'Till forth the kingly mandate went, “A Royal Fleet shall sail
To aid the men who fight for God, in distant Innisfail.”
And even while new life and hope were throbbing in his heart
The foe, who feared him in the fight, drove home the craven dart.
Weep! weep Tir-Conaill! Ireland weep! unchecked the
tears may flow,
Our Pride, our Strength, our Sword is gone, brave Hugh
O'Donnell Roe!

VII.

He's dead! our Love, our Prince, our Chief, the flower of all
our race.
He's dead to-day in far-off Spain, and who shall take his
place?

Raise, raise for him the sorrow dirge, O daughters of the North,
Your Shield is gone, your foes are here, and who shall drive
them forth?

But shall we only weep? No, no; revenge is ours to-day.
Tir-Conaill on! smite down the wolves! no man shall shirk
the fray

Till we have paid, a thousand times, the sacred debt we owe
To those who drank the young heart's blood of **Hugh O'Donnell**
Roe!

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

A BEAN FUAIR FÁILL AR AN BFEART.

A bean fuair fáill ar an bfeart
Tnuas liom a bfaightaí d'éirteacht,
Dá mbeadh fianh fadhbóid ro' shar
Do beadh ro' éadoinéad congnam.

Fadhbóid bfaightaí an fáill,
Dá mbeadh éadhb i dTír Conaill,
Láim le fuaig bhoirce dá mbeadh
Ní fadhbóid an uais go huaisneadh.

I nDoirí i nDruim Claid na hEirí,
I nÁrda Maca ir móir cáthar,
Ní fadhbóid lá an feart ar fáill
San mná do tacht fó n-a tuaraim.

I nDún na nGall ba mín muir
No i n-áruir Earbuig Eoigam
No i nEirí Ruad ir réime fáil
Ní buid réirde an uain d'fáigáil.

Do tiorfadh ro' éadhbóid éadoiné
Bean ó'n Éiríne iolmáoiné
Bean ó fhuir binnríeadh Danna
Ir inéad ó lior luidéadoma.

Do tiocfaid bean ó'n Máig Moill,
Ó Dearbha ó Súir ó Sionainn
'S an bean ó Chúacáinn na gcait
'S an bean ó Tuataib Teampall.

Do hípleoúdaí ó mhuir rcoir
An cnoc 'n-ar crioúad beatha.
Ní beaí an teac san gáir suil
Dá mbeaí láim le fiaí fiontáinn.

Ní beaí láim leir na leacaib
Ceat ruaimhín ná raimhceadaíl.
Ní beaí beáma san bhrón mban
Ná beáma um nóin san niamh.

Dá mac muig do'n réim reo Cumn
Atá ar gac taoib d'Ua Domnaill
Na tui cuirp le ríneann rí
Fíir-rín ár n-uile a n-oiúir.

An dá élaic rín ór a gciann
Dá bpeicóir óg-ban éiréann
Ar doimhínead do léagad,
Caoi míle do múircéalaí.

Ua t'atár ar doí do mátar
Mar don re d' óir dearbádar,
Ní gac díb san élaic do élaic
A bfuil no a méinn dá meardaí.

Óir de'n tuiúr rín tárla ircaí
Clann doíá árdaíle díle
Ua do'n doí ro duine díob
Cuir naí b'artha i n-imhíomh.

.
'Sna caíab do cúiréaí linn
Ag corraí éiríe i n'éirínn
Dá dcaitcead duine díob ran
Do baí díol uile ó ulcaib.

Lá oipópaic áca Dúirde
 I n-ar lia leaét rocuirde
 Dá dtuirtaó uaimne doó Ó Néill,
 Do'n taoib éuaíó do baó toirpléim.

Lá caéa an Dealaig Dúirde
 Dá rcairéaoi linn Ruşmarde
 Do beaó gáir faoilte gac fir
 'Na gáir éaoimte 'gá éloimn rin.

Dá dtuirtaó pé ó'n tír éall
 I ló fillte fiann eaétrann
 Lá doob' áilne as ác Seanaig
 Níor b'fác gáir as gaoirdeala.

Lá i Leitbhor 'nar loirtaó rinn
 No an lá láim le Gaillim
 Do tiocpaó mná as caoineaó Uí Cumn
 Lá baóile no lá liaéoraim.

Lá an Coirpléibe ar gclaoíó na nGall
 Dá bpeicéí fuil le Caébharr
 Ba lór o'úrécíáó ar péacain
 Slós Márbais do múircéalaó.

Do ruaimneoétaíóe puipe ar niaó
 Dá dtugéaíóe a leaét lá ar Coirpliaó
 Dá dtugéaíóe a leaét lá Sluig
 Níor lá baó eaét o'forórom.

Níor beas de léan pe Leit Cumn
 Báp doóa oigeaó Caébharr
 Scapaó do Ruópaíó rinn
 Robaó úrbaíóe o'Éirinn.

Go noíbre Dia an turpe dtuim
 Uaib, a inŕean Uí Doimnaill,
 Gearr go dtéirde ar péao mar rom,
 Péac na céime fáó' cómar.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

A.D. 1631.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough
defiles—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seemed conscious of the
calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that
glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing
tide—

Oh ! some sweet mission of true love should urge them to the
shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! “ the roof is in a flame ! ”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire,
and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabres' fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl—

The yell of “ Allah ” breaks above the prayer, and shriek and
roar—

Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild ;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint and nestled with the child :
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,

While o'er him, in an Irish hand, there sweeps his Syrian steel,
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,

There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring !
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—

These hookers crossed from stormy Schull, that skiff from Affadown ;

They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprint,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—

Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clere, and saw five leagues before

The pirate galleys vanishing, that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galleys o'er, and some must tend the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.

Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey
She's safe—he's dead—he stabbed him in the midst of his serai ;



truly yours
Thomas Snow.

And, when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody
band,

And now amid its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine !

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchaidh, who brought the Norman
o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

THOMAS DAVIS.

MACTHNAH AN CÉITINNIGH

Seathrúin Céitinn i bpolac i n-uaim i ttiobhairt áriann agus carnán
reirbeann ór a cómair, A.D. 1629, no mar roin.

Sin iad annroin iad, leabair fírinne na nḡaeḡeal agus
leabair éicis na nḡall. Ó, na coisḡríocá ḡránḡa úo ó
ḡarana! tá náire orm i n-a ḡtaoib. Níl rḡaruiḡe ḡioḡ
ḡár cuir ríor miam ar éirinn ó ḡabáltar ḡall i leit nac a
ḡiarriarḡ tarcuirne ḡo ḡabairḡ ḡo ḡaeḡealaid agus ḡo
ḡall-ḡaeḡealaid atáir. Ní ḡeárrnaio áiream ar ár bḡir-
ḡréitib,—mar nac tuigḡe ḡoib iad. Agus ḡroic-ḡréite
nár bain miam linn cuirḡo ríor i n-ár leit iad, mar ḡo
raoiliḡo ḡo ḡreirḡirḡo eorraiḡ i ḡcoitḡinne an bḡeas
uaḡa!

Áct an ḡois leo ḡur áitear-ra fíce bliadḡan i Roinn
na hEorpa ḡan rḡair na hEorpa ḡo ḡeár-reirḡuḡaḡ;
an ḡois leo ḡo bḡuil carnár leabair léigḡe ḡan aḡbar aḡam
agus carnán reirbeann aic-leigḡe aḡam ḡan toirḡ; an ḡois
leo, tar éir mo ḡaoḡail, ná fuil cḡuinn-eolar aḡam ar

cráibítead na n-*ḡaeḡeal*, ar a *ḡcriḡḡad* agus ar a *bplait*-*amla*, ar a *raḡtar* ar fuir na *heḡpa*, ar an *ḡcoḡḡad* *ḡḡarḡir* coir baile ar *boḡtib*, ar *ḡileadḡtib*, ar *ḡad mac mātar* o'ar *ḡeangmuis* orḡa agus *ḡābāḡ aige le cabair*.

Cā *ḡaib* an *ḡionḡ eile* *ḡḡ ḡairm* *ḡcoile* *uadā* do *ḡuir* *éigean* *ḡeile* orḡa *ḡein* *ḡé* *mar* do *ḡein* *mūinnḡear* na *hÉireann*? *Mūinnḡear* na *hÉireann*! nār *leor* *leo* a *noiceall* do *ḡéanam* do *ḡad* *ḡuine* *ḡā* *ḡaḡad* *ḡuā* ar *lorḡ* *léiginn*, *ḡan* *cuiread* *coitḡianta* do *ḡabairḡ* do *ḡad* *aicme* *ḡo* *ḡaib* *ḡonn* *ḡoḡlumḡa* orḡa *ba* *ḡuma* *cad* ar *ḡo* *ḡtiocḡarḡir*.

Ua *ḡóig* le *ḡuine* ar na *ḡallaib* *ḡo* nār *ḡomuis* *uḡḡair* *mōra* na *heḡpa* *ḡur* *līonmair* *bī* *Éire* *ḡé* *naomāib* *nā* *mar* *bī* *ḡon* *ḡríoc* *eile* o'ar *b'eol* *ḡóib*; *ḡearḡad* *ḡuine* orḡa nār *ḡomuis* *uḡḡair* *mōra* na *heḡpa* *ḡo* *ḡaib* *cuirle* na *ḡoḡluma* *ḡom* *ḡorāmāil* *ḡan* *ī* *nÉirinn* *ḡur* *bḡúct* agus *ḡur* *adḡrúct* *ḡī* *ḡo* *ḡtī* *ḡo* *ḡaib* *ḡad* *tīr* *ḡan* *ḡorair* *ḡé* *ḡomāoin* *aici*. Agus, *marā* *n-ḡomḡḡarḡir* *ḡein*, *nā* *ḡaib* *mo* *ḡairḡealra* ar *lorḡ* na *manāc*! Na *mainḡḡeācā* do *ḡḡḡar* agus do *ḡoḡuigḡar* *aḡ* *baile* agus *ī* *ḡcēin* *nā* *ḡeacā-ra* *lem'* *ḡūilīb* *cinn* a *n-iarḡmāiḡe* *āḡarāḡ*? *Cealla* do *ḡḡḡar* *ī* *n-a* *ḡatalām* *ḡūḡḡair* *ḡonnaḡ* *ḡé* *bārī* *larḡāc* *aḡ* *an* *eaḡḡ-ḡannaḡ* *īad*! *Mo* *mīle* *nāipe* *īad* na *ḡaill* *bḡarācā*, *mo* *mīle* *nāipe* agus *m'air* *īad*!

ḡcriḡḡar-ra *ḡair* na *ḡóḡla*, agus *ḡabāḡad* a *ceairḡ* *ḡein* *ḡi*. *ḡeimḡeoḡar* *mé* *ḡo'n* *ḡraoḡal* *ḡur* *ba* *nōr* *ī* *nÉirinn* *bḡeicḡamāin* agus *leāḡa* agus *ḡeandāḡa* agus *ḡilīḡe* agus *ḡor* *tēad* do *ḡeic* *aḡ* *uairlīb*, *ḡaoirḡe* do *ḡeic* *aḡ* a *bḡearḡain*, *aḡ* a *bḡearḡann*, *aḡ* a *ḡḡḡéḡ*; *ḡur* *mōiḡe* *ḡeandḡur* na *hÉireann* do *ḡeic* *bārāntāmāil* *mar* *ḡo* *mḡiḡḡ* na *cēadḡa* *ollāmān* *ḡā* *ḡoimeāḡ*, agus *coḡḡad* *aḡ* *ḡad* *ollām* *ḡiḡḡ* *ḡā* *ḡion*. *Cḡuinḡeoḡar-ra*, *mīneoḡad*, *cuirḡeāḡ* *bḡiḡ* a *n-oibḡe* *ḡo* *ī* *n-eaḡar*. Agus, *mā* *iarḡtar* *orḡm* *cad* *ḡuig* *ḡo* *ḡuḡḡam* *orḡeāḡ* *ḡann* ar *an* *ḡeandḡur* *mar* *ḡuirḡam* ar *an* *ḡair*, *mo* *ḡḡeāḡra* *air* *ḡin* *ḡur* *cumāḡ* *urḡḡḡ* *an* *ḡeandḡur* *ī* *nouantāib* *mar* *ḡurāḡ* *āmāir* *īr* *ḡearī* do *cuirḡiḡe* *ḡe* *mēadair* *le* *luḡḡ* *ḡoḡlumḡa* *é*.

Tá seiríbeanna go leor ór mo cómair anseo. Tómarfaid
 iad, cuirfead i scomórtar iad, agus déanfaid leasúgáid
 beas ar an tsean-Šaethilg ionnup go dtuigfead i nŠač áro
 de'n dútaig feara mé. Mar sup ró-baošlac uim go
 mbeid ar dteangá dúteair as dul i n-ačairiáč agus i n-olcar
 agus i n-éas, b'féidir, má bíonn fé de mí-áid orainn déarla
 na nŠall do dul cum cinn i nÉirinn. Á! áčt fari a dtor-
 nóčad fé deoir leir an rtair rin nočtfaid Šač bréas d'ár
 cpaobrcáoilead riam i dtaoir mo dútaigse. Ceapann Šall
 go mífir leo ó'n uair go bfuilim-re ar teicead uata.
 Ir beas a tuigir, áin, cad a čiocfaió de bairi a nnoč-
 aigne, mar sup beas a řaolir lučt na leirce sup féidir
 rtair ir reančur do čur i n-easari i n-uaim uaignir. Šo
 maičir Dia dóid a bpeacairde, agus go raib an Šaethilg
 čoirde fé čomairce na břaircear!

AN DAIŘBŘEAD DÁN.

MACMAHON'S PLEADINGS.

By heaven, that hateful name is false! no "traitor's" soul
 have I—

Not mine to blush for "caven crimes"—not mine "the
 dread to die";

And, though a captive here I stand within these Dublin tow'rs,
 I swear we fight for king and right—a holy cause is ours:

Even here I fling your tauntings back—I fling them in your
 face—

Dark picture, Parsons, of your heart—a tell-tale of your race.
 Lords-justices! misnamed—my tongue your perfidy shall
 brand,

Betrayers of your prince's cause, and robbers of the land!

I dare your worst!—your rope, your block no terrors have for
 me,

For the hour that saw these hands enchained, that hour saw
 Ireland free!

Ay, "bear me hence"—what boots it now if I should live or die ?

Thank God ! the long-sought hour is come—our banners kiss the sky !

Albeit a worthless tool is broke !—'tis hallowed in the deed—
Thank God that Ireland's cause is safe—that I for Ireland bleed !

Ay, "bear me to the bloody block"—nor need ye waste your light,

For Ulster, all ablaze, my lords, shall be our torch to-night.
Each Saxon tower that frowned upon our country's plundered thanes

Shall light its felon lord, ere dawn, to dastard flight or chains ;
Shall guide the steps of gathering clans, whose watchwords rend the sky—

O, God ! it is a happy death, on such a night to die !

Clan Conaill's outlawed sons rush down o'er cliff and rugged rock—

Than Erna's flood at Assaroe, more fierce and dread their shock ;

As storm-clouds driven o'er summer sky, MacGuire's shattered clan

Shall sweep from Erna's hundred isles, and clutch their own again :

A thunderbolt that cleaves the heavens with scathing levin bright

Clan Neill's gathering masses burst o'er town and tower to-night ;

O'Hanlon builds his eyrie strong in Tanderagee's old town ;
O'Reilly raises Breifne's kernes ; McGennis musters Down ;
And, though not mine the glorious task my rightful clan to lead

Clan Mahon shall not want a chief to teach it how to bleed !

Tir Eoghain's banished chief unfurls the "Red Hand" o'er the sea ;

And many an exile's sword that flag shall lead to victory.

Once more upon Lough Swilly's shore O'Neill again shall stand—
Hugh's victor fire burns in his eye, and guides his vengeful
brand ;

Full soon the "bloody hand" shall grasp Tir Conaill's "Holy
Cross ;"

And, side by side, through battle's tide their mingling folds
shall toss ;

And, "In this sign we'll conquer" now despite your robber
pow'rs—

Proclaim ! the glorious goal is won—again, the land is ours !

Ha ! wherefore shakes that craven hand—Lord Justice
Parsons, say ?

Why stare so stark, my Lord Borlase ?—why grow so pale, I
pray ?

Methought you deemed it "holy work" to fleece the
"Philistine" ;

That in "God's name" you taxed belief in many a goodly fine ;
Then wherefore all these rueful looks ?—"the Lord's work ye
have done !"

Advance the lights ! ha ! vampire lords, your evil race is run ;
Ye traitors to a trusting prince ! ye robbers of his realm !
Small wonder that the ship's adrift, with pirates at the helm !

Hark ! heard'st that shout that rang without ? ye ministers of ill,
Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet you've time to
kill !

I dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves ! then, wherefore do you
pause ?

My blood shall rouse the Southern clans, though prostrate in
our cause !

For as the resurrection-flower, though withered many a year,
Blooms fresh and bright and fair again when watered with a
tear,

So, nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's ruddy tide,
Our sons shall say—"The nation lived when Hugh MacMahon
died "

JAMES N. M'KANE.

BRIAN BOY MAGEE.

A.D. 1641.

I am Brian Boy Magee—

My father was Eoghan Bán—

I was wakened from happy dreams

By the shouts of my startled clan ;

And I saw through the leaping glare

That marked where our homestead stood,

My mother swing by her hair—

And my brothers lie in their blood.

In the creepy cold of the night

The pitiless wolves came down—

Scotch troops from the Castle grim

Guarding Knockfergus town ;

And they hacked and lashed and hewed

With musket and rope and sword

Till my murdered kin lay thick

In pools by the Slaughter Ford.

I fought by my father's side,

And when we were fighting sore

We saw a line of their steel

With our shrieking women before ;

The red-coats drove them on

To the verge of the Gobbins gray,

Hurried them—God ! the sight !

As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Oh, tall were the Gobbins cliffs,

And sharp were the rocks, my woe !

And tender the limbs that met

Such terrible death below ;

Mother and babe and maid,
 They clutched at the empty air,
 With eyeballs widened in fright,
 That hour of despair.

(Sleep soft in your heaving bed,
 O, little fair love of my heart !
 The bitter oath I have sworn
 Shall be of my life a part ;
 And for every piteous prayer
 You prayed on your way to die,
 May I hear an enemy plead
 While I laugh and deny.)

In the dawn that was gold and red,
 Ay, red as the blood-choked stream,
 I crept to the perilous brink—
 Great Christ ! was the night a dream ?
 In all the island of Gloom
 I only had life that day—
 Death covered the green hillsides,
 And tossed in the Bay.

I have vowed by the pride of my sires
 By my mother's wandering ghost—
 By my kinsfolk's shattered bones
 Hurl'd on a cruel coast—
 By the sweet dead face of my love,
 And the wound in her gentle breast—
 To follow that murderous band
 A sleuth hound who knows no rest.

I shall go to Feidhlim O'Neill
 With my sorrowful tale, and crave
 A blue-bright blade of Spain,
 In the ranks of his soldiers brave.

And God grant me the strength to wield
 That shining avenger well—
 And the Gael shall sweep his foe
 Through the yawning gates of Hell.

I am Brian Boy Magee !
 And my creed is a creed of hate ;
 Love, Peace, I have cast aside—
 But Vengeance, *Vengeance*, I wait !
 Till I pay back the fourfold debt
 For the horrors I witnessed there,
 When my brothers moaned in their blood,
 And my mother swung by her hair.

ANNA MACMANUS.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

Joy ! joy ! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
 And see ! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing
 tide,
 And gladsome bells and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
 towers,
 Hark ! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is
 OURS.

Glory to God ! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of
 Down,
 My ears have drunk the joyful news, " Stout Phelim hath his
 own."
 Oh ! may they see and hear no more, oh ! may they rot to
 clay,
 When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish
maw ;

Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law ;
Now shall the Undertaker square, for once, his loose accounts—
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal
spawn,

Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and
their lawn,

With all the specious joy of fraud that robbed us of our own ;
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er thrice ten thousand
men ;

Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise again ;

The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—

The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with
Saxon blood !

Pity ! no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood
to spare ;

To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin
implore

“ Graves and revenge ” from Gobbin cliffs and Carrick's
bloody shore !

Pity !—could we “ forget, forgive,” if we were clods of clay
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark
decay,

And worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of
our land

With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our
hand !

Pity ! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our sides to-day :

The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the murderer's
knife ;
We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life ;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us
into earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth. -
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred :
Yes, this is their own work ; and now, their work be on their
head !

Nay, father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay !
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God ;
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the Pale
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail !

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's pow'r,
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious
hour.

Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and
pain,
And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint communed with God,
Up from the vale where Bagnal's blood manured the reeking sod,

Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered
home,

Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen
come.

Then, brethren, *on* ! O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see
you pause—

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er
your cause—

His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true ;
Oh, forward ! friends, it must not lose the land again in you !

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

MO TRAOCÁD' IS MO SÁOT REM' LÓ TÚ.

(Ar b'ar mhuir m'ic Shearailt Ríoiré Chiarraíde do caillead
i b'flónnóir i m'bhiaóain a 1646 no mar roim.)

Mo traocád' i' mo fáot rem' ló tú,
A Chiarraídi' i' ó' éian-luige i gcómhainn ;
Mo éiread, t'fearc ear lear i b'flónnóir,
A mhuir m'ic an Ríoiré ó flóirar.

Cé móir an crád' do tárcuig rómat,
Ní raib' blas ná da' ná dóirre air,
Dá pírib, san fuigeall san fóbairc,
Fém' éoiré-re sur rcaoiléad do rceol-ra.

Do bí áine énuic áine doo' fósrao,
I' bí suil as loc' sur na ngleo-fear,
Caol as mnaoi binn i ngleann fósra
I' Shearailt-éaol as Seanao-mnaoi i' cómhgar.

O'admuig bean do éarc ar eocail,
Bean ríde as Moigile do cómhgar,
Doib' mac Caille i' Caerac móna
I' cinéal m'béice as o'réim me doiraid.

GILL'S IRISH RECITER.

Do glac eagla an Sapanac rōdamañ
 1 oTráig li na mí-feap ó'm tōirmir,
 bean riðe roo' ðaoineað 'na ðoirrið
 Sur ðaoil surab é a ðibiru o'fōðar.

Inn an Daingean níor éagil an ceol-gol
 Sur glac easla ceannuiscthe an énoirta,
 Tá n-easla féin níor baogal dóibh-rean
 Ní éadoinio mná riobh an róirt roin.

bean pròie i n'Ùin Càoin a's b'pòn-
 'S bean d'ùtèair mo 'Ùin-an-òir-re,
 bean binn-rcol Inreac Mòirpe
 Coir fèile fà éas ós-rcac.

Դր ՏԼԻԱԾ ՄԻՐ ՆՈՐ ԸՐ ԴՆ ՄՕՐ-ՏՕԼ,
 'Տ ԴՐ ՏԼԻԱԾ ՔՐՈՆԱՃԼԱՆ ՔԻՕԼԱՐ ՆԱ ՔԵՕԼԱ,
 ԴՐ ԸՐԱԿԱԾ ՆԱ ԽԱԻԹԵ ՎՕ ԵՕՐԵԱՆ,
 'Տ ԴՐ ԸՆՈՑ ԾՐԵԱՆՎԱՆ ԾՐԵՎ-ՇԵԱԼ ԵՕՄԱՐ.

Ὁ δαιμονιστὴς ἀπὸ ἀνὰ διὰ τὴν ὁδοῦ,
 Ὁ δὲ ἀπὸ βυβλίου τοῦ τοῦ ἱεροῦ βιβλίου,
 Ἀπὸ τοῦ ναοῦ πάλαι ποτε,
 Ἐὰς ἡμεῖς, νῦν ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς.

Թոր քիւ զնր քիւլեաժ 1 չգոմար,
 1 զ-ամրար ար քեծար և զ-բոլար,
 Դ'աշլա զն քեաժ Դանցնէ լեօ քան
 Թարքնա զն քն արքնա զօր քուք.

Mór farairne nár íatail ar Eoghanao
 'Da tnuáas leo' clú ir tú beo aca,
 Le'r b'anaoas oul t'aeuinne tórrta
 'Do' cumá-ra go brúigte brónaas.

Mōr ppēirþean cēaƿaƿāc i Ʒcōirte
 Nār lioƷaƿ aƿt oþ īreal beo oƿaib
 O'ēir t'ēaƷa fā bƿēioib ƿrōiull ƿuib
 AƷ ēaƿ le n-a cōile fōib-fe.

Mór maoid-bean doil-cuipir ir óir-fuile
 Dá gcioraó san éoir aét a gceol-éile,
 Iar ttraoéaó dor na téaduib órda
 'S a mbuidéadar as an nsaoid ar a n-óige.

Iomda mí-bean mionla módmair,
 Fá élar dúnta i gcúil dá reomra,
 Náir leis eagla carad oi glóir-éol
 'Doo' éadinead me hioðbairt a n-deora.

I n-amhair an marb no beo tú
 An uair ir miro léi t'falcirín io' óg-érué;
 Mar éus anhracé anhracé beo uiré,
 An tucug dearb do mairb níor mó oi?

Éus do éairce éuit éairm ir glóire,
 Éus fá deara i n-armaib t'óirnead,
 Éus éradam éuit tú a éilacáó óó ar óóro éil,
 Rí éilub ir níor mirtide a mórdacé.

Cia as ar éáéair t'áilne ásur t'óige
 An cnear ar énuad uamain na bóéna,
 An leaca ar lí éirir an óig-éil,
 'S an tneac ar óac na leas lóémar?

An éige éeamair 'r an éealltar éomaradé,
 An teangá mall ar éeall sur éomall,
 An tpoig éréan 'r an taob mar éróil éeal,
 An ionga éeol 'r an béal mar éóirpur?

Do éleapuidéacé as marcuigéacé móir-eacé,
 Do éleapuidéacé éeal-éeríobéa éeolá,
 éionnra éo n-ionlar t'éolair
 Ó éimit éice éo bóéocin?

Cia éur óighe doo' éairóéear éeoiré?
 Cia éeárrcna é n'óán io' éeoiré-éé?
 Éan éeic é leó' méearaib éórra,
 éleite éé 'r tú as ééana élóóá éir.

Cia éirífeas mar do éiríur i mbeo-miód
 As innriúnt d'innleáda i r d'eolair,
 As tabairt teangán d'i i r anam a d'ótain,
 Soileá mairb nár balb cé feoðad ?

Do muşair do moşa, ba moşa so deon dam,
 Mar díol i b'fiontaib i r i b'feoltae,
 Mar díol i şcior-b'fleir i r i şcóirrib,
 I n'óiceall tíoréa ar do éorram ;

I n'óútráct i r i şcumá do éomfoşuir
 I şcaoinead doir-şear i r óis-şear,
 I n-áttuirre şean-ban şan róirşean,
 Dearbútar, 'r i n-aoúma óş-ban.

Do hairóleacá tó i n-áşair mo éóicim,
 I r líşiró píce cum d'óibe,
 An orom ba şlonnmair şlórac
 I nór balb ó'd mairb 'na éómar.

Murcaoda i r a n'ouib-béal fóca,
 Halabairt 'r a mbarra le fódaiş,
 B'raşáca 'r iad ceangailte cnórta
 Láim şe talam dá mannair şan mórtar

Do élairéam ba şníomáca i nşleo-b'ruir,
 Lomnoctéa ar onácoin óis-şir,
 Do molaróac şolamác i r t'óir-rpuir
 Şo n-ionlar dá n-ionéur mómac.

Coirnéil şan oilbéim eolair
 I r captaein ó şac şlain-éiré d'Éorair
 Şo ştuamóa i n-uaim 'r i n-óirşoir
 'Şan oraéail fá éoraiş do éóm-éuir.

Céad şear d'od' şaoltaib feola
 I libré i n'ouib-éadac mómaiş,
 T'armur i r é tarrainşce ar ór-óac,
 Ronnta ar an b'foşail-éac b'fórrac.

An uair do glacadh 'ran talam do cómpa
 Dá mba maidéan lairgíte an lócrainn
 Do dhéanfaid oirde éioir-óuib ceo di
 Le rnuic an búdair do dóigeaó oir.

Ḡac rairgíuiri aḡ deimniugad eolcáir
 aḡ dúbláil cúma-rád fá dó duit,
 An túipeáil dúir-úmaeac a d'eora
 Ḡo d'oirmuigead le n-a oirnaib dóigíte.

Cé i an maidéan an eacépa éorcuin,
 Ir ḡuir ḡearra ó'n eaglaíir do nóir-úroḡ,
 Dob' éigin le méir an móircair,
 Buirdeacáir ar an ḡcéir um nóna.

Naor ḡcaogair do éleipeacáib coróntac
 Deirdearac i n-eaiaib órda,
 Saḡairt na ralmac ḡan cómaipeam,
 Ir earbuis an deacmáó ar do éorram.

Muna mbeaó a méir do ceim dóm-ra,
 Ir ualaé naé ualaé cómtrom,
 Ir maic do éaoirfead mo éioirde brioín tú
 I ḡcaoin-béair nár mílte aḡ óirio.

Ba tú dom an tan ba beo tú,
 M'úrpaó tige, mo rcic tóiré,
 Furtaet m'éigin, éirde m'feola,
 Comla m'áruir, fáil mo éorram.

Mo óion tuaité, mo buacaili bó-eallais
 Mo ruiuir ártais ar láir bóena,
 Mo maidé láime i mbeárrnain dó-fulaing,
 Mo éranb baḡair ra baile 'r tú i úflónorap.

Mo béitir deavola, mo éoir cómpaic.
 Mo úragan lann, mo ḡoll mac móirne,
 Mo éupaó caom, mo laoc, mo leomán,
 Mo éionn rúl, mo líon-lúe, mo lócrann.

Do mhalartaí mo ríadmar i mó-éar,
 Ir do díolair mo fíaoirre leo' óg-úil;
 Tú anocht, mo tócht ir mo éeo-ghoin,
 Ár m'aoibhnir ir críoch mo glóire.

Mo luain-éiread, mo ghair, mo gleo-bhuio,
 Mo énead báir, mo bhrácht, mo beo-ghoin,
 Mo míle mairg, mo cealg, mo cló-nim,
 Mo díle donair tú, m'orna, ir m'eolcuir

Mo fíleas d'éar, mo léan, mo leonad,
 Mo ghoin émoide, mo díct, mo deoncad,
 Mo fíorca ball, mo cáll, mo éró-loc,
 Mo énead clí do fínead i gcómhainn.

Ba éaire ná an fearcainn do fónntaect,
 Ba daingne ná an cárraig do éródaect,
 Dob' fairsinge ná an bhanba do beodaect,
 Ir ba cumaingne ná t'áire an eorair.

Do leasad-ra mo leasad ir mo leonad,
 Do cáilleamain ba cáilleamain dóm-ra;
 Ó cáillear tú do cáillear mo dódar,
 Ir ó'r marb tú ir marb cé beo mé.

PIARAS FEIRITÉAR.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

A.D. 1646.

Give praise to the Virgin Mother ! O'Neill is at Benburb,
 The Chieftain of the martial soul, who scorns the Saxon curb ;
 Between two hills his camp is pitched, and in its front upthrown
 " The Red Hand " points to victory from the standard of
 Tir Eoghan ;

Behind him rise the ancient woods, while on his flank and near
 him

The deep Blackwater calmly glides, and seems to greet and
 cheer him.

'Tis a glorious morn in glowing June ! Against the sapphire sky

Bright glancing in the golden light the adverse banners fly ;
With godly boast the Scottish host, led on by stout Monroe,
Have crossed the main with venal swords to aid our ruthless foe.

And ne'er in sorer need than now, the steel of the hireling fenced him,

For a dauntless Chief and mighty host stand in array against him !

By all the saints they're welcome ! across the crested wave,
For few who left Kinard this morn ere night shall lack a grave.
The hour—the man, await them now, and retribution dire
Shall sweep their ranks from front to rear by our avenging fire ;

Yet on they march in pride of heart—the hell-engendered gloom

Of the grim predestined Puritan impels them to their doom.

A thrilling charge their trumpets blow, but the shout—
“ O'Neill Abu ! ”

Is heard above the clarion call—ringing the wild woods through !

“ On,” cried Lord Ardes, “ On, Cunninghame ! Forward with
might and main,”

And the flower of Scottish chivalry comes swooping down the plain—

Fiercely they dash and thunder on—as the wrathful waves
come leaping

Toward Rathlin gray on a wild March day when western
wind, are sweeping.

Now where are thy hardy kerne, O'Neill ? oh, whither have
they fled ?

Hurrah ! that volley from out the brakes hath covered the
sward with dead.

The horses rear, and in sudden fear, the Scottish warriors flee,
And the field is dyed with the crimson tide from their bravest
cavalry !

All praise to the Right-protecting God who guards His own
in danger,

None fell save one of the Irish host by the guns of the baffled
stranger.

“On to the charge!” cries fierce Monroe—“Fear not the bush
and scrog—

Nor that the river bound your right, and your left be flanked
with bog.”

And on they come right gallantly—but the Fabius of the West
Receives the shock unmoved as a rock, and calm as a lion at
rest.

The red artillery flashes in vain, or standeth spent and idle,
While the war-steeds bound across the plain, and, foaming,
champ the bridle.

From the azure height of his realm of light the sun is sinking
low,

And the blinding gleams of his parting beams dazzle the chafing
foe ;

And Eoghan's voice, like a trumpet note, rings clear through
his serried ranks—

‘ Brave brothers in arms, the hour has come, give God and
the Virgin thanks ;

Strike home to-day, or heavier woes will crush our homes and
altars :

Then trample the foeman in his blood—and cursed be the
slave that falters ! ”

A wild shout rends the lurid air, and at once from van to rear,
Of the Irish troops each soldier grasps his matchlock, sword,
or spear ;

The chieftains haste their steeds to loose, and spring upon
their feet,

That every chance be thus cut off of a coward's base retreat.

And, " Onward ! Forward ! " swells the cry in one tumultuous chorus,

" By God and the Virgin's help we'll drive these hireling Scots before us ! "

'Tis body to body, with push of pike—'tis foe confronting foe,
'Tis gun to gun, and blade to blade—'tis blow returning blow.
Fierce is the conflict—fell the strife—but Heaven defends the right—

The Puritan's sword is broken, and his army put to flight.
They break away in wild dismay, while some to escape the slaughter

Plunge panting into the purple tide that dyes the dark Black-water.

May Mary, our Mother, be ever praised for the battle fought and won !

By Irish hearts and Irish hands, beneath that evening sun ;
Three thousand two hundred and forty foes lay dead upon the plain,

And the Scots bewailed of their noble chiefs, Lord Blaney among the slain ;

And ever against a deadly foe no weaponed hand should falter,
But strike, as the valiant Eoghan Ruadh, for home, and shrine, and altar !

THE BISHOP OF ROSS ; OR THE MITRED MARTYR OF MACROOM.

The tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom,
The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,
And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come
On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild ulalu,
Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;
But loud though the complaints and the shrieks which ensue,
The war-cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,
And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield

MacEgan, a prelate like Ambrose of old,
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near ;
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear.

The danger is come and the fortune of war
Inclines to the side of oppression once more ;
The people are brave—but they fall ; and the star
Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
Of the lords of the Pale, and his death is decreed ;
But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's commands,
And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

“ To Carraig an Droichid this instant,” he cried,
“ Prevail on your people in garrison there,
To yield, and at once in our mercy confide
And your life I will pledge you my honour to spare.”

“ Your mercy ! your honour ! ” the prelate replied,
“ I well know the worth of : my duty I know,
Lead on to the Castle, and there by your side,
With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do.”

The orders are given, the prisoner is led
To the Castle, and round him are menacing hordes ;
Undaunted, approaching the walls, at the head
Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words :

“ Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in its folds !
Beware of Lord Broghill the day that he smiles ;
His mercy is murder !—his word never holds.

“ Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
 Our countrymen never relied on the faith
 Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—
 And the issue of every delusion was death ! ”

Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustained
 The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
 And the last of old Eoghan's descendants obtained
 For the name of Ui Maine new lustre and grace.

He died on the scaffold in front of those walls
 Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar ;
 And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
 The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war.

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

ní fúlaimḡio ḡail uúinn.

A.D. 1670.

ní fúlaimḡio ḡail uúinn ríocṡaḡo i nÉirinn real
 áir ḡcporóte ḡan ḡimliuḡaḡo 'r írliuḡaḡo fé n-a rmaḡt,
 áir ḡcumar do laiḡoiuḡaḡo ir oíḡiuḡaḡo áir ḡcléir ar fáv
 ir fuirim a mío-rún cpioḡnuḡaḡo áir raḡḡail ar.

níor íliḡte oár n-íoiuḡaḡo líomṡaḡo bpiáḡaḡo beairt
 ḡan cumar an oíḡiḡo rú i n-aon cúir o'éileamḡo ceairt,
 Tuḡim ḡur ríor-puóar ríocṡaḡo raob na bpear
 le n-a ḡcuirio i ḡpiḡc uúinn ḡníomṡaḡo léir a ḡceairt.

Oár ocubairt ḡo laoiḡeamḡail luiḡe uúinn fé n-a rmaḡt ;
 mo cúirre 'r naḡ oíon uúinn doin cúil o'éirinn airt,
 áir ḡcumar ir oíó-cumang, ní rú rmeár áir ḡceairt
 muna oḡiḡe ḡan moilḡ cuḡainn míniḡaḡo éiḡin ar.

Do éannaic na Saille úr ríodamail réadaic real,
 Cumaraic cioramail críochnamail céadfaidic ceart,
 Soilbhir raiiteamail mion-úr maorfa mear,
 Fíleada ríoramail ríontamail réartaic réad.

Cuirite caointeamail d'raoiteamail daonnaicic,
 Bioraite bíodhamail gaoirreamail Gaedelaic glan,
 So tuitim i bpríorún daoirreamail lae na mbreac
 Náir tuilleadair mí-éil 'r díodhúad d'éaraic deart.

Soirim i r' gairim rann Críort éugaid, caom an flait,
 D'fulaing a éoin-éirí i gcráid éumainc cearta tead
 So gcuiread san móill éugainn pí éil Gaedil 'na gceann
 'S so ríoraic na Saille úr bí pí i gcéin ear lear.

SÉADFAID Ó DONNADA

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Our happy school upon the hill,
 Where first were taught the childish prayers,
 That prove through scenes of strife and ill
 The solace of our after years—
 Thy loving lessons still have power,
 When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
 To save us in temptation's hour,
 And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
 Thy children play no common part—
 The skilful hand at every trade,
 The ornament of every art;
 The chemist, with his mystic lore,
 The clever scholar teaching others,
 The trader to a distant shore,
 Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
Who fears that every rolling billow
May sweep him to a watery grave,
The coral rocks to be his pillow,
Remembers there's a watchful eye
That looks on him as well as others,
As with a thankful, happy sigh,
He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battlefield,
With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
Although his spirit will not yield,
The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
He thinks upon the peaceful word,
'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
And spares his conquered foe the sword,
Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
Will linger long upon the strand,
And gaze across the sea in sadness.
His home is by the winding Lee,
Where long ago the best of mothers,
When death o'ertook her, prayed he'd be
A credit to the Christian Brothers.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

THE LABOURER.

Stand up—erect ! thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God !—who more ?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life—a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then ? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among ;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy ? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief ?
The great, who coldly pass thee by
With proud step and averted eye ?
Nay ! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee ?
A feather, which thou might'st cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst ;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot ;
Thy labour and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !

The great !—what better they than thou ?
As theirs, is not thy will as free ?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected to endow ?

True ; wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust
Nor place—uncertain as the wind !
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind !

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then ; that thy little span
Of life may well be trod !

W. D. GALLAGHER.

IS BARRA AR AN SCLEAS.

(Nuair do éirí Rí Cormac II. réalta ar an pointe do rinneadh pé
Chríomail ar éalaí na héireann.)

Ir barra ar an sclear an peacht do t'eacht ear tuinn
Le'r leasadh pé flait an t'head roin Éibir Finn,
Cama na mbeart do fladh go claon ar gcuing
Le'r gearradh amac ar sclear ar Éirinn uill.

Ir deacair a mear go raib i scéill do'n t'ruing,
Ceapadh na n-acht do tabairt d'aon mac Saille,
Go b'feacadar b'ead na b'ear ar Séarlar Ríog
Suir reardadar neart san ceart le céile a boill.

Do feannadh ar fadh an peacht ro i nÉirinn Sadoiril,
Ir deapstear feartha fearc hac don fír díob,
No glacaid a b'ar san ríad ir téir ear tuinn
Ir geallaid ear n-air san t'eacht go héas air.

Cé neartmáir an tan-ro ar éilannaibh Saedéal na Saill,
 Ir cé maímar a rtaio le real i bpréamhaibh Flóinn,
 De dhearcuibh a gcart ní gabairt géillead an fuinn,
 Fearraíó 'na fparais fearis Dé 'na n-oruim.

'Aclair na bfeart doo' ceao ir déanta guíde,
 Cearnuig 'na lear ar fad i nÉirinn Saoróil,
 Ir learuig 'na gceart san ceap gac n-aon dé'n oruing,
 Ir ariug a reacht 'r a raí do'n éleir i gceill.

Uc ir aécáoi, ir las i an uairle anoir!
 Cufa 'r calaíde ar éilínibh tuarparail,
 Dooraig fé nacaíde ir airtíde ruapac' rin,
 Ir luét oirdearc reasáide i gcaipibh cluapaca.

SÉAFRAÓ Ó DONNÉADÁ.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

A.D. 1691.

“The day is ours, my gallant men!” cried brave, but vain
 St. Ruth;

“We’ve won a deathless victory for Liberty and Truth;
 We’ll wrest the land from William’s grasp though we’re but
 one to three,

We’ll make his crew remember long the Pass of Urrachree;

That though with myriad cannon they poured the fierce
 attack,

Still with valour and the naked sword thrice have we flung
 them back.

They’re beaten, boys! they’re beaten! still unsheath your
 swords again,

And—on them like an avalanche! and sweep them from the
 plain.

Like thunderbolt upon the foe the Irish column sped,
 Athlone's deep stain to wash away—St. Ruth is at their head.
 On ! onward rolls that wave of death ; but, God ! what means
 this cry,

St. Ruth the brave sits on his charger headless 'neath the sky.

Oh ! where's the gallant Sarsfield now, is victory defeat ?
 O, God ! in mercy, strike us dead ; 'twere better than retreat.
 Oh ! where is Limerick's hero brave ? the chiefless soldiers
 cry,

And scorning flight they wait the dawn to give them light
 to die.

No quarter ! was the slogan of the Williamites that day—
 And graveless lay the murdered brave to dogs and thieves
 a prey ;

But even dogs more sacred held the dying and the slain,
 Than Ginckle and his hireling hordes on Aughrim's bloody
 plain.

When Saxon fiends the scene of death and robbery had fled
 An Irish wolf-dog sought his lord 'mid heaps of pilfered dead,
 And strove with more than human love to rob death of its
 prize,

Then moaned a dirge above his breast and kissed his lips
 and eyes.

The summer sun shone fiercely down upon the corpse-strewn
 plain,

Where bird and beast of air and field devoured the naked
 slain ;

Yet faithful still that wolf-dog stood 'mid savage growls
 and groans,

To guard alike from man and beast his well-loved master's
 bones.

When Autumn pencilled summer's bloom in tints of gold and
 red,

And Winter over hill and dale a ghostly mantle spread,

The weird winds wailed across the moor and moaned adown
the dell—

Yet guarded well that noble dog his master where he fell.

Spring timidly was glancing down upon the spreading plain,
Where seven months death's sentinel the faithful dog had
lain,

When carelessly across the moor an English soldier trod
And halted near the only bones remaining on the sod.

Up sprang the faithful wolf-dog, he knew a foe was near,
And feared that foe would desecrate the bones he loved so
dear ;

Fierce and defiant there he stood, the soldier, seized with
dread,

Took aim, and fired—the noble dog fell on his master—dead.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

A.D. 1691.

He grasped his ponderous hammer ; he could not stand it
more,

To hear the bombshells bursting and the thundering battle's
roar.

He said : " The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's
murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what that can do !"

" Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well ;
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot
or shell."

" Ah, sure," cried both, " the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's
on the wall,

And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall !"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,
Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

“Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned ;
This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head !
Hurrah ! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly ;
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me !”

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave !
A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive ;
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain !

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
“Gold is no match for iron !” the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head !

“Hurrah for gallant Limerick !” black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied ;
A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown !

“ Brave smith ! brave smith ! ” cried Sarsfield, “ beware the treacherous mine—

Brave smith ! brave smith ! fall backward, or surely death is thine ; ”

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped the blood-stained wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach, and all !

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the sky ;

And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avengèd well !

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook the ancient town ;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts
can do !

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foes' pontoon, to sink it in the tide ;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—

“ Mo bhrón, 'twont break,” the blacksmith roared, “ I'll try their heads again ! ”

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong ;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song ;

“ Oócón ! my boys are dead,” he cried ; “ their loss I'll long deplore,

But comfort's in my heart—their graves are red with foreign gore ! ”

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

mac an céannuise.

Διπλὺν ἥξει το ὁταρκαρ φέιν ιμ' λεαβαὶὸ 'ῖ μέ σο λαδ
ὕψιοξάε :

Λησίου ῥέινι τὰ'ρ ὕδινον ἔριε αἷ τεαὲτ ἰμ' ἕδορ ἀρ μαρ-
 चाइतेात् ;

A púil meánair ghlár, a cúl trom car, a com reang seal 'r
a malairde,

Ṭ'á maoríðeam̃ ʒo ɲaib̃ aʒ tɪʒeáct̃ 'na ʒaɪ le vɪoʒɲaɪɪ,
m̃ac an Ċeannuiríðe.

Δ βεολ βα βινν, α γλὸρ βα ἐσαιν, ιρ ρὸ-ῥεαρπ λινν αν καλιν,
 Cēle Ūriain ὡδ'ρ ḡéll an ῑriann, mo léir-ḗreac ὡian, α
 haicíṽ

Fé rúirte Gall dá bhuíochas go teann mo dúilfionn treas
 do ríad rinn;

Níl faoi pháil le tuisceadh 'na gair go bhfuil sé mac
 an Chéannairde.

[illegible]

Clanna m'ște, maca Míleao, thagaim fíocda ir gaircibís
Tá gnúir 'na gnaoi, ní múrclann rí, cé túbac pé ríor
an cailín,

níl fadireamh reál le tighéad 'na sár go bfuilfirí mac
 an éadannuise.

Δ παίρτε φέιν ιρ εμπαίρτε αν ρεάλ, μο λάιν-έμεαδ ζέαρ α
ηαιείν

Δ βεῖτ ζαν ceol ας cəoi nɑ n̥deor 'r ɑ buiðean, ζαν ζό,
bɑ m̥ait ζn̥iom̥,

Σαν ἐλπίς, σαν ὁπὸ, ἡ ἐπέιν σο μοῖρ 'να ἡδάρμα πό σὰς
μαδαίρε.

'S go mbéirí rí 'na rppiear san luíge le fear go bfuilfirí
mac an Ceannuiríe.

Adubairt aipir an búir-béan mionla, ó túrnató níste
éleact í,

Conn ir Art ba lonnrae meact, ir b'foslaé glac a ngleac-
uirdeact,

Críomctan tréan, tar tuinn tug géill, ir laoiḡeac mac
Céin an fear gnoide

Go mbeir sí 'na rppear san luige le fear go bfilliró
Mac an Céannuide.

Do beir rúil ó deap gac ló fé reac ar tráig na mbarc an
cailín,

Ir rúil deap roir go dlúct tar muir, mo cúma anoir a haicío.

A rúla riap aḡ rúil le Dia tar tonntaib riara gaimhe,

'S go mbeir sí 'na rppear san luige le fear go bfilliró
Mac an Céannuide.

A bráitpe breaca táir tar leap, na táinte fearc an cailín ;
Ní'l fleac le faḡáil, ní'l sean ná gíad aḡ neac dá cáiruib
domhuigim ;

A gíuadna rluic, san ruan san rult, fé gíuaim ir dub
a n-aibío :

Ní'l faoiréam real le tigeadt 'na gar go bfilliró Mac
an Céannuide.

Adubairt léi iar gclor a rcéil a rún gur éas ar éleact sí
Suar 'ran Spáinn go bfuair pé báp 'r nár truaḡ le các
a haicío :

Iar gclor mo ḡoḡa i bfoḡur oi corruig a cruic 'r do
rpeac sí,

Ir o'éalug a hanam o'aon ppeab airtí ; mo léan-ra an
bean go laḡ-bríogaé.

AOḶḶÁN Ó RAḶAILE.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

It is fading—it is fading—like the leaves upon the trees !
 It is dying—dying—dying—like the wailing ocean breeze !
 It is swiftly disappearing, as the footprints on the shore,
 Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters
 pour,

Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the west,
 And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her
 breast !

The language of old Erin, of her history and name,
 Of her monarchs and her heroes, of her glory and her fame !
 The sacred shrine where rested, through sunshine and through
 gloom,

The spirit of her martyrs—as their bodies in the tomb !
 The time-wrought shell where murmured, 'mid centuries
 of wrong,

The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song !
 It is surely, surely, sinking into silent death at last—
 To live but 'mid the memories and relics of the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking, like a patriarch, to rest—
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest ;
 Ere the Saxon, or the Roman—ere the Norman or the Dane—
 Had first set foot in Britain or the Visigoth in Spain.
 Its manhood saw the Druid-rites by forest tree and rock,
 And the savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zerne-
 brock ;

And for centuries it witnessed all the glories of the Gael—
 When our Celtic sires sang war-songs round the sacred fires
 of Béil !

The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
 And from their relics have been shaped those spoken in their
 stead.

The glories of old Erin, with her liberty, have gone—
Yet their halo lingered round her while her ancient tongue
lived on.

Yea ! 'mid the desert of her woe—a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers it stood, that old tongue of the Past !

And now 'tis sadly shrinking from the race that gave it birth,
Like the ebbing tide from shore, or the spring-time from the
earth ;

From the island dimly fading, like a circle o'er the wave—
Receding as its people lisp the language of the slave ;
And with it, too, seem fading—as sunset into night—
All the scattered rays of glory that lingered in its light !
For, ah ! though long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in tongue, and heart, and hand—
Yet, before its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name,
The Saxon chain our rights and tongue alike doth hold in
thrall—

Save where amid the Conacht wilds or hills of Donegal,
Or by the shores of Munster, like the tameless ocean blast—
The olden language lingers yet—an echo from the Past !

Through cold neglect 'tis dying, as though stranger to our shore ;
No Tara's halls shall vibrate to its tones for evermore ;
No Laurence fire the Gaelic clans round leaguered Baile
Atha Cliath,

No Shannon waft from Limerick's towers their war-songs
to the sea.

Ah, the pleasant tongue, whose accents were as music to the ear !
Ah, the magic tongue, that round us wove a spell so soft
and dear !

Oh, the glorious tongue, whose murmur could each Gaelic
heart enthrall !

Oh, the rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrents'
fall !

The tongue that in the Senate was as lightning flashing bright ;
 Whose echo in the battle was like thunder in its might ;
 The tongue that once in chieftain's hall swelled loud the
 minstrel's lay—

Like chief, like clansman, and like bard, is silent there to-day—
 The tongue whose password scared the foe at Cong and
 Mullachmast,

Like those who perished bravely there, is numbered with
 the Past.

The Gaelic tongue is fading, and we stand coldly by—
 Without a pang to thrill the heart, a tear to wet the eye ;
 Without one pulse for freedom stirred, one effort made to
 save

The tongue our fathers spoke—we lisp the language of the
 slave !

Oh, Eire ! vain your efforts—vain your prayers for freedom's
 crown,

While you crave it in the language of the foe who clove it
 down.

Know you not that tyrants ever, with an art from darkness
 sprung,

Make the people whom they conquer slaves alike in soul
 and tongue !

The Russian Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered
 frame

Until he trampled from her breast the tongue that bore her
 name.

Oh, Irishmen, be Irish ! and rally for the tongue
 Which, like ivy to a ruin, to the dear old land has clung—
 Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck—the only and the last—
 The sole strong link that binds you to the glories of the Past.

REV. MICHAEL MULLIN.

GILL'S IRISH RECITER.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow—
And, oh ! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary—
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor " Pinch " and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his " bag,"
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, " in Ireland's ground,
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Finian Burke and Seán Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to " see,"
And " welcome " Caoch O'Leary.

Oh ! God be with those happy times,
Oh ! God be with my childhood,
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary ;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and " Pinch " slept well that night,
And in the morning early,
He called me up to hear him play
" The wind that shakes the barley ; "

And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried—God mark my “deary,”
 And how I wept when he said “farewell,
 And think of Caoch O’Leary.”

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
 Although I thought him “dead and gone,”
 And in the cold clay rotten.
 And often when I walked and danced
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 We spoke of childhood’s rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O’Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June’s red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped—
 ’Twas “Pinch” and Caoch O’Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone!
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—time is even blending
 The colours on his threadbare “bag”—
 And “Pinch” is twice as hairy
 And “thinspare” as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O’Leary.

“God’s blessing here!” the wanderer cried,
 “Far, far, be hell’s black viper;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper?”

With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
The old man murmured "Deary!
Are you the silky-headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ? "

" Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
" And where, *a mhic mo chroidhe*," he sobbed,
" Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago ? "
" My tale," I sighed, " might weary,
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

" Vo, Vo, Vo, Vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
" Pray lead me in, *a stor mo chroidhe*,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My peace is made—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With " Pinch " I watched his bed that night,
Next day, his wish was granted ;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And Requiem Mass was chanted—
The neighbours came—we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary ;
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
God rest you ! Caoch O'Leary.

JOHN KEEGAN.

DÁSON LIAT.

Taircigíó, a élocá, fé coigilt i scoimeáó émairó
 An feallaire pola 'r an rtoillaire Dáron liat
 A gairce níor b'follur i scozaó ná i scaé lá gliaíó,
 Aét as creacáó 'r as crocáó 'r as corcairt na mbocán
 muin.

Do b'faiyring a éortar i polar-bhuí éeann-áiró Ûmuin,
 Ba dáingeann a dópar 'r a dóiceall irtig fé'n iadáó,
 I nEactarla fóraig i n-orcail ioir dá rliaó
 Sur éeangail fé an zortá do'n pobul dá zcur fé miasail.

A gaeata níor fórcail le horacá na ntonán noian,
 Níor fneasair a ngolairt 'r dá zcolainn níor fneartail
 biaó ;

Dá ngearrfaióir bhorra no rcolb no rcoctán fiar
 Do bainfeáó fé rriocanna pola ar a rlinneáin fiar.

Reácta an traozail do réab zo ríor-gháctáé,
 Maópaó craoraé taotacé mio-náireacé,
 Eazlair Dé zan traocáó dá ríor-éáblaó
 Ir flaitear na Naom ar Séamur 'na óearig-fáracé.

Zé'r mór a raéctmar real 'ran traozal ro beo,
 Ba émuairó a breac ar lazaib bíóó zan treoiri
 Ir buan an t-aét do ceapaó ríor féo' cómair,
 Fuacé ir tairt ir tear ir teinte ió' óógaó.

Mo fáilm-re ar roóar zan doéma zan oíombáiró ió' óiaíó ;
 Ar leacailb doó' lorcaó as Cocitur as ríor-faááil pian ;
 Zac maópa pola ó éorcailz zo baile áta Cliaé
 Zo leanaio ze hobann do lorz-ra, a éuirp, fé émuairó.

As reo an t-ápur 'na búuil Dáron fé leacailb rínte,
 Crúb do éuir cáinte le fán ir do éreac na mílte
 Asur o'fás na mná ir a ngárlaigz as tairteal tíoréa :
 Zuiróim ráirte zo bráé tú ir tú ió' lorcaó i oteíntiú !

Mo nuair, mo éireac nár tacaíod milté ió' fód,
 I' Seán, do mac, 'na rppear doo' coimheáct leo ;
 Mar luac gac rtair i' clear dá' tionscrair fód
 Beo conairt élaí le hairé doo' rtraoileá leo.

Cuibreac daingean ar maíac' an anéúinre
 Le roigín-gao gairb ó eactaíla, a élaí dútáir,
 Saiḡeadoir eadoirca an t-airmeaíla i mearc na n-deaían,
 An *Decree* rin fearca 'ca ar t'anam, a maíraíó aílta.

Cioó go maíar murtaraí iomarcaí rannac maí
 Bíod do éirte as cimire gann ió' díad,
 Do éolann as cruíuib dá piocaó go hamplaí dian,
 I' t'anam as fucaó 'ran scoire gan cunnair bliáan.

Brúis, a leac, a díraí 'r a dírannóal crón,
 A fúil a plait a éanga a éoll duib móir,
 Gac lúit gac aít go rrap do'n éam-fliḡteoir,
 Mar fúil ná carpa éar n-air ná a íamail go deo.

SEÁN CLÁRAC macDOmhaíLL.

FONTENOY.

A.D. 1745.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed ;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's woods the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
 head ;

Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the
 hill—

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward
 still

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering
 fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course
 With steady fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force ;
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
 ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
 ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round ;
 As stubble to the lava tide, fresh squadrons strew the ground ;
 Bombshell and grape and round shot tore, still on they
 marched and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

" Push on, my household cavalry," King Louis madly cried ,
 To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged
 they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns
 his rein,

" Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, " the Irish troops
 remain ; "

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

" Lord Clare," he says, " you have your wish—there are your
 Saxon foes ; "

The master almost smiles to see how furiously he goes !

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be
so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could
dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all is staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets—charge." Like mountain storms rush on
these fiery bands !

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks, the men
behind !

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzzah !

"Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sasanach."

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore ;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought
and won !

THOMAS DAVIS.

ÁIREAMH EACTRA AN ĠALAIR.

(Ar mbeir i n' oċar luige láimhe óó. A.D. 1745.)

Áireamh eactra an Ġalair 'n-ar luigear go tréir,
I r cár a breacað 'r i r deacair dom reriobað ná léigear,
Ó'eir náite an Earraig do éaireamh im' luige go léir
'S mo lám óear aġam 'om éalġað tríom le péin.

Lám na breacanna ġlacað 'r do bíoð ar éeact,
Lám do earraig ceart reancuir Inre Ġaeðeal
Lám ġac eactra 'r airte do reriobað ar an bféinn,
'S an lám náir éailleao go maðao do'n éill, a Óé.

Tá a lán dá éanað ġur cealġ ó mnaoi óein é,
I r táim-re éana dá maiteamh ói ó ġunn mo éleib;
Má'r mná do maibh no martruis doaine 'n traoġail
Ní náir dom eadairta rearamh nó ruidé lem' éréim.

Níor fáġ rí acmunn im' ballaib im' éroiðe ná im' aeib,
I r ó'fáġ rí m'eaġna balb i r m'intleact faon,
Ó'fáġ rí laġuigte leacta mé cuibearac éle,
Act tá an Rí neartmar do earraig aríir mo ġeas.

Dá tpi leanb do rpeapapá fém' píneab i scé,
 'S do máitpín deapbta an ealta roin dligim sup b'éabt;
 Ní aipmím eadapta an banaltia ói píolpuiš mé,
 'S do beab mná píbe ip flata ip capait 'om éabineab ip éiſp.

Mo cpáibteabt tairip rin, m'anacpa éoitbe an péal,
 An báp aš bašairt ſar aša ná pišneap lae,
 Ná cáipde ceapta ó máitoin ſo hoitbe im' léap,
 Ná an áit a paáab ná peapap cá plige ran tpaošal.

Mo énáma 'r mo éalainn do'n talam ba dligé a ſcupi pé
 ſo pcáinte pcapta le tairbe an tpaoiſil ſo léip;
 Abt áipeam paite dá n-apaguin cpuihe 'r daéil,
 Ám an t-anam, ní peapap apíp cá dtéitbeann.

Cáipde tamall ó éapuiſ ſom Rí na llaom
 'S ip cáipde ſeapra ſan amapap innipim é,
 Cáipde meapaim a éaitéam le hintinn Dé
 ſo cpáibteab cneapta d'péip aiteanta Cpíopt 'r a éléip;

A páip do tabairt pé npeapa 'r a ſníom do léiſeam,
 Cáp a éeangail a maplaab 'r a mílte cpéabt,
 Sup páſaó mapb ſan anam Mac dílip Dé
 Ap ápo-époir ſairb ſan paic um a éaoib, mo léan!

A ſpápaig neapcpaip, ná hašairp 'ran díošal roin mé,
 Ná páš ſaé tapcpuirne tairſip d'íoc im' tabb,
 'S, cé tá ſo npeaáait mo peapaitde tap innrint pceíl,
 Beab plán abt ſairim ap éabair an tpiſ ſo tpeán.

A ápo-flait, a ácpaip, a Déaš-mic, 'r a éaoin-Sppio Náéim,
 Ór ál ſaé maíteap i b'flaitip ip tpió an paošal,
 Ap láp im' leabait, im' peapam nó puidé mo ſnéim,
 Bup nſpáſ ſo b'panait im' anam, im' époitbe, 'r im' béal.

SEÁN UA MURCADA NA RÁITFINEAC.

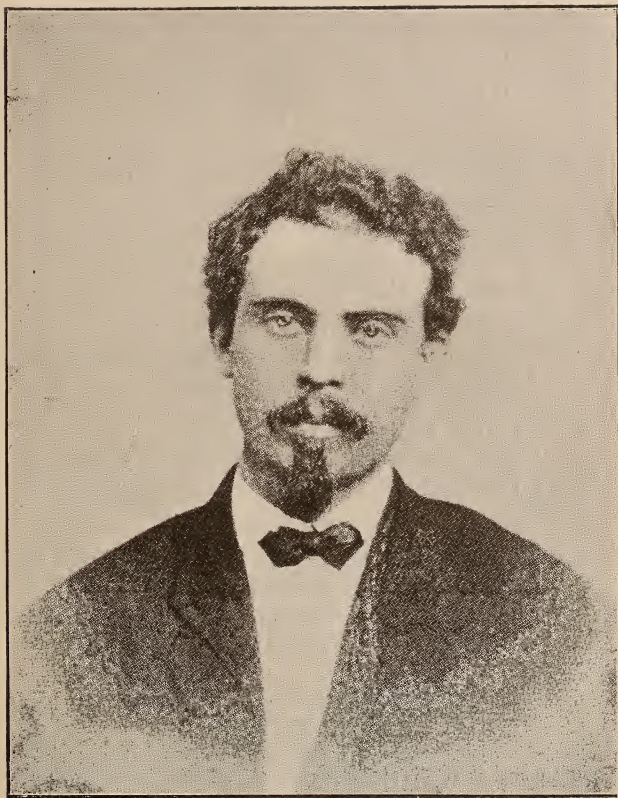
DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

T'ANAM Ó'N DIABÁC! but there it is—
 The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
 O, Ireland! isn't it grand you look—
 Like a bride in her rich adornin'!
 With all the pent-up love of my heart
 I bid you the top of the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight,
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scornin';
 O, Ireland! don't you hear me shout?
 I bid you the top of the mornin'.

Ho, ho! upon Clíodhna's shelving strand
 The surges are grandly beating,
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting!
 In to the shore the sea-brids fly
 On pinions that know no drooping,
 And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
 A million of waves come trooping.

O, kindly, generous, Irish land,
 So leal and fair and loving!
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving.
 The alien home may have gems and gold,
 Shadows may never have gloomed it;
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land
 Where the love-light first illumed it.



JOHN LOCKE

And doesn't old Cove look charming there
 Watching the wild waves' motion,
 Leaning her back up against the hills,
 And the tip of her toes in the ocean.
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
 Ah! maybe their chiming 's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a western rover.

For thirty Summers, a stoir mo chroidhe,
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on
 Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
 Over memory's dim horizon.
 E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me;
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
 To see 'Texas' skies still o'er me.

Oh! often upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
 And around this coast-line hover;
 And the prayer would rise that some future day—
 All danger and doubting scorning—
 I'd help to win for my native land
 The light of young Liberty's morning!

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
 Thank God that my exile's ended!
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in—
 O, Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you the top of the mornin'!

JOHN LOCKE.

I.—ROSC CAČA NA MUMHAIN

A.D. 1750.

O'aitnigear féin san bhréas ar fuaét
'S ar anfað tétir taob le cuan,
Ar éanað na n-éan go réireac ruairc,
Go scappað mo Séarar glé san sruaim.

Meairaim sup rubac do'n Mhumain an fuaim
'S o'a mairceann go dubac de éirí na mbuac
Torann na ttonn le plearaib na long
As tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann ar cuairt.

Tá lapað 'ran ngréin sac lae go neoin;
Ní taire do'n rae, ní téirdeann fé neoit;
Tá barra na sraob as déanam rceoil,
Nac fada béir saeðil i ngréideann bróin
Meairaim sup rubac do'n Mhumain an ceol
'S o'a mairceann go dubac de éirí na ttreon
Torann na ttonn le plearaib na long
As tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann fé feol.

Tá doibhí ar mipe asur áine ós
Asur Clíodna an bpuinneal ir áilne rnoð;
Táir milte asur tuilleað de'n tóain reo fóir
Oa fuidéað le buile sup táinis an leogán.
Meairaim sup rubac do'n Mhumain an ceol
'S o'a mairceann go dubac de éirí na ttreon
Torann na ttonn le plearaib na long
As tarraint anall 'n-ár gceann fé feol.

Ir annam dam mairdean ar amarc an laoi
Ná bainim cum peacta go fairrige ríor,
Mo dearca dá leacta as fairge de ríor
Ar bapcaib an fapaire as gearrað na rligé.
Meairaim sup rubac do'n Mhumain 'r sup binn
'S o'a mairceann go dubac de éirí na Ríog
Torann na long as rcoilteað na ttonn
As tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann san móill.

Cruinnigean saé duine o'fuit míleadó tréin
 So mteann 'n-a cúirle de'n b'fior-fuit b'raon
 Do míleadó le tligthe 'r do crádhó le claon
 So mbuailtró pé buille le báipe an tréin.

Mearaim sup rubac do'n mluamain i gcéin
 'S o'á mairiann so dubac de éirí na dtreán
 Torann na dtonn le plearaib na long
 As tarraint so teann 'n-ár gceann le faobair.

CAOINEADÓ AIRT UÍ LAOĞAIRE.

(Eiblíń Dub ní Conaill do céap. fear Eiblíń do b'eadó airt ua Laoğaire, agus do lámhacáó coir Inne Carraige an ime é le feall-beairt Sall um Bealtaine, 1773. Mac Dearbhaicéarí o'Eiblíń a b'eadó Doimnall ua Conaill an "Liberator." Geobfair an Caoineadó i n-iomlán, nó a fupmóir pé rcéal é, i n"lirleabair na Saeóilge" i gcómar Meicim a 1896 ní' ré so léir annro.)

Mo ghráó so daingean tú!
 Lá dá b'eadó tú
 As ceann tige an mairgaid;
 Tus mo fúil aipe duit,
 Tus mo éiríde taitneam duit;
 O'éalugear óm' aclair leat.
 I b'rao ó baile leat.

.
 Ir cuimín lem' aigne,
 An lá b'eadó earraig úo,
 Sup b'eadó éadad hata duit,
 Ir banua óir carra aip.
 Claidéam cinn aipigí,—
 Láim deap cálda,—
 Rompráil bagairtad,—
 Fír-éirteagla
 Aip námairó cealgaó—
 Tú i gcóir éum falariaóó'

1r ead caol ceann-fionn fút.
 O'umluigóir Sapanais
 Síor go talam duit,
 1r ní mar maite leat
 Aét le haon corp eagla,
 Síð sur leo do caillead tú
 A múirín m'anma.

Mo cara tú go daingean!
 Níor éirídear miam do mairb
 Go dtáinig cugam do capall
 'S a rrianta léi go talam,
 1r fuil do éiríde ar a leacain
 Siar go diallaic gheanta
 Na mbíteá d' fuidhe 'r ió' fearam.
 Tugad léim go tapaid,
 An céad léim ar an gchairte,
 An dara léim ar an dtairis
 An tríomad léim ar do capall.

Do bualleat go luat mo bapa,
 'S do baineat ar na meataib.
 Com maic 1r bí ré agam
 Go bfuairleat mómam tú marb
 Coir tuirín íril aicinn,
 San pápa 1r san earbog,
 San cléiread 1r san ragaric
 Do léigfead ort an traim,
 Aét rean-bean éirionna cáitce
 Do leat ort beann d'a fallaing;
 Do cuir póla leat 'na rriaitib;
 1r níor fanat le n-a glanad
 Aét i d'ól ruar lem' bapaid.

Mo ghrád tú 'sur mo cáitneam!
 Cuiris ruar ió' fearam,

Is tair liom féin a baile
 So sguirream mairt dá leasadh,
 So nglaothram ar chóirir fairrings,
 So mbeid aghainn ceol dá rpreasadh,
 So scóirneodas duit-re leaba
 Fé bhrataib míne seala,
 Fé cuilteannaib bpeas' bpeaca,
 A cunpíró tear tréid' ballaib
 I n-ionad an fuaict a glacair.

A daoine, ná héirtíó
 Le macaireadé éictis.
 Níl don bean i nÉirinn
 Do fínfeadh a taob leir,
 Uo béaradh trí laos dó,
 Ná macadh le cmaoóid
 I noisid airt Uí Laoḡaire
 Atdá annro tradocta
 Ó mairtin inóé agham.

A mhuirín, léan ort!
 Fuil do éiríde d'éas leat!
 Do fúile dá scaoóadh!
 Do glúine dá péabadh!
 Do marbdaír mo laos-ra,
 'S gan don fear i nÉirinn
 A sgreathrad na piléir leat.

Sreathadh cuḡat aghur oit!
 A mhuirir ḡránda an fill,
 A bain díom féin mo tisear,
 Atdair mo leand gan doir;
 Dír aca aḡ riubal an tise,
 'S an tríoimadh ceann irctis im' éil,
 'S ní dóda so sguirfeadh díom!

Mo ghráó tú 'sur mo taitneamh!
 Nuair gabair amac an seata
 O'fíllir éar n-air go tapaid;
 Do phógar do dhí leanbh,
 Phógar mire ar banna baire,
 Dubhair, "A Eiblin, eirigh ió' fearaí
 Go luaimneac ir go tapaid,
 Táim-re as fágbáil an baile
 Ir ní móide go deo go scarpainn."
 Ní rinnear deo' éainnt aet madao:
 Bíteá dá ráó liom go minic éana.

Mo ghráó tú 'sur mo cumann!
 'S ní hé a bfuair bár deo' éinead,
 Ná bár mo éiuir éloinne;
 Ná Domnall mór Ua Conaill,
 Ná Conall a bátaí an tuile,
 Ná bean na ré mbliadan bpiéad
 Do éuaí anonn éar uirce
 As cáirdearuiéaet le riéti;
 Ní hiaó ro go léir tá asam
 Le huclán cléib dá ngarim
 Aet Ait Ua Laoíaire an oimé,
 Ait na ghuaise finne,
 Ait an buaóa 'r an mirmé,
 Marcad na lárac doinne,
 Dá baint ariéir dá bonnaib
 Ar Inre Carrais' an ime—
 Náir máiríó rí a hainm ná a ptoinnead!

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULD'ST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou could'st have died
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be :
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seem'st still my own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

THE GOOD SHIP, CASTLE DOWN.

A.D. 1775.

Oh ! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship, Castle Down,
The day we hung our colours out, the Harp without the
Crown !

A gallant *barque*, she topped the wave ; and fearless hearts
were we,

With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company,
'Twas a sixteen years from Thurot ; and sweeping down
the bay,

The " Siege of Carrickfergus " so merrily we did play ;
By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty
cheers ;

And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,
Volunteers ;

Oh ! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we weighed our anchor on the breast of smooth
Garmoyle,

Our guns spoke out in thunder : " Adieu, sweet Irish soil ! "
At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud
huzza.

Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains round,
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a
sound.

But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered
it still ;

The people had changed its name that year, and called it
Bunker's Hill,

Bunker's Hill ;

Oh ! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench
at Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for far Quebec ; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.
We took our course due North, as out round old Black Head
we steered,

Till Ireland bore south-west by south and Fingall's rock
appeared.

Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung
flutteringly,

About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea—
He pointed to th' Atlantic—"Yonder's no place for slaves ;
Haul down these British badges ; for Freedom rules the waves—
Rules the waves !"

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting "Freedom
rules the waves !"

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign down ;
And up we raised our island Green, without the British
Crown ;

Emblazoned there a Golden Harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head looked o'er the sea
and smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course
afar ;

On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-
of-war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun ; but as they neared
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast—
To the mast !

A soldier was old Jackson, he made our colours fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed ;
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for our Green flag is
nailed."

Silently came the sloop along ; and silently we lay,
Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray ;

Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we
cast ;

One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering
mast.

“ Now, British tars ! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea—
How do you like the greeting and the handsel of the Free ?
Of the Free !

These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free ! ”

WILLIAM B. MACBURNIEY.

CÚIRT AN MEADÓIN OÍOCE.

A.D. 1780.

Ua ghnátc mé riubal le ciumáir na habann
Ar báinriú úir 'r an t-riúct go triom
I n-aice na scoillte i gcum an trléibe
San máirg san moill le poillre an lae
Do ghealaó mo éiríde nuair a éinn loé gheime,
An talam 'r an tír ir íogair na rpeirpe
Taitneamhac doibinn, riúdeam na rleibte
As bagairc a gcinn ear úruim a céile.
Do ghealraó an éiríde beaó críon le cianta
Caitte san bpiú no líonta 'e pianta;
An réitileac rearb san realb san raiúbhear
O'péacáó tamall ear barrna na scoillte
Ar laóain 'na rcuainte ar éuan san éeo
An eala ar a bfuair 'r i as gluaireac leo.
Na héirc le meadair as eirge i n-áirde
Réirpe im' maóarc go tairúbhear tair-bhear.
Daé an loéa asur sorim na ttonn
As teacó go tolgac toirannac triom.
Úioó éanlaic i gcrainn go meadair móómarac
Ir léimpeac eilte i scoillte m' éómgair.
Géimneac aóarc ir maóarc ar rleóigte
Tréan-piú gaóar ir Raighear tompa.

Ar maidin inu é bí an rpeáir gan éeo,
 Bí Canceir ó'n ngréin i n-a caoiréaib teo
 Ir í gabta cum raeáir tar éir na hoiréce
 Ir obair an lae rin réimprí rínte;
 Bí duilleabair cmaob ar ghéaga im' éimceall,
 Fíoréan ir féar go rlaodac taoib liom,
 Glarra fáir ir blát ir luidheanna
 Scairpfead le fán dá éraíóteacé rmaointe.
 Bí mé corprá 'r an coolaó dom' émaoacá,
 Sin mé éorim ar coérom 'ran bfeáir glar
 I n-aice na gcraann i oteannta trínre
 Taca lem' éeann ir m'annlaó rínte,
 Ar éeangal mo fúil go olút le céile
 Sreamuighe dúnta i noúbhglar néalta
 Ir m'agáir 'gam foilighé ó cuilíbh go rápta
 I otaíobheam o'fúiligh mé an éuingheac éraíóte.
 Do corpruighe de lom, do póil go haé me
 Im' éolaó go triom gan meabair gan éirum.
 Ba gairíbh mo fuan nuair éuala, fáoil mé,
 An talam magsuairbh ar luarcad im' éimceall
 Anraó adtuairbh ir fuaóac fíocmair
 Ir calaó an éuain ag tuargain teinte.
 Siollaó dom' fúil dáir fúmluigear uaim
 Do éonnaic mé éugam le ciuáir an éuain
 An márac bolgaó éolgaó éairíbhreac
 Énámac éolgaó goirgeac gaógaó;
 A haéirde i gceart mar mear mé oíreac
 A ré nó a reacé de flata 'r fuidéalaó,
 Réirre beacé o'á brat ag rraoillead
 Léi 'ran trlab le orab ir níoball,
 Ba múar ba fáir ba fáóain le féacaint
 Suar 'na héadan éréacac éréimeac;
 U'anraó ceanntair—rcannraó raoálta
 An orair 'r an orannóal manntac méirceac.
 A ní gaó máige ba láiríbh liómá,
 A bíoma láime ir lán rcar innté,

Cómarcta ppráir 'na bairr ar rprice
 Ir comácta báille i n-áirde air rcríobta.
 Dubairt go gairgead o'foclaidh dána,
 "Márcail, corruig, a cóulataig grántha!
 Ir dubad an trlige duit rínte io' rliarta
 Ir cúirt 'na fuidhe 'r na mílte as triall ann."

BRIAN MACSHIOULA MEIÖRE.

AN ELEGY.

A.D. 1782.

(The subject of this Elegy, which is a translation from the Gaelic, was Francis Sigerson, whose ancestors, according to the learned translator, "were lords of the manor of Ballinskelligs, Co. Kerry," before the Cromwellian confiscations.)

In Abbey ground, by the wild western sea,
 The true Knight rests, safe-shielded, Stone, by thee.
 Here of the Tighearna led the galloping band—
 Now his home-coming saddens all the land.

The land that held his generous renown
 From Beare to Diarra, from Lee to Liffey brown,
 From Galway West to Southernmost Cape Clear,
 Kilkenny to Loch Cé—afar, anear.

Anear, afar, how mournful maids and men,
 And every eye is wet by hill and glen ;
 The Suir o'erflowed, methought, the hills rent wide,
 The Skellig shrieking, said, "A man has died !"

A man has died. In grief all darkness o'er,
 From Scariff's bay, from Deene, and far Timore,
 To the last sunset isle, no sail I see ;
 Valentia mourns with tears wept bitterly.

Oh bitterly cry Ards and Coom the keene
 And Ballinkelligs where no lack hath been
 Of sea-borne wine and welcomes as to home—
 The Giver greeting all who chose to come.

Who chose to come of that glad hall were free,
 With meat, brown ale, and honey from the bee—
 Through Christ's sweet will he surely shall have rest,
 Francis, whose welcome cheered the poorest guest.

Guest, void of all, with want his only friend,
 Found shield and succour, kindness to the end,
 Linens and woollens where the tall looms stand,
 Gifts hid in gifts and red wine in his hand.

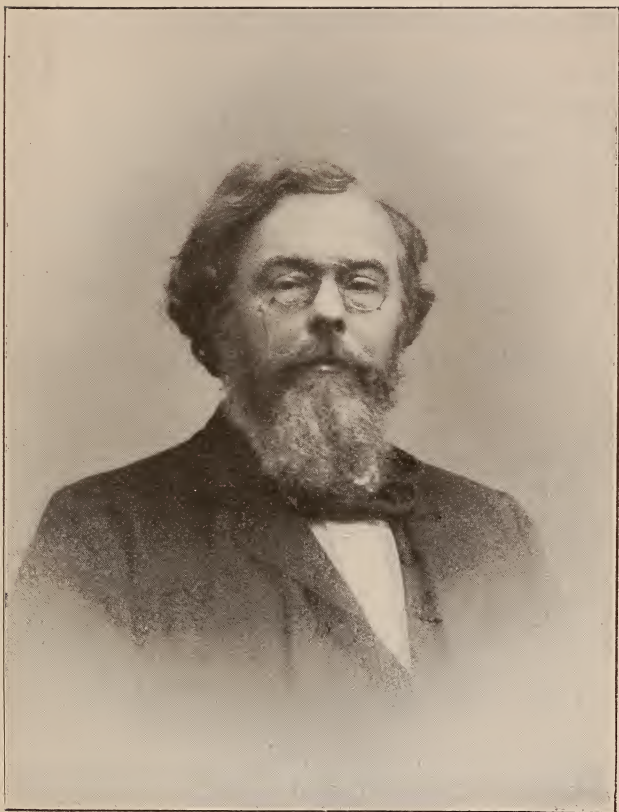
O, handsome Hawk who towered the country o'er !
 Top-spray of all who sprang from Sigerson More !
 And pure thy mother's blood, Clan-Connell's old—
 Thou dashing chief—thou joyous hand with gold.

Clean gold with poverty well shared alway,
 O, head of Counsel still—the people's stay ;
 'Tis my belief from Skellig west to Cove
 No heart alive could match thy heart of love.

Love thy life's rule, from life's dawn till its night,
 How many a wrong that rule humane made right,
 How many a grief it chased and bitter moan—
 Now the Church grieves for thee, here, lying lone.

Lone here and dead. 'Tis this makes heaven dark,
 From Rath to Ruachty, o'er mountain, sea, and bark ;
 What his hand gathered for the Lamb he gave,
 The lofty, faultless tree, our princely chieftain brave.

White chief of mankind, true Cavalier all o'er,
 None e'er repelling, never closing door,
 Gloom-sad the Gael because our strength is low,
 Eclipsed our souls and wails the Voice of Woe.



DR. SIGERSON.

Woe o'er Iveragh's woods and waters wide—
 My wound ! the steadfast generous man who died ;
 Not hard the way to ope with papal keys,
 Lord, grant the Peace-maker Thy perfect peace.

Peace to give peace where he may not return,
 To heal our hurt, to light the eyes that mourn ;
 Shield of our hearts, our strength in sorrow found—
 My grief, my woe !—the Chief laid low, in Abbey ground.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., F.R.U.I.

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

A.D. 1797.

Here our murdered brother lies ;
 Wake him not with women's cries ;
 Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
 Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind ;
 Morals pure and manners kind ;
 In his head as on a hill,
 Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth,
 "Countrymen, unite," he cried,
 And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
 Let it not Thy vengeance move,
 Let it not Thy lightnings draw ;
 A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years !
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds ;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand ;
Crumbled by a foreign weight ;
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
Make the mad confusion cease ;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight !
Brothers' blood will not unite ;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
The widowed mother with her child,
Child new-stirring in the womb !
Husband waiting for the tomb !

Angel of the sacred place
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or axe, or guillotin'
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep ;
Watch with us but do not weep ;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!—
 Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
 The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
 The day is come—arise!—arise!

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

CEO DRAOIDÉACHTA.

Ceo draoidéachta i gcoim oiríche do fíeol mé

Tíre tíoréalaí mar óinníro ar rírae,
 San príomh-éaraio díogair im' éóinnígar
 'S mé i gcríochalaí tar m'eolur i gceín;
 Do rínear go ríor-éuiríreac deorac
 I gcoill éluémarí énoímarí liom féin,
 As suiréacaint éum Ríog síl na glóire
 I rí san nír ar bíc ác ríócaire im' béal.

Bí líonru.é im' éroiríe-re, san gó ar bíc,
 'San gcoill reo 'r san glóir éuine im' gáor,
 San doirínear, ác binn-gu.é na ríólae
 As ríor-éantain ceoil ar gac géis;
 Lem' éaoirí gur ríor-éruingéal móómarac,
 I bríogair ír i gclóó éroirí mar naom,
 'Na gnaoi bí an lí géal le ríóraib,
 As coimearcar, 'r nár b'eol dom cia géill.

Ba éruiríreac tíug buiríe carra ar ór-óac
 A ríaoi-fóir go bróis leir an mbé,
 A bráoiríe san teiméal mar an ómpa,
 A claoín-ríor do beo-góin gac laoc;
 Ba binn blarra ríor-mílir ceolmar,
 Mar ríor-éruirí gac nóta ó n-a béal,
 I rí ba mín cairce a cíoc éruinn i gcoir éirí
 Tar linne nár leonad le haon.

Feaáct moimé rin cé bíor-ra san tneoir éaírt,
 Do bíodáir le mó-íearc do'n bé.
 Ir do íaoilear sup b'aoibnear mó-mor dom,
 An triú-bean do íeolaó íaoim' óéin;
 Im' laoiúib do íeíóóíar im' óeoió óuit
 Mar íeaoilear mo beol íeac ár íeíae,
 Ir íac éaoim-íeair óár ííomár do'n óií óeir
 Ir íinn íínte ár íeoiráinn an íeíéibe:

A bíúíóeac na íoinn-íoríe do bíeoióaií mé,
 Le óioííair óoi' ííóó ír óoi' íeéim,
 An tú an aoil-éneir íeér óíreac na móí-éíuip,
 Mar íeíóóíar í íeóííae na íeae,
 No an ííoií-bíuíníeal ííonla ó'íáí com íaí
 Cáííííeac na óóíííe 'r a éíeac,
 No an ííoií íeal do ólííííe ár an móí-íeaií
 Ó'n mbeinn óul óá íeoirííeac í íeéin?

Ir bínn bíaríe éaoim ó'íeaeíar óóííae,
 'S í aí ííí-ííeac óeoi íeé íeín;
 Ní íaoim bean óár ííaoiúí íííe íó' ííóíeaií,
 Ir mar éím-íe ní íeol óuit mo éíeac;
 Ir mé an bíúíóeac do bí íealaó íóíe
 Íá aoibnear í íeoióín éíe na íeíeí
 Aí íúí éaiíí éuinn aíur íeoií,
 Íuair ííí-éaínnar íóóla ían íeíe.

Ir óuóac boct mo éíííe 'r ír bíónac,
 Dom óíí-éíeíeac aí éííííí íac íae
 Íé óúí-íeac aí búííí, ían íóíeac,
 Ir mo ííííííe ían íeolaó í íeéin.
 Tá mo íííí-íe le íííí-íe na ííííe
 Ío óíííííe mo íeoií í íeíí
 'Na íóíí-íeaií óúíeaií í íeoií íeaií
 Aí íííeac na íeoií-íe le íeoií.

A cúilfionn tair muinte na n-órfolt
 De éirí éirte na sc'pónaé san b'péis,
 Do éirra aš búraib' ir b'pón liom
 Fá rmúit, cačac, ceomair, san rcléir;
 'Na noluč-b'pošaiš dútčair dā reolpaš
 Mac conšantaé na glóipe do Réier
 Ir rúšac do púrcešainn-re epón-puic
 Šo nušal tapaiš rečp'mair le piléir.

An Stiošarš dā 'otigeaš éušainn čar páile
 Šo epic' l'ne fáilše pi réim,
 Le flit d'šearaiš laoiriš ir Spáinnis
 Ir p'ior le corš dčair šo mbéinn
 Ar p'ir-eač meari špiorde čapaiš čéšpač
 Aš p'ior-čarčac čaic le neart paošair,
 Ir ní člaoiršpinn-re m'intinn 'na čearš rin
 Cum lunge ar rearaš šárša lem' pé.

EOŠAN RUAD Ó SÚILLEADÁIN.

THE BROTHERS: HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

A.D. 1798.

'Tis midnight ; falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
 On a pale and anxious crowd,
 Through the court, and round the judges, thronging thickly,
 With prayers they dare not speak aloud,
 Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the bar—
 You can see them through the gloom—
 In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they are
 Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on these are keeping,
 Some sobbing, turn away,
 And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
 So noble and so loved were they.

Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
As before the judge they stand ;
They feel not the deep grief that moves the others ;
For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
On each proud high brow ;
For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
Around them even now.
They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger—
Was it treason ? Let them die ;
But their blood will cry to Heaven—the Avenger
Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
The base informer bends,
Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
While he clasped their hands as friends,
Ay ; could fondle the young children of his victim,
Break bread with his young wife,
At the moment that, for gold, his perjured dictum
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
Troubled watch, till forth the jury come ;
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
Guilty ! is the fatal doom ;
For a moment, o'er the brothers' noble faces
Came a shadow sad to see,
Then silently they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

O ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
The rudest cheek might blush at such a scene ;
Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—to-morrow—
Twice faltered as a woman he had been.

To-morrow ! Fain the elder would have spoken,
Prayed for respite, though it is not death he fears ;
But thoughts of home and wife his heart have broken,
And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—O ! he speaks out bold and clearly :

“ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly
Is loved by me than life.”
Pale martyrs, ye may cease ; your days are numbered ;
Next noon your sun of life goes down ;
One day between the sentence and the scaffold
One day between the torture and the crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation ;
Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky ;
But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
For the brothers are led forth to die.
Ay ; guard them with your cannon and your lances—
So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
Ay ; guard them—see the people’s flashing glances ;
For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever—
Ah ! methinks, had I been there,
I’d have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
The sword should touch their hair.
It falls !—there is a shriek of lamentation
From the weeping crowd around ;
They are stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
Yet life-like to this day
In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
Kept by angels from decay.

O ! they preach to us, those still and pallid features ;
 Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

LADY WILDE.

AN CAOIL-EAC RUAD.

A.D. 1798.

Níor b'fada bíor ar leaba' im' luíge
 Sur glaoḁaig amuig
 Maicac líomḁa i nveirceairt oirḁe
 Ar caoil-eac ruad :—
 “ A ḁairmaidḁ gḁoirḁe, an iḁ' cḁolaḁ tḁoi,
 No caḁ tḁa oirḁ ?
 Pḁeab iḁ' fuidḁ go tḁaḁair linn
 Aḁur féac ár tḁoirḁ.”

Do glaic me bíḁḁḁḁ geit ir lingeacḁ
 Tre m' néaltaiḁ ruain,
 Ir do b'fada bí mé gan focal cainnte
 Do béairrainn uaim.
 Aitḁur fuigeac do fleanmaidḁ ríor
 Go tréan dem' gḁuidḁig ;
 Ba gearr gan moill sur pḁeab óm' tarḁbre
 An caoil-eac ruad.

I n-ár n-áiream bí tḁá fícrḁ míle
 Séim-fear ruairḁ
 De clannaiḁ Míleac fé arim líomḁa
 'S iḁḁ déanta ruar :
 O'fíorruiḁear-ra go taparḁ díob-ran
 Cá rḁoic'óir cuan,
 No an mbeac na ḁail i tḁalam rínreap
 Ár nḁaeḁeal go buan ?

I dtuomáó mún do fhuairéar nuairéacé
 Na mairtemé,
 Dar an leabair ba éaiénméacé liom-ra
 Cáil gac réil
 Sur baineacé "Lunnóain" ir Roríc Máégaínn
 De'n "Stáit" mtoé;
 Sur píteab an "Dúic" ar eac éum riubail
 'S go mberó an lá le Gaéóil.

Dá dtigeadó rúo mar aét 'ran tóútaig
 Ba b'reag an récal!
 Ár mbailte tóúctair le reabúgacé 'Gáinn
 Gac lá d'ár raogal;
 Ár reata cú gac mairéan tóúctá
 Ar eacraó caol,
 Ir go mberó na búir dá d'eapbúgacé
 Sur rinn garracé fiaóais.

Do glacar fonn éum toul anonn
 Tar ráile i gcéin
 Ag meapbúgacé na reabac gciuin
 Atá láiróir tréan;
 Dá d'eapbúgacé ro bfuil ár n-tóútaig
 Ag an námaidó 'nár n-óéiró—
 Mar bairr ar rúo tá mo glaca b'púigte
 Ó'n rámaidinn, mo léan!

Ag Ror Mic Treoin, mo galar tóigíte,
 Bí an cáinnacé Gaéócal!
 Dá fíció míle d'árm lioméa
 Fé láin-neart piléar:
 D'fás'mair rínte na táinte tóib-ran
 I dtúir an lae
 No sur fuigbúacé i dtairce ár n-óaoime
 Le tóil 'ran mbraon!

Is fada an tluama 'na puán san múrcailt
 'S an cáir o'á pléir
 Agus plúr-rcot cloinne últad
 Go háir o'á nglaothad :
 Is é léigir na huíodair ar leabair an cunnair
 'S ar ráb na naom
 Sur mair oúinne fearra múrcailt
 No go bfuil an dáta ar rtrae.

THE HEROINE OF ROSS

A.D. 1798.

Up from fitful sleep we wakened at the first kiss of the day ;
 There was silence by our watch-fires, for we knew the task
 that lay

To be wrought to joy or ruin ere the stars should look again.
 On the places of our childhood—hill and river, rath and glen.

We were thinking of the dear ones that we left to face the foe,
 And we prayed for all the brave hearts that were lying cold
 and low,

And we looked upon the meadows staring blank against the
 sun,

Then we thought upon the future and the work that must be
 done.

Fear ! we knew it not, for Vengeance burned fierce in every
 heart ;

Doubt ? why doubt when we but hungered each to do a true
 man's part :

" On to Ross ! " our pulses quickened as the word from man
 to man

Passed along, and bold John Kelly forward stepped to lead
 the van.

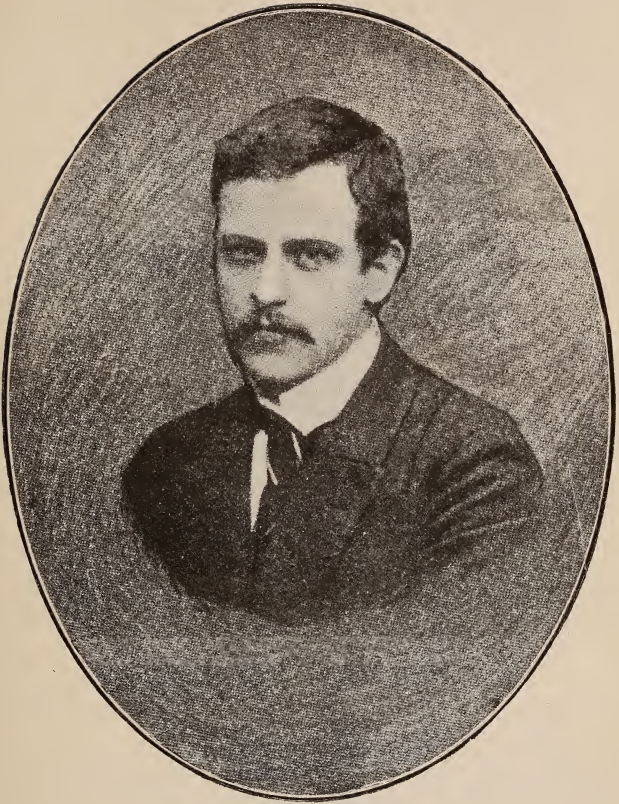
Through the misty summer morn by the hedgerows bright we
 sped,
While the lark with joyous music filled the spreading dome
 o'erhead,
And the sun rode up the circle, and the earth began to smile,
But our hearts knew nought of pleasure, they were cold as in
 the while.

Silent all, with stony gaze, and lips as tightly locked as death,
On we went by flowering thorns through the balmy summer's
 breath,
On, till Ross was close upon us, then a shout resounding rose,
And like ocean's waves in winter in we leaped upon our foes !

For a brief, brief spell they quavered, then their muskets rang
 reply,
And our boys in hundreds falling looked their last upon the
 sky.
But, the empty places filling, still we rallied to the fray,
Till the misty summer morning wore into the dusty day.

But a figure rose before us, 'twas a girl's fragile frame,
And among the fallen soldiers there she walked with eyes
 afame,
And her voice rang o'er the clamour like a trumpet o'er the
 sea :
“ Whoso dares to die for Ireland, let him come and follow me !”

Then against the line of soldiers with a gleaming scythe on
 high,
Lo ! she strode, and though their bullets whistled round they
 passed her by,
And, a thousand bosoms throbbing, one wild, surging shout
 we gave,
And we swept them from our pathway like the sand before
 the wave.



WILLIAM ROONEY.

What, though fate frowned on our banners, and the night
 came down in woe,
 Let that maiden's fame be cherished while the Barrow's
 waters flow ;
 Ever be her name a beacon to the true who labour on
 In the faith that clouds for ever cannot cloak the blaze of
 Dawn.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

THE PRIESTS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

The story of our native land, from weary age to age
 Is writ in blood and scalding tears in many a gloomy page ;
 But darkest, saddest page of all is that which tells the fate
 Of Erin's noblest martyr-sons, the Priests of Ninety-Eight.

Leal children of the Church were they, her soldiers brave and
 true,
 Yet Irish hearts within their breasts were beating warmly too ;
 For years of patient, studious toil, of vigil, and of prayer
 Had never quenched the patriot fire which God had kindled
 there.

When sheltered by the stranger's hand among the hills of
 Spain,
 Or where the streams of sunny France roll rapid to the main,
 Their fondest thought in eager flight where'er their feet might
 roam,
 Had sped across the circling seas that girt their island home—

Across the wide and circling seas unto her emerald breast
 Had come like weary ocean birds that seek a place of rest,
 And back unto the exiles borne in far off foreign clime
 Sweet memories of the bygone joys of boyhood's golden time.



V. REV. P. M. CANON FURLONG, P.P.

And many an eve the strangers' halls re-echoed Erin's songs
 That told in fierce or touching strain the story of her wrongs ;
 And many a night beneath the stars that lit the southern skies,
 While hotly throbbed their loving hearts, and big tears filled
 their eyes.

But now again, their exile o'er, they tread their native land,
 Among her leaders and her chiefs anointed priests they stand ;
 Anointed priests, with priestly charge, and bound by priestly
 vow,

They owe their isle a double meed of love and duty now.

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
 The love a darling mother wins from true and tender sons—
 A love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
 With such a love they loved their land, the Priests of Ninety-
 Eight.

The gory track of tyranny has all her hills defiled,
 And ruin riots o'er the scenes where peace and plenty smiled ;
 Her fields lie bare and desolate, her mournful rivers moan
 By blackened hearths, and outraged homes, and altars over-
 thrown.

Through hall and hamlet 'mid the wreck the spoiler's hand
 has made

Red murder in the name of Law pursues his hellish trade,
 And day and night the gibbets groan, the deadly bullets rain,
 And dusty street and hillside bare are piled with heaps of
 slain !

The good and true and noble fall or find a living tomb,
 Away from home and friend, within the dungeon's lonely
 gloom,

Or sink beneath the brutal lash, or pitch-cap's maddening
 pang,

The prey of men with tiger heart and worse than tiger fang.

To heaven in ceaseless dirge ascends the mother's wild despair,
The wail of sorrowing wife and child, the maid's unheeded
prayer ;

The voice of vengeful blood, that cries up from the wreaking
sod—

Ah ! well may ache your Irish hearts, O patient priests of God.

Well may the fire of righteous wrath leap to your watching eyes !
Well may you vow before the God that rules the earth and skies
No more to preach ignoble peace, no more your hands to hold,
While tyrants waste your lands with war, and tigers rend
your fold !

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the light,
And Wexford heard the rallying cry and gathered in her might,
And swore. around uplifted cross, unto the latest breath
To follow where her sagarts led—to victory or death !

The sagarts led, the pikemen fought, like lions brought to bay,
And Wexford proved her prowess well in many a bloody fray,
Where wronged and wronger foot to foot in deadly grip were
seen,

And England's hated Red went down before the Irish Green.

And bravest of the brave and true that struck for Ireland's
right—

The wisest at the council board, the boldest in the fight—
All pure from stain or breath of shame through storms of
strife and hate,

They bore the sagarts' honoured name—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

But, oh ! those priests, those noble priests, how sad a fate
was theirs,

How full the cup of bitterness the All-wise God prepares
For His own chosen ones marked out in suffering and shame
Anew to consecrate His cause, and glorify His name !

Yes, they were soldiers in His cause—the cause of trampled
right—

His cause, wherever o'er the world His trumpet calls to fight—
His cause, though scorned of slavish men, and crushed by
despot heel—

The holiest that ever bared a soldier's fearless steel.

Yes, they were martyrs for His name—for Him and His
they died—

Let cowards scoff, and cynics sneer, and mocking foes deride—
For it is written large and deep on many a gore-stained sod.
“ Who dieth for God's people, he most truly dies for God.”

And radiant shall their memory live, though dark and sad
their doom,

To brighten in our history a page of woe and gloom—
A pillar-fire to guide a nation struggling to be free,
Along the thorny, sunless path that leads to liberty.

Oh, Irish priests ! how proud and grand a heritage is yours !
A priceless love that will not die as long as time endures—
A precious flower of matchless bloom, whose perfume day
by day

Will sweeten every toil and cross that meet you on your way.

Oh ! guard it well against all taint of foul decay and death,
Its holy, hallowed beauty shield from every withering breath
And fair and stainless hand it down to those who'll follow you,
And love it with an equal love—as generous, fond, and true.

And honour them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good
and wise—

Who for its sake in evil days made willing sacrifice
Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's fate
To feed it with their own hearts' blood—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

DO CUALAÐ SCÉAL.

(Ar nḡabáil Arṡúir uí Éonéubairi aḡur ar marbáð éadubairi
múc Seapailt.)

Do cuala rceál do réab mo ériðe ionnam
Iṡ o'árṡuiḡ ḡuair iṡ ḡruaim ar m'intinn,
Scéal do léan firi éireann timcheall,
Iṡ le'ri cuiread fódola i mbríð ḡan rcaoirlead.

A Clanna ḡaeðeal, rin réir rib éiríche ;
O'iméiḡ bui oṡreoir, ní'l rpeoir ná bpiḡ ionnab ;
Sin é an ḡeapailtad ceangailte i ngeimleac,
Iṡ Arṡúr uapal uab éar taoirde.

Ní'l ríog-ḡlaic rṡáit le rāḡáil 'ran tír reo
Le n-ar mairt bui nḡlar a rcaoirlead,
Ná fuil mí-áð iṡ oíogbáil nime air
'S an éineamaint oá éioppbuḡad aḡur oá élaoiréaint.

Ní hionḡnad liom-ra búir ḡo haoibinn
ḡan baogal ḡan barcad ḡan marḡ i ḡCríe Luirc,
'S ḡur rib féin atá, cé nári le hinnrint,
Aḡ bpaic a éile de éréad na ḡclaoin-beap.

Iarḡaim, aicim, iṡ rcepeadaim ar íora,
Iṡ ḡo paib an ḡeall ar namairi ar oṡíre ;
ḡo paib baogal iṡ léan iṡ líon-fuic
Ar ḡad rpreán cpeacáin éimíóciḡ.

Rí na bḡlaicéar do oéalbuiḡ tíorṡa,
Rae aḡur réalta, rpreapṡa iṡ taoirde,
ḡo nṡéimíó cúl ḡo humal o'ár muinntir,
Iṡ ḡo paib an cluicé reo aca ḡan piḡnear.

Ó éim an cáir mar atá ag ár muinntir,
 'S go bfuil na Dúir go dtéit 'n-a dtiméall,
 Pheabrad cum riubail anonn tar taoide
 Ir tiorfao anall le Fhanncais líomha.

Go bpeiceam éire raor san daoirpe,
 'S an bpatann uaire i n-uachtar pdaoilte,
 Sae tíoránac claoim-éaradae coimhídeae
 I n-ainm an maðais, ir san Dia dá gcuimídeae.

míceál ós ó lonḡain.

PÁID O'DONOGHUE.

The Yeos were in Dunshaughlin, and the Hessians in Dunreagh,
 And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh,
 While Roden's godless troopers ranged from Skreen to
 Mullachoo,
 When hammered were the pikeheads first by Páid
 O'Donoghue.

Young Páid, he was as brave a boy as ever hammer swung,
 And the finest hurler that you'd find the lads of Meath
 among ;
 And when the wrestling match was o'er no man could boast
 he threw
 The dark-haired smith of Curroghá, young Páid O'Donoghue.

So Pádraig lived a happy life and gaily sang each day
 Beside his ringing anvil some sweet old Irish lay,
 Or roamed light-heartedly at eve thro' the woods of lone
 Kilbrue,
 With her who'd given her pure heart's love to Páid
 O'Donoghue.



PATRICK ARCHER.
("mac finegall.")

But Ninety-Eight's dark season came and Irish hearts were
sore ;

The pitch-cap and triangle the patient folk outwore ;
The blacksmith thought of Ireland and found he'd work to do :
" I'll forge some steel for freedom," said Páid O'Donoghue.

Tho' the Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in
Dunreagh,

Tho' spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh ;
Tho' Roden's godless troopers ranged from Screen to Mullachoo,
The pike-heads keen were hammered out by Páid
O'Donoghue.

And so in Curroghá each night was heard the anvil's ring,
While scouting on the roadways were Hugh and Phelim
King,
With Gillic's Mat, and Duffy's Pat, and Mickey Gilsenan, too,
While in the forge for Ireland worked young Páid
O'Donoghue.

But a traitor crept amongst them, and the secret soon was
sold

To the captain of the Yeomen for the ready Saxon gold ;
And a troop burst out one evening from the woods of dark
Kilbrue,

And soon a rebel prisoner bound, was Páid O'Donoghue.

Now Pádraig Og pray fervently, your earthly course has run ;
The captain he has sworn you'll not see the morrow's sun.
The muskets they are ready, and each yeoman's aim is true ;
Death stands beside thy shoulder, young Páid O'Donoghue.

" Down on your knees, you rebel dog," the yeoman captain
roared,
As high above his helmet's crest he waved his gleaming
sword.

"Down on your knees to meet your doom, such is the rebel's due ;"

But straight as pike shaft 'fore him stood bold Páid O'Donoghue.

And there upon the roadway where in childhood he had played,

Before the cruel yeoman he stood quite undismayed—

"I kneel but to my God above, I ne'er shall bow to you ;
You can shoot me as I'm standing," said Páid O'Donoghue.

The captain gazed in wonder, then lowered his keen-edged blade,

"A rebel bold as this," he said "'tis fitting to degrade.
Here men !" he cried, "unbind him, my charger needs a shoe ;

The King shall have a workman in this Páid O'Donoghue."

Now to the forge young Páid has gone, the yeomen guard the door,

And soon the ponderous bellows is heard to snort and roar ;
The captain stands with reins in hand while Pádraig fits the shoe,

And when 'tis on full short the shrift he'll give O'Donoghue.

The last strong nail is firmly clenched, the captain's horse is shod !

Now rebel bold thine hour hath come, prepare to meet thy God !

But why holds he the horse's hoof there's no more work to do ?
Why clenches he his hammer so, young Páid O'Donoghue ?

A leap ! a roar ! a smothered groan ! the captain drops the rein,
And sinks to earth with hammer-head sunk deeply in his brain ;

And lightly in the saddle fast racing towards Kilbrue
Upon the captain's charger sits bold Páid O'Donoghue.

A volley from the pistols, a rush of horses' feet—

He's gone! and none can capture the captain's charger
fleet;

And on the night wind backwards comes a mocking loud
"Halloo!"

That tells the yeomen they have lost young Páid
O'Donoghue.

PATRICK ARCHER.

THE DEATH OF EMMET.

A.D. 1803.

See, there within the heart of Dublin City,

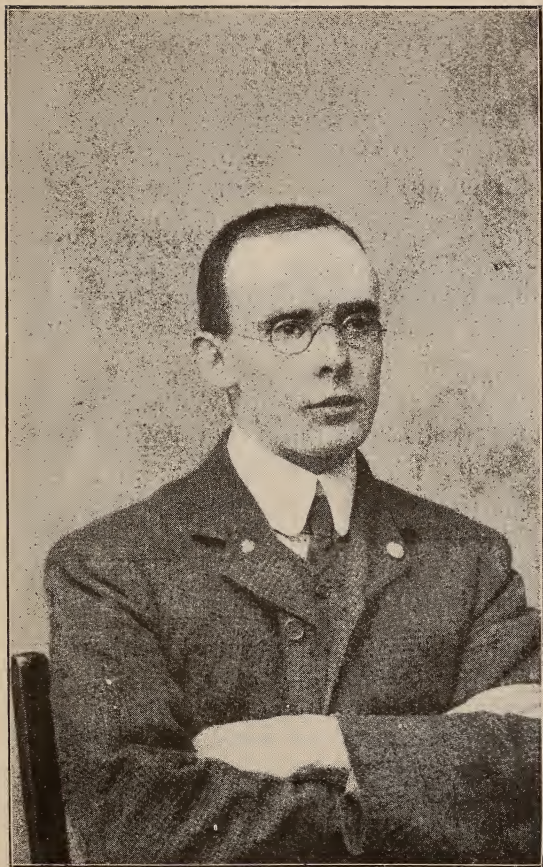
That silent throng of people waiting. Why?
Because a noble youth—O tale of pity!—
Comes forth to-day for Freedom's cause to die!

He saw his country scourged, and bruised, and beaten,
And trampled down, a butt for brutal scorn,
Because he tried her sorrow-draught to sweeten
In manhood's budding strength he dies this morn.

And gathered closely there, with placid faces,
And fireless gaping eyes, to see him fall,
To see his bright hopes crushed in death's embraces,
Are they the slaves he strove to free from thrall?

Hush! here he comes, with steps that do not falter,
With fearless gaze, and proudly-arching brow,
A noble offering he, for Freedom's Altar,—
But ye who watch, where is your manhood now?

Why tender not your hearts to Anger's leading,
And burst like wind-lashed waves upon that crew,
Who, back and forth like fiends accurst are speeding
In joy because they've hellish work to do.



BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

What matter tho' he's hedged around by foemen,
 A people's will is mightier than the sea ;
 What ! fear ye then those black-souled coward yeomen ?
 Ah ! sad his fate who dies for such as ye !

The neck is bared, the kingly head is bending,
 The longing eyes look wistfully around ;
 Great God ! and shall it come, the cruel ending ?
 And shall he die like this, in fetters bound ?

O, if 'twere where the battle-flame was sweeping
 Above the rush, and roar, and din of strife,
 Where angry men, 'gainst lines of foemen leaping,
 Avenged the wrongs of sire, and maid, and wife.

But here to die, 'mid foes, exultant, jeering,
 'His work undone, his country still in chains.
 Hark ! hears he not the sound of distant cheering !
 He feels the fire of Freedom in his veins !

MO BPOH ! MO BPOH ! not so, 'tis fancy only,
 Some woman's wail ; perhaps some pitying moan
 For him, who faces death unarmed and lonely,
 Who fights the last great fight of all—alone.

The hour has come, his star of life is paling ;
 But still, the hope-flush lives upon his cheeks.
 He looks around, that eagle eye unquailing,
 And, as the upraised axe would fall, he speaks :—

“ Not yet,” he says, “ not yet, I am not ready ; ”
 His eager gaze is fixed upon the street ;
 His heart is throbbing now with beat unsteady ;
 He listens for the sound of rushing feet.

“ Not yet, not yet,” once more the words are spoken,
 And while they come upon each gasping breath
 The blow is struck, the brave proud heart is broken,
 The noble spirit stilled in endless death.

A leering brute stoops down a moment later,
And raises up the ghastly bleeding head.
"Behold," he cries, "the fate of every traitor.
Ha ! ha ! the dogs have wine that's rich and red."

And ye who came with hasty footsteps, thronging,
Who, round the block, in rageless silence stood ;
Who knew his heart for Freedom's light was longing,
And saw him die, that dogs might lap his blood !

Go ! hide your heads in guilty shame, unending,
And see that blood-stained form before your eyes.
Nor time, nor change, nor storms the wide earth rending,
Shall stifle in your hearts his anguished cries.

But come it will—the patriot's vindication—
And men shall rise to blot out every stain,
To bring back life and strength to Emmet's Nation ;
To tear from off her limbs the thralldom chain.

Some day guilt receives its own red wages,
And if *we* fail to pay back every debt,
There's One who rules o'er all, thro' all the ages,
And *He* remembers well—if we forget.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

MY LORDS—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been

cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standards—a

government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

I appeal to the Immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed ; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France ! and for what end ? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country ; and for what end ? Was this the object of my ambition ? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction ? No ; I am no emissary ; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France ! and for what ? Was it a change of masters ? No, but for my

ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressor. My Country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-rivettèd despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honour over-much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor

—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir your lordship might swim in it.

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Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

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If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism

which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient ! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace ; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

SÍOSMA AN ANIMA LEIS AN SCOLÁINN.

Éirctigib a cómhupra agus inneorad rceál díb,
 Mar aoirib na huíodair muinte léigeanca,
 Ar an ríorma éruaid a beir lá na ndaoir-breac
 Agus an scoláinn ir an anam i n-arraid a céile.

An uair réirfeair an trompa go haóball faobrac,
 Eireodair i n-a fuide le bhuig go héarcar,
 Agus baileodair annrúo gac trúp ran traogal,
 Mar ar céarad Críort go fíor ar gáir-émoir.

An uair éioceair an t-anam damanta daor duib
 Aníor ar ipreann ir é uile mar éora,

Raáair go dtí an cólann lobta ran scé píor
 Cum teangmál' leir an mbeiteam ar mullaó an énuic
 éadtaig.

AN T-ANAM :

Déarair le fearg ir é ag rceadtaig le plantuib :
 Mo mallaét duit, a cólann, com dona 'r ir féoir ;
 Ir iomda mallaét do tuillir dom i n-irreann daoréa,
 Ir mo mallaét do'n lá i n-ar tánga ag pléir leat.

AN CÓLANN :

Créad é do cúir éugam, a lúbaire rcléipead ?
 Créad fá go bfuilir com cuéad ro im' daorad ?
 Créad a minnear leat miám a diaabail an éitig
 Le n-a mbeiteá ar buile éugam ir ag riormad le faobair-nim.

AN T-ANAM :

Do meallair cum peaca mé leó' blaóairead éitig,
 Ir do geallair i n-a diair rin leó' bmaéiruib briege
 Go noéanra aicrege ro' peacuib élaontad',
 Iir ná minnir no go minnead tú daorad.

Ir iomda mallaét do tuillir dom i n-irreann éraorad
 I rtaoir do cuirpéad' ó muad ran traogal tú ;
 Mo éreac, go dóigte, ir go rcolita céarta
 Mar a fuair mé miám tú ó Dia mar céile !

AN CÓLANN :

Nac agat-ra bí an éall miám ir an éipim,
 Tuigrint agur meabair i rdeannta céile ?
 Créad é an cúir ná minnir mire do rtaonad,
 Ir gan leigint dom tura do millead ir do éaoéad ?

AN T-ANAM :

Do fuair mé éall ó Dia, ní bréag ran ;
 Adt do bain tura díom í le briú do élaonta ;
 Do dallair mo meabair leó' éaim-pligtiú éitig,
 Mo toil, mo tuigrint do millir-re i n-éirpead.

AN COLANN:

Eirte, a reallaire, ir a glamaire béicead,
 Taoi go hiomarcaad as d'éanam tubairte le héitead;
 Má bíor-ra dall gac am dem' fadozal
 Do bír-re mall cum aithrige d'éanam.

Ir fóir ba meara leat beir maóctnam ar d'éirim,
 Ar feabhar d'eolair ir do mhóir-cuid méime,
 Ir méid do thuisreana i gcuidheáctain éisre,
 Cé náir thuisce duit an tuigirín ba naomta.

AN TANNAM:

Eirte-re, a conablaig ir cuir corp leo' béal uaim,
 Ir iomda thioé-áinnit asat as inrint rcéal oim:
 Dá ndéanfaínn-re cuir deo' corctaid-re do rcéirdeáctaint,
 Ba mhóir an marlaó do leanfaó i n-a taoib oir.

Ní raib triuaig asat dómra ir tú go púirac péacac,
 As imtead go meadórac ir tairóbre ar d'éadan,
 Go bailtib móra io' gúasaire rcléipeac,
 As imirte ir as ól ir leir an óise pléirdeac.

Ir iomda biaó maic blarta do éaitir leat féiniú
 Ir féartairde móra i mearc uairle tréitead,
 Asur mire go fannlas lom fé géar-glár
 Irtaig io' éabail-re 'r san beann as éinne oim.

AN COLANN:

Stao, a clampaire ir ná labhair com daoir ran;
 Má éaitinn-re baib i mearc cliar na féile,
 Ir go n-ólainn i dtiú an órta mo dáoctain
 Níor rtaonar tura ó cuidoéctain naomta.

AN TANNAM:

Deirim nac mirte a fáó gur túsair-re t'éitead
 Nuair binn-re ar aigne mo leara do d'éanam

Le faoiríodh beataó im' péacaib' go léirfead,
Ní leisfeá-ra éum cinn mé, a élaóaire an éitig,

Dá m'ad' gan amhar go maib' am mo d'aoctain
Agham-ra go fóil éum iompóda ar naom'taect,
I' ó bí Dia trócairead sup' éoir nár' b'aozal dom
Fuiread mar a bíor go críe mo fáozail.

AN COLANN:

Má bíor gan tuigrin gan éruinnear gan érim,
Gan fíor na deirfead aect im' b'reillice b'reazad,
Cad é an éuir ná pinnir-re mé do r'asonaó,
I' gan leisint dom éoiréce tura do éaoéad?

AN TANNAM:

Ná tuigeaó don duine sup' mife do léan tú,
Ní mé go deimín aect do neam'-fuim féiniró,
Gan g'rád do Dia ná éileam ar naom'taect
Aect ió' r'padoaire marb' gan eazla i n-aon éor.

Cé go b'fuaipir fogluim éum labairt le héirfead,
Gaebealz i' laidean i' ana-éuro b'éapla
Níor éoir duit éoiréce i' g'eirdeactain an traozail
Beit' ag cáineaó gac n'ouine nár' éumann leat féin é.

Deirim le pírinne le b'rig i' éirfead,
Sup' maic' do tuillir go deimín do d'aoptaó;
Mar' d'uil do leapa níor glacair i n-aon éor,
Aect fuirfead. ió' g'aise sup' gearraó de'n traozal tú.

Com' fada i' beiró Dia 'na Dia ar an fáozal
Beiró tura i' mife ar buile gan traoéad,
Ag mallaéctaint go trom gac am ar a céile
I' d'eintib' i'pinn 'meapc tuille tá d'aopta.

Beiró r'plannaca teine ag pite ar do béal-ra,
I' piartaire nime ió' ite i' ió' réabaó;

Do éeann no do éloigeann ar fhucaó le tréine,
'Sior inr an scoir ir tú ar buile le plantaiḃ.

.

AN COLANN :

Mo mallact le binib do'n lá fucaó ra traoḡal mé,
Mo mallact le buile do ḡac nḡuine do éaoḡ mé,
Im' éarriac 'ran breaca de ḡearcaiḃ ḡroḡ-élaonta,—
Ir mo mallact duit-re tuḡaim éom' dona 'r ir féirir.

.

Mo éreac ḡo dḡiḡte, ir mo ḡrón mḡr péine,
Naḡ im' éloic no im' mairde do éaitear mo éearma;
Ní beinn i nḡiu im' éonablaḡ ḡréan ait
Aḡ imḡeact ḡo hirreann 'mearc tuille tá ḡaoḡta.

AN TANNAM :

A ḡrocair mḡllteaḡ blaḡmannac rcléipeac,
Leis doḡ' éainnt ir éirt lem' rceal-ra;
Nḡor éuḡir i n-am do éanntla an méir rin,
An peaca do feacaint no ḡur leaḡaḡ tú traoḡta.

Ní leomḡaḡ moilleaḡ éum beit aḡ innrint rceal duit;
Caitreao ḡabail io' foḡair 'r ir dicit liom féin rin,
Cum dul ḡo ḡleann ḡo mbeir rḡioḡt éaba ann,
Ait ná faḡair-re ceao éainnte ann ar don éor.

Taob leir an nḡleann ro, ḡan aḡpar d'éinne,
'Seao ruiḡrḡo Cḡioḡt ar maoil an tSléibe,
Cum breit do éabairt ir peacaiḡ do ḡaoḡaḡ
Ir aicḡuḡiḡ 'ra éeart ḡo deo do rḡaoḡaḡ.

lomḡócair aḡair ḡo meillteaḡ raobḡac
Amac ar rḡuaḡḡtib mḡra éabaḡ,
Ir d'éarraiḡ leo le comact a naomḡact'
"Cḡeao é éuḡe 'na ḡunnear do'n tréao-ro?"

.

"Éḡoircear ḡaḡao lá ar fárac rḡéibe,
ḡan biaḡ ḡan ḡeoḡ, ḡo boḡt ḡo tréit laḡ;

Ir, tair éir mo éap'annaét' cum buir maítear do déanam,
 'Tóis rib an diabhal ir mo maḡail-re éiréig rib.

“Iméigib ár mo maḡaic ir leaḡaḡ ir léan oḡaib,
 A ḡream na mallaét, an aicme bḡéan ro;
 Teinte iḡinn éom deaḡs 'r ir féirib
 'Buir torcaḡ go deo, ḡan fóiréin ḡan tḡaocaḡ.

“Ir rib-re, a ḡream tḡs ḡreann go héaḡ dom,
 Tḡs biaḡ ir deoc dom, ir móḡán éaḡaig,
 Lóiréin oiréce,—ir le deaḡ-éiréce déanaḡ
 Go leor maíteara i ḡcaíteam buir maḡail dom,
 ḡuaigib liom, a élaan boét éaḡaḡ,
 I reib na bḡlaítear i mearc aingéal naomḡa
 Fé ḡlóir ḡil éaigib na caḡmac néaḡa
 Aḡ molaḡ an Aḡar an mḡic ir an naomḡ-Spioraḡ.”

PATRICK DENN.

THE BOATMEN OF KERRY.

Above the dark waters the sea-gulls are screaming;
 Their wings in the sunlight are glancing and gleaming;
 With keen eyes they're watching the herring in motion,
 As onward they come from the wild restless ocean.
 Now, praise be to God, for the hope that shines o'er us,
 This season, at least, will cast plenty before us;
 When safely returning with our hookers well laden
 How gaily will sound the clear laugh of each maiden.
 Oh! light as young fawns will they run down to meet us
 With accents of love on the sea-shore to greet us;
 While merrily over the waters we're gliding,
 Each wave, as it rolls, with our boat-stems dividing;
 Till high on the beach every black boat is stranded—
 Her stout crew in health and in safety all landed,

Near cabins, though humble, from whence they can borrow
Content for the day and new hope for the morrow.

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

The rich man from feasting may seek his soft pillow—
The plank is our bed, and our home is the billow ;
Our sails may be rent, and our rigging be riven,
Yet know we no fear, for our trust is in Heaven.
To waves at the base of dark Brandon's steep highlands,
To sandbank and rock, near the green Samphire Islands,
The nets that we cast in the night are no strangers—
The nets that we tend in all trials and dangers.
From north, east, and west, though the wild winds be blowing,
Though waves be all madly or placidly flowing,
Those nets get us food when our children are crying—
Those nets give us joy when all sadly we're sighing ;
When signs in the bay be around us and near us,
With thoughts about home to inspire us and cheer us—
When falls over earth the gray shade of the even,
When gleams the first star in the wide vault of Heaven,
Through gloom and through danger each bold boatman urges
With sail, or with oar, his frail boat through the surges.

Oh ! loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

Though wealth is not ours, though our fortunes be lowly,
Our hearts are at rest, for our thoughts are all holy.
Oh ! who would deny it, that saw, in fair weather,
Our black boats assembled at anchor together ;

Their crews all on board them, prepared, with devotion,
To list to the Mass we get read on the ocean !
Oh ! there is the faith that of Heaven is surest—
Oh ! there is religion, the highest and purest.
Oh ! could you but view them, with eyes upward roving
To God ever living, to God ever loving—
The deep wave beneath them, the blue Heaven o'er them,
The tall cliffs around them, the altar before them—
You'd say : " 'Tis a sight to remember with pleasure—
A sight that a poet would gloat o'er and treasure.
Oh ! ne'er shall my soul lose the lesson they've taught her,
Those fishermen poor, with their Mass on the water."

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
Religious and pure are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold ;
Joy revelled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race ,
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered : " I come ! "

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride ;
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But, gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot all the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain,
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the Psalm, or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that Heaven-minded virgin confined ;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapour of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen;
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

GERALD GRIFFIN,

MINIC A TIG.

Bí fear ann don uair amáin agus bí inínean roimh aige,
agus bí sa á uile dúine i ngrá leite. Bíod beirt ógánac as
teacht i gcómnuiúe faoi n-a déin 'sá cúirtéireacht. 'Do
éiríonn fear aca leite, agus níonn éiríonn an fear eile.
An fear náir éirí ní ruim ar bít ann, 'do tigeaó ré go
minic go tig a haéar le haéar uirte féin agus le beir
i n-a cuibéadain ; áct an fear a faib dúil aici ann ní tigeaó
ré áct go hannam. 'B'fear leir an áéar go bpoífaó

rí an buacail a bí aš teacht cuici go minic, ašur pinne ré
 oínéir mhór don lá amáin, ašur cuip ré cuipead ar uile
 duine. Nuair bí na daoine uile cruinnighe dubairt ré
 le n-a ingin :

“Ól deoch anoir,” ar peirean, “ar an bfeap ir fearr
 leat inr an gcuideactain reo,” mar gur fáoil ré go
 n-ólfaó rí deoch ar an bfeap buó maic leir féin. Tós
 rí an glaine i n-a láim, ašur fear rí ruar, ašur dearc rí
 i n-a timceall, ašur annpoin dubairt rí an pann ro :

Ólaim do pláinte a minic-a-tis,*
 faoi tuairim pláinte a' minic-naé-otig;
 Ir truaš é naé minic-naé-otig,
 A tigeap com minic le minic-a-tis.

Suir rí ríor nuair dubairt rí an ceatpaíma, ašur níor
 labair rí don focal eile an tráchnóna roin. Aét níor
 táinig an fear óš minic-a-tis com faoa léite ari, mar
 tuig ré naé maib ré aš tearcáil, ašur póir rí fear a roša
 féin le toil a hačar. Níor éualair mé don nuairdeact
 eile dá otaoir ó roin.

[Ar “leabhar Scéaluirdeacta” An Éirioibín Aoirinn.]

*Seo é an béarla do cuip an Éirioibín féin ar an pann ro ruar dúinn

I drink the good health of Often-who-came,
 Who Often-comes-not I also must name,
 Who Often-comes-not I often must blame
 That he comes not as often as Often-who-came !

Ašur reo é cumaó tá ar an pann i n-áiteannaib áiríte i gCúige Muhan

ré tuairim pláinte minic a fuiró.
 Seo fóir fé pláinte minic náir fuiró.
 Mo oit ir mo ois naé é minic náir fuiró.
 Do fuir feaó com minic le minic do fuiró.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow
fall ;

But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of
them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant barque appeared,
And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land
she neared ;

To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty
shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe—the radiance of her
brow ;

Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul
loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer ;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them
from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their queen,
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the
land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder and the lightning leaped about ;
 And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout ;
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with
 thundering shock ;
 And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inshidony's
 rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and
 high ;
 But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed their
 gurgling cry ;
 And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed away,
 And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters
 lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
 Dunmore
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inshidony's shore ;
 And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank ;
 And still he calls that hillock green, " the Virgin Mary's
 bank."

J. J. CALLANAN.

GÚGÁN BARRA.

There is a green island in lone Gúgán Barra,
 Where allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
 In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
 Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
 There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
 Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
 As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
 It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning !

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all bright'ning
 When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,

And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like the clans from the hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullach the eagles are screaming :
Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivéra,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather ;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains ;
And gleaned each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound
me,

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me :
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken,
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;

Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Abhann Buidhe seeks the kisses of ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

BEAN NA DTRÍ MBÓ.

So péir, a bean na dtrí mbó !
 Ar do bólaíct ná bí teann ;
 Uo connaic mi, gan dó,
 Bean is ba dá mór a beann.

Ní maireann rairibhear de gnát ;
 Do neac ná tabair táir go mór ;
 Cuíat an t-éag ar hac taoib ;
 So péir, a bean na dtrí mbó !

Sliocht Eogain móir ra muman,
 A n-imteact do dhin clú dóib
 A reolta gur leigeadar ríor :
 So péir, a bean na dtrí mbó !

Clann gairce tigeapna an élaí
 A n-imteact ran ba lá leoin,
 Is gan rúil le n-a dteact go bíat :
 So péir, a bean na dtrí mbó.

Oomnall ó dhúin buíde na long
 Ó súilleabáin nár tinn glór,
 Peac gur tuit 'ran Spáinn le claoeann :
 So péir, a bean na dtrí mbó !

Ó Ruairc ir Maguiðir do bí
 Lá i nÉirinn 'na lán beoil,
 Féad féin sup iméig an dír;
 So féir, a bean na dtí mbó!

Síol gCeardail do bí teann
 Le n-a mbeiríde gac geall i nglec
 Ní maireann don díob, mo díct!
 So féir, a bean na dtí mbó!

Ó don buin amáin de bpeir
 Ar mhaoi eile ir i a dó
 Do munnir iomarca aréir:
 So féir, a bean na dtí mbó!

Ir truaḡ mar do beir an raogal
 Aire ar na boict do élaio,
 Ní fadad bean an dá bó féin
 Ceart ná coir ó bean na dtí.

An ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falaing, a ainéir ir uaidreac gnúir,
 Do bíor san dearmad fearmác buan 'ran tñút
 Trí an macmar do glacair leo' buaid ar dtúir
 'S dá bfaḡann-re realb a ceatair do buairinn tú.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
 When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down,
 The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
 The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
 And fife and drum were beating The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! towards his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now
 From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
 "Hide—hide me, worthy stranger! though Green my colour be,
 And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
Hark ! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green ;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.

"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—

"Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain !"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay—
"Arise !" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away !

"I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed strife ;
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease ;
I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace !"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale,
The father broken-hearted lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard ;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down,
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Gráinne
Mhaol !"

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze ;

In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "Down, Orangemen, lie
down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour, that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air,
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurrying on—
And 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band,
Full twenty years, and over, have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It wasn't thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in,
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son!"

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirred him and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure he pierced the listening train—
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling that old man's tears came down,
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee my being first shall end,
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders, their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through
the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of
Green.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

mo léan le luad

mo léan le luad i' m'atcuirne
'S ní féar do buaint ar tearcannaib
O'fás céarta buaidéarta m'aigne

le tréimre, so clát;
áct éigre 'r ruada an treanúir
i ngéibeanann éruaid 'r i n-anacair,
so tréit i tuataib leatan' luirc,

San réim mar ba gnát.

'S gac lonna-bile borb-éutais tréan-éumair o'fár
De bholla-rtoc na rona-con do p'réamuis ó'n Spáim.
So canntlaé faon las earbaidéac
fé Šall-rmaót géar as Danaraid,
An cam-rp'hot claon do fealbuis

A raor-bailte rtáit.

So fann aréir 'r mé as maótmaí ar
Šac planno' de'n Šaeóeal-šuil cáima
An d'pong ba tréine i sceannar éirt

'S i réim ínre fáil.

le feall-béart claon i' gangair uile
Šac ramairle rméirle Šaranais
So fallra féan an tairreann

i' raor-rtáit na nšráir.

i n-anacra fé earcuirne 'r i ngéar-b'ruirib šábdair
as cama-šlioct na malluiséacót' an éitig 'r an rmáil
Tré buaidirt an rcéil reo cealtz rinn
So duairc i' léir mar airturfead
le ruain-b'rioct tréit šur tearcrao mé
Im' tréan-codlad r'pár.

Trém' néal ar éuairt 'reao' dearcar-ra
Rélteann uapal taitneamác,
So béarac buacac ceannarac
as téarpmáim im' dail;

Ba dhéimheadh dualaí daithe tuig
 A cpaob-folt cuadaí camarraí
 As téad go rcaadaí baíallaí
 Léi i n-éimheadh go fáil.

'Na leacain gíl do ceapao dhaoite éigre 'sur fáil
 Sur fearaí Cúipio clearaí glia ip gaete 'na láim,
 Ar tí gaí tréin-fir cáilma
 Do tigeaí 'na gaon do cealgaí
 Tréir claoideaí na céadta faraire
 I ndaoir-creadaí bair.

Ba binne réir a tana-ghuib
 Ná fuinneam méar as rpreagaí puir
 'S ná cruic an té do chearcair mhir
 Cí baot dom a ráb.

'S ba gile a héadan rneactamail
 Ná 'n lile caom no eala ar rpuic,
 'S ba rnuirte caol a mala ruirte
 Ar réilt-dearc gan cáim.

A mama cruinne ar feanga-cruic nár léanaí le práirc,
 A leabair-croib do beartaí loingear éanlaic ip bláic
 Ba mionla maorí maireamail
 A ríogaí 'r a rcéim 'r a pearra-cruic
 Do ríoraig mé cum labarta
 Inr na bmaicraib ro im' deaí

A ríogaí bearaí, aicir dom,
 An tú 'n doil-éneir tré n-ar chearcraí
 Na mílte 'on féinn le gaice Tailc
 Mhe Tréin tug an t-ár;

No an dhígead hélen o airtuig
 Tar cuinn ó'n ngréig léir cailleaí truir
 I Suíge na Trae mar beartaí dhaoite
 I léar-pannaib dán;

An marcalaí ó Albain tug laoc leir 'na báirc;
 An aindir léir tuic clann Uirneig mar léigtear 'ran cáim.
 No an réilteann aepeaí taicneamhaí,

D'fás raóite Saetóeal i n-anabruio
 De úruim sup ppreámuig Danair uile
 I réim Inre fáil ?

Ir béapaé rtuamóda d'fpeaḡair mé
 'S í aḡ déanam uaili' ir caṡuiḡṡe :
 Ní haon dár luaḡair iḡ' rṡarṡaiḡ mé
 Cioḡ léir dom an táin.

Ir mé céile 'r nuadḡair ḡaroluir
 Tá déapaé duairc fé ṡarṡuirne,
 ḡan réim ná buaiḡ mar éleaḡṡar-ra
 Mo laoc ó tá ar fán.

Le fearṡaiḡ ciṡṡ an ariao-mic fuair peannair cṡoir ir páir
 Beirḡ rṡarpeaḡ 'r iṡṡ ar ḡalla-ṡuic do ṡealḡuiḡ ár rṡát ;
 Ní dānair liom an aicme ṡuḡ
 Mo dēapca aḡ rileaḡ laḡṡa tiuḡ
 I n-anabruio fé'n amaḡ aḡ
 ḡac raor-bile rām.

Ir fé mar luaḡaḡair rean-ḡraoite
 Do dēanaḡ tuar ir ṡairnḡreacṡ
 Beirḡ flit i ḡcuanṡaiḡ Danban
 Fé féile ḡain ḡeáin

'ṡaḡairṡ rṡeimle 'r ruagṡa ar ṡearann Cuirc
 ṡar linnṡiḡ ruadḡa na fairrḡe
 Ar ḡac rṡeimle móir-cuirṡ ḡaranaig
 'S ní léan liom a bṡrāḡaínn ;

Beirḡ ḡearraḡ claiḡeam ir rṡarpeaḡ ṡruir ir ṡrēin-ṡreap-
 cairṡ námaḡ

Ar ḡac ailp aca do éleaḡṡaḡ puirṡ ir ṡearṡa 'ran páir,
 Do b'airṡ rult na reamair-ṡoc
 Aḡ iṡṡ 'r aḡ ciṡṡ le heaḡla
 Ná an rācairpeacṡ ro cēapaḡair
 Luḡṡ ṡear do leaḡaḡ ar páḡ.

eoḡan ruadḡ ó súilleaḡáin.

THE SAXON SHILLING.

Hark ! a martial sound is heard—

The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming,
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—

For bold recruits the sergeant's coming;
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—

The sounds and sights are surely thrilling;
Dazzled village youths to-day

Will crowd to take the Saxon Shilling !

Ye, whose spirits will not bow

In peace to parish tyrants longer—

Ye, who wear the villain brow,

And ye, who pine in hopeless hunger—
Fools without the brave man's faith—

All slaves and starvelings who are willing
To sell yourselves to shame and death—
Accept the fatal Saxon Shilling.

Ere you from your mountains go

To feel the scourge of foreign fever,
Swear to serve the faithless foe

That lures you from your land for ever !

Swear, henceforth his tools to be,

To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—
Honour, home, and liberty,
Abandoned for a Saxon Shilling.

Go ! to find 'mid crime and toil,

The doom to which such guilt is hurried—
Go ! to leave on Indian soil

Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied—
Go ! to crush the just and brave,

Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling—
Go ! to slay each brother slave,
Or—spurn the blood-stained Saxon Shilling.

Irish hearts ! why should you bleed
 To swell the tide of British glory—
 Aiding despots in their need,
 Who've changed our green so oft to gory !
 None, save those who wish to see
 The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
 And true hearts severed from the free,
 Will take again the Saxon Shilling !

Irish youths ! reserve your strength
 Until an hour of glorious duty,
 When freedom's smile shall cheer at length
 The land of bravery and beauty.
 Bribes and threats, oh ! heed no more—
 No more let despots find you willing
 To leave your own dear island shore
 For those who send the Saxon Shilling.

KEVIN T. BUGGY.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
 After all, the hours do slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block !

For the night, or morn, is wet and cold ;
 And my fire is dwindling rather low—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all somehow ;
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive,
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
 Am I living now ? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
 Left with nought to do, except to groan,
 Not a soul to woo—except the muse—
 O ! this is hard for me to bear,
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
 Me, who broke all hearts like china ware
 Twenty golden years ago !

Perhaps 'tis better—time's defacing waves,
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
 They who cursed me nightly from their graves,
 Scarce could love me were they living now ;
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
 Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills
 Twenty golden years ago.

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 O, how plaintive you would ween I was !
 But, I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has !

Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine, for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago.

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long—
 Me, I tweak no beak among them :—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks ; besides, in song,
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalising like Rousseau,
 O ! I had a grand Byronian soul !
 Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick—not a sound save Time's,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
 Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago !

J. C. MANGAN.

ἝΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ.

Seo tuan mātšamna, pāōpāiz iŕ Tiobōio, tpiūŕ feap ba žnātac i ōtiž
 an tābairne žo ruairc paob-nōpac ; ažuŕ, ap n-ōl a noōtāin ōōib, iŕ
 amāl a bōiŕ nā feap aca ōall ōmoč-māōairc, feap eile liōdairc
 laž-ōpōac, ažuŕ an tpiōmāō feap baōirpac buan-bālō. Seoō !

τάρλα i luimniž le cēile

i n-ēinŕeacēt i n-airpŕiŕ ŕeipeoin

Tpiūŕ nāŕ b'annam i ōtiž an tābairne,

mātšamain, pāōpāiz ažuŕ Tiobōio.

mātšamain ! an tan ō'ibeaō a ōōtāin

hi bpažāō feap eolair a tuiŕpint

i mbēairla nā i ōteanžain a mātcar,

acēt amāin : “ žibē ar bič ē ! ”

Conntráirda bíonn tÍOBÓID,
 Ní bíonn aḡó 'na foclaib̃;
 Ní cailleann ball dá cḡeáctaiḃ
 Aḡt sup tréit laḡ a cḡra.

ḡiḡ mḡr rúla ḡÁTORAIDḡ,
 Ir iad álunn le feicint,
 Tar éir plogta na ḡcopán
 Faid a leat-láim' ní feiceann.

Suidio ar élar na póite,
 Ir ḡoirio an cáirt 'r an pota,
 Sloḡaid an piúnt 'r an cnaisín
 Mar do bí a taitḡe aca.

Ar blairiad an leanna do tÍobóio,
 Ir plubḡs de'n uirce beataḡ,
 Do-beir ré an Trionóio
 Supab i rin beoir ir fearr ra cátair.

"Má'r i," arfa pátrais,
 "Ibimír lán ar ḡchoiceann
 Anro ḡo meadḡn oirḡe
 'S téirdeat an ḡiúirtir dá cḡocad̃."

"Mat̃ an cainnt!" arfa Matḡamain,
 "Ir é féin leat-rúḡad̃ poime rin
 Bimír realad̃ ḡo rúḡad̃,
 Ir leanaimír tútcar ar rínriḡ."

Ib̃io deoc ar a céile,
 'S ní féirir liom innrint
 Cā méio uair, ḡan reacrán,
 Do ḡaid̃ an copán timceall.

Mar poir doib̃ le cairribar
 'S le haouḡad̃ an píopa;
 Do caiteat̃ leo ḡo ḡáirad̃
 An lá aḡur cuir de'n oirḡe.

Dar liom sur maiṭ an cōmṛaḁ
 Aveir an Ṗāḡānāc ṑa Lāwinn :
 Mar a mbíonn ṑṑórt ir ṑólār
 Ṗo mbíonn ṑólār 'na n-aiṑe.

Ar a veic ṑe'n clog Ṗo tṑom-éireac
 Tis an ṑṑoiméar Ṗo tapairḁ
 Ir veir : "Ṗac ṑuine ṑ'á lóirṑín
 No i Ṗcórṑaib Ṗo maroin !"

"Mire milleacḁ," arṑa Tioḁóro,
 "Ir beac ṑé tṑioblóro Ṗo maroin ;
 ṑá ḁṑaḡainn ṑairḁḁṑear na ṑúitḁe
 Ní ṑéanṑainn ṑiubal ná airṑear."

"Ir mearṑa mire !" arṑa ṑáṑṑais,
 "Cé náir liom le n-innṑint,
 Tar ṑorṑar amac ní léir ṑom
 Don ṑuo acṑ oirḁe."

ṑo ṑein Māṑḡamāin Ṗeal-ḡáire
 Nuair cōnnaiṑ cār na beirṑe :
 ṑuine Ṗo laḡ-cōṑac cáinteacḁ,
 Ir ṑuine eile ṑall le meirṑe,

Labair Tioḁóro Ṗo cráirṑe :
 "Cao ir ṑearṑ ṑúinn a ṑéanam ?
 A Māṑḡamāin éṑoirḁe na ṑáirṑe,
 Ir náir ṑúinn ár ṑcéalta."

"Ṗibé AR bīṑ é, bí ṑuar ar mo Ṗualainn,"
 'S ní ṑéin ṑuanairṑeacṑ ḁréiḡe,
 "Ir mé aḡ ṑorṑar ṑá ṑṑoc-ualaḁ,
 Ṗibé AR bīṑ é, luarṑar ṑo ṑéanṑar."

ṑo ṑinneacḁ marṑac ṑe Tioḁóro,
 'S níor iarṑ ṑṑioróir ná Ṗiorṑa ;
 "Oc, ocón !" arṑa ṑáṑṑais,
 "Cá ḁṑáḡṑairḁ ṑib mire."

"Beir síor ar mo clóca,
 No ar iocáir cóta an duine,
 Is lean rinn tríd an trháir
 Mar dail san rúil i sclaíseann."

Mar roin dóib go páirta
 Go pángadair an geata;
 "Zounds!" ar' an Gall- fear, "It's Satan Incarnate,"
 And cries, "A monster, a monster!"

Do labair Tiobóir go héarcair,
 'S ní hé a cuir Béalra bí ar iarrair;
 Is Maṭṣamain fí n-a fearam,
 Is é as fearaḁ is as fiaraḁ.

"I am no monster
 Nor counterfeit divil,
 But a country gentleman
 Both honest and civil.

"Who, coming up street
 By chance got a fall
 And broke both my legs,
 O, fortune dismal!"

"Who is he that carrieth thee?"
 Asketh the soldier;
 Dubairt seiréan: "For my money
 I hired the porter."

"What's he that follows thee?"
 Instances the sentry.
 "A blind harper," says he,
 "That plays for the gentry."

Mar roin dóib, ar éigin
 Do léigead iad tar geata;
 Is díombuiread do bí Maṭṣamain
 De cáinnt d'rocc-múinte an marcais;

Mar aubairt san connabairt
 Sur portúir é do ceannuis:
 Do teilg Tiobóir uasal
 Dá gualainn ra laéais.

Annpoin do géal Tiobóir
 Leat-choróin mar luac raotair
 Dá mbeiread é d'á lóirtín
 Ir do móiríg rin ar *vade mecum*.

Do glac Matghaimin a ualac
 An dara uair go háimleirc,
 Ir do rug Tiobóir d'á lóirtín
 Ar binn élóicín as pádras.

Nuair do fuir Tiobóir 'na cátaoir
 Ir é san faticóir san doemad,
 Ir maic do éruis a márcuisgead,
 Ir fear ealaðan le deocaid.

an ceançal:

Do-éim sur tubairteaé turar an óil reo gnáit;
 Do-éim na hiorcaða uirparbac fóir-las tláit;
 Do-éim an duine le daille san tneoir ra trháir,
 'S an tríoimad duine san focal 'na beol ar áir.

'S, a Ériort, cár mirté rin tuitim le cródaét lám,
 No le gníom oirdeirc do cuirpead mé ar nór an báir?
 Adt duine le daille, le iomarca an ólacáin,
 San riubal san mhíre san ruiotal, ir oirneil an cár.

O'CONNELL'S SACRIFICES FOR IRELAND.

While Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1842, Daniel O'Connell was charged in the course of a controversy with the Earl of Shaftesbury, an English Catholic, with various crimes, among them being that he promoted agitation with the object of increasing his own personal income through the means of the "Repeal Rent." O'Connell replied as follows to the misrepresentation in reference to the "Repeal Rent":—

I will not consent that my claim to "the rent" should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation the burthen of the cause was thrown on me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

To descend to particulars—at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea, when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 on the whole. Who shall

repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would ensure?

Other honours I could not then enjoy.

Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before Emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £8,000; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an outer barrister.

Had I adhered to my profession I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated, whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with much less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one half.

If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality—or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of country! and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent.

An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once

more high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made ; and pre-eminently so by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normandy.

But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream ?—and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted, even by you, with mean and sordid motives.

I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow ; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest ; one claim, I believe higher than any other, upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained ? What modes of abuse, what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me ! What vials of bitterness have been poured on my head ! What coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me ? What derogatory appellation has been spared ? What treasures of malevolence have been expended ? What follies have not been imputed ? in fact, what crimes have I not been charged with ?

I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy, the most and the best abused man in the

universal world ! And, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And, let her be grateful or ungrateful, solvent or insolvent, he who insults me for taking her pay wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire ; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

Yes, I am—I say it proudly—the hired servant of Ireland, and I glory in my servitude.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Oh God, it is a dreadful night—how fierce the dark winds blow,
It howls like mourning *bean sidhe*, its breathings speak of woe ;
'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild
blast,

My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's
eyes :—

Oh, God of Heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

But, ah ! my prayers are worthless—oh ! louder roars the
blast,

And darker from the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more
fast ;

Oh God, if you be merciful, have mercy now, I pray—

Oh, God forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their
lair :

Like wild beasts ! No ! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder
hill

Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their
fill.

Oh blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry ;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
Oh, watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be
blest !

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain !—in vain her mournful
cry ;

God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark
sky :

But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and
dead !

J. KEEGAN.

AN PAIDRÍN PÁIRTEAC.

STADAIRÓ IR PCÉITFEAD PCÉAL NA PCATAÍDE

AN MAOÏM AN MAILÍR SÁTAIN,

AN GANGAID AN GÉAR-GOIN GAOTHA AN GAODAIÐE

IR AN ÉLAON-ÉUR CATAÍDE AN ÉNEÁDAIRNE ;

DO MEALLAÐ LEIR CÉAD TAP CÉADTAIB 1 GACAIR,

DO LÉIGEAD GO GLAN OÍOÐACÉ NEÁMHA ;

IR PPEADAIÐ-PI Ó'N BPÉIRT FÁ GÉAGAIÐ GEANMNAÍDE

PÉARLA AN PAIDRÍN PÁIRCTIG.

SEACNAÍR, RÉANAÍR RÉALA AN TPLADAIÐE,

A BPÉAGHA, A BEARTUIÐEACÉ BÁIRTE ;

DALLAÍR AN DAOL LE DÉARAIÐ AITRIGE,

IR TPÉIGRÓ TAITIGE AN TÁDAIRNE ;

Leanair an péilteann déarac deas-éirídeac
 Šmanua seal-špinn špárac,
 'S fá tearmann rcéime a rcéite tagair,
 A éirí an páirín páirtig.

Aiteanta Dé ná réabaó neac tób,
 Déanuisiú, learuigiú láitneac
 Bui mbearta go béarac caomnac cneap-caoim
 Tréiteac tair-binn tábaéac;
 Raámar an traogail, rcléip ir fleao-šion,
 Féac sup neam-niú a mbláe ran:
 Ní mairiú aét tréimre taoú leó' taitnime,
 A réarla an páirín páirtig.

Fala gan féile, cpaor ir calaoir,
 Cléite ir cleairídeacé cainte,
 Malluigéacé méinne, tréan-toil tearairde,
 Taoracó cannaíde ir cápta,
 Bλαδαídeacé, blaódmann, baot-špuiro, bpaouiéacé
 Rréim na bpeacairde éráiú rinn;
 'Ir banaltira an don-šlic gλαoúáiú marí épario,
 Réarla an páirín páirtig.

Domuigim féin do'n traogail sup peacuiéear.
 Ir o' don-šlic seal-éioé šmaire,
 Sealao dom' páogail i gclaontaé rtauiéacé
 As réabaó ceart-ólige an pápa;
 Munabai béil, gan rpeir i n-aicrié,
 Lem' déinc ní altuigim páp-máit,
 Aét as magao' r as rcléip fé tréao an páirín
 Naomta aingliúe páirtig.

Šac tuine sup mian leir éirteacé real linn,
 'S le tréitib ár bpaírin páirtig,
 Seacnaó béite, cpaor, ir mailir,
 Upéaga, bnaoaié, ir cáineao

Airreann Dé ná léigead le faillige,
 Ir. déarc le deas-éiríde deáirnad;
 Ir maítríó Mac Dé go léir na peacairde
 Tar éir na haitríge táinig.

Ir cuma liom féin cá taob 'na leasfaióear
 I bpéin no i n-aicíó báir mé,
 Aét go mbead duine de'n éleir ann gléarfad m'aibíó,
 Ir céir do lappairde ar clár dom;
 An riolar an gé ir péice i scrannaió,
 'S mo éreáctad as maóraió rráirde
 Ó glacadar mé fá rcéit a mbraicairde
 As éirteáct an páiríóin páirició.

TAÓG SAEBEALAC Ó SÚILLEADÁIN.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears
 Too long have fallen in vain—
 Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gathered grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.
 The lightning in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 Shall flash to scathe the Saxon power,
 But melt the links our long, long shower
 Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress
 To make a thing of time—
 The tyranny we can repress—
 Eternal by our dastardness
 Were crime—or worse than crime ;

And we, whose best and worse was shame,
From first to last alike,
May take, at length, a loftier aim,
And struggle, since it is the same
To suffer—or to strike.

What hatred of perverted might
The cruel hand inspires,
That robs the linnet's eye of sight
To make it sing both day and night !
Yet, thus they robbed our sires.
By blotting out the ancient lore
Where every loss was shown—
Up with the flag ! We stand before
The Saxons of the days of yore
In Saxons of our own.

Denial met our just demands,
And hatred met our love ;
Till now, by Heaven ! for grasp of hands,
We'll give them clash of battle-brands,
And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
And may the Saxon stamp his heel
Upon the coward's front,
Who sheaths his own unbroken steel,
Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
Who forced us to the brunt !

J. D. FRAZER.

THE FELONS.

(Thomas Francis Meagher, and a couple of other outlawed 'Forty-Eight men, when wandering in Tipperary with a price on their heads, came upon a poor peasant at the close of a distressing and anxious day. Their meeting forms the subject of the following lines.)

" Good peasant, we are strangers here
And night is gathering fast ;
The stars scarce glimmer in the sky,
And moans the mountain blast ;
Can'st tell us of a place to rest ?
We're wearied with the road ;
No churl the peasant used to be
With homely couch and food."

" I cannot help myself, nor know
Where ye may rest or stay ;
A few more hours the moon will shine.
And light you on your way."

" But, peasant, can you let a man
Appeal to you in vain,
Here, at your very cabin door,
And 'mid the pelting rain—
Here, in the dark and in the night,
Where one scarce sees a span ?
What ! close your heart ! and close your door
And be an Irishman ! "

" No, no—go on—the moon will rise
In a short hour or two ;
What can a peaceful labourer say
Or a poor toiler do ? "

" You're poor ? Well here's a golden chance
To make you rich and great !
Five hundred pounds are on our heads !
The gibbet is our fate !

Fly, raise the cry, and win the gold
 Or some may cheat you soon ;
 And we'll abide by the roadside,
 And wait the rising moon."

What ails the peasant ? Does he flush
 At the wild greed of gold ?
 Why seizes he the wanderers' hands ?
 Hark to his accents bold :

" Ho ! I have a heart for you, neighbours—
 Aye, and a hearth and a home—
 Ay, and a help for you, neighbours :
 God bless ye and prosper ye—Come !
 Come—out of the light of the soldiers ;
 Come in 'mongst the children and all ;
 And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland
 Till Connall himself gets a fall.

" To the demons with all their gold guineas ;
 Come in—everything is your own ;
 And I'll kneel at your feet, friends of Ireland !
 What I wouldn't for King on his throne.
 God bless ye that stood in the danger
 In the midst of the country's mishap,
 That stood up to meet the big famine—
 Och ! ye are the men in the gap !

" Come in—with a céad míle fáilte ;
 Sit down, and don't make any noise,
 Till I come with more comforts to crown ye—
 Till I gladden the hearts of the boys.
 Arra ! shake hands again—noble fellows
 That left your own homes for the poor !
 Not a man in the land could betray you
 Or against you shut his heart or his door."

ṬΑῬῶῤ Ἀῖῤῤῤ Ἀ ἡḂṬḂḂḂḂḂ.

(A picture of the proselytising methods of the Famine period.)

ṬḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ, ' ṬḂḂḂḂ ! Thank you kindly, mother.
ḂḂḂḂḂ ṬḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂ, ' ṬḂḂḂḂ ? Finely, finely, mother.
ḂḂḂḂ, ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ, Ἀ ṬḂḂḂḂ ? I'll tell you the whole truth
mother,

In troth, I went to school to learn the rules of Grammar.

One day I was at home, with a pain that wasn't merry,
I walked and went astray, and found my way to Castlederry
The master spoke so fine, he placed me right in clover ;
I said their prayers in rhyme, and spelt the Bible over.

ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂ Ἀ ḂḂḂḂḂḂ, Ἀ ṬḂḂḂḂ ? A finely shawley, mother.
ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ Ḃ, ' ṬḂḂḂḂ ? Every kind of colour.
I thought that all was right, that mate would be on the table,
For they kil't a cow that died ; but it was all a fable.

The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage ;
The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it.

We were honoured there one day by bonnets they call cottage.
And when they went away we called them ladies' porridge ;
But, mother, wait awhile, we'll try to trate them civil,
ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ, we'll pitch 'em to the
divil.

ḂḂ ṬḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ Ḃ ḂḂḂḂḂḂḂḂ.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Behold ! a troop of travellers descending to the shore—
Strong, stalwart youths and maidens, mixed with those in
years, and hoar ;

With stealth they glide towards the tide like walkers in their
sleep :

Where are ye going, lonely ones, that thus ye walk and weep ?

No answer : but the lip compressed argues a tale to tell—

A studied silence seems to hold them bound as if a spell ;

They passed me by abstractedly, their gaze where, near at
hand,

Rolls through the shade the heavy wave upon the sullen
strand.

Stop—whither go ye ? See, behind, e'en yet the landscape
smiles—

The broad sunset illumines yet these pleasant western isles—

Why, why is it that none will turn and take one look behind,

But rather face the billows there, to light and counsel blind ?

Peace ! questioner—we know the sun upon our soil doth
rest—

Though Emigrants, we have not cast all feeling from our
breast ;

But still, we go—for through that shade hope gilds the distant
plain,

While round the homes we've left we look for nourishment in
vain !

Well, thou art strong ; thy stubborn strength may make the
desert do ;

But, see ! a weeping woman here—some shivering children
too :

Deluded female, stop ! for thee what hope beyond the tide ?

For me ?—and seest thou not I have my husband by my side ?

And thou, too, parting ! thou, my friend, that loved thy home
and ease ?

Ay—see my brothers—sisters here—what's country without
these ?

But then, thy hands for toil unfit—thy frame to labour new ?
What then ? I work beside my friends—come thou and join
our crew.

Yes, come ! exclaims a reverend man—glad will we be of
thee—

We go in Christian fellowship our mission o'er the sea—
I've left a large and happy flock, that loved me, too, full well ;
Yet I take heart, as I depart where godless heathens dwell.

Alas ! and is it needful then that from this ancient soil
Where wealth and honour crowned so long the hardy yeoman's
toil,
The goodliest of its offspring thus should bid the canvass swell,
And to the parent earth in troops wave their last sad farewell ?

I'm answered from the swarming ports, the ever-streaming
tide

That pours on board a thousand ships my country's hope and
pride—

I'm answered by the fruitless toil of many a neighbour's hand,
And the gladsome shouts of prosperous men in many a distant
land.

Stay, countrymen !—e'en yet there's time—we'll settle all
your score—

We cannot spare such honoured men—'twould grieve our
hearts too sore ;

Things will go smooth—why quit the scene a thousand things
made dear.

That wealth may deck ye in the spoils torn from affection
here ?

Torn is the last embrace apart—the vessel quits the shore—
They're waving hands from off the deck—we hear their voice
no more—

God bless ye, friends ! I honour ye, adventurous, noble band !
Farewell ! I would not call ye now back to this wretched land !

Why not myself among ye, loved associates of my day ?
Why not with you embarked to share the perils of your way ?
Because, though hope may be *your* sun, remembrance is *my*
star—

Farewell—I'll die a watcher where my father's ashes are.

DIGBY PILOT STARKEY, M.R.I.A.

GOD'S SECOND PRIEST : THE TEACHER.

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's
breast

A dreary load, a ruthless Code, with wasting terrors prest—
Our gentry stripped of land and clan, sent exiles o'er the main
To turn the scale on foreign fields for foreign monarch's gain—
Our people trod like vermin down, all 'fenceless flung to sate
Extortion, lust, and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot hate—
Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons chased
and lashed,

And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice dashed ;
In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling woe and
thrall,

There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than
all.

Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make
a brute—

They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's
voice be mute.

God's second priest—the Teacher—sent to feed men's minds
with lore—

They marked a price upon his head, as on the priests' before.
Well—well they knew that never, face to face beneath the
sky,

Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them must
die ;

That lettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs
grow

To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail to know !
That men who learn will learn their strength—the weakness
of their lords—

Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapped like
Samson's cords.

This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid ;
So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless slaves be
made—

When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts were withered,
branch and stem—

A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them.

Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay
The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay ;
Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on
earth,

And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock,
birth ;

Still faithful to their holy Church, her direst straits among,
To one another faithful still, the priests and people clung.
And Christ was worshipped and received with trembling haste
and fear,

In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of bloodhounds
near ;

Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on
mountain fern

The teacher and his pupils met feloniously—to learn ;

Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music
 twined,
 A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined
 And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told
 Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power and faith
 of old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled—could
 they fail ?

For what were freedom's blessed worth if slavery wrought
 not bale ?

As thrall, and want, and ignorance still deep and deeper grew,
 What marvel weakness, gloom, and strife fell dark amidst us
 too.

And servile thoughts that measure not the inborn worth of
 man—

And servile cringe and subterfuge to 'scape our masters' ban—
 And drunkenness—our sense of woe a little while to steep—
 And aimless feud, and murderous plot—oh ! one could pause
 and weep !

'Mid all the darkness, faith in heaven still shone, a saving ray,
 And heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose its own
 good day.

Two men were sent us—one for years, with Titan strength of
 soul,

To beard our foes, to peal our wrongs, to band us and control ;
 The other, at a later time, on gentler mission came :

To make our noblest glory spring from out our saddest shame !
 On all our wondrous upward course hath heaven its finger set,
 And we—but, oh ! my countrymen, there's much before us
 yet.

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious island yields—
 Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren fields,
 The all-unused mechanic might our rushing streams afford,
 The buried treasures of our mines, our sea's unvalued hoard !

But, oh ! there is one piteous waste whence all the rest have
grown,

One worse neglect—the mind of man left desert and unsown.
Send Knowledge forth to scatter wide, and deep to cast its
seeds,

The nurse of energy, and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.
Let it go forth ; right soon will spring those forces in its train
That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rifle earth
and main—

Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with gold,
A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine enfold.
Let it go forth unstained, and purged from Pride's unholy
leaven,

With fearless forehead raised to man, but humbly bent to
heaven ;

And press upon us one by one, the fruits of English sway,
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our fight
to-day ;

And show our fathers' constancy, but truest instinct led
To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance
fed ;

And let it place beside our own the world's vast page to tell
That never lived the nation yet could rule another well.
Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength ; no feeling vague
and blind,

But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind.
Let it go forth—a mightier foe to England's power than all
The rifles of America, the armaments of Gaul !

It shall go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way—
'Tis God's own light, all heavenly bright—we care not who
says nay.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead, as I kneel on the
 cold dungeon floor,
 As I kneel at your feet, Rev. Father, with no one but God to
 the fore—
 With my heart opened out for your reading, and no hope or
 thought of rel'ase
 From the death that, at daybreak to-morrow, is staring me
 straight in the face.
 I have told you the faults of my boyhood—the follies and
 sins of my youth—
 And now of this crime of my manhood I'll speak with the
 same open truth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for ninety good years;
 and their toil
 What first was a bare bit of mountain brought into good fruit-
 bearing soil;
 'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin, where our
 children were born and bred,
 Where our weddings and christenings were merry, where we
 waked and keened over our dead.
 We were honest and fair to the landlord, we paid him the rent
 to the day—
 And it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he wasted and
 squandered away
 On the cards, and the dice, and the racecourse, and often in
 deeper disgrace,
 That no tongue could relate without bringing a blush to an
 honest man's face.

But the day came at last that they worked for, when the
 castles, the mansions, the lands
 They should hold but in trust for the people, to their shame
 passed away from their hands ;

And our place, sir, too, went to auction—by many the acres
were sought,
And what cared the stranger—that purchased—who made
them the good soil he bought ?
The old folk were gone—thank God for it—where trouble or
care can't pursue ;
But the wife and the childre'—oh, Father in Heaven !—what
was I to do ?
So I thought I'll go speak to the new man—I'll tell him of me
and of mine ;
The trifle I've gathered together I'll place in his hands for a
fine—
The estate is worth six times the money, and maybe his heart
isn't cold ;
But the scoundrel who bought the “ thief's pen'orth ” was
worse than the pauper that sold—
I chased him to house and to office, wherever I thought he'd
be met ;
I offered him all he'd put on it—but no ! 'twas the land he
should get ;
I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer was spurned
and denied,
And what matter how just my poor right was, when *he* had
the *law* on his side !

I was young, and but few years was married to one with a
voice like a bird—
When she sang the old songs of our country every feeling
within me was stirred.
Oh ! I see her this minute before me with a foot 'wouldn't
bend a croneen,
Her laughing lips lifted to kiss me—my darling, my bright-
eyed Eibhlin !
'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her soft arms
fondling our boy,
Until *he* chased the smile from her red lip, and silenced the
song of her joy--

Whist, Father, have patience a minute let me wipe the big drops from my brow—

Whist, Father, I'll try not to curse him ; but, I tell you, don't preach to me now.

Exciting myself ! Yes, I know it ; but the story is now nearly done,

And, Father, your own breast is heaving—I see the tears down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected, for we tried to cling to the place

That was mine—yes, far more than 'twas his, sir—I told him so up to his face.

But the little I had melted from me in making a fight for my own,

And a beggar with three helpless childre', out on the world I was thrown.

And Eibhlin would soon have another—another that never drew breath—

The neighbours were good to us always—but what could they do against death ?

For my wife and my infant before me lay dead, and by him they were kil't,

As sure as I'm kneeling before you to own to my share of the guilt.

I laughed all consoling to scorn, I didn't mind much what I said,

With Eibhlin a corpse in a barn, on a bundle of straw for a bed ;
But the blood in my veins boiled to madness—do they think that a man is a log ?

I tracked him once more—'twas the last time—and I shot him that night like a dog.

Yes, *I* did it—I shot him ! but, Father, let them who make laws for the land

Look to it when they come to judgment for the blood that lies red on my hand.

If I drew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that left him stretched cold on the sod ;

And from their bar where I got my sentence I appeal to the
 bar of my God
 For the justice I never got from them, for the right in their
 hands that's unknown ;
 Still, at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took the law into my
 own—
 That I stole out that night in the darkness while mad with my
 grief and despair,
 And drove the black soul from his body, without giving him
 time for a prayer.
 Well, 'tis told, sir, you have the whole story ; God forgive him
 and me for our sins ;
 My life is now ending—but, Father, the young ones ! for them
 life begins.
 You'll look to poor Eibhlin's young orphans ? God bless you !
 And now I'm at p'ace
 And resigned to the death that to-morrow is staring me
 straight in the face.

“ BRIGID ” OF THE *Nation*.

DAITRIGE SEÁIN DO NÓRÓD.

A mhic mhúir na ngráir do cuireadh cum báir,
 Is o'fulaing an páir peanaídeac,
 Do ceannuis ríol ádaim le allur do énam,
 Fuil agus cneada dearg ;
 Fheadair mé, a grá ; beir m'anam i dtiáct
 So parraatar lán-gradamac,
 As caiteam an trólaí fada gíl bheada
 Ioir arraitil is áro-aingealluib.

Fheadair mé, a Críort, a cara mo éiríde,
 An carraig reo im' éirí, corruis i
 Is óm' dearguib leis ríor ríota daitrige,
 Do bheadar so críe flaitir mé ;

Mar ir peacaó mé b'i reannalaó fíor,
 Oroió-beartaó fíor-mallaióste,
 Ir ná tagair-re baoir beartaó an traioisil
 Ar m'anam le linn reartaó liom.

Screadaim ir éigim, aicéim go réim
 Ar mhuire 'r a haon m'ac calma
 Teacht realaó fé déin m'anma pléiró,
 Ir a éoraint ó'n maor malluióste.
 Deirciobail Dé 'r a gcairio go léir;
 Im' tarrainó 'ran réim beannuióste
 Mo bearta ar an raoóal cealóac claon
 Ganóadeaó baot do máiteaó dom.

A Óia atá fuar, féac oim anuap
 Ir réiróis mo óuair anfaíó,
 Aó leis me go ruanmair rápta io' éuan
 Gléigéal buan-trearmáó.
 A tigearna na mbuaó, déin oim truaó
 Ar téaó do'n uair mairbta
 Ir ná leis mire uait féinó le fuat
 I bpéin le ruasó Acapoin.

Ir deocair dom labairt leatpa gan daó,
 As tagairt do éabair calma;
 Ir sur fáda mé as treabaó trearna le fonn
 I scoinne do módmáil-aicéanta.
 Níl inr an domán fáirring, mo lom!
 Peacaó le toóat ir meara loit
 Ná mire tá boóar balb im' loóar
 Ceangailte as an noream malluióste.

Ní lia le ráó gainim ar éráis,
 Ná orúó ar báir ólarmáó,
 Ná peaca le ruigean ar m'anam, fóiríor!
 Ceangailte im' éroióe éalcáiste.

Ir mór liom a dtuair póimam 'ran tSiab,
 Aét ní fógann cíaé eagla;
 Ir sup mó iad le léigeanh shára Mic Dé
 Ná a nveáirna an raogal o'ainbfiop.

Molaim-re Dia éar a bpeaca mé riamh,
 Ir Muire bain-tighearna aitéim-re;
 Peardar ir pól, ir na naoim eile leo,
 Ir tura san shó, a ádair oíl;
 Admuisim doibh, do mhiceál agus o'eoim,
 Ir do na hAptalaibh mó-beannuighe,
 Sup peacuighear dom' deoin im' rmaoincibh go mór,
 Im' shíomaircibh 'r im' shlór labairtá.

An t-uabhar ar dtúir, an traintir ir an tprúir,
 An cpaor ir an rún feargac,
 Formad an traogail ir a leirce go léir
 Ní rcarann liom féin aza ar bit:
 Nac mairg do'n té mairgear mar mé
 Inr na reáct bpeacairde claona marbteac',
 Ir nac dána an shó do duine dem' róir
 Tashairt ar coróin flaitir o'fagail.

Aét, féac mar do féan peardar mac Dé,
 An tan lagais an tréad malluighe é,
 Ir nuair o'airtuis ré i sgreataibh aibhéil
 Sup glacadh 'ran réim beannuighe é.
 Dob' fearac do'n traogal fairringh go léir,
 Sup peacac bí ar rtrae Magdailin,
 Ir dá cuirpéacac é a beata le léigeanh,
 Go dtus rleac na mbraon flaitear oi.

Ar n-ádar atá inr na flaitir go hárd,
 Go naomhuighear trác t'aimn-re,
 Go dtighe do ríogacac, do toil ar an raogean,
 Mar deintear i scrib bairratar:

Ár n-arian laeteamail tabair-Se dúinn
 Ír maié dúinn ár gcionnta ainéir,
 Mar maiémíó do éac, ír ná leis rinn i tclár
 Acé raor rinn ó bár anabuiró.

A mílte tá lán de tuile na ngrár,
 Tá'n Tigearna, a grád, i maille leat;
 Ír beannuighe tá tú i bflaicear tar mnáib
 So naomhuighear trác t'ainm-ré.
 Ír taitneamác an raðarc tomaid do bpoinn,
 ÍOSA do poinn eadrainn;
 Anoir asur miam, ír i n-am ár brian,
 So raðair, a Óia, as rearam dúinn!

SEÁN DE hÓRÓD.

THE ANCIENT RACE.

What shall become of the ancient race,
 The noble Gaelic island race ?
 Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
 When winter's storms are loud and high,
 Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
 What shall become of the Gaelic race ?

What shall befall the ancient race
 The poor, unfriended, faithful race ?
 Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
 The hawk and the owlet flap their wing;
 The village homes, oh, who can trace—
 God of our persecuted race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
 Is treason's stigma on their face ?
 Be they cowards or traitors ? Go—
 Ask the shade of England's foe ;
 See the gems her crown that grace ;
 They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face ;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
With blood of Gaels, right bravely shed ;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
Such tale they tell of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race ?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race ;
And hell-born laws, with prison jaws,
And greedy lords, with tiger maws,
Have swallowed—swallow still apace—
The limbs and blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race ?
They fly their fathers' burial place ;
The proud lords with the heavy purse,
Their fathers' shame—their people's curse—
Demons in heart, nobles in face,
They dig a grave for the ancient race !

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Shall all forsake their dear birth-place,
Without one struggle strong to keep
The old soil where their fathers sleep ?
The dearest land on earth's wide space—
Why leave it so, O, ancient race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Light up one hope for the ancient race ;
Oh, priest of God—sagart a run !
Lead but the way, we'll go full soon ;
Is there a danger we'll not face
To keep old homes for the Irish race ?

They shall not go, the ancient race—
They must not go, the ancient race !

Come, gallant Gaels, and take your stand—
 And form a league to save the land :
 The land of faith, the land of grace,
 The land of Erin's ancient race !

They must not go, the ancient race !
 They shall not go, the ancient race ;
 The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
 From emerald vale to mountain hoar,
 From altar high to market-place—
 THEY SHALL NOT GO, the Gaelic race !

REV. M. TORMEY.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Dublin Castle is in the city of Dublin, and it stands on the South side of the River Liffey. It is called a castle because it has a great many windows and a portico to the principal entrance. If you weren't told it was Dublin Castle you wouldn't think it was Dublin Castle at all. When I saw it first I took it for a militia-barrack or a poorhouse for gaugers. When a man showed me where the Lord Lieutenant lived when he's at home I began to think that all Lords Lieutenant must be very low-sized men, not in the least particular about their lodgings. The Castle, as it is generally called, is built on Cork Hill. Many ignorant people, such as Members of Parliament and Lords, think that Cork Hill is in the city of that name. Those who have learned geography and the use of the globes know that Cork Hill has for many centuries been in the city of Dublin. The Castle surrounds a square called the Upper Castle Yard, in the centre of which there is a beautiful tub for holding flags. There is also a policeman in the Upper Castle Yard, but he is not worth looking at, although his face is generally clean, and he wears a silver Albert chain.

There are soldiers walking up and down at the gate to keep themselves warm. They always carry their guns, because, if they put them out of their hands, Fenians, or newspaper boys, or the policemen might run away with them. This makes the soldiers short-tempered and chew tobacco. There is a statue of Justice over the gateway. This statue fell out of the sky during a thunderstorm, to where it stands, and only that it is red hot the Government would get men to take it down, for it has no business there, and looking at it only makes the people who live in the Castle uncomfortable.

You can go from the Upper Castle Yard to the Lower Castle Yard under an arched gateway. There are policemen in the Lower Yard, but they don't wear Albert chains or pare their nails. The Lower Castle Yard is not a yard in the least, but makes me always think of a street with a broken back. There are a few towers in it. These towers are very strong. A man once told me that if you fired a horse-pistol at one of them all day you would not be able to make a hole in it! A great number of small boys play marbles and ball here. The Lord Lieutenant loves to see innocent children amusing themselves, and he often sends them out presents of nuts and clay pipes to blow soap-bubbles. When there isn't a Cattle Show or a militia regiment to be inspected, or a Knight to be made, he himself often comes out in disguise and blows soap-bubbles. It is always remarked that the Lord Lieutenant's soap-bubbles are the largest and of the most beautiful colours. A man once told me that it is because the Lord Lieutenant puts a lot of soft soap into the water which he uses.

There is nothing connected with the Castle about which there are so many wrong notions as about the Castle Hack. Some are under the belief that it is a man; others think it to be an attorney; and there are those who go so far as to assert that it is a member of Parliament. Of all the people who indulge in such extravagances, I venture to say, not one has seen, or even had the curiosity to inquire particularly about

it. Now, I have seen the Hack, and learned all that is to be known concerning it, and am, therefore, well qualified to give correct information and a faithful description of it. I gave a decent man at the Castle half-a-crown, and he showed it to me and supplied me with all the particulars I needed. The Castle Hack is a poor, lean, wretched old horse. He is spavined and broken-winded, and his bones are sharply visible through his faded and withered hide. He is wholly unequal to the performance of any honest work in the fields, and he is one of the meanest and most wretched objects which can offend the sight of a humane and worthy man. Of all the noble attributes possessed by his species, none remain to him; and of all the useful qualities of his fellows, he retains but one, that of abject servility to the rein, for he has neither the generosity nor the pride, the strength nor the swiftness which makes his race fit to be the companions of men. There is ever in his eye the expression of hunger for the corn-bins of the Castle, and dreads lest he should be worried to death by those of his own race in their rage at seeing so obscene a creature wearing and dishonouring their form. His employment is in keeping with his appearance. It is he who fetches meat for the Castle kennel, and brings the soiled linen of the Castle to the laundry to be cleansed. Although he is docile to his driver, he is spurned and despised. It is not his to swell the pageant, but to feed darkly at the Castle manger, to fear the light, and to crawl and shudder in the noisome ways. Poor brute, if he could only have one month's grazing on a hillside in the sunlight he might pluck up some spirit and lose at once his taste for Castle oats, and his indifference to the nature of the work which he performed.

The oldest part of the Castle now standing is the Back Stairs. The entrance to this celebrated staircase is in the Castle Garden. After going up a few steps a passage is reached, which leads by a kind of bridge over the Lower Castle Yard into the Castle. The steps of the stairs are iron; for so many people go up and down that if they were

made of any softer substance they would have been worn away long ago. The people who go up this stairs carry bags full of things and wear their hats very low over their faces. They generally have turnips and gum-arabic, and steel pens, and penny packages of stationery in their bags. A man once told me that they sometimes bring the heads of people, and sell them at the Castle. He also said that they often sell their country. Who could believe this? I had heard so many stories about this Back Stairs that I made up my mind to go and see it for myself. Before setting out I resolved to humour the people in the Castle whatever they might say to me. I got a bag, filled it with artichokes, and, having pulled my hat low over my eyes, went up. When I got to the top I met a man who asked me "if I came about that affair." I said, "Yes," and he led me into a small room where another man was eating the end of a large quill, and reading a large blue paper with writing on it, and having a large stamp in the corner. I sat down.

' Did you come about that affair? ' said he.

" Yes," I answered.

" Well," said he, " did you see him? "

" I did," I answered.

" What did he say? " he asked.

" I don't know," said I, feeling just as if he would order me to be shot on the spot.

" Good," he said; " I see you've been reading the Tichborne case, and have learned caution from it. What have you in the bag? "

" Artichokes."

" How many? "

" Twenty-five."

" Were there really so many? "

" Yes."

" And ' choke him ' were the words, were they? "

" Yes."

" On the night of the 15th? "

"Yes."

"How much do you want for the artichokes?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Say two."

"Two."

"Gold or notes?"

"Gold."

"Very good! There you are," said he handing me two small bags of sovereigns. "Your information is most important. I shall forward it to the chief to-night. Good afternoon." And off I went with my two hundred sovereigns.

The Castle is the best place in the world for selling artichokes and lies. I would go with another bag of each now only the artichokes are out of season. Can you understand what information I gave? I can't. I hope it wasn't against a Royal Residence or asphaltting the streets of the city.

RICHARD DOWLING IN *Zozimus*.

THE LAST REQUEST.

You're going away, a leanbh, over the stormy sea,
And never more I'll see you—Oh, never, a stoir mo chroidhe!
Mo bhron! I'm sick with sorrow—sorrow as black as night:
Mo bhuachaill goes to-morrow by the blessed morning's light

Oh! once I thought, a leanbh, you'd bear me to the grave,
By the side of your angel sisters, before you crossed the wave:
Down to the green old churchyard, where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

But now, a chara! you're going, you'll not be there at all.

The strangers' hands must lay me down to my silent sleep,
And, Séamus, you'll not know it beyond the rolling deep,

Oh, Dia linn ! Dia linn ! a mhúirnín, why do you go away,
Till you'll see the poor old mother stretched in the churchyard
clay ?

My heart is breaking, a leanbh, but I mustn't tell you so,
For I see by your dark, dark sorrow that your own poor heart
is low.

I thought I'd bear it better, to cheer you on your way ;
But, a chara ! a chara ! you're going, and I'll soon be in the
clay !

God's blessing be with you, Séamus—sure, you'll come back
again,

When your curls of brown are snowy, to rest with your mother
then ;

Down in the green old churchyard where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

A storach ! in the strangers' land you couldn't sleep at all.

WILLIAM KENEALY

DUAN CUMHNE AN ACHAR TIOBÓID MAITIU.

I gCorcais tráic ba éilic a bítear,
An meirce shánda as fáir ar d'aoimh.
'S an treib ba shádaic láirín shroide mear

Sáirte i ndaoirre tréit las ;

Ráig ir bhuigean gac lae aca,

Ó éal na oighe gan faeream ;

Imirt ir ól,

Buile 'sur móir,

Mionna gan éoir ir earcaine

Ir tuille náir meoin liom labairt air

Sur reolaó eadairtá

Scóllaó anacraic

Dóighe, ir dealbar déirce.

Da minic i lár na rparáide éirí
 Cuirleannaic áir na rcaic na maoile air,
 Sluipie mná 'n-a deáir 'á rpailead
 A lárna san nige 'r a héadan
 Ál 'n-a otimceall, féadair
 I nḡábad ḡo fíor aḡ béicir,
 San oilead na mbíodḡ
 Dá ḡcoraint ar reod,
 I r ḡobail 'n-a ḡcótairde rparacite,
 I r pluadaiḡ an bótair leatca orca;
 Cóir san aitear
 San bóir de deapcaib
 An óil aḡ rceallaod na deapca.

B'i duine amáin ḡur náire cporide leir
 Fir i r mná dá otac 'ran trlige reo,
 Do ḡoilead ḡo háir de bair na nḡníomairca
 D'ráḡad mílte i nḡéibinn
 Fé b'ráca an cpaoir buib éadcais
 Sáir-pear naoideanta naomca
 An tAdair Tiobóir
 Do laḡair fé leo
 D'atcuir cpaor óil a feadnac
 I r ceḡairc do flóigite meaparodac'
 A cōmairle leanaod
 B'i cōmairle a leara i
 D'fóir ar cailm-flíocet éireann.

Da ḡair na an rpar ḡo otáinḡ ríe cuḡainn,
 Stadaod de'n ráis, níor ḡnádac bpuigeanca,
 B'i meaparodac mánla ḡráomair ḡnaoi-ḡil
 Ar fárcad i ḡcporide ḡac éinne
 Cpáibceadac oirleacac daonodac
 I r ḡrárca ó éiríort i nḡaeḡealcaib
 Ó cōpcais an ceoil
 ḡo Doire na reol

Ní fheadaíar gleo ná ádairann
 De d'earcaib an óil mar éleáctat,
 Ácť rónmúr acmúinn
 I r t'reoir dá ramáil
 Ár ílóigťe fearantair Éibir.

Sead cuimh nupá go háir, a d'aoime,
 Ár ron an fír b'neas do d'áil an nio reo,
 Moltar an Urdair Cairicíneac
 Go d'ána ár t'igheáct a lae éugáinn;
 Tá san r'eior san éaluing
 I n-áirde ár líon na naomh ngeal,
 I r a acéuinge, f'ór
 Ár r'pneasad 'ran ngleo
 Cum Meapardáct gleoirde as leatán-cup
 I t'calam Eogáin M'óir i r Calm-Cuinn;
 Tógad, aicéim,
 Búr nglóirca, a éaparo,
 "A Comáctais, beannuig ár raotair."

ΤΑΟΥΣ Ο ΤΟΝΝΕΑΥΔ.

EXILES, FAR AWAY.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas
 hearth,
 That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
 mirth !
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
 sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
 more—
 Oh ! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice
 would say—
 "Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far
 away !"

Alas, for them ! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye
pour

Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion-eye this evening from the West,
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his
couchèd crest ;

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away !

It was—oh ! how the heart will cheat ! because they thought
beyond

His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts
were fond ;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it
like a sigh !

'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them
down to pray

For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away !

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the while he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer
rose,

And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes ;
And, oh ! but then warm vows were breathed, that come what
might or may,

They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far
away !

And some there were around the board, like loving brothers
met,

The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget ;
They pledged—" the girls we left at home, God bless them ! "
and they gave

" The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the
brave ! "

Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip, hip—
hurrah !

Drank—"Erin ! sláinte gheal go brath !" those exiles far away.

Then, oh ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise
Like blushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or like Canadian pine—
Oh ! don't those old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles, far away !

But, Heavens ! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these
strains,

Tired wanderers ! who sought repose through Europe's battle
plains—

In strong, fierce, headlong flight they fell—as ships go down
in storms—

They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered
forms !

No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round ; nor prayer nor
tear had they—

Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles,
far away !

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too, could tell how, tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were
lost ;

How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to
stay—

Alas ! it is so sad to be an exile far away !

Then, oh ! when round the Christmas board, or by the
Christmas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
mirth !

When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
 sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
 more—
 In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice
 would say—
 "Think—think on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far
 away !"

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

MAΣAIO ΛΑΙΟΙΡ.

Seo daoib' pláinte māsaiō láioir
 le'p mian gráð a críce !
 Ir ní fuil áit ó'n Rút go máig
 nac fuil ra trláinte céadna ;
 Má mianaiō páirt an fial-balcáin
 Diačaiš b'ráit'is b'píogmair
 Ir fuatar trát gac fuar-iomráð
 Ar cuallaót breas na tíre.

Sláinte uí néill, uí Dómnail c'leib,
 Ir plioct na héirne píogda
 Ir gac a b'fuil heo ra m'umáin móir
 De plioct an ró-mic míleað ;
 Gac a b'fuil i dtalam aicme máine,
 Slán tré fearc do'n taoib' rin,
 Ir laiḡean na lann go b'píogmair teann
 I maoin, i sclainn, 'r i n'píoglað.

Lion an meadair do'n árvearbos,
 Gráð ir fearc na n'daoine ;
 Lion an meadair do'n áitair beathan,
 Seo an ceasarc píre ;

Dá éuaic, trí cópáin, do'n Achair Tomár,
 I r binn a cómpáid dílis;
 Stiall i r cana do'n Achair Ceallais,
 Dia dá teagairc cóirde!

Líon an rcála, reo d'aoib pláinte!
 Ultais d'ána 'r Muimnis;
 Sláinte laigheac, an luic meadpac,
 I r Connaect na maighean rciamac!
 Líon an cáirta leir an rcála,
 A mbreall go hárd ar d'aoitib
 Le'r mian Éire claoir go héisceart!
 A Dia, bí tréan le Saordealaid.

Shac neac nac dípac, claoir i r brón air,
 Sláinte cóir na héireann!
 Mile spáin, rcian 'na gáirpac,
 Pían i r plága Éigipt!
 'S shac neac nac iarrpac an aire céadna,
 Go raib na píarta as créim air,
 I r é ar mírce ó caol-uirce
 I ndólar bhuir' i r péine!

Muc, im, balcán, rós shac roláchair,
 Óig-éir iomlána Saordealac',
 Féarta píre clainne Mileac
 I r féarta cpoirde na féile,
 Fleac do páruis fleada na n-áirac
 I r uile d'áim na n'Óite,
 Fleac na n-uairal 'r a mol-éuallaect,
 Féarta buan Mléiriur.

Déanam gáirdear, cora i n-áirde,
 Dar n'Domnac, táim-re ar mírce!
 Damrac Muilheac,—rá scuaird—tríd rinn
 Seo an t-aoibnear clirte!

Féac-ra uina 'r bhuíro fúgac,
 Mór a gclú ra' pinncead!
 Feargal, Dúnlain, Neactan clúiteac,
 So raib a fúgpaó cinnte!

A Diarmuid, Gluair, 'r, a Cairós, ar luar!
 Seo an ruaircear doibinn!
 A Cátail móir, a Dómnail óis,
 Seo pléir ir rporc, dar m'fírin!
 Caitríona ann so bríogmar teann,
 Mór ir Meab ir Véibeann;
 Tá Rór as pinncead, cóir 'na timceall—
 Ól! ól! ir compáin cléir ro!

A Donguir óis, a Maošnuir buirde
 A Máible binn, 'r, a Sígle,
 Le ceol a mbéal cuir ceoiḡ ar céad,
 San bhón, san éad a ndaoine!
 Seinn dúinn rceanncán, píob ir tiompán—
 Seo an cómháir glórac!
 Siúo ort, a cáirdear! Dia gac lá leat!
 Dar fiaó! ir breag an rporc ro!

Seo ort, a Céin! ir binn do béal—
 Tá an balcán breag bríogmar,
 Do'n balb veir géim, do'n bacac léim,—
 M'anam cléir! ir bpuigean ro!
 Leag an rtróinne! ríor fá'n mbóro leir!
 Ba ro an fógmar ríochrairde
 Ir mire féin mac píre Uí Néill
 Do bí ar éirinn as ríogad.

MacCarthais Mór, Ó Driain na ríóḡ,
 Mo gaoi san ceoiḡ na tréim-fíir,
 Mac Donguir lúbar, Maslúir na rún
 Ó Inir clúitig éirne;

Ó Ceallaigh cléib Ó Concubair tréan,
 Sliocht Dhanuiri an Ruair Stéibe;
 Ó Duinn an fear, Ó Mórda mear,
 Mo gaoi ar fad na déis-fir!

seán ó neachtain.

SLIABH NA mBAN

Two thousand men for Ireland upon the mountain top!
 With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious
 crop—

A crop of seed to cast abroad, through village, town, and
 home,

And to the children of the land across th' Atlantic's foam.

Two thousand men for Ireland on splendid Sliabh na mBan!
 Two thousand voices asking Heaven how Ireland may be
 won—

Won from her sick'ning thralldom, from the serpent's
 thick'ning coil—

From the poison of its slaving tongue, its trail upon the
 soil.

No puny arm, nor limb, nor lung, could clamber such a
 height—

A red deer's wild and rocky road, an eagle's kingly flight!

No craven breast could brave that mount, upon its crest to
 breathe

A prayer to God—to save, to spare the beauteous land beneath

Two thousand men for Ireland upon that altar high—

Its broad base Tipperary! its canopy the sky!

Two thousand hearts, ennobled by place, and cause, and all—

Two thousand Patriots pondering on their country's rise and
 fall.

Yes, raise the pile, and feed the blaze, on every mountain's
side,

And, to the blushless recreant's shame, ring out the voice of
pride—

A true man's pride, his country's pride, the link that binds in
one

The Irishmen of every clime with those on Sliabh na mBan.

Sure some must tend the sacred fire that feeds the nation's
life,

And though of high or low degree, in torpid peace or strife,

A gallant soul he still must be, who gives his aiding breath

To rouse the dark'ning slumbry spark from an untimely
death.

Then, hail ! brave men of Ireland, upon the mountain top—

With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious
crop.

Be you of cheer, though foemen sneer, and fearlessly push on,

Till every mountain in the land be manned like Sliabh na
mBan !

J. T. CAMPION.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.

Adieu to Ballyshannon ! where I was bred and born ;

Go where I may, I'll think of you as sure as night and morn,

The kindly spot, the friendly town where everyone is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.

There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,

But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.

I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced
to turn—

So, adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,

When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall,

The boat comes straining on her net and heavily she creeps,
Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her berth she
sweeps ;

Now fore and aft keep hauling and gathering up the clue,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and
“ yarn ”—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne !

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,
A lug-sail set, or haul a net from the Point to Mullachmore,
From Killybegs to bold Sliabhleague that ocean-mountain
steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep.

From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullin's
strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew
stand ;

Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern ;

Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne !

.

Farewell to every white cascade from the harbour to Beleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek ;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below ;
The Loch that winds through islands under Turaw mountain
green ;

And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays
between ;

And Breezy Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne !

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the live-long
summer day ;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay,

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted
thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing
corn ;

Along the river-side they go, where I have often been—

Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen !

A thousand chances are to one I never may return—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne !

Adieu to evening dances when merry neighbours meet,

And the fiddle says to boys and girls : “ get up and shake
your feet ! ”

To seanchus and wise old talk of Erin’s days gone by—

Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where the bones
may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief ; with tales of fairy power,

And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour,

The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—

Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the
Port,

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any
hurt ;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and
Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me ;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends I’ll bear in mind, and often fondly turn,

To think of Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I’m a monied man, I mean, please God, to cast

My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were past ;

Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile
gather grey ;

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside ;
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and
waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AN SCOLÁIRE.

Doibinn beata an scoláire
Óiof ag déanam léiginn
I r follur oib, a óaoime,
Súrab do i r doibne i nÉirinn.

San rmaect níog ná ruipe air,
Ná tigeapna dá tpeire,
San cúro óiofa ag Caibroil
San moiceirge san meirpe.

Moiceirge ná doóaireact
Ní éadair uair óoíóce,
'S ní mó do-beir ar a airpe
Fear na fairpe 'ran oíóce.

I r maic bíreac a feirpige
Ag teact toirig an earrmaig :
I r ead i r eamngail dá feirpíg
Lán a glaise de peannair !

Do-beir pé spear ar táirpír
'S ar éláirpíg go mbinne,
Spear eile ar éuairpíg
'S ar éumann éairpíg uime.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow ;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge of the dead will be sung for me,
 And the Mass be chanted meetly,
 And I shall sleep with my little boy
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

DR. ANSTER.

DAIBÍO DE BARRA AR LORG DEIRCE.

AS reo mar do éuaíó Daibíó de Barra agus tuine ve
 cléipeadaíó Gobnaite as iomáíó cum déirce o'iarraíó
 lá ar donac leapa Súil. Dubairt an cléipeac le Daibíó
 cornuagáó ar eagla don éoda dá óráíó féin o'fagáil do
 meabairt agus do cornuig go héarcaíó le boigriéneoir
 do bí ór a éoinne anonn ar an mod' ro :

Go mbeannuigítear éuit, a síúr na ruad ir a gaoil ná'
 ráirféar, a ainoir éuin tair, agus a cuilfionn maoríó
 agus a gailfionn brollaig síl. Do pítreálar agus do
 puinnceálar agus do buailear crann ort, a cáilín óis,
 reoc gac n-aon eile dá bfuil ra cuideactain, ar feabhar
 do élóda, agus ar taitneamaisge do rcéime, agus léire
 do mín-épocta, i n-ócar go bpeadaíó tú le cpoirde truaig-
 méileac agus le haighe déirceamail agus le síil trócairig
 ar an ainveireoir las-époirdeac ro do ruagáó agus do
 táinig ar an raogal go beo boct gan riubal gan éainnt
 gan raóarc, gan luac feoirlinge dá éuit féin i n-a féilb
 agus gan i n-a éumar dul tar doiar a o'iarraíó a éoda
 ná a éar do éur i n-uíail. Leir rinmá éionn Dia ná Muire
 ná Míceál ná éinne der na trí ceatparaid leirpigin ná
 pigin i gcúil do doirín no i gcúinne do póca do-beirim
 a síor do Dia agus do Muire nac rinmir riam déarc ba
 mó agus nar b'féirir leat i éur níor fearr ná i tabairt
 dómra; mar ná rpárálfad aimreap, agus ní éapnócaó
 trioblóíó áct de síor as gairde ar do íon.

Tabairfáíó mé tuar as loc Deas agus tuar as Sceiltg
 mícíl, tuar as Áiríó Macla agus tuar as Oileán na mBeo,
 tuar as Tobair náópaig agus tuar as Tobair éolmáin, tuar

as Tobair Eoin bairte agus tuair as Tobair Šobnaite, tuair as Tobair Laićtín agus tuair as Tobair Ruaineos, agus ní'l lá díob' ran ná go ndéarfai' mé Coróin Muipe agus Coróin Íora, cúis rúin'iaíma na Saltrae Muipe agus Sciad lúipeac na Maig'oine. Agus ir bliarta cnearta deaš-ćpoid'eac deaš-aigean'ta deaš-ćoin'riapac adéarfai' mé Sailbe Régina cum Dé agus na Maig'oine ar' ron t'anma agus do leapa, agus dá iarrai' ar' Dia ponuac'ar cušat, a ćailín óis.

Ir iom'đa boćán tap-íreal agus baint'neabac ćalaoir'eac agus 'p'oc-'p'ol'os p'allaoid'eac agus cú ŋearr p'caim-nim'neac agus cat cor'r-'p'ri'obac agus cloćán cam p'leam'ain p'liuć p'mear'ta do ćuirear-'pa díom i n-a ćoir'ćeimi'đ boša troma laša as teac't le beannaćt ó Ruaineois as iarrai' do p'isinne. Ir ćora d'uit i ćabair't dom de b'riš nár iarriar p'iam' d'éarc agus nár noćtar mo ćár agus nac p'innear c'paob'p'caoileac ar' m'ain'oeire i l'ćair' don liobair ná l'ėibre ná rićreora ná ci'p'leoige ná p'ean-ćaille ná mal'p'aire b'p'eac-luip'niše do p'ri'ob an ŋor'ta agus do leis do'n am'p'ac, do p'uir' an ain'oeire mar' ois'p'eac't, agus o'p'ošluim ŋac eala'đa c'eip'ni', do d'éan'p'ac d'á leić de'n p'ráta l'á b'p'eas' p'am'p'ac' cum a p'oinnte, agus do lean'p'ac an p'p'eac'án t'p'earna t'p'i p'áir'ceann as iarrai' a b'ainte de.

Díot a p'ior ašat nac i p'in an p'óir't d'á n-iar'p'p'ainn-'p'e d'éarc ná d'á noćt'p'ainn mo ćár ná d'á leac't'p'ainn ar'ánaća mo ćp'ó i n-a p'ia'đn'aire. Ac't do tuišeac' dom nuair do ćonnac m'aire agus m'eir'oir, mui'p'inn agus m'ór'ac't, ŋeal-ŋné, p'ćeim', agus c'p'ot na p'teac'-ain'oeire ŋeir-ŋile c'p'eac'-ail'ne ŋlan-ŋn'uir'iše ná heiteoćac' p'i ar' ron a c'p'eir'oi' agus a ŋp'ac'aim agus a ŋp'ac'đa Dé agus a hoim'is a bar b'ar'p-ŋeal agus a l'am' p'ac'đa leab'ar d'ac'am'ail ŋlan-ćp'oicinn m'eap-ćum'ta do p'íneac' le d'éirc cum an d'onáin b'uićt p'o do-b'éar'ac' uai' le luar a b'p'ašai' p'e de beannaćtai'đ; agus m'á'p' o'c d'iarriar ir p'ó-m'ait d'alc'óćac', m'á'p' p'iu a b'p'ašac' é.

Do lab'air an ćléir'eac Šobnaite agus ir é ad'ubair't :

Nár b'eip'it' Dia ar' an p'aošal ŋo b'p'ac' t'ú ŋo mbeir'oir i p'iaćtanar do ćo'đa do lo'p'š, ó t'ac'oi ćom' m'ait p'in ćuišel!

A NATIONAL FLAG.

[From Thomas Francis Meagher's Recruiting speech at Music Hall, Boston, U.S.A., June 23rd, 1863.]

This day I stood on Bunker Hill, and, casting my eye along the stately shaft, I saw it there, with nothing between it and God's own sun, and I thought as those glorious hues reflected the favouring sunshine that there burst from it memories which would kindle the dullest into heroism. Let no one, however practical he may be, however sensible or sagacious he may be, sneer at a nation's flag. A national flag is the most sacred thing that a nation can possess. Libraries, museums, exchequers, tombs, and statues of great men—all are inferior to it. It is the illuminated diploma to its authority; it is the imperishable epitomisation of its history. As I cast my eye along the shaft of granite, what did I see there? I saw Cornwallis deliver up his sword. I saw the British troops evacuating the city of New York. I saw George Washington inaugurated as the first President of the United States. I saw the lofty brow and gaunt frame of Andrew Jackson. I saw the veterans of the Peninsular War reeling before the fire of Tennessee rifles in the swamps of Louisiana. I saw the thunders and lightning of Lake Erie, when Perry commanded them to go forth and sweep the friend of the South and the enemy of the North from its waters. I saw the American sailor pursuing his desolate and heroic way up the interminable stream of the Amazon, disclosing a new world even within the New World, to the industry and avarice of the age. I saw, in the Bay of Smyrna, the hunted prey of Austria rescued beneath the Stars and Stripes. I saw the towers of Mexico and Causeway over which Cortez went. I saw those towers and that causeway glistening in a glory greater than even Cortez brought to Spain. I saw the white bird floating, when the explorers stood upon the shore of the land which

the human eye had never before seen mirrored. These and a throng of other grand incidents passed like a vision over those Stars as I stood beneath them this day. Oh, may that flag never incur another disaster! May the troops who carry it into action die where they receive the fatal fire rather than yield one inch of the soil over which it has a right to float! May the troops who carry it into action henceforth have this motto written upon its folds—"Death if you will, victory if God will give it to us, but no defeat and no retreat!" Oh, if this is not worth fighting for, if that flag is not worth fighting for, if the country which it typifies and over which it has the right to expand its folds, if the principles which it symbolises—if these are not worth fighting for—if the country which Mirabeau, with his superb diction, spoke of flowingly even during its infancy, which De Tocqueville recommended with such calm wisdom and accurate philosophy to the acceptance and respect of the statesmen of the Old World, which Burke with the magnificence of his mind pictured in its development, even when there was but the "seminal principle," as he said himself, of its magnitude upon the earth—if this and these are not worth fighting for—ininitely better worth fighting for than all the Kings and Queens, than all the Gibaltars and Seraglios, than all the jungles and pagodas which Irishmen have fought for under European flags, then I stand in the minority. But it is not so. If in a minority I stand to-night uttering these words and this invocation, it is in a minority of twenty millions against ten. This, too, I know—that every Irishman this side of Mason and Dixon's line is with me. If there is one who is not let him take the next Galway steamer and go home. And, I believe this—that he will not only have his expenses paid, but something left in his pocket to enable him to praise England when he gets there.

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

On receiving a shamrock in a letter from Ireland, March 17th, 1865.

O, postman ! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door ;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings ! O, Heaven ! what's this ?
A shamrock from the Irish shore !

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green ;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen ;
A throb from my dead mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more.
Oh, youth ! Oh, love ! Oh, hope ! thou art,
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore !

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
Thou makest the past be present still :
The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill :
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—

By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
 " My Poet " calmly sailing o'er :
 By all, by each, I mourned and missed
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof
 Irresolute 'twixt sand and sea ;
 I saw upon the trellised roof,
 Outspread, the wine that was to be.
 A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
 I saw the tall magnolia soar ;
 But there, even there, I longed for thee,
 Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne
 As lately by the lonely Rance
 At evening as I watched the sun,
 I look !—I dream ! Can this be France ?
 Not Albion's cliffs—how near they be !—
 He seems to love to linger o'er
 But gilds, by a remoter sea
 The Shamrock on the Irish shore !

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
 That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
 Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
 Have still a simple faith in God,
 Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
 The more they're trod rebound the more,
 Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
 O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Here on the tawny fields of France,
 Or in the rank, red English clay,
 Thou show'st a stronger form, perchance :
 A bolder front thou may'st display,

More able to resist the scythe
That cuts so keen, so sharp before :
But then, thou art no more the blithe
Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Ah ! me, to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredericksburgh's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave !
Ah ! me, to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore—
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art ;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day a festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more ?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And shall I not return thy love ?
And shalt thou not, as thou should'st be
Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vowed to press thy cheek once more,
And lie for ever at thy feet,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

D. F. M'CARTHY.

SEAN-FÓTLAIRE AS CUR CAINNTE AR A BUIOÉAL.

(Sean-meirceoiri 'na fuidhe or comhairi éiláirí agus buioéal folam uirce beaṡaṡ ar a aṡaio amac.)

An tura tá ann a élaṡaire éam, a bíteamnáisṡ briaṡaíṡ, a fealltóirí éealṡaíṡ, a réarcaíl ṡan máoin ṡan máit? An é an éaoi 'bhuil tú aṡ maṡaṡ fúm le do rcpuisṡ fáṡa ṡuibṡ, agus le do béal ṡránṡa ṡo bhuil balaṡ b'éan an bio-táille aṡ éirṡe amac ar? 'Seao ṡo deapṡṡa ir tura atá iomam, a millteoiri. Naṡ tú an buaṡaill atá ṡo beaṡuigṡe bolṡaṡ, ṡo rleamain rlioc, ṡo huaiṡreac porṡamail, maorṡ-teac aicṡreac! Mallaṡṡ Dé ṡo deo ort. Mallaṡṡ a ṡtáinisṡ agus a ṡtiocfaio ort! Ní fuláir ná ṡo bhuil cúrraioṡe maṡaio aṡac fúm-ra tap éir an ṡnó tá déanta aṡac orm a mupṡalóirí ṡan truaíṡ agus a rcpioraire ṡan náire! Deaṡ-éara ṡam-ra bí ionnat ṡan ampar. Do éuṡar mo máoin agus mo fáoṡal agus mo fláinte ṡuit. Do éuṡar mo cáil agus mo élú ṡuit. Do éréisear ṡac aon éara eile ṡá raiṡ aṡam ar do fon. Do éuṡar mo neart agus mo meabhair agus m'aighe ṡuit. Do éuṡar ṡráṡ mo épioṡe agus mo éléibe ṡuit. Do bponnar ṡac arṡ fíú de'n traoṡal mé ort. Ní'l éan-maitear ná deaṡ-puṡ ná cpaíṡṡeacṡ ṡá raiṡ i riam aṡam naṡ fuil caite uaim ar do fon. Do b'feairi liom tura ná cáirṡe ná rláinte, ná maitear, ná tréit ar bit eile ṡá áilneacṡ iao. Ní'l ṡá méio ṡá ṡeuṡar ṡuit naṡ amlaio ba móioṡe do éiocpar agus do éuro rainte ṡo móir. Céarṡ tá aṡam ṡá bárr rin agus uile? Tá mórán, ṡan b'éas. Tá an cóta caite reo aṡam agus an rean-éáibín reo ṡo bhuil ṡruas mo éinn aṡ fáir amac ério! Tá na rean-bpírṡioṡe reo aṡam, má'r ceart bpírṡioṡe do éur ar na ṡioblaib lobṡa ro ṡur féioirí mo épioceann buioṡe ṡ'feicrint fá na pollaib atá orta! Tá na rean-bpíóṡa ro aṡam freirin, agus méara mo ṡá éor aṡ ríneaṡ tríoṡa amac! A buioéil mo épioṡe irṡiṡ, ná habraṡ éinne ná ṡo bhuil nioṡe ṡo leor tabarṡa aṡac ṡam. Féac ar an trpóin breasṡ, lonnpaíṡ, áluinn

reo tá aḡ veiriuḡaḡ mo éionnaighe! Féac ar an mbéal
ro nac fuil aḡt 'n-a éab gan cuma gan dealb gan éruet!
Nac deap an dá pur atá aḡam aḡur iad go bpurce méir-
creac gan daḡ ná comairḡa na fola ionnta! Féac ar an
lám ḡránda reo aḡur i go corrac creataḡ cam! Nac
i an lám áluinn i gan meairḡal le n-a cuio méap palac ná
blair éan-uirce ó'n oirḡe úo ḡur fás tú mé faoi'n ḡclairḡe.
Ué mo éoinriar! Ir ionḡantaḡ an éolann i reo ar fao
atá aḡam, aḡur a éapa ir duit re amáin ba éuḡḡa mo bui-
deacap mar ḡeall ar an ḡcuma atá uirḡe.

A bíteamnaig buib ó'r amlaib atáir ór mo éomair amac
anoir ní rḡaḡairḡ mé de mo cuio cainnte io' éaoib go
oḡi go mbéirḡ mo lán-tráit ráirḡe aḡam. Ir maḡ ir cuimin
liom an éaḡ uair ar cuir tú ar meirce mé. Dar go veimin
go deo na díleann deamán deapmarḡ a déanraib mé ar
an taom dóighe do bí oim aḡur mé aḡ dúirigheacḡ ar mo
éotlaḡ lá ar na bárac. Ir maḡ ir cuimin liom é mar go
raib tinneap aḡur pian aḡ rcoilteaḡ mo éloiginn, aḡur bí
clabap aḡur múnlaḡ an bóḡair triomuiḡḡe ar mo cuio
éaḡaig go mba dóic le héinne ḡur éraín muice bí n-a luiḡe
i lár an tiḡe. Ir iomḡa uair ó'n oirḡe rin ar imir tú an
clear céaḡna oim aḡ bainḡ mo éille aḡur mo meabrac
díom go oḡi ḡur fás tú im' pleibirḡe amuideac rinte ar
éaoib na rrairḡe mé, go bpoirḡ Dia oim. Ir cuimin liom
freirin an oirḡe fúḡaḡ úo i n-ar pórac mo deirḡriúr boḡḡ
Róirín. Níorḡ faḡa ḡur cuir tú diaḡal irteaḡ 'mo éporḡe
ḡur éuḡar iarraḡḡ fá rcoirnac mo dḡeirḡbraḡar do ḡearracḡ
aḡur éobair nar marḡuiḡear é. Do bḡireap cporḡe mo
máḡar boirḡe ar do fon-ra a buirḡil bḡein, aḡur b'i an
máḡair ba mionla aḡur ba éannra, aḡur ba éraibḡiḡe
da raib aḡ mac i riam i. 'Seac a diaḡail gan triḡairḡe gan
triḡaigḡmél, ir tura do cuir d'fíacuib oim a cporḡe do
bḡireacḡ de bárr mo cuio cuirḡteaḡḡa aḡur meirceamlaḡḡa
go oḡi go bḡuair pí bárr faoi deireacḡ, beannaḡḡ díur Dé
le n-a hanam ḡlan. Ruḡ eile de, a élaḡairḡ malluiḡḡe,
ir tura do cuir go mimic fá ḡlar inḡ an bḡriórún doirḡa

mé, cum go mbeaó ré d'uain agus d'onaó agham beic ag cur agus ag cúiteam go ceann tamail ar an rlabraó do bí curta aghat timcheall mo mhúinéil. Is iomda uair ar iarrar rearmaint leat, aét bí tú móláirí d'am. Nár éugar bpiú an pórtúir i láthair an áthar Antoini,—beannaét Dé ar a ceann liat-bán!—aét ní túirce connaic mé do cab tob agus balaó na tige ag éirge aníor ar do goile ná cuirir fá dhiaoidéaét mé sur bpirear mo mionna arírt? 'Seaó mui'! Is doibinn mar éirí an raozal liom ó foim! Do cuiréad mé ar m'obair lae. Do cuir tú mé ag cairteal na tíre im' bpeallán díomaoim dooc-ghóac dona. Cad é mar íagar firi nó feicirí mé anoir? Ní deocair é rin 'innirint! Leibíde leirceamail agus lomaire reairte gan áirí atá ionnam. Ní féidir mo leicéir de peacac pótaire ná de meirceoir meacra d'íagail ra tír. Bíonn na daoine ag reigeaó agus ag rceallaó magsaó fúm agus mé ag rámailliú agus ag bailiríreac ar fuo an baile móir go dtí go gcuirpead fúm féin ra' bplodais!

Aét a buidéilín táir go bfuil balaó d'anála mar beaó gal ipunn ag múrcailt an diaibail ionnam, táim beag nac cuirpeac tnáirte tabarca curta ó beic dom' ríor-bualaó ríor go talam aghat, agus le congnam Dé agus Muiríe tá deirpeaó ráirte agham de'n turur ro. Béarfaí mé iarrac eile fá tú do éreigean. Béir mé réir leat go fóill: Má tá féin go bfuil buairte aghat oim go dtí ro ní mar rin a béar an rceal fearca. Is goirpe cabair Dé ná an doirar! Racaí me an nóimí ro ar loir an áthar Antoini arírt. Fear ceannra geanaíail go bfuil truaíú aige do'n peacac lae, 'reac é. Ní dóic go n-eiteo' ré mé faoi n-a beannaét do ábairt dam, agus gan ionnam aét ruaracán. Sé a cuirpear ar bealaó mo leara mé. Éirí me arat a buidéil íránda, agus nár feicirí mé do macraíail de gadoiríde mí-naíreac arírt an fáir a' beo mo ceann! Slán aghat!

(Iméigean ré go tapairó.)

an buacailín buiríe (i mbanba).

THE RETURNED PICTURE.

[Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, while her husband was imprisoned at Portland in 1866, sent him a likeness of herself and her baby, born a week after Rossa's conviction and accordingly never seen by him. The picture was returned accompanied by a note from the Governor to the effect that the Regulations did not allow such things to prisoners.]

Refused admission ! Baby, Baby,
Don't you feel a little pain ?
See, your picture with your mother's
From the prison back again.
They are cruel, cruel jailers—
They are heartless, heartless men.

Ah, you laugh, my little Flax-Hair !
But my eyes are full of tears ;
And my heart is sorely troubled
With old voices in my ears :
With the lingering disappointment
That is shadowing my years !

Was it much to ask them, Baby—
These rough menials of the Queen—
Was it much to ask to give him
This poor picture, form, and mien
Of the wife he loved, the little son
He never yet had seen ?

Ah, they're cruel, cruel jailers ;
They are heartless, heartless men ;
To bar the last poor comfort from
Your father's prison pen ;
To shut our picture from the gates,
And send it home again !

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

MARTYRED

November 23rd, 1867.

There are three graves in England newly dug ;
 In England there are three men less to-day—
 Allen, O'Brien, Larkin—their brief sun has set,
 To rise in God's clear day.

I saw them, the unconquerable Three,
 Mount the black gallows for their country's faith,
 As with the high, heroic scorn of life they kissed
 The frozen lips of death.

Earth reeled in darkness, as, one after one,
 Knitted like steel, passed up the sloping stair,
 And in their eyes and in their faces shone
 The hope that shames despair.

Below, the turbulent, fierce multitude
 Glared at the martyrs wildly ; but they stood,
 Willing for Ireland and her trampled cause
 To shed their heart's last blood.

The thick November fog came up and rolled
 A livid light round each defiant head ;
 Ah, not at Marathon or Bannockburn,
 Have braver soldiers bled !

The thin, pale face of Allen, O'Brien's gaze,
 And Larkin, fainting from the press of doom,
 Seemed like the Trinity of Ireland's trust,
 In that foul morning's gloom.

'Twas over, and they fell ; one little pause,
 And the sun, battling with the mist, broke out,
 And with a glory, to November new,
 He hemmed them round about.

Even the passionate pallor of the crowd
Crimsoned into a pity, as the Three,
Smitten by the Empire's sword of rope,
Passed to Eternity.

And there rose wailings from the living mass
Of Irish voices, trebly multiplied ;
But through the torrent of the funeral cry
There swept a certain pride.

For who, of ours, compassionating them,
With tears o'erburthening his aching eyes,
Could stop the pulses of his heart that leaped
At that brave sacrifice ?

The worst was done that vengeance could achieve,
Or centuries of hatred fashion forth ;
And England glared down from the scaffold rail,
The Hangman of the Earth.

Three strangled corpses at her blood-stained feet,
Our darlings, they had laid down life's worst load.
Three corpses at her feet, and in the air,
Ours, and the Wrath of God !

So the vile tragedy, from act to act
Accumulating infamy, was done ;
The Revolution perished on the tree,
The Empire's arm had won.

O, fellow toilers, in this blinding night,
Of desperate and utter ignorance,
Trust me, the people's cause cannot so die,
Their flag has still a chance.

For fortune has our bleeding hostages,
The red print of their blood will bloom at length ;
Forget not the Apostle who exclaimed :
Weakness is future strength.

Ireland can spare a hundred thousand more
 Like them, and shrine their ashes in her tears,
 And still keep eyes upon her destiny
 Through multiplying years.

Sooner or later from the catacombs
 Of that cursed prison, where they sleep to-day,
 A nation, in the dazzling mail of might,
 Will lift their sacred clay.

And write their names upon the temple front
 Of our Pain-purchased Freedom, as of men,
 Who, could they rise from out their narrow beds,
 Would die for us again.

Therefore, keep hope, whilst unavailing tears
 Make women's cheeks and strong men's eyelids wet,
 By the All-seeing and Eternal Lord
 The cause shall triumph yet.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

bean na cleite caoile.

Níor tásair liom ceart, beart, ná briathar doibhir.
 Leabhar ná ceacht, ná rann 'na deilb òigis;
 Níor caithead mé 'r fáo go teacht im' feirbiread,
 I r im' reáchtair ceart as Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Do caitear-ra real fé naé ar leirg laoite,
 I gcaspeam fear i r flat i r creidim fóra.
 Dirgead geal im' glaic gan doirb-níó ar bit,
 Cé doilb mo méar as Bean na Cleite Caoile.

I r é lagsaíó mo méar, do méad, do meirb m'intinn
 Naé maireann na flata lean an creideam díreac,
 Do canaó na ranna rcannaó treab a rinrear
 'S do bainfead an fáil do Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Ír fearaó náir éleáctar teaóó i nbeiréaó coimearcar
 aó ceapáóó 'r aó cairmíóó caillíóó ceirníóó cinnóó ;
 ná 'n t-aóóann aó i bpaó ó bpeíó an fíó-óíóó,
 óo nbeaóó fé rmaóó aó bean na cleíóó Caoíóó.

Cé paóó mé 'ó cairéaóó tpeaóó íó tíóóóó taoípeaóó,
 íó óo bpeaóó óaóó peáóó íó aóó aóíó na ríóóóáóóó
 níóó b'fearaóó mé aó éleapáíóó fpaóóó feill-óníóóó
 óo " rpeaóáípe an óaíóó " tá aó bean na cleíóó Caoíóó.

Aíóóó an Mac óó óeap na óeíóóóó ríóíóóóó,
 fláíóóóó, fáíóíóóóó fearáann íó veílóó óaóíóó
 óo nóáóáíóó m'anam fearóóó na feílóó óíóóó,
 íó mé rcaóamáíóóó fé bláó le bean na cleíóó Caoíóó.

SEÁN UA TUAMA.

THE PRIESTS OF IRELAND.

[The time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule. . . We suggest the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin, of the representatives of all interested in this great question—and they are the entire people, without distinction of creed or class—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights.—*Extract from the Declaration of the Bishop and Priests of the Diocese of Cloyne, made on Sept. 15th, 1873.*]

You have waited, Priests of Ireland, until the hour was late ;
 You have stood with folded arms until 'twas asked—Why do
 they wait ?

By the fever and the famine you have seen your flocks grow
 thin,

Till the whisper hissed through Ireland that your silence was
 a sin.

You have looked with tearless eyes on fleets of exile-laden
 ships,

And the hands that stretched toward Ireland brought no
 tremor to your lips ;

In the sacred cause of freedom you have seen your people
band,
And they looked to you for sympathy : you never stirred a
hand ;
But you stood upon the altar, with their blood within your
veins,
And you bade the pale-faced people to be patient in their
chains !
Ah, you told them—it was cruel—but you said they were not
true
To the holy faith of Patrick, if they were not ruled by you ;
Yes, you told them from the altar—they, the vanguard of the
Faith—
With your eyes like flint against them—that their banding
was a death—
Was a death to something holy : till the heart-wrung people
cried
That their priests had turned against them—that they had
no more a pride—
That the English gold had bought you—yes, they said it—
but they lied !

Yea, they lied, they sinned, not knowing you—they had not
gauged your love :
Heaven bless you, Priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from
above,
For the strength that made you, loving them, crush back the
tears that rose
When your country's heart was quiv'ring 'neath the states-
man's muffled blows :
You saw clearer far than they did, and you grieved for
Ireland's pain ;
But you did not rouse the people—and your silence was their
gain ;
For too often has the peasant dared to dash his naked arm
'Gainst the sabre of the soldier : but you shielded him from
harm,

And your face was set against him—though your heart was
with his hand

When it flung aside the plough to snatch a pike for fatherland!

O, God bless you, Priests of Ireland! you were waiting with a will,
You were waiting with a purpose when you bade your flocks
be still;

And you preached from off your altars not alone the Word
Sublime,

But your silence preached to Irishmen :—" Be patient, bide
your time ! "

And they heard you, and obeyed, as well as outraged men
could do :

Only some who loved poor Ireland, but who erred in doubting
you,

Doubting you, who could not tell hem why you spake the
strange behest—

You, who saw the day was coming when the moral strength
was best—

You, whose hearts were sore with looking on your country's
quick decay—

You, whose chapel seats were empty and your people fled
away—

You, who marked amid the fields where once the peasant
cabin stood—

You, who saw your kith and kindred swell the emigration
flood—

You, the *sagart* in the famine, and the helper in the frost—

You, whose shadow was a sunshine when all other hope was
lost—

Yes, they doubted—and you knew it, but you never said a word,
Only preached, " Be still ; be patient ! " and, thank God,
your voice was heard.

Now, the day foreseen is breaking—it has dawned upon the land,
And the priests still preach in Ireland : do they bid their
flocks disband ?

Do they tell them still to suffer and be silent ? No ! their words
Flash from Dublin Bay to Connacht, brighter than the gleam
of swords !

Flash from Donegal to Kerry, and from Waterford to Clare,
And the nationhood awaking thrills the sorrow-laden air.
Well they judged their time—they waited till the bar was
glowing white

Then they flung it on the anvil, striking down with earnest
might ;

And the burning sparks that scatter lose no lustre on the way,
Till five million hearts in Ireland and ten millions far away
Feel the first good blow, and answer ; and they will not rest
with one :

Now the first is struck, the anvil shows the labor well begun ;
Swing them in with lusty sinew, and the work will soon be done !
Let them sound from hoary Cashel ; Kerry, Meath, and Ross
stand forth ;

Let them ring from Cloyne and Tuam and the Primate of the
North ;

Ask not class or creed : let “ Ireland ! ” be the talismanic word ;
Let the blessed sound of unity from North to South be heard ;
Carve the words : “ No creed distinctions ! ” on O’Connell’s
granite tomb,

And his dust will feel their meaning and rekindle in the gloom.
Priest to priest, to sound the summons—and the answer, man
to man ;

With the people round the standard, and the prelates in the van.
Let the hearts of Ireland’s hoping keep this golden rule of
Cloyne

Till the Orange fades from Derry and the shadow from the
Boyne.

Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they
reach !

“ After Christ, their country’s freedom do the Irish prelates
preach ! ”

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

HOLD THE HARVEST.

Now, are you men, or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil ?
Would you be free, or evermore the rich man's cattle toil ?
The shadow on the dial hangs, that points the fatal hour—
Now, *hold your own !* or branded slaves, for ever cringe and
cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,
Ye fill your mouths with beggars' swill, ye grovel for a crust ;
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your
shameful heads,
Yet, they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your
beds !

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf—
Rise up ! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish
turf !

Rise up ! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl
as slaves,
And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them
your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering 'round, the vultures wheel and
swoop—

They come, the coronetted *ghouls !* with drum-beat and with
troop—

They come, to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your
wives' ;

Ye die but once—hold fast your lands, and, if ye can, your
lives.

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need ;
Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed ;
Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking
power ;

Let not one sordid churl pollute the nation's natal hour.

Yes, let them go!—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle
now—

The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant
brow,

And, in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame,
Shall stand, by traitors' and by spies', the base deserter's
name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered
corpses fed—

Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly com-
post spread ;

Their bones have fertilised your fields, their blood has fallen
like rain ;

They died that ye might eat and live—God ! have they died
in vain ?

The yellow corn starts blithely up ; beneath it lies a grave—
Your father died in " Forty-eight "—his life for yours he
gave—

He died, that you, his son, might learn there is no helper nigh
Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn he will not die.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated
breath ;

Now who shall have our harvest fair ?—'tis Life that plays
with Death ;

Now who shall have our Motherland ?—'tis Right that plays
with Might ;

The peasants' arms were weak indeed in such unequal fight !

But God is on the peasants' side, the God that loves the poor,
His angels stand with flaming swords on every mountain
moor,

They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard his
ripening grain,

The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

O, pallid serfs ! whose groans and prayers have wearied
 Heaven full long,
 Look up ! there is a law above, beyond all legal wrong ;
 Rise up ! the answer to your prayers shall come, tornado
 borne,
 And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap
 the corn !

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer
 down,
 And bold and stern the deeds must be that oath and prayer
 shall crown ;
 God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless
 moan,
 And set your faces as a flint and swear to Hold Your Own !

FANNY PARNELL.

ARAOIR IS MÉ IM' AONAR.

Araoir ir mé im' aonar coir taoibhe an gaoitear
 fá dhion duille géag-ghair' im' luige,
 Lem' taoibh gur fuirb' rpeirbhean ba éirí-binne réir gurb
 ná caoi éruit, gur éantait ir píob ;
 Dá coimheact bí caoc-ghiolla céar mé 'r do mill
 le raigeadoib, dá léar-cuir trém' taoib' deir go cruinn,
 Do claoir mé gan faéream le díoghair do'n péilteann
 Do b'aoibhe rceim agus gnai.

Litir ir caora bí as coimearcar 'r as pléirheact
 go píocmar 'na réim-leacain spin,
 I gcir glain a déir mion, dob' fíor-dear a béal tana,
 A bpaite, 'r a claoir-porc gan teimeal ;
 A caoin-mama géara gan claoclaob ar a cli,
 A píob ir a haol-cuir mar géir ar an tuinn,
 Ba éirinnreac tair néamhac ciug buirde carpa péarlad
 A claoir-folt go caol-trois ar bír.

Ba túirpreac mé im' ódor-pphear nuair pmúinear trém'
néaltaið

Ar cúrraib an traoḡail éleapais élaoin,
An trác múrclap do léimear le rúin-fearc do'n réilteann
1 lúib éoilte b'aepeac san teimeal:
Bí lonnrað ó þéabur i nḡeasḡaib ḡac cpainn,
Bí lonnrað ba néamḡac ar ḡac don bapir as luḡe,
Bí lonnrað ó'n bpéapla ḡo ḡatabaprað mac Séamuir
San cunnar fí réim éirt 'na ríḡac.

A rúin óil mo éléib, t'ainm tabair dom leo' fáor-éoil,
1r múrcail dom faéream san móill;
An tú lúnó no Véanur 'nar umlaḡ an laoc meap
An t-uball oi san pléir tar ḡac mnaoi;
Innir dom an tú Héilein éus léir-repior na Traoi,
No plúr na mban Déirpore pait ḡeir-fearc do Naoir;
An tú Minéapḡa no an cúilpionn do tréis Tailc,
Lé'r túrnað na céadta san bḡis.

1r búadac blapta béapac umal o'fpeasair an béit mé,
1r dúbairt: 1r mé Éire san tím
Cúḡac-ra le rcéaltaið ar cunnar mo laoc meap
Do túrnað le tréimre tar tuinn.
1r rúadac éiocpaio Séapluir 'na réim éirt arir
'S ḡac ppionnpa o'fuil Éibir 'na raor-bailtib ríteac',
Úirto binne 1r cléir éapc 'na noútcar san éiclipr
1r búpa an Véapla san bḡis.

1r rúḡac beir ḡaeḡeala na noún-bḡoḡaib doḡda
Le congnam an Éin-mic san móill,
ḡo pionn fleapac féapac meap-éirúipeac caitréimeac,
'S o'a hpionnpa capc ḡeillpíḡ ḡac rí.
Beir múcad 'ḡur traocad 'ca ar béapaið an fill,
Sluoc liútair na ḡclaoon-beapc ná ḡéileann do Épiorc,
Oa ḡtúrnað tar tréan-muir ní dúbad liom a rcéalta,
San lionnta, san féapta, san pion.

TAḲḡ ḡAEḲEALA Ó SÚILLEABÁIN.

CUI BONO ?

If all the wrath of England ran
To fill the land with ruin-fires,
If all her bloodiest hounds began
To tear us as they tore our sires :

If every cabin felt the flame,
And all the fields were waste and red,
Till silence o'er our highways came—
Such silence as will bless the dead :

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers,
Where'er the hunted came to bay
And all the grass and all the flowers
Were stained and sickened day by day :

If once again the maidens cried
To all the hills to hide their heads,
And babes and mothers side by side
Lay butchered in their bloody beds :

If all the love that lit the land,
When priests knew well how hunger kills,
Flashed out again, when bruised and banned,
The priests were with us on the hills :

If in the lonely mountain cave
We heard how Jude and Macchabee
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave
Who e'er forgot God made him free :

If all the tears our fathers shed
Came back to us, and all the groans ;
And wives and sons and daughters dead
Lay, with no priest to bless their bones :

All, all were vain to quench the fires
 That burn within our veins to-day ;
 So help us, God, that helped our sires,
 We cannot give the land away !

REV. J. J. MURPHY (FIONN BARRA.)

THE EXILE OF THE GAEL.

[Read at the 150th Anniversary of the Irish Charitable Society, Boston,
 March 17th, 1887.]

It is sweet to rejoice for a day—
 For a day that is reached at last !
 It is well for wanderers in new lands,
 Slow climbers towards a lofty mountain pass,
 Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward,
 To pause and rest on the summit—
 To stand between two limitless outlooks—
 Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and
 ventures ;
 Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untravelled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage
 With kindly hearts, mayhap, for kindred to follow ?
 What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn
 With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names
 Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost
 for ever ?

“ Hither,” the cairn shall tell, “ Hither they came and
 rested ! ”

Whither ? ” the searcher shall ask with questioning
 eyes on their future.

Hither and Whither ! O Maker of Nations ! Hither and
Whither the sea speaks,
Heaving ; the forest speaks, dying ; the Summer whispers,
Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled Winter
Hither and Whither ! the Earth calls wheeling to the Sun ;
And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the
signal.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks—
Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
The heart is earth's exile : the soul is heaven's ;
And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither—from home ! sobs the torn flower on the river :
Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean ;
Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting ;
Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage of the
harrow.
In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the
fields ;
The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud ;
And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-
love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy ! Nations He forms like metals—
Mixing their strength and their tenderness ;
Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction ;
Meting their courage, their faith, and their fortitude—
Timing their genesis to the world's needs !

“ What have ye brought to our Nation-building, Sons of the
Gael ?

What is your burden or guerdon from old Inisfail ?
Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before ;
And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple for evermore.

What have ye brought from Erin your hapless land could spare ?
 Her tears, defeats, and miseries ? Are these, indeed, your share ?
 Are the mother's *caoine* and the *bean sídhe's* cry your music
 for our song ?

Have ye joined our feast with a withered wreath and a
 memory of wrong ?

With a broken sword and treason-flag from your Banba of
 the seas ?

O, where in our House of Triumph shall hang such gifts as
 these ? ”

O, soul, wing forth ! what answer across the main is heard ?
 From burdened ships and exiled lips—write down, write down
 the word !

“ No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor
 guilt !

The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped
 the hilt !

The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not
 bays ;

And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate
 days.

But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge
 of tears ;

And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand
 years ! ”

“ What bring ye else to the Building ?

“ O, willing hands to toil

Strong natures tuned to the harvest-song, and bound to the
 kindly soil ;

Bold pioneers for the wilderness, defenders in the field—

The sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield.

Young hearts with duty brimming—as faith makes sweet the
 due ;

Their truth to me their witness they cannot be false to you ! ”

“ What send ye else, old Mother, to raise our mighty wall,
For we must build against Kings and Wrongs a fortress never
to fall ? ”

“ I send you in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent
tongue,

Whose crowns shall engild my crowning, whose songs for me
shall be sung.

O, flowers unblown, from lonely fields, my daughters with
hearts aglow,

With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as
snow—

I smile through tears as the clouds unroll—my widening river
that runs !

My lost ones grown in radiant growth—proud mothers of
free-born sons !

My seed of sacrifice ripens apace ! The Tyrant's cure is
disease :

My strength that was dead like forest is spread beyond the
distant seas ! ”

“ It is well, aye well, old Erin ! The sons you give to me
Are symbolled long in flag and song—your Sunburst on the
Sea !

All mine by the chrism of Freedom, still yours by their love's
belief ;

And truest to me shall the tenderest be in a suffering mother's
grief.

Their loss is the change of the wave to the cloud, of the dew
to the river and main ;

Their hope shall persist through the sea, and the mist, and
thy streams shall be filled again.

As the smolt of the salmon go down to the sea, and as surely
come back to the river,

Their love shall be yours while your sorrow endures, for God
guardeth His Right for ever !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE REVEL OF THE WEE FOLK.

(AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY).

Come closer still, a leanb, let me whisper in your ear,
 There is something I would tell you, and I want none else to
 hear :

They were back last night, a cúirte, they were full a thousand
 strong ;

I watched them on the green beyond, so busy all night long.

There were some from Aughawinny ; there were some from
 Knockabrin ;

They were there, too, from Knockalla, from Cruacán and
 from Bunlinn ;

And the princely ones from Aiteac brought some bards their
 Court among,

And from Sruanán little dancers and wee pipers came along.

And a hundred fairy millers brought a flat stone from the
 shore,

And they set their mill upon it over there fornenst the door ;
 Then a hundred little waggoners brought each his store of corn,
 And every little waggon held its load of meal at morn.

But, uc, a leanb óilir, sure 'twas I was ill content
 To be there alone among them, though a merry night we
 spent,

For so sick was I and weary that I scarce could heed the play
 Of the wee red jovial revellers, so merry-voiced and gay.

It was wearing on to morning when the milling all was done,
 And the millers and the waggoners were joining in the fun,
 When above the din and music a "discordant note" was
 heard,

'Twas the crowing of the bantam out behind there in the yard

Well, a cpoirde, such helter-skelter I had never seen before,
Such running here, and running there, confusion and uproar ;
And in less time than I tell it, I was back in bed again,
With the voices of " the wee folk " making music in my brain.

CATÁL MACĠARĠAÍĠ.

MACĠNAMĠ AN DUINE DOILĠÉASAÍĠ.

Oirde dom go doilĠ tuairc,
Coir fairrĠge na doinn doiréan,
AĠ léar-rmaoineamĠ, ir aĠ luad,
Ar coraib cĠuadā an tĠaoĠail.

Ġi an rae 'r na réalta ruar,
Nior élor ruaim tuinne na tĠáĠa
Ir ní raib Ġal ann de'n Ġaoit
Do cĠoĠrad bairr cĠainn ná blāt.

Do ĠluairĠar amac liom réin
Ġan aĠe 'Ġam ar raon mo riubail
DoĠar cille Ġur deairc mé
'San Ġconair réir ór mo éionn.

Do rĠad mé 'ran ndoĠar rean
'Nar Ġnāt almranna ir doirdeāĠ
Dā ndāil do'n lobar aĠur do'n laĠ
An tĠāt do mair luēt an tiĠe.

Ġi forad riar ar a tĠaib
Ir cian ó cuirĠad i Ġclōd
Ar a ruiĠeāĠ raoite 'r ciar
Ir tairĠealāĠ tĠiallta an riōd.

Ġuir mé rior le macĠnamĠ lān
Do leigĠar mo lám rém' Ġruad
Ġur tuit rĠara diana deair
Om' deaircāib ar an bĠear anuar.

Δουδαίητ μέ ανηροιν πέ τίτ
 Αἴγυρ μέ αἷ καοι σο κυμαέ :
 Ὅο βί αιμρεαρ ανν 'να παιθ
 Αν τισ πο σο ποιλβ ρυθαέ.

Ιρ ανη ὅο βί ελuis ιρ ελιαρ,
 Ὅρεαέτα διαθαέτα ὁά λείξεαη.
 Κοραιθε ceatal αἴγυρ ceol
 Αἷ molaθ μόρῳαέτα Ὁέ.

Φοῖραέ φολαη ζαν ἀιρῳ
 Αν τ-ἀρυρ πο ιρ ἀρρα τύιρ
 Ιρ ιομῳα earζal αἴγυρ ζαοῦ
 Ὅο θυαι πέ μαολαιθ ὅο μῦιρ.

Ιρ ιομῳα φεαρῑαινη αἴγυρ ρυαέτ
 Ιρ ρτυιρμ εῳαιη ὅο εῳιρ υῖοτ,
 Ὁ τιοῦλαιceαθ τῦ αρ ὅτυιρ
 Ὅο Ριζ na ηῶύλ μαρ τιgear.

Α μῦιρ ναοῖτα na mbeann ηζλαρ,
 Ὅο β' ὁρῆαιῳ ὅο' η τίρ ρεο τῑαέ ;
 Ὅιombáιθ διαη liom ὅο ρεπιῳρ
 Αἴγυρ κυρ ὅο ναοῖ αρ ράν.

Ιρ υαιζνεαέ αταοιρ ανοιρ,
 Ηί'λ ιονατ κοραιθε ná ceol,
 Αέτ ρερεαέαθ na ζceann ζcaτ
 Ι η-ιοναθ na ρalm ροζail !

Αιῳneán αἷ earcari ὁρ ὅο ρτυαιζ
 ηeannτῳζ ρυαθ ιῳ' ηρlār ὕρ
 Ταρann caol na ρionnaé ρeang
 Ιρ epónāη na η-eap ιῳ' εῳιῳ.

Μαρ α ηζλαοῳαθ αν ρυιρεοζ μοέ
 Ὅο εῳείρ αἷ canαθ na ὅτῑαέ
 Ηί'λ τεangα αἷ κορρυιθε ανοιρ
 Αέτ τεangα ζliozaiη na ζcás.

Δεῖ το ῥροινντεᾶς ζαν βιαθ
 Το ῥυαίν-λιος ζαν λεαβα βλάιτ,
 Το τεαρμoinn ζαν ιοῦβαιρε κλέιρ
 Νά αιρρεανν το Ὀία τοᾶ ῥαθ.

Ὅ'ιμτίς το λυαίμ αἷυρ το ῥιαῖαί
 ἱρ το εὐαλλαέτ ῥέ εἰαν ἐῤαίθ;
 Οὐ! ní ῥιονναιμ ανοιρ ῥέθ' ιαῦαθ
 Δέτ εαῤνᾶν εῤιαῦτα εῤᾶμ.

Οὐ! ἀνῥοῤανν ἱρ ἀνυαίλ,
 Ἀνῥοιοθ ἀνυαίρ ἱρ ἀινῶλιζε;
 ῥόιρνεαρτ ναῤᾶθ ἱρ εῤεᾶᾶθ εῤυαίθ,
 Ὅ'ῥᾶς ζο ηυαίςνεᾶς τῦ μαρ ταιοί!

Το βίορ-ῥα ῥέιν ῥονα ῥεαί,
 ῥόιριορ! το κλαοῦλοῖθ μο εἰῶθ;
 Ἐάινις τῶιρ ἀν τῥαοῖαίλ ἱμ' αἷαίθ,
 ἱρ ní'λ ῥεῖῶμ οῤμ δέτ βῥῶν.

Ὅ'ιμτίς μο λυαῦαίλ αἷυρ μο λῦτ,
 ῤαῦαῤε μο ῥῦλ, αἷυρ μο ἐῤεοιρ,
 Ἀτᾶιθ μο εᾶιῤε 'ῥυρ μο εἰανν
 'San ζεἰλ ῥεο ζο ῥανν αἷ ὀῤεοῖαθ!

Ἀτᾶ ουαίρκεαρ ἀρ μο ὀῤεᾶς,
 Τᾶ μο ἐῤοιῶε 'να ἐῤοταί εῤῶ;
 Τοᾶ βῥόιρῥεᾶθ οῤμ ἀν βᾶρ
 Βα ὀεαῤῶ μ'ῥαίλτε ῥέ η-α εῶῤαίρ.

seán ó coilleáin.

ONLY A DYIN' CROW.

" 'Tis only a thievin' crow," he said, as he pointed to where
it lay,

Shot-shattered and torn, with wings outspread on the rich
brown fresh-ploughed clay ;

" Sure you needn't be sad 'cause a wounded crow has fluttered
down here to die "—

But a sorrowful look clouds the old man's brow as he huskily
makes reply—

" Yis, 'tis only wan that you've shot, me boy, of a thievin'
thribe, as you say ;

But the fluttherin' fall that to you gave joy lies sore on my
heart to-day ;

For that dyin' bird is the link of a chain which binds me to
times long past ;

An' I grieve to see his red life-blood drain, an' th' ould wings
stilled at last.

" Ah, many a year has now gone past since wance on a March
morn bright

I riz the *feerins**, an' *hunkeens*† cast, an' whistled in sperits
light,

While close at me heels kem the noisy crows pickin' worms
from the fresh brown clay,

As I ploughed up the sods in straight, close rows in the field
where we stand to-day.

* *Feerin*.—The first or middle sod in a ridge. Probably a corruption of *píunne*, as upon this sod all the others depend with regard to running in a straight or *true* line. A ploughman always says to "*raise a feerin*," and to "*cast a hunkeen*."

† *Hunkeen*.—The last, or closing sod of a ridge, ploughed from the furrow,

“ An’ wan foolish bird—I suppose he was young—got wedged
in a slow-fallin’ sod ;
The aichoes aroun’ with his frightened cries rung, as he
sthuggled in undher the clod ;
But his hoarse cawin’ stopped as I kem to his aid, an’ he
c’ased in his fluttherin’ strife—
Thinks I, the poor craithur is sorely afraid I’m comin’ to rob
him of life !

“ But he looked in me face wid a confident eye, as I lifted the
sod where he lay,
An’ his harsh voice was glad as he soared far on high : thank
you kindly, his caws seemed to say.
An’ I’d aisly know him again, I said, as he sailed thro’ the
clear air away,
For tho’ black was his body from tail-tip to head, his wings
wor a whitish grey.

“ An’ e’er since that March morn long years ago he looked
upon me as his friend,
An’ I found him to be a daicent good crow, that never to
maneness would bend ;
An’ when in the’ rich fields for miles all around the ’shares
turned up stubble or lay,
To follow my plough he thought himself bound, so he hopped
at me heels every day.

“ So both of us kem to be comrades in toil in the same fields
our daily work lay,
An’ we gethered our livin’ from out the same soil, thro’ many
a long wairy day ;
An’ I larned all the ways of that curious ould crow, from the
mornin’ me hand set him free ;
An’ he studied too, as I’ve raison to know ; for he found out
a lot about me.

" At laste—ah, the memory gladdens me now—when I walked
 with my Kate down yon lane,
 Ould Grey Wings sat perched on that big elm bough glancin'
 knowin'ly down on us twain ;
 An' when I was happy with her as my bride he joyously cawed
 from on high,
 As we rambled together in love side by side, in the summer
 eves long since gone by.

" An' our sunny-haired boy—Heaven rest him, I pray—who
 grew up so clane, strong, and tall,
 I mind how he kem to th' fields wan warm day with tay for
 the haymakers all ;
 An' he wandered away to that tree there below, where he
 stretched his young limbs in the shade ;
 On a bough o'er his head sat that ould grey-winged crow
 lookin' sober, an' solemn, an' staid.

" An' the cunnin' ould fella soon saw that the boy was
 munchin' some fresh griddle-bread,
 So he dropped from his perch with a loud caw of joy, an'
 hopped on th' ground 'ithout dread ;
 An' my boy laughed in glee as he threw the sweet crumbs to
 the crow hoppin' round where he lay—
 Ah, that pickcher full oft to my heavy heart comes an' I feel
 how I'm lonesome to-day.

" Mo bhuachaillin bán ! —you've heard how he fell in the
 land o' the west far away,
 When Ireland's brave sons faced the fierce shot and shell on
 Fred'ricksburg's terrible day,
 They tould me he charged, as he rushed long ago when he
 hurled on his own native plain ;
 But he died near the guns, with his face to the foe, in that
 land far away o'er the main.

“ An’ the mother—God rest her—the news broke her heart,
they say throubles come not alone ;
For death, that spares none, rudely pushed us apart, an’
claimed my loved wife as his own—
Let who will explain—I could swear that that crow, wept wid
me in me sorrowful days,
For he moped roun’ the place wid his head hangin’ low, an’
solemn an’ sad wor his ways.

“ But it’s all over now an’ me friend’s goin’ fast, the rough
baik is crimson wid gore ;
The hoarse voice is hushed an’ his flights are all past—he’ll
sail o’er the green fields no more.
The brown clay is soakin’ his red ebbin’ blood the knowin’
ould eyes are growin’ dim ;
Their last look reprov’in’ seems sayin’ I should a-watched wid
more care over him.

‘ An’ now, boy, you know why I’m sorry to-day, tho’ ’twas
only an ould dyin’ crow—
Can you wonder I’m sad when there dead on the clay lies the
comrade of times long ago ?
An’ I shame not to mourn for the sad bloody fate of my
feathered friend honest and true,
The last link is snapped an’ I’ve not long to wait till I sleep
the cowl’d lonesome sleep too.”

PATRICK ARCHER.

MY INVER BAY.

Och ! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin’ down the sky ;
When with many’s a laugh the boats put off,
And many’s the merry cry !

To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
 He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
 A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
 A sweeter bay nor thee.
 For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
 I wouldn't swap, not I,
 My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat
 Than Pathrick Rose's "Nan,"
 A boulder crew, nor boys more true
 Is not in wide Irelan'—
 A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,
 And one right hearty cheer,
 Our "Nan" so brave she tops the wave,
 And our comrade-boats we clear ;
 We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
 We rise it loud and high,
 On Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play
 There's neither slack nor slow ;
 As quick as thought our nets are shot,
 On the thafts then we lie low,
 And many's the stave rolls o'er the wave,
 And many the yarn is told—
 The sea all white with silver bright,
 The air all filled with gold—
 A scene more grand, God's good right hand
 It ne'er reached from on high,
 Than Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er far Norway it's give me sway,
 With a palace wide and broad,
 With silks, and wine, and jewels fine,
 And hundreds at my nod—



ETHNA CARBERY AND SEUMAS MACMANUS.

In robes all gay with golden spray
 It's dress me you might do ;
 But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
 Your gold, and your kingdom, too ;
 For a ragged coat, in Pathrick's boat,
 It's I'd lament and sigh,
 And for Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones,
 Have rushed across the sae,
 And, God, He knows, each wind that blows
 Is waftin' more away !
 It's sore disthress does them hard press,
 They dhrop their heads and go—
 Och, Sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen
 Their hearts big swelled with woe !
 Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
 And they oft sit down and cry
 For Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

Och ! Inver Bay of a harvest day.
 And the sun goin' down the sky ;
 When with many's the laugh the boats put off,
 And many's the merry cry.
 To Cork's own Cove though one **may** rove,
 He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
 A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
 A sweeter bay nor thee.
 For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
 I wouldn't swap, not I,
 My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
 And the sun goin' down the sky.

ÉIRE FÉ BRAT UAINE AS CAOINEAD A CLOINNE
Ó CŌP NA nDEOR!

Míle go leit bliadán, a Dúia! I r fada an pé! I r mór an aimpear é. Níor b'iongnad d'á mbeinn cionta, corra, caite, liat. Aét, féad an mar roin atá. Tá mo sruas dualaic óm flúirpead fáinnead i r mar bíod fadó; agus tá mo sean-éiríde óm mipeamail meannmaic, dar liom, i r mar bí fé miam. Níl na reoda glé as caiteam óm' b'rádair fé mar bíodir, ámta! fuadui gear mo reoda-ra go mion minic, a cáirde cléib. Na reoda luacmára do bain liom-ra atáir as lonnra d'í b'ollac i r d'í b'atár na namad anoir, agus táim-re annso agus san luid umam aét an brat uaine do leis an Tigearna anuas oim agus an raogal i n-a óige. Aét táim páirta leir an mbat ro: bí reoda go leor air trád, agus ca b'ior d'éinne ná go mbead air?

Bíod a fíor, leir, asair ná fuilim-re as fairé d'n t'ráis reo ó corac an traogail. Bí cúram agus oileamaint agus órduigad cloinne oim-ra leir. Cói gear, cómairli gear, d'órduigear mo clann féin nuair ba fuarac le ráo na ríoganta i r mó comac d'í domán inoiu. Ba beas le ráo iad nuair fíleir-ra na deora d'í feorainn Dúin na n'gail an lá rcar Colm Cille liom. Ba beas le ráo iad d'í fead míle go leit bliadán i n-a dúia ran nuair a bí mo clann ra as cairteal na hEorpa le lán mo cola. Baitis mo clann ra leo i n-a rluagtib tar mui r anonn. C'íor-tuigeadar na mílte, na dearg-mílte. C'ornuigeadar eaglaí agus peadta D'É. D'ib'igeadar aineolaí agus ándeiré rómpa. Scaipeadar léigean fé mar rcairtear rolar na gréine no d'ruic na rpeire. D'fáadadar mainirtpead agus r'píbeanna agus iarrmaide i n-a ndiaid, a dearbui gear do'n traogal go rabadar ann trád. Aét bíodair féim' mairad féin an taca ran. B'iad a mbriat'ra mo briat'ra

féin. U'iao a mbéara mo béara féin. U'iao a tpeíte mo tpeíte féin. Ní maðamair as bpač ar éinne ačt opainn féin!

Á! ačt bíor-ra mó-bos, mó-leandaidhe, mó-baoitčpeiomheac ar pač. Čearar nár mırte dom mo člann do pčaoilead uaim, cé sur čáiniš na Danair asur sur pčpiořadap an tóčaiš reo arír asur arír eile ór cómaiř mo řúil. Čuir Uřian bóřmie deiread le n-a pé řúo, ámčac. Mairpe, nár b'é Uřian an deaš-mac, asur nár b'é řúo an deaš-řaořal nuair t'řařaimír bóřpe na řceall ar deařř-leačad, asur nuair a bíoč řočain ir řáilte poiř an řcoiřčrič, ba čuma čad ar řo tčáiniš řé. Asur b'ole an tóiořal ar čuič aca é. Čángadap řo mailřeac nuair ba deař é mo čoinne leo. Čóřadap mo čuram ořča řéin. Mairluiřeap, mairbuiřeap, tóibuiřeap mo člann! Ba tóubřónac an uain ařam í as řaire ó imeall loča Suilliš ar uairliř ulad asur iad as čuall pé řeol a bpač i řcein. Asur b'uaigniře řór mé ar břuač na Sionann as řeáčaint ar na řéřdeannaiř řiačaine as řceinnead čorř řo mačairiř řairčio na heorpa. Ó, na milte cloinne liom do čroič řo tóčřaččac ar řuič na heorpa asur řan de čuairře le řařáil ořča řéin ná ar a břóri inčiu ačt an ořeac ir mar ačá ar řlioč na nDanair annřo ar bóřoiř řlé na laiř! Mo čřeac asur mo čeac mile čřeac!

Asur cá meara řan řéin ná na milte mile de řořa mo čloinne do řeolad Čór Čorčaiře amac i lonřaiř éařčřuair asur tpoč-aičioe, asur na čeacča čeac t'ářtouiřeac čum řiubail pé řłaraiř řeapa niře toře tian-řřad do beič aca ořm-řa? Očón! mo čeac očón! ir iad do leonad, ir iad do barčad, ir iad do mairluiřeac, ir iad do báčad, ir iad do mairbuiřeac, ir iad do čailleac řo tóubřónac ainoeř; ir iad a řcnámā tč as řeočad ar řuič na čřuinne, ar leacain řléiře asur i n-řoččar řairře, řo nřeánřaiř tōia třóčairpe ar a n-anamnaiř uile! Asur mar bair ar řac donar aca řeolad bairřiořan iaračča an cuan irčeac i řcořp-lári an čřeacča; asur tuřad ainn iaračča

ar Cór na nDeor annro de bair a turair, u'fonn ir mo
 éaraoir-re do b'éasnuḡaḡ mar ir ḡnát, ir dóca. Tuḡaḡ
 Baile Banníogḡa Sárana ar Cór Córcaige pé mar tuḡaḡ
 Baile Ríog Sárana ar Ún Laoḡaire tamall noime rin.
 As ro mar cuirtear ḡail agur ḡailtoácar i n-ionao
 ḡaeḡeal agur a reancuir. Ar an ḡcuma ro mealltar
 rinn; mar reo, leir, ir eaḡ do múcraíde rinn dá b'éao-
 fairde é!

Agur i n-a ainḡeoin reo, i n-ainḡeoin an éreáca, i n-ain-
 deoin an éitig, i n-ainḡeoin mo d'ubríoin-re agur m'ainḡeire,
 féac na mílte cloinne liom inḡiu agur inḡé, agur anurairḡ
 agur áḡruḡaḡ anurairḡ, féac as teiceaḡ uaim béal an éuain
 amaḡ iao ḡan rtaonaḡ ḡan ror. Féac as imḡeaḡc iao
 riap riap, agur as rír-imḡeaḡc; cuir aca éum an d'onaí,
 cé naḡ móíde ḡur eol d'óib é; cuir aca éum tíorḡa na
 cruinne áḡ amáin a d'tír ḡlar féin do éur ar bealaḡ a
 leapa; cuir aca, ir baoglaḡ, éum aicmíde agur daoine
 náir deín éasḡóir riam oim-ra do éur i nḡéibeann ar ron
 na Sáranaḡ, mo míle brón!

A élann, a élann, caḡ cuige ḡo nḡeineann ríḡ ro? Cao
 cuige buí mácaí d'ilir féin do tréigeann do réir mar
 eirḡeann ríḡ ruar? Cao cuige raócar buí rean do réanaḡ?
 Cao cuige ainmneaḡa buí rínreap agur buí noúcaige do
 rcaoiléaḡ ar ceal? Cao cuige buí ḡcúl do ábairḡ ar
 fuairceap agur buí n-aḡaíḡ do ábairḡ ar díabluirdeáḡ
 an traogail? Níl ḡáḡtar ná cruáḡtan ná róiréigean
 d'buí noibirḡ inḡiu. Fanairḡ, a élann, i b'rocaí buí mácaí,
 mar roin: tá ḡáḡaḡ inḡiu agur ḡéar-ḡáḡaḡ le raócar ḡac
 uaine aḡaíḡ coir baile. Fan, a élann, á, fan! Claíḡrḡ
 le céile, cuirḡrḡ le céile, cabruḡrḡ le céile! Tabair
 cúl láime le ḡac raḡar ḡailtoácar dá dteangmócaíḡ oíab!
 Deinḡ fan, á, dein! agur ḡeallaim d'ib, le congnaí an
 doin-mic, ḡo mberḡ an raḡ oíab féin agur a rian ar
 rean-éirinn.

sceilḡ na sceol.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

Oh ! then tell me, Seán O'Farrell,
 Tell me why you hurry so ?
 " Hush, mo bualáit, hush and listen,"
 And his cheeks were all aglow.
 " I bear orders from the Captain,
 Get you ready quick and soon
 For the pikes must be together
 By the rising of the moon."

Oh ! then tell me, Seán O'Farrell,
 Where the gathering is to be ?
 " In the old spot by the river
 Right well known to you and me.
 One word more—for signal token,
 Whistle up the marching tune,
 With your pike upon your shoulder,
 By the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
 Eyes were watching through the night ;
 Many a manly chest was throbbing
 For the blessed warning light.
 Murmurs passed along the valleys
 Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river
 That dark mass of men were seen ;
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved green.
 " Death to every foe and traitor !
 Forward ! strike the marching tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom !
 'Tis the rising of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate—
Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of 'Ninety-eight!—
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the moon!

J. KEEGAN CASEY.

CATS AT SCHOOL.

Through the damp and blustery nightfall, under the dripping woods, splashing through the road mud, tramp two boys and two men. Each of the boys carries a cat under his arm. Each of the men carries hot anger in his heart, and is giving voice to it with a wealth of emphasis which is entirely picturesque and convincing. The boys have been so late in returning from school that the men, who are their respective fathers, have gone to the school-house to seek them.

"It's the frightfullest tomfoolery ever I heard of in all me born days," says one indignant head of a family, "to make the gossoons bring cats to school. It's a shame—that's what it is!"

"Yes, and it's a frightfuller shame to slap them if they go without a cat," says the other outraged parent. "It's no schoolin' to give children. The master that says it is isn't fit for a school. The man is cracked. That's what I say."

And the whole parish is more or less of the same opinion.

There is much excitement over this cat trouble at the local school, and feeling is running high. An unbiassed enquirer after truth meets an indignant parent on the road next day and asks him about it.

“ It’s a fret ! ” says the parent, “ that’s what it is. The master made a law on Monday that every gossoon in the school was to bring a cat with him on Friday. And every gossoon that didn’t bring a cat was slapped, except Neddy Downey’s Pat, and he’d have got the switch, too, only he could prove an *alibi* that they had no cat.”

“ And,” asks the unbiassed enquirer aforesaid, “ what did the master want with the cats ? ”

“ An object lesson—that’s what he wanted. It’s a new invention, I thank you.”

“ How does it work ? ”

“ Oh, like a coal of fire in a haycock. That’s nice schoolin’, isn’t it ? ”

“ But can you explain how this object lesson is taught ? ”

“ Of course I can. The gossoons ketch their cats and, by hook or crook, get them to the school. The master asks them if they have their cats, and after slappin’ any boy that hasn’t one, he says, ‘ go on, now, with your object lesson.’ Then every gossoon holds his cat in one hand as well as he can and draws him down on a slate with the other. What do you think of that ? ”

It sounded queer, and yet it was the simple truth. Further enquiry brought out the fact that there had been a most sanguinary cat-fight during school hours. “ It was shockin’.” That is what most people said when telling of it, and a craving for the details took possession of me. I found them, and here they are, truthfully set down.

When the object lesson was finished the cats were enclosed in the school turf-house. Their nerves were all raw from education, and new experiences, and were too highly strung for social intercourse. They disagreed about one thing and another until, on general principles, they were all mad through and through and lusting for battle. So they fought.

When the fight began every cat of them went into action, and the howls and shrieks and screeches which arose from that congested district can never be adequately described

in human language. All the work of the school came to a standstill for the master was powerless to keep order. When he opened the door of the turf-house the air was thick with fur, and terror and acrimony; and all his efforts to cool down the hectic circumstances were unavailing. The situation was aflame and the conflagration was impressive. The cats were submerged in the rupture of mutual assassination, and were deaf to "haha's" and "be-offs" and "cutch's" and threats of every description. All the amenities garnered by countless generations of domesticity had fallen away from them, and they were whirling through the vibrating atmosphere in the desperate savagery of feline nature in its primordial state.

The combat ended only when the fighters were out of breath. When they recovered themselves the call of civilisation brought them back out of the abyss, and they felt ashamed. They fled in all directions in remorse, and the school broke up into a cat-hunt. The boys were hurriedly despatched to head off the fugitives, and round them up. But they were only partially successful. Many cats broke away, and are likely going yet.

Well, let them go. What remains? The problem of primary education in Ireland. That is what remains. This cat crisis, this uprising against the innovation of the object lesson, this pottering with vital issues—what of it all, my brothers? Where is it to end, and when? When are the children to have justice! Here is a question for us to ponder? We fought for our farms until we succeeded in rooting ourselves upon them. The land is a great thing, but it is not everything. Mind and character are greater things. Manhood and a sense of citizenship are greater things. Knowledge and culture are greater things. Let us fight for them, too.

WILLIAM BULFIN.

EIREOCHMAIOI PEASTA!

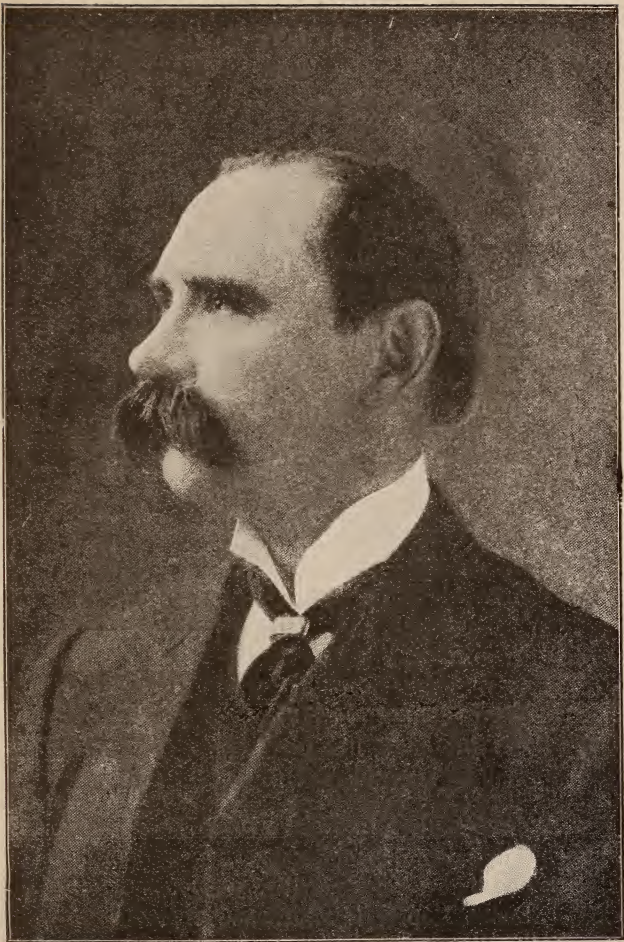
an. CRAOIBHIN AOIBINN.

Eireočajmíó fearṑa, tá'n lá seal aḡ teacṑ,
 Ír ní beimíó fá rmaacṑ mar atáimíó
 Aḡ rméirle ḡan bṑiḡ no luacṑ bṑarṑa ḡan éiríóe,
 Acṑ bṑarṑamaoio aḡaio ar an námaio.
 A claoṑaie an bṑarṑa, luig ríor ḡo deo!
 Ta an ríor-rṑioraṑo beo i rna ṑaoimib;
 Níl mear ar ṑo íóirṑ, ar ṑo cl ear ná ṑo rṑóirṑ
 Aḡ óḡánaib cnearṑa na típe.

Bí an bṑarṑa mar rṑaíó ar an rṑéir inṑ ḡac cláio,
 Aḡur ṑall ré na hṑeannaiḡ ríora,
 Acṑ tá ríḑ annṑo ḡo bṑíoḡmar 'r ḡo beo,
 ḡo ṑóḡṑaio ríḑ ceo ṑuḑ na típe.
 Inṑ an áirṑ-teangaió bí aḡ báirṑ aḡur raoi
 Cuirim ríómaib-pe na naoi míle fáilte,
 Roim mór aḡur beaḡ roim óḡ aḡur rean,
 Roim fear aḡur bean aḡur páirte.

Tá cláirreac na hṑeann le raṑa fá bṑón
 Aḡur lonnṑuḑ, ocón! ar a téaṑaib,
 An cláirreac ṑo bí 'na lúṑḡáie ṑo'n éiríóe,
 Acṑ rí ḡan bṑiḡ, ír i réabṑa.
 Acṑ rḡéirṑó rí ceol ann rna rṑéarṑaib ḡo fóil,
 Beio ḡur inṑ ḡac téio ṑo bí bṑirte
 Imteočajó ṑroic-ríon, roillreočajó an ḡman
 Ar ríóirṑib na bṑiann a bí rḡmórta.

ṑo fuarṑar an focaṑ ó éan ar an ḡuan
 Aḡur ṑuḑairṑ ré nac buan ír nac ríorṑuirṑe
 An rcláḑuirṑeacṑ ṑ'fáḡ ár rean-máṑair fá éraṑ
 Ír ḡo bṑuirḡmíó a bṑuilimíó ṑ'iaṑṑaio.
 Aḡ fearṑóis an trléirṑe ṑo éulaio mé rḡéal
 ḡo ḡuirṑirṑear an ḡaeṑeal i n-áirṑe,
 Luacṑ bṑarṑa fá ceo ír fá náie ḡo deo,
 Aṑur ronar ír róḡ ar ár ḡaírṑuḑ.



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE
(An Craoibín Doibinn.)

Cár bfuil na daoine de muinntir Uí Néill
 Naé gcampaó a béal leir an mBéarla ?
 De ríocht na ríog móir Clann Conaill, Clann Eogain
 'S Gearóid bí i Laigheó 'na Iarla ?
 Ó Concubair do bí i nÉirinn 'na rí,
 Ar éirígeadair teanga a mádar ?
 Ar éirígeadair díob an diallaio dá n-óruir.
 Le dul gan aon truím fá an trídáir !
 Árdócamaoio teanga na hÉireann le bróo,
 Ár ronar, ár reoó ir ár bPéarla,
 Ir cuirfid rí ruais asur béarfaid rí buaid
 Ar glafarinnais éruaid an Béal.
 Ní bfuigfid rí báir, áct beid rí as fáir
 I n-a crann breas craoibamail áluinn,
 Asur rcpaid an rceál ó béal go béal,
 Go mbeid raoirre 'sur réan le rásáil ann.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight ?
 Who blushes at the name ?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame ?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus :
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died ;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast.
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;
They kindled there a living blaze
That nothing can withstand.
Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right---
They fell and passed away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as their's your fate ;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-eight.

JOHN KELLS INGRAM

THE DUBLIN POLICE.

April 25th, 1789.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Advantage had been taken of some disturbances in 1784 to enslave the Capital by a police. A watch of old men at fourpence per night was naturally ineffectual. They had not youth, nor strength, nor pay; their imperfection should have been removed by choosing proper persons, and paying them reasonably. The present system does more—it pays them too much. It appears by the report that for actual protection we pay £9,500 per annum; but, added to that, you pay £10,500 for patronage, that is, for corruption. Instead of £10,000 which the old watch would have cost in two years and a half, the present plan has stood the city in £51,000. Let any man lay his hand to his heart, and when he considers how this sum is produced—that it is extracted from the little means of comfortable support that are left to the labourer and tradesman, let him say if such an extraction is not a grievous exaction upon this city. But it is not merely the expense that the city complains of; you had your floor covered last session with petitions from the citizens of the most reputable description; you heard their case; you heard it moved at your bar; often heard uncontroverted evidence that, instead of protection, they had derived only insolence and exaction from this system, and then, what did you do? You turned your face another way and you did nothing. When the enormity and the shamefulness of this petty system of tyranny and oppression stared you in the face, what did you do? You turned your face another way, and you did nothing; still, however, the rankness of the measure had forced itself again upon you. You ordered a committee—and when was that committee ordered? When the Viceroy was in his humiliation—at the time that he was canonised on the records of both houses. “As he declined, economy began to appear; as he recovers, economy declines. What kind of measure is it that he is now forcing us to support?

It is an act for enslaving the population ; it is not like the carnal profusion that arises from a general wastefulness of administration ; it is not the dole that is thrown to those who are paid for calling " question " ; nor to those whose talents are shown in ol serving in what corner of the house a gasping orator may want the critical aid of a " hear him ! "—those ventriloquists of the treasury bench. It is not the pay that allures a mechanic from his shop, and stations him in our gallery to make speeches for one side and suppress them for another—to extol his feeders, and vilify the characters who feel for, and speak for the rights of their country. No, Sir, this bill enacts a permanent system, on a principle that makes it immortal ; it enacts a grievance into a battery—and gives the command of it to some unhappy wretch who must defend the post or starve. Let me ask, is there a man in this house that does not know that by the police board, with a very little aid from another of the same description, a certain majority of the Aldermen are gagged. . . . I feel for the unhappy situation of a worthy man, who must be desperate to be honest ; who, instead of uttering the sentiments of a great and enlightened body of constituents, must sit mute and frozen to his seat, till the Secretary, or the prompter to the Secretary (if his ignorance should require a prompter) shall give him the signal to move. I should feel still more for him, if I did not feel so much for those constituents whose dignity, whose rights, whose wrongs, whose complaints are all sunk and lost in his personal calamity. It is these wrongs that are now forced upon your attention, and stare you in the face once again.

Read the report of your committee. Is there an item that would not rouse the indignation of any man that hears it ? £150 for looking-glasses for those midnight Adonises to admire themselves ; Wilton carpets for those delicate gentlemen to walk upon ; hundreds of pounds for gilt paper and sealing wax ; a library, not of spelling books, but of geography, of morality, of tactics. They would not have

ventured on such bare-faced, insolent dissipation of the money of the city if they did not expect as barefaced a protection in another place. Whether they were right or wrong in the honourable opinion they conceived of us must be this night decided; we cannot evade it—you cannot blink it. As to the objections, I am sorry they have been made by gentlemen at the other side; they would act a part of more spirit by saying boldly—this is a job of government; we do not wish to have the city of Dublin unbound or ungagged—than by offering unfounded objections that require only to be stated to appear ridiculous. One gentleman says the report is garbled. On what evidence does he say so? None; the only answer such an observation deserves is that it is as unjust as it is illiberal. But, says another honourable member [the Attorney-General] we have not the evidence on which the report was founded. And how does he prove this charge? Why, by producing the minutes in his hand! Give me leave, Sir, to say that we are not treating that committee in a decent or Parliamentary way; they are not to be talked to as a gang of invaders, making an attack on a fortress of corruption that we are resolved to defend; they acted under our order—they are yet subject to our authority. If you want a special report send them back—they will make it; if you want their minutes, call for them; but do not hope, if you are determined to screen an odious set of delinquents—if you are determined to stifle the complaints of the city—do not expect that such arguments can impose on its understanding; the charge has been proved upon them. If you acquit them you must do it in defiance of proof, in face of the fact and of your own conviction; your resolution in their favour will be a ridiculous outrage on demonstration, not unlike the verdict of a Welsh jury that said to the judge—“My Lord, we find the man that stole the horse, not guilty.”

I must now notice a new ground that has been, I fear rather indiscreetly, taken by a learned gentleman [Mr. Sergeant Toler] that it is not safe to come to any harsh

resolution against the police. I desire to know if the honourable gentleman spoke the sentiments of administration, when he sought to intimidate the house from doing their duty to the public? The learned gentleman would have us silent, not because they are innocent, but because they are formidable. Does the learned member perceive that he is unluckily putting the conduct of administration on the most odious ground he could possibly find? I will agree with the honourable member that his argument is as tenable as those of others, but scarcely as discreet. I ask, do gentlemen sincerely wish to let their conduct stand on so despicable a defence? If they do, they hope to have it believed by the people that they acted under the influence of a panic, equally mean and incredible, rather than of an unpardonable connivance at unconstitutional patronage and unbounded rapacity, of which the nation has had so many examples. But, why do I fatigue you or myself with this subject? Is it to tire the public eye with a miserable and disgusting picture? Is it with the hope of making proselytes to my opinion? No, Sir, but the desertion of public duty, or the trampling on public rights, I recoil from with that indignation and abhorrence which you ought to feel—and as to converting, I am not so vain. With nothing to rely upon but truth and justice, I feel the imbecility of my allies. I may refute gentlemen's arguments; I may expose their positions, but I cannot hope to weaken their motives. The motives to giving countenance to rapacity and extortion, the motives that can induce us to deliver up the metropolis to be enslaved by an unfeeling administration, or plundered by a legalised banditti, are impregnable to exposure or refutation. They may be counterpoised, but I am too poor to balance the weight of arguments that depend, not on reason, but arithmetic. I speak at least to redeem myself from the imputation of concurring in principles that I detest; and that, however they may triumph for a season, cannot fail, at length, of meeting the reprobation they deserve.

“MAC RAICÍN” le SEATRÚN CÉITINN.

A Óaoine muinnteartha:—“IS IONTUIGTE NAÓ FUIL
AÓT AOIÓEACÓT NO ÓSTÓIREACÓT AR AN SAOŠAL
AŠAINN.”

Ašur meafaim, dá féir rin, supab ionann dól do šac
aon pé noul do’n domán ro, ašur do’n ceitearnac aitta
aineolaó ar iartar illuinan do éuaib i luing éogairb d’iar-
pait éadála ar fairrge, ašur do cuiread i dtír i Sacraib
iad; ašur an éad baile i n-a dtárla i dtír iad, tángadar
luét an baile do déanam lútgára mómpa, ašur dá mbreit
leo dá dtigib féin cum órta do tabairt dóib; óir ba
luét órta do coimead an méir do bí aš áitiugad ’ran
mbaile rin; ašur ba miongnad leir an gceitearnac iad aš
a cuiread féin, ašur šan aithe aš aon duine dóib ari.
Do éuaib féin ašur diong de’n muinntir do bí maraon
leir i dtig duine aca ar órta; ašur do bíodar muinntear an
tíge šo mó-mait leir ar fead feadtmáine; ionnur sup
ráim leir an gceitearnac an t-ineall mar a pait pé féin, ar
šlaine an áruir i n-a dtárla é, ašur ar feadar a leabtan
ašur a bíó ašur a tíge. Šíóead, ar mbreit dó féin ašur
dá cuireadain aš šabail a gceada, do šairm an t-órtóir
an fear cúntar do bí aige aš a ráó leir: Make reckoning.
.i. déin cúntar. Leir rin táinig fear an cúntar, ašur do
šuib aš peannad an ceitearnais i na muinntire do bí
maile leir, no sup b’éigin dóib uile díoluiréacó iomlán
do tabairt uata i nšac uile nio dár cáiteadar ’ran dtig
an fáir i bíodar ann, ionnur šo pabadar folam aš imteacó
dóib. Ašur táinig de rin, cion a pait de fólár ašur de
meanmain órta, le linn šac pearcaireacóta dá bpuaireadar
i dtig an órta, šo pait pé de dólár órta tré beir folam
aš imteacó. Do b’iongnad, móir-moir, leir an gceitearnac,
craed an fáó pé’r peannad é féin ašur cáó; óir níor éleacó
pé biaó ná deoc do ceannac piam poimir rin. Ašur ar
óteacó šo héirinn dó, do šabadar a cáirde aš parrfúige

tuarparḡabála na Sacran de. “Do ḡaib reiréan aḡ innirint
 rceíl dób, aḡur adubairt trá, naḡ paca ré miam talam
 do b’feair biaḡ aḡur deoḡ, teine aḡur leaba, aḡur ba
 foilbire daoine. “Aḡur loḡt ar bit,” ar reiréan, “ní
 aicno dom uirte, aḡt an tan bit na deoiriḡte aḡ ceileabrad
 do’n ḡruing do beir doiréaḡt dób, tiz trú duaidreac
 deamnaiḡe dá nḡoirtear Mac Raicín anuar, aḡur lámuiḡ-
 eann ḡo hearoirtac na deoiriḡte aḡur feannann aḡur
 foḡann iad.” ḡo fátaḡ, ir í an ériḡḡ úo na Sacran an
 domán; na hórḡoiriḡe, an diaḡal an raḡḡal ir an colann;
 an ceitearnaḡ, na daoine i ḡcoitḡinne; aḡur Mac Raicín,
 an báir. Óir, amail ir baimeann fear an cúnairiḡ oíol
 de’n deoiriḡe mar a céile baimeann fear cúnairiḡ na n-
 órḡoiriḡe úo .i. an báir, cúnairiḡ daor-dálaḡ de rna daoinib
 a blairéar a beaḡ no a mḡr de ḡoirḡaib na n-órḡoiriḡe do
 luaidreamair.

WAR ODE TO OSCAR, THE SON OF OISIN, IN THE FRONT OF THE BATTLE OF GABHRA

(Translated from the original Irish by Miss Charlotte Brooke).

Rise, might of Erin! rise!

O! Oscar of the generous soul!

Now, on the foe's astonished eyes,

Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay!

Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,

And bear the palm of strength and victory away!

Son of the sire, whose stroke is fate,

Be thou in might supreme!

Let conquest on thy arm await,

In each conflicting hour.

Slight let the force of adverse numbers seem

Till, o'er their prostrate ranks, thy shouting squadrons pour!

O hear the voice of lofty song !—

Obey the Bard !—

Stop—stop MacGaraidh ! check his pride,

And rush resistless on each regal foe !

Thin their proud ranks, and give the smoking tide

Of hostile blood to flow,

Mark where Mac Cormaic pours along !—

Rush on—retard

His haughty progress !—let thy might

Rise in the deathful fight,

O'er thy prime foe supreme,

And let the stream

Of valour flow,

Until thy brandished sword

Shall humble every haughty foe,

And justice be restored.

Son of the King of spotless fame

Whose actions fill the world !

Like his, thy story and thy name

Shall fire heroic song.

And with the prowess of this day, thy lofty strain prolong !

Shall tell how oft, in Gabhra's plain,

Thy dreadful spear was hurled ;

How high it heaped the field with slain,

How wide its carnage spread,

Till, gorged upon the human feast, the gluttoned ravens fed.

Resistless as the spirit of the night,

In storms and terrors drest,

Withering the force of every hostile breast,

Rush on the ranks of fight !—

Youth of fierce deeds, and noble soul

Rend—scatter wide the foe !—

Swift forward rush—and lay the waving pride

Of yon high ensigns low !

Thine be the battle !—thine the sway !

On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,

And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side !

As the proud wave on whose broad back

The storm its burthen heaves,

Drives on the scattered wreck,

Its ruins leaves ;

So let thy sweeping progress roll,

Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong,

Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along !

From king to king, let death thy steps await,

Thou messenger of fate,

Whose awful mandate thou art chosen to bear ;

Take no vain truce, no respite yield,

Till thine be the contested field ;

O thou, of championed fame the royal heir !

Pierce the proud squadrons of the foe,

And o'er their slaughtered heaps triumphant rise !

Oh, in fierce charms, and lovely might arrayed !

Bright, in the front of battle, wave thy blade !

Oh, let thy fury rise upon my voice !

Rush on and, glorying in thy strength, rejoice !

Mark where yon bloody ensign flies !

Rush !—seize it !—lay its haughty triumphs low !

Wide around thy carnage spread !

Heavy be the heaps of dead !

Roll on thy rapid might,

Thou roaring stream of prowess in the fight !

What, though Fionn be distant far,

Art thou not thyself a war ?

Victory shall be all thy own,

And this day's glory thine and thine alone !

Be thou the foremost of thy race in fame !

So shall the bard exalt thy deathless name !

So shall thy sword supreme o'er numbers rise,

And vanquished Tamor's groans ascend the skies.

Though unequal be the fight,
 Though unnumbered be the foe,
 No thought on fear or on defeat bestow,
 For conquest waits to crown thy cause, and thy successful
 might !

Rush, therefore, on amid the battle's rage,
 Where fierce contending kings engage,
 And powerless lay thy proud opponents low !

O lovely warrior ! Form of grace,
 Be not dismayed !

Friend of the Bards ! think on thy valiant race
 O thou whom none in vain implore ;

Whose soul by fear was never swayed,
 Now let the battle round thy ensigns roar !

Wide the vengeful ruin spread !
 Heap the groaning field with dead !
 Furious be thy guiding sword,
 Death with every stroke descend !
 Thou to whose fame earth can no match afford ;
 That fame which shall through time as through the world
 extend !

Shower thy might upon the foe !
 Lay their pride, in Gabhra, low !
 Thine be the sway of this contested field !
 To thee for aid the Fianna fly ;
 On that brave arm thy country's hopes rely,
 From every foe thy native land to shield.

Aspect of beauty ! pride of praise !
 Summit of heroic fame !

O theme of Erin ! youth of matchless deeds !
 Think on thy wrongs ! now, now let vengeance raise

Thy valiant arm !—and let destruction flame,
 Till low beneath thy sword each chief of Ulster lies !

O prince of numerous hosts, and bounding steeds !

Raise thy red shield, with tenfold force endued !

Forsake not the famed path thy fathers have pursued,
 But let, with theirs, thy equal honours rise !

Hark !—Anguish groans !—the battle deeds
Before thy spear !—its flight is death !—
Now, o'er the heath,
The foe recedes !
And wide the hostile crimson flows !—
See how it dyes thy deathful blade !—
See, in dismay, each routed squadron flies !
Now !—now thy havoc thins the ranks of fight,
And scatters o'er the field thy foes !—
O still be thy increasing force displayed !
Slack not the noble ardour of thy might !
Pursue—pursue with death their flight !—
Rise, arm of Erin !—Rise !

—*Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

OUR OLDEN TONGUE.

From dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
Where clouds and shadows loom
Deep in the silence of the tall, grey mountain's
Primeval gloom,
Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding—
O ancient tongue !
With love and tears, and laughter softly sounding,
As wild birds' liquid song.
From winds and waters, in their choral mingling,
Thy honeyed words were born ;
From that strong pulse through nature's bosom tingling,
In Earth's first morn—
The quivering boughs, in forests green and olden,
With murmurs low,
Rang out such accents, beautiful and golden,
Beneath the dawn's white glow.

Around, in mighty characters unfolded,
Thy fame we yet discern ;
The ivied shrine, in grace and grandeur moulded,
The cromlech stern,
The tall, slim tower of aspect weird and hoary,
With dream and rann,
Full-crested in its lone and silent glory
Fronting the naked sun.

Thou bring'st bright visions, bardic strains enchanting,
Attuned in lordly halls ;
The clash of spears, the banners gaily flaunting
On palace walls.
White-bearded sages, warrior knights victorious—
A goodly throng—
In panoramic pomp of ages glorious,
Before us pass along.

O'er wide blue plains we see the red deer bounding,
In flickering light and sun ;
And on his track, with deep-toned bay resounding,
The wolf hound dun.
Old mountains dim, dark forest, rock and river,
Those days are o'er ;
But shades and echoes people ye for ever,
And shall, till time is o'er !

O tongue of all our greatness—all our sorrow—
Shalt thou, then, fail and fade ?
And leave the full hearts mute that ne'er can borrow
From stranger aid—
Fit utterance for those thoughts whose stormy clangour
Swells deep within
The memories of our love, and hate, and anger,
Which nought from us can win.



"EVA" OF "THE NATION."

Not so ! Thou hast not stemmed the floods of ages,
 Nor braved a conqueror's sway,
 Thou hast not writ upon the world's wide pages
 To pass away.
 Deep, deep thy root where never human power
 May reach to spoil,
 And soon in wealth of vernal leaf and flower
 Thou'lt deck the olden soil.

“EVA” OF “THE NATION.”

ráilte roim pádrais sáirséal.

Bíod gáir san sruaim i sclár na n-ruaó
 'N-a fláinte ó luadó go luad a téad.
 Scát na cuallaét' reát na tuaéa,
 Scát gac rtuairé ip uaim na n-éadé.
 Ráib géal buacac ároflaít sruagac
 Sáirceap ruaó go ruaimneac raop
 Sámgar rtuamóa áluinn uaral
 Pádrais ruairé ó éuan na réad.
 Séada roilbip' agus ppoctana fíona
 A mbponnaó go caoin ba éuibé dom' leoman
 Éibe élogadac oirdeapc doibinn
 Le lonnabrat roillreac ríoda 'r rroíll.
 Doirbeac líomta i gcozaó ná rtríocpaó
 As corcairt na scoimigéac tré gac gleo
 Ip gormgac gniomac éogartac óroiégeannar
 Óo éreapcairt a náimé i dtír na dtreon.
 Ár dtreon as tead ip géal le céadtaib
 Flait na féile ip féartac pionn
 Go lonnmar lannac leabair léigeannta
 Larmar léadmar éadac úr;
 Flór na bfeimic, pór na péiltean
 Pór na péic an Saereap rušac
 Scóip na cléipe ip ceol na héigre
 Spórt na mbéit ip rcléip na dtirp.

Iy trúpac taitneamhac meannmnae aepeac
 Seanamail gléigeal béapac bpeag
 lonnpac rabairneac cabarēac caomnac
 Capēannac dēapac paopda pām.
 Plúr na dtéinfeap crú na scpaopēac
 Rún na héigre iy péapla páil
 Dún na ndaonnaēt long na ndēapac
 Cúirt na céille 'r cpaob na ndām.

Dám iy dpaḡain ḡlic' bapamain biocain
 Calmcain paioite 'r milte dpeam,
 Fáide pēapacain ḡainne iy dpaioite
 Iy ḡapra ḡioide na dtiḡeapac dteann.
 Iy dāna dionmair bionnamair buideannmair
 Rābac mnnceac do bío ḡac am
 Ó páimis apír de dēapcaib a nḡuioe rin
 Áp mblāc coir taoioe i ḡeplē na ḡepann.

TAŌḡ MAC PÉADAIR IN SÚILLEADÁIN.

THE MAN WHO TROD ON SLEEPING GRASS.

In a field by Cahirconlish
 I stood on sleeping grass,
 No cry I made to Heaven
 From my dumb lips would pass.

Three days, three nights I slumbered,
 And till I woke again
 Those I have loved have sought me,
 And sorrowed all in vain.

My neighbours still upbraid me,
 And murmur as I pass,
 "There goes a man enchanted,
 He trod on fairy grass."

My little ones around me,
They claim my old caress,
I push them roughly from me
With hands that cannot bless.

My wife upon my shoulder
A bitter tear lets fall,
I turn away in anger
And love her not at all.

For like a man surrounded
In some sun-haunted lane,
By countless wings that follow
A grey and stinging chain.

Around my head for ever
I hear small voices speak
In tongues I cannot follow,
I know not what they seek.

I raise my hands to find them
When autumn winds go by,
And see between my fingers,
A broken summer fly.

I raise my hands to hold them
When winter days are near,
And clasp a falling snowflake
That breaks into a tear.

And ever follows laughter
That echoes through my heart,
From some delights forgotten
Where once I had a part.

What love comes, half-remembered
In half-forgotten bliss ?
Who lay upon my bosom,
And had no human kiss ?

Where is the land I loved in ?
 What music did I sing
 That left my ears enchanted
 Inside the fairy ring ?
 I see my neighbours shudder,
 And whisper as I pass :
 " Three nights the fairies stole him,
 He trod on sleeping grass."

DORA SIGERSON.
 (Mrs. Clement Shorter.)

A TEMPERANCE ORATION.

(Delivered at one of Fr. Mathew's great Temperance Meetings in Cork City.)

Yer reverence, ladies and gintlemen, de dickens a wan ov me knows how to make a speech at all ; so ye all must excuse me, if ye plaise ; but it would be a mane ting in me to be after denyin' de goodness of God ; and sure 'tis I was de boy dat see de two sides of de shillin'—de bad an' de good. I've nottin' to boasht of in de way of hoight ; an' doe I say it dat shouldn't say it, dere were few boys of my inches dat would bate me in hurley or futball—doe dat isn't neider here nor dere—but, small as I am, I could put a gallon of porter out o' sight wid de best of um ; an' as for whishkey, why, 'twas like mudder's milk to me—I'd lap id up as de cat laps crame. Of coorse, dere aren't people standin' in de middle of de road wid pints of porter in dere hands, sayin' " Good man, will you be pleased to drink a drop diss hot day, or diss cowl'd mornin' ?—for whedder 'tis hot or cowl'd 'tis all de same—one drinks to be cowl'd, an' anoder drinks to be hot—and 'tis moighty cowl'd 'tis in de end. No, yer reverence, an' ladies an' gintlemen, little ye gets for nottin' in diss wurruld—an' fait' 'tis myself had such a drute upon me, dat 'twas jest as if I swallowed a lime-burner's wig. I hadn't aise or pace so long as I wasn't turnin' de bottom of a pint or a naggin to de ceilin'—an' so long as I had a fardin' I melted it in drink Dere are many here dat knows

me, an' knows dat I was a good hand at airnin' money ; but if wan tink of nottin' but drinkin' de dickens a good 'twould be to him if he had de Bank of Ireland to call his own, an' de banker houldin on be de rapin-hook up in de moon, like Daniel O'Roorke. So you see, ladies, de poor wife soon hadn't a fardin' to bless herself wid, an' de childre, de craytures, often wint to bed cowl'd, an' me galavantin' an' gladiatorin' about de town, drinkin here an' drinkin' dere until wan ud tink I'd busht, savin' yer presence ; for de dickens a wan of me knows fare I put id all—I was like a punchin on two legs. Yer reverence, I'm puzzled entoirely to understand why wan doesn't take half nor quarter de tay dat wan does ov porter or punch ; but, if de tay we had here diss evenin' was punch, an' I in de ould times, 'tish't de taycup but de big jug dat id be my share diss blessed night. Well, of coorse, diss kind of ting couldn't go on widout bringin' me, an' de poor wife an' childre, to sup sorrow. I first drank my own clothes in de pawn—den I drank my wife's cloak off uv hur back—den I drank hur flannen pettycoat an' hur gound—den I drank de cups an' de saucers out uv de cubbard—den I drank de plates an' dishes off uv de dresser—den I drank de pot an' de kittle off uv de fire—den I drank de bedclothes from de bed, and de bed itself from under myself an' de wife—until, de Lord bless us ! dere wasn't a mortal haport dat wasn't turned into gallons uv porter, an' glasses uv whishkey, an' dandies uv punsh ! Well, what brought me to my sinses at last was de cowl'd flure, an' de empy stomach, an' de poor childre, cryin', "Daddy, daddy, daddy, we're hungry." I rimimber, de last night of my blaguardin', dere wasn't a bit to ate, or a sup to taisht, for de poor little tings ; an' I towld um to go to bed, an' to hould dere whisht, an' not bodder me.

"Daddy, daddy, we are hungry," says de biggisht fellow, "an' our mudder didn't ait a bit all day, an' she gave all she had to Katty and Billy."

"Daddy, daddy," ses de littlest of de boys—dat's Billy—"I can't go to shleep I'm so cowl'd."

"God forgive yer onnatcheral fauder"! ses I, "for 'tis he is de purty boy intoirely! wid his drinkin' an' his variations."

"Hould yer whisht," ses I, "an' I'll make ye comfortable; an' wid dat, savin yer presence, ladies, I takes me trousers—'tis no laffin' matter, I tell ye!—an' I goes over to de craytures, an' I sticks wan uv de childre in wan uv de legs, an' anoder of de childre in de oder leg, an' I buttons de waishtband around dere necks, an' I tells dem fur de life uv dem not to dare as much as sneeze for de rest of de night—an' dey didn't, poor childre. But be cockcrow in de mornin', Billy, who was a moighty airly burd, cries out: "Daddy, daddy!"

"What's de matter?" ses I.

"I want to get up, daddy," ses he.

"Well, get up, an' bad scan to you," ses I.

"I can't," ses de young shaver.

"Why can't you, ye cantankerous cur?" ses I.

"Me an' Tommy is in de breeches," ses he.

"Get out uv it," ses I.

"Daddy, we're buttoned up," ses de little fellow as smart as ye please.

So I got up an' unbuttoned de craytures; an' I ses to meself dat 'twas a burnin' shame dat de childre of a Christian, lave alone a haydin, should be buttoned up in breeches instead of lyin' in a dacent bed. So I slipped on de breeches on me own shanks, an' off I goes to his reverence, an' I takes de pledge, an' 'twas de crown-piece dat yer reverence, God bless you! slipped into de heel uv my físh dat set me up agin in de wurruld.

Ladies an' gintlemin, me story is towld, an' all I have to say is diss, dat I've losht de taste for whishkey an' porter, an' fur dandies uv punsh, too. An' dough I don't be standin' trates or takin' trates, still an' all, if a frind comes de way he's as welcome as de flowers of May, an' glory be to de Lord, an' tanks to his reverence, dere's a clane place to receive him, an' a good leg of mutton an' trimmins on de table, an' a céad míle fáilte into de bargain. Dat is what I calls de two sides uv de shillin'—de bad side an' de good.

SPEECH AGAINST THE ACT OF UNION
BY LORD PLUNKETT.

Sir, I make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am, in mind and body, and suffering, though you must be, under a similar pressure. This is a subject which must arouse the slumbering and almost re-animate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests, and for ever.

I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed: I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained; a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connexion. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No; we are informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connexion, and that, by the decrees of fate, Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

But, Sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future

stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your Constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude; on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

The freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given offence to gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctillious honour, and they will not endure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honourable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation; and I promised them on that occasion that, if the fancy for taking down words continued, I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert that, base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words? Do you dare me to the proof?

I had been induced to think that we had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenuus vultus ingenuique pudoris*, whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence, and yet I will be bold to say that during the viceroyalty of this

unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling—within these last six years, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the Castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words ?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honourable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favour of the freedom of their country. I see another honourable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as Commissioner of the Revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this ?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words ? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

The example of the Prime Minister of England, inimitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable ; but it must be admitted he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostacy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity ; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the

blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this.

.

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the Government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

I state doctrines which are not merely in the immutable laws of justice and truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our Constitution as settled at the era of the resolution, and I state the doctrine under which the House of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the King a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the Constitution knows the consequence; the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate, it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine must in the same breath arraign the Sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of five hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselfs you may extinguish, but Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined

in the sanctuary of the Constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the Constitution: it is above your power.

And, Sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and I should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this. They are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, Sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery re-ascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

Yet, Sir, I thank administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Catholic against the Protestant and the Protestant against the Catholic—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party

marbõna eoḡain ruaið ui nêill.

'S nac nainis i tteann earr anaoire ;
 tús rí fuat dá mac ba dílte,
 Ir tús rí fearc, dar leat, do dáoitib
 Nár dual ó neart ceart na críche.

Ír ní fuil fear dár áar do'n mhaoi reo,
D'fuil Éibhir, Éireamuinn, no Írghil,
Dá ddoire áit real dá vídean
Nár tréig rípe an méirídeac millteac.

ἢ ἢ ἐὰν δὲ καὶ τὸν ποῖν ἐδοκίμη,
 ἢ γὰρ ἀπὸ πλείονος γὰρ εἰσέλθῃ καὶ μαοιῶσθαι,
 ἢ γὰρ λέγει τοὺς ἐννεὰς ἐρίοντα
 καὶ πρῶτα πρὸς εἰρήνην τοὺς γνώμαρται.

Meara liom féin éas an traoirféir,
 Laoé féithead le'p méadad maoine;
 Rug géill ar éigin ó rígtiú,
 Eoghan Ua Néill, rin aen éhead daoine.

Uraoán Uóinne eo na Daoite,
 Maişre Suca ip Spuit na Maoite,
 Oisre aínra Teainnrao taoibhgil,
 Le'p mian na Saepanaig malluighe oibhrit.

Siolla map uan uair ar míne,
 A cúis céadpáda gan aon céim élaoine,
 A rcéim gan aon loct map Naoire,
 A méin náir éagraíait le Maoire.

Siolla dár dual buadhait do rcaoiléad
 'S a dtabhait anuair ar éantais tíre:
 De deapcaib a éasa ip é dó cím-re
 Go bhfuil na Saedil, mo léan! fá daoipre.

Ip go bhfuil na Sapanaig neartmar 'ran tír reo,
 Ip naé maipeann neac de élanais Míleao
 Naé fuil ar lár ar rcac na críche
 Acet iarmar ip Dia dá gcoimheadet.

Cheada dor téad go léir an tí rin,—
 Do cuir do bair gac ráir-fuil i n-irle:
 A n-eac a n-ór a rról a ríoda
 A gcuirm a gceol ip a n-ól ríona.

I nlnrib fáil do dailpeari caoine,
 Soillpíó mná 'ra otlátfuile rcaoilte,
 Ip beir fá léan na céadta laoiéra
 Ip beir Tonn Rúigí i bpúicín éioiróub.

Uuan 'r gan rcup guil na gaoite,
 Treaba na gcuac go luac raoitir;
 Laet na mbuair do éuair i noirce,
 An ríod 'r an reor 'n-a úeoir gur críonnasó

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines on the tragic death of the Rev. James Kelly, Rector of St. Agnes' Church, Paterson, N.J., who, in a storm on the morning of the 17th December, 1908, was swept overboard from the Arabic, in crossing the Atlantic, to spend the Christmas with his friends in Sligo—by a former school companion).

I.

Oh ! cruel, murm'ring, hollow-sounding sea !
How can'st thou dare to lift thy chafing wave,
And sobbing low, in feinted sympathy,
Presume to chant a dirge around his grave,
 Who plucked from out my bleeding breast,
 And stole upon thy stormy crest
 The jewel of my soul.

Couldst thou not vent upon the rocks and shore
That potent power, whose kindled rage can make
The heavens re-echo to its angry roar,
And the solid earth's eternal basis shake,
 And leave to me my cherished friend
 Whom heaven in kindness deigned to send
 As my solace and my guide ?

The thousand lordly ships that reefless roam
Neglected and unmanned along thy lonely plain,
Or that weltering struggle thro' thy splashing foam
May in thy cold, and drenching grasp remain
 —With the cities of a world gone by,
 The scenes and halls of revelry
 Thy waves triumphant hide.

But, why my life of all it prized despoil?
 Why quench the light that lit my dreary ways?
 Why wreck the work o' years of ardent toil,
 And blight the hopes that cheered my lonely days?
 By an act of ruthless sport for thee,
 But fraught with life-long grief for me,
 Bereavement and despair.

Together were we reared, together grew,
 By similar tastes attracted and allied;
 And like two apples gilt with rosy hue
 We grew, the one into the other's side;
 But thy rude hand hath made us part,
 And my riven and forlorn heart
 Droops bleeding from the wound.

As even now, o'er Herod's jealous slaughter,
 Poor Rachel weeps, and will not be consoled,
 So my grieving heart heaves, moaning like thy water
 And will never rest—till thou his shroud unfold,
 And bending o'er his watery bier,
 I pour the soothing tribute of a tear
 On his cold and silent brow.

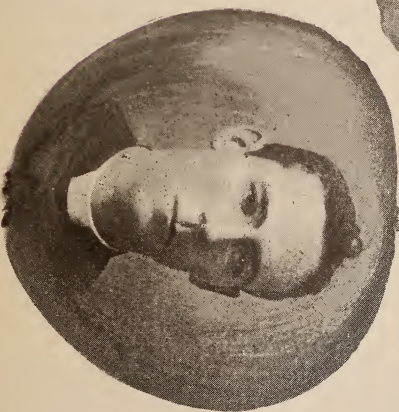
II.

All day within my aching heart it seems,
 As if the hope, he lives, should conquer in a strife;
 And at night he wanders thro' my feverish dreams,
 In all the forms I knew him during life—
 Now as a youth, now as a boy
 Redolent of hope and joy,
 Now in his manhood's prime.

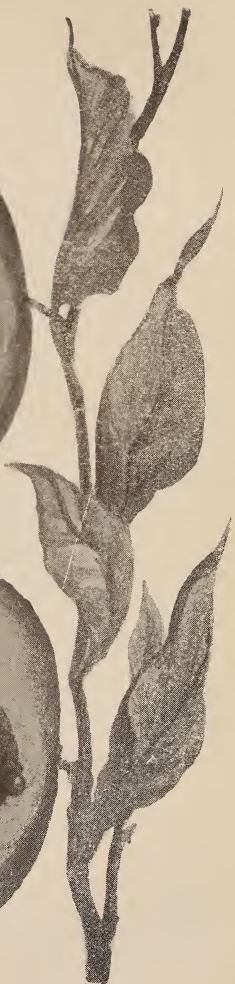
Again I see his blithe and jaunty air,
 Swinging his satchel on his way to school;
 His ruddy face and raven curling hair,
 Bathed in the Autumn breezes fresh and cool,
 As from Fort-Hill's brow his kite he soars,
 Or on Lough Gill he plies his oars,
 Or meets the flying ball.



REV. JAMES KELLY.



REV. DR. HURLEY.



Then by two lowly, far-divided hills,
In Columbia's land, and Erin's sainted isle,
We feed two flocks, 'long liliated meads and rills,
Waiting and watching till pass'd that "little while,"
Our Master Shepherd we should see,
Who from all care should set us free,
And take us to Himself.

Anon, I see him pace the trembling deck,
Washed now and then by thy white seething foam ;
Of thy dread intent how little does he reckon,
As his wingèd thoughts are fixed on those at home,
Who, gazing on their wintry fire,
Count the lonely hours expire,
Till he'll bless them with his sight !

In a moment of Cimmerian darkness, caught
Quite unawares, the noble Arabic is right
On her beam-ends, by thy wanton wildness brought ;
And when she rises, hears with sadness and affright
Thy sportive breakers laugh and shout,
Dandling him in their arms about,
As they bear her Trust away.

Awhile upon thy crested wave he rides,
And stretches forth his helpless arms for aid ;
Then slowly down thy yielding slope he glides
Into a fretting, seething watery glade ;
A moment to and fro is tossed,
And then, alas ! is quickly lost
To my tear bedimmèd eyes.

But soon, afar, methinks I see him rise,
Calmly reclining on thy rolling billow ;
Drowsy death hath quenched the lustre in his eyes
And laid him nerveless on his watery pillow ;
Then softly is he drawn into thy deep,
And rocked into a wakeless sleep
Within thy cold embrace.

III.

Ah ! the day comes aye when the silver chord is broke,
When the golden fillet shrinks upon the brow,
When the pitcher at the fountain's crushed by hazard stroke,
And the dust returns to its mother earth below ;
 When the Spirit loosed ascends above,
 Borne on the wings of ardent love,
 To the God who gave her life.

The hope was mine that when our day was done
We arm in arm should slowly journey home ;
And gazing calmly on the setting sun
Oft wistful speak of the Empyrean Dome,
 Whence issues that celestial light
 Which ne'er shall be obscured by night
 Or setting know no more.

But now before the noontide of our day
Behold thee summoned sudden from my side ;
And I (if Heaven decrees that I should stay
To guard and watch my flock till eventide)
 When my evening star's pale glimmering light
 Shall warn me of the approach of night,
 Must grope alone my way,

TIMOTHY HURLEY, D.D.

HENRY GRATTAN AGAINST THE UNION.

May 26th, 1800.

I ask whether the attempt to pack the Irish Parliament, as was notoriously practised in '89 and '90 by the then minister of the crown in Ireland, might not have sunk the credit of British government ? I ask whether the profligate avowal of that profligate practice by a profligate minister of the crown

might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask not whether the introduction of the question of Parliamentary Reform could have sunk the credit of British government; but I do ask whether the introduction of the apostasy from that question might not have helped to sink the credit of British government? I ask whether the introduction of the Catholic question in Great Britain in '92; whether the opposition given to the Catholic franchise by the Irish Government in '92; whether the assent given to the petition for that franchise by the English Ministry in '93; whether the abuse and Billingsgate accompanying that assent, and uttered by the Irish Ministry at that time; whether the adoption of the pretensions of the Catholics by the English Ministry at the close of '94; whether the rejection of these pretensions, and the recall of a Lord Lieutenant, because, with the Ministry's knowledge and acquiescence he honoured those pretensions; whether the selection of persons for distinguished trust, who had distinguished themselves by a perpetual abuse of the Irish, and who were notoriously hostile, and who since have acknowledged their hostility by a conspiracy against the Parliamentary constitution of their country; I ask, I say, whether such conduct, so incoherent, so irritating, so violent, so temporising, so corrupt, might not have very much aided the efforts of France in sinking the character of British government? I ask those questions, and I do say, if ever the causes of the late rebellion shall be dispassionately discussed, the great, originating, and fundamental cause will be found in the aversion of His Majesty's ministry to the independency of the Irish Parliament, and their efforts to subvert the same.

We follow the Minister. In defence of his plan of Union, he tells us the number of Irish representatives in the British Parliament is of little consequence. This doctrine is new, namely, that between two nations the comparative influence is of no moment. According to this it would be of no moment what should be the number of the British Parliament. No,

says the Minister ; the alteration is to be limited to the Irish Parliament ; the number and fabric of the British is to remain entire, unaltered, and unalterable. What now becomes of the argument of mutual and reciprocal change ? Or what does the new argument avow, but what we maintained and the court denied, that the Union was, with respect to Ireland, a merger of her Parliament in the legislature of the other, without creating any material alteration therein, save as far as it advanced the influence of the crown, direct or indirect.

This union of Parliaments, this proscription of people, he follows by a declaration, wherein he misrepresents their sentiments as he had before traduced their reputation. After a calm and mature consideration the people have pronounced their judgment in favour of a Union ; of which assertion not a single syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact, and I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties, publicly convened, and to the other petitions of the other counties, numerously signed, and to those of the great towns and cities. To affirm that the judgment of a nation is erroneous may mortify, but to affirm that her judgment *against* is *for* ; to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *no* ; to affect to refer a great question to the people ; finding the sense of the people like that of the Parliament, against the question, to force the question ; to affirm the sense of the people to be *for* the question ; to affirm that the question is persisted in because the sense of the people is for it ; to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin and the ground for the Union ; to affirm that her Parliament, constitution, liberty, honour, property, are taken away by her own authority ; there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust, excited on this occasion by the British Minister, whether he speaks in gross and total ignorance of the truth, or in shameless and supreme contempt for it.

The Constitution may be *for a time* so lost ; the character of the country cannot be lost. The ministers of the crown will, or may perhaps at length find that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible ; liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country ; the cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty ; loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle ; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of the connection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty. Connection is a wise and a profound policy ; but connection without an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honour that should attend it ; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire ; but, without union of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonour, is conquest—not identification.

Yet I do not give up the country : I see her in a swoon ; but she is not dead : though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

“ Thou art not conquered ; beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.”

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light barque of his faith with every new breath of wind : I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.

AN GLAISÍN.

D'íolfaid, d'ar Eodáil mo líon rtaic 'r mo rtorca,
 I' ní élaoidreaid le gnoctaid nár éatigear,
 I' d'ingfeaid im' póca ríor píora cum óla,
 I' líonfaid de rtorieadct i' d'airtib.
 Scaoilfaid im' rcorinais 'n-a líon-puit san teora
 Fíon asur beoir asur brianadais,
 I' a éoride, nac é 'n rporc é má bím-re ar bóitrib
 Dom rtraoileaid mar gorta ar fuir laetage.
 Nuair téidim go tís an tábairne i' glaothaim ar éart
 I' éaraid bionn táin díob as teadct ríor:
 I' éigean le dáradct ná réabaim mo cána
 Nuair pléaraim an clár i' mé as feadgail.
 Bionn raotar an báir ortá, "Pray do you call, sir,"
 Ní féadaim san gáire fá 'n-ealaóain,
 I' tréan tís an máisirtir go réirteadct im' d'ail-ré,
 I' réim tís im' látar i' beannuigear.
 I' rraoemair le cinnreal do glaothaim buidéal fíona,
 Mí'l réanaid go dtigean rúo i' gloine;
 I' craoibac 'r i' rcaoilteadct 'r i' raobrac do líonaim,
 Gac réibe 'ca díogaim go gpinneall.
 Bionn éanlaic 'n-a líonpuit ar éaol-bearraib rínte,
 Dá ngléar dom cum bíd asur curtarid,
 Dá féadain cia díob ran do réirteadct lem' innninn.
 I' cia béarfaid dom píora de'n éurta.
 Nuair téidim go tís ortá bionn píobairide gleoid 'gail
 As pinnceadct 'r as fósmaid as partuigim:
 I' cinnreal gac nóimeat dá innrint le mórtar
 Go ndíolpáinn dá n-ólpáinn mo énaigín.
 Sin críoc ar mo rceol duit go mbíonn as mnaoi an ortá
 Mo búrte mo broma 'r mo éarpín
 'S, a éoride, nac é 'n rporc é nuair rcaoilteann rí an róo mé,
 San tuinnite ar mo díom adct mé im' glaisín.

SEÁN UA TUAMA.

THE HORSEMAN OF DUNKRONE.

“ Rise up ! rise up ! O'Brennan Ruad, as quickly as you may,
Or else you lie in fetters bound before the break of day ;
Rise up ! rise up ! the red coats now are marching from Athy,
And the Captain of the bloody horde has sworn that you must
die.”

He leaped unto the window, but the warning voice was gone ;
His hand upon his carbine laid, his garments hurried on :
He kissed his sleeping mother's brow, and hastened out with
speed,

And soon was riding o'er the plain upon his gallant steed.

“ On, on, brave horse ! your mission now is life or death to me
To-night to bid a long farewell my true love I must see.
To-morrow ! then, ye Saxon dogs ! come seize me if ye dare !
My faith ! but ye shall rue the day ye marched into Kildare ! ”

He rode away, he rode away, o'er grassy bawn and moor,
And ne'er checked rein until he stood before his true love's
door ;

A gentle tap and whisper, and the door was opened wide,
And Brigid Bán O'Heffernan was clinging to his side.

Oh ! tremblingly she listened to the tale he had to tell,
And on his brave and manly heart her tears in torrents fell ;
He thought to soothe the heavy grief—but all his words were
vain,

For he felt, himself, the shadow of a coming cloud of pain.

“ They've tracked me now, a cúirte ! they are thirsting for
my life,

But to-morrow I shall meet them breast to breast in deadly
strife,

And the eagle on the battle-field will pick a dainty fare
In the fat and pampered tyrants of the county of Kildare.

“ And won't your eyes flash brightly when our conq'ring
bands are seen

With their weapons all a-shining, and old Erin's flag of green !

Then hush ! and dry those tears away—'tis time that we
should part"—

He flung his arms around her, and he pressed her to his heart.

There's a tramping and a clanking—'tis the march of the
dragoon—

And a score of helmets gleaming in the full blaze of the moon ;
" They're here ! they're here ! quick, darling, quick ! you're
lost if you are seen ! "

A leap into the saddle, and he sweeps across the green.

He rode away, he rode away, and gallantly his steed
Showed the mettle which is ever found the true man's friend
at need ;

O'er field and ditch and road and stream, o'er bog and sluggish
fen,

Till he gained the guarded trysting of the brave United Men.

What a shout of manly greeting met the weary rider there,
As he leaped into the centre of the heroes of Kildare !

" The chase was hot to-night, my boys—the quarry's still
at bay ;

But the bloodhounds on another track will curse the rising
day."

II.

The morning sun was peeping softly through the dawning
cloud,

And its rays were flowing brightly on a dark and massy crowd ;

It fell upon a forest of bright pikes in warlike sheen,

That were glinting on the hill-top 'neath the flag of gold and
green.

And up the dewy heather bands of men were marching on,
All pouring like a thousand streams to where that banner
shone,

And riding here and riding there, with hanging bridle rein,
Frieze-coated horsemen guarded all the road to the plain.

Anon, a group with laughter hoarse were sharpening their blades

And others tying in their hats the flashing green cockades ;
But one among that multitude stood silently alone :

'Twas Patrick RUADÓ O'Brennan, the young horseman of Dunrone.

" O'Brennan ! "—'twas his kinsman spoke, O'Ryan, stout and true—

" No time it is for thinking when there's heavy work to do.
'Twas my voice that gave you warning of the wily Saxon foe,
And now I bear you tidings it is well that you should know.

" Last night I lay in ambush, and saw a sight that well
Might raise the deepest envy of the demons down in hell ;
Boy ! listen till your heart's blood boils and blazes with
revenge—

You've a mother and a brother and a sweetheart to avenge.

" Your mother and your brother in the burning thatch were
flung,

And by her glossy yellow hair your Brigid ÓG was hung ;
Your name was last upon her lips, when, through her torn vest,
The sword of cursed Captain Gore was sheathed in her breast.

" God ! have *I* not the same sight seen—the same red woes
withstood!—

When I found my hearthstone clotted with my murdered
parents' blood ?

When I found my wife and children swinging naked on a tree,"
But the listener's face was whiter than the snow upon the lea.

And for a moment seemed he just as if the life were fled,
And his eyes glared in their sockets with the cold stare of
the dead ;

The bridle fell down from his grasp—he gave a hearty groan—
Then again his frame grew steady and as silent as a stone.

He flung himself upon the sod, he looked up in the air—
A cross from out his bosom drew, now heaving broad and bare ;
A tear fell on the holy sign—his comrade's hand he took—
“ Sleeps she in holy earth ? ” he cried, with stern, unbending
look.

“ Yes, yes—at dawning of the light I placed her in her grave,
Beside the old brown Abbey wall o'erlooking Barrow's wave.”

“ Thank God !—and now, my murdered kin, my outraged,
butchered love,

I swear to have red blood for blood, by Him who reigns above.

“ I swear to hunt your murderers by night and open day
Until their blood smokes in the air as thick as ocean spray.”
He kissed the cross, then backed his horse, his carbine slinging
free :

“ For vengeance and old Ireland ! true hearts, now follow
me.”

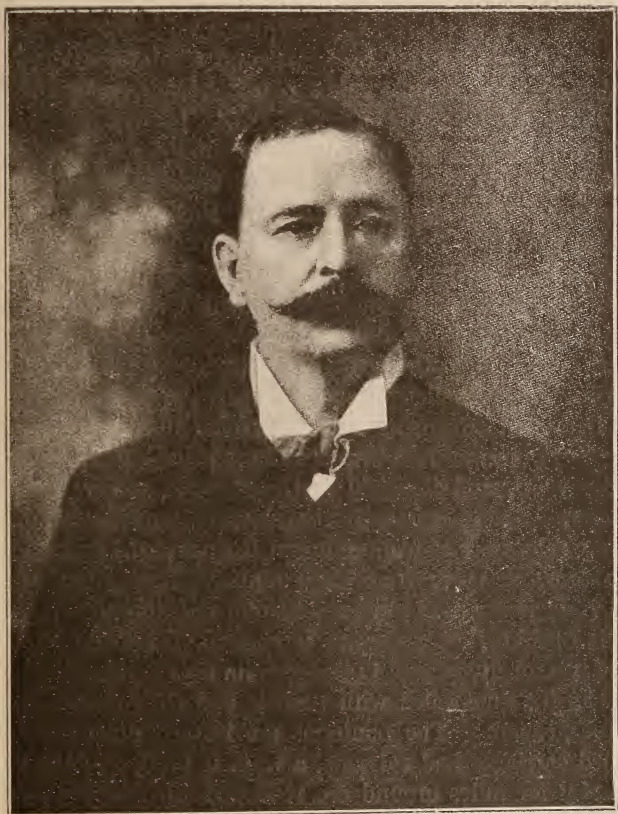
J. KEEGAN CASEY.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

I crossed the Thomond Bridge to the Clare side of the river, and located as well as I could the encampment of Sarsfield's cavalry on that memorable Sunday evening in the August of 1690. I laid my bicycle against a wall, and leaning against the doorway of a roofless cabin, I called back the past into the present. It is one of the privileges of rambling. There are 38,000 English, Dutch, and Anglo-Irish besiegers on the southern bank of the river, and they are confident of a speedy victory. Dutch William himself arrived at Caherconlish yesterday and spent the day marking out positions for his siege artillery. There is a leaden war-cloud over Limerick, and it appears to be only a question of hours when the storm will burst upon the beleaguered city and sweep its resistance away. There are scarcely 10,000 men to guard the defences,

and a great part of the war stores, arms and ammunition has been carted off to Galway by those carpet soldiers—Tyrconnell and Lauzun—who left the Irish lines confident that the walls could be battered down “with roasted apples.” But Sarsfield and Berwick and De Boisseleau have decided to remain and defend the city, and the citizens—to their undying glory—have decided to stand by them, come what may. Even now they are out in their numbers—men and women of every rank and age, with their children, helping De Boisseleau’s engineers to strengthen the defences. But there is a siege train coming to the English from Dublin, with guns strong enough to lay the city in ruins, and, worse than all, there is a pontoon bridge coming which, if placed in position, will allow William’s forces to cross the Shannon and take the city in the rere. Guns, caissons, bridges, and stores are all together in the hills to the southward marching steadily to join the besiegers.

It is of this that Sarsfield has been thinking all day and all yesterday, consulting with De Boisseleau, consulting with a few of his officers, consulting also with a certain Rapparee leader who has ridden in from the mountains, keeping his thoughts to himself mostly, this noble Sarsfield, but planning and preparing one of the most effective and splendid cavalry raids recorded in history. He has given certain orders now, and five hundred chosen riders are standing, bridle in hand, awaiting the word to mount. It is dark and late when the Chief swings himself on horseback and sends his commands quietly down the line. There is no bugle call, no roll of drum, no hoarsely shouted order flung from mouth to mouth by the squadron leaders. A half-whispered phrase in Irish—for Sarsfield and his troopers are Irish speakers—a low thunder of hoofs, and then, as silently as may be, they take themselves off into the darkness. They ford the Shannon at Ballvelly, and the dawn of Monday morning finds them on the march through Tipperary. Beside the General rides a guide whose fame is to “go down to posterity.” He is



Yours sincerely
William Sulphur

the daring Rapparee horseman, known as "Gallop-
ing O'Hogan," who has the secret of every ravine in the Silver-
mines and every glen of the Keepers, who knows every ford
and τόξαρι and βοιτρίν by heart, and who will conduct the
Irish horsemen into the midst of the English convoy before
a hoof-stroke is heard and before a blow is struck.

Silently as possible out of the mountain passes, where a
halt had been made to reconnoitre, silently as possible
over the plains, quietly, steadily, surely, by wood and
stream and hill, through the soft darkness, the dauntless
cavalcade is riding into history. The watchword of the
English was learned hours ago, as the darkness fell. By
a strange coincidence it is Sarsfield. At three o'clock on
Tuesday morning the great deed is done. The drowsy
English sentry challenges and demands the countersign from
the horsemen advancing over the picket line. It comes in
a ringing voice, and accompanied by a sabre cut. "Sarsfield
is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!" Five hundred
chargers leap in amongst the sleepers, and five hundred
thirsty sabres are at work amongst the panic-stricken soldiery
who come hurrying from their tents. Through the camp
and back again, and once more from end to end sweep the
riders of Limerick, and that is enough. The gunners are
cut down, or flying, and the siege-train is at Sarsfield's mercy.
He has the guns filled with powder and their snouts buried
in the ground. The pontoons are heaped upon the over-
turned carriages and caissons, a train is fired, and the earth
and sky for miles around are reddened with the flash with
which the mass goes upward in scrap iron. The thunder of
the explosion bellowed into the English trenches before
Limerick and brought William from his slumbers. Too late.
The sentry reports that just now the sky was ablaze like the
noonday; and William knows that the big guns and bridges,
and his tons of powder and ball have been scooped up and
destroyed. Five hundred men were despatched from
William's camp last night to join the convoy, for some rumour

that Sarsfield was abroad had been brought in. Two more bodies of horse are now sent forth to cut off the Irish cavalry on its return gallop. But the Rapparees are scouting along the hills, and O'Hogan himself is still with the squadron of the victors. There are joyous cheers along the Shannon when evening comes, for all Limerick is out to welcome the heroes. The Irish guns beyond the river fronting the English batteries give tongue in a salute, and the very echo in the staunch old city is roused by the cannonade and the cheering as the troopers from Ballyneety come trotting in.

It was a glorious raid. What would you not have given to take part in it !

WILLIAM BULFIN.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL ON REPEAL OF THE UNION.

(From his Speech in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Ireland, in the course of the Trial of O'Connell.)

I will not dwell, Mr. Sheriff, on the miseries of my country ; I am disgusted with the wretchedness the Union has produced, and I do not dare to trust myself with the contemplation of the accumulation of sorrow that must overwhelm the land if the Union be not repealed. . . . That Union, Sir, was a violation of our national and inherent rights : a flagrant injustice. The representatives whom we had elected for the short period of eight years had no authority to dispose of their country for ever. It cannot be pretended that any direct or express authority to that effect was given to them, and the nature of their delegation excludes all idea of their having any such by implication. They were the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good ; not its masters to traffic and dispose of it at their fantasy or for their profit. I deny that the nation itself had a right to barter its independence, or to commit political suicide ; but when

our servants destroyed our existence as a nation, they added to the baseness of assassination all the guilt of high treason. The reasoning upon which those opinions are founded is sufficiently obvious. They require no sanction from the authority of any name ; neither do I pretend to give them any weight by declaring them to be conscientiously my own ; but if you want authority to induce the conviction that the Union had injustice for its principle, and a crime for its basis, I appeal to that of the present Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, who in his place in the Irish Parliament pledged his character as a lawyer and a statesman that the Union must be a violation of every moral principle, and that it was a mere question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force. I also appeal to the opinions of the late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. George Ponsonby ; of the present Solicitor-General, Mr. Bushe, and of that splendid lawyer, Mr. Plunkett. The Union was, therefore, a manifest injustice ; and it continues to be unjust even at this day ; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously stated that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence. You may smile at the supposition, but in sober sadness you must be convinced that we daily suffer injustice ; that every succeeding day only adds another sin to the catalogue of British vice ; and that if the Union continues it will only make the crime hereditary and injustice perpetual.

We have been robbed, my countrymen, most foully robbed, of our birthright, of our independence ; may it not be permitted us mournfully to ask how this consummation of evil was perfected. For it was not in any disastrous battle that our liberties were struck down ; no foreign invader had despoiled the land ; we have not forfeited our country by any crimes ; neither did we lose it by any domestic insurrection. No, the rebellion was completely put down before the Union was accomplished ; the Irish militia and the Irish yeomanry had put it down. How, then, have we become enslaved ?

Alas ! England, that ought to have been to us a sister and a friend . . . England, for whom we had fought and bled—England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect—England, at a period when, out of the 100,000 seamen in her service, 70,000 were Irish, England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us of the precious gem of our liberty ; she stole from us “ that which in nought enriched her, and left us poor indeed.” Reflect then, my friends, on the means employed to effect this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that everything was put to sale—nothing profane or sacred was omitted in the Union mart. Offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God were all profaned and polluted as the reward of Union services. By a vote in favour of the Union ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion ; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to her utmost limits before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of Parliamentary success—they are within the daily routine of official management ; neither will I direct your attention to the recollection of that avowed fact, which is now part of history, that the rebellion itself was fomented and encouraged in order to facilitate the Union. Even the rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause—the real cause of the Union lay deeper, but it is quite obvious—it is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate amongst themselves, by telling us off, and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions ; they separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterian from both ; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and invented new pretexts of rancour ; but, above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other, and they continued

to repeat their assertions until we came to believe them ; they succeeded in creating all the madness of party and religious distinctions, and whilst we were lost in the stupor of insanity they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted.

Such, then, were the means by which the Union was effectuated. It has stripped us of commerce and wealth—it has degraded us, and deprived us not only of our station as a nation, but even of the name of our country—we are governed by foreigners—foreigners make our laws—for were the hundred members who nominally represent Ireland in what is called the Imperial Parliament—were they really our representatives, what influence could they, although unbought and unanimous, have over the combined English and Scotch members ? . . . No, Mr. Sheriff, we are not represented ; we have no effectual share in the legislation ; the thing is a mere mockery. Neither is the Imperial Parliament competent to legislate for us ; it is too unwieldy a machine to legislate for England alone ; but with respect to Ireland it has all the additional inconveniences that arise from want of interest and total ignorance. . . . It is useless to detain you longer in detailing the miseries that the Union has produced, or in pointing out the necessity that exists for its repeal. I have never yet met any man who did not deplore this fatal measure which has despoiled his country ; nor do I believe there is a single individual in the island who could be found even to pretend approbation of that measure. I would be glad to see the face of the man, or rather of the beast, who could dare to say he thought the Union wise or good—for the being who could say so must be devoid of all the feelings that distinguish humanity.

CAITRÉIM PÁDRAIG SÁIRSÉAL.

[Dáibhí uá bhuaioim eor, don iarlá luacan .i. an Sáirféalaí, an uair
 do éirí ré an muais ar Gallaiú agur do méab ré an éanóin móir do bí
 acá dá éabhairt ó baile áta cliaí do gabáil luimniú; i mbaile an
 páirtis i gcionas luimniú do rinnead an gníomh ro le'ir fóirnead
 móran o'uairibh saeóeal. A.D. 1690.]

A ní na cruinne do rin íre ír saé nio uirte acá deanta
 fuarcail fóola a guair an gleo ro ír fuair a fóirne i
 ngráó a céile

Ó éuair ríre i n-uacáó oirde ír san luac uibe a háir-
 gréarab

Creadrao féin je cantain réad ar ríangaiú raora ríair-
 éigre.

Ní cúir airtir ór liom reasá na bponn reasam o'ráit-
 réasain

'S an énú togaím a élú o'porcailt ní fiú an obair fáil-
 céadrao

An té cuillear do-géad a ionad i ngréar ríle ír fearr
 réite

'S an té naé múrciam ní hé a ionloc ír méan liom i saé
 o'éileam.

Fál brear n-anbpann o'ráir dáir n-anacal mál ír caiteile
 cáir-béarac

Taorac trípac laomda lonn-gairt laocda lúctmar láin-
 tréitead

Urra éróda bpuctmar beoada cuillear deoraio fá géillead
 An t-iarla ó luacan, Dia dá éumadé, triac ír ionda láim-
 éacda.

Lá dáir éionóil áirrio nolóint lán dá nglan-río bfair-
 géasac

Níó naé carmail go mbí ar reasamal a scrúinn-cairte ag
 fáit-éleiréib

Amail tug-ran ceapad an éunnair ar na opongaiú dáin-
 géara

Do tagailt ionlac aítme ír ionmair le haíair luimniú
 o'áir-céarad.

An tan do tiompais peapra an bhunra neart a éirip ir a
áinneire

Timéioll inll Inpe Sionna ir Muinnis uile fá méata
Níor fás búmba ná báo úma ná bán-bonn dá bpráir-
gréirib

I mBaile an Faoitig san a rcaitead mar gat comnte i noáit
rpéire.

Do fúit naé claoifead clú na rcpibe fúisfead fillte i
bpáiréarab

Tuairim aithe ar uair na faille fuair an reabac rlam-
éactac

Sé céad fogmar míle ir noad doir naé onna táit-éiréact
Biaona an Coimhe o'fíad ran Doine pian, ir a inrinn
naé éirip.

NATURE STUDY.

Let me tell you how I met a great deal of the Springtime upon an upland road of Leix the other day. It came heralded by the beating of cans and pans and kettles, and cries of "Get before them! run quicker!" The tumult which smote the drowsy silence through which I was cycling at the time came nearer, and presently several persons of both sexes scrambled over a wall led by a swarm of bees on the wing.

"Stop them!" someone shouted to me, and in a neighbourly spirit I dismounted. I waved my hat and threshed the air with my arms for some moments in vain. It is not an easy matter to bring about a change all at once in the plans of travelling bees. That swarm was drifting westwards towards Connacht or America, or Hy Brasil, and was too intent on its own affairs to notice me.

"Ah, why don't you shout at them?" said the elder member of the pursuers, who was evidently the woman of the house when at home and accustomed to call people to account. "Run on, the whole of you," she continued,

between quickly drawn breaths, as she came to a halt near my bicycle. "Here, Nora, take this kettle from me. I'm done up. Put another stone in it, a *chwisle*, and rattle it well. Run for your life now, and don't let them out of your sight."

With undiminished clangour the hunt rolled onward, keeping to the road for about a hundred yards, after which it swerved over a wall and tailed out diagonally over the fields into the distance.

"Fine swarm, ma'am," I ventured, as I prepared to start again on my interrupted journey.

"Oh, 'deed an' it is!" she said, "an' I'm afraid that sight or light of it I'll never see again."

I agreed with her secretly, but had not the moral courage to say so. I said instead, that, after all, the bees might not fly very far. She was unconsoled, and reverting to my ineffective intervention in the proceedings she remarked:

"Ah, if you only had the sense to give a good shout at them it might have stopped them. But sure I suppose that isn't the right thing to say, and in any case I am thankful to you."

I endeavoured to explain to her that according to scientific newspaper writers and other experts of the present day it is a useless waste of energy to shout, or rattle stones in a kettle, or fire shots, or make any other kind of din for the purpose of bringing down a flight of swarmed bees. I told her that such methods were unscientific. She seated herself on a flag by the road side and held science up to scorn.

"What do those fellows in the papers know about bees anyway?" she demanded.

"They have studied bees, of course," I said.

"Hah!" she exclaimed. "I suppose that's more of what they call nature study!" and she laughed in large contempt.

I began to see that it did not lie with me to bridge over the gulf which yawned between her views regarding bees and the

views of the experts, so I resolved to leave her to her fate. At the same time I thought it right to say a word in a general way in favour of scientific research.

"You see, ma'am," I began suavely, "it is this way: when I spoke of men studying bees, I meant that they watched the bees closely, you understand?"

"Oh, 'deed, an' I do," she said.

"Watched them closely," I continued; "watched all that they did; watched their life habits, their ——"

"Oh, that's the real ding dong," she broke in, laughing.

"I beg your pardon," I remarked politely, but frigidly.

"No, I beg yours," she replied. "No offence meant. But watchin' life habits, as you call them, is nature study all over. Sure they have it up at the school. Didn't you hear about it?"

I shook my head, and prepared to go. There didn't appear to be any good in prolonging the interview.

"Well," she went on, after a hurried look in the direction of the vanished bee hunt, "I'll tell it to you."

"If it is anything about cats, ma'am," I interposed, "don't trouble, please, for I've heard about them." I was alluding to a certain story* that was told to me some two and a half years ago, and has followed me across the world and back, and been haunting me ever since.

"No, then," she said reassuringly, "it isn't about cats. It's about frogs—that's what it is."

She was evidently prejudiced and unsympathetic, but this is what she told me, condensed into as few words as possible. The children of the neighbourhood, her Rosy and Johnny among them, were encouraged to take up nature study, and under the auspices of the mistress at the school they got a shovelful of frog spawn and put it into a jar, a glass jar; and they also acquired some caterpillars and put them to lodge in a tin. The jar in due course became alive with little

* See "Cats at School," page 285.

frogs the size of pincini, and the caterpillars went on eating cabbage leaves and waiting for more. Rosy and Johnny took the jar out into the bawn the other evening to have a session of nature study, and in the middle of it one of the neighbour's children came that way with the tidings that he had found a rabbit's nest, so away the three of them went on new research work, and while they were gone Nansheen kept vigil at the frog jar. Nansheen is a duck, a kind of pet, and wise and mischievous, and a thief. This wise, mischievous and dishonest duck was described as waddling and genuflecting all round the jar for a minute, looking at it sideways and saying things to herself about it. The mother of Rosy and Johnny was wetting the tea at the moment, and could only look on. Or perhaps she could have intervened, but did not choose to do so, not being sympathetic to nature study on general principles. In any case Nansheen went into a course of nature study on her own account, and was textually described to me as standing on her tippy toes and putting her bill into the mouth of the jar. She took out a few of the object lessons and swallowed them, and promptly went back for more. She was excited by this time, and in her pursuit of additional knowledge capsized the jar and spilled the whole frog colony out on the bawn. She did not run away or become frightened. She merely quack-quacked in a greedy, gluttonous tone of voice, and went on studying nature at first hand. When Rosy and Johnny came back there was what was described as *melia murther*. Nansheen was sitting by the overthrown jar scarcely able to move, loaded up with nature study to the neck, gorged with frogs, saving your presence. And the hens had been with the caterpillars, and massacred everyone of them. And that is what they called following the life habits of things, or nature study. And furthermore—it was a queer world.

I shocked the mother of Rosy and Johnny by telling her that her children were on the road to a wisdom older than

her own, and that the schoolmistress was working in the right direction.

"May be you're an inspector?" she queried.

"No, nor even one of the scholars," I said; "but I can tell you this:—Long ago, long before our grandparents were born, long and long before the old castles were built, the people of Ireland had no necessity to go to school to learn about nature, for they lived close to it in very truth—knew all the birds and bird calls, and every living thing on the earth, and in the water and on the wing."

"And what good did it do them?"

"It made them wise and happy—so wise and happy that learned people in every land are now admiring the things they did and said."

After that we spoke of schools and teaching and of the future before boys and girls. It was the old story—the old argument between the civilisation that is based upon greed and the civilisation that was based upon the wisdom of the elder world. She said at length that maybe all I had told her might be true, but that only God could judge; after which she turned to search the distance for tidings of the bee-hunters. I left her unconvinced, but no longer contemptuous. And thinking over it all, as I cycled down the hills, I was glad there had been *melia murther* when Rosy and Johnny found that their jar had met with disaster. It seemed to tell of a kindled enthusiasm about the things near their daily lives.

My hand to every school teacher in Ireland who is trying to interest Irish children in their own country, in its language and story, in its field and river and wood life—in everything which will turn their thoughts towards her and enlist in her service the brightness of their intelligence and the riches of their love.

CHE BUONO.

THE SONG OF ROISIN DUBH.

Oh, raise the song of Roisin Dubh—the song she fain would
hear,
The song for Irish bard to sing, high-swelling, fierce and
clear ;
The song to make her pulses leap and make her sad eyes
blaze,
And kindle on her cheek anew the glow of other days,
And throne upon her lip the smile of pride and joy
serene
To greet the men who break her chains and lead her forth a
queen.

Sing oh ! the song of effort high,
Of valour and of truth,
Of sun-blaze in the morning sky,
Of self-renewing youth.

No tuneful wail of plaintive lute, no pleading note of love,
No shepherd's reed for Roisin now, no voice of cooing dove :
The war-pipe shrieking on the gale from hostings far and
near,
The slogan pealing on the hills were sweeter to her ear.
A strain of rugged, manly might were meeter to her
need,
A strain to foster manly strength in thought and word and
deed.

Sing oh ! the note of ringing strife—
The tocsin of the free.
Sing oh ! to save a nation's life
In battles still to be.

The foe whose mailed hand smote her mouth in rage of baffled
 lust,
 Whose heel has crushed her snowy neck so long against the
 dust,
 Whose sword and scourge have splashed her blood the crawling
 ages o'er,
 Who robbed her of her queenly rights, her gems and golden
 store,
 Would woo her now with honeyed guile and gilded beggar's
 dole,
 And steal the honour from her heart and bargain for her soul.

Sing oh ! the serpent in her path,
 In words to scorch and burn,
 Sing oh ! the song of scornful wrath
 The tempter's bribe to spurn.

Oh ! raise the song of Roisin Dubh in Roisin's ancient
 tongue
 Till all have caught its ringing strains, the aged and the
 young ;
 Till liar sleek and canting fraud are banished from her
 sight,
 Till every traitor knave is robed in shame as black as
 night,
 Till fiery hope has reached her clans o'er all the oceans
 wide
 And brought them thronging to her call and ranged them by
 her side.

Sing oh ! her faith in banded Right,
 And oh ! the die to cast,
 Sing triumph in the future fight,
 Her greatest AND HER LAST.

CÓMHAIRLE MHAÍT DO'N DUINE ÓG.

A leimh atá i dtúir do fáogail,
 Mo tseagarc go cruinn beir leat
 An té dá dtáinig a éiall le haoir
 Cuir-re gac níos 'n-a céad.

Ná ranncais páróte bhoir',
 Ná an tpeam n-a mbíó aca,
 Sul a dtiocfaid an iomad de d'aoir
 Bíod aithe ar éiríort astat.

Ná cais do fáogail díomhaoin,
 I n-á leis an trlige ear ceal
 Óir an trlat an uair éiríodann rí
 I n-deocair a rníomh 'n-a stat.

Is óige orcail do mearbair
 I n-bailis an fogluim leat,
 Óir an glór naé tuigeanann an ceann
 I n-cuma é ann no ar.

Beróir mar a cleáctair ar dtúir
 No mar a beró fogluim leat,
 Pé glór do tuigfir go cruinn
 San labhair le Rís na bfeairt.

An glór naé fuintear le haoir
 I n-naé goire do'n éiríde ná an cab
 Ní'l ran aet ag imteáct le haoir
 Mar imteigear ó'n ngeadair beas rceam.

Bailis glan-eólar go cruinn,
 I n-cuimnis gac níos 'n-a ceairt:
 An glór a bogann an éiríde
 I n-é aitheann le Rís na bfeairt.

FATHER TOM BURKE

ON THE

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Delivered in Boston, September 22nd, 1872.

Men of Ireland—men of Irish blood—men of Irish race, I, an Irish priest, am come here to speak to you of the genius and the character of the Irish people. I am come to speak to you of the history of our nation and our honourable race. I am not ashamed of the history of my country. I say, taking all for all, that it is the grandest country and the most glorious race to which the genius of history can bear record. There are two elements that constitute the character and the genius of every people. These two elements are the religion of the people and their government. I need not tell you that, of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon any man, or upon any nation, the most powerful is the influence of their religion. If that religion be from God it will make a God-like people. If that religion be from Heaven, it will make a heavenly people. If that religion be noble, it will make a noble people. Side by side with their religion comes the form or system of government under which they live. If that government be just and fair, mild and beneficent, it will make a noble people. If that government be the government of the people—governing themselves as glorious America does to-day—it will make every man in the land a lover of his government, a lover of the country, and a lover of the institutions under which he lives. But if that government be a foreign government—the government of a foreign race—it will make an alienated people. If that government be an unjust and tyrannical government, it will make a rebellious and revolutionary people. . . .

What is the first grand feature of the Irish genius and the Irish character? It is this: that, having once received

the Catholic faith from St. Patrick, Ireland has clung to it with a fidelity surpassing all other peoples. . . . They struggled for that faith during three hundred years against all the power of the North—unconquered and unconquerable—when the Danes endeavoured to wrest from Ireland her Christian faith, and to force her back into the darkness of Pagan infidelity. They have struggled for that faith during three hundred years of English tyranny and English penal law. They have suffered for that faith loss of property, loss of friends, loss of nationality, loss of life. But Ireland, glorious Ireland, has never relinquished the faith which she received—and she is as Catholic to-day as in the day when she bowed her virgin head before St. Patrick to receive from him the regenerating waters of baptism. This, I say, is the first beautiful light in the character and genius of the people of Ireland. . . .

The next great point in the genius and character of the Irish people is the bravery and valour and courage that have been tried upon a thousand fields; and, glory to you, O Ireland! Irish courage has never been found wanting; never! They fought for a thousand years on their own soil. The cause was a good one; the fortune of the cause was bad. They were defeated and overpowered upon a hundred, yea, a thousand fields; but never—from the day on which Ireland's sword sprang from its scabbard to meet the first marauding Dane, down to the day that the last Irish soldier perished on Vinegar Hill—never has Ireland been dishonoured or defeated by the cowardice of her children. Why? Whence comes this light of our people? I answer that it comes from this; that Ireland, as a nation, and Irishmen, as a people, have never yet drawn the sword in a bad, a treacherous, or a dishonourable cause. We have fought on a thousand fields, at home and abroad; we have been, from time to time, obliged to shed our blood in a cause with which we had no sympathy; but Irishmen have never freely drawn the sword, except in the sacred cause of God, of the altar

of God, and of sacred liberty—the best inheritance of man. Search the annals of the military history of Ireland. Did we fall back before the Dane, when for three centuries—three hundred years—he poured in army upon army on Irish soil? . . . Did we ever give up the contest, or sheath the sword, or say the cause was lost? Never! England yielded, and admitted the Dane as a conqueror. France yielded, and admitted the Dane as a ruler and a king amongst her people. But Ireland never—never for one instant yielded; and upon that magnificent Good Friday morning at Clontarf, she drew the sword with united hand, swept the Dane into his own sea, and rid her soil of him for ever. Ah, my friends, Irishmen, for three hundred years, were fighting in the cause of their God, of their religion, and of their national liberty.

Then came the invasion of the English. For four hundred years our people fought an unsuccessful fight; and divided as they were, broken into a thousand factions, how could they succeed when success is promised only to union as a preliminary and a necessary condition? They failed in defending and asserting the nationality of Ireland. At the end of four hundred years, England declared that the war was no longer against Ireland's nationality, but against Ireland's Catholic religion. And England declared that the Irish people must consent, not only to be slaves, but to be Protestant slaves. Once more the sword of Ireland came forth from its scabbard; and this time in the hands of the nation. We have fought for three hundred years; and only a few years ago, after the experience of all that long and bitter struggle, the Government and people of England were obliged to acknowledge that the people of Ireland were too strong for them. They were conquerors on the question of religion; and Gladstone declared that the Protestant Church was no longer the Church of Ireland. Whence came this light—this magnificent glory that sheds itself over the character and the genius of my people? I see an Irishman to-day in the streets of an American city; I see him a poor honest

labourer ; I see him, perhaps, clothed in rags ; I see him, perhaps, with a little too much drink in, and forgetful of himself ; but, wherever I see a true Irishman, down upon my very knees I go to him, as the representative of a race that never yet knew how to fly from a foe, or to show their backs to an enemy.

I WALKED THROUGH BALLINDERRY.

I walked through Ballinderry in the Spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broad-cast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil !

I sat by Ballyshannon in the Summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep.
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving
onward
To the calm clear streams above,
So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love.

I stood on Derrybawn in the Autumn,
And I heard the eagle call
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,

O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie,
And I said, as he screamed and soared :
So callest thou, oh, wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored !

And, alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see ;
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, " Thy will be done "—
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of the noble son !

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seedtime,
In the fresh track of danger's plough !
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou art thyself but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore !
Thou will leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more ;
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still ;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill ;

Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,
 (God avert that horrid day, I pray !)
 That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
 Thy warm hand should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
 That He will not suffer those right hands
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
 To draw opposing brands.
 Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
 Would lie cold and silent then :
 And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
 Mourn the loss of her young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride and promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindliness, in justice
 To make Erin a nation yet.
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance, free and strong—
 And if God grant this, then, under God to Thomas Davis,
 Let the greater praise belong.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SEANTUINE AG CEAGASC A MÍC.

Ar maidin tuic a macaoinn óis
 Iar oteagarc ar an Tríonóir
 Ionnnail go cáir, gab go slan,
 San rail ro' láim do leabair.

Féac gac lín go slinn slúic,

Dein meabruḡaó go minic :

Ceirṫ beaḡ ip meabair ḡéar ḡlan,

Δ leanaiḃ, féac gac focaí.

Beit aḡ féacáin cáic ná cleaóṫ,

Tabair aipe doo' aen-aeaóṫ ;

Taircṫó í ó cúí do éinn,

Bí léi dá émar é an éomláinn.

Dá déime í ná ḡéill tó,

Ná rṫaó éoróce go ḡcuipir

ḡac rocair caom le céile

Comfocaí dá aimpéroe.

Ar muir móir an léiginn lám

Bí ro' loingreoir máit, a macáin,

Má'r áil leat ro' fáro eagna

Í noáil éata comfneasra.

Do'n eagna lán ip dá fíor

An tan ḡeobair tu do'oiréior

Beoḡ gac flait ró éior ro' ceairṫ

Beoḡ í nḡac leit do' labairṫ.

Ibroḡ gac lá lán-deoó de

Éobair na heagna uairle ;

Má buoḡ fearḃ ro' beól a blar

Buoḡ fearḃ óí aḡur doibnear.

THE NUNS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

What is a nun? What induces ladies to leave the world and enter convents? Of what class and character are they who choose such life? Are they the old whose lives have become soured by disappointment? No; they are not. They chose their strange life in the bloom of girlhood while the world's promises were beckoning them on and the future was shedding its bright light on their hearts like the sunshine that silvers the rippling waters. Are they the poor, against whom the doors of society are shut and on which the world frowns with repulsive coldness? Not at all. In every age and clime there is to be found on the conventual muster roll the most aristocratic names in every land. Royal maidens have left the palace for the cloistral quiet of the convent home. The daughter of Louis XV. laid aside her royal robes and donned the coarse, plain habit of the Carmelites, and to-day the sister of England's leading lord—the Duke of Norfolk—is a nun in one of England's convents. It is not want of youth or of the world's wealth or of social status that has led women to convents. Is it want of nature's wealth? Have they buried themselves in the tomb of cloistral silence because nature refused them nature's choicest dower to woman—beauty? The foundress of the Mercy Order, Catherine MacAulay, was lavishly endowed with wealth and accomplishments, and as lavishly endowed with beauty, and the famous Nano Nagle, another Irish lady, left the ball-room of Louis XV. for the hovels of the poor and shut her ears to the blandishments of courtiers that she might listen with sympathy to the moans of the destitute. Is it want of intellectual endowments which forces these women to fly from life's problem to the simple routine of convent life? I might give a long answer, but a short one will suffice. Think of St. Teresa, of St. Catherine of Sienna, and again of her whom we may yet be privileged to call St. Catherine MacAulay. These are only a few of the vast multitude of names that might be cited in proof of nuns' intellectual attainments. Is it timidity, then, that has driven them in terror from the noise of a turbulent world to the solitude of walled silence? Well, when one meets nuns for the first time and with slight acquaintance of their characters one might think so. Their modest, downcast look, their shrinking from public notice, their utter aversion to and absolute

abhorrence of anything like evoking admiration, these things might suggest the thought that they with bird-like instinct fled to the forest solitude of cloistral silence where the sound that oftenest breaks upon their ears is the gentle music of a sister's song. But when one knows more intimately the nature of their lives; when he sees them instructing the abandoned ignorant in the schools and feeding the hungry at the convent gates, and nursing the poor in the slum attic, and smoothing the pillow for the aching head, and dressing the festering wounds in the hospital ward, and with the eloquence of woman's heart pleading with the hardened wretch, and with saddened brow and tear-stained cheek listening to the blasphemies of the godless afflicted, and staunching the wounds of the dying on the battle field, and moistening the parched lips while the bullets are falling around them and the shells exploding above their heads, then one realises that these strange women are not fear-affrighted by life's alarms nor panic stricken by life's terrors, but that they are in reality heroines. All honour to the world's heroines, no matter to what clime, or class, or creed they belong. A short time ago the Press recalled the name of Florence Nightingale, and chanted again the grand song of her heroism. Far be it from me to deaden the music of that song or to seek to hush even one note in that sweet melody. That brave Protestant lady—the heroine of Crimea—has richly merited the laurel-crown and admiration which her compatriots and the world have accorded her; but who except God's recording angel can count the host of women—brave as Florence Nightingale—and as unselfish, who to-day are wearing the garb of Christ's spouses in every land under heaven. If these women, then, are endowed with youth and beauty and wealth and intellect and courage, why have they to all appearance stolen their gifts from mankind and buried them in the catacombs of cloistral darkness? Some of the old Jews believed that Jehovah plunged the sun twice daily into water lest its light might be too dazzling and its heat too great. Is it some ridiculous reason such as this that has influenced these women's lives? Is it because they thought that their endowments were too scorchingly brilliant that they hid them behind a veil? Did they fear that the magnetism of their gifts would deflect the guiding compass of human lives and lead men to the quicksands of spiritual ruin? or are they really with all their rich dower devoid of a woman's

crowning gift—a heart that can love? Are these nuns Christian Dianas, female monsters, the fairest amongst the things that God created only that He forgot to put a heart in them? No; the nuns of our Church are the choicest ornaments of their sex. They are the fairest flowers in God's earthly garden. There is no virtue that befits a true woman wanting in them, and as a woman's grand power to love is her richest endowment, so the woman's love that fills the heart of a nun is her greatest and grandest gift. Oh, how little understood is a nun's heart. The world thinks that it is chilled and unresponsive, that purity has made it cold as snow, but they forget that as the hand chafed in the snow grows warm so woman's heart, enmantled in the white, fleecy garment of divine chastity becomes a flaming fire which consumes the greatest talent of the most gifted soul. A nun's heart cold! Why, it is a living volcano of love. There is no heart so consumed with the fires of love as hers is, only her love is purified from earthly dross like the filtered waters that have been cleaned from their muddy impurities. Do you know the real secret of a nun's life; the sun that lights up her path and bathes her soul with light and makes her earthly life an earthly heaven? It is her love, her woman's love for Jesus. As a member of the Catholic Church she is united to Christ as the branch is to the vine; but between her Saviour and her there is, if I might so say, a closer and more romantic bond. Christ, who is her Saviour and her God, is, at the same time, her Spouse—espoused to her in a virginal, spiritual marriage. She adores Him as her God, she pays Him homage as her Redeemer, but her woman's heart, with woman's daring, blends with those feelings of worship and of reverence her woman's love for Him as her spouse. Her heart is not dead to love. Oh, no; rather, on the contrary, her heart is surcharged with true love, and that love is too great to find adequate repletion in any human life, and she offers it to Him who, though God, is intensely human, but who, because He is God, is more than supremely worthy of such a precious possession. A nun is a classic of her sex. In her heart woman's greatest power of love is completed and idealised, for in her woman's love reaches its grandest climax of noble unselfishness and sublime aspiration. Think of it. To cheerfully give her heart's love to Christ and to spurn all earthly lovers as undeserving of such a gift. Oh, what a height of daring ambition and

what depth of lavish sacrifice is there ! Strange is her life, indeed, but when properly understood how romantic ! In earthly marriages a halo of special happiness surrounds the honeymoon days. The newly united lovers seem to walk on rose-strewn paths through a fragrant world lighted by a specially brilliant sun. But though peace and joy outlive novelty, the roses fade and the fragrance dies away, and the sun becomes dim and the dreams are dispelled, and the harsh realities of every-day life rise up again around them, and all is almost as it was before. The new song of life grows fainter, though it dies not, and the harsh call of duty grows louder, and the poetry begins to sound afar off, and the monotonous voice of every-day needs comes nearer. Such is the epitomised history of worldly marriages, but such is not the history of the spiritual marriage of the nun with Christ. Her whole life is one long honeymoon. The glamour that surrounds her spiritual betrothal with the King of the virgins lives till death. The sun of her soul's morning is never clouded for long. As day ushereth in day that sun grows brighter and its beams shed greater radiance. The beauty of her Spouse is unfathomable, for His perfections are infinite. Faith and love give daily increasing light to her eyes, and as the days and years pass on the infinite beauty of her Spouse becomes more manifest to her. The revelation quickens her love and opens up new depths of love and sacrifice in her soul, and from mount to mount of seraphic ardour she ascends until her last love-fraught look to Christ from earth merges into her first eternal face-to-face gaze at Him in heaven.

Some worldly-minded ladies shudder at the dull monotony of a nun's life. How frightful such a life, how prison-like, how unnatural, they think. Just imagine it as they do. Never a word about society topics, never a thought about the latest fashions in dress, never a wish to captivate, never a desire to be talked about and admired, never an ambition to stand in the world's limelight, and to smile back in response to the admiring looks of adoring courtiers. No "at homes," no thrilling concerts, where the heart's desires are spoken in music's language, no reserve seats in the full-dress circle to witness life's dramas photographed, no dreamy waltzes, no motor drives through scenes draped in nature's loveliness and with the music of compliments singing in their ears, only the silent convent and the echoing cloister, and the gloomy church, with its dim, religious light, and the hard couch, and

the bare cold cell, whose chief ornament is the crucifix, and the company of ragged children and pale-faced orphans and weeping women and starving men and tear-eyed poverty and blear-eyed wretchedness and blind-eyed callousness, and gaping wounds and agonising moans, and expiring gasps and death. From such a sight society ladies turn in horror, and before such scenes, even strong men grow faint, but at their alarm the gentle nun smiles with the smile of pity and of peace. She sees these scenes in a different light from the world's light, and under that light they become attractive. She looks at them through the splendour of the Precious Blood, in them she sees opportunities of furthering the interests of her Lord and Spouse, and so, indifferent to their repulsiveness, she plunges into them with a glad and ardent heart. For her there is no happiness in the world except where her Spouse's name can be declared and His goodness told of, no misery except where His love is excommunicated. The things the absence of which in her life make the giddy society ladies but shudder are to her empty and vain and transient. The light of their happiness is chiefly artificial, but hers comes from the uncreated sun, and as its white light passes through the prism of her pure soul it is refracted into a rainbow of loveliness where every hue is a heavenly messenger that tells of the inexhaustible, all-embracing, never-fading splendour of Christ. Their happiness is only the noise in the darkness that helps to silence the terrors of ghost-affrighted souls. Hers is the earnest voice speaking calmly in the daylight and whispering to her with gentle yet omnipotent assurance. It is: Fear not. My peace I leave you, My peace I give you. Ah, yes these nuns have looked behind the rent veil, and have gazed at the new Holy of Holies. They have seen Jesus in His Sacramental home, and have dedicated to Him their pure heart's undivided love, and have devoted to Him their gifts and their lives, and up to Him in heaven rises the odour of their sacrifice more savoury than the incense which rose from Noe's altar after the angry, sin-cleansing waters of the deluge had returned to the sea. These nuns grudge not their sisters in the world the world's hollow joys, for Christ has espoused them, and in Him they live and move and have their being. No thought except what appertains to His greatness dwells in their souls, no ambition except the furtherance of His glory is cherished by their hearts. Remember, they seek not a monopoly of His love. Their hearts rejoice if He smiles

on others. They understand Him, they have realised that His heart's wishes reached out to all mankind, and with unflagging, heroic devotion they struggle to satisfy these longings. Their lives are centred in Him. Their waking thoughts are of Him. Their morning steps are towards Him in His Sacramental home. Around the altar they kneel while He is offered up in mystic sacrifice. Then comes the daily reward. Jesus comes to them, and heart to heart they speak with each other. They conceal nothing from Him. They lay bare before Him their heart's innermost secrets. They tell Him of yesterday and of to-day, of what they have done for Him and what they wish to do, how much they love Him and how earnestly they wish to love Him more. And He—He rewards them with the smile of approval and of love, and as a token of His thanks He daily lights anew in their hearts from the flames of His own Sacred Heart's longing the lamp of their faith and hope and love.

Then they retire for their daily duties, where each seeks opportunities to show her love for her Spouse and to accomplish fresh conquests for Him, but as they go the heart of each is a living tabernacle where Jesus is enthroned. Varied are the scenes of their daily lives, for multifarious are the interests of Jesus. You will find them in the silent church before the Blessed Sacrament, like the Cherubim that overshadowed the Mercy Seat in the ancient Holy of Holies. You will find them amongst the children like angels that open young eyes to the light of heaven. You will see them amongst the waifs and strays of our towns and cities, writing with gentle hands on the blank tablets of their minds the story of the holiness of God and the kindliness of Jesus, and the motherliness of Mary. In the highways and the bye-ways of the world, in every clime, you will meet them dispelling with woman's zeal the darkness of materialism, and clothing the dry bones of selfishness with the living vesture of supernatural faith, and breathing into the new man the spirit of Christ. Wherever sin and sin's offspring—sorrow and suffering—assert themselves, there you will find our nuns, and their presence is always like light in a dark place, like warmth in a frozen cell. No novelist has ever created from fancy a heroine with so romantic a life as theirs. It has been said, and truly, that religion is the sublimest form of poetry, and surely the sweetest lines in life's grandest poem are those which tell of the nuns of the Catholic Church.

THOMAS P. F. GALLAGHER.

AN DUINE BOCT UASAL D'IARRAÍO DÉIRCE.

Go mbeannuighro Dia agus Muire agus pádraig, Rí an Domhnaigh, mná na gceannaisghe, agus dá ceann Corcaige duit, a inínean an deaḡaḡar le toḡa máḡar, mian nár cáinead i dtiḡ an tábairne; agus go mbuḡ buan a mairir-re i reilb na háite!

Cionnup tá tú, a níḡ-bean áluinn? Dar na mionna taoi go maíḡ mar ba dḡal agus ba dḡḡḡar duit a beir. Cionnup tá Diarmuid agus an clann? Táro go bpiḡḡmar teann, agus maíḡ ó Dia i n-a gceann.

Á reatḡ, a bean maíḡ an tiḡe ir a púin ḡil mo éporḡe, aḡ ro cam-ḡuairḡ, cuiread ḡan iarrarḡ, fadḡa go dtáinig, éadḡan meirḡeac, riubal go deirḡeannaḡ, dalta na duibḡe, agus cúl le háḡ do táinig doo' féacaint le nuairḡcḡala, ir, má'r áil le Dia é, ir maíḡ an t-ionad do féim é. Ir maíḡ ceana! A málḡ na míne,

Óir ir tú riol na rairḡe,
De mairḡḡluag an piona,
Ir de maíḡḡ na tíre;
Agus bearrar uait ó éporḡe é le deḡintinn.

Fo ceann Dia ḡan oirḡeḡ na déirce reo de rpiḡḡrḡ rḡairḡteac, de éag daoine, ná bualaḡ bor, ná rile porc, ná líonaḡ láirḡḡe, ná mḡḡ teine ḡan tear aḡḡan, ná biaḡ oḡarḡa ná toḡḡmaḡa, ná crḡḡar d'imḡeacḡ ort féim ná ar don duine ir duine duit ó noḡḡ go bliadḡan ó noḡḡ, ná anoḡḡ féim, agus dein an déarḡ

Ar an bpiḡḡḡe boḡḡ
ḡan ḡarrḡa ḡan ḡort,
ḡan rḡac ar a éorp,
Ná fḡr pḡora a noḡḡ
I n-a póca beag anoḡḡ!

Dá bḡar aḡar bár lá cruarḡ fuar earrairḡ, agus dár bátaḡ a máḡar i dtor mḡr aittinn, míle milleḡn molaḡ agus ḡlóirḡ agus onḡir agus burḡeacḡar le Dia, *Deo Gratias!*

Mac do Caitríona de Náir agus do Séán boḡḡ Ua Murḡarḡa ó Tobar Ríḡ an Domhnaigh agus ó béal Cḡoirḡ fḡinne mire,

mar a ngeabair mé na hoét nglanturair déas go diaða ar éiríde mo dá deáirnan agus ar rcađán mo dá glán ríor ar Spáir na mbioplánac i briaonaire an Ađar Seán Tóibín, ar éairtlár íorrláirge iriđ; agus bíod ré ré briađair anma mo éime, agus cuir mómac an t-aon éroćaire amám cruad ruad leirpmigne as iunice ríor ar uplár do póicin. Ó 'rú déim, agus go roirbigró Dia dúit, ir go n-eirgró grían ort, ir go mbađ reamair geal a raćar biađ dúit !

Ná gair leatrcéal liom anoir, ná bíod an t-eiteac ađam le rađáil uait, a dáita do máćar, agus a ríor ađat réim gurab olc an earrad an briađ, ar an adđar go lobann rí an riacail, go mbriađann rí an anál, agus go mbeireann rí an t-anam boét léi ríor go ríir-íóćtar irpmnn dá rianađ an fair verđear Dia as caiteam na glóire. Dá briađ rin, a ingean óđ, tuir réim a liaćt rcriob ó đur, rnaróm ó éloic, agus maorad gėar rcallóirac do cuirear-ra điom as teacć t'iarrair na déirce reo ort-ra mar ná tabarrá dom i—

Agus do bėarrai ceana,
ir ní hé amám le hanam do ćarad
Aćá le cian i rcalam !

aćt cuimnir réim an uair a verđear an brieć dá brieć, agus an t-anam dá meadćan as Miceál Naomća Ároaingcal, agus na éirre reara rícead i n-a rearam ar đóirrib irpmnn, agus crúcairde móra cama agus úirđ móra gaban i lámair gac nouine aca. Uć ! mo léan ! dearc leat-ra mo beannaćt-ra do beir ađat an uair úo ro' ruarcalt ruar go flaitėar mór na naom. Dá briađ rin, réac go taireac rruairgméileac ar an nouine uaral boćt as feiteam ar do grára.

An gclóireann tu leat mé, a bean na coire míne gan rreac ?

Crióć marť agus cion ort,
Agus luirge tar éir mic ort,
Agus eirge briore ort !

dá iarrair ar Dia gan leand trearna ná eara buripte ionac, agus eirir ro' rearam—ir nári řađad tú trearcalr— agus tabair cuđam rri cúro cáire, dá cúro arám, ruplaidh martrfeola pórt, upćar de ríora rri rcallinge, reic cruit-

neac̃ta, céad ime agus clõc ol̃na; agus r̃caoil uait cum
riubail mé lá gearr̃ gheim̃r̃o, i n-ainn Dé.

Féac̃ ro, a bean an tige; Peacar̃oe r̃il ád̃aim ar m'anam
muna ngeobar̃o mé na cúis gl̃antur̃air tim̃ceall na gcúis
ñgl̃an-alc̃ómac̃ atá i gcill Ćruad̃ trí reac̃tm̃aine ó'n gcéad̃aoime
reo cúg̃ainn, ead̃on, má tá ré i ñóán dom go dt̃ab̃ar̃f̃ad̃o
m'as̃ar̃o roir̃ ó dear ar b̃aile búir̃ne na móir̃ com̃ac̃ta, agus

Eir̃is̃ ro' fear̃am,
A m̃aig̃oean m̃aireac̃,

agus cuir uait an déar̃c d̃aonnaac̃tac̃ i moic̃eir̃ige an luam,
i ñoiãd̃naige an ts̃ac̃air̃in, i gear̃aor na col̃na agus i n-ainm̃éin
na b̃reac̃ac̃ roim̃ bualãd̃ na n-úr̃o ir̃ r̃er̃éac̃ad̃ na ñoiãd̃al
as com̃t̃ur̃g̃ain an d̃aer̃-r̃eac̃aig̃ go mall̃uig̃te dian d̃ána
d̃or̃uig̃e.

A beiñin bañam̃ail de'n p̃ór d̃ac̃am̃ail an uair̃ ná fuil
d̃úil as̃at an déar̃c ro do t̃ab̃air̃t uait go r̃onñm̃ar r̃caoil do
c̃ail̃in caom̃ cñear̃ta liom; agus r̃oc̃r̃óac̃ar̃o mé na reac̃t
m̃alar̃oe uir̃te d̃áir̃ab ainm̃ m̃ála an toill, m̃ála an tr̃linneam̃,
m̃ála an tiar̃p̃áin, an pioc̃air̃e an pac̃air̃e agus an m̃eal̃b̃óg̃
m̃ór̃, na reac̃t d̃teac̃t̃air̃oe, c̃óta c̃ait̃ir̃eac̃ d̃ac̃anñac̃
p̃reab̃ánac̃, agus fall̃aiñs f̃ad̃a mar̃ f̃éir̃ín; c̃rior̃ r̃cian
agus c̃ainñin go mbũd̃ d̃óig̃ léi go mbeãd̃ aig̃ead̃ c̃riore d̃á
buãlãd̃ i ñgac̃ baile mar̃g̃ar̃o ar fuir̃ na h̃éir̃eann.

Ir̃ é c̃ríoc̃ an r̃c̃éil ná fuair̃ mar̃ d̃éir̃c ac̃t cl̃ab̃air̃eac̃t
béil go ñoub̃air̃t ré léi:

A ċr̃ón-c̃aile d̃óro-r̃meair̃ta m̃ioñáir̃eac̃,
Ir̃ d̃óig̃ leat suir̃ c̃óir̃ d̃uit beir̃t béal-l̃áir̃oir̃;
Ní c̃óir̃, ir̃ d̃ar̃ ñóig̃, d̃á mb̃'éad̃áil liom,
Do g̃eob̃ainn oir̃t de d̃óir̃inib̃ go pl̃aor̃c̃ánta.

A c̃aile an toill uair̃t̃ne g̃ruam̃da g̃or̃ta
De r̃lioc̃t rácaim̃ agus cñáibe do c̃ar̃ad̃,
Muna r̃c̃uir̃r̃fir̃ deo' t̃eang̃ain go t̃apa
R̃úr̃c̃ar̃o mé do béal le bata.

Do bí tr̃iúr̃ ban, ba náir̃ mar̃ r̃c̃éal é,
As̃ gab̃áil d̃á r̃ál̃aib̃ im' m̃ára gan tr̃aoc̃ad̃
Do c̃uir̃ear̃ i ñóán a g̃c̃áil 'r̃ a d̃t̃r̃éite
Ir̃ mé boct̃ c̃r̃áir̃ote gan r̃ag̃áil ar̃ aon fuir̃o.

Ní monmum liom beagán teime luach-fuar,
 Ná lurcaire cailiḡe le ceirneam mór,
 Ná bean ós bhradae mionáiread,
 Ná bean tigiḡe san allur san náire.

Ní aic liom cam-floro cailiḡe camránae ar a crom-ruaḡar
 dá bfuil ríón cúmaḡe cam cíocrae ip béal diabluíde plaor-
 cánae: iomlán de fiaclaib bun-óbra barr-ḡearḡa roir a dá
 ḡrannad; mala clúmae, pur reamair mór-mannae! So
 ḡearḡa dá bfuil ip reade meara i 'ná mar bí a tuairpe.

Ní aic liom muc mná ná cmaobán ná cáḡ ríáíde caolrpáḡae
 i leabḡam. Ní aic liom ruíoin ruadalae raḡalae fáileogae,
 mór-cíocrae liobarnae plubarnae ríreacógae aḡ a mbead
 bun-ruḡe reamair, méaduil tanaíde lom aḡur toll ríogánae
 ḡorm.

Ní aic liom bean fionn éalaíreae éleae,
 Ná fóir bean ruad máilíreae meangae:
 Bíonn bean ruad mar éuae roir dá rcaire;
 Ir bean bán, dar mo láim, ní maíe a rún ná a reaire.
 Ir amla bíonn bean donn mar fóir i ḡcopán ḡeal
 Ir an bean dub bíonn mar éríónánae rean.

Do b'aic liom CAILÍN

Mín méneamail,
 Caoin céleamail,
 Óḡ aontamail,

Lán de réarún—

Cailín deḡbúíde deḡḡiḡe deḡmúnte,
 Suirḡeae rúḡae milir cúbarḡa.

Aḡur ÓḡÁNAE eaónáireae
 Éadálae ḡlúnláíoir,
 Séim-ráíreae mionn-álumn.

ḡlar-rúleae

Boḡ úrlae

Bíoir-ríónae caol-malaíḡeae,

Lúíeíreae maíe cor aḡur brannraíde breaḡ bráḡaro.

An DÍE rin a beíe pórtae aḡ a céile,
 An t-óḡánae ip an óḡbean éeáona.

O'Callaghan

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