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GILL'S IRISH RECITER

A SELECTION OF GEMS FROM IRELAND'S
MODERN LITERATURE

CHUASACHT SEÓD AS SCRÍBINNIÓ ÉIREANN

EDITED BY

J. J. O'KELLY

Author of SAOĀAR ĀR SEĀN I SCÉIN; BRIĀN BÓIRĪNE
BEACA ĀN AĀAR TIOBÓIO

FOURTH EDITION

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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

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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, *ἡγήσιον* ! 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 TADH ASUR 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 ASUR ZORTA* ” 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-ORMAR UOIRIB DUBI UTRAOÓAD,
AN UAIR DO RTMAC AN TART ZO LÉIRI RIB,
NÍ HÉ RMACOIN DUBI ZCPOIDE 'NBUI ZCLÉIB ÚEIR
CHE NA N-APPTAL AM ANBUIE A ÉRÉIZEAN.”

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 *FORMAR 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, *TADH 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 Dub 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 *airtín* 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, ΤΑΟΣ Ζαεθεαταδ Ο Σιιιτεαδαιι, 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 Τοιιιιιιιι Ο Ιοιιιιιιιι. 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, Τοιιιιιιιι Ρυαδ, Εοζαν Ρυαδ, 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, *Ḑḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ* *Meiröpe*, 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 *Ḑḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ* *Ruaḡḡ* *MacConmaḡḡḡ* 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, *νάρι όρτουζ Cρίορτ;*
17 βίοδ ύρι η-ατέουηζε έυη μαιηε μάταιη
έ πέηη 'ρ α ζάηροαιθε το λεαζαδ ρίορ.
 We'll fear no cannon, no "War's Alarms"
 While noble George will be our guide,—
Δ Cρίορτ, ζο ύπειρεαο αν ύμίοτο τά έάρηαδ
αζ αν μαε ρο αρ ράν υαιηη έαλλ 'ραν ύρμαιηηε.

Έαη ηα Σαηαηαίξ βόεηα ζυη αζ μοιαδ "Royal George"
 το υί Όνηέαδ. Νίοη έυηζεαοαρ ζυη έυζ ρέ α Νάη ηεηηδ
 Όια ζυηαδ αήηαιδ α ύεηδ! ι ηοιαηδ ζαέ αθαηηα δε'η
 ηΣλάηηε. Έυηζ ηα ηέηηεαηηαίξ ύρμζ αν ρέηη ι η-ηοηλάη
 αζυη υίοοαρ αρ ηα ηρμζέηδ, ηηδ νάη ύ'ιοηηαδ. Ό'έ Prince
 Charles Edward Stuart " Δη Μαε ρο αρ ράν υαιηη έαλλ 'ραν
 ύρμαιηηε."

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 Δηρτ υί Λαοζαιηε*" 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 *conactonn* ensuring a sequence throughout which could not otherwise be maintained or even obtained. *ῥεαδ!*

“*Ἐάριε* ἰ η-α εἰς βα ἡνιχ το βίοθ λε *ῥαζάιε*,
μιαρ δε'η ἡνι ιρ *cuio* δε'η ιμ 'να *λάμ*;
έσδαδ *cuip* το'η τέ το βίοθ 'να *ζάβδαθ*,
Spolla na *raille* ιρ *cuio* δε'η *uiz* το *b'ῥεαριμ*.

Το *b'ῥεαριμ* εὔ να α *lán* *aca* τὰ *ῥεαδαταρ* *φόρ*,
 Δ *ῥεαδαιζ* *άλυινη* το *τάιηιζ* ὁ *σίγερηρον* *μῶρι*;
 ἡ *μιαθ* *κάιμ* οἰτ ὅσ' *ἡάταιρ* *ο'ῖνι* *ἔοναλλαιζ* *έοιρ*
 Δ *μάβαιηε* *αν* *άταιρ* το *ῥμονηαθ* *αν* *τ-όρ*.

ὅρ *ζλαν* *ζο* *λεορ* *αμ* na *βοεταιθ* το *μιαρ*
ceann *τρηοιρ* ιρ *κόμαιοιλεοιρ* *αν* *ῥοβυιλ* *λεατ'ρ* *τιαρ*;
 ἡ *μιαθ* *ειρόιθ'*-*ῥεαρ* ὄ'η *ζκόρ* *ῖοιρ* *ζο* *Ἐαιηεαν* na *ζcλιαρ*,
ce *ζυμ* *μῶρι* το *βί* *beo* 'ca, na *λεηηαθ* το *μιαρ*.”

In *conactonn*, it will be noted, each stanza commences with the last word or words in the preceding stanza. Thus, *ῥανν* after *ῥανν*, 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 "*Αἰγνεαρ* *αν* *ῥεαδαἰζ* *τειρ* *αν* *μθάρ*" and humorous pieces like "*Ἐάιτ* *δε* *Ἐαρρηα* *αρ* *τωρζ* *Ἐείρce*." Light pieces, such as "*Ἐουαν* *αν* *Ἐλακάιν*," and

“Εαύτρια Σέαμουρ Ξίλαε,” are also popular, and the Βέαριτα βγυρτε, or the Βέαριτα βλαδωμανναδ, 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 αν μέρο ριν οέαριτα αζατ οομ. Όιρ ζο ηάιρεαμίαιε αζαμ, αζυρ ζλαν αρ μο ραδαραε ανοιρ.

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-οάν, prose pieces grave and gay, pieces suitable for Cómηράδ 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 fled 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, *μίσεάτ θρηεατναδ*, and many others. *Δρ θειρ τοε ζο παιθ α η-αναμνα ζο λέιρ!*

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. *Σεαθ μοταδ τε τοια* 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."

SEÁN UA CEALLAIGH.

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 Buaicéilín Buirde, and τὰὸς Ó Donncaḃa. Mr. Seumas MacManus also readily consented to the inclusion of "Brian Boy Magee," from the pen of "Ethna Carbery," ar ḃeir ḃé go 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 oirlead ir amháin irteac 'ran leabhar gan cead ḃ'fásáil, mar ir gḃáḃ, uacá ro gur leo íad. Má tá níḃḃe ann gan a sceaḃ-ro ir amháir ḃo ḃeir gan oráinn íad ḃ'aimriuḃad.

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 “Διζήναρ αν ρεακαιζ λειρ αν μβάρ” and “Στορμα αν ανμα λειρ αν ζκολαιμν”; 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 ἔμαιοῦαὸ ιρ μο ἶαοῦ ημε’ λό ἐύ!”; TADHG GAEDHEALACH’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “αν ραιτορίν ράιρτεαδ”; KEATING’S POEMS (Fr. MacErlan) for “ῤάιτῶ-ἔμρέαζαδ αν σαοζαλ ρο”; Patrick O’Brien’s Edition of the Poem for “Cúirt an mheádoim Oíóche”; and for “Caoinead Airt Uí Laozairne” *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.

ΣΕΛΗΕ-ΛΕΑΝΑΜΑΙΝ ΕΨΙΟΥΡ, ΑΝ ΤΑΤΑΙΡ ΤΟΜΝΑΛΛ ΗΑ ΣΥΙΛΛΕΑΘΑΙΝ.

ΣΟΡΜΑΕ ΗΑ ΣΟΝΑΙΛ

ΣΡΕΙΘΕΑΜ ΔΣΥΡ ΣΟΡΤΑ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΠΙΑΡΜΑΙΡ ΠΕΙΡΗΤΕΑΡ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΣΕΑΡΜΑΙΘ ΗΙ ΤΟΝΝΟΑΘΑ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΔΟΘΣΑΙΝ ΗΙ ΡΑΤΑΙΛΛΕ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΣΕΑΣΑΙΝ ΕΛΑΡΜΑΙΣ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΕΟΣΑΙΝ ΡΥΑΙΘ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΤΑΙΘΣ ΣΑΕΘΕΑΛΑΙΣ

ΤΑΝΤΑ ΣΕΑΤΡΥΝ ΚΕΙΤΙΝΝ, ΑΝ ΤΑΤΑΙΡ ΕΟΙΝ ΜΑΕΣΙΟΛΛΑ ΕΑΙΝ.

ΤΗΙ ΨΙΟΥΡ-ΣΑΕΤΕ ΑΝ ΨΑΙΡ, ΣΕΑΤΡΥΝ ΚΕΙΤΙΝΝ.

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."

ΛΕΑΘΑΡ ΝΑ ΛΑΟΙΤΕΑΘ.

The Gaelic Journal, *Γάννε αν Ύαε, αν Κλαρθεαμ Σολυρ, ΨΑΝΘΑ*, 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.

A fíir éalma 'ran teangain rin na nŠaeðeal tá fann
Tabair dearca fuilc ar meamram ip méir do þeann,
Aitfir dom ſan mearaéal, ná claon ro' fann,
An fada beam i n-anaórué pé méim na nŠall ?

An fada beir na Šallapuic dáir nðarað i bfeall,
An fada beir i mbailtib puirt na nŠaeðeal ſo teann,
An fada beam aš ſlafarnaig le béarla Šall,
An fada beam aš ašallam 'r ſan éifeaéé ann ?

An fada beir ári nEašlar ſo léir i otreall,
An fada beir an ainóeire 'r an léan 'ár ſceann,
An fada beir ári ngealaópuig aš cléir ip cam,
An fada beam pé anaóroio na héiſipt' éall ?

An fada beam i n-ainófir mar aon ip óall,
An fada beam ſan reanáur ná rpeir i nſreann,
An fada beir an Éaréta-fuil 'r Ó Néill ſo fann,
An fada beir na reanaóruic i héirinn ſann ?

An fada beir na fanaiticr aš réabað ceall,
An fada beir aš rearam énuic le faoðar lann,
An fada beir ári mainirreaca maol ſan éeann,
An fada beir ári nAifreann pé ſéašalb crann ?

Ní'l reacaó rnuiréte i meamram dári léigear i fann,
Ní'l airte fuilc naé labarann ar éraoéað Šall ;
I n-aice rin tá tairnſreacé na naom ſo teann,
Dá éašarað naé fada 'noir ſo bpléarcefa 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.

Ó, 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 ua 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 Erin'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 barðs 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 AÍR.

Cnoc an áir an cnoc ro íar,
 'S go lá an bháta biaio dá shairm;
 A íáorais na n'ócail mbán,
 Ní san fáct tuasú an ainm.

Lá dá maíamair ir fionn flait,
 Fianna Éireann na n-eac reang,
 Ar an gcnoc ro, líon a rloḡ,
 Níor b'iongnadú óóib teact go teann.

Doín-bean do b'áilne ná an shian,
 Do cíó an fiann as teact fé'n leirḡ,
 O'fionn mac Cumáill, innrim ouit,
 Do beannuis bean an bhait úeirḡ.

“Cia tú, a moḡan? ar fionn féin,
 Ir fearr méin 'r ir áilne deatú;
 Fuaim do ḡoča ir binne linn
 Ná a bhfuil re feinm ḡion ḡurab fearú.

“Mian nua-éireadaí ír é m'ainm,
Ingean Shuibhí mic Uolair óein
Áiríodh Síreag—mo mállaóit air—
Ír é do nairc mé le Tairc mac Tréin.”

“Céad do veir dá feadnaó tú ?
Ná ceil do rún orm anoir,
Ar don fear eile go bráó
Sabáim do láim tú tar a éirí.”

“Ní gan fáó éugar do fuat,”
Do ráó an rtaó ba máit shé,
“Dá éluair, earball, ír ceann caic
Dá air, ní máit an réim.”

“Do riublar an doimhan ró trí,
'S níor fágar ann ní ná flait
Nár síreag, áó ríóre, an fíann
'S níor géall tmaó m'anacal air.”

“Coinseodaó féin tú, a ingean ós,”
Do ráó Mac Cumail nár eíódaó miam,
“No tuiríó uile ar do rcaó
Na reáóó zcaóa tá de'n fíann.”

“Dár do láim-re féin, a fíinn,
Ír eagal linn go ndéiríair bréag ;
An té ag a dtéicim roimé a b'raó,
Tuiríó leir reáóó zcaóa 'r céad.”

“Na déin iomairdaíó ar,
A fuil éair ar óat an óir ;
Ní táiníó don laóó fá'n ngréin
Ná fuil ran b'féinn fear a eíóíó.”

Da gearr go b'facamair ag teáóó
Rí fear zcaicéann ba éruaóó láim ;
Níor veannuíó ír níor umlaíóó d'fíonn,
Áóó d'íair comrac tar eíonn a ínná.

Cuirimís dá céad 'na dáil.

Do b'féarri lám do láchar gleoib' ;
'S níor fill doinnead díob tar 'air,
San tuitim le Tailc mac Treoin.

Deic scéad daoiread, deic scéad laoc
Taob me taoib' d'ár muinntir féin,
A Bádrait an éreidiú éruaid,
Ir ead teartuig uainn de'n féinn.

Iarpar Orchar céad ar fionn,
Cé doilb' liom beic dá luad,
Dul do éomrac an laoié,
Mar do éonnaic díe an trluais.

“Do beirim cead duit,” do ráid fionn
“Cé doilb' liom do tuitim trío.
Éimig, beir mo beannaét leat,
Cuirimig do sail ir do gním.”

Fead cúig n-oiúce, fead cúig lá,
Do bí an dír nár élad as gleic,
San biaó san deoc ar díe ruain,
Sur tuit Tailc le buaid mo méic.

Do léigearmar trí gárta ór árd
D'éir an áir ba garb glaic,
Gáir éainte tré'm caillead de'n féinn,
Ir dá gáir máoióte tré éas Tailc.

Miam nua-éiroad, ba mó an béad,
Mar do éonnaic méad an áir,
Sabar náire an gnuad páor-glan,
Sur tuit marb i mearc éaic.

Dár na ríogha d'éir zac uile,
Ir é ir mó do cuir ar éac ;
Ar an gcnoc ro d'éir an gliaid
Do bairt an fiann Cnoc an áir.

CAOITĪ OISĪN I NĪOIAITĪ NĀ FĒINNE.

Ué, ír tpuas, ón ué! ír tpuas
 Oirín duðac 'ran éill fá šruaim,
 Ué, cáir mīrte šac oít
 Ac̄t fān fīnn ír a tpuan-fpuas.

Ué, níor oít liom nā earba
 Úeít šan ac̄munn neart no lút
 Ac̄t íota tar̄t ír tpucað fada
 Oo šoro mo tapa ó tpuígear fionn.

Ué, ar̄ir, an uair éluim̄ an éléir
 Ír šan m'anaema fēin do luac̄
 Nā tpuac̄t ar̄ fionn nā ar̄ an bpuéinn
 Duð mair̄e do ūia mo tpuas.

Ué, an uair tpuceann mo béile
 Ír do rpuoinim ar̄ fēarta fīnn
 Ír iongnac̄ liom cpior̄e cloic̄e
 Nac̄ šlacann uolac̄ tpuem' éric̄.

Ué, dá bpuiceac̄ fionn ír an fpuann
 Mo béile-re ar̄ iar̄nóin
 Ueam̄an uonair puam̄ dá uat̄ainš
 Ní cpirc̄eac̄ óm' óail a ucp̄eoir̄.

Ué, dá mbec̄ac̄ fionn ír an fpuann
 Ašam, a ūia, uait anuar
 Lem' rē-re ní rcp̄ar̄ainn pu
 Ír ní beinn i šcuim̄ar̄o šan uol puar̄.

Ué, a ūia má tair̄ i bpuir̄š
 Ó'n nšm̄ac̄ ro beip̄im o'fionn
 Ní cup̄ta i bpuac̄t mo šlōr̄
 Earba mōr̄ bamear̄ liom.

Aóbar mo laoióe-re mar táim san t-reoig
 San amáire fóir san lúe san réim
 Crín-freigste lom-éreaéac úireoil
 Im' éuaill éanóir san míc san léim.

Dá mairéad fionn na n-eac reang
 Ir Orcuir teann na lann ngear
 Do báimpead biaó dá mb'éigim de'n deamán
 Ir ní beaó Oirín fann san taca cléib.

Mo flán le ruirge ir le reilg
 Slán le meirce ir le ráir-éoil
 Slán le troidaib ir le caéaib
 Slán le lannaib zéara fóir.

Slán le lúe asur le neart
 Slán le ceao ir le faoðar-zoim
 Slán le cian asur le teacé
 Slán le malairt ir le zliadnaib.

Slán le biaó asur le oig
 Slán le míc asur le léimuis
 Slán le fiaóac zác zairb-énuic
 Slán le curadócaib na útréimfeap.

Slán leat, a fínn, arír asur arír
 Céao flán leat, a ní na féinne
 Ó'r tú do éircepead mo éart
 Ní hionann ir rriair na cléire.

Slán leat, ir tú as cur an áir
 Slán leat, a lám lán-láir
 Slán leat, a fárdáil na zcrióc
 Ir duadac mo rmaoin-te-re 'r ir cráiróte.

Ué, a fínn, a éumainn, má'r fíor
 Zo bfuilir fíor i n-uamáib na brian
 Ná fulaing do óeamán dá bfuil irzig
 Airim buaóa aige ná ceao a rian.

Slán leat, a Ogcuir na Lann nime,
 Slán leat, a ríḡḡir na mbéimeann
 Dá mbeiteá aḡam-ra mar uprain
 Do éuirrōe muais ḡruime ar an ḡcléir reo.

Ir duḡac liom ḡan aḡairc Sceḡlám
 I nveoirḡ cōmḡár na fémne
 I n-am an fíarḡ do ḡúireacḡ
 Ir merḡreacḡ ḡ'fúirḡinn ḡá héill í.

Ué, a Cōnám máoil neimḡḡinn,
 Creacḡ ná tigr-re ḡom' fécám?
 Ir ḡo b'raḡtá ceacḡ reuorḡa ir millte
 Ar feacḡ líonmáire na ḡann-cléire.

Atá an nōim anoir aḡam
 Ir ca b'fuit reacḡ ḡcaḡa na ḡnáiḡfémne?
 Ir ionḡnacḡ liom cá conair 'n-a nḡabaro
 Ir nacḡ tigrḡ fearḡa ḡom' fécám.

Ir minic do cōnnac don f'leacḡ aḡám
 I n-áruir ríōḡ na ḡnáiḡfémne
 Do b'feairr ioná a raib aḡ ráḡraig
 Ir aḡ ionḡlám na raim-cléire.

Ué, ir mire Oirín mac f'inn
 ḡan fonn ḡan ḡnacḡ aḡ cōim'reamḡ cloḡ,
 ḡrōḡé uair ḡo-ḡeibinn an ḡreim
 Ir f'acḡa arír ḡo b'raḡaimḡ an veocḡ.

Ir ué, a ḡia, atáim i nḡabaro
 Aḡur an f'íann óm' ḡáil ar ceacḡ,
 ḡ'éirḡfimm le ḡucḡ na ḡcliar
 Dá b'raḡaimḡ riar mar buḡ céarḡ.

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.

* Fíonn 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.

DANBA AS MACTHAIN AR DOIBNEAS NA
NODLAG.

Mire ! Úior-ra leir ós tráct, éom ós aeracé leir an té
ir óige asaió. Capaó mire ór cómair na zréine éom maic
leo, éom luac leo ; asur do éar asur o'ac-éar an zéimreacó
orm na cianta pul ar iuzacó ár Slánuigíteoir, céacó molaó
asur buideacáir le ná ainm ! Úioó fleacó ir féile asam-
ra féin asur ir orm, zo veimín, do bioó an brioó an uair
éasacó an tsaoire orm zac bliacóan. Ní mó ácar ar an
bráirte ir aeruige ar éacé na Nodlag 'ran raozal ro
'ná mar bioó orm-ra ar éacé na Dealtaine asur na Samna
le linn na O'raoideacáca. Úior-ra ós bog leanbairde asur
ir cuimín liom an uain, a b'acó uaim anoir, 'nuar ná raib
cúram 'ran raozal orm acé zreann asur féile. Acé
éuacóar i n-aoir asur i n-aoir, bí mo élann féin asam i o'racé,
asur do réir mar éuacó mo múrzáil i méio bí mo dúil i
b'féile as dul i laigeacó. I zcionn na zcian báilig mo élann
leo, bioacóar as éacé ir as iméacé, asur as éacé ir as rír-
iméacé. Fé veimeacó o'filleacóar leir an zcpeirdeam
éuzam, asur i o'ceannta an épeiróim éuzacóar leo an Nodlag.
Éuacóar i n-óige fé glóir na Nodlag arír zo o'c'í zo rabar
éom leanbairde rimplide le naoideanán. Cuiracó ac-éaracó
na Nodlag oireacó ácair orm-ra ar o'úir ir mar cuirceann
ar an aor ós inoiu. Acé o'iméig an leanbuideacé ro leir
an ainmir : óibir cúram an traozail arír í. Asur níor
móir an ionznacó é, acóar noóig !

Táim as caiceam na Nodlag anoir le míle zo leic bliacóan
nac móir. Ir iomóca treacó ir o'úcaig trearcara le linn na
haimpíre rin. Ir iomóca ríozacé a bí zo comacacé míle
zo leic bliacóan ó foim acá zo meacéce raonlag tinn inoiu,
asur ir iomóca tír a bí zan éomacé an uair rin acá zo
treacó éireacacé neimrpleacóac inoiu. Táim-re as fairce
o'c'ca zo léir, as fairce ar óroó-obair asur ar óeag-obair

'oo péir mar t'asair. I' beas nac ionann mo cúrraíde-ra
 asur cúrraíde na gnáct-mná, déct sur reáct ria ar an raogal
 ro mire, asur sur míle mó tabairta fé ndeara asam dá péir.
 Da minic mire as caiteam na noolas asur an ríoc i' an
 rneaáta, báirteac i' sáot i' tóirniú míllte as cur tuirre
 i' easla ar ar máir féim' riará. Níorb annam ár asur
 comhearcar asur an donar, fóiríor, as réveac timceall
 orim asur Spíorair na noolas as tairteal féim' déim:
 uair no 'óó bíor i mbéal báir asur ceapá ná béarrá
 noolais go bráct aríor orim. Déct reo fóir annro mé, molá
 le 'Dla, asur mé ullam ar an éasóir a veineac orim 'oo
 máiteac asur an ruaimnear 'oo ráinis 'óom 'ó'asómáil.

Cas i' ríú noolais no 'óó 'oo caiteam fé'n ainveire i
 scomórtar le rna céasótais ceann atá caitte fé asírbear
 asam? Á! i' ionda noolais a caitear fé ruaimnear, asur
 dá brú reo cionnur a tíocfá ná tuisfínn go cruinn an
 t-ácar a bíonn ar ós asur doirta, ar bóct i' rairóbir an uair
 veireann an noolais oríca sáct bliádam. Cionnur a tíocfá,
 reá, cionnur a tíocfá? Nac tuiscte 'óom-ra cionnur
 mar éarcar rmaomte an veoráde fé 'óem a 'óúctáige fé
 comairce na noolas; ná moctuisim-re cionnur mar bíonn
 cuirle na mácar as rreabá go ríntear licir na noolas
 cúide; na vearbháirteaca bí ar reacrán nac eól asur nac
 rean-eól 'óom cionnur mar éruinnítear iáó timceall an
 teinteáin mar ar oileac iáó, timceall búiró na féile mar
 ar tógaó iáó: ná fuilim as éirteáct le gurdeáctaint mo
 éiomne sáct oróce noolas ó rusaó clann 'óom! Náir éiala-
 ra cluis na cille as bualaó go módmárac sáct bliádam dá
 veir orim ó teáct an éreirim asur as múcáó sliogair
 slórais sáirb an traogail; náir airítear cantan cuim na
 heaslaire as cur náire ar slóir i' ar fórtam luét tarcuirne!
 Mire náir cuic néal codalta riam orim déct as asóairteáct
 mo murgáile de ló i' 'ó'oróce; mire tá as réacaint ar
 rpeir glam lae noolas ó'n lá i n-ar minis 'Diaflan focal
 na rírinne ór mo éomair; mire sur gnáctac liom na rluaiscte
 'ó'feicrint as sliuireáct go 'óúctáctac fé 'óem an tréirpéil

ašur aš epomáð zo huñal ar ašarò na halcòpac, aš bpeit
 buiðeaðair dá Slánuigíteoir mar ba éoir fé elòð éráib-
 teaceta d'oirpeað do Neam, má'p ceacota dom ran a ráð;
 mire,—mire, zo bpuil mo eluar ip mo fúil d'irigíte ar an
 uppaim ip an meap atá aš iare ip éan ip ainmíðe, zan bac
 i n-aon éor leip an nðaðonnaiðe ar ðiaðacét na Noctlag ó
 lá beirte a šcruicóra. Ðiaðacét ip ðaðonnaét ip ðúicpacét,
 ruairceap ip ruaimneap ip ríocéain, áilne ip uppaim ip
 aoiðneap na Noctlag, cia féacopað cur ríor orca zo epunn?
 Táim-pe aš maétnam orca le paða, ašur aš fairne le
 unn mo fáogail orca, leip; ašur ní'l le ráð ašam acé
 fé mar a éuala ašur mar aouðaric zo minic poime peo:
 zo mba toil ðé ruaimneap ip ruairceap ip ríocéain na
 Noctlag do beit aš acé do péip mar tuillteap, ašur nápa
 paða zo bpuarclóðairó Sé mé féin ašur mo élan ó érucáib
 nime an eaétrannaiš i šcuma ip zo šcaicpimíð lá a beirte
 fé fáoirne ašur fé fáoirne zo ló an luain!

MOŠ RUIT.

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 citted 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.

ΔΙΣΗΝΕΑΣ ΔΗ ΠΕΔΑΙΣ ΛΕΙΣ ΔΗ ΜΒΑΣ.

ΔΗ ΒΑΣ :

Ιρ εϋζατ α εάνζα, α πεακαις ερίοννα,
 λε νόρουζαδ λάρουι τύ βρεϊτ δε'ν ραοίγεατ ρο,
 ζο οταβαρρά cunnταρ ιδ' όρροϊέ-ζνίομαρταϊβ
 Όο'η Ριζ ρυαιρ βάρ αρ αν ζσρροϊρ οια η δο:νε.

ΔΗ ΠΕΔΑΔ :

Ιρ εια ηέ τυρα τά ας λαβαιρτ εομ' οάνα
 λε ρεανόιρ λιατ τά ρέ ειαε ερλάιότε ?
 Οε, μο εανντλα ! ιρ ρανν ατάιμ-ρε,
 Ιρ μο ερροϊδε οά βρρεαδ' λε ηυηρεαρβα ρλάιντε.

ΔΗ ΒΑΣ :

Μηρε αν βάρ ατά λάν οε ερρέιν-νεαρτ,
 Όο λεαζ αρ λάρ ελανν άδαιμ' ζο λείρ-εεαρτ ;
 λεαζραδ τυρα ανοιρ μαρ αον leo,
 Ιρ βεαρραδ όδ' ημάοιν ζαν βρμζ ρέ ερε εύ.

ΔΗ ΠΕΔΑΔ :

Είρτ, α βάρ ! ταβαιρ εάιρθε ρόρ' οομ,
 ηά οείν μέ ερεαεαδ' ρ' ηά μαρμ' ζο ρόιλ μέ,
 ζο ηοεάνραδ αιτμζε im' πεαεαϊβ μορα,
 Ιρ ζο ηοϊοζαλραδ m' ριαεα λε Ριζ ηα ζλόιρε.

ΔΗ ΒΑΣ :

Ιρ ραοα αν εάιρθε ρυαιρμ' ζο οτι ρο,
 Ιρ αν ραιο ειτε οά βραζρά αρίρ ε,
 Μαρ ηαιρμ' ριαμ' οο ηαιρρεά εοιόεε,
 Όά ραιο ε αν ελνιττε ζο οειρεαδ' οο ρερίβε.

ΔΗ ΠΕΔΑΔ :

ηί ηαμλα ηαιρρηνν ζεαλλαιμ όμ' ερροϊδε ονιτ,
 Δετ im' αιτμζεαδ' οιαη ρέ ειαε ας εαοι-ζοι,
 ας ταβαιρτ ράραμ' οο Όια ιρ οο οαοιμ'β
 Ιm' όρροϊέ-ελεαεταδ' ιρ im' βεαρταϊβ βαοιρε.

AN BĀS :

Ir iomda zeallamain fallra eugair ió' fáoiḡeal uait
D'fear ionaid Dé fá éide fóra.

ḡo 'tréiḡfeá an peaca 'r ḡo mairfeá min cair
Fé maḡlaḡaid naomta ḡan a 'tréiḡean coitḡe.

AN PEACAḌ :

Ir fíor ḡur ḡeallar do'n trasair, ní bḡeasḡ,
Faoirtoin mo beaḡad do 'dḡanam i n-éiḡfead ;
Adt cúnam an trasḡail ir an cíor aḡ ḡlaosḡad oim
Do éraid ríad maím ir do éiar ḡo léir mé.

AN BĀS :

Leis doo' fḡandur, a fḡanduine éndoiḡte,
No ráiḡfead an bioir ro tré lár do éroiḡe 'rtead,
Ir tabairfaiḡ don mḡac Muire bḡeít ḡan rḡaoileat
Ar t'anam anoir, ir ḡo hirfeann ríor leat.

AN PEACAḌ :

Mo ḡreim doḡ doḡad ir mo bḡón an rḡeal ro
Mire beít caillte 'r mo múinntear im' éasmuir,
Ir m'anam dá loḡcad i n-irfeann péinead
I tḡaoib iomad mo éor ir mo móir-éuir claonta.

Do fáoilear maím ná pinnear don nḡo
Do tuillfead ríanta ríorruide éadḡad' ;
Ní minn mé ḡoio ná bḡoio ná éiḡean
Muirḡar ná feall don am dom' fáoḡal.

Do eugainn lóirḡín do ḡad deoraidḡe tréit laḡ,
Diaḡ ir deoḡ do'n té éidinn 'na n-éasmuir,
Díoluidḡeadt éairt le fear an eilim,
Ó! naḡ cruaid ó fóra má ḡniḡeann mé 'dḡorad'!

AN BĀS :

Ní'l doḡad naḡ fíor ḡad nḡo de'n méio rin,
Adt éirt ḡo fóil aḡur 'neorad féin duit
Cao iad na nḡoite tá ió' éoinne aḡ an don mḡac
'Na cúir móir érom le fonn tú 'dḡorad'.

Do bír paiseonta troc-labairtá bhréasac,
 Imearéac óitac riormatac rcléipeac,
 Darbharac zlasarac ir as dearbuzacó éitig;
 Ir tuig zo dtuilleann an róit ran tú daoraó.

AN PEACAC:

Má ólaim rclling zo minic i dtig tábairne
 I bfoóair mo cómuirran no mo cómsur cáirde,
 Ir mairg duic cóirde rin do máoirdeam im' láair
 Ir feábar mo éiride-re cum díol ear cáe díob.

Do bí mé tamall i dtorac mo fáozail
 Zo bhuideantac darbharac ir tabairtá d'éiteac,
 Déinear faoiridin fada mo beacacó 'na déir rin
 Ir do fáoilair, zeallaim, zo raib mairte mo élaonta.

AN BĀS:

Ná tuig, a rradairne, zo mairtíó Mac Dé duic
 Tar éir ar deirir de cuirpéacó élaonta,
 Ir ar bhuirir dá dlige ir zan ruim 'na éréactaib,
 Acó dá céaraó ir zan rcit le héisdeair.

Ir fada é as foirne leac, a élaóairne méirlig,
 Ir tú lán de taibbre ir de blaómann éitig;
 Do faoirir é meallaó leo' blaóair 'r leo' bhréasacó,
 Acó anoir éirir zac zníom deo' éiréitib.

AN PEACAC:

Fóil, a báir! tabair cáirde an lae reo
 Zo ndéanrao m'udacó mar ir dual a déanam,
 Cum ná beir buadairc i mearc mo zaoita
 I dtacóib mo raómar nuair leazfar mé traócta

Má'r fíor zac a ndeir tú zo mbeaó-ra daóitá
 Ar ron na zcor do 'nirir id' rceal dom,
 Ir é mo tuigrin zur beaz ran traógal ro
 Zan beir cóm dona liom 'ran méir rin.

AN BĀS:

Ní'l tuine 'ran traoḡal ro bhuir tliḡe an áirtoimic,
Dá olcar a ḡníomairḡa aḡur oic na nḡmár aih,
Má deimeann faoirtoin le bhuḡ ḡo lán-éairc,
Ná ḡo maicḡiḡo íora a pḡacaiḡe ḡo bḡáḡ oḡ.

'Sé rliḡe 'na mealltar ciann boḡḡ áḡdaim,
Nuair deimḡ an pḡaca ir anam íaḡ cármair;
Cuirpeann an diaḡal rḡian le n-a lán oíob,
Aḡur rḡracann ó 'Oia 'na oiaḡo ḡo bḡáḡ íaḡ.

AN PEACAḶ:

Cé ḡur tliáḡ laḡ tḡéit cáim pḡim ra éiac ro
Ir tura, a 'ḡáir, aḡ cur lán-éoo' pḡian oim,
Le eagla róimac ir roim oíogalrar an Tíḡearna,
Má'r pḡior oo pḡáirḡe tá mí-áḡ an diaḡal oim.

AN BĀS:

Cḡeio mo rḡéal-ra ir ḡéill ḡo pḡior oom
ḡur ḡairio ḡo mbéirḡir i n-irpeann pḡior uaim,
Mar ná pḡinnir aicḡiḡe io' pḡeacáib líonmair'
Ácḡ oá éur ar éairḡe ḡac lá ḡo oḡí ro.

AN PEACAḶ:

Aicḡuir oom, ir ná dein bḡéaḡ liom,
Cao é an rórc oaoine oo bíonn oá noaoimáḡ
Ir oá ḡcarḡaḡo pḡior ḡo hippeann pḡéineac
Ar ron a bḡeacaiḡe ir a mailir éiaonḡac?

AN BĀS:

An oḡeam oub ḡallḡa pḡeamair na móir-ḡoic
Áḡá deaḡailḡe ó 'Oia, leir an n'Diaḡal oo ḡeobairḡo pḡiaḡ;
Ir an oḡeam tá oall ir ná ḡlacraḡo cómairle
Beio 'na oḡeannḡa pḡá rḡcannraḡo a noḡḡain.

Ní'l tuine 'ran oomán mar namairḡ aḡ an áon mḡac,
Má pḡaḡann báir i bḡeaca máirḡ, ná oaoirḡair
Ir ná cuirḡear ḡo hippeannir an teine oá ḡcéaraḡo
I mearc na noeamán, ḡo lom pḡé ḡéar-ḡlar.

AN PEACAĆ :

Má bíonn an méid rin go léir díob' caillte,
 Agus feartha go ríor ó Chríort san aithnear,
 I'r beag a macaíó fé ghradam go meadórac
 Go cúirt na bflaitear 'mearc aingeal dá adraó.

AN BĀS :

Ní macaíó go Rómácar, zeallaim óm' béal tuit,
 Aét an t-aithneac cóir, rin leor-úaoctain,
 Tus ráram ríor do Ríó na Naom' ngeal
 I bpeacaíó a beaíó go caithneac dérac ;
 Aét amáin an leanó nár peacuió go héag dó,
 Raíó ar an nóimeat go Cúirt na Naom' ngeal,
 I mearc na n-aingeal go taitneam'ac gléigeal,
 I reib na glóire i gcóir do'n Naom'-Spioraio.

AN PEACAĆ :

Oc, a báir ! i'r cráirte an réal tiom
 Laióad na ndaoine beir raor 'ran traoóal ro
 Mar go bfuilro uile san tuigrinc san éirim,
 San réim' a leara cum aithne do déanam'.
 I'r minic go dtí ro pinnear gníom'artha éactac'
 Déarc i'r carcannaét i'r an-cuir doonnaét'
 A bfaóad don luact im' móir-mait ar don cóir,
 Tar éir óac ar tuóar de gurta an traoóail uaim ?

AN BĀS :

Ná bí meallta a éampaire méirlió
 Ní bfaóair don luact tréó' móir-cuir doonnaét'
 Mar go raóair maró 'ran bpeaca óac tréim're
 'Na pinuir an carcannaét, 'r san eagla Dé ort.
 Tabair fé ndeara san dearmad an méid reo :
 An fáir i'r bíonn an tuine ag bpiread 'r ag réabad
 Tuige m'ic Muire tré cuirpe a élaonta
 Ní bíonn don tairbe 'na máitear go léiread.

AN PEACAC :

Διτμρ φόρ ὄμορ ζαν ζό αν ρεéal ρο,
 Cao é an ciall 'na mbeiré 'Dia as glaoúac orainn
 Lá na mbreac 'r na zcepac 'r na n-éizean
 Ór zac áit cum clann ádáim ὄ'éirceacé ?

AN BĀS :

'Sé an cúir i n-a otiocpairé an cine bocté ὄaonna
 Zo zleann móρ lóρophait lá na nὄaoim-breacé
 Cum iomac a zcoipta ὄo nocéac ὄo'n tpaozal
 Zo bfeicpacé zac nὄuine aca loctuiré a céile.

Sul a otiocpairé an lá ρο beiré ár 'ran tpaozal ;
 Loiρcpacé an ὄoimán ip zac nὄo ár a éadán ;
 Beiré an ζμian zo ὄubac fé ρmúit as éiclipρ,
 Ip an ζealac, mo máipz ! cóim ὄeapz le haon **fuil.**

Beiré an ρpéar ár buile ip tuicpíó na réalta ;
 Beiré tíopta ár bozac ip as opcailt ó céile.
 Beiré an fapipze ár lapacé as imteacé 'na caopacé.
 Δzur cloca ip cpainn le n-a linn as a réabacé.

Beiré cnuic ip zleannca le ρcannpacé as léimipz,
 Beiréoiğ an ὄoimain zo haóball as zéimipz ;
 Na peacaciz ὄona ὄá loρcacé 'r ὄá otpaocacé,
 Sceimle ip eazla opta ρoim fepaz an Δoinmic.

ρΔΟΡΑΙΖ ὄEINN.

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 deadly 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.

oiróce bíos aḡ luige im' súan.

Oiróce bíor aḡ luige im' řuan
 Ír mé ar buairiḡc tḡé na caḡairóe,
 Do řín an tḡrío-ḡean říḡleac řuairc
 Taob liom řuar aḡ ḡéanam taḡaiḡe;
 Ba éad a com, a cḡaob-řolt leabair
 Aḡ teacḡ ḡo bonn léi 'na řraḡairóe
 Ba ḡuibḡe a ḡḡuaḡ ná an ḡual
 'S ba ḡile a ḡḡuaḡ ná na healaíróe.

Do éonnac í, a ḡḡaol ḡan ḡḡuaim,
 A claoḡ-ḡorc uaine ír a béal tanaíróe,
 A mion-éioḡa cḡuinn ḡeal cḡuaíró,
 'S a mion-énear řuar ná řuil teapairóe,
 A naol-éorp řeandḡ a řéiró-érob leabair,
 A caol-ḡorc teann, a ḡéiró 'r a maḡairóe;
 Ír říor ḡḡḡab doibinn linn a řḡuaḡ
 Bíóḡ ḡḡḡ tḡuaḡ mé aḡ an ḡcleapairóe.

Nuair ḡeapcar í do bíóḡḡar řuar
 ḡo ḡḡionainn uairḡe cḡeac ar ḡ'ar í;
 'Níor labair ří, do řceinn ří uaim
 Ír do bíor ḡo ḡuaíḡc tar éir mo řḡarḡairóe.

D'éigear go lom 'na déir le fonn,
 Níor donnuig liom ir mé ar mearaíde,
 Sur leanar í do'n tír ba tuair
 Go sío na ngruaḡac cé sur b'fao' í.

Tíḡim aníor arís de ruais
 Go sío Cmuacna, go sío Seanb,
 Go sío Čnuic doibinn fíḡinn fuaip
 Mar a mbíod an rluag le taoib na Dannaíde,
 Go haol-bhuḡ Doinne donḡuir óis
 Aḡ féacaint uaim ir aḡ déanam aircíde,
 'S ní ruib a tuairc ríor ná ruar,
 Aḡt í aḡ ḡluaircaḡt tré na bealaíḡe.

Ir tíḡim go sío mic lip na ḡrmaḡ
 Ir ar Cmuoib Ruair tíḡim go Teamair,
 Go sío doibinn doirḡ Ear' Ruair,
 Go hdoibill Ruair le taoib na C'ruaíḡe.
 B'í céad ban óḡ ba féime cló
 Aḡ éircaḡt ceoil 'r aḡ déanam aircíde
 I b'pócair doibill ruḡ-bean Tuad'muman
 Ir míle ḡruaḡac ḡlé le ḡaircíde.

Do b'í an trío-bean rítleac fuaip
 Do cuip ar buairc mé im' reacaíde
 'Na ruide go maoincaḡ naoidin-ḡeal ruar,
 A d'laoi-folt cuacaḡ léi go haltaíde;
 D'féac anall go maorḡa moḡamail,
 Ba léir di ar ball sur mé do lean í;
 Ar rí: Ir rruaḡ liom do cuairḡ
 Tíḡ anuar ir éirt ar ḡcearpnaíde.

Mo čnead, ar rí, mo buidean ar buairc,
 Mo tír mo rluag mo laocmaḡ ḡaircíde,
 Do éreacaḡ tíorca coimḡíḡeac' cmuairḡ
 Ue lion-ruic luac na d'prian d'pearnáide,

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 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, Seán!" 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 ĞLEANN MAOILIUĜRA.

Maḡ ar buairé fiacla mac doḡa ó bhroim ar Ğallairb, 25 luġnara, 1580

Do táinig Ğrae de Ūilton cúġainn
 N-a buairé uairéac miḡe ;
 Ní maib ōream fé ġléar ra éruinne maib
 Ná ġo ōtiocpaḡ leir a élaoidé :
 “ Tairpeánpaḡ ōor na coḡlataiġ reo
 I nḡuir fáil ġan moill,
 Mianac fóla an Normannaig
 Aġur treire a lám i mbriuiġin.

Ir ġo ōeimín ó tánaġ eatoréa
 Ní fuláir ōúinn beapc ir ġníom
 ōo éur i leit élu Śarana
 ’S ár nŋeaġ-banrióġan eilir ;
 Airiġim ġo bfuil i nġoiréacḡ ōúinn
 An maḡpaḡ ir ōána ōíob ;
 Ullmuisiḡiḡ i ġcḡir na maione ōam
 Aġur leaġpam beárna triḡo.”

ōo éairé de Ūilton reacḡmáin ġlan.
 Cé ġur learc leir uair de moill,
 Ar reoḡ na nġall ōo éarpac éuise
 I mŋaite áḡa éuac ġo éruinn ;
 Aḡuairé aniar ’r anŋear ġo tiuġ
 ōo ġaḡaḡar plán ġac rliġe ;
 Fáire, éuġat, a Ūrianaig ġil,
 Tá an ġrampaire ar ōo éi !

Aéḡ níor éoḡlaḡ ruain ōon Ūrianaé e
 An treacḡmáin úo i ríḡ ;
 ’S mo miḡe éruaġ de Ūilton tú
 Má bliairfir ō’paoḡar a élaró:m ;

Seo aníor an gleann an sramhairc ;
 Cá n-deáir a bhranais sroide ?
 An i san-íor tuit go bfuiltear cuḡac ?
 Ó, a t'ia, an it' éodlaó taoi ?

Ní cloirtear toimann a dtaircíl
 Cé sur sarró cnuairó i an trlige ;
 S má tárlaídeann duine 'á leasáó ann
 Ní cloirtear a earcaimíde ;
 Na rreáirca tuar san anféite ;
 An talam ciúin 'r an cóill ;
 An sruan anuar as taitneam oirca,
 Ir aitear ar an mbuidín.

Acó de ḡeit do émit an talam
 Ir lapaó ruar an cóill,
 Ir leasáó rreac breaḡ Saranaó ;
 Mo sruairó t'ú, a f'iaóa éroide !
 Arír do búiré an toimann úo
 Ir do tuit rreac eile díob ;
 Do ḡlac an fuigealaó eagla,
 'S cum reaca leo san móill.

Anoir, a s'aeóeala éalma,
 Seo, tagaíó fúca arír ;
 Leanaíó iao ir leasáíó iao
 Ir asruaíó oirca díogal
 'Na n-deáirnaóar de beartaíó uile
 Ar f'earann éibir f'inn ;
 Tá raité annrúo ar teiceaó noimáíó
 Ir tugáíó díob an claióeam.

Anuar ḡac taoó do b'neabóar
 Ar aicme an b'earla éoil,
 Oá ruasáó 'sur oá r'racáó,
 Oá mbarcaó 'sur oá s'claoíóe.

Ἰλαο ρεανηιαὸ α βάρ τοε ὕιλτον
 ἱρ το τειό πέ υαῖαν ὄν μδρμυῖσιν;
 ἱρ Καρβί Μυλλαιῖς Ἰναιρτεαν
 Ἰuarò ρλεαῖ τρέ ἰάρ α ἐρτοῖε.

ΤΑΘΣ Ο ΤΟΝΝΕΑΥΑ.

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 Ni Ualacháin.

ṬΙΑ ΛΙΒ, Δ ΛΑΟΪΡΑΙṼ ῒΔΑΟΙṼΕΑΛ.

ṬΙΑ ΛΙΒ, Δ ΛΑΟΪΡΑΙṼ ῒΔΑΟΙṼΕΑΛ,
 ΝΑ ΕΛΙΝΤΕΑΡ ΕΛΑΟΙṼΤΕΑΔΕΤ ΟΡΑΙṼ,
 ΡΙΑṼ ΝΙΟΡ ῒΝΙΛΛΕΑΒΔΑΙΡ ΜΑΡΛΑṼ
 1 n-am éada ná cogaid.

Déinteair lib comhleic éalma,
 A burdean arm-ġlan faoilteac
 Fé éeann bui b'feairainn tóútcair
 Puirc úrġuirc Inre ġaordeal.

Ma' r áil lib aġrað Éireann,
 A ġarrað céimeann ġcrióða,
 Ná reačnarð éačt ná iorġail,
 Ná cača mionca móra.

Feairi beic i mbairiað fuair-beann
 I b'feiteam ġuain-ġeairi ġrunnmeair
 Aġ reitġ tpoða air féinn eačtrann
 Aġ a b'fuil feairann bui rinreair.

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

Tic éuimne, a élanna Mileað,
 Fonn réið na riġ-lior noaic-ġeal,
 Ĥuġ oriað ġan aġra Tailtean,
 No táč crióč maigreac Máirtean.

Ní tača lúic ná lámairġ
 Ĥuġ oriað, a aðbarð Banba,
 Beic oib urramac umal
 Do meair-rluaġ ġurmar ġailloa.

Ačt nac deoin le Dia, a Éire,
 Sib le céile do congnaim,
 Ní beað bui mbuarð i n-éimreacč
 Aġ rluag črióč léromeac Lonnoan.

Crað liom eačtrann dá b'póġrað
 Rioġrað fódlá ir a n-oirreacč
 Ir nac ġoirteair oib 'na noútcair
 Ačt ceiteirh éútal coilte.

Ir iad féim i nġleanncaib ġarba
 Laoic Banba, beag dá leacčrom,

Ir fonn mìn an òláir-reo Críóiméann
 As fearóam fíocómar eadtrann.

Ḃac nún feill dá bfuil éugta,
 Buróean fial curadó gcoḂta,
 Ir a liacé náma ar tí a nḂona
 Do beir orm coḂlaó corraó.

An trác beirto laoió LaiḂean,
 Cinn deigḂear eláir na gcuradó,
 Buató caétrann an éraoi Cúinn-re
 Bíonn m'aigne foilbhir ruḂac.

Dubac bím-re uair eile
 Mar beirto buató na raoirḂear
 Na Ḃaill reo éis tar tonn-muir
 Do cómlot Ḃarraó ḂaoiḂeal.

Lion gleoíó do laoiómar lann-Ḃuirim
 Ḃabáil RaḂnail, Oia dá noíóean,
 Méro a nḂuairé 'ran nḂleann-ro
 Do cuir mo méanna i míneart.

Oia leo as luigé ir as eirḂe,
 TréinḂir ir treire i oḂacáir,
 Oia 'na fearam ir 'na luigé leo,
 Ir i oḂtrác curta an éata!

ΔΟΝḂUS ΜΑC ΔΑΙḂRE UÍ Δ'ΑΛΔΑΙḂ.

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.

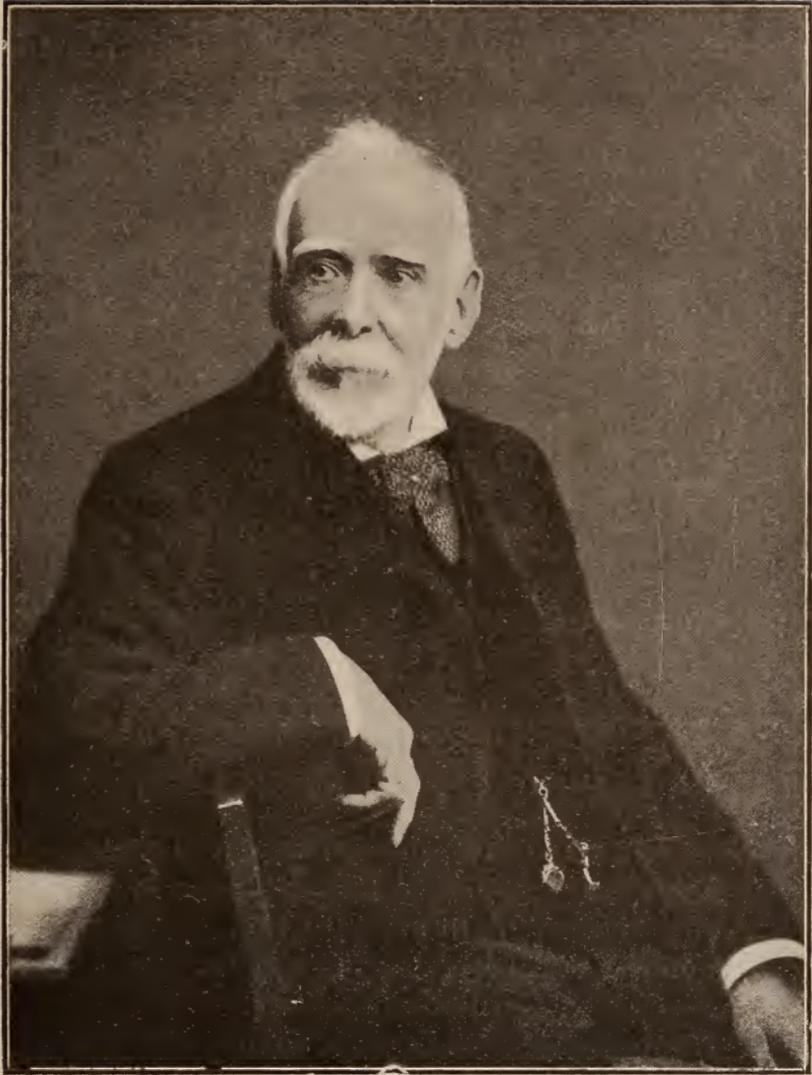
We rushed into the raging surf, watched every chance, and when
 They rose and rolled within our reach we grasped the drowning
 men.

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'er cast,
 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 góin cao é an rmuio reo as dúnao ar mo émoide,
 Rinn' mo balla neam-lúctmar ir o'fúis mé san bhuis,
 Do spioruis mo fáile le dúctraet cum caoi,
 Ir an rput leacta tiúis suirú dá múcao riorruide ?

Cao é 'n rmaoineao ro élaoidear mé ó maoidin go neoin,
 Ir do rior-fuaioctean m'intinn le mearbail bhoín ?
 As cuimneam ar élaoin-beartaib Danaí ir só,
 Do rciortann mo fíe uaim san caraó go deo.

Ir goim iao na toinnta 'r bhuac loca su léin,
 'S ir boib iao do tóra-ra, a múcraoir na n-éan !
 Ir foib le cloirint é ronnao na zeraob ;
 Act mo doear ! ir foib duabac dorca mé !

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

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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.

Éasfaiṁ na héire inṁ na cuantaibṁ ceoibṁ,
 Éasfaiṁ an éanlaibṁ dá luaimniṁge ṁóibṁ,
 Éasfaiṁ na tréada 'r na buailtiṁde bó,
 'S ṁac rṁpé énuic, dáṁ féioir a luadṁ óioṁ fóṁ.

Éasfaiṁ luét bṁéige asur búirtide óir,
 Éasfaiṁ luét cṁaoir asur cṁúircin ṁ'ól
 Éasfaiṁ luét tréideanair ṁuanairde ṁóin,
 Ir éasfaiṁ luét déig-beairt nacṁ dubairt ṁiamṁ ṁó.

Éasfaiṁ an duine doṁta ir an truaṁṁ-naoide óṁ,
 Éasfaiṁ na cléirigṁ ir na tuacaiṁṁ leo,
 Éasfaiṁ do céile 'r do ṁúirninṁ deoil,
 Ir éasfaiṁ-re féin, dáṁ mo éubar, ní ṁó.

An trácṁ éasfaiṁ-re, féacṁ leat, an duaiṁ ṁibṁ bṁón;
 Claoṁfaiṁ do claoṁ-deairc ṁo huaigneacṁ cṁón,
 Duṁ ṁéirtneacṁ t'éadṁan 'r do ṁṁuaṁ ar lí an rṁóil
 Ir tréigṁir do céadṁfada a ṁuair-bṁigṁ fóṁ.

Ní léigṁear leat céirre ná cúirinṁ rṁóill,
 Ná raorṁ-bṁat ṁan éifeacṁt, dáṁ énuairuigṁir fóṁ,
 Acṁt éadacṁ náṁ rṁpéir leat an uairṁ bíṁ beo,
 Ir léine 'na féabadṁ nó fuairṁ-rcaoilteosṁ.

Déarrṁar tú le céadṁrṁar ar ṁuailniṁbṁ iṁ' ṁóinṁ,
 Ir ṁléarrṁaiṁ duic féin leabairṁ fuairṁ-éaoil ṁóṁain;
 Adéarrṁaiṁ luét ṁ'éasṁnaiṁṁ as cṁuaṁ-éaoi deor:
 "Cuirṁ cṁé uirṁte; cṁéadṁ é a ṁnó fuairṁ níorṁ mó?"

Tréigṁir do ṁaoil tú ir buṁ truaṁṁ cṁoide leo,
 Léigṁir tú iṁ' doṁar 'ran uaiṁṁ rcaoi fóṁ,
 Tiocṁfaiṁ riarṁta ṁéara na ṁtuambairde iṁ' éóṁairṁ,
 Ir do ṁéanfaiṁ oirṁ féarṁta, ir buṁ truaillide an rṁóṁ.

Má'r déideanaiṁge do céile ná tú, 'inṁean óṁ,
 Do-ṁéana fé i n-éasṁuir do ṁuailniṁde cóirṁ,
 Ir adéara ṁo héadṁrom, má rṁuainiṁṁgeann óirṁ:
 "Céadṁ beannaacṁ léi-re! do éuaiṁ rí ṁóṁainn."

Ár léir-tesgarc féin tuit ir buai daoið zóbai
 Déan raotar do-béara zo buan daoið 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 múair-rian Dó,
 A máot-éroiçte, a naom-zlaca, ir crú a éroiðe ar rtor,
 As péirteac cloinne Éaba ar cruad-íharóm bróin.

Cré an dá arretal déas zan éruar éroiðe ar róman,
 'S zac nio déarfaró an naom-eaglar do luair Críort
 rómainn ;

Zo raorfaró Mac Dé tú, zo móir bioú ro' dóig,
 Zrad Dé zil, bioú ré 'zac, 'r ná fuataiz cómuir'.

SEACTRÚN 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 DEAN FUAIR FÁILL AR AN BFEART.

A DEAN FUAIR FÁILL AR AN BFEART
TUIAḂ LIOM A BFAḂḂAOI O'ÉIRTEACÉT,
DÁ MBEAO FIANN ḂAOIRDEAL IO' ḂAR
DO BEAO IO' ÉAOINEAO CONGNAM.

FADA SO BFAḂḂAOI AN FÁILL,
DÁ MBEAO ÉIAR I O'TÍR CONAILL,
LÁIM LE FUIAḂ BOIRCE DÁ MBEAO
NÍ FAḂḂAOI AN UAIḂ SO HUAIḂNEAO.

I N'BOIRÉ I N'ORUIM CLIAḂ NA ḂEIRIOF,
I N'ÁIRO MADA IR MÓR CÁOAR,
NÍ FAḂḂAOI LÁ AN FEART AR FÁILL
ḂAN MNÁ DO TEACÉT FÓ N-A TUAIRIM.

I N'OÚN NA NḂAIL BA MÍN MUIR
NO I N-ÁIRUR ÉARBUIḂ EOGAM
NO I N'ÉAR RUAD IR FÉIME FÁIL
NÍ BUḂ FÉIRDE AN UAIN O'FÁḂḂAIL.

DO ÉIOCFAD IO' ÉOMBÁIRO ÉAOINE
DEAN Ó'N ÉIRNE IOIMAOINE
DEAN Ó FUIOR BUIRREAO D'ANNA
IR INḂEAN Ó UIOR LIACÉROMA.

Do tiorrað bean ó'n Máig Moill,
 Ó Dearba ó Súir ó Síonainn
 'S an bean ó Chúadainn na gcaí
 'S an bean ó Tuataib Teahrað.

Do hípleoútaoi ó mgnib rcor
 An cnoc 'n-ar crioúad Beathar.
 Ní beaó an teac gan gáir gúil
 Tá mbeaó láim le fiaó fiontáinn.

Ní beaó láim leir na leacaib
 Ceao ruaimhir ná railmceaoail.
 Ní beaó beáma gan bñón mban
 Ná deáma um nóin gan niamáó.

Tá mac moíó do'n réim reo Cumn
 Atá ar gac taoib ó'ua Domnaill
 Na trí cuirp le ríneann ríó
 Fír-rín ár n-uile a n-oióró.

An dá éloic rín ór a gciomn
 Tá bpeicoír óg-ban Éireann
 Ár doimlíneaó do léagáó,
 Caoi míle do múircéalaó.

Ua t'ácar ar doí do mácar
 Mar don me ó' óir dearbhácar,
 Ní gúe díó gan ééill ad éaoíó
 A bfuil no a méinn dá mearaoí.

Óir de'n tríúr rín tárla ircaíó
 Clann Aoða áróflaíe Ailicé
 Ua do'n Aoó ro duime díóó
 Cuirpe náir ó'aopta i n-imhñioíó.

.
 'Sna caótaib do éurtaoi linn
 Ag cornam émicé i nÉirunn
 Tá dtuitreaoó duime díóó ran
 Do baó díol uile ó Ultaib.

Lá oíróraic áca Úirde
 I n-ar lia leacé rocuirde
 Dá dtuitead uaimne doú Ó Néill,
 Do'n taoib éuaró do baó toirpléim.

Lá caça an Úealaig Úirde
 Dá rcaréaoi linn Ruşmarde
 Do beaó şáirí fáoilte şac fir
 'Na şáirí éaoimte 'şá éloimn rin.

Dá dtuitead ré ó'n tír éall
 I ló fillte fiann eaótrann
 Lá doob' áilne as ác Seanaiş
 Níor ú'fác şáirne as Şaoirdeala.

Lá i Leitbhor 'nar loitead rinn
 No an lá láim le Şailim
 Do tíocraó mná as caoinead Uí Cumn
 Lá Daoile no lá Liaóruim.

Lá an Coirpléibe ar şclaoiré na nŞall
 Dá bpeicéí fuil le Caébharr
 Da lór d'úrécraó ar féacain
 Slóş Márbaiş do múircéalaó.

Do ruaimneoótarde ruirc ar niaó
 Dá dtugéarde a leacé lá ar Coirpliaó
 Dá dtugéarde a leacé lá Sluşiş
 Níor lá baó eaóe d'foirórom.

Níor beas de léan ne Leit Cumn
 Dár doóa oígead Caébharr
 Scaraó do Ruórairé rinn
 Robaó úrbairde d'Éirinn.

Şo noibne Dia an tuirre dtuim
 Uaib, a inşean Uí Doimnail,
 Şearr şo dtéirde ar féad marí rom,
 Féac na céime fáo' cómarí.

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.

MACTHAIH AN CÉITINNIGH

Seatrúin Céitinn i bpoilac i n-uaidh i uctiochaidh áriann agus carnán
reúibeann ór a cómaidh, A.D. 1629, no mar roin.

Sin iad annroin iad, leabair fírinne na n-ḡaeḡeal agus
leabair éitigh na n-ḡall. Ó, na coisḡeḡioḡa ḡrānḡa úo ó
ḡarana! tá náire orm i n-a uḡaioḡ. Ní' l rḡaruiḡe úioḡ
úár éuir ríor maíh ar éirinn ó ḡabálar ḡall i leit nac a
u'iarraioḡ rarcuirne uo ḡabairḡ uo ḡaeḡealaidh agus uo
ḡall-ḡaeḡealaidh aḡáio. Ní uéárnaio áireadh ar ár bḡir-
ḡréitib,—mar nac tuigḡe úoib iad. Agus uoiḡ-ḡréite
nár uain maíh linn cuirḡo ríor i n-ár leit iad, mar ḡo
raoioḡo ḡo ḡreioḡrú eorraiḡ i ḡcoitḡinne an bḡeas
uaḡa!

Áct an uoiḡ leo ḡur éitear-ra fíce bliadóan i Roinn
na hEorpa ḡan rḡair na hEorpa uo ḡeap-reúuḡaḡo;
an uoiḡ leo ḡo bḡuil carnár leabair léigḡe ḡan aḡbar aḡam
agus carnán reúibeann aic-léigḡe aḡam ḡan uoiḡo; an uoiḡ
leo, rḡar éir mo rḡaḡail, ná fuil eirinn-eolar aḡam ar

cráibítead na n-ḡaeḡeal, ar a ḡcriḡḡadḡ agur ar a bplaitḡ-
amlaḡ, ar a raḡtar ar fuḡ na n-ḡeḡpa, ar an ḡcoḡḡaḡ
ḡḡaḡoḡr coḡ baile ar boḡtaib, ar ḡileadḡtaib, ar ḡad mac
máḡar ḡ'ar ḡeangmḡiḡ orḡa agur ḡáḡad aḡe le cabair.

Cá maḡ an ḡroḡs eile ḡḡ ḡairm rḡoile uadḡ ḡo cuḡ
éḡean féile orḡa féin fé maḡ ḡo ḡein mḡinnḡear na
n-ḡieann? Muḡnḡear na n-ḡieann! ná rḡo rḡo a
nḡiceall ḡo ḡéanaḡ ḡo ḡad ḡuine ḡá ḡḡaḡḡ cúca ar
lḡḡ léḡinn, ḡan cuḡreḡḡ coḡḡcḡanta ḡo ḡabairḡ ḡo
ḡad aḡme ḡo maḡ rḡon rḡḡlumḡa orḡa ba cúma cad ar
ḡo ḡḡoḡraḡoḡr.

ḡa ḡóḡ le ḡuine ar na ḡallaib rḡo ná rḡo aḡmḡiḡ uḡḡair
mḡra na n-ḡeḡpa ḡur lḡonmḡaire bí éḡe fé naomḡaib ná
maḡ bí aon crḡoḡ eile ḡ'ar b'eol ḡóib; céarḡḡ ḡuine
orḡa ná rḡo aḡmḡiḡ uḡḡair mḡra na n-ḡeḡpa ḡo maḡ cuḡrle
na rḡḡluma cḡm ḡoraḡail ran i n-ḡieḡnḡ ḡur bḡúḡḡ agur
ḡur aḡbḡúḡḡ rḡi ḡo ḡḡi ḡo maḡ ḡad ḡḡ ran ḡeḡair fé cḡmaḡin
aḡi. Agur, maḡa n-aḡmḡóḡraḡoḡr féin, ná maḡ mo ḡairḡeal-
ra ar lḡḡ na manaḡ! Na maḡirḡreacḡa ḡo ḡḡḡaḡar agur
ḡo cḡḡuḡḡeḡḡar aḡ baile agur i ḡcḡin ná rḡeacḡ-ra lem'
rḡúlib cinn a n-iaḡrmaḡe áḡraḡ? Cealla ḡo ḡḡḡaḡar
i n-a ḡḡalaḡ ḡúḡḡair cḡnnaḡ fé baḡr lḡrḡaḡ aḡ an eaḡḡ-
rannaḡ iad! Mo mḡle náḡe iad na ḡaill bḡraḡacḡ, mo
mḡle náḡe agur m'áḡḡr iad!

ḡcriḡḡraḡ-ra rḡair na rḡóla, agur ḡabairḡḡ a ceairḡ
féin ḡi. ḡeimḡeḡḡaḡ mé ḡo'n ḡraḡḡal ḡur ba nḡr i
n-ḡieḡnḡ bḡeḡḡeḡmḡin agur leaḡa agur rḡeancḡḡa agur rḡiḡḡe
agur aḡr ḡéad ḡo beḡ aḡ uairlib, rḡoḡrḡe ḡo beḡ. aḡ a
bḡearḡain, aḡ a bḡearḡann, aḡ a rḡrḡéḡ; ḡur mḡḡe rḡeancḡur
na n-ḡieḡnḡ ḡo beḡ baḡántaḡail maḡ ḡo mbḡoḡ na céadḡa
ollaḡan ḡá cḡimeáḡ, agur cḡḡḡaḡ aḡ ḡad ollaḡ ḡoḡḡ
ḡá cḡon. Cḡuḡnḡeḡḡaḡ-ra, mḡneḡḡaḡ, cuḡrḡeḡḡ bḡiḡ a
n-oibḡe rḡo i n-eaḡar. Agur, má iaḡrḡar orḡm cad cúḡe
ḡo ḡḡḡaim oḡreḡḡ rann ar an rḡeancḡur maḡ rḡiḡeḡm ar
an rḡair, mo rḡreḡra aḡr rḡn ḡur cumadḡ urḡḡḡ an ḡreancḡur
i nḡuancḡaib maḡ ḡuradḡ amlaḡḡ ir rḡearḡ ḡo cuḡrḡeḡ ḡe-
meḡair le luḡḡ rḡḡlumḡa é.

Tá reáibéanna go leor ór mo cómair anro. Cómairfad
 iad, cuirfead i scomórtar iad, agus déanfadh leasúgadh
 beas ar an tSean-Šaéoilis ionnup go dtuigfeair i nšac áro
 de'n dútaig feara mé. Mar sup ró-baošlac uiom go
 mbeid ár dtéanša dúteair as dul i n-ácarraac agus i n-olcar
 agus i n-éas, b'féidir, má bíonn fé de mí-áto orainn Déarla
 na nŠall do dul cum cinn i nÉirinn. Á! áct íar a dtor-
 nócad fé deoid leir an rtair rin noctfad šac bréas o'ár
 cnaobrcáoilead míam i dtáoib mo dútaige. Ceapann Šall
 go mífid leo ó'n uair go bfuilim-re ar teicead uata.
 Ir beas a tuigir, áin, cad a tiocfáid de bair a npro-
 aigne, mar sup beas a fáoilid luét na leirce sup féidir
 rtair ir reandur do cup i n-easair i n-uaim uaignir. Šo
 maídó Dia dóib a bpeacáide, agus go raib an Šaédeas
 coitóce fé cómarice na bflaitear!

AN DAIWBREAC DÁNA.

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.

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 TRAOÓADÓ IS MO SÁOĈ REM' LÓ TŪ.

(Ar b'ár múirir mhic Shearait Ríoiré Ċiarraíde do cailleadó
i bhflóntar i mbliaóain a 1646 no mar roim.)

Mo traoóadó ir mo fáoċ rem' ló tŭ,
A Ċiarraíoiċ ió' ċian-luige i gcómhraínn ;
Mo ċreac, t'feart ċar lear i bhflóntar,
A múirir mhic an Ríoiré ó flóntar.

Cé móir an cradó do tártuig rómat,
Ní maib blas ná daċ ná tóirre air,
Dá híuib, san fuigeall san fóbairt,
Fém' ċroide-re sur rcaoiléadó do rceol-ra.

Do bí áine ċnuic áine doo' fógradó,
Ir bí sur aċ loċ Sur na ngleo-fear,
Caol aċ mnaoi binn i nċleann fógra
Ir Shearait-ċaol aċ Seanao-mnaoi ió' ċómċar.

Ó'adomúig bean do ċeart ar Eoċaill,
Bean ríde aċ Moigile do ċómċar,
Doib Mac Caille ir Caċrac Móna
Ir cinéal m'béice aċ t'réim me doomaib.

GILL'S IRISH RECITER.

Do glac easla an Saranae rōdamail
 i oTráig lí na mí-pear ó'ri tóirnír,
 Bean ríde doo' éaoimead 'na dōirrib
 Sur fáoil surab é a dōbirr o'fōsair.

Inr an Daingean níor éaigil an ceol-ghol
 Sur glac easla ceannuighe an énorra,
 Dá n-easla féin níor baogal doib-pear
 Ní éaoimio mná ríde an rórr roin.

Bean ríde i nDún éaoim as bhrón-ghol,
 'S bean dūtēair mo Dún-an-Óir-re,
 Bean bhinn-reol Inreac Mōirre
 Coir féile fá éas ós-reac.

Ar Sliab Mír níor éir an móir-ghol,
 'S ar Sliab Fionnaighlan fiolair na feola,
 Ar éruacaid na Tuaithe do tórcuin,
 'S ar énoc bhéanraoin bhéir-ghal bōmar.

D'aitnigear ar an Airín doóirniú,
 'S ar an bhruil-éit do tuit 'ran bhōgmar,
 Ar féirdead na réalta cóimeit,
 Éas Saorair, ní hé sur fōsair.

Mór file nár fillead i gcómaro,
 i n-amrair ar feabair a n-eolair,
 D'easla ná bead daingne leo rain
 Marbhna nac ba marbhna cóir tuit.

Mór farairre nár fácail ar Eoganaac
 Da énútae leo' élu ir tú beo aca,
 Le'ri b'anacrae dul t'acfuinne tórrra
 Doo' éuina-ra so bhúighe bhónac.

Mór rpreibean céarfaad i gcóirre
 Nár líogad acé ór íreal beo oraid
 D'éir t'éasa fá bhéirib rróill duit
 As éad le n-a céile róib-re.

Mór maoič-bean doil-čuirp ip ór-fuilc
 Dá zciorač žan čior ačt a zceol-žlac,
 Iar ocpaočač ocp na téadaib ópča
 'S a mbuidéačar aš an nžaoič ar a n-óige.

Iomča mí-bean mionla móčmār,
 Pá žlar oúnta i žcúil dá ceompa,
 Nárl leis eažla carao oi žlór-žol
 'Oo' čaoineač me hiočbairc a nceopa.

I n-amīar an marib no beo čú
 An uair ip mičro léi t'pāicpīn io' óž-čpuč;
 Mar čuž anpāčt anpēačt beo uirčē,
 An ocpuž oearib o mairib níor mó' oi?

Čuž o žairce oúit žairm ip žlóipe,
 Čuž pá oeara i n-arpmaib t'óirpneač,
 Čuž žpaočam oúit tú a žlacač oó ar oóro žil,
 Rí pīlib ip níor mīrcioe a mōpōačt.

Cia aš ar pāžair t'áilne ašur t'óige
 An cneap ar pnuao uamain na bōčna,
 An leaca ar lí žpīr an óiž-lil,
 'S an opeač ar oāč na leaž ložmār?

An pīže pēamār 'r an čealltar čomāpōač,
 An teanža māl ar žeall žup čomāill,
 An troiž čpēan 'r an taoč mar pōll žeal,
 An ionža čaol 'r an bēal mar pōrpup?

O člearpūdeāčt aš marcuīžeāčt mōir-eač,
 O pcpairūdeāčt pēan-pcpīočta ceolta,
 Pionnpa žo n-ionlar t'eolair
 Ó pīmt pīce žo bōiočīn?

Cia būp oīže ooo' pāiočpēap ceoioe?
 Cia oēarpēnar a nōān io' oēoio-pe?
 Žan beič é leo' mēapāib pōpča,
 Cleite žé 'r tú aš oēanam člōča pīp.

Cia éirífeas mar do éiríur i mbeo-miód
 Δξ innriúe d'innleáda ir d'eolair,
 Δξ tabairt ceangán di ir anam a d'ótain,
 Soileáé márb náir balb cé feoúad ?

Do muíair do moíá, ba moíá go deon dam,
 Mar díol i b'fiontaib ir i b'feoltaé,
 Mar díol i zcior-b'fleiré ir i zcóirrib,
 I noíceall tíoréa ar do éorram ;

I noúctiaé ir i zcuíá do éom'fozuir
 I zcaoinead doir-feair ir óiz-feair,
 I n-aétuirre rean-ban zan r'óirceann,
 Dearb'éair, 'r i n-aócuíá óz-ban.

Do hairdeacaó tú i n-aíáiré mo éóicim,
 Ir líz'iré píce cum d'óibe,
 An érom ba zlonnmair zlóraé
 I nóir balb ó'd máirb 'na éómar.

Murcaoda ir a noúib-béal róta,
 Halabairt 'r a mbairra le f'ódaib,
 B'raacaé 'r iad ceangailte cnórta
 Láim me talaim dá manmair zan móirtar

Do élaídeam ba zníoméaé i ngleo-b'ruiré,
 Lomnoctéa ar onácoim óiz-íir,
 Do mólaroac r'olaimaé ir t'óir-rpuir
 Zo n-ionlar dá n-ionéur rómaé.

Coirnéil zan oib'éim eolair
 Ir capraein ó zác zlain-éiré d'Éorair
 Zo rtuam'óa i n-uaim 'r i n-óirdeir
 'San oracáill fá éoráib do éóm-éuir.

Céad feair doo' zaoitáib feola
 I lib'é i noúib-éadaé rómaib,
 T'armuir ir é tarraingé ar óir-óat,
 Ronnta ar an b'fozáil-éac b'fóirraé.

An uair do glacaó 'ran talam do cóimra
 Dá mba mairdean lairgíte an lócrainn
 Do dhéanfaó oíche éioir-óub ceo ói
 Le rmuít an búdair do dóigeaó oir.

Ḃac rairgíuiri aḂ deimniugaó eolcáir
 aḂ dúbláil cúma-ráó fá óó duit,
 An túiréail dúir-ómaeac a d'eoira
 Ḃo oirioimuiḂeaó le n-a oirnaib d'óigíte.

Cé í an mairdean an eacra órcuin,
 Ir Ḃuir Ḃearra ó'n eaglaír do nóir-óros,
 Dob' éigin le méir an móircaír,
 Duirdeacáir ar an Ḃcáir um nóna.

Naoi Ḃcaogaíó de éleiréacáib coiróntac
 Deiréaraeac í n-eairaib óiróa,
 SaḂairc na ralmac Ḃan cómairéam,
 Ir earbuis an deacmaó ar do óorriam.

Muna mbeaó a méir de ceim dóm-ra,
 Ir ualaé naé ualaé cómórom,
 Ir maic do éaoiréaó mo érióde b'óin tú
 í Ḃcaoín-déair náir mílre aḂ Óiúio.

Ba tú óom an tan ba deo tú,
 M'úirraó tige, mo rció óóire,
 Fuircaeó m'éigin, éirde m'feola,
 Comla m'áruir, fáil mo óorriam.

Mo óion tuaióe, mo d'uaeail d'ó-eallaig
 Mo ruiuir áircaig ar láir bóeña,
 Mo máirde láime í mbeáirnaín d'ó-fulaing,
 Mo érañn baḂair ra baile 'r tú í úflónoirar.

Mo béitir deaóla, mo éoir cóimraic.
 Mo óraḂan lann, mo Ḃoll mac Móirne,
 Mo éuraó caom, mo laoc, mo leomán,
 Mo éionn rúil, mo líon-lúe, mo lócrann.

ˆUo ˆmˆalˆarˆtˆaˆir mo ˆrˆeˆaˆcˆmˆaˆr i ˆrˆoˆ-ˆcˆeˆaˆr,
 ˆIˆr ˆoˆo ˆdˆioˆlˆaˆir mo ˆrˆaˆoˆiˆrˆe ˆlˆeˆo' ˆoˆs-ˆuˆlˆ;
 ˆTˆu ˆaˆnˆoˆcˆt, mo ˆtˆoˆcˆt ˆiˆr mo ˆcˆeˆo-ˆsˆoˆiˆn,
 ˆAˆr ˆm'ˆaˆoˆiˆbˆnˆiˆr ˆiˆr ˆcˆrˆiˆoˆc mo ˆsˆlˆoˆiˆrˆe.

Mo ˆlˆuˆaˆiˆn-ˆcˆrˆeˆaˆc, mo ˆsˆuˆaˆiˆr, mo ˆsˆlˆeˆo-ˆbˆrˆuˆiˆo,
 Mo ˆcˆnˆeˆaˆo ˆbˆaˆiˆr, mo ˆbˆrˆaˆcˆt, mo ˆbˆeˆo-ˆsˆoˆiˆn,
 Mo ˆmˆiˆlˆe ˆmˆaˆiˆrˆs, mo ˆcˆeˆaˆlˆs, mo ˆcˆlˆoˆ-ˆnˆiˆmˆ,
 Mo ˆdˆiˆlˆe ˆdˆoˆnˆaˆiˆr ˆtˆu, ˆm'ˆoˆrˆnˆa, ˆiˆr ˆm'ˆeˆoˆlˆcˆuˆiˆr

Mo ˆrˆiˆlˆeˆaˆo ˆdˆeˆaˆr, mo ˆlˆeˆaˆn, mo ˆlˆeˆoˆnˆaˆo,
 Mo ˆsˆoˆiˆn ˆcˆrˆoˆiˆdˆe, mo ˆdˆiˆcˆt, mo ˆdˆeˆoˆnˆcˆaˆo,
 Mo ˆrˆiˆoˆrˆcˆa ˆbˆaˆlˆl, mo ˆcˆaˆlˆl, mo ˆcˆrˆoˆ-ˆlˆoˆt,
 Mo ˆcˆnˆeˆaˆo ˆcˆlˆi ˆoˆo ˆrˆiˆnˆeˆaˆo i ˆsˆcˆoˆmˆrˆaˆiˆnˆn.

ˆBˆa ˆcˆaˆiˆrˆe nˆa ˆaˆn ˆrˆeˆaˆrˆtˆaˆiˆnˆn ˆoˆo ˆrˆoˆnˆnˆtˆaˆcˆt,
 ˆBˆa ˆdˆaˆiˆnˆsˆnˆe nˆa ˆaˆn ˆcˆaˆrˆrˆaˆiˆs ˆoˆo ˆcˆrˆoˆdˆaˆcˆt,
 ˆDˆoˆb' ˆrˆaˆiˆrˆrˆiˆnˆsˆe nˆa ˆaˆn ˆbˆaˆnˆdˆa ˆoˆo ˆbˆeˆoˆdˆaˆcˆt,
 ˆIˆr ˆbˆa ˆcˆuˆmˆaˆiˆnˆsˆe nˆa ˆt'ˆuˆiˆrˆe ˆaˆn ˆcˆoˆrˆaˆiˆr.

ˆUo ˆlˆeˆaˆsˆaˆo-ˆrˆa mo ˆlˆeˆaˆsˆaˆo ˆiˆr mo ˆlˆeˆoˆnˆaˆo,
 ˆUo ˆcˆaˆiˆlˆlˆeˆaˆmˆaˆiˆn ˆbˆa ˆcˆaˆiˆlˆlˆeˆaˆmˆaˆiˆn ˆdˆoˆmˆ-ˆrˆa;
 ˆO ˆcˆaˆiˆlˆlˆeˆaˆr ˆtˆu ˆoˆo ˆcˆaˆiˆlˆlˆeˆaˆr mo ˆdˆoˆcˆaˆr,
 ˆIˆr ˆo'ˆr ˆmˆaˆrˆb ˆtˆu ˆiˆr ˆmˆaˆrˆb ˆcˆe ˆbˆeˆo ˆmˆe.

ˆrˆiˆaˆrˆaˆs ˆrˆeˆiˆrˆiˆtˆeˆaˆr.

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 fúlaingio ḡaill dúinn.

A.D. 1670.

ní fúlaingio ḡaill dúinn ríochtugadh i nÉirinn reall
 ár gcroíochte ḡan ḡimluigadh 'r írliugadh fé n-a rmacct,
 ár gcumar do laigdiugadh ir dítiugadh ár ḡcléir ar fad
 ir fuirm a mío-rún críochnuigadh ár raogail ar.

níor ílúgce dár n-íoiugadh líomúgadh bhréagac beart
 ḡan cumar an dlíghíó míú i n-aon éuir d'Éiríam éeart,
 Tuigim ḡur ríor-ḡudár ríochtugadh raob na bfeart
 le n-a ḡcuirmo i ḡcríé dúinn ḡníomúgadh léir a ḡceart.

Dár dtubairt ḡo laoiṫeamail luigce dúinn fé n-a rmacct ;
 Mo éuirre 'r nac díon dúinn doim éuil d'Éiríam díre,
 ár gcumar ir dío-cumang, ní míú rmeár ár ḡceart
 Muna dtigce ḡan móill éugáinn míniugadh éigín ar.

Do éannaic na Saille úr ríodáimáil réadaic real,
 Cumaraic éioráimáil críocnáimáil céadpádaic ceart,
 Soilbhir raióiteáimáil míon-úr maorúda mear,
 Fíleáúta ríoraíimáil ríontaíimáil féartaic féadú.

Cuirite caointeáimáil d'raoióiteáimáil daonnaicéadaic,
 Bioráite bíodúáimáil gaoiréimáil Gaedéalaic gílan,
 So tuicim i bhríorúin daoiréimáil lae na mbreac
 Náir éuilleadair mí-éilú 'r díocúgáú d'éadaic deart.

Soirim ir suíúim runn Críóir éúgáib, caom an flaic,
 D'fúlaing a éaom-éilú i gcraoib éumáing éarta téadú
 So gcuireadú gan móill éúgáinn pí éilú Gaedúil 'na gceadú
 'S so ríoraíú na Saille úr bí míú i gcúin éar lear.

SÉAPRAÚ Ó DONNCAÚLA

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 DARRA AR AN SCLEAS.

(Nuair do cuir Rí Cormac II. féala ar an pointe do rinneadh fé
Éromail ar éalaín na héireann.)

Ir barr ar an sclear an feacht do teacht tar tuinn
Le'ir leasadh fé flait an tpeadh roin Éibhir fínn,
Cama na mbeart do fladh go claon ár scuing
Le'ir gearradh amac ár sclear ar éirinn uill.

Ir deacair a mear go raib i scéill do'n dhuing,
Ceasadh na n-acht do tabairt d'aon mac Saille,
Go bfeacadar bhead na bfeair ar Séarlar Ríog
Sur reardar neart san ceart le céile a boill.

Do feannadh ar fadh an feacht ro i nÉirinn Sadoitil,
Ir deairgair fearca fearc zac don fíir díobh,
No glacair a bpar san rtao ir téir tar tuinn
Ir geallair tar n-air san teacht go héas air.

Cé neartmáir an tan-ro ar élannaibh Saedéal na Saill,
 Is cé maímar a rtaio le real i bhréamaibh Fíoinn,
 De dhearcuibh a gceart ní gabaidh géilleadh an fuinn,
 Fearfaió 'na fíaraibh fearis Dé 'na n-oruim.

'Adeir na bfeart doo' ceao is deanta gúide,
 Ceartuis 'na lea ar fad i nÉirinn Saoidil,
 Is learuig 'na gceart san ceap sac n-aon de'n oruings,
 Is airtis a reacht 'r a raé do'n éleir i gcill.

Uc is deáoi, is las i an uairle anoir!
 Cufa 'r calaíde ar éalíuibh tuarparail,
 Do'raig fé hataíde is airtíde ruarac' rin,
 Is luét oirdearc reáíde i gcaipibh cluaraa.

SÉAFRAÓ Ó DOINNÉAD.

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 ! ”

MAC AN CEANNUÍDE.

Διρλινς ζέαρ το ὀδαρκαρ φέιν ιμ' λεαβαῖο 'ρ μέ σο λαζ
 ὕρλοζαδ :

Διντορ φέιμ ὀά'ρ ὕ'αινμ ἔιρε αζ τεαδτ ιμ' ζαορ αμ μαρ-
 καίζαδτ ;

Δ ρύλ ρεαῖμαρ ζλαρ, α κύλ τρομ καρ, α com ρεανς ζεαλ 'ρ
 α μαλαίθε,

Ὀά μαοιῖθεαμ σο ραῖο αζ τίζεαδτ 'να ζαρ λε ὀιοζραιρ,
 Mac an Ceannuíde.

Δ beol ba ὕinn, α ζλόρ ba ἔαοιν, ιρ ρό-ρκαρ λινν αν καίλιν,
 Céile ὕρμαιν ὀά'ρ ζέλλ αν φ'ιανν, mo léir-ἔρεαδ ὀιαν, α
 ηαιcío

φέ ρύρτε ζαλλ ὀά ὕρμζαδ σο τεανν mo cúilφionn τρεανς
 το ρλαῖο ρινν ;

Νί'λ ραοιρεαμ ρεαλ λε τίζεαδτ 'να ζαρ σο ὕφιλφιῖο Mac
 an Ceannuíde.

Να céαdτa τά ι ὕρβείν ὀε ζρῖαδ λε ζέιρ-ρκαρ ράιμ ὀά
 cneap-ἔλί,

Claanna ρζτε, maca Míleaδ, ὀρμαζαιν ρίοῖδα ιρ ζαιρσιῖζ
 Τά ζνύιρ 'να ζηαοι, ní múrclann ρί, cé ὀυδὰδ φέ ρείορ
 αν καίλιν,

Νί'λ ραοιρεαμ ρεαλ λε τίζεαδτ 'να ζαρ σο ὕφιλφιῖο Mac
 an Ceannuíde.

Δ ράιῖτε φέιν ιρ κρῖῖτε αν ρcéαλ, mo láin-ἔρεαδ ζέαρ α
 ηαιcío

Δ beit ζαν ceol αζ καοι να ηῖοορ 'ρ α ὕιῖθεαν, ζαν ζό,
 ba μαιτ ζηίομ,

Ζαν ἔλέιρ, ζαν ὀρῖο, ι ὕρβείν σο μόρ 'να ηιαρρμα φό ζαδ
 μαῖδαῖθε.

'S σο mbéiῖo ρί 'να ρρρεαρ ζαν λυίγε λε ρεαρ σο ὕφιλφιῖο
 Mac an Ceannuíde.

Δουδαίρτ ἀμίρ αν βύιρ-βεαν μιοντα, ó τύρναó μίστε
έλεαότ í,

Conn íρ Διρ βα lonnραέ μεαότ, íρ β'φογλαέ γλασ α ηγλεαο-
υιόεαότ,

Οριόμ'εταν τρέαν, έαρ tuinn έυς γέιλλ, íρ λαοιγεαέ mac
Céin an fearr γροιόε

So mbeiró rí 'na rpphear γαν luiγε le fearr so bfillpíó
Mac an Céannuiróe.

Do beir rúil ó 'dear γαέ ló fé peaé αρ έράιγ na mbarc an
cailin,

Íρ rúil 'dear ποίρ so olúó έαρ muir, mo éumá ανοίρ α ηαιόίó.

Α rúla riar aγ rúil le 'Dia έαρ tonntaib ríara γαινίμε,

'S so mbeiró rí 'na rpphear γαν luiγε le fearr so bfillpíó
Mac an Céannuiróe.

Α βράι'ερε βρεαα τάιό έαρ leap, na τάιντε fearc an cailin ;
Ní'l fleao le φαγáιλ, ní'l γean ná γράó aγ neaé 'óá cáιρ'oió
αomuiγim ;

Α γρυαóνα rliuc, γαν ruan γαν rult, fé γρυαaim íρ 'ouó
α n-aióíó :

Ní'l φαοίρεamí real le τίγεαότ 'na γαρ so bfillpíó Mac
an Céannuiróe.

Δουδαίρτ léi íαρ γολορ α rceíl α rún γυρ éaγ αρ έλεαότ rí
Suar 'ran Spáinn so bfuair pé báp 'r náρ έρυαγ le cáé
α ηαιόίó :

Íαρ γολορ mo γóτα í b'φογυρ 'oi éopruis α epuc 'r 'o
rcpeao rí,

Íρ 'ó'éaluisγ α hanam 'ó'aoñ p'peab aipci ; mo léan-ra an
bean so λαγ-βρίογáé.

ΑΟΨΓΑΝ Ο ΡΑΤΑΙΛΛΕ.

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 LIÁT.

Tairceigíó, a éloca, fé éoigilt i scoimeáó émiaó
 An feallaire fóla 'r an rtoillaire Dáron Liát
 A gairce níor b'follur i scozaó ná i scaé lá gliaió,
 Aét as creacáó 'r as crocáó 'r as corcaire na mboctán
 maíh.

Do b'faihring a éortar i rolar-bhuig éeann-ápo Úmiaíh,
 Da óaingean a óopar 'r a óoíceall irtig fé'n iaóáó,
 I nheactarla fóraig i n-orcail ioiri óá rliaó
 Sur éeangail fé an zortá do'n póbul óá zcupr fé maigail.

A gaeata níor fórcail le horncáó na ntonán noian,
 Níor fneazair a nholairc 'r óá zcolainn níor fneartail
 biaó ;

Óá ngearrfaióir bhorna no rcolb no rcoctán fiar
 Do bainfeáó fé rroctanna fóla ar a rlinneáin fiar.

Reácta an traozail do réab zo ríor-gháctáé,
 Maópaó craoraé taosacé mío-náireacé,
 Eazlair Dé zan traocáó óá ríor-éáblaó
 Ir flaitear na Naomí ar Séamur 'na óearg-fáracé.

Zé'r mhóir a maectmar real 'ran traozail ro beo,
 Da émiaó a bhreá ar lazaib bíóó zan treoiri
 Ir buan an t-áct do ceapaó ríor féó' éómair,
 Fuaéct ir tairc ir tear ir teinte ió' óózaó.

Mo fáilm-re ar roóar zan óoéma zan óiombáio ió' óiaio ;
 Ar leacaib óoó' lozcaó as Cocitur as ríor-faigáil pian ;
 Zac maópa fóla ó éorcaig zo baile áta Cliaé
 Zo leanaio ze hobann do lozra, a éuirp, fé émiaó.

As reo an t-ápur 'na bhpuil Dáron fé leacaib rínte,
 Crúb do éuir cáinte le fán ir do éreacé na mílte
 Asur ó'fás na mná ir a nzárlaig as tairteal tíoréa :
 Zuiróim fáioite zo bháct tú ir tú ió' lozcaó i óteíntiú !

Mo nuair, mo éireac nár tacaíod mílte ió' ród,
 Ir Seán, do m'ac, 'na rppear doo' coimhdeáct leo ;
 Mar luac zac rtair ir clear dári tionnrcair ród
 Deo conairt élam le hairc doo' rtraoileáct leo.

Cuibreac dáinzean ar maac' an ancúinre
 Le roigin-zad zarú ó eacarla, a élam úitcáir,
 Saizéadair eadarta an t-airmeirlac i mearc na ndeamán,
 An *Decree* rin feara 'ca ar t'anam, a máoiriú álla.

Cioó zo maair murtaiac iomarcac rannac maí
 Bioó do éirte as cimire zann ió' diaí,
 Do éolann as cruinib dá pioacó zo hamplac dian,
 Ir t'anam as riuacó 'ran zcoire zan cunnar bliáan.

Urúis, a leac, a úraio 'r a úrannóal crón,
 A rúil a plait a éangza a éoll duó móir,
 Zac lúit zac áit zo rrap do'n éam-rúigéoir,
 Mar rúil ná carra éar n-air ná a fámaí zo deo.

SEÁN CLÁRAC macDOÍNNAILL.

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 ŠALAIR.

(Ar mbeir i n' ochar luige lámh óó. A.D. 1745.)

Áireamh eactra an šalair 'n-ar luigear go tréir,
I r cár a bheacad 'r i r deacair dom reriobad ná léigean,
D'éir náite an Earraig do caitéam im' luige go léir
'S mo lám dear ašam 'om cealšad tríom le péin.

Lám na bheacanna šlacad 'r do bíod ar céad,
Lám do earraig ceart reanúir Inre Šaeóal
Lám šac eactra 'r airt do reriobad ar an bféinn,
'S an lám náir caillead go macad do'n eill, a 'óé.

Tá a lán dá canad sup cealš ó mnaoi deim é,
I r táim-re ceana dá máiteam ói ó munn mo éléib;
Má'r mná do máirb no máirtuig daoine 'n traóšail
Ní náir dom eadarca rearam nó ruidé lem' érim.

Níor fáš rí acmunn im' bálailb im' ériúde ná im' deib,
I r d'fáš rí m'eagna balb i r m'intleacé rion,
D'fáš rí lašuište leacéa mé cuibearac élé,
Acé tá an Rí neartmar do earraib arir mo šéas.

'Dá t'pí leanú do r'eap'opaó fé'm' p'ineadó i z'p'ré,
 'S do m'áit'pín 'deap'úta an ealta roin 'd'ligim z'up' b'éd'ct;
 Ní aip'mím eadap'ta an 'banal'tra ór' p'íol'p'uis mé,
 'S do beadó mná p'íde ip' fláta ip' cap'aito 'om éaoineadó ip' éiz'p'.

Mo é'p'áit'óteadó t'air'p' rin, m'ana'p'ra éoi'óce an p'céal,
 An bá'r a'z ba'zair'te z'ar a'za ná p'iz'neap' lae,
 Ná cáip'oe ceap'ta ó m'ait'oin z'o hoit'óce im' léap',
 Ná an áit a p'acádo ná p'ead'ap' cá p'lig'e fan t'p'ao'z'al.

Mo é'nám'a 'r mo éalainn do'n t'alám ba 'úlig'e a z'cup' p'é
 Z'o p'cáinte p'cap'ta le t'air'p'e an t'p'aoiz'it z'o léip';
 Ad'ct áip'eám' p'ait'e 'dá n-ara'z'uin ep'uin'e 'r 'daéil,
 Ám' an t-anam, ní p'ead'ap' ap'íp' cá 't'éit'óeann.

Cáip'oe tamall ó ceap'uis'z' 'dom Rí na p'laom'
 'S ip' cáip'oe z'ear'p'a z'an am'ap'ar innip'im é,
 Cáip'oe m'ear'p'im a éait'eám' le hintinn 'D'é
 Z'o ep'áit'óteadó c'neap'ta 'd'p'éip' áit'eanta é'p'íort 'r a éléip';

A p'áip' do t'ad'air'te p'é n'oeap'a 'r a z'níom' do léiz'eám',
 Cá'r a éeangail a m'ap'laó 'r a m'íl'te ep'éadóct,
 Z'up' p'áz'adó m'ap'ú z'an anam Mac 'úilip' 'D'é
 Ap' áp'o-é'p'oir z'air'p'ú z'an p'ait' um a éaoib', mo léan!

A z'p'á'p'ais'z' neap't'm'air, ná ha'z'air' 'ran 'dio'z'al roin mé,
 Ná p'áz' z'ac' t'ap'c'uir'ne t'air'p'iz'ip' 'd'íoc im' éaoú,
 'S, cé tá z'o n'oeadó'air' mo p'ead'air'oe t'ap' innip'it p'céil,
 Beadó p'lán ad'ct z'air'im ap' éad'air' an t'p'íp' z'o t'p'éan.

A áp'o-flait', a á'tair', a 'D'ea'z'-m'ic, 'r a éaoim-Sp'p'uo p'acéim,
 Ó'r' éál z'ac' m'ait'ear' i b'flait'ip' ip' t'p'íto an p'ao'z'al,
 Ap' lár im' leab'air'ó, im' p'ear'am' nó p'uir'oe mo z'néim',
 Úip' n'z'p'á'z' z'o b'p'anair'ó im' anam, im' é'p'oi'oe, 'r im' b'éal.

SEÁN UA MURCÁDÁ NA RÁIT'ÍNEAD.

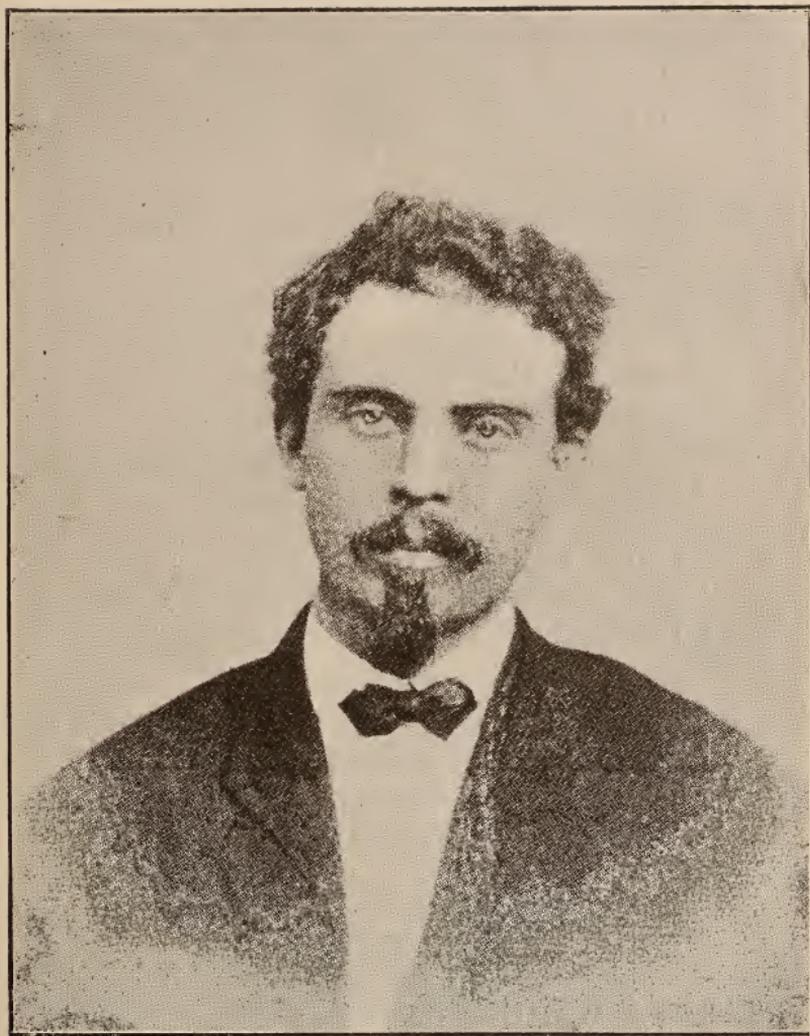
DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

Ἐἄναμ ὄ'η ῥιαῦαῖ! 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 faller 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 CAÇA NA MUMHAIN

A.D. 1750.

O'aitnigear féin san bhéas ar fuaic

'S ar anfao' tétir taob' le cuan,

Ar éanao' na n-éan go réireac ruairc,

Go scappaó mo Séarar glé san sruaim.

Meairim sup' rubac' do'n Múmáin an fuaim

'S o'á mairéann go dubac' de éirú na mbuaó

Topann na dtonn le plearaib' na long

A's tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann ar cuairc.

Tá lapaó 'ran ngréin saó lae go neoin ;

Ní tairc do'n rae, ní téirdeann fé neoil ;

Tá barra na gmaob' a's déanaim rceoil,

Nac' fada béiró saeóil i ngréirdeann bhoín

Meairim sup' rubac' do'n Múmáin an ceol

'S o'á mairéann go dubac' de éirú na dtreon

Topann na dtonn le plearaib' na long

A's tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann fé féol.

Tá doibhí ar mipe a'sur áine ós

A'sur Clíodna an bhruinneal ir áilne rnoó ;

Táir miltc a'sur tuilleaó de'n dtáin reo fóir

Oá fuirdeaó le buile sup' táinís an leogán.

Meairim sup' rubac' do'n Múmáin an ceol

'S o'á mairéann go dubac' de éirú na dtreon

Topann na dtonn le plearaib' na long

A's tarraint anall 'n-ár gceann fé féol.

Ir annaím dam mairdean ar amairc an laoi

Ná bainim éum reaca go fairrige ríor,

Mo dearca oá leacaó a's fairre de ríor

Ar baircaib' an fáirre a's gearraó na rligc.

Meairim sup' rubac' do'n Múmáin 'r sup' binn

'S o'á mairéann go dubac' de éirú na Ríog

Topann na long a's rcoilteaó na dtonn

A's tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann san móill.

Crunnigeasú gac tuine d'fuit míleadó tréin
 So mteann 'n-a cúirle de'n bhíor-fuit bhaon
 Do míleadó le tligíte 'r do crádaó le claon
 So mbuailtró pé buille le báire an tréin.
 Measaim sup rubac do'n mluáin i gcéin
 'S d'á mairéann so túbac de éirí na dtreán
 Torann na dtonn le plearaib na lonn
 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, asur do lámadaó coir Inre Cairraige an Ime é le feall-beairt
 gail um dealtaine, 1773. Mac Dearbhaicéarí d'Eiblíń a b'eadó Doimnall
 ua Conaill an "Liberator." Gheobair an Caoineadó i n-iomlán, nó a
 fupimóir pé rcéal é, i n"ihrleabair na Gaedilge" i gcómar Meicim
 a 1896 ní' pé so léir anro.)

Mo ghráó so daingean tú!
 Lá dá bpeaca tú
 As ceann tige an márgaio;
 Túg mo fúil aipe dúit,
 Túg mo éiríde taitneam dúit;
 D'éaluirgear óm' atair leat.
 I bpat ó baile leat.

 Ir cuimín lem' aighe,
 An lá bpeas earraig úo,
 Sup bpeas éasadó hata dúit,
 Ir bantá óir carra air.
 Claidream cinn airgíó,—
 Lám deap cálda,—
 Rompráil basairtác,—
 Fír-éirteasla
 Air námaro cealgaó—
 Tú i gcóir cum falartaó'

1r ead caol ceann-íonn fút.
 D'umluigóir Sapanais
 Síor go talaí duit,
 1r ní mar máite leat
 Déit le haon cóip easla,
 Síó sur leo do caillead tú
 A múirín m'anma.

Mo ára tú go daingean!
 Níor éirídear miam do mairb
 Go dtáinig éugam do ápall
 'S a rrianta léi go talaí,
 1r fuil do éiríde ar a leacain
 Siar go diallaic gheanta
 Na mbíteá d' fuidé 'r ió' fearaí.
 Tugad léim go tapaid,
 An óeas léim ar an gchairte,
 An dara léim ar an dtairis
 An tríómás léim ar do ápall.

Do buairear go luat mo bapa,
 'S do baine ar na meataib.
 Com maí 1r bí ré agam
 Go bhuairear mómam tú marb
 Coir tuirín írit aicinn,
 Gan pápa 1r gan earbos,
 Gan cléireac 1r gan ragar
 Do léigfead ort an traim,
 Déit rean-bean éríonna áitte
 Do leat ort beann d'á fallaing;
 Do éuro folá leat 'na rriatib;
 1r níor fanar le n-a glaná
 Déit í d'ól ruar lem' bapab.

Mo grád tú 'sur mo áitneam!
 Cuiris ruar ió' fearaí,

Ir tair liom féin a baite
 So scurream mairt dá leasadh,
 So nglaotham ar éoirir fairring,
 So mbeid aghainn ceol dá rpreasadh,
 So scóireodas tuit-re leaba
 Fé bhataib míne seala,
 Fé cuilteannaib bpeas' bpeaca,
 A éirfirid tear tréid' ballaib
 I n-ionad an fuaict a glacair.

Δ ὄδοιμε, νᾶ héirtid
 Le macaireadēt éitig.
 Ní' l don bean i nÉirinn
 Do fínfead a taob leir,
 Uo béarad tré laos' dód,
 Ná macad le cmaodaið
 I noiaid airt Uí Laozairie
 Adá anpro traoéta
 Ó mairtin inodé agham.

Δ Muiirín, léan ort!
 Fuil do éroiðe d'éas leat!
 Do fúile dá scaoúad!
 Do glúine dá réabaid!
 Do mairbáir mo laos'ra,
 'S gan don fear i nÉirinn
 A sreatrad na piléir leat.

Sreatad éuget aghur oit!
 Δ Muiir sranad an fill,
 Δ bain díom féin mo tígear,
 Adair mo leand gan doir;
 Dír aca agh riudal an tíge,
 'S an tríoimad ceann irctig im' éli,
 'S ní dóca so scurream díom!

Mo ghráó tú 'sur mo taitneamh !
 Nuair gabair amac an geata
 O'fillir ear n-air go tapaid ;
 Do rógar do dhír leanbh,
 Rógair mire ar banna baire,
 Dubhair, " A Eiblin, eiriz id' fearamh
 Go luaimneac ir go tapaid,
 Taim-re as fásbáil an baile
 Ir ní móide go deo go scarpainn."
 Ní rinnear deo' éainnt acé mazaó :
 Bíteá dá ráó uim go minic éana.

Mo ghráó tú 'sur mo cumann !
 'S ní hé a bfuair bár deo' éinead,
 Ná bár mo éiuir éloinne ;
 Ná Doimnall móir Ua Conaill,
 Ná Conaill a bátaid an tuile,
 Ná bean na ré mbliadan bpiéad
 Do éuid anonn ear uirce
 As cáirdearuiéacé le ríctib ;
 Ní maó ro go léir tá asam
 Le huclán cléib dá ngarim
 Acé aré Ua Laozairé an oimé,
 Aré na ghuairé finne,
 Aré an buada 'r an mírimé,
 Maracé na lárac doinne,
 Óá bainé aréir dá bonnab
 Ar Inre Cárraig' an Ime—
 Náir máimé rí a hainm ná a rloinnead !

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. MACBURNAY.

CÚIRT AN MEADÓIM OIÓCE.

A.D. 1780.

Ua ghnáct mé riubal le ciumáir na habann
Ar bháiríḡ úir 'r an tshúct go tnom
I n-áice na gcoillte i gcum an tpléibe
San máirḡ san móill le poillre an lae
Uo ghealaḡ mo cpoirde nuair a éinn loé ḡréime,
An talam 'r an tír ir íoḡar na rpreire
Taitneamác doibinn, ruidéal na pléibte
As basairc a gcum tar tshuim a céile.
Uo ghealraḡ an cpoirde beaḡ críon le cianta
Caitte san bhriḡ no líonta 'e rianta;
An réitléac rearbḡ san realbḡ san rairdbhear
O'féacaḡ tamall tar bharr na gcoillte
Ar laḡain 'na rcuainte ar éuan san ceo
An eala ar a bhruair 'r i as ghuairéact leo.
Na héirc le meadair as eirḡe i n-áirde
Rpreire im' maḡarc go tairdbhearác táir-bhear.
Uaḡ an loḡa asur goim na ttonn
As teact go tolgac toirannac tnom.
Uioḡ éanlaic i gcrainn go meadrac móimmarac
Ir léimreac eilte i gcoillte m' cómḡar.
ḡéimneac adarc ir maḡarc ar plóirḡte
Tréan-mic gaḡar ir Raighearro mómpa.

Ar maidin inu é bí an rpeáir gan ceo,
 Bí Canceir ó'n ngréim i n-a caoiréid teo
 I r í gábhá cum raothair tar éir na hoirdce
 I r obair an lae rin réimprí rínte;
 Bí duilleabair cmaob ar ghéasa im' éimceall,
 Fioirtan i r féar go rlaodaé taoib liom,
 Glarra fáir i r bláit i r luibeanna
 Scairpead le fán dá éiríoteadé rmaointe.
 Bí mé corraá 'r an coolaó dom' éraodaó,
 Sí n mé corra ar coérom 'ran bfeáir glar
 I n-aice na gcrann i dteannta trínre
 Taca lem' ceann i r m'annlaó rínte,
 Ar ceangal mo fúil go dlúit le céile
 Greamuigste dúnta i ndúbhglar néalta
 I r m'ágaíó 'sam foiligste ó cuilib go rápta
 I dtaidbheam d'fúilins mé an éingsteac éiríote.
 Do corrauíg de lom, do poll go haé me
 Im' éolaó go trom gan meabair gan éirum.
 Da gairio mo fuan nuair éuala, fáoil mé,
 An talam maščuairio ar luarcead im' éimceall
 Anraó adtuaid i r fuaodaé fíocmar
 I r calaó an éuain as tuaršain teinte.
 Siollaó dom' fúil dá r fúmluigear uaim
 Do éonnaic mé éugam le ciuáir an éuain
 An máraé bolgaé tolgaé taidbheac
 Énámaé éolgaé goirgeac gaógaé;
 A haéirde i gceart mar mear mé díreac
 A ré nó a readé de flata 'r fuidéalaé,
 Réirre beadé d'á brat as rraoillead
 Léi 'ran trlab le d'rab i r níoball,
 Da múar ba fáir ba fádaín le réadaínt
 Suar 'na héadan éréadaé éréimeac;
 D'anraó ceanntair—rcannraó raogalta
 An d'raio 'r an d'raiondal manntaé méirceac.
 A rí gaé máige ba láirín líomíta,
 A bíoma láime i r lán rcar inné,

Cómarcra ppiáir 'na bairi ar rpiice
 Ir comácta báille i n-áirde air rerióbta.
 Dubairt go gairgead o'foclaid dána,
 "Múrcail, corruig, a éoulataig xpánda!
 Ir dubad an trlige duit rinte id' rliarta
 Ir cúirt 'na ruidé 'r na mílte ag triall ann."

BRIAN MACSHIOLLA 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.

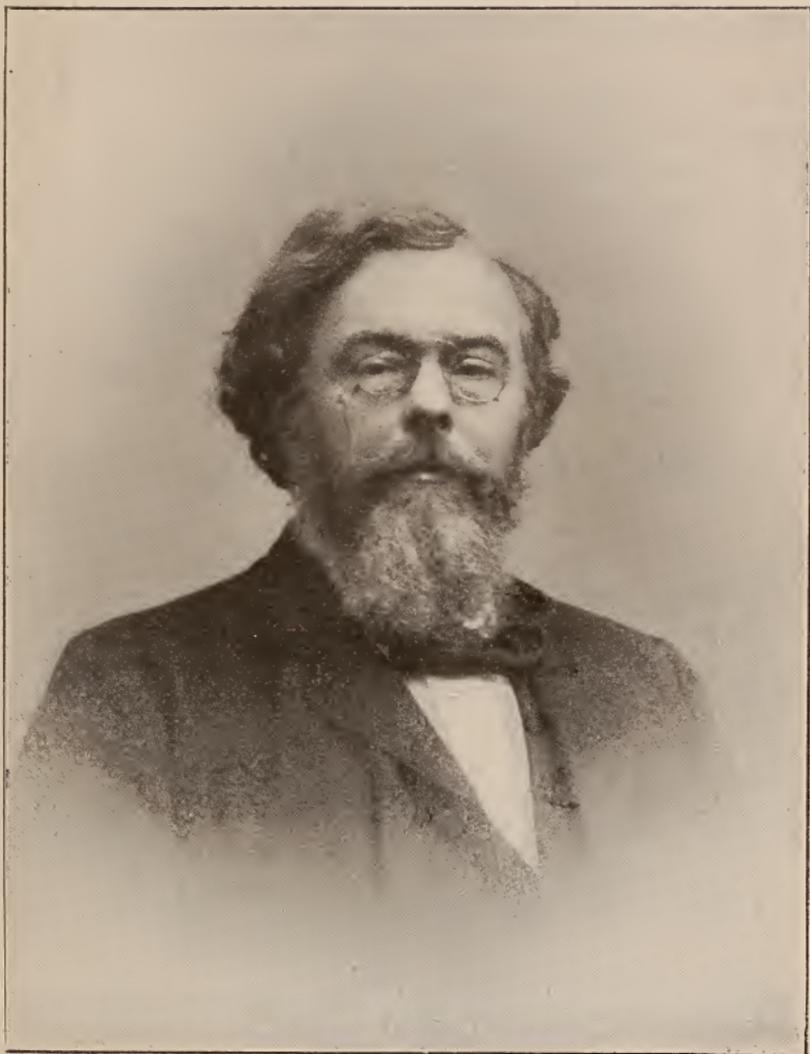
O, handsome Hawk who towered the country o'er !
 Top-spray of all who sprang from Sigerson More !
 And pure thy mother's blood, Clan-Connell's old—
 Thou dashing chief—thou joyous hand with gold.

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,
Hedless 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 oíóce do feol mé

Tre tíoréaiḃ mar óinnio ar rtrae,
 San príom-éaraid oíógrair im' éóinngrar
 'S mé i gcríócaib tar m'eolur i gcein;

Do ínear go príor-éuirread deorad

I gcoill éluémar énoímar liom féin,
 As gairdeáchtaint cum Ríog síl na glóire
 Ír san níó ar bíé acé trócaire im' béal.

Bí lionru.é im' éróide-re, san go ar bíé,

'San gcoill reo 'r san glóir óuine im' gáor,
 San doibnear, acé binn-éuḃ na r mólad

As príor-éantain ceoil ar gac géis;
 Lem' éaoib gur íuib ríó-bhuingéal móómarad,
 I bpríogair ír i gclóó éróit mar naom,
 'Na gnaoi bí an lí géal le róraib,
 As coimearcar, 'r nár b'eol dom cia géill.

Da éruillread tíug buíde carra ar ór-óac

A ólaoi-fóit go bpríog leir an mbé,
 A bnaoite san teimeal mar an ómra,
 A claoín-porc do beo-goin gac laoc;

Da binn blaḃra fír-mílir ceolmar,

Mar ríóó-éruic gac nóta ó n-a béal,
 Ír ba mín caílce a cíóó éruinn i gcoir éiré
 Dar linne nár leonad le haon.

Feaδt moim̄e rin cé b̄ior-ra san t̄reoir̄ ceap̄t,
 Do b̄ioδ̄gar le ró-feap̄c do'n b̄é.
 Ir do fáoileap̄ sup̄ b̄'aoib̄neap̄ ró-m̄oir̄ dom,
 An t̄riδ̄-bean do feolaδ̄ faoim' d̄éin ;
 Im' laoiδ̄ib̄ do r̄eoiδ̄eap̄ im' d̄eoiδ̄ d̄uit
 Mar̄ r̄eaoileap̄ mo beol̄ feaδ̄ ar̄ r̄t̄rae,
 Ir̄ gaδ̄ caoin-r̄t̄air̄ d̄ár̄ r̄ioim̄ar̄ do'n ois̄ d̄eir̄
 Ir̄ rinn̄ r̄inte ar̄ feor̄ainn an t̄rl̄éibe :

Δ b̄riδ̄deac̄ na moim̄-rop̄c do b̄reoiδ̄ais̄ mé,
 Le d̄ioδ̄m̄air̄ doo' r̄noδ̄ ir̄ doo' r̄eéim̄,
 An t̄ú an doil̄-éneir̄ t̄r̄ér̄ d̄ir̄cead̄ na mói-éruir̄,
 Mar̄ r̄eoiδ̄eap̄ i gcóim̄ac̄ na t̄rae,
 No an r̄ioδ̄-b̄ruin̄geal̄ m̄ionla d̄'f̄ás com̄ las̄
 C̄ait̄m̄ilead̄ na d̄óim̄e 'r̄ a t̄réad̄,
 No an moδ̄an̄ geal̄ do d̄liδ̄iδ̄ ar̄ an mói-fl̄ait̄
 Ó'n m̄beinn̄ dul̄ d̄á t̄eoiδ̄geaδ̄t̄ i gcéin ?

Ir̄ binn̄ blaip̄ta caoin̄ d̄'f̄reaḡair̄ d̄óm̄ra,
 'S í as̄ r̄ir̄-r̄ilead̄ d̄eora t̄r̄é péin ;
 Ní haoin̄ bean̄ d̄ár̄ m̄aoiδ̄oir̄ m̄ire io' gl̄óir̄c̄aib̄,
 Ir̄ mar̄ éim̄-re ní heol̄ d̄uit mo t̄réad̄ ;
 Ir̄ mé an b̄riδ̄deac̄ do bí fealaδ̄ póip̄ta
 F̄á doib̄neap̄ i gcop̄óin̄ éip̄t na r̄éic̄r̄
 As̄ m̄is̄ C̄air̄il̄ C̄uinn̄ as̄up̄ eoδ̄ain̄,
 Fuair̄ m̄ir̄-éaann̄ar̄ f̄óola san̄ pl̄éiδ̄.

Ir̄ duδ̄ac̄ boct̄ mo éur̄ra 'r̄ ir̄ b̄r̄ónac̄,
 Dom̄ d̄úr̄-éreimead̄ as̄ c̄óim̄is̄ gaδ̄ lae
 Fé d̄úb̄-r̄maδ̄t̄ as̄ búraib̄, san̄ r̄ógaδ̄ap̄,
 Ir̄ mo p̄ruoin̄ra sup̄ feolaδ̄ i gcéin.
 Tá mo r̄úil̄-re le h̄úr̄-m̄ac̄ na gl̄óipe
 So d̄tiúbr̄aiō mo leom̄ain̄ f̄i r̄éim̄
 'Na noún̄-b̄ail̄tib̄ d̄úct̄eap̄ i gcóir̄ m̄ait̄
 As̄ r̄úreac̄ na gc̄r̄ón-p̄oc̄ le faoδ̄ap̄.

A éúlfíonn tair múinte na n-órfolt
 De éirí éirte na sc'rónae san b'péiz,
 Do éúrra as búraib' ir b'pón liom
 Fá rmúit, caéac, ceomair, san rcléir;
 'Na n'olué-b'rogaib' dúécair dá reolfaó
 Mac conganac na glóire do Réier
 Ir rúgaé do n'p'cfainn-re epón-puic
 So nuíal tapairé reópmair le piléir.

An Stíobairé dá 'ctigeaó éugainn éar páile
 So epic' Inre fáilge pí réim,
 Le flit ó'féaraib' laoiriz ir Spáinniz
 Ir píor le coirp ácair so mbéinn
 Ar píe-eac méar g'poidé éapairé céárrac
 As píor-éartaó cáic le neart faobair,
 Ir ní élaioé'pinn-re m'intinn 'na véairé rin
 Cum luige ar rearaib' gárra lem' pé.

EOŠAN RUADÓ Ó SÚILLEADŪĀIN.

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 RUADÓ.

A.D. 1798.

Níor b'fada bíor ar leaba' im' luige
 Sur glaoḁaig amuis
 Maireac líomḁa i ndeisceart oibḁe
 Ar caoil-eac ruadó :—
 "A ḁarrmaidḁ gḁoibḁe, an ió' cḁoilaḁ taidi,
 No cao tḁa oir?
 Pḁeab ió' fuidḁ go tḁaḁair linn
 Aḁur féac ár tḁoirt."

Do glaic me bíoḁḁaḁ geit ir lingeacḁ
 Tre m' néaltaib ruain,
 Ir do b'fada bí mé gan focal cainnte
 Do béarrainn uaim.
 Ailur fuigeacḁ do fleanmaidḁ ríor
 Go tréan dem' gḁmaidḁ ;
 Ba gḁarr gan moill sur pḁeab óm' tarḁbre
 An caoil-eac ruadó.

I n-ár n-áiream bí tḁá fícro míle
 Séim-fear ruairc
 De clannaib Míleaḁ fé arim líomḁa
 'S iao déanta ruar :
 O'fíorruidḁar-ra go tapaidḁ díob-ran
 Cá rḁoic'óir cuan,
 No an mbeacḁ na ḁail i tḁalaim rínḁear
 Ár nḁaeḁeal go buan?

I tsoimáó míim tó fhuairéar nuairéacé
 Na mairtemé,
 Tóar an leabair ba éairéiméacé liom-ra
 Cáil zác réil
 Sur bainéacé "Linnóam" ir Róir Máczáimna
 De'n "Stáit" mtoé;
 Sur p'neacé an "Dúic" ar eac éum riubaril
 'S zó mberó an lá le zaeóil.

Dá tóizéacé rúo mar acé 'ran tóúcaiz
 Ba b'neacé an récal!
 Ár mbairite tóúcair le reabuzacé 'zaimn
 Zác lá d'ár raógal;
 Ár reaca cú zác mairéean t'púéca
 Ar eacraó caol,
 Ir zó mberó na búir dá óearbuzacé
 Sur rinn zarracé fiaócaiz.

Tó zlacar fonn éum toul anonn
 Tóar ráile i zcéin
 Az mearuzacé na reabac zciuin
 Acá láiróir tréan;
 Dá óearbuzacé ro b'ruil ár n'púcaiz
 Az an náimáio 'nár n'óéiró—
 Mar bárr ar rúo tá mo zlacá b'púiztó
 Ó'n ráimáinn, mo léan!

Az Rof Mic Treoin, mo zalar tóiztce,
 Bí an cáimacé zaeócal!
 Dá fíció míle d'áim liomta
 Fé láin-neairt piléar:
 T'páz'mair rínte na táinte tóib-ran
 I tóúir an lae
 No sur fúizbécé i tóairce ár n'óaimé
 Le tóúil 'ran mbráon!

1r φαθα αν ημυια 'να ρυαν ζαν μύρκαυτ
 'S αν κάρ ο'ά πλείο
 Δζυρ πλύρ-ρκοτ ελοιννε ύιταε
 ζο ηάρο ο'ά ηγλαοθάε :
 1r é léigro na huζοαιρ αρ ιεαθαρ αν ευνηταιρ
 'S αρ μάο να ναοη
 ζυρ μιέρο ούιννε ρεαρτα μύρκαυτ
 ηο ζο ορφυι αν οάτα αρ ρτραε.

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.

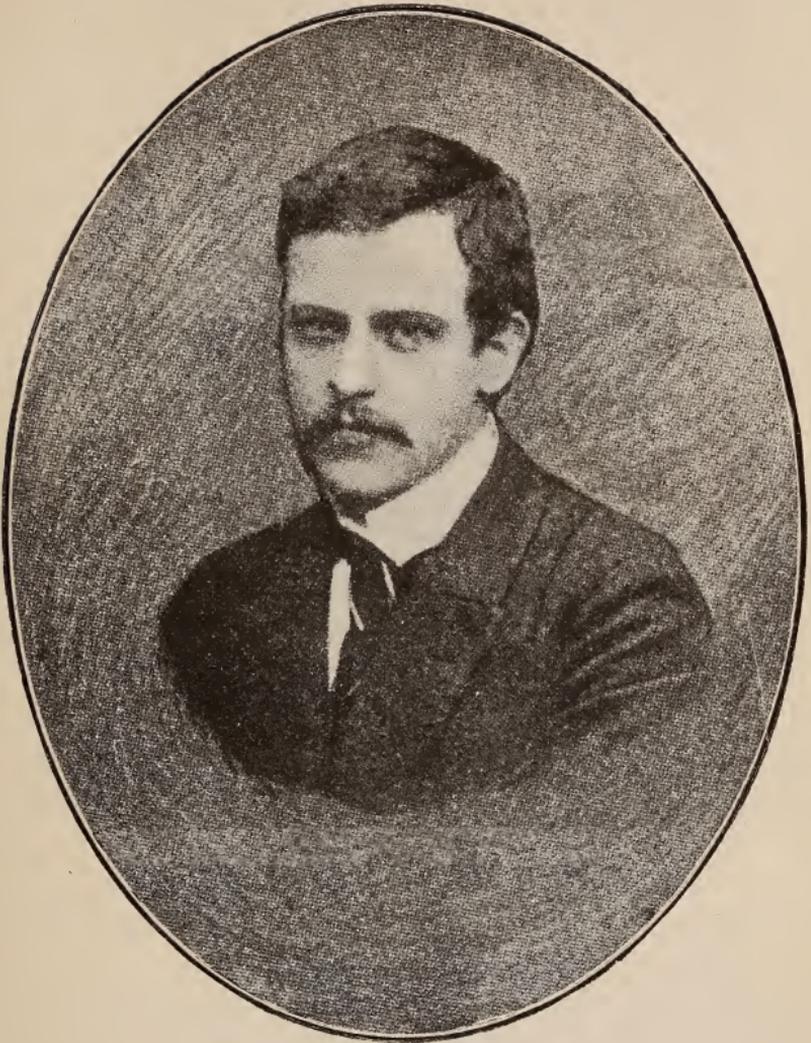
Through the misty summer morn by the hedgerows bright we
 sped,
 While the lark with joyous music filled the spreading dome
 o'erhead,
 And the sun rode up the circle, and the earth began to smile,
 But our hearts knew nought of pleasure, they were cold as in
 the while.

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
 aflame,
 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 throbb'd 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 CHUALAÓ SCÉAL.

(Ar ngeabáil Arctúir uí Éonéubairi aSgur ar maibháb éasubairt
mhc Seapailt.)

Do chuala rceál do méab mo éroióe ionnam
Iy d'árduisg sruair iy sruaim ar m'intinn,
Scéal do léan fyi éireann timéall,
Iy le'p cuiread fódola i mbrón san rcaoilead.

A Clanna Saedéal, rin méab ríbh éoióe ;
U'iméisg buri dtréoir, ní'l rreoir ná bmis ionnab ;
Sin é an Seapailtác ceangailte i ngeimléac,
Iy Arctúir uaral uab éar taoide.

Ní'l ríois-élaic rcaic le raááil 'ran tír reo
Le n-ar maic buri nglar a rcaoilead,
Ná fuil mí-áó iy oioááil nime air
'S an éineamaint dá éioirbuááó aSgur dá élaoióéaint.

Ní hiongnadó liom-ra búir go haoibinn
San baogal san barcaó san maibh i sCríc Luirc,
'S sgr ríbh féin adá, cé náir le hinnrint,
As brait a céile de éréad na sclaoin-bear.

Iarraim, aicim, iy rreardaim ar íora,
Iy go maib an seall ar namairó ár d'íre ;
Go maib baogal iy léan iy líon-fuic
Ar sac rpreán cpeacáin éoióóisg.

Rí na b'flaitear do dealbuisg tíoréa,
Rae aSgur méalta, rprearéa iy taoide,
Go ndéimó cúl go humal d'ár muinntir,
Iy go maib an cluicé reo ada san rísgnear.

Ó éim an cár mar acá ag ár muinntir,
 'S go bfuil na Dúir go dlúit 'n-a dtiméall,
 Dheabrad cum riubail anonn tar taoide
 Ir tiorfad anall le Fhanncais líomta.

Go bfeiceam Éire raor san daoirre,
 'S an bhratainn uairene i n-uáctar rcaoilte,
 Sác tíoránac claoim-éarvad coimhídeac
 I n-dinn an maóais, ir san Dia dá scuimídeac.

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 EMMÉT.

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 !

Μο ὑπὸν ! Μο ὑπὸν ! 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-rivettted 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.

.

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!

.

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.

ΣΙΟΣΜΑ ΔΗ ΔΗΜΑ ΛΕΙΣ ΔΗ ΣΧΟΛΑΙΩΝ.

Ἐπιτίθῃς ἃ ἐδῆσαν ἄστυρ ἰνεοῦσθ ῥέει τῷ,
 Μαρ ἀπειρῷ να ηυξῶσαι μῦντε λέιξαντα,
 Δρ ἂν ῥιορμα ἐρμαῖο ἃ θεῖο λά να ποδοιρ-ῥρεατ
 Δς ἂν σχολαῖων ἱρ ἂν ἀναμ ἰ η-ἀρμαῖο ἃ ἐέιτε.

Δη υαῖρ ῥέιτρεαρ ἂν τρομπα σο ηαῶβαι ῥαοβραε,
 Εἰρεοδαῖο ἰ η-ἃ ρυῖθε τε βρυξ σο ηεαρκαῖο,
 Δςτυρ βαλεοδαῖο ἀνηρῷ σοε τρῦρ ραν τραοζαλ,
 Μαρ ἀρ ἐεαρσῷ Ἐρῖορτ σο ῥῖορ ἀρ ζεαρ-ἐρῖορ.

Δη υαῖρ ἐιοεφαῖο ἂν τ-ἀναμ ῥαμαντα ῥαορ τῷ
 Δνῖορ ἀρ ἱρρεανη ἱρ ἔ υιτε μαρ ἐαορα,

Racair go dtí an còlann lobta ran zorpé pìor
 Cum teangmál' leir an mbeiteam ar mullaç an ènuic
 éactaiç.

AN T-ANAM :

Déarraig le fearç ir é aç rcearoiç le piancaib :
 Mo mállaçt duit, a còlann, com dona 'r ir féoir ;
 Ir iomða mállaçt do tuillir dom i n-irreann daorça,
 Ir mo mállaçt do'n lá i n-ar tãnga aç pléirò leat.

AN CÒLANN :

Créad é do cúir cúgam, a lúbaire rcléipeac ?
 Créad rá zo bfuilir com cuçac ro im' daorað ?
 Créad a minnear leat maím a diaðail an éitç
 Le n-a mbeiteá ar buile cúgam ir aç riormað le raðbair-nim.

AN T-ANAM :

Do méallair cum peaca mé leð' ðlaðaireaçt éitç,
 Ir do zcallair i n-a ðiað rìn leð' ðmaçraib bñeize
 Zo noéanrá aitçize io' peacaib élaontaç',
 Iið ná minnir no zo minneað tú ðaorað.

Ir iomða mállaçt do tuillir dom i n-irreann éraoraç
 I ðtaoið do cuirpæaçt' ó muçað ran traoçal tú ;
 Mo épeac, zo ðóizte, ir zo rcolita céarta
 Mar a fuair mé maím tú ó ðia mar céile !

AN CÒLANN :

Nac açat-ra bí an éiall maím ir an éipim,
 Tuizrint açur meaðair i ðteannta céile ?
 Créad é an cúir ná minnir mire do rtaonað,
 Ir zan leizint dom tura do milleað ir do éaoéað ?

AN T-ANAM :

Do fuair mé ciall ó ðia, ní bñeaz ran ;
 Açt do ðain tura ðiom í le bñiz do élaonta ;
 Do ðallair mo meaðair leð' éaim-riztið éitç,
 Mo toil, mo tuizrint do millir-re i n-éirpæaçt.

AN COLANN:

Eirte, a feallaire, ir a glamaire béicead,
 Taoi go niomaircaé as d'éanaí tubairte le héitead;
 Má bíor-ra dall saé am dem' fáozal
 Do bír-re mall cum aitéige d'éanaí.

Ir fór ba méara leat beit maótnaí ar d'éirim,
 Ar feabhar d'eolair ir do móir-cuid méime,
 Ir méid do tuisreana i scuirdeáctain éisre,
 Cé náir tuisíte duit an tuisrin ba naoíta.

AN TANNAM:

Eirte-re, a conablaig ir cuir corc leo' béal uaim,
 Ir iomda thioé-éainnt asat as inrint rcéal oim:
 Dá ndéanraínn-re cuid deo' corctaid-re do rcéirdeáctaint,
 Ba móir an marlaó do leanraó i n-a taoib oir.

Ní raib truaig asat doíra ir tú go rútraé péacaé,
 As imteáct go meátraé ir taidbre ar d'éadan,
 Go bailtib móra io' gusaigaire rcléipeaé,
 As imirt ir as ól ir leir an óise pléirdeáct.

Ir iomda biaó maic blarta do éaitir leat féiniú
 Ir féartaidhe 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 élampaire ir ná labair com' daorí ran;
 Má éaitinn-re baio i mearc cliar na féile,
 Ir go n-ólainn i dtiú an órta mo dáoéain
 Níor rtaonar tura ó cuirdeáctain naoíta.

AN TANNAM:

Deirim naé mirté a ráó sur tuzair-re t'éitead
 Nuair binn-re ar aigne mo leara do d'éanaí

Le faoiríodín beataó im' péacaib' go léiríeac,
Ní leigfeá-ra éum cinn mé, a élaóaire an éitíg,

Óá máó gan amhar go maib' am mo óaoctain
Agham-ra go fóil éum ionpóda ar naom'taac,
I' ó bí Dia trócaireac sup' éoir ná' óaozal dom
Fuireac mar a bíor go críe mo fáozail.

AN COLANN:

Má bíor gan tuigrin gan éruinnear gan érim,
Gan fóir na óeiríeac acé im' óreillice óreázac,
Caó é an éuir ná pinnir-re mé do rtaonac,
I' gan leigint dom éoiréce tura do éaoéac?

AN TANNAM:

Ná tuigíeac don óuine sup' mire do léan tú,
Ní mé go óeimín acé do neam'-fúim féimíó,
Gan ghráó do Óia ná éileam' ar naom'taac
Acé íó' rpaóaire máib' gan eagla i n-aon éoir.

Cé go óruairí' fogluim éum labairt le héiríeac,
Gaeóeal'g i' laíoean i' ana-éuir óéarila
Níor éoir óuit éoiréce i' gcuíoeacéain an traozail
Óeít ag cáineacó gac n'ouine ná' éumann leat féim é.

Óeim le pírinne le brí'g i' éiríeacé,
Sup' maít do tuillir go óeimín do óaoíacó;
Mar óuil do leara níor glacair i n-aon éoir,
Acé fuiríeac. íó' gáige sup' gearraó óe'n traozal tú.

Com' fáda i' beíó Dia 'na Óia ar an raozal
Óeít tura i' mire ar buile gan traoéacó,
Ag mallacéaint go tróm gac am ar a céile
I' óteintíó í'pinn 'meare tuille tá óaoíeá.

Óeít rplannacéa teine ag píe ar do béal-ra,
I' píaríeacé nímé íó' íe i' íó' réabaó;

Do éann no do éloigeann ar fíuáó le tréine,
'Sior inr an scoir ir tú ar buile le piantaió.

AN COLANN :

Mo mállaét le binib do'n lá rugaó ra traoḡal mé,
Mo mállaét le buile do ḡac n'ouine do éaoé mé,
Im' éarriac 'ran breaca de éearcaib' d'roó-élaonta,—
Ir mo mállaét duit-re tuḡaim éom' dona 'r ir féitir.

Mo éreacé ḡo d'óigte, ir mo b'rón móri péine,
Naé im' éloicé no im' máide do éaitéar mo téarriac;
Ní beinn i n'oiu im' éonablaé b'rean ait
Aḡ im'teacé ḡo hirreann 'mearc tuille tá d'aoiréa.

AN TANNAM :

A b'rocair míllteacé blaómannacé rcléipeacé,
Leig doo' éainnt ir éirt lem' rceal-ra;
Níoir éuigir i n-am do éainntia an méio rin,
An peaca do féacaint no ḡur leaḡaó tú traoéca.

Ní leom'rao moilleaó éum beit aḡ innrint rceal duit;
Cait'reao ḡabáil io' r'ocair 'r ir d'it liom féin rin,
Éum dul ḡo ḡleann ḡo mbeiró r'lioéct éaba ann,
Áit ná raḡair-re ceao éainnte ann ar don éor.

Taob leir an nḡleann ro, ḡan aihpar d'éinne,
'Seao ruiófiró C'riort ar máoil an tSléibe,
Éum b'reit do éabairt ir peacaiḡ do d'aoiraó
Ir aitériḡiḡ 'ra éearc ḡo deo do r'aoiraó.

lomprócaio aḡaio ḡo meillteacé raobriac
Amac ar r'luaiḡtib móra éabairó,
Ir d'éarriacé leo le com'acé a naom'acé'
"C'réao é éuigé 'na iunnear do'n tréao-ro?"

"Éroircear d'acáó lá ar fárac r'léibe,
ḡan biaó ḡan deoé, ḡo boéu ḡo tréit laḡ;

Ír, ταρ έίρ μο έαρτannaέτ' έum buí maíteap 'oo úéanaí,
 έoiς ríð an diaðal ír mo maζail-re έpείζ ríð.

“ Imčíζiò ap mo maðapic ír leaζaò ír léan opaið,
 A úpeam na mallaέt, an aicme úpéan po ;
 Teinte ípunn éom' deapζ 'r ír féiðir
 'Úup' lopeaò ζo deo, ζan póiπtín ζan τpaócáò.

“ Ír ríð-re, a úpeam έuζ ζpeann ζo héaζ om,
 έuζ biaò ír deoc om, ír mópán éaðaiζ,
 Lóirπín oiðce,—ír le deaζ-έpóiðe úéanaò
 ζo leop maíteapa i ζcaíteam' buí paoζail om,
 ζuaipíζiò liom, a élan' boét Éabaíò,
 I peið na úp'laíteap i meapc aingéal naomta
 Fé ζlóip ζil éaiπipíζ na caπmac néata
 Aζ molaò an Aέap an Muc ír an Naom'-Spioμαiò.”

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 inídean riamháic aige,
 agus bí saé uile dúine i ngrádh léite. Bíod beirt ógánac as
 teacht i gcómnuióe faoi n-a déin 'sa cúirtéireacht. 'Do
 éiríod fear aca léite, agus níod éiríod an fear eile.
 An fear náir éiríod ní ruim ar bíod ann, 'do tigeadh ré go
 minic go tig a haéar le haídear uiré féin agus le beir
 i n-a cuiréadain ; áct an fear a faib dúil aici ann ní tigeadh
 ré áct go hannam. U'fearir leir an áear go bpoírad

rí an buacáil a bí ag teacht úici go minic, agus minne ré
 dínéir mhór don lá amáin, agus cuir pé cuireadh ar uile
 duine. Nuair bí na daoine uile cruinnigíte dubairt ré
 le n-a inġin :

“ Ól deoc anoir,” ar peirean, “ ar an bfeair is fearr
 leat inġ an ġcuideadain reo,” mar ġur ġaoil ré ġo
 n-ólfað rí deoc ar an bfeair buð máit leir féin. Tós
 rí an ġlaine i n-a láim, agus ġear rí ruar, agus dearc rí
 i n-a timceall, agus anġroin dubairt rí an ġann ro :

Ólaim do ġláinte a ġinic-a-tis,*
 ġaoi ġuairim ġláinte a' ġinic-naé-ocis;
 Is ġruaġ é naé ġinic-naé-ocis,
 A tigeair éom ġinic le ġinic-a-tis.

Suir rí ríor nuair dubairt rí an éadraíma, agus níor
 labair rí don ġocal eile an trádhnóna roin. Aġt níor
 táinig an feair óġ ġinic-a-tis éom ġada léite árġr, mar
 ġuis ré naé maib ré ag teardáil, agus þór rí feair a roġa
 féin le toil a haġar. Níor éualair mé don nuairdeġt
 eile dá oġaoib ó roin.

[Ar “ Leabair Scéaluirdeġta ” An Éraoibín Aoibinn.]

*Seo é an déarla do ġuir an Éraoibín féin ar an ġann ro ġuar túinn

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 !

Agus reo é cumað tá ar an ġann i n-áiteannaib árġite i ġCúige Muġan

ré ġuairim ġláinte ġinic a ġuiró.
 Seo fóir ré ġláinte ġinic náir ġuiró.
 Mo oit is mo oois naé é ġinic náir ġuiró.
 Do ġuir feað éom ġinic le ġinic do ġuiró.

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 TTRÍ MBÓ.

So méir̄ a bean na ttrí mbó !
 Ar do bólaóct ná bí teann ;
 Uo éonnaic mire, san so,
 Bean ir ba dá mío a beann.

Ní máireann rair̄bhear de gnát ;
 Uo neac ná tabair tair̄ so mór ;
 Cuḡat an t-éas ar ḡac taoib̄ ;
 So méir̄, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Slióct eogain m̄oir̄ ra m̄uam̄,
 A n-im̄teac̄t do t̄in clá d̄óib̄
 A reolta ḡur leigeadar r̄ior̄ :
 So méir̄, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Clann ḡairce t̄igearna an cláir̄
 A n-im̄teac̄t ran ba lá leoin,
 Ir san r̄úil le n-a t̄teac̄t so b̄riac̄t :
 So méir̄, a bean na ttrí mbó.

Oom̄nall ó t̄úin buir̄e na long
 Ó Súilleabháin nár̄ t̄im ḡlór,
 Feac̄ ḡur tuit r̄an Spáinn le clair̄dean̄ :
 So méir̄, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Ó Ruairc ír Maḡuḡóir do bí
 Lá i nÉirinn 'na lán beoil,
 Féad féin sup iméig an tóir;
 So féir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Síol ḡCeardail do bí teann
 Le n-a mbeiríde ḡad ḡeall i nḡlec
 Ní mairéann don díob, mo díct!
 So féir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Ó don buin amáin de bpeir
 Ar mhnaoi eile ír i a dó
 Do munnir iomaíca aréir:
 So féir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Ír tpuag mar do beir an raogal
 Aire ar na boict do élaíó,
 Ní fadad bean an dá bó féin
 Ceart ná coir ó bean na tóirí.

An ceangal:

Díob ar m'falaing, a ainéir ír uaidreac ḡnúr,
 Do bíor ḡan dearmad fearmáac buan 'ran tñúct
 Tríó an maímar do ḡlacair leo' buaid ar tóirí
 'S dá bfaḡamn-re reaid a ceatair do buairínn 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'átcuirne
 'S ní féar do buaint ar tearcannaib
 O'fás céarta buaidéarta m'aigne
 Le tréimre, so clát;

Doct éisre 'r ruada an treancuir
 I ngréibean éruaid 'r i n-anacra,
 So tréit i tuataib leatan' luirc,

San réim mar ba gnát.

'S gac lonna-bile boib-éutais tréan-éumair o'fár
 De bholla-rtoc na rona-éon do phéamuis ó'n Spáim.
 So canntlac faon las earbaidéad
 Fé Šall-rmaóct géar as Danaraid,
 An cam-rpnot claon do fealbuig
 A raor-bailte rtáit.

So fann aréir 'r mé as maóctnam ar
 Gac planno' de'n Šaeóeal-ful cáma
 An dhong ba tréine i sceannar éirt
 'S i réim íne fáil.

Le feal-béart claon i' ganraio uile
 Gac ramairle rméirle Saranaig
 So fallra féan an tairreann
 I' raor-rtáit na ngrár.

I n-anacra fé éarcuirne 'r i ngréar-bhuioib gábaró
 As cama-phióct na malluigéadóct' an éitig 'r an rmáil
 Tré buaidéirt an réil reo cealg rinn
 So duairc i' léir mar aitéirfead
 Le ruain-bhuioct tréit gur tearcrao mé
 Im' tréan-éodlad rpar.

Trém' néal ar éuairó 'reao déarcar-ra
 Réilteann uafal taitneamác,
 So béarác busacé ceannarác
 As téarmam im' dáil;

Da dhéimpead dhalac daitte tuig
 A cnaob-folt cuacac camarrac
 As teact go rchabad bacallaac
 Léi i n-éimpeact go fáil.

'Na leacain gil do ceapao d'raoite éigre 'sur fáid
 Sur fearaim cúipio cleapac glie ip gaete 'na láim,
 Ar tí gac tréin-éir calma
 Do tigead 'na gaoi do cealgad
 Tréir claoidead na céadta faraire
 I ndaoir-éireadab báir.

Da binne réir a tana-ghuib
 Ná fuinneam méar as rpreagad puirc
 'S ná cruic an té do érearcair mhir
 Cí baot dom a ráb.

'S ba gile a héadan rneactamail
 Ná 'n lile caom no eala ar puic,
 'S ba rnuirte caol a mala puirte
 Ar réilt-dearc gan cáim.

A mama cruinne ar feangad-éruic nár léanao le pmairc,
 A leabar-éruib do beartaio loingear éanlaic ip bliac
 Da mionta maoróa maireamail
 A piozar 'r a rcéim 'r a pearra-éruic
 Do gpioruis mé cum labarta
 Inr na bmaicuib ro im' deáid

A piozan beapac, aicuir dom,
 An tú 'n doil-éneir tré n-ar trearcerao
 Na mílte 'on féinn le gairce Tailc
 Mhe Tréin tug an t-ár;

No an dhigdeac hélen o airtuis
 Tar cuinn ó'n ngréig lé'r cailleao truir
 I Suige na Trae mar beartaio d'raoite
 I léar-pannuib d'án;

An marcalac ó Albain tug laoc leir 'na bárc;
 An ainoir lé'r tuic clann Uiruis mar léigtear 'ran cáim.
 No an réilteann deapac taicneamiac,

D'fás raite Saééal i n-anabruio
 De úruim sup ppreámuig Danair uile
 I réim Inre fáil ?

Ir béaraé rtuamda d'fpeasair mé
 'S í as déanam uail' ir caúigste :
 Ní haon dár luadair id' rtaícaib mé
 Cioð léir dom an tain.

Ir mé céile 'r nuadcair Capoluir
 Tá déaraé duairic fé tarcuirne,
 San réim ná buaid mar éleáctar-ra
 Mo laoc ó tá ar fán.

Le fearcaib cirt an araid-Mic fuair peannair cpoir ir páir
 Beid' fearcaé 'r míc ar Salla-ruic do fealbuis ar rtaé ;
 Ní danair liom an aicme tuis
 Mo dearca as rileaó laéca tuig
 I n-anabruio fé'n amaó as
 Saé raor-bile fáil.

Ir fé mar luadadair rean-oraioite
 Do déanaó tuar ir tairngreáct
 Beid' flit i zcuantaib Danban
 Fé féile Sain Séain

'Tabairt rceimle 'r ruagca ar fearann Cuirc
 Tar linnrib ruada na fairrige
 Ar saé rmeirle móir-cuirp Saranaig
 'S ní léan liom a bprádainn ;

Beid' gearraó claidéam ir rcaircaé truir ir tréin-treair-
 cairt námaó

Ar saé aile aca do éleácaó puirp ir fearca 'ran páir,
 Do b'airte rult na reamair-poc
 As míc 'r as cirt le heagla
 Ná an racaircaéct ro céaraóair
 Luéct fear do leagáó ar páig.

EOGAN RUADÓ Ó SÚILLEADHÁIN.

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 sergent'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.

ΘΥΑΝ ΑΝ ΟΛΑΪΑΙΝ.

Σεο θυαν μήατζαίηνα, πάθραιζ ιρ τιοβόιο, τριύη φεαρ βα ζήνάαε ι οτιζ
 αν τάβαιηνε ζο ρυαιηε ραοβ-νόραε ; αζυρ, αη η-όλ α ηοόταη οόιβ, ιρ
 αμάλ α βίοιρ νά φεαρ ααα οαλλ οηοό-μαόαιηε, φεαρ ειλε λίοαηεα
 λαζ-όραε, αζυρ αν τριόμαό φεαρ βαοιρεαε θυαν-βαίβ. Σεαό !

Τάρλα ι λυιηηιζ ιε όεηε

ι η-έηηφεαότ ι η-αιηηιρ ηειρεοηη

Τριύη ηάη β'αηηαη ι οτιζ αν τάβαιηνε,

Ματζαίηαιη, πάθραιζ αζυρ τιοβόιο.

ΜΑΤΖΑΙΗΑΙΗ ! αν ταν ο'ιβεαό α οόόαιη

ηι βραζαό φεαρ εολαιρ α ταιζριητ

ι ηθέαηλα ηά ι οτεαηζαιη α μήαταρ,

αότ αμάηηη : “ ζιβε όαη βιτ έι ! ”

Conntráirda bíonn TIOBÓID,
 Ní bíonn aḡó 'na foclaib;
 Ní cáilleann ball dá éiréadaib
 Aét sur tréit las a cora.

Sió móir rúla PÁDRAIG,
 Ir iad álunn le feicint,
 Tar éir plogta na scopán
 Faid a leat-láim' ní feiceann.

Suidio ar élar na póite,
 Ir zoimio an cáirt 'r an pota,
 Slogaid an piúnt 'r an cnaisín
 Mar do bí a taitige aca.

Ar blairead an leanna do Tiobóid,
 Ir plubóg de'n uirce beadao,
 Do-beir ré an Trionóid
 Surab i rin beoir ir fearr ra cátair.

“Má'r í,” arfa pádraig,
 “Ibimír lán ar zchoiceann
 Anno zo meadóin oirde
 'S téirdead an ziúirtir dá érocao.”

“Mair an éainnt!” arfa Maḡsamain,
 “Ir é féin leat-rúgac poíme rin
 Bimír realao zo rúgac,
 Ir leanaimír tútcar ar rínrii.”

Ibido deoc ar a céile,
 'S ní féirir liom innrint
 Cá méio uair, zan reacrán,
 Do zaid an copán timceall.

Mar roin doib le cairribar
 'S le nauzad an píopa;
 Do caitead leo zo záirad
 An lá aḡur cuir de'n oirde.

Θαρ λιον ζυρ μαϊτ αν εόμηρὰθ
 Δθειρ αν ράζαναε ρα Λαριονη :
 Μαρ α μβιονη ρρόρτ ιρ ρόλάρ
 Ζο μβιονη οόλάρ 'να η-αισε.

Αρ α ρειε οε'η ειοζ ζο τρομ-είρεαε
 Τιζ αν οροιμέαρ ζο ταραιθ
 Ιρ ρειρ : “ Ζαε ουιηε ο'ά λόιρτιη
 Νο ι ζοόρρδαίθ ζο μαριθη ! ”

“ Μιρε μιλλεαθ, ” απρα Τιοβόιρ,
 “ Ιρ βεαθ ρε εριοβλόιρ ζο μαριθη ;
 Οά βραζαιηη ραιθβρεαρ ηα ούιτθε
 Ηι οέανραιν ριυβαλ ηά αιρτεαρ. ”

“ Ιρ μεαρα μιρε ! ” απρα Ράορμιαζ,
 “ Cé ηάη ηιομ ηε η-ιηηριητ,
 Έαρ οοραρ αμαε ηι λείη οομ
 Δοη ηυο αετ οιθθε. ”

Οο οειη Ματζαμάηηη ζεαλ-ζάηηε
 Ηυαιρ εονηαιε εάρ ηα βειρτε :
 Ουιηε ζο λαζ-εοραε εάηηεαε,
 Ιρ ουιηε ειηε οαηη ηε μεηρσε,

Λαβαηρ Τιοβόιρ ζο εράρητε :
 “ Καθ ιρ ρεαρρ ούιηη α οέαναηη ?
 Α ηηατζαμάηηη ερριθε ηα ράηητε,
 Ιρ ηάηη ούιηη άρ ρεάητα. ”

“ Ζιβε ΔΡ Βιτ έ, βι ρυαρ αρ μο ζυαλαιηηη, ”
 'S ηι οέηη ουαηαιηεαετ βρείζε,
 “ Ιρ μεε αζ ροοαρ ρά οροε-υαλαε,
 Ζιβε ΔΡ Βιτ έ, ηυαοαρ οο οέανραο. ”

Οο ηιηηεαθ μαρκαε οε Τιοβόιρ,
 'S ηιοη ηαηη ρτιορόιρ ηά ζιορτα ;
 “ Οε, οεόν ! ” απρα Ράορμιαζ,
 “ Εά βραζρραιθ ριθ μιρε. ”

“ Deir síor ar mo élóca,
 No ar ióctar cóta an duine,
 I r leán rinn trío an trháio
 Mar dail san rúil i sclaíseann.”

Mar roin dóib go fáirta
 Go mángadair an geata;
 “Zounds!” ar r’ an Sall-ferar, “It’s Satan Incarnate,”
 And cries, “A monster, a monster!”

Do labair Tiobóio go héarcaio,
 ‘S ní hé a cuio Uéarla bí ar iarraio;
 I r Maḡsamáin fí n-a fearam,
 I r é aḡ fearaio i r aḡ fíaraio.

“ 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 seirean : “ 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 léiseaio iao tar geata;
 I r díombuirdeac do bí Maḡsamáin
 De cainnt óroó-múinte an marcais;

Mar a'ubairt san éannaibairt
 Sur porcúir é do éannaibairt:
 Do teilg Tiobóir uairt
 Dá gualainn ra laéib.

Annoin do géal Tiobóir
 Leat-éoróin mar luac raotair
 Dá mbeiread é d'á léirtín
 Ir do móirib rín ar *vade mecum*.

Do glac Matgáin a ualac
 An dara uair go háimleir,
 Ir do muir Tiobóir d'á léirtín
 Ar bhinn élóicín as páirair.

Nuair do fuir Tiobóir 'na éatair
 Ir é san faircior san doctair,
 Ir maic do éorib a márcuibéat,
 Ir fear ealadán le doctair.

AN CEANZAL:

Do-éim sur tubairteac tuar an óil reo gnáit;
 Do-éim na hiorca da uiréarbac fóir-las tlaic;
 Do-éim an duine le daille san treoir ra trháir,
 'S an trháir do duine san focal 'na beol ar áir.

'S, a éorior, cáir mairte rín tuicim le éoréat láir,
 No le gnóim oiréir do éiréar mé ar nóir an dáir?
 Acé duine le daille, le iomarca an óláicín,
 San riubal san máir san éoréat, ir oiréir an cáir.

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 precedency 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 MÍOÓM AN MÍLÍR SÁTAÍN,

AN SANGAID AN SÉAR-SOIN SAOCHA AN SADAÍDE

IR AN ÉLAON-CHUI CATAÍDE AN CNEÁDAIRNE ;

DO MEALLAÓ LEIR CÉAD TAP CÉADTAIB 1 SCATAIR,

DO LEIGEAD SO GLAN OÍOÓACT NEÁMÓA ;

IR PPEADAIRÓ-RI Ó'N BPÉIRT FÁ SÉASAIB SEANMNAÍDE

PÉARLA AN PAIDRÍN PÁIRCTIG.

SEACNAÍÓ, PÉANAÍÓ PÉALA AN TPLADAIÓDE,

A BPÉASGA, A BEAPCUIÓEACT BÁÍÓTE ;

DALLAÍÓ AN DAOL LE DÉARAIÓ AITPÍGE,

IR TPÉIGRÓ TAITÍGE AN TÁDAIRNE ;

Leanair an péilteann déaracá deas-éirídeac
 Šmanoda ſeal-špinn ſpárac,
 'S fá tearmann rcéime a rcéite taſair,
 A éireo an páirín páirtig.

Aiteanta Dé ná réabaó neac tób,
 Déanuiſiú, lespuiſiú láitreac
 Šur mbearta ſo béarac caomnac cneap-caoim
 Tréiteac tair-šinn tábaéac;
 Raámar an traogal, rcléip ir pleao-šion,
 Féac ſur neam-niú a mbláé ran:
 Ní máirſiú acé tréimre taoó leó' éaitnime,
 A réarla an páirín páirtig.

Fala ſan féile, cpaor ir calaoir,
 Cléite ir cleapuiéacé éainte,
 Malluiſéacé méinne, tréan-toil tearairé,
 Taoracá cannaíre ir cápta,
 Bλαοαιεαéé, blaóšmann, baóé-špuro, bpaouiſeacé
 Špéim na bpeacairé éráiú rinn;
 'r banaltra an áon-šlic ſlaóóáiú mar éapairo,
 Réarla an páirín páirtig.

Áomuiſim féin ó' n traogal ſur péacuigear.
 Ir ó' áon-šlac ſeal-éiúé šmaire,
 Sealao dom' páogal i ſclaontaéé rtauiéacé
 Áſ réabaó ceap-óliſe an pápa;
 Munabaí béil, ſan rpeir i n-aiériſe,
 Lem' óéinc ní alcuigim páp-máié,
 Acé áſ maſaó 'r áſ rcléip fé éréao an páirín
 ſlaóiméa ainglióe páirtig.

Šac tuine ſur mian leir éirteacé real linn,
 'S le tréitiú ári bpaírin páirtig,
 Seacnaó béite, cpaor, ir mailir,
 Úréaſa, bnaoiſe, ir cáineao

Διρρεανν Δέ νά léιγεαδ le φαλλιγε,
 1ρ. Δέαρσ le Δεαξ-έροιθε Δεάηναδ ;
 1ρ μαίτηδ Μας Δέ σο léιρ na πεακαίθε
 Ταρ éιρ na ηαιέριγε έάηις.

1ρ cuma liom féin cá ταοδ 'na Δεαξραιθεαρ
 1 βρέιν no 1 η-αιείδ θάιρ μέ,
 Δέτ σο mβεαδ ουινη Δε'η έλέιρ ann ζλέαρφαδ m'αιβίθ,
 1ρ céιρ το λαρραιθε αρ έλάρ dom ;
 Δη ριολαρ αν ζέ 1ρ πέίθε 1 ζερμαναίθ,
 'S mo έμεαέταδ Δζ μαθραιβ ρράιθε
 Ó ζλακαοαρ μέ ρά ρέείτ Δ mβραταίθε
 Δζ éιρτεαέτ αν β'αιορín β'αιριζ.

ΤΑΟΥΣ ΖΑΕΥΘΕΛΑΔΕ Ο ΣΥΛΛΕΑΘΩΔΙΝ.

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."

ΤΑΥΣ ΔΞΥΣ Δ ΜΑΤΑΙΡ.

(A picture of the proselytising methods of the Famine period.)

'Oo beata abair, 'Tairis! Thank you kindly, mother.
 Cionnur tá do fliainte, 'Tairis? Finely, finely, mother.
 Airmú, cá rabair, a Tairis? 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.

Δξυρ κατ α φυαιρ, α Tairis? A finely shawley, mother.
 Ξοιρέ αν ρόρτ ε, 'Tairis? 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,
 Nuair fárfair na práctairé nuad, we'll pitch 'em to the
 divil.

ΑΝ ΤΑΤΑΙΡ ΤΟΜΗΑΛΙ Ο ΣΥΛΛΕΑΒΩΔΗΝ.

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*.

ΔΙΤΡΙΖΕ ΣΕΔΙΝ ΤΟ ΝΟΡΟΔ.

Δ μήνι μίσην na ηζράρ το κυρεαδ' εum βάιρ,
 1ρ τ'φουλινζ an πάιρ φεαναρθεαδ',
 Το εεαννιζ ρίολ δ'οαίμ le αλλυρ το ενάμ,
 Φυιλ αζυρ cheαδ'α θεαρζα ;
 Φρεαζαιρ μέ, α ζηράδ ; βειρ m'anam 1 τριάτ
 Ζο παρραταρ lán-ζηαοαμαδ',
 Δζ αιτεαμ an τριόλαιρ φαδα ζιλ βρεαζα
 1οιρ αρραιλ 1ρ άρo-αινεαλλαιβ.

Φρεαζαιρ μέ, α Χρίορτ, α εαπα mo εροιθε,
 Δη εαρηαιζ reo im' ελιδ, κορρυιζ 1
 1ρ όμ' θεαρκαιβ leiζ ρίορ ρροτα αιτριζε,
 Το βεαρφαρ ζο cηιέ φλαιτιρ μέ ;

Μαρ ιρ πεααά μέ βί ρεαηηαάά ρίορ,
 Όροιό-βεαρηαά ρίορ-μάλλαιγίτε,
 Ιρ ná ταςαη-ρε βαοιρ βεαρηαά αν τραοιγίλ
 Αρ μ'αηαη λε λινη ρεαρηά λιοη.

Σρεαοαηη ιρ έιγίη, αιτσίη ηο ρέιηη
 Αρ ήηιηε 'ρ α ηαοη ήηαα αλμα
 Τεαάτ ρεαλαο ρέ όέηη μ'αηηα ρλέιό,
 Ιρ α έοραιητ ό'η μαορ ήάλλιηίτε.
 Όειρσιοβαίλ Όέ 'ρ α ηαααητ ηο λείρ;
 Ημ' έαρηαιηγ 'ρην ρέιηη βεαηηιηίτε
 Ηο βεαρηα αρ αν ραογαι αεαηαά αλαοη
 Ηαηαηαηαά βαοά το ηαίτεαό όοη.

Α Όια ατά ραα, ρεάά ορη αηαα
 Ιρ ρέιότιγ ηο ηαηιρ αηααό,
 Αάτ λειγ ηε ηο ραηηαη ράρτα ιό' έαη
 Ηέιγέαλ βαη-τρεαρηαά.
 Α Έιγέαρηα ηα ηόααό, όέηη ορη τρηαγ
 Αρ έεαάτ το'η ααη ηαρηάτα
 Ιρ ná λειγ ηιρε ααι ρέιηό λε ραά
 Ι βρέη λε ρηαγ Αάαηοη.

Ιρ τοααη όοη λαβαιητ λεατρα ηαη ταάτ,
 Αη ταςαηητ το έαβαιρ έαλμα;
 Ιρ ηαη ρααα μέ αη τρηαβαό τρηαρηα λε ροηη
 Ι ηαοηηηε το ηοόόηαίλ-αιτέαητα.
 Ηί'λ ηηρ αν τοόαη ραηρηηγ, ηο λοη!
 Ρεααά λε τογαό ιρ ηεαρηα λοιτ
 Ηά ηιρε τά βοόαη βαλβ ημ' λοβαη
 Αεαηαηηε αη αν ηορηαη ήάλλιηίτε.

Ηί λια λε ράό ηαηηηη αρ έρηάγ,
 Ηά όρηάάτ αρ βαρη ηλαρηαά,
 Ηά ρεααα λε ρηιγέαηη αρ μ'αηαη, ρόρηιορ!
 Αεαηαηηε ημ' έρηοίθε έαλαιγίτε.

1r móir liom a dtuair mómam 'ran tSiab,
 Aét ní fógann cial eadla;
 1r sup mó iad le léigean tsiara Mic Dé
 Ná a nvearna an raogal d'ainbrior.

Molaim-re Dia ear a bpeaca mé riam,
 1r Muire bain-tigearna aicim-re;
 Peadar 1r Pól, 1r na naoim eile leo,
 1r tuar san sód, a dtair oil;
 Domuigim doib, do mhiceál asur d'eoim,
 1r do na hAptalaib mó-beannuighe,
 Sup peacuigear dom' deoin im' rmaoincib so móir,
 Im' shíomaircib 'r im' glór labarta.

An t-uabair ar dtúir, an traint 1r an dtúir,
 An craf 1r an rún feargac,
 Formad an traogail 1r a leisce so léir
 Ní rcarann liom féin aza ar bit:
 Naé mairg do'n té mairgar mar mé
 Inr na reáct bpeacairde claona marbteac',
 1r naé dána an gnó do duine dem' róir
 Tazairt ar coróin flaitir d'faogail.

Aét, féac mar do féan peadar mac Dé,
 An tan lagais an tpead mallaihte é,
 1r nuair d'airtuis ré i scraicib aibéil
 Sup glacad 'ran réim beannuighe é.
 Dob' fearac do'n traogal fairring so léir,
 Sup peacac bí ar rtae Magdailin,
 1r dá cuirpéac é a beata le léigean,
 So dtus rleac na mbraon flaitear oi.

Ar n-dtair atá inr na flaitir so háro,
 So naomuihteair trác t'aimn-re,
 So dtigró do ríogac, do toil ar an raogal,
 Mar deinteair i scric parraicair:

Ár n-aran laeteamail tabair-Se dúinn
 Ir maic dúinn ár gcionnta ainbhir,
 Mar maicmíó do éac, ir ná leis rinn i tclár
 Acé raor rinn ó bár snabuiró.

Δ Illuire tá lán de tuile na ngrár,
 Tá'n Tigearna, Δ grád, i maille leat;
 Ir beannuigíte tá tú i bflaitéar tar mnáib
 So naoimuiigítear trác t'ainm-re.
 Ir taitneamác an raóare tomad do bpoinn,
 ÍOSA do poinn eadrainn;
 Anoir aSur maím, ir i n-am ár brian,
 So maóair, Δ Óia, ΔS fearam dúinn!

SEÁN DE HÓRÓΔ.

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 bhuachail 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

DUAIN CUMHNE AN ACHAR TIOBÓID MAITIÚ.

I gCorcais tráic ba éilic a bítear,
An méirce ghránna as fáir ar d'aoimh.
'S an tpeib ba ghráicé láirín ghoide mear
Sáirte i n'aoiire tréit las ;
Ráig ir bhuiséan gac lae aca,
Ó éal na tige gan faeream ;
Imire ir ól,
Duile 'sur móir,
Mionna gan éoir ir earcaine
Ir tuille náir meoin liom labairt air
Sur feolaó eadaréa
Scóllaó anacraic
Dóighe, ir dealbar déirce.

Da m'innic i lár na rparáide éirí
 Cuirleannaic áirio san rcaic na maolte air,
 Sluibire m'ná 'n-a 'deáir' á rpaoltead
 A lámna san nige 'r a héadon
 Ál 'n-a 'otimceall, féadair
 I n'gábad' go ríoir as béicir,
 San oirlead na mb'íod'g
 Dá zcoraint ar meod,
 Ir zioball 'n-a zcótair' r'pacaite,
 Ir pludais' an 'bóair' leat'ca orca;
 Cóir san aitear
 San bóir' de 'dear'caib
 An óil as r'eallad' na 'dear'ca.

B'i duine amáin zup náire c'poid' leir
 Fir ir m'ná 'd'á 'otnát' 'ran r'puz'ge reo,
 Do ziolead' go háir' de 'bair' na n'gníomáir'ca
 D'fázad' mílte i n'g'éibinn
 Fé 'bráca an 'c'paoir' 'duib' éad'caiz
 Sáir-'fear' naoi'deanta naoim'ca
 An t'adair' Tiobóir'
 Do labair' fé leo
 D'at'cuir' c'paoir' óil a 'f'ead'naod
 Ir 'ceazair'c do 'r'loiz'te 'meap'ar'od'at'
 A 'cómair'le leanaod
 B'i 'cómair'le a leara i
 D'fóir' ar 'cailm-'r'lioct' éir'eann.

Da zair'io an r'pár' go 'otáim'iz r'it' éuzaimn,
 Stadaod' de'n ráiz, níoir' z'ná'caic 'brui'z'eanta,
 B'i 'meap'ar'od'at' mán'la z'ná'd'mair' z'naoi-'zil
 Ar 'fár'caod' i z'c'poid' de z'ac' éinne
 C'páib'cead'at' oir'leat'at' daon'odaic
 Ir z'ná'r'ca ó 'c'píoir'c i n'z'ae'deal'caib
 Ó 'c'p'caiz' an 'ceoil'
 Zo 'Doir' na reol

Ní fearcáir gleo ná ácarann
 De úearcaib an óil mar éleácaí
 Ác rónmúr acmúinn
 I r tpeoir dá ramáil
 Ar ílóigte fearantair Éibhí.

Seo cuirid hupá go háro, a úaoine,
 Ar ron an fíh úreá go úáil an níó reo,
 Moltar an Úrácair Cápaicíneac
 Go dána ar tígeáct a lae éuáinn;
 Tá san rciór san éaluing
 I n-áirde ar líon na naoim ngeal,
 I r a acúingse, fór
 Ár rpreasáó 'ran ngleo
 Cum Meapapúáct gleoíóte as leácan-éur
 I ucalam éoáin móir i r Calm-úinn;
 Tóáaró, aicím,
 Úur nglórcá, a éaparo,
 “A Comácais, beannuis ár raótar.”

ΤΑΟΥΣ Ο ΨΟΝΝΕΑΥΑ.

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.

ΜΑΖΑΙΘ ΛΑΙΘΙΡ.

Seo daoib' pláinte mázaiθ láioir
 Le'p mian zráθ a críce!
 Ir ní fuil áit ó'n Rút zo máiz
 Naé fuil ra trpláinte céadna;
 Má mianaiθ páirt an fial-balcáin
 Diaéaiθ b'ráicriθ b'riozmair
 Ir fuatar trát zác fuar-iomráθ
 Ar éuallaót b'reaθ na tíre.

Sláinte Uí Néill, Uí Dómnaiull éleib,
 Ir plioét na héirne ríozθa
 Ir zác a b'fuil heo ra m'umáin móir
 De plioét an ró-mic míleaθ;
 Zác a b'fuil i dtalam áicme máine,
 Slán tré fearc do'n taoib' rin,
 Ir laiθean na lann zo b'riozmair teann
 I maoin, i zclainn, 'r i n'riozlaθ.

Lion an meadair do'n árvearbos,
 Zráθ ir fearc na n'aoime;
 Lion an meadair do'n áicair beathar,
 Seo an ceazarc fíre;

Dá éuaic, trí éopáin, do'n Achar Tomár,
 I r binn a éomráo dílis;
 Stiall i r cana do'n Achar Ceallais,
 Dia dá teagarc éoiréce!

Lion an rcala, reo dáoió pláinte!
 Ultais dána 'r Muimnis;
 Sláinte laigheac, an luct meadórac,
 I r Connaét na maighean reiamac!
 Lion an cápta leir an rcala,
 A mbheall go hárd ar dáoióib
 Le'r mian éire élaioó go héisceart!
 A Dia, bí tréan le Saoidéalais.

Sac neac nac óirao, élaioó i r bhóh air,
 Sláinte cóip na héireann!
 Mile gráin, reian 'na gárhoao,
 Rian i r plága éisirt!
 'S sac neac nac iarrao an aire céatna,
 Go raib na riarta as créim air,
 I r é ar mirce ó éaol-uirce
 I ndólar bhuid' i r péine!

Muc, im, balcán, rós sac roláchar,
 Óig-éir iomlána Saedéalac',
 Réarta réire clainne Mileao
 I r réarta éoiré na féile,
 Fleao do ráruis fleao na n-árho
 I r uile dáim na n'óite,
 Fleao na n-uairal 'r a mol-éuallac',
 Réarta buan Miléiriur.

Déanam gárhoear, cora i n-árho,
 Daoi n'óimnac, táim-re ar mirce!
 Dárhoó Muineac,—rá scuairó—trío rinn
 Seo an t-aoibnear éirte!

FÉAC-PA UINA 'R UμIGIO FÚGAC,
 MÓR A ZELÚ PA' MHNCEAD!
 FEAPGAL, DÚNLAINZ, NEACÉAN CLÚITEAC,
 ZO PAIB A FÚGPAO CINNTE!

A DÍAPMUITO, ZLUAIR, 'R, A ČAIÓZ, AP LUAR!
 SEO AN PUAIPCÉAP DOIÐINN!
 A ČAČAIL MÓIR, A DÓMNAILL ÓIZ,
 SEO PLÉIÖ IR PPÓPT, OAP M'FÍRINN'!
 CAITPÍONA ANN ZO BPIÓZMÁP TEANN,
 MÓR IR MEAOÖ IR BÉIÐEANN;
 TÁ RÓP AZ MHNCEAO, CÓIP 'NA TIMCEALL—
 ÓI! ÓI! IR COMPÁIN CLÉIÖ PO!

A ΔONZUIP ÓIZ, A MΔOZNUIP BUIÐE
 A MÁIBLE BINN, 'R, A ŠIŽLE,
 LE CEOL A MBÉAL ČUIP CEOIŽ AP ČÉAO,
 ŽAN BPIÓN, ŽAN ÉAO A NDAOINE!
 SEINN DÚINN PTEANNCÁN, PÍOB IR TIOMPÁN—
 SEO AN ČÓMŽÁIP ŽLÓPAC!
 ŠIÚO OPT, A ČÁIPDEAP! DIA ŽAC LÁ LEAT!
 OAP FIAO! IR BREAZ AN PPÓPT PO!

SEO OPT, A ČÉIN! IR BINN DO BÉAL—
 TÁ AN BALCÁN BREAZ BPIÓZMÁP,
 DO'N BAIÖ BEIP ŽÉIM, DO'N BACAC LÉIM,—
 M'ANAM CLÉIÖ! IR BPIUŽEAN PO!
 LEAZ AN PTPÍOIPPE! PÍOP FÁ'N MBÓPPO LEIP!
 BA PO AN PÓZMÁP PÍOČHPAIÐE
 IR MIRE FÉIN MAC PÍPE UÍ NÉILL
 DO BÍ AP ÉIPINN AZ PÍOŽAO.

MACCAPČAIŽ MÓP, Ó DPIAIN NA PLOŽ,
 MO ŽAOL ŽAN ČEOIŽ NA TPÉIM-FÍP,
 MAC ΔONZUIP IÚBAIP, MAZUIÐIP NA PÚN
 Ó IMIP CLÚITIŽ ÉIPNE;

Ó Ceallaiḡ cléib Ó Concúðair tréan,
 Sliocḡ Órannúib an Ruaid Síéibé;
 Ó Duinn an fear, Ó Mórúda meaf,
 Mo ḡaol ar fear na bóig-ḡir!

σεḗη ḡ ηεḗḡτḗηη.

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 thraldom, 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 as déanam léiginn
Iz follur oib, a óaoime,
Suraob do iz doibne i nÉirinn.

San rmaét níog ná ruirie air,
Ná tigearna dá tpeire,
San éuro éiofa as Caibroil
San moiceirge san meirre.

Moiceirge ná doðaireaét
Ní éaðair uair éoioé,
'S ní mó do-beir ar a airie
Fear na fairie 'ran oioé.

Iz maic bipeac a feirruge
As teaét toiriz an earrmaidz :
Iz ead iz eamngail dá feirruiz
Lán a glaise de peannaid !

Do-beir pé zpear ar éairlip
'S ar élairriz zo mbinne,
Zpear eile ar éuairaid
'S ar éumann éairad 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.

ḌÁIBIÓ DE BARRA AR LORĠ DĒIRCE.

AS reo mar do éuaíó Ḍáibíó de Barra agus tuine ve
 cléireacáíó Sobnaite as iomáíó cum déirce d'iarraíó
 lá ar donac leapa Súl. Dubairt an cléireac le Ḍáibíó
 tornuagáó ar eagla don éoda dá óráíó féin d'fagáil do
 meabhair agus do tornuig go héarcaíó le boigréireoir
 do bí ór a éoinne anonn ar an mod' ro :

Go mbeannuisctear duit, a ríúr na ruad ir a gáol ná'
 ráirfeas, a ainoir éuin tair, agus a cuilfionn máoríó
 agus a gailfionn brollaig' gíl. Do pítreálar agus do
 puinnceálar agus do buailear crann ort, a cáilín óig,
 reoc' gac n-aon eile dá bfuil ra cuideactain, ar feabhar
 do élóda, agus ar taitneamaisge do rcéime, agus léire
 do mín-éirota, i ndócar go bpreacáíó tú le croidé truaig-
 méileac agus le haigne déirceamail agus le rúil trócairig
 ar an ainveireoir las-éroidéac ro do ruagáó agus do
 táinig ar an raogal go beo boct gan riubal gan éainnt
 gan maóarc, gan luac feoirlinge dá éuid féin i n-a feilb
 agus gan i n-a éumar dul tar doimar a d'iarraíó a éoda
 ná a cáp do cup i n-uínil. Leir rin má éionn Dia ná Muire
 ná Míceál ná éinne der na trí ceatnaraib' leitpíginn ná
 pígin i gcúil do doirn no i gcúinne do póca do-beirim
 a fíor do Dia agus do Muire nac iunnir riam' déarc ba
 mó agus nar b'féirir leat i cup níor fearr ná i tabairt
 dómra; mar ná rpárálrao ainreap, agus ní ceapnócao
 trioblóio ac' de fíor as gúide ar do fion.

Tabairfáíó mé tuar as loc' Dearg agus tuar as Sceiltz
 mícíl, tuar as Árd Maca agus tuar as Oileán na mBeo,
 tuar as Tobair Náórais agus tuar as Tobair Cólmain, tuar

as Tobair Eoin Dairte asur tuar as Tobair Šobnaite, tuar as Tobair Laiéin asur tuar as Tobair Ruaineos, asur ní'l lá díob ran ná so noéarraig mé Coróin Muire asur Coróin Íora, cúis rúiníamhá na Saltrae Muire asur Sciad Lúireac na Maigóine. Asur ir bliarta cnearta deas-éirídeac deas-aiseanta deas-éiríarac doéarraig mé Sailbe Régina cum Dé asur na Maigóine ar ron t'anma asur do leara, asur dá iarraig ar Óia ronudár cúgat, a cáilín óis.

Ir iomda botán tar-íreal asur baintreabac éalaoireac asur oíoc-rcolós rcalloideac asur cú gearr rcaim-nimneac asur cat cori-rcríobac asur clocán cam rleamain rliuc rmearta do éiriar-ra díom i n-a éiricéimib boza troma laza as teac le beannaet ó Ruaineois as iarraig do rísinne. Ir córa dúit í tábairt dom de bñis nár iarraig riam dearc asur nár noctar mo cár asur nac rinnear craobrcaoileac ar m'aindeire i látar don liobair ná léibre ná rítreora ná cirtleoisge ná rean-cáille ná malraire breac-luirgnisge do rcríob an šorca asur do leis do'n amplac, do ruair an aindeire mar oisreac, asur o'fogluim zac ealada ceirnim, do dearao dá leit de'n pñata lá breas raimraig cum a roinnite, asur do learao an rreacán trearna trí páirceann as iarraig a bainte de.

Díot a fíor asac nac í rin an róirt o'á n-iarraiginn-re dearc ná o'á noctrainn mo cár ná o'á leatrainn aránaa mo éró i n-a ríadnair. Ac do tuisgeo dom nuair do éonnac maire asur meóir, muirinn asur mórdac, zeal-šné, rcéim, asur crot na rreac-aindeire géir-šile cneac-áilne šlan-šnúirige ná heiteoac rí ar ron a creidim asur a šradaim asur a šradá Dé asur a hoimis a bar bair-šeal asur a lám fáda leabair dácamail šlan-éiricinn mear-cumta do ríneac le deirc cum an donáin buic ro do-bearraig uair le luar a bfaraig ré de beannaetaib; asur má'r oic o'iarraig ir ró-mait o'alcóac, má'r ríú a bfaao é.

Do labair an cléireac Šobnaite asur ir é doubarit:

Nár beirig Óia ar an raošal so brac tú so mbeoir i ríactanar do éoda do lois, ó taoi éom mait rin éisge!

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-FÓDLAIRE AS CUR CAINNTE AR A BUIOÉAL.

(Sean-meirceoiri 'na fúide or comáirí éiláirí asur buioéal folam uirce beaéad ar a asairé amac.)

An tura tá ann a éladairé éam, a bíteamnáis briaóais, a fealltóirí cealzas, a réarcail san máoin san máit? An é an éasí 'bhuil tú as masadó fúm le do seiruis fáda duió, asur le do béal shánada so bhuil baladó brian an bio-táille as éirge amac ar? 'Sead so dearbóta ir tura atá moimam, a millteoirí. Nac tú an buacail atá so beaúisgte bolzas, so pleamain rlioc, so huaidbreaé porcamail, maoró-teac aitéreac! Mallaét Dé so deo ort. Mallaét a utáinis asur a utiocfaró ort! Ní fuláir ná so bhuil cúrrairé masairé asac fúm-ra tar éir an shó tá déanta asac orm a múrdalóirí san truais asur a seiruiré san náire! Deas-éara d'am-ra bí ionnat san ampar. Do éusar mo máoin asur mo fáogal asur mo fláinte duit. Do éusar mo cáil asur mo élú duit. Do éreigear zac don éara eile dá raib asam ar do íon. Do éusar mo neart asur mo meabair asur m'aigne duit. Do éusar shadó mo ériodé asur mo éléibe duit. Do bhonnar zac arb fíú de'n traogal mé ort. Ní'l éan-máitear ná deas-ruso ná cráibteacé dá raib i muam asam nac fuil caíte uaim ar do íon. Do b'féarrí liom tura ná cáirde ná fláinte, ná máitear, ná tréit ar bit eile dá áilneacé id. Ní'l dá méio dá utusar duit nac amlaid ba móide do éiocpar asur do éuro raintte so móir. Céaró tá asam dá bárr rin asur uile? Tá móran, san breaé. Tá an cóta caíte reo asam asur an rean-éáibín reo so bhuil shuas mo éinn as fáir amac ério! Tá na rean-bhírteide reo asam, má'r ceart bhírteide do éur ar na shoblaib lobta ro sur féitirí mo éroiceann buide o'féicirint fá na pollaib atá ortá! Tá na rean-bhíóga ro asam freirín, asur méara mo dá éor as ríneadó tríocta amac! A buioeil mo ériodé ircis, ná habradó éinne ná so bhuil níóte so leor tabaréta asac dam. Féac ar an trróin breas, lonnraig, áluinn

reo tá aḡ veiriúḡaḡ mo éionnaigḡe! Féac ar an mbéal ro nac fuil acḡ 'n-a éab ḡan cuma ḡan dealb ḡan éruḡ! Nac deap an dá þur atá aḡam aḡur iad ḡo bþurce méir-creac ḡan daḡ ná comarḡa na folá ionnta! Féac ar an lám ḡránḡa reo aḡur i ḡo corrac creataḡ cam! Nac i an lám áluinn i ḡan meapḡal le n-a cuio méap palac náþ blair éan-uirce ó'n oirḡe úḡ ḡur fáḡ tú mé þaoi'n ḡclairḡe. Uḡ mo éoinriap! Ir ionḡantaḡ an éolann i reo ar þaḡ atá aḡam, aḡur a éapa ir duit re amáin ba éuḡḡa mo bui-deacap mar ḡeall ar an ḡcuma atá uirḡe.

A bíteamnaig ḡuib ó'r amlaib atáir ór mo éomair amac anoir ní rḡapairḡ mé de mo cuio cainnte id' éaoib ḡo dḡi ḡo mbéirḡ mo lán-tráit ráirḡe aḡam. Ir maic ir cuimin liom an éeḡḡ uair ar éuir tú ar meirce mé. Dar ḡo deimin ḡo deo na díleann deamán deapmaro a déanraib mé ar an taom dóigḡe do bí orm aḡur mé aḡ d'uirigeadḡ ar mo éotlaḡ lá ar na bárac. Ir maic ir cuimin liom é mar ḡo raib tinneap aḡur pian aḡ rcoilteaḡ mo éloiginn, aḡur bí clabap aḡur múnlaḡ an bóḡair triomuirḡe ar mo cuio éadaiḡ ḡo mba d'óic le héinne ḡur éráin múice bí n-a luiḡe i lár an tiḡe. Ir iomḡa uair ó'n oirḡe rin ar imir tú an cleap céadna orm aḡ baint mo céille aḡur mo meaprac díom ḡo dḡi ḡur fáḡ tú im' pleiburce amuideac rinte ar éaoib na rrairḡe mé, ḡo bþoirḡ Dia orm. Ir cuimin liom freirin an oirḡe rúḡac úḡ i n-ar þóraḡ mo deirþriúr boḡt Róirin. Nioib þaḡa ḡur éuir tú diaḡal irteaḡ 'mo éroiḡe ḡur éuḡar iarraḡḡ fá rcoirnac mo d'preiḡþráḡar do ḡearpaḡ aḡur éḡair nar marbuiḡear é. Do bþireap cpoiḡe mo máḡar boiḡe ar do þon-ra a buidél þréin, aḡur b'i an máḡair ba míonta aḡur ba éannra, aḡur ba éráibḡiḡe dá raib aḡ mac i riam i. 'Seac a diaḡal ḡan triḡairḡe ḡan triuaiḡméil, ir tura do éuir d'riaḡaib orm a cpoiḡe do bþiread de bárr mo cuio cuirpḡeacḡa aḡur meirceaḡlaḡa ḡo dḡi ḡo bþuir ri báp þaoi deiread, beannaḡḡ díur Dé le n-a hanam ḡlan. Ruḡ eile de, a élaḡairḡe málluirḡe, ir tura do éuir ḡo mimic fá ḡlar inr an bþriórún doirḡa

mé, cum go mbeadh pé d'uaire agus d'onaí agusam beic agus cur agus agus cúiteamh go ceann tamail ar an rlabhadh do bí curta agus timcheall mo mhúinéil. Is iomdha uaire ar iarrar rearmaint leat, aét bí tú mío-láirí d'am. Nár túsar bhuí an pórtúir i láthair an áthar Antoini,—beannaét Dé ar a ceann iad-bán!—aét ní túirce éonnaic mé do éab duib agus baladh na tige agus éirge aníor ar do goile ná éuir fá dháoidéaét mé sur bhuiréar mo mionna arírt? 'Seadh muir'! Is doibinn mar éirge an raogal liom ó foim! Do cuiréadh mé ar m'obair lae. Do éuir tú mé agus tairteal na tíre im' bheallán díomáoin dhóc-ghócaí dona. Cad é mar íasgar firi nó feicidís mé anoir? Ní deocair é rin 'innhrint! Leibide leirceamail agus lomaire reairte gan áirí adá ionnam. Ní féidir mo leicéid de beacaí pótaire ná de méirceoir meacá d'íasgal ra tír. Bíonn na daoine agus feigeadh agus rcealladh másgaí fúm agus mé agus ráimailis agus bailiréiréaét ar fuo an baile móir go dtí go sguirreadh fúm féin ra' bplodais!

Aét a buidéilín táir go bfuil baladh d'anála mar beadh gal ifhinn agus múrcailt an diabail ionnam, táim beas nac tuirreac tnaíóte tabarca curta ó beic dom' ríor-buadh ríor go talamh agus, agus le congnam Dé agus Muiré tá deiréadh ráíóte agusam de'n turur ro. Déarfairé mé iarracé eile fá tú do éirgean. Déiré mé réir leat go fóill: Má tá féin go bfuil buaidéte agus oim go dtí ro ní mar rin a béar an rceal fearra. Is goirre cabair Dé ná an doirar! Raicéiré me an nóimíro ro ar lois an áthar Antoini arírt. Fear ceannra geanamail go bfuil truaisí aise do'n beacaí las, 'readh é. Ní doic go n-eiteo' ré mé faoi n-a beannaét do éabairt dam, agus gan ionnam aét ruaracán. Sé a éuirre ar bealaí mo leara mé. Éiré' mé arat a buidéil íránda, agus nár feicid mé do macramail de gáduiré mí-náiréac arírt an fáir d'ar beo mo ceann! Slán agus!

(Iméigeann pé go tapairó.)

an buacáillín buiré (i mbanda).

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.

ԵԱՆ ՈՒ ՇԵՒՆ ԵՐԵՒ.

Ո՞ր շարժար լի զ քար, քար, ո՞ր քարն զօրն
 Եւ զքարն ո՞ր զքար, ո՞ր քարն 'նա զքարն զօրն ;
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 Ընդ զքարն զքարն զքարն զքարն զօրն,
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Իր է զքարն զքարն, զքարն, զքարն զօրն
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 'Տ զքարն զքարն զքարն զքարն զօրն !

Ir fearaó nár éleáctar teáct i ndeireadó comhearsair
 aó ceapáct 'r aó cairmire caillige ceirnióe cinnce ;
 ná 'n t-ácrann am i bpaó ó bpeit an fíir-éirt,
 so ndeáca fé rmaáct aó Dean na Cleite Caoile.

Cé fada mé 's cairteal tpeab ir tige teoiréac,
 ir so bpeaca áac peáct ir áct ar fuio na ríóááca
 níoir b'fearaó mé ar éleapáib fpara feill-óniomac
 so " rpeabaire an áaio " tá aó Dean na Cleite Caoile.

Aitcím an Mac do éap na éeitre poillre,
 flaitéar, fairrige fearann ir deilb daoine
 so nábair m'anam fearca 'na feilb óilir,
 ir mé rcarámaint fé blar le Dean na Cleite Caoile.

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 ! ”

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.

ARAÓIR IS MÉ IM' AONAR.

Araoir is mé im' aonar coir taoibhe an gaoitear

fá díon duille géas-ghair' im' luige,

Lem' taoib sup fuid rpeirbean ba tpi-binne réir suib

ná caoi éruit, sué éanlaic is píob;

Dá coimheadc bí caoc-ghioila céar mé 'r do mill

le raigeadaib, dá léar-cup trém' taoib deir so cruinn,

Do claoib mé gan faéream le díoghair do'n réilteann

Do b'aoibne rceim agur gnaoi.

Litir is caora bí ag coimearcap 'r ag pléirheadc

So píocmar 'na réim-leacain gpinn,

I gcir glain a deir mion, dob' píor-dear a béal tana,

A bpaicé, 'r a claoi-porc gan teimeal;

A caoin-mama géara gan claoclaó ar a cli,

A píob is a haol-corp mar géir ar an tuinn,

Ba tpinneadc tair néamhadc ciug buirde carra péarladc

A dclaoi-folt so caol-triois ar bír.

Ba túrpreac mé im' ódor-pphear nuair rmúinear trém'
néaltaib

Ar cúrraib an traozail élearaiz élaoin,
An trác múrciar do léimear le rúin-ferac do'n féilteann
1 lúib éoilte b'aepeac zan teimeal:

Uí lonnrao ó Réabur 1 ngeazuib zac crainn,
Uí lonnrao ba néamóac ar zac don bairr az luize,
Uí lonnrao ó'n bpearla zo otabarrao mac Séamuir
Zan cunnatar fí réim éirt 'na ríozact.

A rúin óil mo éleib, t'ainm tabair dom leo' faoi-toil,
I r múrcail dom faéreamh zan móill;
An tú lúnó no Déanur 'nair umlaiz an laoc mear
An t-uball oi zan pléir tar zac mnaoi;
Innir dom an tú Héilein euz léir-ferior na Traoi,
No plúr na mban Déirpore raito zéir-ferac do Naoir;
An tú Minéarba no an cúilfionn do tréiz Tailc,
Lé'r túrnao na céadta zan bpiuz.

I r búadac blarta bépac uíal o'fpeazair an béit mé,
I r dúbairt: I r mé éire zan tím
Cúzat-ra le rcealtaib ar cunnatar mo laoc mear
Do túrnao le tréimre tar tuinn.
I r rúadac tiocraio Séaplur 'na réim éirt arir
'S zac rpionna ra o'fuit éibir 'na raor-bailtib ríteac',
Uirto binne ir cléir ceart 'na noúctar zan éiclipr
I r búra an bpearla zan bpiuz.

I r rúzac beiró Zaéveala na noún-bpiozuib doída
Le congnamh an éin-mic zan móill,
Zo pionn flearcac féarta mear-trúipeac caitréimeac,
'S o'a hpionna ra ceart zeilliró zac rí.
Beiró múcad 'zur traoóad 'ca ar béraib an fill,
Sliocet liútar na zclaoon-beart ná zéileann do Éprioit,
Oá otúrnao tar tréan-muir ní dúbad liom a rcealta,
Zan lionnta, zan féarta, zan pion.

TAÓZ ZAÉVEALAC Ó SÚILLEADÁIN.

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 ;
 Mating 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 sidhe'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, Վ ԵԱՆԾ, 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, Վ ՇԱԻՐԵ, 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 ՇԻԱԿՃԱՆ and
from Bunlinn ;

And the princely ones from ԱԻԼԵԿ brought some bards their
Court among,

And from ՇԻԱՆՃԱՆ 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, ԱՇ, Վ ԵԱՆԾ ՕՒՐ, 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.

CACTAL MACZARÖAIZ.

MACCTNAMH AN DUINE DOILZÉASAIZ.

Oiröce döom zo döiliz döairc,
Coir fáirpise na döonn dötréan,
As léar-rmaoineamh, ir as luad,
Ar éoraib cpaada an tpaogail.

Öi an pae 'r na réalta ruar,
Nioir élor puaim tuinne na tráza
Ir ní raib zal ann de'n zaoit
Do cpoctpaö bairi cpaoinn ná blät.

Do zluairpear amac liom féin
Zan aipe 'zam ar paon mo riubail
Dopar cille zur dearc mé
'San zconair méö ör mo éionn.

Do rpaö mé 'ran nöpap rean
'Nar znát almpanna ir döirdeact
Dá nōail dö'n lobap asur dö'n las
An trát do máir luét an tige.

Öi ppaö ppar ar a éaoib
Ir cian ó cuiread i zclöö
Ar a puidead paioite 'r ciar
Ir cairtealaiz triallta an röio.

Suro mé riop le macctnamh lán
Do leizear mo lám féin' zpuad
Zur éuit ppara diana deap
Öm' deapcaib ar an öféar anuar.

Δουδαίη με ἀνήρην πέ τίε
 Ἀγυρ μέ αγ εαοι σο ευνάε :
 Ὁ βί ἀιμρεαρ ἀνν 'να μαιβ
 Ἀν τισ ρο σο ροιλβ ρυβλάε.

Ἰρ ἀνν ὁο βί ελιγ ἰρ ελιαρ,
 Ὅρέαετα διαδάετα ὁά λέιξεαή.
 Κοραιθε εεαταλ αγυρ εεοι
 Ἀγ μολαὸ μόρῶαετα Ὁέ.

Φοεράε ρολαή ζαν ἀίρω
 Ἀν τ-ἀρυρ ρο ἰρ ἀρρα τύηρ
 Ἰρ ἰομῶα εαρζαλ αγυρ ζαοε
 Ὁο βυαι πέ μάολαιβ ὁο μύηρ.

Ἰρ ἰομῶα φεαρῆαιην αγυρ φυαετ
 Ἰρ ρτυηρμ ευναιη ὁο ευνηρ ὀιοτ,
 Ὁ τιοῶλαιεαὸ τύ ἀρ ὀτύηρ
 Ὁο Ριζ να ηῶύλ μαρ τιζεαρ.

Ἀ μύηρ ναομήετα να μβεανη ηζλαρ,
 Ὁο β'ὀρηάιη ὁο'η τίη ρεο τράε ;
 Ὅιομβάιη ὀιαη ἡομ ὁο ρεηοφ
 Ἀγυρ ευν ὁο ναοή ἀρ φάη.

Ἰρ υαιζνεαε ἀταοιη ἀνοιη,
 Ηί'λ ἰοηαε κοραιθε ηά εεοι,
 Ἀετ ρεμέααὸ να ζεεανη ζεαε
 Ἰ η-ἰοηαε να ραημ ροζαι !

Διῶνεάη αγ εαρκαρ ὀρ ὁο ρτυαιζ
 Ηεανητῶζ μυαὸ ἰὸ' ηηλάη ὕρ
 Ταφανη εαοι να ριονηαε ρεανζ
 Ἰρ ερῶηάη να η-εαρ ἰὸ' ελίηο.

Μαρ ἀ ηζλαοῶαὸ ἀη φηηρεοζ ἡοε
 Ὁο ελέηρ αγ εαναὸ να ὀτράε
 Ηί'λ τεανζα αγ κορρηθε ἀνοιη
 Ἀετ τεανζα ζηιοζαιη να ζεάζ.

Δαά το ῥροιντεαέ ζαν βιαό
 Το ῥυαιμ-λιος ζαν λεαβα βλάιτ,
 Το τεαρμoinn ζαν ιουδβαιρτ κλέιρ
 Νά αιρρεανν το Όια τὰ ῥαό.

Ό'ιμτίς το λυαιμ αζυρ το ῥιαζαι
 Ιρ το εuaλλαέτ ῥέ ειαη έρμάιό ;
 Οέ ! ní ῥιονναιμ ανοιρ ῥέό' ιαόαό
 Δέτ εαῖνάν εῖμαότα εῖνάμ.

Οέ ! ανῥοῖλann ιρ ανuaiλ,
 Ανῥοιου ανuaiρ ιρ αιηουλιζε ;
 ῥόιρνεαρτ ναμάαο ιρ εῖρεαάό εῖμαιό,
 Ό'ῥάς ζο ηυαιζνεαέ τύ μαρ ται !

Όο βίος-ῥα ῥέιν ῥona ῥεαλ,
 ῥόιριορ ! το ειαοέτοιό μο έιόό ;
 Έάιμζ τόιρ αν τῥαοζαιλ im' αζαίό,
 Ιρ ní'λ ῥειόμ οῖμ αέτ βῥόη.

Ό'ιμτίς μο λυαόαιλ αζυρ μο λύτ,
 Ραόαῖε μο ῥύλ, αζυρ μο έῖραιορ,
 Δαάιτ μο έάιρτε 'ζυρ μο έιann
 'San ζcill ῥεο ζο ῥann αζ τῥεοζαό !

Δαά τυαιρρεαρ αρ μο τῥεαέ,
 Τα μο έῖροιτε 'να έῖροταλ εῖνό ;
 Όά βῥόιρρεαό οῖμ αν βάρ
 Βα τῥεαῖό m'ῥάιτε ῥέ n-a έόμάιρ.

seán ó coilleadán.

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 *féinne*, 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 troubles 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 reprovin' 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 dhróp 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 CÓF NA NDEOR!

Míle go leit bliadan, a Úia! I r fáda an pé! I r móf an aimpear é. Níor b'iongnad d'á mbeinn cromta, corra, caitte, uat. Aét, féad an mar roin atá. Tá mo ghuas dualaé com flúirpreac fáinneac I r mar bíod fáod; agus tá mo sean-éroidé com mirneamail meannmaé, dar liom, I r mar bí fé maí. Ní'l na feoda glé as taitneam om' b'rágaid fé mar bíod, ámtac! fuaduiḡead mo feoda-ra go mion minic, a cáirde éléib. Na feoda luacmápa do bain liom-ra atáid as lonnraó ar b'ollac I r ar bačar na namad anoir, agus táim-re annfo agus gan luid umam aét an brat uaine do leis an Tigearna anuar oim agus an raogal i n-a óige. Aét táim rára leir an mbrao ro: bí feoda go leor air tráé, agus ca b'fior d'éinne ná go mbead arí?

Bíod a fíor, leir, asaid ná fuilim-re as fáire ó'n oiréid feo ó topac an traogail. Bí cúram agus oileamaint agus órduḡad cloinne oim-ra leir. Coḡuḡear, cómairliḡear, o'órduḡear mo élan féin nuair ba fuarac le ráó na ríoganta I r mó comacé ar domán inoiu. Ba beas le ráó iad nuair fílear-ra na deora ar feorainn Oúin na nḡall an lá rcar Colm Cille liom. Ba beas le ráó iad ar fead míle go leit bliadan i n-a diaó ran nuair a bí mo élan ra as tairteal na hÉoirpa le lán mo éola. Baidḡ mo élan ra leo i n-a rluaidtib čar mair anonn. Čríor-tuḡeadar na mílte, na dearg-mílte. Čornuḡeadar eaglar agus meacáa OÉ. Oíbuḡeadar aineolar agus áinveire rómpa. Scaipeadar léiḡeann fé mar rcairtear rolar na g'réine no o'ruéč na r'péire. O'rágadar mainirreacáa agus r'píbeanna agus iarrmaidé i n-a noiaó, a deair-buḡeann do'n traogal go rabadar ann tráé. Aét bíodar féim' marad féin an taca ran. B'iad a mbriacra mo briacra

féin. D'iaó a mbéara mo béara féin. D'iaó a tpeíte mo tpeíte féin. Ní maðamaí ag bpaé ar éinne aét orainn féin!

Á! aét bíor-ra mó-bos, mó-leandaidhe, mó-baoitcpeioméac ar paó. Céapap nár mírte dom mo élanm do pcaoilead uaim, cé gur táinig na Danair agur gur pcpiofadar an tóitais reo arír agur arír eile ór cómaí mo fúl. Cuir Driam Dóimne deiréad le n-a pé rúo, ámtac. Mairpe, nár b'é Driam an deas-mac, agur nár b'é ríú an deas-paozal nuair o'págaímír dóimne na gceall ar deapig-leacáó, agur nuair a bíóó foctain ip fáilte poim an gcoiscrió, ba éuma caó ar go tóitais ré. Agur b'ole an tóizal ar éuro sca é. Tángadap go mailpeac nuair ba beag é mo éoinne leo. Tóizadap mo cúram orca féin. Mairluigeadap, mairbuidgeadap, díbrigeadap mo élanm! Ba duhrónac an uain agam í ag fairpe ó imeall loca Suillig ar uairibh ulaó agur iaó ag tual fé feol a bpaó i gcein. Agur b'uaignige fóir mé ar bpaúac na Sionann ag péacaint ar na Géirdeannaib fiaóaine ag pceinnead tóim go maóairibh gaircío na heorpa. Ó, na mílte cloinne liom do tpeioy go tóitpáctac ar fuio na heorpa agur gan de tuairpe le paóáil orca féin ná ar a bpóir inoiu aét an oipead ip mar atá ar fhuóct na nDanair annpo ar bóiróibh glé na laoi! Mo épeac agur mo éeac míle épeac!

Agur cá meapa ran féin ná na mílte míle de poza mo éoinne do feolaó Cór Cópcaige amac i lonzaib éagcpuidir agur tpeoc-áicíóe, agur na céadta céad t'árpuidgead cum riuóal fé glapaidh gápa nime toipe dian-gpáó do beit sca oim-ra? Ocón! mo éeac ócón! ip iaó do leonad, ip iaó do barcaó, ip iaó do mairluigead, ip iaó do bácaó, ip iaó do mairbuidgead, ip iaó do caillead go duhrónac aindeir; ip iaó a gcnáma tá ag feoóad ar fuio na cpuinne, ar leacain pléibe agur i n-íóctar fairrige, go noéanpaíó Dia tpeócaipe ar a n-anannaib uile! Agur mar bairr ar gac donap sca feolaó bairpíógan iapaéta an cuan ipcaé i gcoirp-láir an épeacá; agur tuzaó ainm iapaéta

ar Cór na nDeor annro de bair a turair, u'fonn ir mo
 éaraoir-re do b'reasnuḡaḡ mar ir ḡnát, ir uóca. Tuḡaḡ
 Baile Dainríogna Sárana ar Cór Córcaige pé mar tuḡaḡ
 Baile Ríog Sárana ar Uín Laoḡaire tamall roime rin.
 As ro mar éirtear ḡail asur ḡailtoácar i n-ionao
 ḡaeḡeal asur a reanúir. Ar an ḡcuma ro mealltar
 rinn; mar reo, leir, ir ead do múcraide rinn dá b'rea-
 fairde é!

Asur i n-a ainḡeoin reo, i n-ainḡeoin an éreáca, i n-ain-
 deoin an éitig, i n-ainḡeoin mo duibríoin-re asur m'ainḡeire,
 féac na mílte cloinne liom inḡiu asur inḡé, asur anurairḡ
 asur aḡruḡaḡ anurairḡ, féac as teicead uaim béal an éuain
 amaḡ iao ḡan rtaonaḡ ḡan ror. Féac as imḡeacḡ iao
 riar riar, asur as rír-imḡeacḡ; cuir aca éum an uonair,
 cé nac móide ḡur eol uóib é; cuir aca éum tíorca na
 cruinne acḡ amáin a uḡír ḡlar féin do éur ar bealaḡ a
 leara; cuir aca, ir baoglaḡ, éum aicmíde asur uaoine
 ná uoin éasḡóir maí oim-ra do éur i nḡéibeann ar ron
 na Sáranaḡ, mo míle b'íon!

A élann, a élann, caḡ éuige ḡo nḡeineann ríḡ ro? Cao
 éuige buir mácair uóir féin do éreigeann do réir mar
 eirigeann ríḡ ruar? Cao éuige raócar buir rean do réanaḡ?
 Cao éuige ainmneaḡa buir rínrear asur buir noúcaige do
 rcaoilcaḡ ar ceal? Cao éuige buir ḡcúl do éabairḡ ar
 ruaircear asur buir n-aḡairḡ do éabairḡ ar uiaibuircaḡ
 an traogail? Níl ḡábtar ná cruaoḡtan ná róirigeann
 u'buir noibuirḡ inḡiu. Fanairḡ, a élann, i b'rocair buir mácair,
 mar roin: tá ḡábaḡ inḡiu asur ḡéar-ḡábaḡ le raócar ḡac
 uoine aḡairḡ coir baile. Fan, a élann, á, fan! Claioirḡ
 le céite, cuirigirḡ le céite, cabruigirḡ le céite! Tabair
 cúl láime le ḡac raḡar ḡailtoácair dá ucaingmócairḡ oiraib!
 Uoinḡ fan, á, uoin! asur ḡeallaim uóib, le congnaí an
 doin-míic, ḡo mberḡ an raḡ oiraib féin asur a ruan 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 buacáitt, 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 objeck 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.

EIREOCHMAOIO PEASTA!

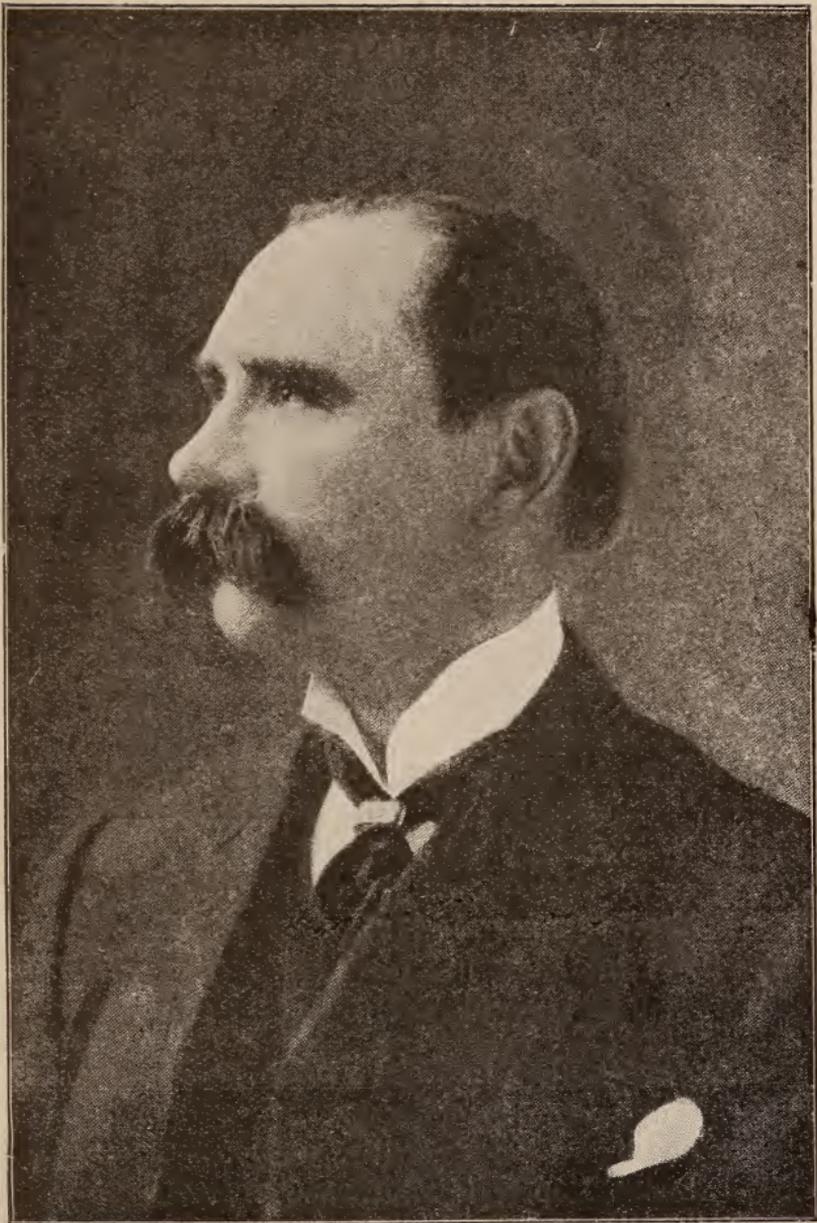
AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Eireochaimíó fearta, tá'n lá seal as teact,
 Is ní beimíó fá rmaect mar atáimíó
 As rmeíple gan bhuí no luect Déarla gan éroíde,
 Aect béarparamaoio aghaíó ar an námaio.
 A cládaire an Déarla, luígh síor go deo!
 Tá an síor-rpioraó beo i rna daoinib;
 Níl mar ar do fóirt, ar do cleaí ná do rpóirt
 As óghaib cnearta na tíre.

Bí an Déarla mar rmuíó ar an rpéir iní gac clúio,
 Agus dáll ré na héireannaígh síora,
 Aect tá ríó annro go bhíogmar 'r go beo,
 Go dtóghaíó ríó ceo duib na tíre.
 Iní an áro-teanghaíó bí as báro agus raoi
 Cuirim rómaib-re na naoi míle fáilte,
 Roim móir agus beag roim óg agus sean,
 Roim fear agus bean agus páirte.

Tá cláirreac na héireann le raó fá bhón
 Agus lonnuib, ocon! ar a téadaib,
 An cláirreac do bí 'na lútgáire do'n éroíde,
 Aca rí gan bhuí, is í réabta.
 Aect rghéiríó rí ceol ann rna rpéarcaib go fóil,
 Beiró gac iní gac téro do bí bhuirte
 Imteoáio throic-ríon, roillreóáio an ghian
 Ar plóigtib na bhriann a bí rghuorta.

Do fuair an focaí ó éan ar an gcuan
 Agus duabairte ré nac buan is nac síorruíde
 An rclábuídeact o'fás ar sean-mácair fá éraó
 Is go bhfuígmíó a bhfuilimíó o'iairraíó.
 As fearóis an trléibe do éualaíó mé rghéal
 Go gcuirrítear an gaebeal i n-áiríde,
 Luect Déarla fá ceo is fá náire go deo,
 Agus ronair is rógh ar ár gcáiríob.



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE
(An Chraoibín doibinn.)

Cá bfuil na daoine de muinntir Uí Néill
 Naé gcampaó a béal leir an mBéarla ?
 De ríocht na ríog móir Clann Conaill, Clann Eoghain
 'S Gearóid bí i Laignib 'na Iarla ?
 Ó Concubair do bí i nÉirinn 'na rí,
 Ar éirígeadar teanga a mádar ?
 Ar éirígeadar díob an diallaio dá ndruim.
 Le dul gan aon truím fá an trhádar !
 Árdócamaoio teanga na héireann le bróo,
 Ár ronar, ár reoó ir ár bPéarla,
 Ir cuiprío rí ruais asur béarfaio rí buaio
 Ar glafar naig éruaio an Béalra.
 Ní bfuigíó rí bár, aó beio rí as fáir
 I n-a crann breas craothaíail áluinn,
 Asur rcapaio an rcaal ó béal go béal,
 Go mbeio raoirre 'sur réan le ragaíil 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 observing 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 Úaoine muinnteartha:—“IS IONTUIGTE NAĆ FUIL
AĆT AOIÚEACĆ NO ÓSTÓIREACĆ AR AN SAOŞAL
AŞAINN.”

AŞur meafaim, dá féir rin, şurab ionann dáł do şac
aon fé noul do'n domán ro, aşur do'n ceitearnac ałta
aineolać ar iarćar İlluınan do euaıđ ı luıng ćozarđ o'iar-
parıđ eadála ar fairrşe, aşur do cuıpeađ ı oćır ı Sacraıb
ıađ; aşur an ead baile ı n-a oćarpla ı oćır ıađ, eangadar
lućt an baile do deanam lúćşára mómpa, aşur dá mbreıć
leo dá oćıgćıb féin eum órta do eadairt oıb; óır ba
lućt órta do eımeađ an méıo do bı aş aıciugađ 'ran
mbaile rin; aşur ba miongnađ leır an şceitearnac ıađ aş
a cuıpeađ féin, aşur şan aıćne aş aon duine oıb aır.
Do euaıđ féin aşur oıong de'n muinntır do bı maraon:
leır ı oćıg duine aca ar órta; aşur do bıodar muinntear an
tışe şo mó-maıć leır ar feađ feaćtmaine; ionnur şur
řáım leır an şceitearnac an t-ineall mar a parıb fé féin, ar
şlaine an áruır ı n-a oćarpla é, aşur ar feabar a leabćan
aşur a bıo aşur a oışe. Şıdeađ, ar mbeıć ođ féin aşur
dá eıreacćain aş şabáıl a şceada, do şairm an t-órtóır
an fear cúnćar do bı aışe aş a ráđ leır: Make reckoning.
.ı. deın cúnćar. Leır rin eáınıg fear an cúnćar, aşur do
şalıb aş feannađ an ceitearnaiş ır na muinntıre do bı
maılle leır, no şur b'ėıgin oıb uile oıoluirdeać iomlán
do eadairt uaća ı nşac uile nıo dáı eaićeodar 'ran oćıg
an řarıo ır bıodar ann, ionnur şo řabadar řolaım aş imćeać
oıb. Aşur eáınıg de rin, cıon a parıb de řólár aşur de
meanmain órta, le linn şac rearcaıreacćta dá bfuairdeodar
ı oćıg an órta, şo parıb fé de ođlár órta tře beıć řolaım
aş imćeać. Do b'ıongnađ, móır-móır, leır an şceitearnac,
eıeađ an řáć fé'ır feannađ é féin aşur eac; óır nıor eıeać
fé bıađ ná deoć do eannac řıam řoımır rin. Aşur ar
oćeać şo hėıınn ođ, do şabadar a eáıre aş řıarřıışe

tuaparṡabála na Sacran de. 'Tó ṡaib̄ reir̄ean aṡ inn̄r̄int̄
 r̄c̄ēil̄ ṡóib̄, aṡur̄ aṡub̄air̄t̄ t̄r̄á, nāc̄ r̄aca r̄é r̄iāīn̄ t̄alāīn̄
 ṡo b'ṡear̄r̄ī biāṡ aṡur̄ ṡeōc̄, t̄eine aṡur̄ leaba, aṡur̄ ba
 r̄oib̄bir̄e ṡaoine. "Aṡur̄ lōc̄t̄ ar̄ bīt̄," ar̄ reir̄ean, "ní
 aic̄n̄o ṡom uir̄t̄e, āc̄t̄ an̄ tan̄ b̄īo na ṡeoirāṡt̄e aṡ ceileab̄rāṡ
 ṡo'n̄ ṡr̄ūin̄ṡ ṡo b̄eir̄ aoīṡeāc̄t̄ ṡóib̄, t̄iṡ t̄r̄ú ṡuaib̄reac̄
 ṡeām̄nāīṡe ṡá n̄ṡoirāṡear̄ Mac Raic̄in̄ an̄uar̄, aṡur̄ lá̄m̄ūīṡ-
 eann ṡo hearaon̄t̄ac̄ na ṡeoirāṡt̄e aṡur̄ r̄eannann aṡur̄
 r̄oṡann̄ īaṡo." ṡo r̄á̄t̄ac̄, ir̄ í an̄ é̄r̄īōc̄ ú̄o na Sacran an̄
 ṡōm̄an; na h̄ó̄r̄t̄óir̄īṡe, an̄ ṡiābal̄ an̄ r̄aoṡal̄ ir̄ an̄ éolann;
 an̄ ceitearnāc̄, na ṡaoine ī ṡcoit̄c̄inne; aṡur̄ Mac Raic̄in̄,
 an̄ b̄ár. Óir̄, ām̄ail̄ ir̄ b̄aineann r̄ear̄ an̄ c̄ú̄nt̄air̄ ṡíol̄
 ṡe'n̄ ṡeoirāṡe mar̄ ā céile baineann r̄ear̄ c̄ú̄nt̄air̄ na n-
 ó̄r̄t̄óir̄īṡe ú̄o .i. an̄ b̄ár, c̄ú̄nt̄air̄ ṡaoir̄-ṡá̄lac̄ ṡe r̄na ṡaoim̄b̄
 ā b̄lairear̄ ā b̄eaṡ no ā m̄ó̄r̄ ṡe t̄ōr̄c̄aib̄ na n-ó̄r̄t̄óir̄īṡe ṡo
 luair̄ṡeam̄air̄.

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.”

ῤÁILTE ROIM ṖÁDRAIS SÁIRSÉAL.

Uíod ḡáir ḡan ḡruaim i ḡclár na nṖruaṑ
 'N-a Ṗláinte ó luadṑṑ ḡo luad a tḡeáct.
 Scáct na cuallaáct' Ṗeáct na tuadṑ,
 Scáct ḡac ṖtuairṖe ip uaim na n-éadct.
 Ráib ḡeal buadacṑ árṑṖlaid ḡruaḡac
 Sáirṑeap ruadṑ ḡo ruaimneacṑ ṖaṑṖ
 Sámḡar Ṗtuamṑṑa álunn uaral
 ṖáṑṖrais ruairṑe ó éuan na Ṗeáṑ.

Séada Ṗoilbir' aḡur Ṗroctana Ṗiona
 A mbṖonnaṑ ḡo caoin ba cúibe dom' leoman
 Éibe élogadṑac oirṑeapṑe doibinn
 Le lonnadṖarṑ ṖoilṖeacṑ Ṗíṑṑa 'Ṗ Ṗróill.
 DoirṖeacṑ líomṑta i ḡcoḡadṑ ná ṖṖríocṖadṑ
 Aḡ corṑairṑ na ḡcoimíḡṑeacṑ tṖé ḡac ḡleo
 Ip ḡoṖmḡac ḡníomṑacṑ tṑḡarṑacṑ ṑṖoíḡeanmṑar
 ṑo tṖearṑairṑ a náimṑe i ṑtír na ṑṑreṑn.

Ár ṑṑreṑn aḡ tṑeáct ip ḡeal le céadṑaiṑ
 Ṗlaid na Ṗéile ip Ṗéarṑacṑ Ṗionn
 ḡo lonnmṑar lannaṑ leabair léiḡeanta
 Larmṑar léadṑmar éadṑacṑ úr ;
 Ṗlór na ṑṖéimṑeṖ, Ṗór na Ṗéilṑean
 Ṗṑr na Ṗéicṑ an Saerṑeap Ṗuḡacṑ
 Scóip na cléipe ip ceol na héiḡre
 SpóṖṑe na mbéit ip Ṗcléip na ṑṑrúp.

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 please ; 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 cowld mornin' ?—for whedder 'tis hot or cowld 'tis all de same—one drinks to be cowld, an' anoder drinks to be hot—and 'tis moighty cowld '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 punch ! 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 airy burd, cries out : “ Daddy, daddy ! ”

“ What's de matter ? ” ses I.

“ I want to get up, daddy,” ses he.

“ Well, get up, an' bad scran 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 fisht 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 ingenus 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. Yourselves 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

prejudices ; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject ; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her Constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

MAIBHNA EOĜAIN RUAIŌ UI NĒILL.

Do cail Éire a céite píre,
 Dearcadó p réam a haonéirann díona,
 Do bhríeadó rtiuir iuil na críche,
 I r tá pí d éarac tréatlas claoirdte.

I r ní hé a héagnac ar don éor ġnám-re
 Acct, mo éreáctġoin, mar éreis pí raoirpír,
 An méirpíreac le'p tréizead mílte,
 Do tréizead Conn Céadéacac tríte.

'S nac páinġ i dteann earri anaoirpé ;
 Ċug pí fuac dá mac ba dílpe,
 I r ċug pí fearp, dar leac, do dáoitib
 Ná r d ual ó neart ceart na críche.

I r ní fuil fearp dár éar do'n mnaoi reo,
 D'fuil Éibír, Éireamuinn, no Írġil,
 Dá dáoirp éait real dá dídean
 Ná r éreis píre an méirpíreac mílteac.

Ní hé éagnac na dtréan roin éaoimn,
 I r ġan acct pléiró ġán éireacct a maoidéam,
 I r ġur léir do ġac éinneac críonna
 A ndéarua fó Éirinn de ġníomárcatb.

Meapa uom féin éas an traoirféir,
 Laoc féitreach le'p méadao maoinne;
 Rug géill ar éigin ó ríge'ib,
 Eoghan Ua Néill, rin den éreach daoine.

Uraoán Uóinne eo na Daoile,
 Maişre Suga ip Spuit na Maoile,
 Oişre aínna Teainnias taoibéil,
 Le'p mian na Saeranais malluigete díbirte.

Siolla mar uan uair ar míne,
 A cúis céadfaða gan don céim élaoine,
 A réim gan don loct mar Naóire,
 A méin náir éagraíait le Maoire.

Siolla dáir óual buadairt do rcaoiléad
 'S a ótabairt anuar ar éuancaib tíre:
 De óearcaib a éasa ip é do cím-re
 So ófuil na Saedil, mo léan! fá óaoirre.

Ip so ófuil na Saeranais neartmar 'ran tír reo,
 Ip naé maipeann neac de élancaib Míleaó
 Naé fuil ar lír ar rcaé na críce
 Déit iarmar ip Dia dá gcoim'oeacé.

Creach dor téad so léir an tí rin,—
 Do éuir do óar 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 nliuib fáil do dáilpeari caoine,
 Soilliró mná 'ra ótlátfuile rcaoilte,
 Ip beir fá léan na céadta laoiéra
 Ip beir Tonn Rúigí i bpuicín éioiróub.

Uan 'r gan rcur guil na gaoite,
 Treaba na gcuac so luac rcaoir;
 Laet na mbuar do éuaib i noirce,
 An ríóó 'r an reor 'n-a óeoiró gur críonnaó

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.

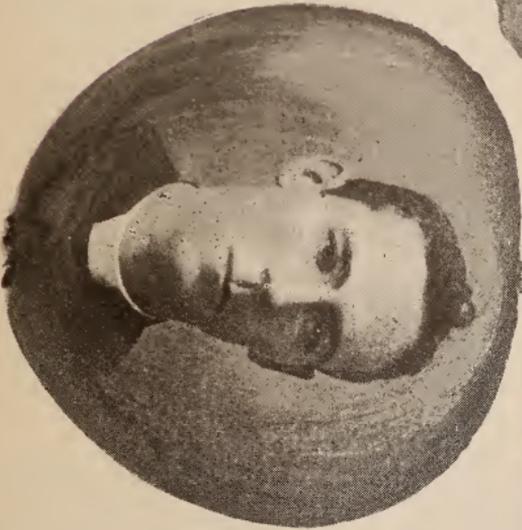
II.

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'íolfao, dar Eocail mo líon rtaic 'r mo rtorca,
 I' ní élaioðfeao le ghoðcaib nár caitegear,
 I' oingfeao im' pòca ríor píora cum óla,
 I' líonfaio de rtorieact i' d'airtib.
 Scaoilfeao im' rcorraig 'n-a líon-puit gan teora
 Fíon aghur beoir aghur bhandaig,
 I', a éroide, nac é 'n rporc é má bím-re ar bóirtib
 Dom rtraoileao mar gorta ar fuio laeig.
 Nuair téidim go tig an tábhaine i' ghaodaim ar éar
 I' éarcao bionn táin oíob ag teact ríor:
 I' éigean le dáract ná réabaim mo cána
 Nuair pléarcam an clár i' mé ag feaoigal.
 Bionn raotar an báir ortá, "Pray do you call, sir,"
 Ní féadaim gan gáire fá 'n-ealaóain,
 I' tréan tig an máigirtir go réirteact im' óail-ré,
 I' réim tig im' lácair i' beannuigear.
 I' rraoémar le cinnreal do ghaodaim buioéal píona,
 Mí'l réanao go otigean rúo i' gloine;
 I' craoðac 'r i' rcaoilteact 'r i' faoðrac do líonaim,
 Gac réibe 'ca oioigaim go gunneall.
 Bionn éanlaic 'n-a líonpuit ar éoil-bearraib rinte,
 Dá ngléar dom cum bio aghur curtar,
 Dá féacain cia oíob ran do réiofeao lem' innninn.
 I' cia béarfao dom píora de'n éurta.
 Nuair téidim go tig ortá bionn píobairide gleoio 'gail
 Ag munnceao 'r ag rósrao ag farcuigim:
 I' cinnreal gac nóimeat dá innrint le mórtar
 Go noiolrainn dá n-ólrainn mo énaigín.
 Sin críoc ar mo rceol duit go mbionn ag mnaoi an ortá
 Mo bhírte mo bhóga 'r mo caipín
 'S, a éroide, nac é 'n rporc é nuair rcaoileann rí an róo mé,
 Gan tuinnce ar mo óróim act mé im' glaisín.

SEÁN UA TUAMA.

THE HORSEMAN OF DUNKRONE.

“ Rise up ! rise up ! O'Brennan *Κυαδ*, 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 *Ἰάν* 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, *α κύρτε* ! 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 τόβαιν 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 Ρυαδ 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 Ος 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 τὸ ἄσπι and βόιτριν 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 PÁDORAIS SÁIRSÉAL.

[Dáibíó ua bhuaṡairi cct, von iarlá luacan .i. an Sáirréalaṡ, an uair
 uo éuir ré an ruairi ar ṡallaiṡ aṡur uo réab ré an éanóin móri uo bí
 acá dá éabairt ó baile áta cliaṡ uo ṡabáil luimniṡ; i mbaile an
 fáoiṡiṡ i ṡconṡae luimniṡ uo minneáṡ an ṡníom ro le'ri fóirneáṡ
 mórián o'uirliṡ ṡaeṡeal. A.D. 1690.]

A ní na cṡuinne uo rín ire ir ṡac níṡ uirṡe acá uéanta
 fuarṡail fóṡla a ṡuair an ṡleo ro ir fuairṡ a fóirne i
 nṡrādṡ a céile
 Ó éuairṡ rirṡe i n-uacáṡ oirṡe ir ṡan luac uibe a háirṡ-
 ṡréaraiṡ
 Cṡeanṡaṡ féin me cantain réaṡ ar ṡranṡaiṡ raora rriáirṡ-
 éirṡe.

Ní cúir aiṡriṡ ór liom rcaṡṡa na bhonn rcaṡam o'ráirṡ-
 réaṡain
 'S an énú cōṡaim a élú o'porṡaitṡ ní riú an obair fáil-
 éaṡaraiṡ
 An té éuillear uo-ṡeáṡ a ionaṡ i nṡrēar rre ir rcaṡri
 réirṡe
 'S an té nac múrclain ní hé a ionloc ir méan liom i ṡcáṡ
 o'éileam.

Fál bhēar n-anbhann o'ráirṡ oáir n-anacal máil ir cairṡbile
 cáir-bēarac
 Taorṡac rriúrac laomṡa lonn-ṡairṡ laocṡa lúṡmar láin-
 rreirṡeac
 Urra éróṡa bhriṡmar uerṡa éuirṡar uerṡaraiṡ fá ṡéilleaṡ
 An r-iarlā ó luacan, Dia dá éumṡac, rriac ir ionṡa láim-
 éacṡa.

Lá oáir éionóil áirriṡ nolóint lán dá nṡlan-róṡo bháir-
 ṡeáṡac
 Níṡ nac carṡail ṡo mbí ar rcaṡmal a ṡcṡuinn-éairṡe aṡ
 ráirṡ-éleirṡeib
 Amail ruiṡ-ran ceapaṡ an éunnairṡ ar na o'ronṡaiṡ oáin-
 ṡeára
 Uo éṡaill ionlāc aiṡme ir ionṡairṡ le haṡairṡ luimniṡ
 o'áir-bēaraiṡ.

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 unconsolated, 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.

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 MÁIŢ DO'N DUIME ÓG.

A leimö acá i dtúir do fáogail,
 Mo tseagarc go cruinn beir leat
 An té dá dtáinig a éiall le naoir
 Cuir-re gac nio 'n-a ceas.

Ná ranncaisg márote naoir',
 Ná an tream n-a mbío aca,
 Sul a dtiocfaid an iomad de t'aoir
 Bíod aicne ar ériort astat.

Ná caic do fáogal díomáoin,
 Iy ná leis an trlige ear ceal
 Óir an trlat an uair émuáann rí
 Iy deocair a rníom 'n-a stat.

Ío' óige orcail do méabair
 Iy bailisg an foğluim leat,
 Óir an glór ná cúigeann an ceann
 Iy cuma é ann no ar.

Beróir mar a cleáctair ar dtúir
 No mar a beró foğluim leat,
 Pé glór do cúigfir go cruinn
 San labair le Rís na bfeairt.

An glór ná cúinteair le gaoir
 Iy ná cúigre do'n érióde ná an éab
 Ní'l ran acé ag iméacé le gaoicé
 Mar iméigear ó'n ngeádar beas rceam.

Bailisg glan-eólar go cruinn,
 Iy cuimnisg gac nio 'n-a ceairt:
 An glór a bogann an érióde
 Iy é caicneann 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 MHC.

Ar maidin tuic a macaoim óig
 Iar dteagarc ar an Tríonóir
 Ionnail go cáir, gab go slan,
 San rail ió' láim do leabair.

Féac̄ ʒac̄ līne ʒo ʒlīnn ʒlīc,
 Deim meabruʒac̄ ʒo minic :
 Ceipt̄ beaʒ ip̄ meabair̄ ʒéar̄ ʒlan,
 A leanaib̄, féac̄ ʒac̄ focal.

Ùeic̄ aʒ féac̄ain cáic̄ nā cleac̄t,
 Tabair̄ aipe doo' aen-éac̄t ;
 Tairc̄rō í ó cūl do éinn,
 Bī léi doá émuar̄ é an éomlāinn.

Doá dēme í nā ʒéill̄ oi,
 Nā r̄c̄ac̄ éorōce ʒo ʒcuip̄r̄
 ʒac̄ foc̄ar̄ caom̄ le céile
 Com̄focal doá aimp̄érōe.

Aip̄ muip̄ mōip̄ an léiḡinn lām
 Bī io' loinḡreoir̄ m̄ait̄, a m̄ac̄ain,
 Mā' r̄ áil leac̄ io' f̄arō eagna
 Í noáil éac̄ta com̄f̄reaḡra.

Do'n eagna lān ip̄ doá f̄ior̄
 An tan ʒeob̄ar̄ tu do'oir̄c̄ior̄
 Verō ʒac̄ flait̄ fō éior̄ io' éeap̄t
 Verō í nʒac̄ leit̄ do' lab̄air̄t.

Ibrō ʒac̄ lá lān-deoc̄ de
 Tobar̄ na heagna uair̄le ;
 Mā buō reap̄b̄ io' beól̄ a blar̄
 Buō fealb̄ ól̄ aʒur̄ doib̄near̄.

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 ¶ leading 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 unflinching, 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 kindness 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 BOËT UASAL D'IARRAÍO DÉIRCE.

Go mbeannuisgo Dia agus Muire agus pádrais, Rí an Domhnaigh, mná na gceannaisghe, agus dá ceann Còrcaisge ùit, a mgean an deasgatar le tosa mátar, miáin nár cáinead i dtiúg an tábairne; agus go mbuó buan a máirín-re i reilb na háite!

Cionnup tá tú, a níg-bean áluinn? Dar na mionna taoi go maíe mar ba úal agus ba úúécar ùit a beir. Cionnup tá Diarmuid agus an éluinn? Táro go bhíogmar teann, agus maíe ó Dia i n-a gceann.

Á reab, a bean maíe an tige ip a rúin gíl mo éroíde, as ro cam-éuair, cuiread gan iarraró, fada go dtáinig, éadan meirgead, riuéal go deireanna, dalta na tuibe, agus cúl le háo do táinig doo' féadaint le nuaircéala, ip, má'p áit le Dia é, ip maíe an t-ionad do féim é. Ip maíe céana! A mála na míne,

Óip ip tú ríol na rairte,
De márcfluas an riona,
Ip de maíteib na tíre;
Agus béarfair uait ó éroíde é le deigintinn.

Fo ceann Dia gan oiread na déirce reo de rppiró rcaoiltead, de éas daoine, ná bualaó bor, ná rite porc, ná líonaó láitriúge, ná míc teine gan tear arsan, ná biaó oéaróda ná toirraína, ná érócar d'imítead óit féim ná ar don duine ip duine ùit ó noét go bliadain ó noét, ná anoét féim, agus dem an déaric

Ar an bpáirte boét
Gan garróda gan gort,
Gan rnat ar a éorp,
Ná fóp píora a noét
I n-a póca beas anoét!

Dá bhfuair ádair bár lá éruair fuair earrais, agus dá bātad a mátar i dtor mór aittinn, míle milleón molaó agus glóire agus onóip agus burdeacar le Dia, *Deo Gratias!*

Mac do Cáitríona de Náip agus do Séán boét Ua Muiréada ó Tobair Ríog an Domhnaigh agus ó Béal Cpoire Fírinne mire,

mar a ngeabair mé na hoct nglantumar déas go diaða ar éiríde mo dá deáirnan agus ar rcaáán mo dá glán ríor ar Spáir na mBioránac i briaonaire an Achar Seán Tóibín, ar ceartlár Íorcláirge iriú; agus bíod ré fé bmaíad anma mo éime, agus cuir mómat an t-aon énoáire amáin cruad ruad leirpínne as mince ríor ar uplár do póicín. Ó 'rú déim, agus go roirbíúró Dia dúit, ir go n-eirúró srian ort, ir go mbaó reamair zeal a maár biaó dúit!

Ná saib leatrcéal liom anoir, ná bíod an t-eiteac agus le raáil uait, a dála do mácar, agus a ríor asat féin sruab olc an earrad an briaas, ar an adbar go lobann rí an riacail, go mbrieanann rí an anál, agus go mbeireann rí an t-anam boct léi ríor go rí-ríoctar iérrinn dá rianad an fáir veirdear Dia as caiteam na glóire. Dá briaú rín, a ngean ós, tuis féin a liact reriob ó úrur, rnaróm ó éloicé, agus maírad zéar rcallóideac do cuirear-ra úiom as teact d'iarrair na deirce reo ort-ra mar ná tabarrá dom i—

Agus do béarfair céana,
Ir ní hé amáin le hanam do éamad
Ara le cian i dtalam!

áct cuimníú féin an uair a veirdear an briaú dá briaú, agus an t-anam dá meadócan as Miceál Naomha Ároaingéal, agus na ceirre reara rícead i n-a rearam ar dóirrib iérrinn, agus crucairde móra cama agus úrur móra zaaban i lámair zác noume aca. Ué! mo léan! deárc leat-ra mo beannaact-ra do veit asat an uair úo ro' fuarcalt ruar go flaitear mór na naom. Dá briaú rín, féac go taireac rruairgméileac ar an noume uaral boct as feiteam ar do sraira.

An zcloireann tu leat mé, a bean na coire míne zan rreac?

Crióc maí agus cion ort,
Agus luige tar éir mic ort,
Agus eirge briaorc ort!

dá iarrair ar Dia zan leand rearna ná earna briaú ionac, agus eirú ro' rearam—ir ná rí raáad tú rearcalt— agus tabair éuzam trí éuro cáire, dá éuro arám, ruairíon maírcfeóla pórc, upéar de ríora trí rcallinge, reic éruic—

neacáta, céad ime agus cloc olua; agus rcaoil uait cum riubail mé lá gearr gheimhíró, i n-ainn Dé.

Féac ro, a bean an tige; Peacaróe ríl ádaim ar m'anam muna ngeobairó mé na cúig glanturair timcheall na gcúig nglan-alcómae atá i gcill Ćmaó trí reactmáine ó'n gceadaime reo cúgamn, eadon, má tá ré i n'án dom go dtabairfao m'asairó roir ó deap ar baile búirne na móir cómaéca, agus

Eiuis ro' fearam,
A máighean máireac,

agus cuir uait an deapic dáonnaécaé i moideirige an luam, i noiaónaige an tsacairn, i gearr na colua agus i n-ainmém na breacaé roim bualaó na n-úrto ip rereácaó na noiaóal as cóimtuairgam an daer-peacaig go malluigíte dian dána doirige.

A beinín banamail de'n pór dácaimail an uair ná fuil túil asat an deapic ro do tabairt uait go ronnmar rcaoil do cáilín caom cnéarta liom; agus rocrócaíró mé na react málaróe uirte dáriab ainm mála an toill, mála an trlinneam, mála an tiarpám, an piocairne an pacairne agus an mealbós mhór, na react deactairóe, cóta cairreac dácaimac pteabánaé, agus fallamg fáda mar féirín; crior rcaian agus camnín go mbuó dóig léi go mbeaó airgead criore dá bualaó i nscá baile marraíró ar fuir na héirneann.

Ir é crióc an rceíl ná fuair mar déiric acé clabairreacé béil go noubairt ré léi:

A crón-cáile dóro-rmeairca mionáireac,
Ir dóig leat sur cóir duit beic béal-láirir;
Ní cóir, ip dar noóig, dá mb'éadóil liom,
Do gheobainn oit de dóirnió go plaorcánta.

A cáile an toill uairne ghuamóda gorta
De rliocé mácaim agus cnáibe do caráó,
Muna rcruirfir deo' teangam go tapa
Rúrcaíró mé do béal le bata.

Do bí trír ban, ba náir mar rceal é,
As gabáil dá rálaib im' mára gan traocáó
Do cúirer i n'án a gcáil 'r a dtreite
Ir mé boct cráirte gan raáil ar don fuir.

Ní mionmum liom beagán tme luac-fuar,
 Ná turcaire cailige le ceirneam mór,
 Ná bean ós bhradaé mionáiread,
 Ná bean tige san allur san náire.

Ní aic liom cam-íloro cailige cam-ránac ar a crom-ruaçar
 dá bfuil ríón cúmang cam cíocraé ír béal diabluíde plaor-
 cánaé: iomlán de fiaclaib bun-odra barr-óearga roir a dá
 órannodal; mala clúmaé, pur meamari mór-mannacé! So
 óearbúta díb ír reacé meara í 'ná mar bí a tuairpe.

Ní aic liom muc mná ná cmaobán ná cás ríároe caoirpágaé
 i leabútam. Ní aic liom ruoín ruačalaé račalaé fáicleoagaé,
 mór-cíocraé liobarnaé plubarnaé rereacógaé ag a mbead
 bun-ruige meamari, méaduil tanairde lom agur toll rliogánaé
 soirim.

Ní aic liom bean fionn éalaoiread élearad,
 Ná fór bean ruad máiliread méangacé:
 Bíonn bean ruad mar éuac roir dá rcaire;
 Ír bean bán, dar mo lám, ní maic a rún ná a reairc.
 Ír amla bíonn bean donn mar fór i scopán geal
 Ír an bean dub bíonn mar éríónánaé rean.

Do b'aic liom CAITÍN

Mín méineamail,
 Caoim céiteamail,
 Ós dontamail,

Lán de réarún—

Caitín deigbúde deigctige deagmúnte,
 Suirgead rúgaé milir cúbaréa.

Agur ÓGÁNAÉ eadnáiread
 Éadálaé glúnlátoir,
 Séim-ráirótead mionn-álumn.

Slar-rúilead

Boz úrlac

Bioir-ríónaé caol-malairgead,

Luicnóde maic cor agur brannharde breag brágaro.

An DÍE rin a beic pópta ag a céite,
 An t-ógánaé ír an óigbean éadna.



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