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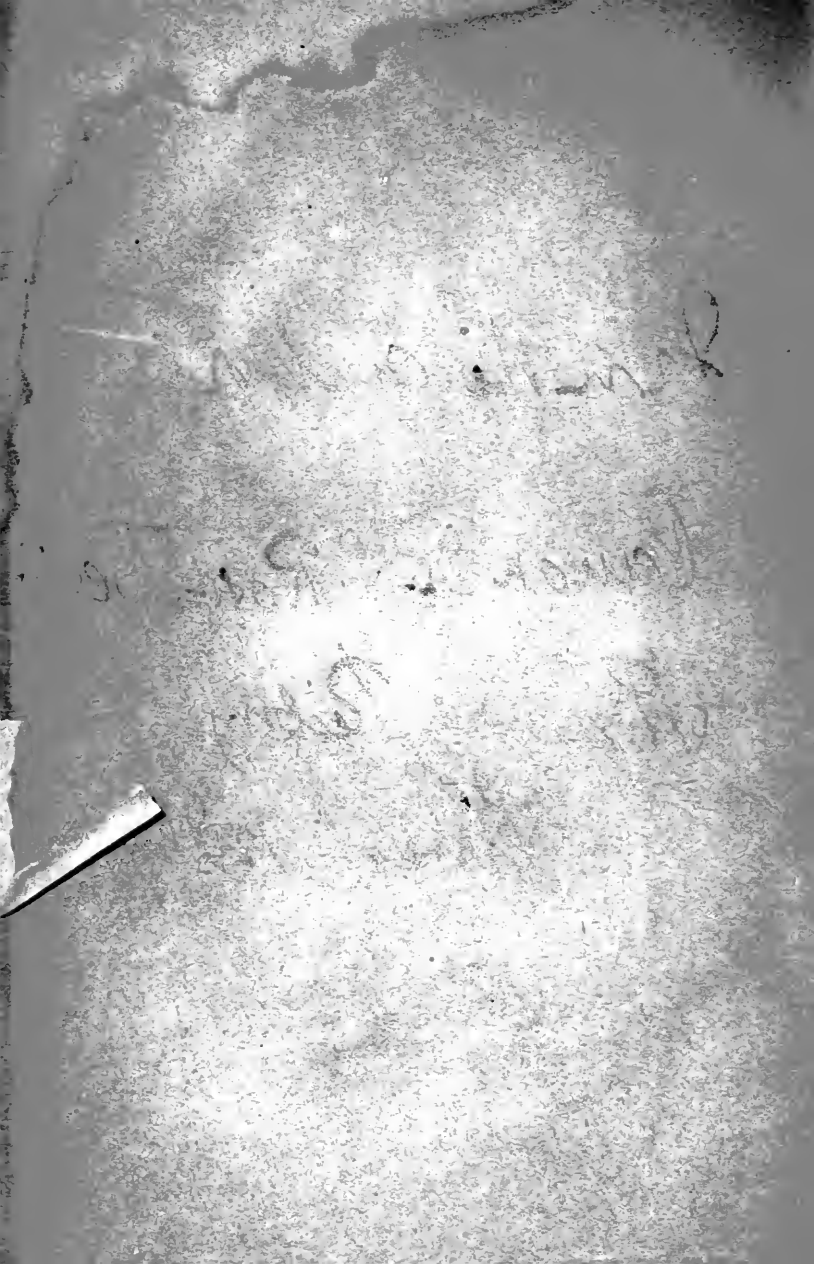
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From the
Cause of
The
1914



CASTLE TROY FROM THE RIVER.

POEMS

BY

A COUNTY OF CLARE

WEST BRITON.

Limerick :

GEORGE MCKERN & SONS, LIMITED, Printers,
George Street and Glentworth Street

1907

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PREFACE.

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Many of the poems in this little volume are, no doubt, ephemeral and out of date—who, for instance, now thinks of the sufferings of Armenian Christians, or the doings of the famous Baltic fleet? Still the writer has been asked by friends to include these subjects with those of more general interest. Altho' a man of peace, the military element appeals to him, as it does to many Irishmen, and he would like to record the doings of the "Connaught Rangers," "Inniskillings," "Dublin Fusiliers," and other well-known Irish Corps. He styles himself a "West Briton." Now, what is the exact definition and up-to-date meaning of that term? The holder of the title may be descended from O'Connors and O'Donelans and ancient Irish Kings. He may have the greatest love for his native land, desirous to learn the Irish language, and under certain conditions to join the Gaelic League. He may be all this, and rejoice in the victory of an Irish horse in the "Grand National," or an Irish dog at "Waterloo," or an Irish tug-of-war team of R.I.C. giants at Glasgow or Liverpool, but, if he does not at the same time hate the mere Saxon, and revel in the oft resuscitated pictures of long past periods, and the horrors of the penal laws—he is a mere "West Briton," his Irish blood, his Irish sympathies go for nothing. He misses the chief qualifications to the ranks of the

“ Irish best,” if he remains an imperialist, and sees no prospect of peace or happiness or return of prosperity in the event of the Union being severed. In this sense, Lord Roberts, Lord Charles Beresford and hundreds of others, of whom all Irishmen ought to be proud, are “ West Britons,” and thousands who have done nothing for the empire, under the just laws of which they live, who, perhaps, are mere descendants of Cromwell’s soldiers, and even of Saxon lineage, with very little Celtic blood in their veins, are of the “ Irish best.” The writer yields to none of these in love for his country. He does not wish it to be the scene of civil war. As St. Columba of old looked to the outline of the Irish coast from bleak Iona, he loves to look across the Shannon to the mist-veiled hills of Clare, where so many of his kindred lived and died in peace and unity with all creeds and classes, and he hopes that in the future the troubles of the past will be blotted out and forgotten, and with returning peace and quietness, new industries started to stay the flight of the grand old race from their native island.

R. S. R-L.



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THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Far, far from the din of the city and town
Was our home by the Shannon in Coolteenagown ;
Furze clad were our hills, and in verdure so green
The lime, beech, and alder in springtime were seen.
In the days of the summer we roamed by the sea,
By the waves and the rocks and the strand of
Kilkee ;

Some mansions were grander, we know it, but still
We thought none could equal the House on the
Hill.

For there flowed the Shannon, majestic and free,
By the banks of Cahercon, gliding on to the sea.
What sounds woke the woodlands when silent
they hush ?—

Hark ! the coo of the woodquest, the song of the
thrush ;

By yon lake the plover, now startled, doth cry,
Whilst over Liscormick the lark soars on high.
Oft, oft in life's gloaming our thoughts rove at will
And lovingly dream of the House on the Hill.

The race who once loved thee on battlefields rest,
For the life of the soldier thy children loved best :
One with the red tide of the contest was borne,
And fell in Sebastian, in hope so forlorn ;
One at Salamanca was wounded, and one
At Inkerman died, 'twas thy last soldier son.
And as they remembered, each bosom did thrill,
As, dying, they thought of the House on the Hill.

How kind were our neighbours—no foemen were
there

In those dear olden days in the County of Clare ;
No poor were unsuccoured, no peasant had
wrong—

As he worked in the fields then how blithe was his
song.

By lips of the starving what blessings were said,
For in sore famine days many hundreds were fed,
The Lords of the land did their duties fulfil
To the peasants who lived nigh the House on the
Hill.

“ THE HILL OF MONALEEN.”

There winds the lordly Shannon
And seeks the distant sea,
Sweet sounds Glenomora's waters
By the meadows flowing free.
It were hard in Erin's island
To find a fairer scene
Than the view of plain and mountain
From the hill of Monaleen.

For there stands lonely Keeper
Is he guarding his silver store ?
And the grandest of Erin's mountains
The peak of old Galtymore ;
The pleasant plains of Abington
And Newport's valley green,
Are like a panorama spread
Neath the hill of Monaleen.

From hills of Ballyneety
To Ballysimon's glade
Was many a noble banner
At Limerick's siege displayed ;
The foeman's camp lay yonder,
Where Singland lies between,
The old Cathedral city
And the hill of Monaleen.

And there rode gallant Sarsfield
 Away by the Shannon ford,
 And seized King William's siege guns
 And checked the invading horde ;
 His outward and homeward journey
 May here be plainly seen
 As we stand and view from the summit
 Of the hill of Monaleen.

And we think of the olden Chieftains
 Who did battle and war enjoy,
 Who crossed from the hills of Thomond
 By the fords of Castle Troy.
 The Mahons and MacNamaras
 And O'Briens of martial mien,
 To fight the lords of Newcastle
 on the hill of Monaleen.

“ LOVE PREVAILING.”

Love is the only ink unfading,
 Its memory strengthens with the lapse of time,
 Life's sweetest odours all pervading,
 Breathe round it on its path outline.

Love is the bond no rust corroding
 That binds allegiance to the throne of God,
 That calms each fear and checks each dark fore-
 boding,
 And bids submission to the Father's rod.

Love tells that clouds will soon be lifting,
 No longer darkness shall on earth prevail,
 And the frail barque that seemed to danger drifting
 Shall homeward speed upon the fav'ring gale.

Love tells me that unrest and sorrow,
 And the weary burthens of my earthly day,
 Shall not endure beyond the coming morrow,
 And in God's sunshine soon shall pass away.

“OLD IRELAND’S ANCIENT ORNAMENTS.”

Let the learned lecture in fond conjecture,
 On some Irish neck, sure,
 Did that collar rest,

Tho’ in vain our guesses of the sweet princesses
 Or the Chieftainesses,
 All gorgeous dressed.

Chieftain or heathen,
 Druid or Pagan
 That in days bygone
 On mountains worshipped
 By the Cromlech stone.

What heroes wore them ?
 What time passed o’er them ?
 Till the ploughshare tore them
 To daylight shewn.

Was it lord or lady
 Who in Court displayed ye ?
 Then in Limavady
 Hid underground,
 Lest foes of State or some depredator,
 Perchance some traitor,
 Had the relics found.

And ’tis little marvel that in legal garble
 The good Judge Farwell
 Did our title prove,

And in judgment full of sense
 Pronounced them ornaments
 To be ours at all events,
 And treasure trove.

“THE SUNNY ISLE OF MARTINIQUE.”

Far from La Guèrre no strife was there,
 In the sunny Isle of Martinique,
 In life's peaceful glow they feared no foe,
 In the town beneath Mont Pelee's peak.

But hark ! that cry—there is danger nigh,
 And mark the gleam of the lava stream,
 As it rushes down that doomed town,
 Of the sunny isle of Martinique.

No scene more fair than the town of Pierre,
 As it basked in the sun on Ascension eve,
 'Tis an island famed for its beauty rare,
 And none did mourn, and none did grieve.

Fairest and brightest of Indian isles,
 Where eternal summer and sunshine smiles ;
 Did no warning signal of danger speak
 To the hapless souls of Martinique ?

A lesson to those in strength of youth,
 The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak,
 And death is sudden, then speak the truth,
 And think of the souls of Martinique.

Mistrust the calm and with prayer and psalm,
 The Lord's good grace and mercy seek ;
 For each foul desire's like the lava fire,
 That fell that day on Martinique.

“THE LOST BELLS OF BOTTREAU.”

(A CORNISH LEGEND.)

They sailed by Foreland and Goodwin,
 By Start and the Eddystone Light ;
 They sailed from Thames to the Lizard,
 Till the Cornish coast hove in sight.
 A chime of bells was the cargo,
 Safe stowed in the hold below.
 Bought in London city,
 And cast for the tower of Bottreaux.

As they left the Channel at Land's End,
 And felt the Atlantic's shock,
 The white-foam'd waves were breaking
 On the crags of granite rock.
 On the deck stood the trusty pilot,
 Who that coast full well did know ;
 He was born and bred among seamen
 And the fisher folks of Bottreaux.

As they neared the land and haven,
 “ Now thank we our God,” said he
 Who has brought us safe to Boscastle
 Thro' the stormy waves and sea.
 But the captain laughed in derision,
 “ 'Twas the well found ship I trow,
 And the skill of crew and captain
 That brought the bells to Bottreaux.”

They heard the distant tolling
 Of the chimes of Tintagel,
 By Willapark Point and Castle,
 Where King Arthur erst did dwell,
 And the soft tones seemed to welcome,
 As the notes did seaward go,
 The rival bells approaching
 The old tower of Bottreaux.

But scarce had that captain uttered
 His rash and impious boast,
 When a storm cloud burst in fury
 On that wild, North Cornish coast.
 And his doomed barque was driven,
 And tossed right to and fro.
 Till hurled by wave and tempest
 On the rugged rocks of Bottreaux.

And the bells were sweetly tolling
 On the tower of Tintagel,
 'Twas no longer a friendly greeting,
 But the seaman's dying knell.
 But never from old Boscastle
 Shall their cadent music flow,
 And fathoms deep in the ocean
 Are the bells of Bottreaux.

But sometimes still on the ocean
 The fishers of Tintagel
 Still hear in the waves beneath them—
 Ding-dong, ding-dong of the bell.
 But borne by a friendly billow,
 He alone from that scene of woe,
 The pilot reached the haven,
 'Neath the old tower of Bottreaux.

“ ONLY A CLARE WEST BRITON.”

I am only a poor West Briton,
 And not of the Irish best ;
 But I love the land of Erin,
 As much as all the rest.
 As much as all the noisy,
 The rampant, roaring tribe,
 Who scoff at our glorious Empire,
 And cavil, and carp, and jibe.

I love the land of Thomond,
 Each gorse-clad, wild boreen;
 The dear old scenes by Shannon,
 The mountains and valleys green;
 The sweet far flowing river,
 And the widespread waters flow.
 And the olden home by Dysart,
 In the days of long ago.

I love the mist-clad highlands,
 Blue-rimmed with sunset gold,
 Each ruined tower recalling,
 The days and scenes of old.
 Land of historic heroes,
 Each vale some mem'ry hath,
 Of story, weird, and legend,
 Of fairy, fort and rath.

And oft in the evening's gloaming
 I think, with feelings sad,
 Of distant home and kindred,
 Who sleep in Clondegad;
 Of a church's lonely ruins,
 By Ballychoric's side,
 Where flows the stream of Fergus
 To Shannon's rolling tide.

But our little western island
 Could never stand alone,
 And we share in the greatest Empire
 That the world has ever known.
 To Celt and Scot and Saxon
 That Empire was decreed,
 Twas won by Irish soldiers
 Of the grand old fighting breed.

Oh ! may the voice of passion
 Be hushed in lasting peace,
 And raucous cries of rancour,
 And feud and faction cease.
 Then shall a glorious summer
 And a golden autumn tide
 Light up old Thomond's mountains,
 And the vales by Shannon's side.

“ A SOLDIER OF CLARE.”

How many the soldiers who sailed from our shore—
 Ross, Westropp and Studdert, Lloyd, Hickman
 and Gore—

Yet hoped our West Britons like fame to secure,
 With this last of our heroes, the young Vandeleur?

Out of date, out of fashion, now nigh to despair,
 They gave us brave leaders these gentry of Clare,
 And none gave us better “ sans reproche et sans
 peur,”

Than the home on the Shannon of brave Vandeleur.

“ Quœ regio in terris,” but heard of his name,
 To its soldierly records he added fresh fame,
 'Midst hordes of the Soudan, Athbara, Khartoum,
 Or land of the Niger, of fever and gloom.

Oh ! would he had lived for his sovereign's
 rewards,

Or would he had died with his brave Irish Guards.
 He fell not, alas ! on the well-stricken field,
 But to band of assassins unwilling to yield.

Far, far, from loved kindred, yet calm be his rest,
 Tho' waves now divide from the isle of the west.
 But, alas ! for our country, for ill she could spare,
 This last of the heroes of County of Clare.

“AFTER THE STORM, ADARE.”

Where flows Maigne River by the sacred fane,
 Prone lies the monarch of the fair demesne.
 In sweet Adare doth ruthless ruin reign,
 The branching oak beneath whose spreading shade
 Oft in old time the lover pensive strayed
 (Dreaming of hope and vision, bright and fair,
 Unscathed by storm or thought of coming care.)
 The tasselled larch, the lime and stately elm,
 Alike the devastating winds overwhelm.
 Alike the pine, the growth of hundred years,
 That to high heaven its towering height uprears,
 And tender shrub, and many a sapling small,
 Share in the ruin of each giant's fall,
 As when the top mast of some storm swept wreck,
 Come crashing downwards on the stricken deck.
 A tangled mass that with a danger new,
 Mars the vain efforts of the struggling crew.
 Beech, pine and alder, to the earth are sent,
 Their tortured limbs in wild confusion blent,
 If, hap'ly, he who loved these woods were here—
 The bard and songster of our land, De Vere,
 Would mourn thy fate and shed a poet's tear.

Adare, alleviating time once more,
 Shall pristine verdure to thy woods restore,
 Re-plant the forest and replace each fall,
 The race which planted time may not recall.
 Banish our gentry from each fair demesne,
 A race of soldiers shall be sought in vain ;
 Soon shall our Empire in her utmost need
 Too late the succour of the loyal plead,
 Perchance her statesmen yet—in hopeless mood—
 Shall mourn in vain their own ingratitude.

LIMERICK BELLS.

Sweet bells of St. Mary's,
 Sweet bells of old time,
 On green banks of Shannon
 Why silent your chime?
 Break forth into music
 O'er valleys so fair.
 By lonely Knockfierna
 And groves of Adare.
 Awake the far echoes,
 Ringmoylan's fair dells,
 Shall hark to the sound of
 Old Limerick bells.

Wake Cratloe's far highlands
 And mountains of Clare
 Beyond Ardnacrasha
 Thy notes shall repair;
 The voices of Shannon
 Shall join with each chime,
 Rolling on to the ocean
 In music sublime,
 Till mountain and valley,
 In unison swells,
 In the clang and the peal of
 Old Limerick bells.

May clamour and passion
 Be hushed as you toll,
 Melodious and cadent,
 Our bosoms control.
 Let all who love Erin
 In harmony join,
 No longer discordant,
 By Shannon and Boyne.
 Then haply the future
 Of happiness tells,
 To all who shall list to
 Old Limerick's bells.

“THE SHANNON BY GLENOMERA.”

By Gambia's banks I've strayed afar,
 By Congo and Coanza,
 But of those streams I cannot sing
 One solitary stanza.

Flows proudly to the southern main
 The lordly Guadalquiver,
 There is not in all the land of Spain
 Our own sweet Shannon river.

Much longer is the Amazon,
 And Yukon's creeks are golden.
 The German's Rhine, the Rhone and Don,
 Their country's bards embolden.

But when by toil and care beset,
 And troubled with life's worry,
 I'd leave them all without regret
 For thy sweet glades—Kilmurry.

No care shall there your peace destroy,
 Amidst this world's confusion ;
 You there enjoy by Castle Troy,
 The sweetness of seclusion.

“J A C K.”

They'd laid a plan against Ladysmith town—
 A plan that seemed bound to succeed,
 But they reckoned without a fellow called Jack,
 Who comes of a tough sea breed.

He was scrubbing the decks in Durban port.
 When a message came with speed—
 “Hurry up, Jack ! Do come along, Jack !
 You're the boy in time of need.”

The guns came jumping over the side,
 And you should have heard the cheer—
 “We’re coming along, hearty and strong,
 You may bet your boots! No ‘fear.”

Oh! the Boers were proud of their Long, Long Toms,
 And their shells came pretty free,
 But their pride received a bit of a check
 When they met the men of the sea.

For the men of the sea are keen of eye,
 And have nerves and muscles of steel,
 And they don’t care a jot for the enemy’s shot,
 And they stand as if at the wheel.

So the Dutch held off from Ladysmith town,
 And their work it never got done,
 For Jack stood there, with his head in the air,
 And his hand on a four-inch gun.

Then, hurrah! hurrah! for the men of the sea,
 Who came to our soldiers’ aid.
 One cheer more! Why, make it a score!
 God bless the Naval Brigade.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN’S VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA.

[Mr. Chamberlain sails in the “Cape of Good Hope” next Tuesday, on his peaceful mission to South Africa.—Daily paper.]

Go forth, God speed thee on the main;
 Of peace the herald, Chamberlain,
 With Briton’s hopes, a nation’s cheers
 As o’er the waves the “Good Hope” steers,
 The clouds disperse and dawn appears.

Go forth to soon return again,
 Thy mission blest in Edward's reign,
 To daughter lands beyond the sea,
 From fear of feud and faction free,
 Be thine a peaceful victory.

But late in panoply of war
 Our legions sailed from near and far :
 A greater host than Xerxes led,
 Or e'er with Alexander bled,
 Many to join th' illustrious dead.

A nobler art be thine displayed,
 To heal the wounds that war hath made.
 Speed on, speed on, may happy fate
 In thy skilled hands our Isles await,
 New triumphs for the Ship of State.

Thy bark of hope the omen glad,
 For Afric built this armour-clad,
 And to the mother land she gave,
 Britons the crew, as true and brave
 As Argos sailed on Colchis's wave.

Races and realms beneath the sun
 Shall hail the work by thee begun ;
 Children that make Old Britain great,
 United, joined, and federate,
 For weal, for woe, conglomerate.

And as you pace the " Good Hope's " deck
 Think not of tempest or of wreck,
 Not of the wild and stormy sea,
 But of that calm on Galilee,
 From sorrow, strife, and danger free.

“MY CAPTAIN I WILL GO.”

[H.M.S. “Lily,” wrecked 16th September on coast of
Labrador.]

The murky shades of evening rose from the distant
shore,
And hid the looming rocks that frown from sea-
worn Labrador.
With broken back and timbers torn the gallant
“Lily” lay
On the reef of “Point Amour,” o’erwhelmed in
drift and spray ;
Her boats were swept by mountain seas ere yet
they reached the tide
Or with resistless power were dashed upon her
side.
Her men, with native discipline, fell in upon the
deck,
While from the bridge the captain gazed upon the
hopeless wreck ;
And, looking down their ranks, he said, “ My sea-
men who will go
And bend this rope, our only hope, to Point Amour
Forteau ? ”
Forth sprang an able seaman ; he, by emulation
stirred—
Sprang on the trembling bulwarks, nor looked one
moment back,
But plunged into the seething waves—into the
foam and wrack.
He sinks, he drowns, amid’ the waves. Alas ! for-
lorn hope.
“ Nay, nay,” a keen-eyed seaman cries, “ he still
bears on the rope.”
Now low, now high, he battles on, withstands the
breakers’ shock ;
He gains, he fights the foaming waves, he stands
upon the rock.

Firm fixed upon the crunching reef, the ship is
 breaking fast,
 But safely to the shore the crew are by the hawser
 passed,
 And one by one they make the shore, though some
 are swept away,
 And perish in the ocean whirl of white and seething
 spray.
 But honoured be his name who said, "My captain
 I will go"
 To the rock-bound coast of Labrador, by "Point
 Amour Forteau."

"BY SHANNON'S TIDE,"

I've seen the streams of tropic lands
 That seaward rolled in pride,
 And coral isles and golden strands,
 And mountains vast beside,
 Yet far away my thoughts would stray
 To Shannon's tide.

In vain doth gleam Coanza's stream,
 Or Congo's waters glide,
 Thro' valleys fair when hills of Clare,
 Ye are to me denied,
 For days of yore the memories bore
 Of Shannon's tide.

O'er brake and dell how sweet the bell
 'Tolls o'er thy waters wide,
 Whilst many a cloud thy hills enshroud,
 And on thy banks abide,
 At ebb or flow 'neath sunset's glow
 Of Shannon's tide.

There are who love each foreign scene,
 And Erin's land deride,
 Who fondly tell how far they've been,
 Where oceans broad divide ;
 More dear to me, where floweth free,
 Old Shannon's tide.

Each leafy dell where kindred dwell,
 Where sires have lived and died,
 Where fought the clans of Thomond's race,
 And Danish force defied ;
 Where erst the saints last resting place
 By Shannon's tide.

How many great and noble men
 Lived by that river's side ?
 On one and all at country's call
 Our rulers oft relied.
 Now scarce a trace of name or place
 By Shannon's tide.

Men leal to state are out of date,
 So statesmen now decide.
 To please their foes why no one knows,
 Is all their skill applied,
 For some strange lands they rob their friends
 By Shannon's tide.

“ THE GALLANT BALTIC FLEET.”

For rival exploits we perforce must turn
 To Gilbert, Wells, Munchausen, or Jules Verne,
 Yet vain the task, can they, combined, compete
 With the weird doings of the Baltic fleet ?
 From Western waves to transmigrate and change,
 Five thousand leagues to compass in their range,
 Scarce reached the Dogger Bank, yet in a day
 To distant lands their armaments convey.

Annihilating space,—from the North Sea
 Bombard the Japs in Gulf of Pechilly.
 In vain the classic page shall we explore
 Since Argo sailed along old Colchis shore,
 In quest of glory and the golden fleece,
 By heroes manned from sunny land of Greece,
 Columbus e'en thro' many months must strive,
 And many a storm and wintry gale survive,
 What time from Genoa his fleet set sail
 To woo new lands beneath the western gale—
 In these same seas three hundred years ago
 Spain's great Armada met with utter woe—
 A lengthy voyage must Da Gama shape,
 Oft change his course to round the stormy Cape—
 Scarce from the Cattegat their warships came
 Like furious dragons breathing fire and flame ;
 When, presto ! conjured by their senses, creep
 Fantastic vessels from the vasty deep.
 Distinctly outlined by the searchlight's glow.
 Snake-like torpedoes, sinister and slow,
 'Midst fleet of trawlers flitting to and fro.
 Of Hawkins, Raleigh, Drake, what can we say ;
 Or e'en Trafalgar's memorable day ?
 For Nelson fought with men of mortal mien,
 The Muscovite can vanguish foes unseen ;
 Ethereal warships and no " hearts of oak "
 Can phantom fabrics sink with thunder stroke.
 Like Rosinanty's Lord can slaughter sheep
 And tilt at windmills on the rolling deep.
 Can off the coast of Bamborough and Spurn
 The fishers' decks to gory shambles turn—
 This up-to-date and ghastly Vanderdecken
 Has yet, perchance, with Britian's fleet to reckon.

THE NIGHT BEFORE INKERMAN.

'Twas night on Inkerman, a wearied host
Around scant fires for welcome slumber sought,
Along the heights the Sentinels held post,
And pacing slow of home and kindred thought,
Of visioned scenes and lands so far away
From the red rain of war and battle fought,
And distant lights in Balaclava Bay
Marked where old Britain's ships at anchor lay.

Above Tehernaya's side stars wanly gleam,
A damp cold mist creeps up the mountain glen,
The heights weird shadowed and distorted seem,
Full of strange forms beyond our mortal ken,
On watchful ears the distant murmurs fall,
The muffled sound of march and tramp of men,
The stealthy tread unmarked by bugle call
From out Sevastopol's beleaguered wall.

Thus came the foe before the dawning hour,
Silent and serpent-like they slowly crept,
With rav'ning jaws and ready to devour
The host that now in fitful slumber slept,
Unmarked, unseen thro' the dark night they grope,
The Sentries still a strained attention kept,
Their watchful eyes upon the mountain slope,
And for the morning's light impatient hope.

Thus onward came beneath the shades of night,
With the anticipated hope of vengeance sweet,
The serried masses of the Muscovite,
Like flowing tides that on some headland beat,
Revenge they cry for fatal Alma's wave,
Revenge for Balaclava's late defeat,
Propitious fortune to our arms vouchsafe,
Yon frost-bound hills shall be the Britain's grave.

Along the British line no ramparts guard
 Outpost or picket from the rushing foe,
 Nor ditch nor shelter trench for watch and ward,
 Lord Raglan did thy Master teach thee so?
 Had Wellington that day our armies led
 Not unprepared we met the coming foe
 Far less the number of our gallant dead,
 Our noblest blood had not in vain been shed.

Sleep, Cathcart, sleep, for earthly rest no more
 To sweet oblivion shall thy soul invite,
 Thy requiem to-day shall be the cannon's roar,
 Thy war-worn frame endure its last great fight
 But well to-day thy trusty sword shall wield
 Full oft it flashed on many a field of yore,
 In youth thy spirit ne'er was known to yield
 At Lutzen's tide or Leipzig's gory field.

Tom Troubridge, hero of the coming day,
 In yonder tent thy weary limbs repose,
 They shall but bear thee thro' one battle fray,
 Reft of thy feet before the fight shall close.
 The pride and glory of the Fusiliers,
 Upon thy stumps defiant to our foes,
 Thy deed was hailed amidst a Nation's cheers
 Thy people's plaudits and thy sovereign's tears.

Thus fought De Widrington at Otterburn,
 In the famed battle of the Chevy Chase,
 What time the fiery Hotspur met the Douglas stern
 Two scions of indomitable race.
 Troubridge or Widrington, it matters not,
 We hail the hero, not the time or place,
 Each in our hearts retains a hallowed spot,
 Enduring valour ne'er shall be forgot.

And of like deeds a later bard recites,
 Of men to ancient pedigree unknown,
 The Highland piper of the Dargai heights,
 Tho' maimed and crippled still hath valour shown;
 Unchecked, his skirling cheered the gallant Gael,
 Nor did his mutilated frame bemoan,
 Retained each breath to make each note prevail,
 Of old Lochaber or thy Haughs Cromdale.

Sleep on, brave hearts, for all of rest have need ;
 Full soon on warring hosts the morn shall break ;
 Ye gallant sons of Shannon, Thames and Tweed,
 Fight, as at Agincourt, for Britain's sake ;
 Close on your lines the Russian eagles fly,
 To stern reality of war you soon must wake,
 Outnumbered ten to one, yet do or die,
 Unquestioning obedience give, the foe draws nigh.

BUNRATTY'S OLD WALL.

In province of Thomond, in days long ago,
 Nigh the far-rolling Shannon and woods of Cratloe,
 Was a castle whose story I fain would recall,
 For oft times besieged was Bunratty's old wall.

Beset and beleaguered, if legends be true,
 By Dane or by Norman from days of Boru ;
 There Teague MacNamara, so grand and so tall,
 Caroused with his clan in the banquetting hall.

When home from the battle to feast they return,
 The chief and the gallowglass, the knight and the
 kern,
 There Mahons, O'Briens, their vassals and all,
 Ate the deer from the forest and ox from the stall.

There noble De Clare and his Saxons held sway,
 Till crushed on the field of dark Dysart O'Dea ;
 The leaves of the springtide in autumn must fall,
 And the lichens now grow on Bunratty's old wall.

And in vain do we ask of the old crumbling tower
 The tale of the days of its glory and pow'r ;
 Yet still doth its records our bosoms enthrall,
 Tho' no foeman encamps by Bunratty's old wall.

And cold were our hearts if no memory were there
 Of thy hills and thy valleys, historic old Clare,
 Thy cliffs by the sea and Mount Callan recall
 Wild lore or weird legends that please or appal.

May the peer and the peasant yet dwell there in
 peace,
 May turmoil be ended, may discord soon cease,
 May love for our country unite one and all,
 While Shannon still flows by Bunratty's old wall.

EXILES FROM CLARE.

Each "dún" and "rath" some memory hath
 Of scenes they loved in childhood ;
 Of purling rills, of gorse-clad hills,
 Of mountain, stream, and wildwood ;
 Of rolling waves and rock-hewn caves,
 Liscannor by the ocean,
 Thy cliffs so grand and tide-swept strand,
 Hath claimed each heart's devotion.
 Though some have been to tropic scene,
 Where palm trees rise in splendour,
 Yet far away their thoughts would stray
 To thee with feelings tender ;
 To fairy fort where elfins sport,
 To lonely cot and shieling,
 To hear once more by Shannon's shore
 The distant bells soft pealing.

Who can replace old Thomond's race ?
 In distant lands they wander ;
 But gone where'er, sweet land of Clare,
 Their hearts of thee grow fonder.
 From Callan lone, and cromlech stone,
 Once famed in Erin's story ;
 Bunratty's wall, that tales recall
 Of martial fame and glory ;
 Their land they leave, and mourn and grieve,
 Yet still are westward thronging,
 And day by day the weary way
 Their thoughts are homeward longing,
 And oft they dream of Shannon's stream,
 Though thousand leagues dissever ;
 Though waves divide their land denied,
 Shall they forget thee ? Never !

INKERMAN REVISITED

"THE GRAVES ON CATHCART HILL."

Of brave Crimean heroes I fain the tale would tell,
 Who on the fifth November in the soldiers' battle
 fell.
 Tho' fifty years have passed since then, we plant
 the cypress still.
 In hearts and homes we treasure those who rest on
 Cathcart hill.
 'Midst gory locks and gaping wounds, they fought
 each inch of earth,
 For every inch of ground that day it was a
 kingdom worth.
 There in that blood-stained ground interred, was
 all that's mortal laid,
 Of Aubrey Agar Cartwright, his memory ne'er
 shall fade.

The Cartwrights of Northamptonshire were soldiers
 staunch and grand.
 On many a stricken field they fought, in many
 a foreign land.
 And there lies Hulton Clutterbuck, slain in his
 twentieth year,
 And a soldiers' son, brave Goldie, Sir George's
 brigadier.
 There Swaby, of the Forty-first, refusing to retire,
 Who, like a lion, stood at bay, 'neath decimating
 fire.
 His comrades Richards, Carpenter, now close
 beside him lie,
 Their mutilated frames, alas! to heaven for
 vengeance cry.
 Sir Robert Lydon Newman, no stauncher soul than
 he
 Fought in the British Grenadiers in that Ther-
 mopyloe.
 Ross-Lewin, of the Thirtieth, away by Shannon's
 shore,
 Rest many of the soldier race, who brunt of battle
 bore,
 And Dalton of the Forty-ninth, who, cool as on
 parade,
 Like confidence and trust inspired in men of every
 grade.
 McKinnon, of the Coldstream Guards, fourth of
 his martial name,
 To the proud traditions of his corps he did but add
 fresh fame.
 Kent Allix, of the Royals, who, thro' late Alma's
 strife,
 Unflinching, 'neath the shot and shell, did bear a
 charmed life.
 Ye gallant Fifty-seventh, who new laurels oft
 achieve,
 Who fought at Albuera, the Pyrenees and Nive,
 Yet ne'er more trusty soldiers did in your ranks
 excel,

Ye famous old West Middlesex, at Vittoria or
Nivelle,

Than the gallant Irish Stanley, and Bland of
Derryquin.

They aye were in the foremost front where raged
the battle's din.

There Cowell of the Coldstream fell, no braver
soul on earth,

And Champion, of the Ninety-fifth, old Scotia gave
him birth.

His name remains associate with many a seed and
flower,

The garlands that should deck his grave adorn
some festive bower.

'Twas forty years since Cathcart saw Lutzen's
fatal tide,

And Dresden's siege and Leipzig and many a field
beside.

And, on the Staff of Wellington, he fought at
Waterloo.

And Kaffir tribes on Afric's plains this warrior's
prowess knew.

Unchecked by weight of three-score years—with
martial vigour still,

When Torrens fell he led his men up yonder death-
strewn hill.

He led them thro' the gorge and gap, to the mound
that bears his name ;

He led the gallant Sixty-eight thro' belching fire
and flame.

The foemen were a score to one, but he brought
his soldiers on.

They still had got their bayonets, their cartridges
were gone.

Together fell with Seymour, whose arms the knight
enfold ;

Together, joined in death, they lie like squire and
chief of old.

Fox Strangways known in former days to Emperor
and Kings ;

Death's Angel ne'er on nobler heart hath spread
his sombre wings.

Beside thy grave Lord Raglan mourned that sixth
November day ;

And valiant men like children, wept, above thy
mortal clay—

• There lies the grave of Gibson, faint-worn from
fever's bed,

And, wounded sore, the Thirtieths he still to
victory led.

'Twas not alone on battlefield that Townsend's
voice was heard ;

He read the prayers of England's Church, and
preached God's loving Word.

The members of his martial race were writ on
history's page ;

Christ's soldiers ne'er were known to flinch, when
fiercest battles rage.

Had he survived dread Inkerman, a second
Havelock, he

Had led his saints o'er India's plains in days of
mutiny.

Rest Pakenham, who country served in senate and
with sword ;

His sovereign and his corps alike, his loss could
ill afford.

Away from kindred, kith and home, these all with
Cathcart sleep ;

And, lonely watchers o'er their graves, the stars
their vigil keep.

.

Old Scotia oft the story may of Floddenfield recall ;
And, in her songs, once more bewail the forest
flower's fall.

And, on the burial of Moore, are generous tears
bestowed ;

For who, unmoved, can read one verse of Wolf's
immortal ode.

Yet, in the records of our wars, I find none greater
 than
 Our country's Marathon that day, the field of
 Inkerman.
 In mansion, cot, and palace still they mourn for
 heroes slain ;
 Their valour and their virtues yet our heritage
 remain.
 We may change our soldiers' tactics, and change
 the soldiers' dress,
 And with weapons of precision replace the old
 brown bess ;
 But ne'er at Britains call to arms shall braver host
 obey,
 Than they who fought at Inkerman that fifth
 November day.

LAMENT OF A WEST BRITON.

Sweet land, farewell ; sweet land, farewell ;
 River and mount and leafy dell.
 Beyond the waves of the rolling sea,
 Our thoughts, our hopes, are still with thee.
 We held the fort in days of old,
 And gave you many a soldier bold ;
 And in danger's hour, when Britain reeled,
 Our blood was shed on the battlefield.
 But our rulers now, as in sorrow we know,
 The plunder of friends on their foes bestow.

Sweet land, farewell ; sweet land, farewell ;
 Where loyal and leal no more may dwell.
 For over the seas and far away
 The poor West Briton must sadly stray.
 He is out of fashion and out of date,
 And the deeds of old are forgotten of late.
 He brings no votes and he counts no more,
 And little is thought of the days of yore.
 And rare as the dodo, as all may see,
 A loyal West Briton full soon will be.

Sweet land, farewell ; sweet land, farewell ;
 I hear the toll of the passing bell,
 And its plaintive note o'er Shannon's tide
 Is sounding the knell of a nation's pride ;
 For never again, as the years pass by,
 On Saxon faith can our sons rely.
 Had our fathers known in the olden time
 That loyalty e'er should be thought a crime,
 They never had crossed o'er the sounding sea
 To a land that was ruled by Sir Antony.

“QUIS SEPARABIT”

Time was when on the Marches in days of long
 ago,
 The Welshman thought the Saxon a feared and
 bitter foe ;
 And o'er the Border country came Scotia's bonnets
 blue.
 The hardy Hieland rieviers 'neath the banner of
 Buccleugh.
 And fiercely to the contest, the battle for their
 kine,
 Rose the “Grains”* of old Northumbria, the hardy
 sons of Tyne.
 But now the days of warfare have changed to
 lasting truce ;
 None gather round the standard of a Wallace or
 a Bruce ;
 No more Llewellyn's harpers stand o'er the
 Conway tide
 To curse King Edward's legions, arrayed in
 martial pride.
 In all our glorious Empire poor Erin stands alone,
 And mars the nation's union by sad, discordant
 tone.
 From out the clouds of darkness shall never
 morning break ?

* Armstrongs, Milburns, and Charltons, so called.

Shall none surrender party and rise for Erin's
 sake ?
 Shall common love for country all Christians yet
 unite,
 And feud and faction vanish and end the gloomy
 night ?
 Shall baleful hatred linger and make of no account
 The holy, blessed teaching of the " Sermon on the
 Mount " ?
 'Tis vain to talk of Sarsfield away by Shannon's
 shore,
 Or Derry's " No surrender " in the stormy days of
 yore ;
 For Scot and Celt and Saxon together stand or fall,
 And the days of separate kingdoms are gone
 beyond recall.
 Nor shall we now relinquish the prize of field and
 flood,
 Our share in glorious Empire won by our fathers'
 blood.
 Nor lack we still of heroes with Saxons to compete
 While Roberts rules our Armies, and Beresford
 our Fleet.

THE HILLS OF MOVEEN.

No fairer a sight can in summer be seen
 Than prospect unfolded from the hills of Moveen ;
 Away to the westward and down by the sea
 The crescent-shaped strand of old Erin's Kilkee.
 In valley beneath us how green is the sward,
 And there winds the road that leads on to Beltard.
 What legends, what stories thy stones could recall,
 Lone Tower by the ocean, Dunlecky's old wall.
 Yon Bridges of Ross, by no Architect planned,
 Created primeval by Nature's first hand,
 Where breezes of ozone so freely do waft
 To toilers of cities a health-giving draught.

The lark in the heavens is singing unseen,
 And sweet is it's note by the hills of Moveen ;
 Ever new, ever changing, how bright is the sea,
 How grand and majestic the rocks of Kilkee.
 At sunset resplendent rise sombre and red,
 The clouds where old Shannon glides on to Loop
 Head.

Ill-fated "Intrinsic"* how little I ween
 Thy mariners thought of the hills of Moveen ;
 How cruel the waves and how frowning and dark
 The cliffs that encompassed and battered thy bark.
 On Duggerna's tide, as it ebbs and regains,
 Are rising and falling the white horses' manes.
 Alas for the "Edmond"* and hapless the hour
 When driv'n by the tempest, she felt thy dread
 power.

Full oft we remember the days that have been,
 In dreams we revisit the hills of Moveen,
 The cliffs by the ocean and far-rolling waves,
 The rocks of the Diamond Atlantic-hewn caves,
 The land of old Thomond where Callan sits lone,
 Where Druids erst worshipped by cromlech of stone.
 And cold were our hearts if no memory were there
 Of the grandest of counties historic old Clare.

* "Intrinsic" and "Edmund" wrecked off Kilkee.

THE MAGNIFICENT IRISH SOLDIER.

Two thousand leagues of cold and hungry waves
 dividing,
 Far from his native shores upon the barren veldt,
 His patient soul to God and saints confiding,
 In fight and bivouac behold the gallant Celt.

He asks no question as to wrong or right in ;
 No qualm of conscience e'er assails his manly
 breast.
 For Queen and country he must do the fighting,
 And wiser heads than his may settle all the rest.

No Scot or Saxon e'er shall march before him,
 Nor are his equals found to bear the battle's
 brunt.
 Far-famed for fighting was the land that bore him,
 And Erin's sons were always to the foremost
 front.

'Twas thus with Gough they fought at Chillian-
 wallagh,
 When swarthy Sikhs fled at his bayonet's gleam,
 And earned the famous war-cry of the "Faugh-a-
 Ballagh,"
 By the banks of the famed Hydasped's stream.

"Dulce pro patria mori," et "sic transit gloria,"
 "Te morituri salutant"—they count no loss.
 'Tis Pat himself will be the first into Pretoria ;
 Tho' many a soldier sleeps beneath the Southern
 Cross.

THE DREAM OF PEACE.

'Tis but a vain yet splendid dream,
 That sword and spear no more shall gleam,
 On earthly battlefield—
 For each would still the prize retain,
 The prize hard won on battle plain,
 And all refuse to yield.

And who would check the eagle's flight,
 O'er Asian Steppes with wings of night,
 To China's helpless land?
 Or tell some proud imperious Czar
 His myriad hosts have gone too far,
 Or stay the Conqueror's hand.

Tho' Albion gladly answer "yes,"
 Yet mailclad barks not one the less,
 Shall guard my growing trade.
 While heathen hordes in vain repine,
 Shall still advance the "thin red line,"
 Thro' moslem hosts dismayed.

Said Gallia yes, restore again,
 To me my loved Alsace Lorraine,
 Strasburg and Metz and Rhine,
 To ploughshare then shall turn the spear,
 And sword and lance of cuirassier,
 Then peaceful ways be mine.

The German then must stand aloof,
 To Gallia's claims in stern reproof
 Sets down his fist of mail.
 Since brave Arminius' days of old,
 The spoils of conquest still we hold,
 Where'er our hosts prevail.

When earthly fetters bind no more,
 We then upon some tranquil shore,
 Shall sing the song of peace.
 Not till in presence of our Lord,
 Will sinful man resign the sword,
 Or strife of Churches cease.

CLARE FROM MONALEEN.

The shades of evening are falling,
 And the grey mists arise on the scene,
 As I view the sweet land of my fathers,
 As I gaze from thy hills, Monaleen.
 Oh, where are the bards of green Erin,
 To tell of thy beauties so rare,
 Carnelly, Cahercon, Tinneranna?
 My own darling County of Clare.

Weird scene of old story and legend,
 Of Banshee and green leprechaun.
 There sprites in the gloaming are tripping
 Around the old forts till the dawn.
 What cliffs by the far-rolling ocean
 Can with thy Liscannor compare?
 What river is like to thy Shannon?
 My own darling County of Clare.

Away to the northward lies Willbrook,
 Gazing down on thy wave, Inchiquin,
 And there are the woodlands of Cratloe,
 And the rocks that surround Corofin.
 To the west Clonderlaw, Labasheeda,
 Where the clouds at the e'en-tide repair,
 Fair Dysart by Fergus, Bunratty,
 My own darling County of Clare.

The home of the Mahons and Meehans,
 Of Clearys, and Clancys, and Kanes
 MacNamaras, and Conways, and Caseys,
 O'Brien's far-spreading demesnes.
 The grand noble clans of old Thomond,
 Alas! they have fled in despair;
 I love thee, tho' lone and deserted,
 My own darling County of Clare.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

Alas, thou poor Erin, no day dawn ariseth,
 No beam from the season of peace and good will,
 But hatred and discord thy ruin deviseth,
 Which fan the red embers of enmity still.
 Oh could not St. Patrick the bigots now banish,
 Both laymen and clerics, and bid them decamp?
 The clouds that now hide thee would speedily
 vanish,
 And light would shine forth from the Heavens
 starry lamp.

In vain oft-repeated the sketch of the sunburst,
 Or page of the "Freeman" conspicuous placed,
 For freedom of worship for all must be won first,
 Ere the blessings of union our children can taste.
 Is love for our island—the pride of the ocean—
 To one church alone then cribb'd, cabin'd,
 confined?
 Are not we all swayed by one tender emotion
 To cherish each beauty by nature designed?
 Of valley and mountain where Shannon far floweth,
 Of Lakes of Killarney, of plains spreading wide,
 The view from Glengarriffe its charm free
 bestoweth,
 No matter what altar we worship beside.
 Arise in thy manhood, awake from thy slumber.
 To feud and to factions bring blessings of truce.
 The dreams of the past but thy progress encumber,
 May charity reign from Cape Clear to Dunluce.

THE INNISKILLING (27th) MONUMENT,
 OMAGH.

Tho' mothers weep and sires may mourn their loss,
 Yet in the sculptor's art may we discern
 How heroes died beneath the Southern Cross
 From fair Fermanagh and our sweet Lough
 Erne ;
 By death unconquered, tho' his scythe hath mown
 Old Erin's soldiers and thy sons, Tyrone.

Not light the task that did this corps inspire
 To emulate the deeds of Waterloo,
 When fell beneath the decimating fire
 Of rank and file four hundred warriors true.
 Few were the regiments that could compare
 With Inniskilling's staunch devoted square.

The chosen emblems here of war and death
 Surmount the record of each hero's name,
 Who gave at country's call his dying breath,
 To build anew his corps' undying fame ;
 A martial spirit each inspiring still
 At Pieter's shambles and the Railway Hill.

Tho' marble crumble and the names may fade
 Thro' lapse of long annihilating time.
 Yet shall the memory of old "Hart's Brigade"
 Throughout our Empire tell of deeds sublime
 When "Connaught Ranger" and the North did join
 Eblana's soldiers and the men of Boyne.

THR CHURCH OF CLONDEGAD,

Thy ruined wall can scarce recall
 The days so bright and glad,
 When the squire in pride and his winsome bride,
 Stood side by side,
 In Clondegad.

And some were gay and in fair array,
 And some were sombre clad.
 Youth free from care and ladies fair,
 All worship there,
 In Clondegad,

To give God praise in their happy days,
 And to ask His help when sad.
 There's many a grave, beyond the wave,
 Of soldiers brave
 From Clondegad.

If trouble there were in the land of Clare,
 If days of trial when times were bad,
 Then far and wide by the Fergus tide,
 The poor relied
 On Clondegad.

No more thy choir can out hearts inspire,
 Or sing of tidings glad ;
 No bell shall chime in the New Year time
 Bringing thoughts sublime
 To Clondegad.

It seems long while since last yon aisle,
 Or prayer or praises had,
 And the stars at night and the moonbeams bright,
 Now shed their light
 On Clondegad.

THE FISHERS OF THE DOGGER BANK.

Draw near the cosy winter's fire,
 Outside the snow storms beat,
 What though the tempest's rising higher,
 Sails forth the Humber fleet.

They mark not storm clouds over head
 Though the waves o'er Bamborough sweep,
 For hearths and homes for children's bread,
 They seek the teeming deep.

They are not men of high degree,
 Or born of lordly rank,
 But they love the wild waves flowing free
 On the far-famed Dogger Bank.

Of tough sea breed at Britain's need
 No nobler men afloat,
 On the Sabbath day to their God they pray,
 On the fisher's mission boat.

Of no martial mien in peace serene
 They little thought of death,
 Of old Trafalgar's battle scene
 Or the cannons' fiery breath.

It was a bright October night,
 On the glorious twenty-first,
 When sudden shone the search light bright
 And the cannons' thunder burst.

How little they thought as they carnage plied
 From many a warship deck,
 Of Ringsend fishers that nobly died
 To succour a Russian wreck.

Away on the eastward Yorkshire Coast
 Two fishers have found a grave,
 And a Nation asks is it vain the boast
 That Britannia rules the wave?

CASTLE TROY.

Historic walls, and time-worn towers,
 More lasting fame enjoy,
 Yet sweetly speed the summer hours
 'Neath the shade of Castle Troy.

The noblest streams of Erin's land
 Around its base deploy,
 And proud FitzGibbon's mansions rise
 Near the lichen walls of Troy.

No Grecian arms do here invade,
 Or vengeful hosts annoy.
 No captured Helen holds her Court
 In the silent halls of Troy.

No warders guard thy turrets grey—
 We need no craft employ.
 No weird Cassandra tells thy fate,
 Thou battered tower of Troy.

Yet many a knight of famed renown,
 And many a damsel coy,
 Have met beneath thy ruined towers,
 Thou lonely keep of Troy.

And thither throng our citizens
 On days of Sabbath joy.
 They love to stray by Shannon's side,
 To the ruined walls of Troy.

To hear afar Glenomeara's wave,
 By rocks and rapids pass,
 Or the sound more deep and grave,
 Of the falls of famed Doonass.

Slow sink the clouds on Thomond's hills
 In peace without alloy ;
 The Vesper sun's declining rays
 Light up the walls of Troy.

Thus often sink bright hopes of life
 And earthly pleasures cloy.
 Till the broken colums stand alone
 Like the shattered towers of Troy.

* DYSERT O'DEA,

FROM THE FOUR MASTERS.

Oh, fierce was the battle and bloody the fray,
 When the chiefs of Corbascaïn, the clans of
 Dalcais,
 They drove out the Sassenach at Dysert O'Dea.

Brien Bane, the foul traitor, came on with
 DeClare,
 From the banks of the Fergus to meet Loughlin
 O'Hehir,
 But Dermot and Murrough O'Brien were there.

Then we opened our ranks as pretending to fear,
 While the Norman and Saxon pressed on with a
 cheer,
 And Felim O'Connor came down on their rear.

And we thought of Clontarf, and bold Brian Boru,
 When the clans were united and valiant and true,
 And fierce to the battle we gathered anew.

DeClare he was killed by one Connor O'Dea,
 And Teigh McNamara Sir Capel did slay,
 De Condon and Appleyard fell in the fray.

When the foreigners saw that their leaders did fall,
 In vain then their valour they tried to recall,
 While the clans of O'Connor came down from
 Scamhall.

Long waits at Bunratty the Lady DeClare,
 And listens in vain for his step on the stair,
 Then away home to England she sailed in despair.

* Dysert O'Dea freed Thomond for 200 years (*vide*
 Frost's History of Co. Clare.)

THE PASSING YEAR.

The dying year glides on with memories sad,
 for some are gone and some are changed and
 cold,
 In God's fair harvest fields all souls are glad,
 He changes not, His mercies still unfold ;
 For earthly love in sweetest, tenderest form
 Is but the shadow of what reigns in Heaven,
 Affliction's blast may come, He checks the storm,
 When e'er repentant grace to man is given.
 Purer from crucible and furnace flame,
 Humble by trial to devotion blest,
 The strong man's trust is all in Jesus' name,
 In that alone he finds abiding rest.

Grant patience, Lord, that will Thy time abide,
 And wait the issue of Thy plan Divine,
 Throw follies, doubts, and clinging stains aside,
 And blend our wills in unison with Thine.
 Time passes on, the bright fair leaves of Spring,
 Fading, decayed, beneath our feet we tread,
 Our bodies fail, whate'er the future bring,
 All's well with earth, for God reigns overhead.

THE SEASON'S MESSAGE.

Returns once more that Feast whose hope had been
 Consoling comfort of a widowed queen,
 Or poorest subject in affliction's hour,
 To soothe, to solace, with all healing power ;
 Alike to palace, or to cottage borne,
 No more shall man in sullen sorrow mourn,
 When skies seem dark, and strength to weakness
 turns,
 And the lamp flickers low or feebly burns ;
 No longer God in awful silence reigns,
 A peaceful message by His Son ordains
 To rebel man in portion's line on line,
 Who comes repentant to a Saviour's shrine
 Thus, Xmas can once more our hearts enthrill,
 Season of peace on earth, to man good will,
 Tale ever new of that blest happy morn,
 When the loved Saviour of this world was born,
 To counsel, cheer, to reconcile, restore,
 And a lost Paradise regain once more,
 The height and length and depth and breadth to
 prove,
 The yearning fondness of a Father's love.
 Thus, can the tidings of the Saviour's birth
 Amidst life's wintry gloom bring joy to earth ;
 If by our lives we can that peace impart,
 Reflect its sunshine to the sinner's heart ;
 One grain of love in us more power discerning
 Than all the volumes of scholastic learning.

TWO PICTURES—THEN AND NOW

The fading rays of the sun shone down,
 And eve was falling on Palos town,
 And while its parting light did fall
 On holy Marie de Rabida's wall.
 While the vesper bell still called to devotion,
 Vanished from view on the pathless ocean,
 Three sails that followed the setting sun,
 Where the dark'ning waves were looming dun,
 And there all rob'd in the church attire,
 Was the good Juan Perez, Rabida's prior.
 There he stands on the shore and prays
 For those stately ships on the ocean maze.
 "Ave Maria undefiled,
 Aid the Columbus good and mild."

.

And now once more in four hundred years,
 Midst a nation's sorrow, a nation's tears,
 Again sails forth with the ocean breeze,
 All that remains of the Genoese.
 Thus the monks of old from shore to shore
 St. Cuthbert's body and Oswald bore,
 To hallowed ground between Tyne and Tees.
 But memories rise and thoughts sublime,
 Of the statliest nation of olden time,
 And sad hearts mourn, and each bosom thrills
 At the loss of the "Pearl of the great Antilles."
 May his bones now rest, for we ne'er again,
 Shall send such heroes from sunny Spain.
 And the gloomy shadows still sombre stand
 O'er the home of Cortez, Pizarro's land.

THE COLOURS OF FAMOUS REGIMENTS.

New perils may chance to England, and time may
 bring new needs,
 But still we hold the records of never-forgotten
 deeds ;
 For in our old cathedrals the tattered colours
 hang—
 Long silent are the voices which once in battle
 rang.
 These symbols of our honour are the nation's very
 soul,
 For each embroidered silk doth glorious deeds
 enroll :
 The badges and the mottoes the history recall,
 Though fading into dimness on many a minster
 wall.
 And still these war-worn relics to Britons' hearts
 are dear
 As stories of a nation's rise in many a bygone year
 On India's burning plains they flew : Crimea's
 frost and snow ;
 And some date back to Marlbro' and days of long
 ago.
 The colours of the " Fighting Fifth "—renowned
 for British pluck—
 The " Diehards " of Albuera, and the " Fours " of
 Gundamuck ;
 And first to wave o'er Alma, amidst the Allies
 cheers,
 Was the old flag of Wales, of the Royal Fusiliers.
 The " Death or Glory " Lancers, that famous
 corps " Old Toughs,"
 And those called " India's Saviours "—the gallant
 Ross-shire Buffs :
 Who needs to read their honours : be theirs the
 laurel bough.
 The grand old " Thirty-second," the heroes of
 Lucknow.

It matters not their country, they all for glory
 bleed—
 Whether from Thames or Shannon, the Severn or
 Tweed.
 Full many a tented battle by blood was dearly
 bought ;
 Like demons or like bulldogs both Celt and Saxon
 fought.
 Whether for land of Shamrock, the Thistle, Leek,
 or Rose,
 They stand for aye united where'er our country's
 foes.
 May our flag soon reach Pretoria, as it hath
 reached Khartoum,
 And bring the dawn of freedom to Afric's night of
 gloom.

THE VALE OF AHERLOW.

Let Gallia boast her mountains stern,
 Touraine and Fontainebleau ;
 There's not in all Provence, Auvergne,
 The charm of streamlet, tarn, and burn
 Of the Vale of Aherlow.

Pleasant farms hath Picardy, and Arcachon
 hath pines,
 There palm and olive grow :
 'Tis the land of sweet Burgundian vines ;
 But Nature's charms alone enshrines
 The Vale of Aherlow.

The German loves baronial towers,
 Where Rhine's dark waters flow ;
 But pleasant are the passing hours
 In the sweet secluded bowers
 Of the Vale of Aherlow.

And in their cold and wintry clime
 Are Laps and Esquimaux :
 'Tis but a land of frost and rime ;
 I'd rather hear the sweet bells chime
 In the Vale of Aherlow.

And far beyond Columbia's shore,
 Where our toiling exiles go,
 They love the land by Galtymore.
 Where the gath'ring clouds at sunset low'r,
 In the Vale of Aherlow.

Earth's full of jangle, pain and jar,
 Of tossing to and fro ;
 From all these elements afar,
 And shielded from the strife of war,
 Is the Vale of Aherlow,

THE NEW CRUSADER.

Proud Kaiser thou on pomp and pageant bent,
 What time thou wanderest by Byzantium's
 waves.

Remains unheard Armenia's sad lament,
 For hellish holocausts dishonoured graves,
 Slaughtered by Moslem hordes, her outraged
 slain ;
 For vengeance cried to thee, but cried in vain.

In vacillating mood the Teutan stood,
 And heartless listened to her plaint the while,
 The monarch now with other thoughts embued,
 Shames not to bask in Abdul Hamid's smile.
 It ill beseems the proud Hohenzollern,
 Descendant of a race once staunt and stern.

The Yildiz Kiosk, and its vile intrigue,
 Too soon hath from thy fleeting memory passed.
 By heaven unblessed thy last and foulest league,
 Has on thy country's fame its cloud o'er cast.
 Yes, passing grandeur and barbaric pride,
 Thou hast attained to this, but naught beside.

The classic walls with acclamation ring.
 The home of the great Christian Constantine
 The fawning crowd the Teuton's praises sing,
 Where erst the holy fane—Sophia's shrine,
 Time was of old in the Crusaders days,
 Thy martial sires had scorned the Moslem
 praise.

On land and wave around the Golden Horn
 Are heard the sounds of feast and revelry
 But to Armenia dawns no happy morn,
 Though Europe hears her supplicating cry.
 Speed on to gaze on Palestina's woes,
 Where Sharons fields once blossomed as the
 rose.

But devastated now, her gardens show
 Ravage and ruin of you ruthless horde,
 Her fallen villages her towers laid low
 By Turks misrule or Idumean sword.
 To rise again as olden prophets said,
 When dries Euphrates at her fountain shed.

TO TOURISTS.

Can Erin's scenes no more inspire
 Her songsters with poetic fire,
 Are there no charms of cliff and bay.
 At Clare's iKlkee, Bundoran, Bray?
 Historic Youghal, sweet Tramore?
 Or Swilly's far sequestered shore?

Are seas less blue and swards less green?
 Our loughs less fair than Scott's Katrine?
 Our Castles rise o'er seas of blue,
 Our Mounts as famed as Benvenue.
 Dangan, Dunluce, and Carrick-rede,
 (Land of O'Neils, of gallant deed.)
 Mark, on you lakes the vesper sun
 From Dunloe's Gap and Mangerton,
 Autumnal tints and Autumn shades,
 By famed Killarney's hallowed glades.
 Or if by wave from Cappoquin
 Remote afar from worldly din
 Can tourists find a sight more sweet,
 Than proud Lismore—the Devon seat,—
 Or, if perchance, he further roam,
 To mark the Galtees' towering dome,
 On Slieve-na-Mon, whose summit vies
 With the grey hues of Erin's skies,
 And pause awhile to muse and see
 The pious monks of Mellery.
 Who changed by long and constant toil
 Once barren rock to fertile soil.
 If space were mine I fain would more
 Speak of the charms of Shannon's shore,
 Where Keeper guards her silver mines;
 Lough Derg, Adare's once sacred shrines;
 Glengarriff's views of isles and deep,
 Of many a cloister, tower and keep.
 Of Moher's Cliffs, Ringmoylan's dells,
 Where many a scene in memory dwells.

CLARE GLEN.

In valley embosomed and sheltered from gales,
 Like the "Fairy Glen" rapids of Bettws of Wales,
 Away from life's turmoil, its jangle and jar,
 From strife and earth's battle sequestered afar,
 Away from the haunts and the dwellings of men,
 Are the streamlets and grottos of lovely Clare
 Glen.

The tempests and passions of life are forgot,
 As we stray all entranced, by this exquisite spot.
 To our gaze tho' uplifted, thro' canopy green
 Of the emerald larches, the sky is scarce seen.
 While the lime trees and alders with tassels o'er
 head,

Their branches, unruffled, so peacefully spread,
 And far neath the pathway and gleaming below
 Glide on the bright waters in tortuous flow--
 If Southey had chanced by this earth-sheltered
 shore,

He ne'er had meandered the " Falls of Lodore."
 Tom Campbell might here have writ Pleasures
 of Hope.

And the Poet of Olney for musing find scope.
 The " braes of Maxwelton " less lovely had been,
 And Scott had ne'er sung of the Trossachs' I ween.
 Gerald Griffin to ages enraptured may tell,
 Ringmoylan, the charms of thy leaf-laden dell,
 And the scenes of Avoca long shall endure
 In the " Meeting of Waters " recorded by Moore.
 Of Keswick's Grasmere, the loud praises are rung,
 Fair Gem of our island thou alone art unsung.‡
 By far *Ciamhaltha, thou art silent alone,
 But endeared to our hearts, not unloved, not
 unknown.

* Keeper Mountain.

BY SHANNON'S SIDE.

Let Wordsworth sing of Duddon's stream,
 And Southey of Lodore,
 In verses neat, they ne'er compete
 With our sweet Shannon shore.

Our purling rills and mist-robed hills.
 With many a bank and brae ;
 There's not the like from Tweed to Forth,
 From Solway to the Tay.

From Quantochs and the Mendip range
 You mark a prospect fair,
 But I'd rather see old Shannon glide
 By the cliffs and banks of Clare.

Through fields so green and each boreen,
 Where the yellow gorse doth blow,
 And far and wide stems on the tide
 In grand and ceaseless flow.

There yonder rise Bunratty's towers ;
 There Labasheeda's bay ;
 On every isle some saintly pile
 Once famed in sacred lay.

Thus graceful bending, to ocean wending
 To take her toil-won rest,
 Then with the sun, her day's work done,
 Sinks to the golden West.

May strife thus end, as these waters blend,
 In union blesséd from above ;
 Come happier days and peaceful ways
 To the island of our love.

THE LORD OF CORCOMROE—BOETIUS CLANCY.

It is a tale of olden time three hundred years ago,
 When Bess was England's Queen, and Clancy
 Chief of Corcomroe ;
 High Sheriff, too, of Thomond he, and such a
 learned man,
 He very much the common folks in Latin lore
 outran.
 And so the Queen appointed him her vassal leal
 and tried,
 To curb the Thomond peasantry and bring them
 to her side.

She left him his ancestral halls, the Castle of
 Knockfin *
 That sweet retreat, once learning's seat, removed
 from worldly din.
 (For Clancy thought a patriot's part mistaken
 fallacy,
 And so for his own motto took "Non quercu
 ortus salice.")
 It happened on Liscannor's rocks, not far from
 Corcomroe,
 A huge and hulking Spanish ship to a sad fate
 did go :
 One thousand Spaniards, cursing fate, in angry
 seas were drowned,
 But some few score were dragged to shore to
 Clancy safe and sound.
 Amongst that sad and hapless band thus rescued
 from the sea
 There was a caballero proud, hidalgo and grandee,
 Who for his ancient pedigree some slight distinc-
 tion sought.
 Boetius listened to his plaint, but set his claim
 at nought.
 He hung him up, then buried him, with many a
 seaman brave,
 Escaped from Drake and Effingham for a more
 sorry grave.
 But when the war was over quite, and peace was
 made with Spain,
 The great hidalgo's parents sought and sought his
 corpse in vain ;
 And such is royal favour that the Queen—(least
 so we'er told)—
 At Clancy's bad behaviour did then storm and rate
 and scold.
 Perchance the Spaniards' curses too have fallen on
 Clancy's race,
 For well I now in Corcomroe they now have little
 place.

* Knockfin, long famed for scholars

THE LIFEBOAT'S CREW.

'Twas the eve of the Feast in Eblana Bay !
 The streets were decked and each heart was gay ;
 In the " Royal Borough " they keep the feast,
 Tho' the winds blow hard from the south south-
 east.

There is peace on earth and mercy mild,
 But beyond the bar blew the tempest wild ;
 And the cry arose as it harder blew,
 " Away, there, away, with the lifeboat's crew."

And the coxswain reads the muster o'er—
 Old William's a seaman tried of yore—
 There are ten and five whom we all may ken ;
 They are dauntless, kindly Kingstown men.

As the old man sits in the stern sheets,
 The gaze of the son and the parent meets :
 There are brothers there, and father and son,
 Their land life over, their course is run.

A bonnier crew there ne'er was seen,
 With brawny arms and of manly mein ;
 The Ringsend fishers so staunch and true,
 All, all are there of the lifeboat's crew.

And yonder the make through the foam and
 wrack ;
 Seaward they gaze, and not one looks back.
 Hope there is still while the vessel float,
 And the sail fills fast o'er the straining boat.

The sons of Erin in days of yore
 The Muscovite fought on Crimea's shore,
 On Inkerman's heights and by Alma's wave ;
 But the Russian now they have died to save.

Ring the mourning bells o'er the sounding main,
 But they ne'er will hear those chimes again ;
 They are gone in the pride of a glorious deed,
 Where the stately galleys no more they need.

A XMAS APPEAL TO COLUMBIA.

Once more we hail our dear Redeemer's birth,
 Telling of "Peace" and of "good will" to earth,
 Our country's God, our mutual aims in life,
 Our hopes forbid a fratricidal strife.
 One tongue, one lineage, and one faith we claim,
 And in our prayers invoke one hallowed name ;
 Our Pilgrim Fathers in the days of yore,
 First brought the Bible to New England's shore.
 Of Briton's sympathy the tale to tell,
 Our people wept when gallant Garfield fell,
 And in those days of doubt and anxious gloom
 Each nation's pulse throbb'd in the stricken room,
 In eager haste each daily cable scanned,
 While hopes beat high or sank in Albion's land.

.

Our stately minsters by your Fathers reared,
 Our time-worn castles to your hearts endeared,
 Our Milton yours ; we both by Avon's stream
 Our Shakespeares read, and of past ages dream,
 One common memory clothes each hallowed spot ;
 We ask thy love, thy land we covet not.
 In Athabusea's land is ample space,
 The Rocky mounts our mutual barriers trace.

We hold for future race the "Great Divide,
 Algoma's plains, Saskatchewan's rolling tide,
 Alberta's ranches, where the soft chinooks
 The gath'ring snows and wintry winds rebuke.
 On Manitoba's fields are golden grain,
 These Britain's heritage, and her domain.
 While to the northward spreads the great "Lone
 Land,"
 With ample room for many a pilgrim band,
 Mount, stream and fertile plains, that mark the way
 To the far limits of the Hudson Bay—
 Leave we to other hands the vengeful blade,
 As federate sisters be our zeal displayed.

THE COMING YEAR.

What anxious thought, what joy, what hope,
 what fear?
 Lie in the limit of this coming year,
 For judging by his own brief journey's span,
 Of utmost moment comes each year to man,
 Each day most precious for to none is given,
 Pow'r to recall one misused gift of heav'n ;
 Passed are the famous but forgotten names,
 The New Year brings her self-asserting claims,
 Youth must be served and from the ingle nook,
 Vainly the grey haired folks the young rebuke
 With counsel sage—thus once did Israel's king
 The wisdom of his own experience bring.
 In days of youth not age "Remember thou"
 Ere wrinkles mark and furrows line the brow,
 And evil days draw nigh, and thou shalt find
 Sordid and seared the once ingenuous mind,
 The transient world affords a fleeting gleam,
 Days come and go as shadows of a dream,
 The stateliest nations have in time their fall,
 Assyria, Persia, Greece, such fate recall,
 But through life's labyrinth of devious ways,
 Purpose Divine one constant thread displays.

THE NORMAL STATE OF CLARE.

Tho' Scotia's ploughman fain, with tender care,
 The timid mouse from coming harm would spare,
 Men feel not thus in our historic Clare.
 Midst all Clare's charms alas ! our hearts repine,
 To hear so oft the moan of tortured kine.
 Not Moher's Cliffs, that mock yon ocean's din,
 Nor nether millstone, nor rocks of Corofin,
 Hard as those hearts that could yon fields invade,
 And wreck dumb innocents with vengeful blade,
 Hamstrung, distraught, behold yon noble steed,
 God-given to man, maimed by some dastard's deed,
 For some poor mortal's wrong, contemned to bleed.

.

Time was thy sons in a more noble strife,
 Had scorned to use the base assassin's knife—
 Not such the * "Dalcais" who in martial pride,
 Fought at Clontarf, and stood by Brian's side,
 And drove from Erin's shores the Dane's invading
 tide.

Not with dumb cattle did the Clare men fight
 When Wellesley crushed the First Napoleon's
 might.

Long famed for soldiers, oft thy heroes bold
 Faced India's plains, or far Crimea's cold.
 In later days, of Gallia's soldiers best,
 Thoughts of thy land awoke MacMahon's breast,
 For midst thy hills. Magenta's kindred rest.

.

Then come St. Patrick to our aid once more,
 And banish serpent-hearts from Erin's shore.
 Come peace again ; no more shall fortune frown,
 Where thy fair river flows, Coolteanagown.

* The Dalcassians, the body-guard of Brian Boru, were from Thomond or Clare.

THE PASSING OF THE PRESIDENTS U.S.A.

1881—1901.

From cares of State and world set free,
 The Christian, strong in death,
 Some hymn once learned at mother's knee—
 "My God I nearer come to Thee!"
 Or "Jesu perforatus me!"—
 Repeats with dying breath.

And ere his course in life is run,
 And ere the coming dawn,
 The work he had in life begun
 Is by his patient suffering done,
 For nations 'neath the rising sun
 Are nearer, closer drawn.

Are nearer drawn that kindred race
 Who speak the Saxon tongue,
 For naught can claims of blood efface,
 And still each loves the dwelling-place,
 That island home whence, by God's grace,
 Columbia's father sprung.

Old England's halls and castles grey,
 Her churches, towers, and spires,
 And as by Avon's stream we stray,
 Or in some stately minster pray,
 Our minds go back to far-away
 Old legends of our sires.

Speed on, then, gallant kith and kin ;
 Great Alfred's spirit still
 Inspires our race, new triumphs win
 In paths of peace at war with sin,
 Maintain the right 'midst wordly din,
 Thy mission grand fulfil.

GOD SPEED THE "FIGHTING FIFTH."

On tented field midst fire and flame
 The "Fighting Fifth" had earned their name,
 by many a gallant deed ;
 Where flow the Reed and Coquet rills
 Beneath the shade of Chevoit hills,
 The land 'tween Tyne and Tweed.

And when the Scots with bonnets blue
 O'er border came with bold Buccleugh
 To sack with fire and sword,
 Uprose the hardy sons of Tyne,
 And drove beyond the Roman line
 The devastating horde.

And now once more on ocean main
 Sails forth to fight on battle plain
 Northumbria's gallant corps ;
 At Flodden field and Otterburn,
 Where Percy met the Douglas stern,
 Their sires have fought of yore.

And foremost of the thin red line
 Shall surely march the sons of Tyne
 On Afric's southern land ;
 Farewell, God speed them in the "Gaul,"
 They sail where'er at duty's call
 They hear the stern command.

But late at Omdurman they stood
 When desert sands were dyed with blood
 of Afric's dusky race ;
 Not their's to ask the reason why
 The "Fighting Fifth" will do or die,
 Nor shun the foeman's face.

IN MEMORIAM.

On tranquil seas, with tropic skies above,
 Yet sad to die so far from home and love ;
 From far Coast Castle's lone and surf-beat shore
 *(Where rests sweet Landon's muse to wake no
 more)

The sad procession stems the southern wave,
 And bears to England's shore th' illustrious brave.
 Our widowed Princess and our nation grieve,
 As through the sea the panting engines cleave.
 Thus did Rome once with Agrippina mourn,
 While thro' far lands the loved remains were borne,
 Of her Germanicus—to both denied,
 The death on tented field in martial pride ;
 And hapless thus, when for Bulgaria's right,—
 Thy Royal brother faced Sleventza's fight.
 The war survived—ambitious hope beat high,
 By hateful envy yet condemned to die,
 By traitor wiles, or Russia's stern command,
 Far from his throne and his adopted land.

.

Our gracious Empress whose great heart can feel
 Each subject's sorrow and her nation's weal,
 (E'en now still grieving at the piteous tale
 Of stricken widows in the Rhonda vale),
 To-day thy people with united voice,
 Return that sympathy, and bid rejoice
 In the glad hope of that eternal shore,
 Where pain and shipwrecked hopes shall be no
 more.

T'were thine dear Prince a widowed court to cheer
 From pensive thoughts, to stay the coming tear.
 Domestic scenes, the loved relinquished all,
 To serve thy adopted land at duty's call ;
 All to thy worth a willing tribute pay,
 Weep for our soldier Prince and death's too soon
 decay.

(* The grave of L.E.L at Cape Coast Castle)

OMDURMAN.

On Surgham hill and desert plain the morning sun
 uprose,
 Lit up the fierce barbaric host of England's
 gathering foes,
 By marshal sheik and Emir led from every fighting
 clan,
 In panoply of war arrayed streamed forth from
 Omdurman.
 Full three score thousand men that day marched
 forth on battle plain,
 Who ne'er in tumult dread of war should meet or
 strive again.
 In northern lands men spoke of peace, but here
 with bated breath,
 And vengeful passion swayed, no thought but
 strife for life or death.
 Cruel and savage, yes ! these hordes had gazed on
 Gordon's head,
 And of Jaalin's peaceful tribe the blood had freely
 shed,
 Nor sex nor hapless childhood spared of all that
 friendly band,
 Nor left by lonely banks of Nile one tiller of the
 land.
 Yet led by Osman Asraak brave, and the proud
 Sheikel Din,
 And Yakoub, fiercest, bravest of the Khalifa's own
 kin.
 'Twere hard forsooth a braver host or keener foe
 to see,
 Since olden days of Saladin and Moslem chivalry.
 Shattered by hail of shot and shell, like grass in
 swarths mown down,
 They sought not shelter in the walls of their
 beleaguered town.
 Thousands to but bare hundreds left, and hundreds
 left to ten,
 Still round their sombre banner fought and clung
 and died like men.

The Arab horsemen charged in vain, the fallen
 banners rose,
 Of Ethiopia's swarthy hosts in vain they strive to
 close,
 Of Pasha Hicks the massacre they cannot now
 repeat
 And yet they scorn to fly the field, and will not
 take defeat,
 For to the Moslem death like this and paradise are
 sweet.
 In closer strife but once they join when on their
 masses burst
 Their maiden clash of real war the gallant 'Twenty-
 first.
 In deadly charge as fierce as that of Balaclava's
 day,
 Or when the Inniskillings joined with Royals and
 Scots Grey,
 And swept Napoleon's last declining hopes away.
 No braver record can Crimea claim, or fateful
 Waterloo,
 Than that emblazoned on the shield of gallant
 "squadron two."
 With glowing hearts shall Erin's sons once more
 the record read
 Of Martin, Montmorency, and of Kenna's noble
 deed.

BUT ONE SHORT YEAR AGO.

And Erin weeps her soldier sons with staunch
 Penn Symons laid,
 Where heroes of Talana rest, 'neath Oleander
 shade.
 And who may gauge old Scotia's grief, her pangs
 of sorrow tell,
 For all those bonny Hieland men who with Don
 Wauchope fell?

For many a gallant soldier boy still Saxon mothers
 yearn,
 For those in pride, and strength, and youth, who
 ne'er to home return.
 And many a vacant chair is seen, and hearts are
 bowed with woe,
 For those who sailed from Britain's shores but one
 short year ago.
 Tho' none may call their loved ones back to be
 what they have been,
 Eternal brightness should replace this dark and
 troubled scene.
 For whether fallen in peace or war they now
 unwearied rest,
 They need no stately galleys on the river of the
 blest,
 No more they hear the battles' din, from death and
 danger free,
 No storms arise, or tempests beat upon their
 tranquil sea.
 'Twas by their deeds of sacrifice our nation's power
 was reared,
 And to each loyal heart their names for aye remain
 endeared.
 And if such peril chance again, as come full well
 it may,
 Her gallant, leal Colonial sons will be their
 mother's stay.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

By leaps and by bounds tho' your empire expand,
 You rob our leal gentry of home and of land,
 You hold beyond ocean all Africa's gold,
 Empire of the Indies and wealth quite untold
 Your flag has dominion in battle and breeze,
 Yet at home you still plunder our lands as you
 please.

We gave you brave soldiers—reward of our toil,
 But rebels and traitors with “kindness you spoil.”
 Your foes unappeased, of your friends the undoing,
 Till the last Land Commission shall end in our ruin
 Not “fortiter in re” if ’tis “Suaviter Modo,”
 When loyalty’s quenched and extinct as the dodo,
 Not for this did our fathers in storms and in
 stress,
 Your garrison hold from the days of Queen Bess.
 And hard it seems now to be deemed an intruder,
 On lands that we held from the days of the Tudor.
 Then may fate ignominious that statesman befall,
 Who would rob Irish Peter to pay Irish Paul.

THE NEW NINETY-EIGHT.

Why rake up fresh rancour, why troubles unfold?
 The factions and feuds of the records of old,
 By sad thoughts embittered no hope can prevail,
 Or future more bright for our sweet Innisfail.
 Wise thoughts of the prudent, and counsels more
 sage,
 From the volume of hate would blot out the dark
 page,
 No wrongs now unrighted, for peasant and peer,
 The laws are as equal, and freedom as dear;
 The glories of empire where sets not the sun,
 By true hearts of Erin the conquest was won.
 Then banished for ever be strife and debate,
 May peace spread her wings o’er the new ninety-
 eight,
 Then war fratricidal shall cease, and our land,
 Like the valley of Sharon, shall bloom and expand,
 Nomore shall the ploughshare be changed for the
 sword,
 And the islands shall wait on the Will of the
 Lord.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

O gallant and brave Inniskillings,
 How nobly they charge up the height.
 They count not their loss as the valley they cross
 In the fury and throb of the fight.

The shot and the shell come, they take them all
 welcome,
 In the back ground they never have stayed,
 In the front in the van they will fight to a man,
 'Tis the way with the Irish Brigade.

In their eyes see the light of the battle,
 Tho' their ranks every moment are thinning,
 Every yard must be fought and by blood must be
 bought.
 As their way up the rocks they are winning.

Up Railway Hill see their advancing,
 And the dongas to cross have begun,
 And now they reform up Pieters to storm,
 If they gain it the battle is won.

*At Waterloo thus fought their kinsmen,
 Four hundred there fell on that day,
 As they lay down in square and held their ground
 there
 In the fire from the French at "La Haie."

As the Connaughts fought at Colenso
 As the Dublins fought at Glencoe,
 And hark to the cheers of our brave Fusiliers,
 As they close in the trench with the foe.

In the clamour and crash of encounter
 There is honour and glory to gain ;
 And the soldier is glad and eager and mad,
 As he fights 'midst the wounded and slain.

* The Inniskillings lost over 400 at Waterloo, and all the officers except one were wounded by the fire from La Haie-Sainte.

FROM POVERTY TO PITTANCE.

Time was in Britain's land men scorned the bays,
 If offered for expediency or praise ;
 But now it seems that right to wrong must fall,
 While Peter robbed that some must pay their Paul.
 They offer now to workhouse free admittance,
 So gentles come "from poverty to pittance—"
 Loyal and leal for long ; and yet they spurn us,
 And offer but this last and sad Avernus.
 What though we gladly rose in Britain's need,
 Gave Roberts, White, and Kenny, French and
 Reed,

A Gough, a Wellesley, and a Wolsely given,
 Tho' for the common weal our sons have striven.
 Once (tho' but now of adverse fate the sport)
 'Twas said we held the garrison and fort,
 We ne'er for Kruger or the Mahdi cheered,
 A thousand links a common lot endeared,
 Our sires relied on Britain's faith and word,
 And ne'er, though tried, from their allegiance
 swerved.

A Pitt or Palmerston had scorned such crew,
 To feed the many ne'er had starved the few,
 Nor favour given for such unrighteous ends,
 Appeased their foes, but sacrificed their friends.

 THE "IRISH TIMES" APPEAL.

Ye, who in quiet homes by winter fires,
 In calm enjoyment draw each tranquil breath,
 For others hap is there no thought inspires
 Of those in danger of impending death ?

Are there no cares to us by heaven consigned
 To aid in peril, feel a brother's loss ?
 Our soldiers' death-roll cease to us remind
 Of those in danger 'neath the Southern Cross

And those whose titles tell of Erin's fame,
 From Talavera to Talana's heights ;
 Our country's soldiers hold a special claim
 For deeds of daring in a hundred fights.

They scorned to hear the traitor's foul appeal,
 And stemmed the invader's fiercest flood.
 For Queen and Empire proved their loyal zeal,
 And signed and sealed it with their heart's best
 blood.

Then let not want our soldier's home invade,
 Who dies on Afric's hills, as heroes can.
 We owe this debt—at best in part repaid,
 To those who yield for us life's shortened span.

EVENING ON THE RED SEA.

(H.M.S. "CROCODILE.")

Breathes there on Alba's decks a soul so dead,
 Can gaze unmov'd where Sinai on yon rim
 Of heaven, and Horeb their dark shadows shed,
 On rocks and vales of Rephidrim ?
 You desert breezes ! ye have heard the cry
 Of mourning Israel, there where clouds are
 blending
 With Sinai's peak in the Arabian sky,
 God spake with Moses from his throne de-
 scending,
 And there in silent wilderness, the red plains
 Of Sin and Elim, Israel's bones are hidd'n,
 Pluck'd by the desert birds those last remains,
 Canaan, the promised land, to them forbidd'n,

And hark on yonder shores those plaintive cries,
 Perchance the mournings of dark Egypt's kings ?
 (Whose fame doth in vast pyramids rise,
 Kings who have soared on glory's loftier wings)
 Or but the surges roar that now in distance dies.

O'er lone Mosshedgerah the silent star
 In conscious glory beams, pale Hecates ray
 Looks wanly down or rolls its lurid car,
 And on th' Arabian shore slow sinks declining
 day,
 Gliding midst desert plains and giant hills away.

THE FLEETS AT THE GOLDEN HORN.

Mark the brave squadrons join on Marmora's wave,
 There Galda's barks unite to cheer and save,
 With Austria, and Italia's turrets borne,
 Float on the waters of the Golden Horn,
 Where, erst-surrounded by its cypress wood,
 The Christian towers of St. Sophia stood,
 Built by Justinian from the Parian mines ;
 And Baalbeck's temple, and Ephesian shrines,
 To wisdom dedicate, and learning's home.
 Surmounted now by minaret and dome,
 Rear'd once from riches of a ramsacked world.
 There proudly floats the crescent flag unfurled—
 Here rival States as federate sisters share
 Armenia's anguish and her children's care ;
 Europe awakes, and—rival claims forgot—
 Wipes from her tarnished page the loathsome spot.
 Albion with Russia joins in kindred clan ;
 Forgot were Alma's field and Inkerman.
 United power to all by Heaven consigned
 To hold the cause of Europe and mankind.
 We breathe in quiet homes our tranquil breath,
 Free from the terrors of advancing death ;
 Secure, at peace ; and shall our careless eye
 See with contempt Armenia's agony ?

“KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN
CORONETS.”

From childhood skilled with net and seïn,
 Are the hardy fishers of Ile Moléne.
 Sorrows have known, but ne'er before
 A sadder sight on the Ushant shore.
 Of bodies spurned in the wrack and foam,
 Fathers and children returning home ;
 Seamen once strong with the strength of life,
 Brother and sister, and child and wife,
 Palma's tourists from Teneriffe,
 Three only survive this scene of grief.
 From African veldts and arid land,
 Toilers for wealth in the golden rand ;
 Cast on the rocks by the pitiless wave,
 Tenderly borne to a hallowed grave,
 Where—emblem of hope and of Christian truth—
 The Cross is the shelter of age and youth.
 A fisher's wife takes her little one's dress—
 Relic of thoughts of tenderness—
 All that doth of her child remain,
 A child long buried in the Ile Moléne,
 Laden with memories sad yet sweet,
 For a stranger's child 'tis a winding sheet.
 The Abbé Le Jeune and the fishers pray
 For the mourning kindred so far away.
 In earlier days, on the battle plain,
 The Abbé had fought for Alsace-Lorraine.
 Uplifted now is his kindly voice,
 As he bids in the Christian hope rejoice,
 For man to sorrow on earth is nigh,
 As the sparks to heaven on upward fly.

But the dead shall rise from the ocean's cave,
 And storms shall cease on the restless wave,
 And the stately galleys no more shall pass,
 And the deep be hushed like a sea of glass,
 And death no more in its conquering pride
 Shall victims claim from the ocean tide.

.

Kind are the greetings from England's Queen,
 For Bretons and Britons have kindred been.
 Like in their love for the wild sea foam,
 Like in their love for their island home.
 They come of the grand old Norman strain
 These kindly fishers of the Ile Moléne.

IONA: A RETROSPECT.

You stood by graves of olden cults,
 The cradle of the new ;
 The shelter of thy haven gave,
 And watched them as they grew.

And when the tempest gathered round
 And angry storms did low'r,
 Full brightly shone thy light upon
 A dark and dangerous shore.

Thy hope sublime that olden time
 Was spreading far and wide,
 And swift and silent rolling on
 Like some great ocean tide.

By Melrose in the moonlight hours,
 By Fountains in the day,
 By Hexham and by Beverly,
 And Tintern's Abbey grey.

And Durham's Norman towers we stand,
 Above the flowing Wear ;
 The Gothic York Cathedral view,
 And many a minster fair.

But none of all these lordly shrines
 Can stir our hearts the while,
 As thou, Iona, lone and bleak,
 Columba's saintéd isle.

What though thy winter last thro' life.
 We know of spring to come,
 Beyond the turmoil and the strife,
 And in our Father's home.

The " Everlasting Arms " are spread,
 Tho' chaos seem to reign ;
 And sun shines brightly overhead,
 Tho' clouds on earth remain.

WHERE SHANNON FLOWS.

Why silent do thy waters flow
 Thy way to ocean speeding,
 To seaward tell thy country's woe
 While poets pass unheeding.
 No wealth of Ind upon thy tide
 Comes with the favouring gale,
 Only yon fleet of turf boats glide
 With sad and sombre sail.
 Yet Wordsworth sings of Duddons wave
 A bard hath Avon's stream,
 In many a verse both light and grave,
 Old Scotia's rivers gleam.
 Forth and Solway, Tay and Tweed
 Of Doone each bank and brae,
 Is by some happier fate decreed

To live in tuneful lay,
 No Celtic Ossian now recalls
 The days that are no more.
 The tales of Selmas silent halls
 The grand old deeds of yore.
 Our abbeys hoar and lichen'd walls,
 To each a hallowed spot,
 The sacred fanes our fathers reared
 Their very names forgot.
 And yet a Griffin or De Vere
 Once more our hearts may thrill,
 Re-open secrets that endear
 Each grey and mist robed hill.
 Some Shelley tell of skies Divine,
 Some Byron paint thy wave,
 A saintly Heber wake each shrine
 A Scott thy legends save,
 And keep perchance our noblest stream,
 From sad oblivion's grave.

THE CO. CLARE "WEST BRITONS."

Full oft in the evening's gloaming I think of the
 grand old race,
 And I doubt if the coming future will ever their
 like replace,
 Though some of them still remaining, yet many
 for aye are gone,
 The Stammers of old Carnelly, and the Scotts of
 Cabercon.
 There by the Shannon river still stands the grand
 old wood,
 Planted by ancient sires, where oft old Bindon
 stood.
 They call them still "West Britons," such Colpoys,
 Lloyd and Gore,
 The Studderts of old Bunratty, and the Hickmans
 of Kilmore,

The Ross's of Fortfergus, who fought in the fore-
 most van
 Of many a British battle, and the Westropp's of
 Fort Ann,
 Of Burtons and of Butlers the thronging memories
 rise ;
 The Purdons of Tinneranna, and the Hennis of
 Paradise,
 Of many a gallant soldier whose fame shall long
 endure,
 And with them our latest heroes, a Blood and a
 Vandeleur.
 Such were the Clare " West Britons," who in days
 of our lands mishap,
 For a fickle and faithless people stood in the
 dangerous gap.
 These all loved the dear old county, its river and
 ocean tide
 And the poor still speak of their bounty, and
 mention their names with pride.

THE GALLANT IRISH SOLDIERS OF
 18TH, 27TH, 87TH, AND 88TH.

AIR—" Nora Creina."

On every side their pluck was tried,
 Wherever showers of shot or shell come.
 Where'er they went in danger sent,
 In the foremost ranks they found death welcome.

In Torres Vedras lines they fought,
 Barossa, too, and Albuera,
 Salamanca's field so dearly bought,
 And the hero gave of Talavera.

At Waterloo the hero too
 * Was the gallant Inniskilling,
 Who met that day the fire from La Haie,
 So patient and so willing.

And near the famed Hydaspes banks,
 With Gough they fought at Chilianwallah,
 There glory won the Irish ranks
 And their battle cry was "Faugh-a-Ballagh."

Sebastopol's trench their fire could not quench,
 They feared not damp, or mine, or danger,
 The heat or the cold to our soldiers bold,
 'Twas all the same to the "Connaught Ranger."

At Inkerman and the Redan,
 With Evans, Lucan, Pennefather,
 They put to flight the Muscovite,
 And gave him the "Comether."

* Donelan, (48th)

PIPER FINDLATER'S "THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE."

Mathias had said "it had got to be done,"
 And cost what it might that hill should be won.
 What man can adventure the Gordons will do,
 And fierce to the contest they gathered anew,
 Around him the bullets were falling like hail,
 But he still raised the strains of the "Haughs
 of Cromdale."

Of the Gordons' six pipers soon fallen have four,
 They are down in the shambles and covered with
 gore,
 The pipes, too, of Milne have stopped, all unstrung,
 For a bullet has pierced through his bellows and
 lung.
 But Dum-Dum or Metford, or Afghan jezail,
 Cannot stop the brave piper's loud "Haughs of
 Cromdale."

And gallant as Troubridge deprived of his feet,
 With his back to a boulder, a stone for his seat,
 Though "Derby's" and "Dorsets" are dying
 around,
 While his lungs are uninjured his pipes will
 resound ;
 And many a Goorkha through his tan turning pale,
 Will die as he lists to the "Haughs of Crom-
 dale."

'Tis the spirit of Bruce, or of Wallace, inspires
 The hearts that beat true like the old Scottish
 sires.

No hero more brave e'er adorned by our Queen,
 May he soon safe return to his loved Aberdeen.
 And long may his pipes in the highland and vale,
 Strike up the brave tune of the "Haughs of
 Cromdale."

THE OAKS OF CAHERCON.

Sweet groves of Cahercon why lone are your
 bowers?

In ye but the charms of memory dwell.

Why sped they so swiftly the fast winging hours?
 Must we, Time, at thy mandates still sadly
 rebel?

No, No! For those moments most fleetly that
 wander,

Sweet flower of remembrance have sipped from
 thy cell,

Whilst around the faint shadows the heart clingeth
 And fonder,
 thoughts busy numbers in harmony swell.

Loved groves of the Scott, from the days of the
Tudor.

The river that fronts thee sings the dirge of thy
race,
Was silence more welcome than voice of intruder?
Can wealth or can culture thy sorrows efface?

No, naught can restore what was once thy
devotion,
And sombre thy sunset with clouds is o'er cast
And like as the river rolls on to the ocean,
Beyond all returning the glory is past.

They were loved, they were bless'd in the cot and
the shieling,
Yet plunder made legal they cannot withstand.
Come light to our rulers their madness revealing,
E'er they banish the loyal and the leal from the
land.

You may cut down the forest, the growth of long
ages,
And the old Irish gentry may fall in the fray.
But statesmen, and soldiers, and keenest of
sages,
Like the oaks of Cahercon were not grown in
a day.

Such were Dufferin of Ava, and Montgomery and
Laurence,
The Wellesleys and Wolseleys. Roberts, Beres-
ford, Gough,
Oh! turn not our faith to mistrust and
abhorrence,
While traitors may triumph and cynics may
scoff.

AN IRISH HERO—STOKER LYNCH.

Torpedo destroyer they called her, but alack,
 Destroyed herself and wrecked with broken back,
 On the old Dodman rock she lay—
 First land you meet across the stormy bay,
 When from the "Straits" you make your home-
 ward way.

And in the impact of that first and sudden shock,
 Which left her stranded on the Dodman rock,
 Burst from her pipes the scalding and the scathing
 steam.

Blinded, bewildered, like to men that dream,
 The stokers shut into their death-trap seem.

And one alone—their chief—has reached the wave-
 swept deck,
 And left his comrades in that awful scene of wreck.
 Oh, blame him not to fly that cruel and that
 tortured death.

Sweet to his parchéd throat to breathe once more
 the heaven's breath,
 But stoker Lynch he too might free him from that
 hell beneath.

Swift to his mind there comes the thought of
 stoker Paul,
 Less light of limb than he, who must unaided fall.
 Forsake his messmate to such fate and go!
 Safe from the stricken engine-room, and scenes
 of woe!
 Perish the thought, his hero's heart said—No.

To drag an unconscious weight e'en but a fathoms
 length,
 It seemed just then a task for more than human
 strength,
 All else were dead or dying in the fierce stean-
 blast.
 God aid his flagging limbs, the hatchway's reached
 at last
 And on the deck, alive. No more, his precious
 burdens cast.

In days of Ancient Rome the mural crown was
 given they say
 To him who first the rampart crossed in deadly
 fray,
 And valour's cross doth many a soldier now obtain,
 But none for deed more gallant than the hero of
 this strain,
 Wrought by a tortured man himself beset by
 agonizing pain.

THE LEGEND OF LOOP HEAD, OR CUCULLIN'S LEAP.

Oh for the pen of that humorous rogue,
 The poet MacBrody, Maolin Oge,*
 To tell the grand old deeds of yore,
 And of Moira Malvina MacCarthy More.
 How full of fury, and grief and pain,
 She followed her lover, Cucullain;
 Up and down over valley and hill,
 To Callan Mount from Glen Columbkille.
 While resting there on the Cromlech stone,
 He heard her still crying out ochone!
 And resumed his flight to the west away,
 Till he reached the sea by Farrahy Bay.

* MacBrody, Bard of Thomond.

And looking round as he passed Killard,
 He found that she still was following hard,
 And gave him no time as he passed Movine,
 For a weesha taste of the still potheen.
 He was out of breath, and he seemed at a loss,
 How to win the race at the Bridges of Ross.
 But he made a spurt in no end of a fright,
 For she nearly caught her Red Branch Knight.
 There's a mighty cave, and a deep ravine,
 Where the waves come gurgling up between,
 That yawning chasm it loomed before,
 And behind came Moira Malvina More.
 He took a spring and away he went,
 Right over that terrible gaping rent.
 'Tis fifty feet, and you can't deny
 'Twas a record leap or a record lie.

OUR GALLANT DEAD.

It was a cold and wintry time,
 The land was white with frost and rime,
 Some three and forty years ago.
 The Christmas bells did sadly chime,
 And hearts were bowed with woe.

For in that sad and dying year,
 Just at the time that brings good cheer,
 Were tears for heroes shed—
 Each home bewailed for kindred dear,
 And wept for gallant dead.

Who fell on heights of Inkerman,
 By Alma's wave and the Redan,
 We love their memory still,
 From Erin's land, from Highland clan,
 They rest on Cathcart hill.

And still we hear the mourning strain
 For those we ne'er shall see again,
 And grief each bosom fills,
 And Britain weeps her heroes slain
 Amidst the frontier hills.

And still we hail the time of peace,
 When cruel war for aye shall cease
 From all this ransomed earth.
 And love and joy and hope increase,
 With our Redeemer's birth.

COOLTEENAGOWN

Is an old Irish air.

Where glides our river fair,
 Coolteenagown,
 Vale of the alders rare,
 Cooleenagown.
 Search the world everywhere,
 Found thee thy equal ne'er,
 Cooleenagown.

Pleasant days by Dysart's wave,
 Days that are gone ;
 Hopes bright you gave,
 Where the broad waters lave.
 Sweet Cahercon.
 Thoughts glad and grave
 On life's moru shone.

Mansion proud and peasant's cot,
 Where Shannon flows ;
 Happy dwellers be your lot
 In soft repose.
 In that calm sequestered spot
 Care and toil of life forgot,
 From the world's woes,

For lands by the Fergus tide,
 Once famed in song ;
 Home that was once our pride
 In vain do we long.
 Strangers shall there abide,
 Now to our race denied,
 By fraud lost, and wrong.

Still when this life is o'er
 I lay me down,
 Be my rest by Shannon shore,
 In Coolteenagown,
 Ne'er to leave thee any more,
 Loved of my heart ashore,
 Coolteenagown.

WE CANNOT LEAYE OUR WOUNDED
 MEN.

Above, around, a watchful foe,
 Safety alone remained below,
 (Ere yet the foemen draw more nigh,)
 To basely live or bravely die ;
 They saw the signal-flash retire—
 Then answered back Northamptonshire,
 Far up the crags and mountain glen,
 We cannot leave our wounded men.

And soon beneath that deadly fire
 Fell the brave band and Mackintyre,
 Their boyish chief of years a score,
 Yet honoured now in that brave corps ;
 Not one remains the tale to tell,
 How to the last they fought and fell,
 Together in that lonely glen,
 To shield and guard their wounded men.

And thus on Talavera's height
 * O'Donelan fell in foremost fight,
 Of race that martial fame enjoy.
 (His Kinsman fought at Fontenoy,
 In the Brigade tho' wounded sore,
 He still the Irish colours bore),
 Like spirit still inspires that glen,
 We cannot leave our wounded men.

E'en now on Talavera day,
 Record of their most glorious fray,
 Northampton's soldiers still do keep,
 When fell their chief on pathway steep ;
 Of other scenes and other mount
 Shall still our soldiers oft recount,
 When rose that cry from frontier glen,
 We cannot leave our wounded men.

* Colonel O'Donelan fell leading his regiment, the 48th, at Talavera.

A SPANISH RETROSPECT.

For fallen Alhama hear the Moor's last sigh,
 And hark the * Guanchoes' sad despairing cry,
 Retiring vanquished from unequal fight,
 Yet striving still on lone Laguna's height,
 Last of the Berber race to dauntless die.

Bound to yon stake, to what a hapless fate
 The victims they of bigotry and hate
 (In thy proud Cortes he surpassing far
 Thy chosen Senators, brave Castelar,
 Told the dark pages of thy fallen state)

* The Guanchoes of Teneriffe, exterminated by the Spaniards in the 15th century.

And see unmoved the Bandellero bleed
 And maddened bull, and disembowelled steed,
 And mark the Matador, whose cruel lance,
 Long lingering pain, and gaping wounds enhance,
 While Senioritas hail the cruel deed.

The foemen now are made of sterner mould,
 And their firm grasp thy writhing form shall hold,
 To Cuba's lands will plenteous peaece restore,
 And to the Phillipines' far distant shore,
 Bring dormant industry and wealth untold.

When thou thyself hast felt the biting steel,
 By suffering learned for others woes to feel,
 And only then thou proud, imperious Spain
 Canst thou once more thy former power regain,
 And use that power for thy Colonial weal.

A LESSON FROM THE DURBAR.

As we read of that glorious pageant,
 And Delhi's grand Durbar,
 The gathering of Eastern races
 On that scene of old-time war.

We speak of its royal splendour,
 But we think, alas ! with shame,
 Of the tens of thousands of Christians
 Who are Christians only in name.

Of the English homes that are blasted
 With the curses of lust and drink ;
 Of the millions who no church enter,
 Yet stand on eternity's brink ;

Of the wretched homes where famine
 And care and poverty reign,
 On which the sun ne'er rises,
 Homes of misery, toil, and pain.

In the words of Rudyard Kipling,
 In this Empire far and wide,
 There is room for God's favoured people
 But no room at all for pride.

Then, sons of a noble nation,
 The noblest the world hath seen,
 Remember amidst your boasting
 The words of your future Queen.

And cast some rays of sunshine
 On the poor man's darkening gloom,
 And think of the humble Saviour
 Whose cradle could find no room.

ECHOES OF GLASGOW AND GREENOCK.

When came that week of triple fell disaster,
 Tugela, Stormberg, Magersfontein's tide,
 Piled Pelion on Ossa with a ruin vaster
 Than e'er had happened to our Empire's pride,
 Came to our stricken arms the glorious message,
 "We come, thy children, to our mother's aid
 At duty's call," glad omen of good presage.
 What time the foeman shall our shores invade
 From o'er yon seas, beyond the mighty ocean,
 Strong-limbed, they bring their sure sustaining
 power ;
 Old England's danger bids her sons' devotion—
 They share the sorrows of her darkest hour.
 All that we need in war or peace supplying
 Within the limits of our broad domain ;
 No longer now on foeman's fields relying
 For food our toiling millions to maintain.
 The question now for once and aye determine,
 Nor may the answer be for long delayed,
 Bestow less favours on the Frank or German,
 But to your staunch Colonials give your trade.

ROCKS AHEAD.

They called her the "Stella," a hapless star,
 That kept not her course from danger far,
 Her skipper was brave, and as gallant her crew
 As e'er was launched on the ocean blue,
 It was Easter eve, and all went well,
 And bright and fair as a marriage bell,
 With manhood's laugh, and childhood's glee,
 As they neared the shores of Alderney.

Once more hath glory its lustre shed,
 Once more we speak of the "Birkenhead,"
 When Britain's soldiers in ranks went down,
 Lest one poor woman or child should drown,
 'Tis thus our heroes can dare to die,
 When "sauve qui peut" is the dastard's cry,
 The cry that arose from the doomed "Burgoyne,"
 A cry that none on the "Stella" join.

Young man just starting on life's dark maze
 Keep a sharp look out in the gloom and haze,
 Steer clear of rocks and the siren's cry
 Remember thy God while He still is nigh,
 Don't trifle or dally on dangers brink.
 The chain is but strong as its weakest link,
 And strength not your own, but your Saviour's
 power,
 Will guard you and guide in dangers hour.

Trust not in the future—a hope that mocks—
 And give a wide berth to your casquet rocks.
 There are currents and quicksands hidden shoals,
 Storms to scatter unstable souls,
 The voice that rose on Galilee's wave,
 Alone hath power to rescue, save,
 Can bid life's tumult and turmoil cease,
 And bring to the pilgrim home and peace.

THE CENTURION'S CONFESSION.

Once, and once only, from its iron course
 All nature changed in sympathy with death,
 From us our dear ones pass, yet from each bough
 The songsters carol through each sylvau shade.
 Untouched by sorrow, the whole world around
 Seems glad, all careless of our bitter cry.
 But when the human soul of Christ went forth
 To tell to waiting souls his victory,
 The rugged rocks were rent, the sun at noon
 Withheld his light as though his race were run,
 In touch, in harmony with Nature's God,
 And manifested signs of agony.
 Perchance such marvels moved the Centurion's
 heart,
 Perchance the dying words the wondrous claim,
 The strength in weakness that did thus command,
 In quiet calm and confidence around,
 His spirit to a Father God, beyond
 Earth's limits, omnipotent, unseen.
 Immense, immortal, and immeasurable,
 Greater than dwellers on Olympus heights.
 A God compassionating and divine,
 Who listened to man's agonizing cry,
 Moved the stern soldier, reared to sights and
 sounds
 Of war and rapine, he whose calling told
 Of death in terrors pale caparisoned,
 With Cæsar. Crassus, or Mark Anthony,
 To stand the sole confessor of that hour.
 This man did not deceive; this was the Son of
 God.

CAPTAIN J. F. NUTMAN, RECIPIENT OF
THE ALBERT MEDAL.

The night fell dark on Messina's wave,
As the "Aidar" sank to her ocean grave ;
The stars shone out o'er the waters blue
On a hopeless wreck, and a helpless crew.
Their boats all gone from the davitts swept,
All hands 'neath the forecastle for shelter crept ;
Death seemed near in their piteous plight,
When the "Staffordshire's" light first hove in
sight,

Calm and unmoved in that scene of wreck,
The skipper stood on the foam-washed deck ;
Heedless of self or of coming doom,
He had dragged up a man from the engine-room.
When helpless, feeble and wounded sore,
He with kindly hands to shelter bore ;
The boats are coming, but wait afar,
There is danger still from each floating spar,
And it takes a man of nerve and strength,
To make his way but a fathom's length,
Let him save his life who can or will,
He will stand by his wounded shipmate still ;
And in vain with entreating voice they cry,
Save, save thyself while the boats are nigh
Tho' short seems life with its lessening span,
As he stands alone by the wounded man ;
They are down. they are gone with the sinking
ship,

But he holds him still with iron grip.
And they still survive, what a ringing cheer
Arose from the boats of the "Staffordshire?"

I know not this man's theological bent.
Was it Anglican, Roman, perchance Dissent ?
To a sufferer's aid he Christlike went.
And long may the praise resound afar
Of the skipper brave of the lost "Aidai."

A REVERIE.—KILMURRY

By Plassy and by Willow Bank old Shannon's
waters flow,

By meadow, vale and mount they glide, and seek
far ocean's breast.

From many a tiny rivulet they gather as they go,
And in the breeze the stately trees are waving to
and fro ;

I hear afar the city bells, they speak of Sabbath rest.

And yonder rise with summits blue the lonely hills
of Clare,

Beyond Glencora's banks afar, and Ardnacrusha's
wave ;

And we bless the God who gave that scene, and
made this world so fair,

For the skies serene and days that have been
amidst our life of care,

And solemn thoughts arise of Him who came to
warn and save.

Remember we, by Shannon stream, in vain the
waters glide,

Of mercy blest and hope and rest, if we unheeding
stand,

And dreaming by the river's bank, the fertilizing
tide

That bringeth peace and happiness to all on earth
beside,

Yet leaves our hearts a wilderness—a dry and
barren land.

Thus glideth on life's moments as a river flowing
free,

In dull content, on pleasure bent, our peace
remains unbroken,

And hearts are seared insensible to dread eternity.
The great "beyond" the waves of death, the calm
and crystal sea,

In vain, to deaf, unwilling ears, the words of life
are spoken.

ELECTION LIES.

Lies like minnows and lies like whales,
 Big lies, little lies, Chinamen's tails,
 Lies in billows and waves and shoals,
 Lies to sicken and sadden men's souls.

Lies that are fashioned for age and youth,
 Lies that are manifest, lies half truth,
 Layman and Cleric inventing vies,
 Pulpit and platform's lies ! lies ! lies !

Lies of the men who would play the fool
 With the British Empire's glorious rule.
 Rob and plunder both school and church,
 And leave our loyal men in the lurch.

Lies that to roost at home will come
 New Hebrides slavery ? ah, you are dumb.
 Lies have awakened our Nation's scorn,
 Lies of the darkness await light's morn.

Judged in the sunshine you won't come clear
 You know the Greek for the word sincere,
 Does the word in Latin your memory tax ?
 It is sine cere or without wax.

And all that is left of your vows absurd
 Seems broken promise and honeyed word.
 A Nation's anger must surely rise,
 And bring you to book for your lies ! lies ! lies !

 THE LITTLE ENGLAND PIGMIES.

'Tis not alone in Stanley's forests
 The little Pigmy's found,
 E'en here in British islands
 The tiny men abound ;
 Not small, perchance, in stature,
 But swelled with pride and beer,
 Untaxed their breakfast tables,
 Untaxed their generous cheer.

But oh, their hearts have dwindled
 With love of ease and gold—
 They are no breed of heroes,
 Like the grand old men of old,
 Like Blake or Drake and Hawkins,
 Like Nelson, Howe, and Hood,
 When the glorious flag of Britain
 The world around withstood.

The vast Canadian regions,
 Beyond the great "Divide,"
 And Afric's later conquests,
 These little men deride ;
 The lands their fathers conquered,
 No pride to them afford,
 The only prayers they utter—
 "Peace in our time good Lord "

They wreck our ancient churches,
 Our school endowments steal,
 And leave to rebels mercy
 The loyal and the leal.
 The old-time British lion,
 Now lurketh in his den,
 And weeps degenerate children—
 These puny pigmy men.

And tho' their lands are crowded,
 And they want some new abodes,
 They leave the empire making
 To men like Cecil Rhodes.
 What time, in thousands gathered,
 Where gambling reigns supreme,
 They watch the Tottenham Hotspur
 Wipe out some rival team.

Oh that some Rudyard Kipling
 With scarifying pen
 Would shame these idle loafers
 To play the part of men,
 And like old England's archers
 Who trained on village green,
 Attend at rifle practice,
 Like men of martial mien.

THE MAN WITH THE ROSE-COLOURED SPECTACLES.

As our "Chief Sec" spoke in the city of Ex.,
 He all things saw with his rosy specs ;
 For nothing can daunt and nothing can vex
 The man who looks through the rosy specs.

For nothing it matters if landlords all,
 Be as poor as mice, and our rents grow small,
 And crusty loyalists loudly bawl ;
 No problem can seem at all complex,
 To the man who looks through the rosy specs.

He said that murders were out of date,
 And things looking very much better of late,
 Does he mean for a few more murders to wait ?
 Ere he brings into action the dominant lex,
 This man who sees through the rosy specs.

We see but the storm and hopeless wrecks,
 But then you see we are not "Chief Sec's.,"
 And we have not got their rosy specs ;
 And we fear very much when tis just too late,
 They will find they have sunk the good ship of
 State.

The popular tune is the, "Men of Wex.,"
 And nobody sings "God save our Rex,"
 And all rejoice when our men are beat,
 And pray that the Boers may our arms defeat,
 And slay our seldiers, our brave "red necks,"
 Can he see such things with his rosy specs.

MORAL OF ABOVE.

Whate'er our lot then let naught entice us,
 To all things see "deceptio visus,"
 They lose old friends and they make fresh foes.
 Who always see "couleur de rose.

THE TRIVIAL ROUND THE COMMON
 TASK.

The tiny stream that onward gently flows,
 Or rivulet that thro' yon meadow glides,
 Whose fertile track along the farmstead goes,
 A daily wonder for our souls provides.
 No greater power Niagara bestows.
 Victoria's falls or oceans rolling tides.

So with our lives—not by some splendid deed
 Or noble utterance, or poet's song.
 Or martyr's sufferings decreed—
 To quiet virtues may our hours prolong.
 Some humble task supply our utmost need—
 Unmarked, unheeded, by the passing throng.

Nor shall the Christian's voice in accents proud
 Flaunt forth his merits to a sceptic world.
 Nor in the ranks of self-asserting crowd,
 For selfish gain his banner be unfurled—
 Alas! those oft with talents great endowed
 Are but the sooner to oblivion hurled.

INDIA RULE VERSUS IRISH RULE.

From India's land, from far-renowned Cathay,
 By pæans heralded and praiseful psalm,
 The dusky millions hailed his sovereign sway.
 He brought to Erin's shores no Gilead balm
 To heal our wounds, not Hermon's dew he gave,
 But left unmollified each rankling sore,
 Treated with scorn the loyal and the brave.
 Re-oped, renewed the factious feuds of yore ;
 And many wondered that so far he came
 To fan disunion and religion's flame.

If haply some sagacious statesman rise,
 From party sundered and of homeland fond,
 To join all hearts in blessed enterprise,
 For Erin's cause we may not quite despond,
 But need we go to Elephanta's caves,
 To Jumna's banks or far Benara's walls,
 Beyond the orbit of our island's waves,
 To bring the light once more to Tara's halls ?
 Let Erin's weal rekindle martial fire,
 And banish bigotry each heart's desire.

Our Norman Celts ne'er sprung from Punjaub's
 plains ;
 Not subjects they of ancient realm of Oude.
 To filch from them their fair long-held demesnes,
 Would seem but vile and base ingratitude.
 In craft and statesmanship our race excel :
 To Empire's need the staunchest rulers gave
 When days of mutiny on India fell,
 And Sepoy banners from each fort did wave
 The brothers Lawrence then our fortunes cheered,
 Still is that name to Hindoo tribes endeared.

Vain task to rouse the ready jibe and scoff
 The many names our history afford,
 That India knew such Wellington and Gough,
 For their our Wellesley flashed his maiden sword,
 Shall India's hordes in solemn wonder see
 Their conquerors crushed by some Sir Anthony.

THE IRISH QUACK

Plans ever changing and disarranging,
 A piteous plight is that of John Bull,
 Though of contributions of resolutions
 And wise solutions his brain is full.
 There's devolution—or is it revolution?
 For doctors differ and the patients die—
 And there's coercion and the laws assertion,
 Still Pat's conversion doth his skill defy.
 There's absent-mindedness and the sweetest kindness,
 Be the powers it takes a lot of that to kill.
 He shows no diminution, but wants restitution
 For his damaged constitution still;
 And landlord squeezing won't stop the wheezing,
 Likewise the sneezing, till, like Oliver Twist,
 With appetite beyond appeasing,
 He holds for more his suppliant fist.
 But Dr. Rus now will make fuss now,
 And his treatment either cures or kills,
 For his diagnosis, as each traitor knows, is
 A rare specific for sedition's ills.
 (The prescription he encloses a simple dose is,
 His own decoction of Siberian pills,
 But on such ingredient, tho' quite expedient,
 Our Dr. Jonathan would no reliance place.
 Not evolution or circumlocution,
 But electrocution would cure our erring race.

 THE MEN OF PARK.

Shades of the evening softly fall
 On tower and spire, cathedral wall.
 Sons of the earth, of toil and moil,
 Delving and digging the deep rich soil,
 Patiently working from morn till dark,
 Such are the lives of the men of Park.

I've passed them by in the early day
 When the city folks in their slumbers lay,
 When the dew shone white on the grassy lawn,
 And the cocks 'gan crow at the rising dawn,
 And the blithe notes rang from the soaring lark,
 And there at their work were the men of Park.

And when at even the vesper bell
 Is tolling, tolling o'er brake and dell,
 And the birds are speeding their homeward flight
 Seeking for cover ere gath'ring night,
 Out in the gardens you still may mark
 The toiling, moiling men of Park.

Oh say not our sons are an idle race—
 Thriftless, shiftless, lazy and base,
 Industries start to keep them at home,
 Never again from their isle to roam,
 And stay their flight in the emigrant bark,
 To work for their homes like the men of Park.

Alas too many afar have flown
 From the olden city and "treaty stone,"
 Away far over the ocean tide
 To foreign lands where waves divide,
 Where strange streams flow yet they fain would
 hark,
 To old Shannon's voice, like the men of Park.

No time for politics labouring there
 Neath those lovely, lonely hills of Clare,
 Ever and always they seem content,
 For hearth, and home, and a well-earned rent,
 And rest but comes when they're stiff and stark,
 To the sturdy, homely men of Park,

OUR UNION JACK.

There did yet remain
 One dark blot and stain,
 Vanquished at Pretoria
 Lowered at Khartoum,
 "Sic transit gloria,"
 Gone is the night of gloom.

For now with glad acclaim,
 Restored our flag and fame,
 Now on Nile's breezes flowing
 Spreads forth our Union Jack
 Freedom and life bestowing,
 Freedom for white and black.

Long waiting many an hour,
 Perished is the Mahdi's power,
 Dervish and Arab too,
 Gone all the heliish crew,
 Crushed on the battle plain,
 Never to rise again.

Now on the desert breeze,
 Hark to the Soudanese
 By the Nile's tide
 Playing his favourite hymn
 While soldiers eyes are dim
 "With me abide."

With Psalm Presbyterian,
 And Prayer of the Anglican
 Tears of the whiteman tears of the black
 Prays Father Brindle too
 Floats out our flag anew
 "Our Union Jack."

THE MISSING CHRONICLE FOR 1807,

In vain we scan the Tuesday Chron
 For tidings of our sires,
 In vain the well known column con,
 Whilst filial thought inspires.
 Alas ! no more the record comes
 Of birth, or death, or matrimony.
 No more the sound of martial drums,
 And daring deeds of Bony.
 The forms that once were bright as morn,
 Are dust and more's the pity,
 And strange the names that now adorn
 The streets of Shannon's city.
 A noble race has passed away,
 Swept by time's ruthless sickle,
 Who served on many a stormy day
 A nation false and fickle.
 And erring statesmen still go on,
 Their steps who can retrace them ?
 Our gallant Irish gentry gone,
 We never shall replace them.
 No more of Pitt or Palmerston,
 But men of other metal,
 A wiseman from the Eastern sun
 Our country's fate shall settle.
 From Jumna's banks, Benara's walls,
 From Orient scenes of splendour,
 Or where the Taj Mahal recalls,
 A love so fond and tender.
 He comes, he speaks, we breath'less wait
 This oracle's locution.
 He'll make or mar the realm and State
 By gentle Devolution.

THE PARSON'S REWARD.

Marie Corelli, the task forbear,
Nor add to our toiling clergys' care,
A wise discretion the pen controls,
That would lightly censure the cure of souls.
Nor small is the task midst sorrow and need,
To grapple with vice, with lust, and greed.
To earth's physicians results may be,
The parson's harvest none here may see,
The seasons bring life to the farmer's toil,
As he ploughs in the winter the frozen soil,
The pupil's progress may his teacher cheer,
The merchant's profit return each year.
But many a curate grows old and grey
Toiling on scant and niggardly pay,
Counting the prizes of earth but vain
If one precious soul he may help to gain.
A soul that without his efforts were lost,
A soul that was purchased at terrible cost.
What matters your verdict when that soul is won,
And the Master will say to his servant, "well done."









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