TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin THE SIXTH JURYMAN'S TALE

THE SWANS OF LIR

CHAPTER I After the battle of Tailltean, the Tuatha Danaans assembled together from the remotest corners of the five provinces of Ireland, in order to make arrangements for the future government of the isle. All agreed that it was better the whole country should be united under one monarch chosen by common consent, than to continue subject to the interminable dissensions and oppressive imposts arising from the rivalry of a number of petty sovereigns. Six candidates aspired to this supreme power, name ly, Bogh Dearg, or Red Bow, of the tribe of the Deasies. Ibbreac, or the Many Coloured, from the Red Stream, Lir, Fiuvar the Royal, Mioyar, of the Great Burthen, so surnamed from his prodigious strength, and Aongusa,

Og, or young Oness.
All the rest of the Tuatha Danaans except the six candidates, then went into council, and the determination, was to give the kingdom to Bogh Dearg, for three reasons. The first reason was that his father had been a good man in his time, the second, that he was a good man himself, and the third, that he came of the best

blood in the nation.

When Lir heard that the crown was to be given to Bogh Dearg, indignant at the choice, he returned to his own home, without waiting to see the new king inaugurated, or letting any of the assembly know that he was going, for he was con vinced that the choice of the people have fallen upon himself Bogh Dearg however was proclaimed in due form, by the unanimous con-sent of the assembly, none of the five rejected candidates opposing his elecon, except Lir alone

The ceremonies being concluded, the assembled tribes called on the new monarch to lead them in pursuit

"Let us burn and spoil his terri tory," said they. "Why dares he, who never had a king in his family, presume to slight the sovereign we

have chosen?"
"We will follow no such counsel, and himself have always kept the province in which he lives in peace, and it will take nothing replied Bogh Dearg. "His ancestors and it will take nothing from my sovereignty over the Tuatha Danaans to follow him still to hold his own

possessions there." The assembly, not fully satisfied with this reply, debated much on the course they had best take, but after much discussion, the question was allowed to rest for a time. Mean pressed heavily on the mind of Lir. His wife, whom he tenderly loved fell ill and died in three nights. The report of her death, which was looked upon as a grievous loss her own country, soon spread all over Ireland. It reached, at length, ne ears of Bogh Dearg, and of the princes and nobles who were at his

"Now," said the monarch, "if Lin were willing to accede to it, I could propose a mode of redoubling the present friendship which I enter-tain for Lir. You all know that I have three daughters, the fairest in the kingdom, and I would praise them further, but that I am their father. I mean Aov, Aoife, and Alve, of whom Lir might choose which he ed, to supply the place of his dead wife."

The speech of the king circulated among the Tuatha Danaans, and all agreed that a messenger ought to be sent to Lir in order to propose the connection, with a suitable dowry for the bride. When the ambassador arrived at the palace of Lir, he found the latter willing to accept the proposal and accordingly both returned together to the royal residence of Bogh Dearg, on the shores of Lough Derg, where they were received on the part of the Tuatha Danaans, with all the accusations that even a more popular prince could expect. All parties seemed to take an interest in promoting the union. The three daughters were sitting

on chairs richly ornamented, in a hall of their father's palace. Near them sat the queen, wife of Bogh Dearg. When Lir and the monarch entered, the latter directed his atten tion to the three princesses, and bade him choose which he would. 'I do not know which of the three

to choose," said Lir, "but the eldest is the most royal, and besides it is just that she should have precedence of the rest." 'Then," said the monarch, "that is

Aov, then, I choose," replied Lir The marriage was celebrated with the magnificence becoming the rank of the parties. They remained a fortnight in the palace of the mon arch, after which they went to the residence of Lir, who gave a splen-did banquet on his arrival. In the progress of time, Aov had twins, a son and a daughter, who were named. the one Fingula, and the other Aodh, or Eugene. In her next confinement she gave birth to two sons to whom were given the names of Fiacrs and Cornu, but died herself, in a few days after. Lir was exceedingly grieved at her death, and only love he bore his children would almost have wished to die along with her. The tidings reached monarch, who, together with all his household, made great lamenta-tions for his oldest danghter, grieving more especially for the affliction which it caused to Lir.

"Nevertheless," said the monarch what has occurred need not dissolve the connection between Lir and us, for he can if he please, take my second daughter, Aoife, to supply her

This speech, as was intended, soo found its way to Lir, who set out im mediately for the palace of Bogh Dearg. The marriage was celebrated the same splendour as the former occasion, and with

on the former occasion, and Lir, after spending some time at the nonarch's palace, returned to his nouse with Aoife, where he received ner with all the love and which she could expect. For some time Aoife returned the same to him and to his children, and indeed any person who once saw those children ould not avoid giving them all the ove which any creature could re ceive. Frequently the old monarch came to see them to Lir's house, and often took them to his own, where he would gladly keep them. but that their father could not bear to have them out of his sight. It was the custom of the Tuatha Danaans to en tertain each other in succession

When they assembled at the house of Lir, the four children were the whole subject of discourse, and the chief ornament of the day, they were so fair and so winning both in their appearance and their dispositions and even as they dispersed to their several homes, the guests were heard to speak of nothing else. Lir himsel would rise every morning at day break, and going to the apartment in which his children lay, would lie down among them for a while. black poison of jealousy began at length to insinuate itself into the mind of Aoife. As if the love of Lir were not wide enough to comprehend them and herself, she conceived a mortal hatred against her sister' children. She feigned illness, and remained nearly a year in that con-

in her mind some means of ruining he children. One morning she ordered her chariot, to the surprise of Lir, who, however, was well pleased at this sign of returning health. Aoife next lesired that the four children of Lir should be placed in the chariot with her, and drove away in the direction of Bogh Dearg's house. It was much against her will that Fingula, the

lition, totally occupied in devising

aughter, went into the carriage, for she had long observed the increasing coolness in the mind of her step mother, and guessed that she had no kindly purpose in her thoughts at present. She could not however, avoid the destiny that was prepared for her, nor escape the suffering

which she was doomed to undergo. Aoife continued her journey until she arrived at Fiondach, where dwelt some of her father's people, whom she knew to be deeply skilled in the art of the Druids. Having arrived at their residence, she went into the place where they were, and endeav oured to prevail on them to kill the children, telling them that their ather through his affection for them, had slighted her, and promising to pestow on them all the riches which

they could require.
"Ah," replied the Druids, would not kill the children of Lir for the whole world. You took an evil thought into your mind, and left your shame behind you, when you

ame with such a request to us. "Then if you will not," cried Aoife, seizing a sword which lay near, "I will avenge myself for I am resolved they shall not live.

Saying these words, she rushed out with her drawn sword, but through her womanhood she lost her courage children. She then returned the sword to the Druids, and said she could not kill them. Aoife resumed her journey, and

they all drove on until they reached the shores of Lough Dairvreac, on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. Here she unharnessed the horses, and de sired the children to descend and bathe in the lake. They did as she bade, but when all were in the water. she took a magic wand and struck them with it one after another. One after another the forms of the beautiful children disappeared, and four white swans were seen upon the water in their stead, when she addressed them in the following words: AOIFE Away you children of the king! I

have separated your lives from joy. Your people will grieve to hear these tidings, but you shall continue birds.

What I have done I have done through hatred of you, and malice to your father. THE CHILDREN

We, left here on the waters, must be tossed from wave to wave.

In the meantime Lir, returning to his palace, missed his children, and finding Aoife not vet come home, immediately guessed that she had destroyed them, for he likewise had observed her jealousy. In the morning he ordered his chariot to be pre-pared, and following the track of his wife, travelled along until he came to the Lake of the Speckled Oak, when the children saw the chariot ap proaching, and Fingula spoke as fol

By you old Oak whose branches hoar. Wave o'er Lough Dairvrae's lonely

Bright in the morn, a dazzling line Of helms and silver targets shine; Speed, brethren dear, speed towards the shelving strand,

Tis royal Lir himself who leads shining band. Lir came to the brink of the water. and when he heard the birds conver-

language, he asked them how they became endowed with that surprising

"Know, Lir, replied Fingula, "that we are your four children, who, through the frantic jealousy of our step-mother, and our own mother's sister, have been reduced to this un-

happy condition."
"Are there any means," asked the wretched father, "by which you can ever be restored to your own forms

"None," replied Fingula, "there i no man in existence able to affect that change, nor can it ever take place until a woman from the south named Deocha, daughter of Ingri the son of Black Hugh, and a mar and charity shall come into Ireland.

ful cries. 'Are you satisfied," said Lir, "since

"It is not in our power to do so," eplied Fingula, "nor are we at replied Fingula, liberty to commit ourselves to the hands of man, until what I have told you shall have come to pass But in the meantime we possess our speech and our mental faculties as fully as ever, and are moreover en dowed with one additional quality which is, that we can sing the most melodious airs that the world has ever heard, and there is no mortal that would not feel a pleasure in lis

our music. alone. In the morning Lir arose from the bank on which he lay, and addressed his children in the follow ing words :

In vain I stretch my aching limbs

hymns, For me alone arise. morn again, on wave and strand My children, we must part : rd that like a burning brand

Falls on your father's heart. O had I seen this fatal hour. When Lir's malignant queen First sought his old paternal tower, This hour had never been. s thus between the shore and you The widening waters grow,

spreads my darkening spirits through The sense of cureless woe. Lir departed from the lake, and still following the track of Aoife, came to the palace of Ard-Righ, or Chief King, as Bogh Dearg was entitled.

nis children as usual. of their mother, who has had them ransformed into four swans, and abandoned them on the Lake of the Speckled Oak. They have been seen in that place by a great multitude of

ately became convinced that Lir had spoken the truth. He began to upbraid his daughter in a rough and angry tone. Malicious as you were," said he

you will suffer more by this cruel He then asks her into what shape of all living creatures she would least

like to be transformed.

truth. there was no form which she more abhorred than that of a Deamhain

arch, "shall soon be yours," and while he said so he took a magic collar and laid it on her. Immedi ately losing her own shape she flew away shrieking in that of a foul spirit of the air, in which she continues to this day, and will to the end of time according to her deserts.

Soon afterwards, the monarch and the Tuatha Danaans went to the Lake of the Speckled Oak and encamped upon its shores, listening to the music of the birds. The sons of Mile likewise came thither from every part of Ireland, and formed an encampment in the same place, for the never was music comparable to that of those swans. Sometimes they re-lated their mournful story, sometimes they would answer the question proposed to them by the people on shore and talk familiarly with their rela-tives and friends, and at others they sung, both by day and night, the mos delightful music that was ever heard by human ear; so that the listeners on shore, notwithstanding the grief and uneasiness in which they continued, enjoyed as sweet sleep, and arose as fresh and vigorous, as if they had been resting in their accustomed beds at home. The two multitudes of the Sons of Mile, and of the Tuatha sing as they drew nigh, in human Danaans, thus remained in their re-

spective encampments, during the space of thirty years. At the end of that time, Fingula addressed her brethren as follows:

Are you ignorant, my brothers, that but one night is left of the time which you were to spend upon the lake?"

On hearing this, the three brethren grew very sorrowful, and uttered many plaintive cries and sounds of grief; for they were almost as happy on that lake, enjoying the company of their friends and relatives, talking with them and answering their ques-tions, as they would have been in their own home; more especially, when compared to the grief they felt on leaving it, for the wild and stormy sea that lies to the north of Ireland Early in the morning they came as close to the brink of the lake as they ould, and spoke to their father and their friends, to all of whom they bade a mournful farewell, repeating those pititul lines that follow

THE CHILDREN

Receive, O royal sage, our last fare well. Thou of the potent spell! nd thou, O Lir, deep skilled in mystic lore— We meet—we meet no more!

sun complete of our appointed hours We leave your happy bowers. Farewell, dear friends, till time itsel

We meet—we meet no more! ever now to human convers

On Moyle's wild waters toss Our doom till day, and night, and seasons fail, To weave a mournful tale.

Three lingering ages on the norther main To waste in various pain! ee lingering ages in the storm west

To heave on ocean's breast. is our doom, dear friends, or wintry seas, Through many a year to freeze Harsh brine and rocks with horrid

sen-weed brow For Lir's soft beds of down! No more the joy of Lir's paternal Early we part unblest!

pow'r unseen, commands that w forsake. Lone Dairvreac's peaceful lake Rise from the wave, companions of my fear.

Rise, brethren dear ! Bright wave and pebbly beach an echoing dell

Farewell, a last farewell! And you dear friends who throng th leafy

We meet we meet no more!

CHAPTER II Sadly, O, Moyle, to thy winter wav

weeping, Fate bids me languish long age away, Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping, Still doth the pure light its dawn

ing delay
Moore's Irish Melodies.

Having ended those verses, the swans took wing, and arising lightly on the air, continued their flight until they reached the Sruih na Maoile or the Sea of Moyle, as those waters were called which flowed between Ireland and Scotland. Their depart ure occasioned deep sorrow to all who witnessed it, and they had a law proclaimed throughout the kingdom that any one, from the king to the peasant, who should kill a swan, let his power be as great as it might, should meet with certain death. In the meantime the children of Lir found that they had made an unhappy change of place. When they saw the broad wild ocean around them, they grew cold and hungry, and began to fall into despair, thinking that all they ever suffered was nothing until they were sent to these seas. remained on the waters until one night it began to freeze very hard.

My loving brothers," said Fingula, we make very unwise provision against the coming night if we do not keep close together, and lest by any mischance we should lose sight of each other, let us appoint a place where we may meet again as soon as it may be in our power."

"In that case, dear sister," said the three brothers, "let us meet at the Carrig na Roin, (or the Rock of Seals), for that is a place with which we are all acquainted."

They continued thus until about the middle of the night. The wind then increased to a storm, the waters arose, and the mountains of brine, as they rolled and broke around them, sparkled in the gloom as if they had taken fire. So great was the tempest that the children of Lir were separated by the waves. All were scattered far and wide, nor could one tell whither any of the three others had been driven. At length it abated a little of its violence, the deep became more settled, and Fingula found herself alone. Not being able to see her brethren anywhere around, she felt the deepest anxiety of mind, and at length broke forth into the following

FINGULA

Heart-broken o'er these seas I glide, My frozen Tings together clinging, No more along the stormy tide, hear my brethren singing.

Three lingering ages marked by woes Since first we left Lone Dairvreac's water; Break, break my heart and give re

pose To Lir's unhappy daughter.

Beloved alike, O loved so well, That made your sister's breast your

Tell me my wandering brethren tell. Where roam you o'er the billow.

Toss'd by the surge and sleety storn At random o'er this briny water: Woe, woe to all who share the form

he Rock of the Seals. At sunrise the next morning, looking out in every direction along the water, she saw Cornu coming towards her with head drooping and feathers drenched with spray, so cold and feeble that he could not answer her questions. Fingula received him lovingly under her wings, and said:-

Not long after she saw Eugene coming towards her with a drooping head and wings hanging to the ground and she welcomed him, and put him under the feathers of her breast. Immediately after she saw Fiacra approaching, and she then removed and placed him under her left, and put Fiacra beneath her right wing where Cornu had been before. then settled her feathers about them and said;

Severe, my dear brothers, as you have found the last night, you must

a long time in the same condition on the Sruih na Maoile, until one night they suffered so much from the cold and wind and snow, that nothing they had hitherto felt was comparable to it, which made Fingula utter the following words

Hard is our life and sharp with ill, My brethren dear; The snow so thick, the wind so chill

We strive to keep Sad concert in our songs of pain,

Vainly we sooth our aching hearts

With converse sweet, Our union meet.

Ah, doom severe! Harsh was our mother's vengeful

will, Ah, brethren dear, Hard is our life and sharp with ill.

most down of their breasts, and the quills of their wings, remained cling-

FINGULA

Sad is our hap this mournful night,

Woe comes to linked woe succeeding. To freeze on Moyle's relentless ocean.

The wild sea-foam that strews the shore, The weeds those bring waves en-

Rise, sister of three brethren dear,

Let custom dull the edge of anguish, In hollow rock or cavern drear, By doom unrighteous, bound to lan guish.

alighted again on the waters of Moyle, where the sharp brine pierced them, keenly, although they strove to keep their feet under their wings, as closely as they could. They con-tinued to suffer thus until their feathers grew and the wounds of their feet were healed. They used fre quently go as near the shore as they could, on that part of the Irish coas which looks towards Scotland, and every night they came together to Moyle, which was their constant place of rest. One day as they drew nigh the shore of Bama, to the north they saw a number of chariots and horsemen, splendidly arrayed with horses richly caparisoned, approach ing from the west. Do you observe that brillian

company, you sons of Lir?" said

We know not who they are." re plied her brethren, "but they seem to be Irish; whether of the Sons of Mile,

were amongst them were Aodh Aithiosach, or Merry Hugh, and Feargus Fithcall, (of the Complete Armour,) the two sons of Bogh Dearg the Mon arch, and the third part of his body guard. The horsemen were for a long time shifting their place, in order to come near the birds, and when at length they did so, they saluted each other very lovingly, with the affec-tions which became relations. The children of Lir inquired how the Tuatha Danaans were, and especially Lir and Bogh Dhearg, with their friends and dependents.

"They are all well in their respec tive homes," replied the horsemen At present, it is true, they are in your father's palace, partaking of a splendid banquet, in health and joy, knowing no other want than that of your absence, and their ignorance of your place of abode, since you left the Lake of the Speckled Oak."

"Evil has been our life since then. said Fingula, "for neither we, nor any other creature that we have neard of, ever suffered so much as we have done since we came to the waters of Moyle;" and she uttered the following words:

FINGUAL.

We four are well, Though in keen want, and sombre

Happy are they Who sit in Lir's bright hall and share his banquet gay. Rich food and wine, For them in sparkling gold and silve

shine; While far away, His children shiver in the hungr

dainties fared, and silken ments wore: Now all our fare

sand, and bitter brine, for and honey rare. Our softest bed, The crag that o'er those surges lift his head;

Oft have we laid Our limbs on beds of tenderest down Now must we lie,

On Moyle's rough wave, with plumage seldom dry; A pageant rare Oft bore us to our grand sire's palace

fair. Ah mournful change ! Now with faint wings, these dreary

shores I range O'er Moyle's dark tide, Plume touching plume, we wander side by side

Sharing no more joys that cheer'd our happy hearts of yore The welcome mild. on our grandsire's kingly fea

ture smiled Lir's counsel meet,
And fond paternal kiss, that made the morning sweet

The horsemen returned soon after to the house of Lir, and told the principal man of the Tuatha Danaans where they had seen the birds, and the dialogue they had held together, We cannot assist them," they re plied, "but we are well pleased to hear that they live, for they will be estored to their former shape, after

long time has elapsed." The children of Lir meantime returned northwards to the sea of Moyle, where they remained until their time in that place had expired Then Fingula spoke to her brothers

and said : It is time for us to depart from hence, for the period appointed for us to remain here is at an end, and she added these yerses.

FINGULA

At length we leave this cheerless shore, Unblest by summer's sunshine splen

did ; Its storm for us shall howl no more Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended Three hundred sunless summers past We leave at length this loveless bil-

low; Where oft we felt the icy blast, And made the shelving crag ou pillow.

Still on our lingering night of pain, Far distant beams the dawn of glad

Light ease beside the western main. Awaits our long accustom'd sadness Long must we haunt, that billowy shore, Ere breaks for us, the day beam

splendid, But here our numbered years are o'er Our time on gloomy Moyle is ended

After that time, the children of Lir left the sea of Moyle, and flew until they came to the most westerly part of the ocean. They were there for a ong time suffering all kinds of hardship, until they happened to see a man, a tiller of the ground, who used often watch them when they came near the shore, and took great pleasure in listening to their music. told the people on the coast of what he had seen and spread the tidings of the prodigy far and near. However, the same tale remains to be repeated, for the children of Lir never suffered so much before or after as they did on that very night, after the husbandman had seen them, the frost was so keen, and the snow coming so thick upon the wind. The waters all congealed into ice, so that the woods and he sea were one colour. Their feet stuck to the ground, leaving them anable to move, and they began to utter the most lamentable cries. while Fingula comforted and strove to persuade them not to grieve, but in vain; and she repeated these lines: FINGULA

Sad are my suffering brethren's piercing cries, This dreary night! Sharp drives the snow shower, o'er

the moonless skies With ceaseless flight!

Where'er they search the frost-bound ocean o'er On solid ice, their thirsty beaks are

ringing, Nor on the wintry shore, Fresh water laves their plumes, nor bubbling fount is springing.

II O thou dread monarch, who to sea and coast.

Their being gave, And leds't, as shadowy rumour tells a host, Through the deep wave!

old these wretched birds with pitying eyes, lingering years

slavery spending, In thy great might arise. And bid our souls be free, their bonds of anguish rending. "Brothers," said Fingula, "confide

in Him who made heaven and the elements, the earth with all its fruit, and the sea with all its wonders, and you will find comfort and relief." We do confide in him." they an swered.

"And I confide with you," said Fingula, "in the only being, who is full of knowledge and of pity," and their confidence came in due time, for they obtained the relief they sought, and from that day forward they never suffered trouble or per-plexity. They remained on the Oraas Domhnan, (Deep Seas,) until their time was fulfilled, when Fingula said to her brethren:

"It is time for us to go to Fioncha. where Lir and his people dwell, and

"We are well are well content to do so," re plied they; "and all proceeded together somewhat joyfully, until they came to Fioncha. They found their father's palace had stood, and all around it. without either house or inhabitants, but everything look ing dreary and dull. They saw smoke at a distance, and the fear came towards it, and uttered three mourn

ful cries, and Fingula repeated these

words :-FINGULA a mournful wonder is this place to

me, Which once I knew so well! Not even the trace of that loved hom I see, Where Lir was wont to dwell. Nor hound nor steed, nor lord nor

lady bright, Nor welcome spoken! Since I have lived to see this mound ful sight.

My heart is broken 11 This was not in our father's time of

old, A loveless, lightless waste, thout a cup the sparkling wine to Or princely guest to taste.

The home where we hail'd each joy ous morn, Is bleak and lonely! And nothing left, to us its heirs for

Save memory only. Now do I know the deep devouring grave Holds all who once were dear!

Sad was our life on Moyle's tempestuous wave, But keener grief is here, Low rustling grass and winds that sadly blow Through dry leaves creeping!

And he who should his cherish'd darl ings know, For ever sleeping.

TO BE CONTINUED FROM THE SACRED HEART

No one would have thought him a romantic figure to look at Carlo Leone that night as we sat in his window watching the sun go down. It was a dingy little window, without even the grace of a fire escape, and the room behind it was more dingy still. Carlo, in his working clothes puffing stolidly at his pipe, was no more attractive than his surround ings. The sunlight threw his shock of brown hair into relief against the window frame, cast a ruddied glow over the rugged face; and lingered long in the brown Italian eyes. They were nice eyes, though their owner was only a shocky laborer, and particularly nice just now, for a warmer light than the sunset's own shining in them.

Other men in the great city of San Francisco might see a girl's face in their smoke wreaths, but surely no lovelier face looked out from the Land o' Dreams that night than Angela's. Carlo knew every line of it by heart, the rose and cream of the skin, the melting curve of the dark lashes, the very twist of the silky tendrils that were always escaping from Angela's blue-black braids. floated before him now, shutting out the roofs with their teeming life, the alleys with their dirty, swarming children. Sometimes the dear face smiled: but mostly it was sad, wistfully, sweetly sad, and the lips had a downward droop as they whispered their "Mio Carlo!" Ah! poor little Angela.

Carlo's mouth grew sterner as he watched the face of his dream, but his eyes were tenderer than ever.

Presently he rose and knocked the

from the north, named Larigneau the son of Colman, shall occasion our deliverance in the time of The Tailgean, when the Christian faith When Lir and his attendants heard these words they uttered three dole

you retain your speech and reason to come and remain with us?"

tening to our voices. Remain with us for this night, and you shall hear When Lir had heard these words, he ordered his followers to unharness their steeds, and they remained during the whole night on the strand. listening to the music of the birds, until all were lulled to sleep by the enchanting melody, excepting Lir

And close my weeping eyes, vain my children's moonlight

The monarch welcomed him, but complained of his not having brought Alas, poor that I am !" said Lir "it is not I who would keep my chil-dren from your sight, but Aoife youder, once your darling, and the sister

our people, who have heard the story from themselves, for they retain their speech and reason as before." The monarch started at these words, and looking on Aoif immedi-

eed than the children of Lir, for they in the progress of time will be released from their sufferings, and their souls will be made happy in the

"Speak," said he, "for it is not in your power to avoid telling me the Aoife, thus constrained, replied with a horrible look and tone, that

Eidhir, or Demon of the Air.' "That form then," said the monpillow.

Hid by what rocks or secret caves That wont beneath my wings slumber, I fear the dead will leave the graves Ere time restore our number

Of Lir's unhappy daughter. Fingula remained that night on

"If Eugene were with us now, our condition would be tolerable." Cornu from beneath her right wing

yet see many more as bad."

The children of Lir continued for

The night so drear.

But the wild deep, Relentless mars the rising strain,

Wave after wave, high heaving, parts

They remained for a year on the Sea of Moyle, when one night, as they were on the Rock of the Seals, the waters congealed around them with the cold: and as they lay on the rock, their feet and wings were frozen to it, so that they could not move a limb, when at length, after using what strength remained in their bodies, they succeeded in getting free the skin of their feet, and the inner

ing to the icy crag.
"Woe to the children of Lir!" said Fingula, "mournful is our fate tonight, for when the salt water pierces into our wounds, we shall be pained to death:" and she sung these lines

With mangled feet and plumage bleed Our wings no more sustain our flight, Ah, cruel was our step-dame's mind When hard to nature's sweet emotion She sent us here mid wave and wind

gender, For past delights are all our store, Though fostered once in regal splen

Leaving the Rock of Seals, the

Fingula.

or the Tuatha Danaans, it is impos sible for us to conjecture. They drew close to the shore, in order to observe more accurately

When the horsemen saw them com ing, they hastened towards them, until they came within speaking distance. The persons of note who