

THE MACS.

THERE'S a race, or a part of a race, if you will,
Of renown prehistoric, and vigorous still,
Who back from their fastnesses scornfully hurl'd
The redoubtable legions that trampled the world;
They repell'd, and they only, the Roman attacks,
The stalwart, courageous, impetuous Macs.

When the red-bearded pirates, the Saxons and Danes
And Angles, came swarming across the sea plains,
And the old British stock to exterminate tried,
Caledonia and Erin their efforts defied;
And the conquering Normans were glad to make tracks
From the Macs and the Mics (who are properly Macs).

Their proud patronymics, they rightfully hold,
Proclaim them descended from heroes of old,—
Illustrious titles that throw in the shade
The dukedoms and earldoms but yesterday made;
And even the King with his royalty lacks
A lineage as ancient as that of the **Macs**.