

And our unseal'd lips be silent and our unbound hands be still?  
 Shall we look upon our fathers, and our daughters, and our wives,  
 Slain, ravish'd, in our sight, and be paltering for our lives?

Oh! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand—  
 Plant your flag upon the common soil—be your motto, Life and Land!  
 From the charnel shore of Cleena to the sea-bridge of the Giant,  
 Let the sleeping souls awake, the supine rise self-reliant;  
 And rouse thee up, oh! City, that sits furrow'd and in weeds,  
 Like the old Egyptian ruins amid the sad Nile's reeds.  
 Up, Mononia, land of heroes, and bounteous mother of song—  
 And Connaught, like thy rivers, come unto us swift and strong;  
 Oh! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand—  
 Plant your flag upon the common soil—be your motto Life and Land.

## THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

### AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

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#### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

THE "clubman" followed "Crichawn" to the door and saw the master and man drive away.

The direction taken was to Father Aylmer's, where, of course, Mr. Meldon often went. Along the road Mr. Meldon spoke to "Crichawn" upon the danger of the times and proved to him that he was not at all ignorant of the "clubman's" character.

"He's going to meet Mr. M——," said "Crichawn."

"Where?"

"Oh, troth, I don't know that; an' more betoken I hope Mr. M—— will keep a side o' the country between him an' that vagabone."

Just then Mr. Seymour, who was riding by, drew up. After the usual greetings he informed his friend that he had been summoned to Dublin, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. "The Abbeyfeale affair looks like being in earnest," he concluded.

"No robbery was committed?" Mr. Meldon asked.

"No—nothing but Government papers of some value to the State. That fact—that no robbery was committed—is most significant to the class and resolution of the men."

Mr. Meldon paused.

"Well, Mr. Seymour, I think the Government is simply trying to get an opportunity of seizing a fow. The daring and honorable would be dangerous, indeed; but do *you* believe in the multitude of followers?"

"No; and, moreover, I have a good reason to believe in the number of spies. You go to the priest's?"

"Yes."

"Then, I will turn back with you."

They found the priests both of them at home, and full of information regarding the country, and full of sad thoughts at the miseries of the poor. As for poor Father Aylmer, he had given everything away; and the charity of the Meldons would soon be required for himself. Father Power had grown very thin; yet his health continued vigorous. The surroundings of the place seemed in Mr. Meldon's eyes to have all caught a look of gloom, as if they all shared the feelings and condition of the occupants.

"I don't know, my son," Father John said—"I don't know what is to become of the poor. Labor is not to be had and food is dear, and the strength of the nation is flying away. Oh, sir, 'tis killing! killing!' to see the food going out in ships, from the quays of Waterford, and to know that the men who wrought the earth, who sowed the seed and cut down the harvest, are weak with the hunger or dying of the red fever that springs from the famine."

"I saw a little girl, to-day," said Father Power, "eating salt."

"Salt!" cried both together.

"Yes; salt, to enable her to drink water that she might have something to fill her stomach."

The gentlemen took out their purses and made up their minds that a few families should be relieved at any rate.

"Crichawn" came in and handed Father Ned a note. Father Ned read the note and handed it to Father Aylmer, who demanded of "Crichawn" who brought it.