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THE SONG OF RETRIBUTION.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[The following verses are said to have been the composition of Thomas Davis, the Prince of Irish Balladists, and now see the light, we believe, for the first time. Whether the poem be Davis's or not—and it does no discredit to his fame—it is as fierce a rush of song as ever issued from an Irish heart.]

"If the deep execrations, the swift wind disperses,
Can avenge a whole Nation, you are withered with
curses."

When did Freedom go forth on her Heaven-
sent mission,
With the despot to struggle in deadly col-
lision,
Like an Angel of Light with the Son of Per-
dition.
That the moment she faltered, you rushed
not and planted
Your miscreant heel on her neck as she
panted?
When did the rights of trampled man shake
in the balance ever,
That you were not there to kick the beam
and mock the slave's endeavour.

But your web is well-nigh woven, and the
day shall soon have birth,
When the song of Retribution shall electrify
the earth,
"She is fallen! She is fallen!" Thus 'twill
swell upon the blast;
"The assassin of the Nations shall be pros-
trated at last.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! for the night of sor-
row's past,
The assassin of the Nations shall be pros-
trated at last!"

From the sunny hills of Erin the defiance
shall be hurled
To the coral strands of India; it shall sweep
across the world,
It shall rock the thrones of tyrants, like Je-
hovah's thunder gun;

It shall permeate Creation like the beaming
of the sun;
It shall ride upon the billow, and career
upon the blast;
For the assassin of the Nations shall be pros-
trated at last.

'Tis in vain that you will invoke your hoary
Constitution,
When the Universe re-echoes the song of
Retribution,
Men shall trample on your power, Men shall
spit upon your threat,
To the land that you have tortured you shall
sue for pity yet;
You shall beg one drop of water, in your
agony, to sip,
And the Lazarus of nations shall refuse it to
your lip;
For the day of ruth and mercy shall for ever
more be past,
And the Avatar of Tyranny be prostrated at
last.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued.)

"COLDLY, but not so much more
coldly than usual. You have told her

"That Roine is guiltless. Fear no-
thing; she does not suspect you, she
does not dream that we have met. She
lays the blame of my changed convic-
tions upon O'Sullivan. If you are care-
ful, as I am sure you will be, my dis-
missal and disgrace may be of the
utmost service to you eventually."

"The touch of satire in his tone makes
her wince. But she does not resent it.
She speaks and looks humbled and
shamefaced.