

pit he saw a fox. It was moonlight. "Comrade, what are you doing here at this time of night?" asked he, "are you taking a bath?" "no!" answered the fox, "I am eating a piece of cheese; see what a hole I am making in it." "where?"—"Here, come down quick if you want some: it is real English cheese: you never tasted better; there is still enough for you." "Do you take me for a crane?" replied Longbeard. "Are you not ashamed to tell such barefaced lies? or to wish me to believe such an absurdity? Go! Master Fox; I have known you a long time; I am acquainted with your tricks, and have grown too long a beards to be caught tripping. Good bye; I wish you good night; press of business prevents me remaining; to-morrow at this same hour I will come to see you; meanwhile eat your cheese; it is too hard for my stomach."

HONOR THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brows,

plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunk, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from thy childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out! You cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you: when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you to her home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

THE BATTLE OF THE CLANS.

In times of old two Irish Chiefs in discord spent their days,
Their clansmen were at bitter feud, engaged in constant frays—
MacTuhil, who from King Tuathal his clear descent could show,
Lord of the hills and lonely vales and lakes of Glendalough—
Fitzgerald from the Norman sprung, with ready sword in hand
And foot in stirrup, to defend his patrimonial land
How e'er acquired—and attack in single combat fair
Or open war, the ancient owners, the Toparchs of Kildare.
The real cause 'twere hard to tell—it had gone on for years
A heritage of woe to men and source of women's tears,
'T was said to be a trifling wrong first made them enemies,
Some trespasses of cattle or disputes o'er boundaries,
Words came to blows, next inroads made on either's broad domains,
Till lives were lost and blood defiled fair Leinster's fertile plains;
Each had his standard which advanced as either chieftain won,
Thus hate intense imbued each sept from vengeful sire to son.

A fight one morn, fair Kathleen knew (Fitzgerald's gentle daughter),
Was waged upon the distant heath, notes that the breezes brought her
Had told how dreadful was the conflict, altho' its acts were screened
From trembling, anxious vision by woods that intervened;
The Prince of Glendalough had called his clansmen from Imayle
To make a foray on his foeman so friendly to the Pale;
'T was not long since the *Ros-catha* was raised at banquet board
The eve before the Chieftain drew the swift avenger's sword.
But looking from the great Dunmore, the highest of his castles,
She saw the hastily armed groups, her father's faithful vassals
Were hurried off to join the strife by nearest mountain pass,
The agile, half accoutred kern and heavy gallow glass.
Then heard the horns that sound "the charge," mixed with the whistle shrill
As rage and din of battle rose behind a furze-clad hill,
The tumult of the warlike tribes, that met in rude array,
Swelled o'er the cultivated fields upon that fatal day;