

THE O'DONOGHUE.

A FRAGMENT:

Listen to my tale !
 Within his ancient festal hall, on high
 His chieftain's gathered round—ages long gone
 The great O'Donoghue sat—no voice was heard,
 The harp's wild melody had died away,
 The noisy sound of revelry was o'er—
 Unbroken silence reigned within the hall,
 And gloom sat on the hueless faces there.
 The monarch rose and spoke, his manly voice
 At first was low and mournful, but full soon
 In deeper cadences it fell, and grew
 In power and compass, till it rolling filled
 The vaulted roof, and rang throughout the pile,
 As thus, in purpose firm, his farewell words,
 With prophet voice, he spoke :
 " The hour that summons me to leave you has arrived,
 I feel the hand of destiny upon me ;
 Glorious has been my race, but it is run.
 Shades of my kindred—lo ! ye summon me—
 I come. On earth I have been worthy of ye—
 On earth, my name, like trumpet call, hath sounded,
 And it shall live and flourish after me,
 Long ages hence. I come—mysterious agents
 Of the invisible world—with glory on my brow.
 O ! would that this were all !
 Wars shall arise in this once happy land,—
 Tumults and feuds, and human passion rave.
 Thus, by internal discord weakened,
 The thirsty soil shall drink its children's blood ;
 A hostile foot shall press its sacred shore,
 And mercenary bands o'errun its fields,
 And it shall prostrate lie—a conquest—
 And be called the heritage of others.
 ' Whelmed in the general ruin, then shall fall
 O'Donoghue's power—never again to rise !
 'Tis done—my destiny accomplished—now, farewell ! "
 He ceased—as with a universal impulse moved,
 The Chieftains bowed before him. "Twas in vain !
 Urged by inexorable fate he moved
 To the lake shore. Wondering, they followed,
 And speechless with astonishment beheld
 Him o'er the waters walk unharmed, until,
 As there upon the lake, he seemed to stand,
 Strangely he vanished !
 They did not mourn him dead, for by his words
 They knew he reigned a monarch as of yore.