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LINES BY ROBERT EMMET.

Genius of Erin, tune thy harp
To Freedom, let its sounds awake
Thy prostrate sons, and nerve their hearts
Oppression's iron bonds to break,

Long and strong then strike the lyre,
Strike it with prophetic lays;
Bid it rouse the slumbering fire,
Bid the fire of freedom blaze.

Tell them glory waits their efforts,
Strongly wooed, she will be won;
Freedom shows, by peace attended,
Waits to crown each gallant son.

Greatly daring, bid them gain her,
Conquerors, bid them live or die;
Erin in her children triumphs,
Marked by glory if they die.

But if her sons, to long oppress,
No spark of freedom's fire retain,
And, with sad and servile breast,
Basely wear the galling chain—

Vainly then you'd call to glory,
Vainly freedom's blessing praise;
Man debased to willing thralldom,
Freedom's blessing cannot raise.

Check thy hand and change thy strain,
Change it to a sound of woe,
Ireland's blasted hopes proclaim,
Ireland's endless suffering show.

Show her fields with blood ensanguined,
With her children's blood bedewed;
Show her desolate plains,
With their murdered bodies strewed.

Mark that hamlet, how it blazes,
Hear the shrieks of horror rise;
See the fiends prepare their tortures,
See! a tortured victim dies.

Ruin stalks his haggard round,
O'er the plains his banner waves,
Sweeping from her wasted land
All but tyrants and their slaves.

All but tyrants and their slaves
Shall they live in Erin's Isle?
O'er her martyred patriots' graves,
Shall Oppression minton's smile.

Erin's sons, awake! awake!
Oh! too long, too long you sleep;
Awake! arise! your fetters break,
Nor let your country bleed and weep.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,
THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
—BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

"Over and over again, parties from the division were detached to try the approaches; but once out of the defile they were in a tempest of shells which drove them back to their shelter. A few light field-guns ventured out, to be immediately overwhelmed and silenced. Some others dragged up the mountain sides in hopes of finding the Castle within range, sent their shot wildly and irregularly around, but to no effect. The provoking little fortress impeded the march of the whole army. It was a vital necessity with Napoleon to secure the pass before night, or his movement would be discovered; yet here the day was flying, and the only position from which the pass could be assailed, was absolutely under the dominion of an inaccessible fortalice.

"Aides-de-camp and staff-officers galloped up by the score with angry orders, and rode away again dejected. Hours precious as gold were wasting, and still nothing done. At last the First Consul himself galloped furiously up. He passed the mouth of the defile alone and rode straight into the enemy's fire. His eye traversed rapidly every feature of the situation, and then he rode back again to the lines.

"'You see that flag yonder,' he cried, turning to the soldiers and pointing to the Austrian flag that waved provokingly above the Castle. 'The soldier who first lowers it will be the owner of that Castle.'

"He had hardly spoken when a stray shot from one of our guns fairly shivered a side of the great entrance-gate. In a moment, with