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O'NEILL'S WAR-SONG.

BY MICHAEL HOGAN, THE BARD OF THOMOND.

Air: "O'Donnell Aboo."

Fierce is the flame of the vengeance of Erin
 When roused by the blast of the battle to shine;
 Fierce is the flash of her broadsword uprearing
 To strike for her rights and her altars divine.
 Haste—snatch the spear and shield,
 Rush to the battle-field;
 The Saxon is come from the towers of the Pale;
 Sons of the vale and glen!
 Children of mighty men!
 Swell the dread war-note of conquering O'Neill.

Lightly the band of terror is streaming
 Like a fire-cloud of death on the hills of Tyrone;
 Brightly the spears of Clan Connall are gleaming,
 Like thunder flames set in the beams of the sun.
 Hark! the wild battle-cry
 Rings thro' the sounding sky;
 Hill, rock and mountain are blazing with steel.
 Eagles and forest deer
 Rush from the heights with fear,
 Sacred at the war-shout of conquering O'Neill.

O'Donnell descends from his father's dark mountains,
 His comes, glorious prince, to the strife of the Gael,
 He comes like the rush of his own stormy fountains,
 Sweeping impetuous o'er moorland and vale.
 On to the Yellow Ford
 Chiefs of the flashing sword!
 Charge the proud Sassenach back to the Pale.
 Fierce to the scene of blood,
 Wild as the mountain flood,
 Rush the strong warriors of conquering O'Neill.

Our war-shouts shall ring, and our musket peals rattle
 Our swords shall not rest from their hot bloody toil;
 Our plains shall be drench'd with the red shower of
 battle,
 Till the godless invaders are swept from our soil.
 Pikeman and musketeer,
 Korne and cavalier,
 The wolves and the ravens are scenting their meal;
 Carve to them red and fresh
 Plenty of Saxon flesh—
 Follow your princely chief, conquering O'Neill.

Onward, O'Neill, with the red hand of glory,
 Thy sword lighteth thousands to conquest and fame,
 The annals of Erin are emblazed with thy story,
 Her valleys are filled with the praise of thy name.
 On with the bloody hand,
 Shake the dread battle brand;
 Woe to the spoilers of green Innisfail.
 Lo! their red ranks appear—
 Up, every gun and spear;
 Charge, Charge, O'Donnell and conquering O'Neill.

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
 —BRONN.—*The Gleaner.*

CHAPTER XX.

A QUERER OLD MAN.

"Rose!—Rose, I say! Where *can* the girl have gone to?"

"Father, I am coming," cried Rose Marton, as she hastened from the embraces of her young friend to meet her father who, in loose morning dress, stood at the door of his rooms, peevishly awaiting her coming.

"I thought you never would have come, child. I called you several times."

The old man spoke irritably, almost harshly.

Richard Marton was a strange man. Naturally tall and gaunt, the weight of years and perhaps of sorrow had stooped his shoulders, and gave a sharp twitching restlessness to his thin features. His face must have been originally a kindly one, but long seclusion from the world and the constant companionship of his own brooding thoughts gave it an aspect of un-couthness that was nearly repulsive. The traces of long physical agony were also visible in his worn cheeks and in the unhealthy light of his eyes, and in the nervous movements of his bony hands. Thin gray hair and gloomy eye-brows completed the strange effect of his appearance. Such was the man, who, with a skull-cap perched carelessly on his head and a long snuff coloured coat hanging around him, and leaning for support on a heavy walking can, thus testily received his daughter.

Rose saw he was in ill-humour, and, going up to him meekly, she put her arms around his neck tenderly.

"Father, I am so sorry you have been waiting. I did not think you would be up so early,