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A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,  
I read of ancient freemen,  
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,  
THREE HUNDRED MEN and THREE MEN.\*  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

II.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,  
That hope has shone, a far light;  
Nor could love's brightest summer glow  
Outshine that solemm starlight;  
It seemed to watch above my head  
In forum, field, and fauce;  
Its angel voice sang round my bed,  
"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

III.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark  
And service high and holy,  
Would be profaned by feelings dark  
And passions vain or lowly:  
For freedom comes from God's right hand,  
And needs a godly train;  
And righteous men must make our land  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

IV.

So, as I grew from boy to man,  
I bent me to that bidding—  
My spirit of each selfish plan  
And cruel passion ridding;  
For, thus I hoped some day to aid—  
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—  
When my dear country shall be made  
A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

\* The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylae, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,  
DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

AND here a volume of cases in point, any one of which would sorely overtax the reader's patience, was brought to bear upon the argument in hand. We shall not pursue the disputed point with the dear old simple souls, who made themselves so delightfully miserable with all manners of fairy lore, in the days we write of. It is enough for our purpose to state that little Ally had a weary illness—slowly but surely fighting her way on to life and reason, but, alas, not to the use of her limbs; for, from her waist down, that July day she was perfectly paralysed.

After the languors of convalescence had worn off, the naturally quick and high-spirited child began to pine for the freedom she had lost, and many a time the tears flowed fast as she watched the merry games of her former companions, or saw them flit away, from a brief visit to her little chair in the window nook, to scamper their wild will over the hill side, and down by the river she had loved so well.

But Ally Hayes was, most of all things, sensitive and affectionate, and her perceptions, quickened by illness, grew speedily to understand that to see