

blood on this spot. We tell her that we are as much rebels to her rule to-day as our forefathers were in '98. We tell her that she can change that hatred only by granting freedom, and so long as she withholds freedom it will remain merely a question of expediency how and by what means we will strike at the power that holds our country in bondage."

PROFISSEER MCSHANE.

"Wan toime in Watherford lived Profisser McShane.  
The foinist ashtronomer iver was sane ;  
For long before noight, wid the soince he knew,  
Where wan shtar appeared, shure he could see two  
    Quoit plane,  
    Could Profisser McShane.

"More power to him, ivery noight as wud pass,  
He'd sit by the windy a-shovin his glass,  
A poke in the dipper, that plazed him the laste,  
But a punch in the Milky Way just suited his taste.  
    Small blame  
    To his soul, for that same.

"Now, there happened in Watherford not long ago,  
The loikes was niver heard tell of, I know,  
Since Erin was under old Bryante Burhoime—  
The sun was ayclipsed three days at wan toime.  
    It's true  
    As I tell it to you.

"'Twas sunroise long gone, but the sun never rose,  
And ivry wan axed, phawt's the matther? God knows  
The nixt day and the nixt, 'twas the very same way,  
The noight was that long it was lastin' all day,  
    As black  
    As the coat on your back.