

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

THE following exquisitely beautiful and touching poem, which we have thought it opportune to reprint this week, will touch a sympathetic chord in the Irish breast wherever the children of Erin may have made a home throughout the earth. The gifted Irishman who wrote it, Mr. John Locke, at one time editor of the *Celt* and afterwards of the *Celtic Monthly*, passed away in New York just about a year ago. In his youth he was compelled, like hundreds of other young Irishmen, to leave his native land after the abortive "rising" of '67, whence he came to New York where he afterwards resided for the most part. Well educated, and gifted with a vivid imagination, his literary contributions to the American press soon gave him a high standing as a writer. The poem which we publish is that, however, with which his name will be universally linked. In it he portrays, with the fidelity of one who felt himself what he described, the emotions of a returning Irish emigrant, as the first glimpse of his native shores burst on him with the rising of the sun out of the depths of night and ocean. It is a picture that many have looked upon, but none more faithfully limned than the dead poet:—

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

Th' anam 'san Diahl! but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
Oh Ireland is'nt it grand you look
Like a bride in her rich adornin'
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore
All other attractions scornin';
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Chona's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs, with welcome charged
A million of waves came trooping.

Oh, kindly generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wondering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love light first illumed it.

And does'nt old Cove look charming,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back against the hills
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah, may-be their chimings over,
For its many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *ashore machree*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
N'er met my vision, save when they rose,
Over Memory's dim horizon.
Even so t'was grand and fair they seemed

In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texan skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texan plains
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And around the coast line hover;
And the prayer would rise that, some future day,
All danger and doubtings, scornin',
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exiles' ended,
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LATE DEBATE.

THE following passages from the speeches of Sir Hector Langevin and the Hon. Mr. Laurier on Mr. McCarthy's Dual Language motion in the House of Commons, deserves a place in these columns and will repay the perusal of our readers. The extracts are taken from the official *Hansard*, and are fuller and more correct than the reports which appeared in the daily papers. In the course of his speech Sir Hector Langevin said:—

"The weapons he (Mr. McCarthy) uses can be used by two and not only by one; and if injustice is done anywhere that is generally followed by injustice elsewhere. I hope there will be no such injustice done. I would be the last man to retaliate, and if injustice should be done to my countrymen in the North West, I would prefer to suffer a thousand years than to retaliate by doing injustice to others. I want to be well understood. The minority in the Province of Quebec speak the English language, and this minority is divided into two sections, the Roman Catholic and the Protestants. The French are there in a large majority. Well, for nothing in the world would I consent, with any influence I might have on my French-Canadian countrymen, that they would do the smallest injustice to the other races in my Province. Hon. gentlemen may be assured that the people of the Province of Quebec, as a whole, the masses of the people, would never consent to anything of the kind. If there were any chance of that being done, I would, even during the Session of Parliament, leave my seat here and go down into the Province and call meetings and say: Do not commit an injustice, though injustice were committed towards you at the beginning of the colony; that has gone by; we are treated properly, our institutions are protected, our language is protected, and notwithstanding what the hon. gentleman wishes, it will be protected and will continue to be used; our religion is safe, we may pray and adore God as we please; but we wish our neighbors to have the same freedom to speak their own language, the English language; we wish to have their institutions protected as ours are; we wish them to have their own temples and to adore God as they please, and they must be protected in doing so. If occasional exceptions to this occur, they occur not only in our Province but in the other Provinces; but the sense of justice always takes the lead."

Further on Sir Hector said:

"The hon. gentleman speaks of uniting the country; he says he wants a united people all speaking the same language; and yet he is doing his best to divide this country as to races, to put the French and Catholics on one side and the Protestants on the other side. He will not succeed in that attempt, I know a great many Protestants who will not agree to that, and I know many Catholics who will not allow it. If we are to prosper in this country, and our institutions to succeed, we must be united, and we must not divide our people by races. The hon. gentleman thinks that by his Bill he is destroying us. He will see before many days are over that it has the contrary effect, that it is uniting us on both sides of