house, composed a panegyric, and the other poets composed verses. Each poet then chanted or recited the verse he had written, while musicians chanted an accompaniment to the panegyric. Then the man who was thus eulogized came forth and put a guerdon of silver or gold into the pot. If he neglected thus to do the nimble poets promptly satirized him, and then he was likely to give, for no Irishman can bear to be satarized. Rather he would give all he possessed. Imagine sending poets from Berkeley to thus deal with the Mayor of San Francisco. It has never been tried, but it might be. I know you can satirize, for all college boys can.

Well, the king of the north was about to get rid of these poets when it was decided to give them fixed lands and colleges for them were established. These resident colleges continued in operation until the break of the Gaelic polity, till Cromwell came in 1648. The bards were especially good at satire. There are many stories of the effectual satires they wrought, and the Irish dread of the satirical form of attack is almost proverbial. There was a belief prevalent that the bards could kill with their satires. The belief lasted nuntil about 1414. Sir Philip Sidney writes: "I would not have you hanged or rhymed to death, as in Ireland." You will recall that Shakespeare makes Roslind says: "I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time when I was an Irish rat."

A Winter Scene on the Gatineau.

Eastward, the azure mountains, curving, run,
   Shading from blue to gray until they merge
   Into the pale sky at their farthest verge,
Faint ghosts of mountains 'neath the rising sun.
Westward, a wood, all strewn with gold its dun,
   Its fairy trees arrayed in silver serge,
   Sparkling with gems — ah ! who would chant a dirge
For nature, here, tho' winter's crown be won :
A king, he wears his royal robe with grace,
   And scatters beauty with a bounteous hand ;
A sunny smile betimes is on his face,
   His genial skies, as now, are blue and bland ;
And hark ! far in the fairy woods I hear
A happy bird song carolled, sweet and clear.

CAMEO.