

Thus he runs on, until he has explained his reason for leaving Ireland to take up a story in Italy and having done so, he opens as follows his first picture of the land of vine.

"In that land where the heaven tinted pencil giveth shape to the splendor of dreams."

He tells of Paolo the young Campanero and of his love for Francesca and of their betrothal and marriage. In that portion of the poem the sentiments, expressed and the ideas displayed are simply magnificent.

Then we come to the making of the Bells for the Church of our Lady and the well painted scenes in the workshop and the blessing of the bells. Thus does he describe the entry into the Church with the new bells.

"Now they enter and now more divinely the saints' painted effigies smile,
Now the acolytes bearing lit tapers move solemnly down thro' the aisle;
Now the thrifer swings the rich censer and the white curling vapor up-floats,
And hangs round the deep pealing organ and blends with the tremulous notes."

The ceremony of the blessing is described and then the chime is suspended on high.

"Toll, toll! with rapid vibration, with a melody silvery and strong,
The bells from the sound-shaking belfry are singing their first maiden song,
Rapid, more rapid the clapper, resounds to the rounds of the bells
Far and more far o'er the valley the inter-twined melody swells, &c."

Thus on does he describe, until that fatal hour when—

"Fends fell like a plague upon Florence and rage from without and within;
Peace turned her mild eyes from the havoc and Mercy grew deaf in the din—
Fear strengthened the Doveswings of Happiness tremblingly borne on the gale,
And the Angel Security vanished as the War demon sweep o'er the vale."

The Bells are taken away from the tower and the old man's children are killed on the field and his wife Francesca dies of a broken heart. The pictures of these misfortunes drawn by the poet are very beautiful. At last he says:

"As the smith in the dark sullen smithy striketh quick on the anvil below,
Thus fate on the heart of the old man struck rapidly blow after blow."

In a rage of despair Paolo resolves to

fly from Florence and to seek thro' the world for his bells. The journey of the old man through Italy is splendidly described—

"He sees not the blue waves of Bair nor Ischia's summits of brown,
He sees but the tall Campanile that rise o'er each far gleaming town."

His heart set upon the finding of his bells, he seeks a vessel bound for Spain and there he finds that:

"A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he enters as one in a dream,
Fair winds and full purple sails brought him soon to the Shannon's soft stream,
'T was an evening that Florence might envy,
so light was the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scattery's Island or lit the green mountains of Clare."

The old man sees not the beautiful scenery described by the poet, he only watches the towers of the churches. At last Limerick spreads out beneath them and Saint Mary's square tower arises in the distance. The old man listens and finally a peal of melody rings from the tower. He hears in it the call of his bells that ask of their father to never again leave them—

"'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from his white lips has fled,
The father has gone to his children—the old Campanero is dead!"

Were it possible we would desire to place the whole of this poem before the public. The chant to labor in the first part the description of the happy and unhappy scenes that surround the life of the Bell Founder and the numberless magnificent passages that are contained in those four pages, would serve, even had McCarthy never written another poem to place him amongst the first of those who strove to woo the muses in the language of the Saxon. But if the language used by McCarthy is that of the Saxon the sentiments expressed are those of the Celt.

Another of McCarthy's exquisite poems is his "Alice and Una." Of this we can give but two stanzas—it is of great length and beauty and would carry us beyond our space. However in the following lines the reader may form an idea of masterly rhyme employed by the poet—

"Ah! the pleasant time has vanished, e'er
our wretched bodings banished,
All the graceful spirit people, children of the earth and sea,