

CHARLOTTE.

Have ye h'ard av Charlotte Brady,
 Limpin' wid a crutch
 That houlds up th' foinest lady
 Nature's lovely touch
 Iver trimmed wid tityvation,
 Rarely seen in all creation ?

Charlotte's only twinty-one :
 Frish an' young she looks ;
 S'arch th' poets boy the ton,
 Or th' story-books,
 An' her loikes ye'll *never* see ;
 H'idden she wis born t' be.

If th' wurld could watch wid me,
 Hivens ! what a stare
 Would be gapin' longingly
 At th' casement there !
 Laughter, sadness, blank surprise,
 Would be shown in its eyes.

In a crumblin' tinnymint
 Charlotte sthands shuprame,
 Brutes, wid brutish sintymint,
 She has l'arnt t' tame.
 Rogues that scoff th' leggyshlatur,
 Cringe before th' pritty cratur.

Timmy Mann, th' Pugilist—
Champion hivy-weight ;
Paddy Gann, th' Socialist,
Thraitor t' th' sthate,
In her crutch a scripture see,
Niver swung boy royalty.

Whin th' house is fast ashlope,
 Charlotte prays t' Mary ;
 Sthop yer heart an' take a pape—
 Swear ye see a fairy,
 Bindin' over bades untowid,
 As a moiser hugs his gowld.

" Mary, Mary, howly Mother,
 Listen to me prayer ;
 Hard it is bad dades t' smother
 Under Hiven's glare ;
 Kape th' avil thoughts away—
 Shure, they 're roisin' as Oi pray ! "

Charlotte as she limps t' bid,
 Charlotte when she wakes,
 Often wid a shlapay lid,
 Charlotte's fancy takes
 Such a long, trimindous float,
 That it flits from human soight.

Chase it wid a tillyscope
 P'inted t' th' skoies ;
 Pierce th' place whir airthly Hope
 Broight an' dazolin' loies ;
 Watch that gorgiss sproit alone,
 That is sated near th' throne.

Did ye iver in yer loife
 See a crown loike that ?
 Kin ye think av jewels roife
 Blazin' in a hat ?
 P'arly buds wid gowlden stim
 Blossom on *that* diadim !

* * * * *

Charlotte as she limps through loife,
 Prayin' all th' way—
 Charlotte picks th' jewels roife
 Out av fancy's thray ;
 Buds av parl wid golden stim
 Sews she on her diadim.

—MICHAEL CAR.

 QUEEN ISABELLA.

Queen Isabella ! Full four hundred years,
 With all their toil and tears,
 All their debris of human hopes and fears,
 Of schemes and strivings and achievements
 vast,
 Lieheaped and piled above thy buried past ;
 Yet doth thy glory last !
 And sound again, with more than clang
 of spears,
 In a world's listening ears !

For what are broken thrones
 And mouldering turret-stones
 And old escutcheons of proud dynasties ?
 What are their triumphs high,
 Flaunted against the sky,
 To show the fringe of gold or broidered
 frieze ?
 The braveries that adorn
 Mantle or robe outworn—
 What are they but the gleam of dead men's
 bones ?
 And what are these !

What are these specks that shone,
 Full-orbed and splendid, dazzling as the
 sun,
 Upblown to greatness, broken by the blast,
 And into fragments cast ?
 The things that could be shaken—these
 are they—