

in heart, in thought, in act. Dr. Wm. Maginn, John Fisher Murray, Dr. Parnell, and Rev. Charles Wolfe—who wrote “The Burial of Sir John Moore”—were all Irishmen.

The name of Edward Walsh must not be omitted; and above all, we must not forget to mention that born-poet of Mitchelstown, B. Simmons, whose exquisite ballads were household words all through the south of Ireland. His “Femcheon Woods,” “Holy Cross Abbey,” “Napoleon’s Last Look,” and a multitude of others, are well known in Ireland. Then we have “Father Prout,” or Rev. F. Mahoney, whose translations and poems are the offspring of a most cultivated and richly stored mind. Before drawing this list to a close we must not omit Mary Eva Kelly, whose verses were the admiration and wonder of the day when she wrote for the “Nation.” And perchance, of all the poets that ever sang in the English tongue, none knew better how to touch the feelings, to awaken the passions, to steal into the breast and knock at the heart, than Martin McDermott. His “Irish Exiles” and “The Coolun,” are not excelled in any of the Irish ballads.

Very imperfect is the enumeration of those children of song; but imperfect as it may be, it yet should suffice to give the public an idea of how false is the assertion that Ireland had only one poet.

Here is a land that was born in song, that suffered and chanted her own laments, until, as Moore says, even “her masters themselves, as they rivet her chains, pause at the song of their captive and weep.” In nearly every language of Europe some descendent of the Celtic nation chanted a hymn of praise or lament. It should be a duty, self-imposed, of every true Irishman to protect and encourage that national music, which was the soul of the people, and should be their consolation and enjoyment hereafter.

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When the passion of a nation’s martyrdom shall be over and her children have gathered together—purified in the fires of Freedom’s Pentecost—they will have preserved this glorious legacy and will go forth to preach in diverse tongues to the world the story of their misfortunes and triumphs. Through the aisles of time the hours are gliding—we hear the solemn tread as they move towards the great eternal day. As they proceed let us be up and doing. Too much time has been squandered in vain boast and bootless adventure. There is a grand maxim which we should all know and understand and act upon—it is the maxim of Thomas Davis and his companion of the “Nation”—“Educate that you may be free.”

What is required is a continued effort, not only to educate ourselves, but to likewise educate others. And one of the first things which should be placed before a people is the history of their own land. And Ireland’s history lives recorded in her songs. “Give me,” says Fletcher of Saltoun, “the making of a people’s ballads and I care not who makes the laws.” This may be a little over-drawn; yet most truly do you read the real character of a people in the productions of the national poets. And certainly, in all grand national movements we find the spirit of the nation more powerful in the songs than in the laws. Look at France—to the tune of that undying song, “The Marsellais,” hundreds marched to the contest, thousands to the scaffold.

When we commenced this article, it was merely with the intention of recalling to the public mind the names of some of Erin’s worthy bards; but we find that we have been straying into other paths and by-ways. When one gets astray in the woods it is better to stop than proceed; therefore, we will go no further for this time, but our next excursion will be over a new field, into a region as yet unvisited by many of the readers of THE HARP.

ALMS-GIVING.—We cannot make a better use of our earthly goods, says St Vincent of Paul, than employ them in works of charity; by this means we make them

return to God, who is their source, and who is also the last end to which every thing should be referred.