

William Doyle  
Carrick-on-Shannon  
Downpatrick

SONGS AND STORIES

WILLIAM OF DOYLE  
LEITRIM.

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BY BERNARD GRAY.

TO THE IRISH PEOPLE

At Home  And Abroad.

William Doyle

CARRICK-ON-SHANNON

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Carrick-on-Shannon  
Downpatrick



Bernard Gray, M.S.D.S.

## THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

At Finiskill, adjacent to Mohill, in County Leitrim, I first saw the light of a golden sun shining on a heavenly canopy. I love my parental home, "The Cottage by the Streams," in all its humble surroundings, as dearly as the Lord loves his magnificent Castle in all its rich grandeur, and brilliancy, and I prize my native Innisfail in all her tribulation and poverty, as highly as England's King estimates the greatness of his glorious Empire, on which the sun never sets. In presenting "Songs and Stories of Leitrim" to the public, I am influenced by that love, which is due to my native home and country. I am prompted by the undaunted bravery and patriotism of the Kings of Connaught, the O'Rourkes of Breffni, who suffered imprisonment and death sooner than recognise the right of Foreign Rule in Ireland, and I am encouraged by the self-sacrificing devotion of Ireland's noble Martyrs, who freely gave their precious lives to redeem a suffering land. Lovers of Song will find, I hope, some charming flowers which grew in my garden of Poetry during the past few years, excepting four beautiful gems appearing in "Gray's Correspondence with the Bards," which are signed by their respective authors—my esteemed correspondents. The Sketches of the Towns and County of Leitrim are brief, but I presume they will be interesting to the Irish People, and especially to Erin's exiled Children in other lands beyond the waves. The Irish Party, under the able leadership of Mr John E. Redmond, are working vigorously for National Freedom, and though much remains to be done, let us hope before this Child of Literature attains its second birthday that the silvery moon will shed its radiant beams on a free and independent Ireland.

I remain,

Your Humble Servant,

**BERNARD GRAY.**

Carrick-on-Shannon,  
June, 1909.

## THE COTTAGE BY THE STREAMS.

Dedicated to Miss GRAY, Finiskill N.S. ; Miss MAGGIE GRAY, Eslin N.S., Mohill ; and P. E. GRAY, Loughrea, County Galway.

There's a Cottage small I see in dreams,  
An humble little place,  
Around that spot in boyhood's days  
My footprints I can trace ;  
'Tis the home where parents' fond reside,  
I see it in my dreams,  
'Tis the dearest place on earth to me  
The Cottage by the Streams.

There, mother fond taught me to walk  
In childhood's early hours,  
She took me by the hand to view  
The brooks and shady bowers ;  
Where flowers fair do raise their heads  
To greet the bright sunbeams,  
And lambkins young do play around  
The Cottage by the Streams.

Companions dear, some boys and girls,  
With whom I used to play,  
Some now, alas ! are in cold graves,  
And some are far away ;  
I've left that place, but still each thought  
In deep affection teems  
Back to my dear parental home—  
The Cottage by the Streams.

The rover's path I now may say  
I've often trod upon,  
I mourn those days, bright joyful days  
That are forever gone ;  
The happiest time in all my years,  
Without a doubt it seems,  
Were hours I spent with friends beside  
The Cottage by the Streams.

This homestead dear I'll still revere  
Where my fond hopes abide,  
In Leitrim South, near Mohill town,  
'Some miles from Shannon's side ;  
Goodbye dear home of childhood's bliss,  
May heaven's kindly beams  
Illumine each scene that lies around  
The Cottage by the Streams

# BRIEF STORIES

- OF -

## COUNTY = LEITRIM.

Leitrim County takes its name from the Village of Leitrim, four miles from Carrick-on-Shannon. The Gaelic form of the name Liath-Drum, signifying gray ridge. There are forty-one places in Ireland of the same name.

The County consists of two parts, almost separated from each other by Lough Allen. The North-west part touches the sea, having a Coast of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles on Donegal Bay. The greatest length of the County from Donegal Bay to the Southern extremity near Drumlish, in Longford, is 51 miles; breadth of the North-west part from near Ballintogher, in Sligo, to Upper Lough Macnean, 17 miles. Breadth of the South-east part from Lough Boderg to Killygar, 18 miles; area, 613 square miles; population, 90372.

**SURFACE.**—The Northern portion of the County is mountainous or hilly, except a narrow belt extending from Donegal Bay to Lough Melvin, and the part East of Lough Allen is also mountainous. The Southern portion, viz.—The Baronies of Mohill, Leitrim, and Carrigallen are moderately level, but in many places the plains are interrupted by gentle rising hills and ridges.

The highest mountain in the County is Slieve Anierin, 1922 feet, situated  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Lough Allen, a little North-east is Ben Croy, 1707, Slievnakilla, 1793, is on the boundary with Cavan. In the North-west part of the county there is a succession of various heights ranging up to 1700 feet. Two miles from Manorhamilton is the conspicuous mountain of Benbo, 1365 feet. A pleasing feature of these mountains is that they are clothed with verdure up to their summits, affording pasturage for sheep and cattle, which greatly helped to sustain the Breffnian soldiers in the penal days.

**RIVERS.**—The Shannon coming from Cavan forms the boundary between Leitrim and Cavan for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and enters Lough Allen, from which it flows to a point below Rooskey, a distance of 35 miles; it also forms the boundary between Leitrim and Fermanagh, the stream flowing from Upper Lough Macnean to Lough Melvin. The River Drowse has a course of 4 miles from Lough Melvin to Donegal Bay, and for 3 miles forms the boundary between Leitrim and Donegal. This little River is mentioned in Gaelic records as having from ancient times separated Connaught from Ulster, and it still marks the boundary between the two

provinces. The Kilco River receives the Latone from the Leitrim side, and the Ballagh and Glenariff flow into Lough Melvin. The Bradogue forms for 2 miles the boundary between Leitrim and Donegal. The Duff rises in the North-west and flows into Donegal Bay; and the Differan runs into Glencar Lake. The Bonet rises in Glenade Lake, in the Barony of Rosclogher, and flows through Glenade, one of the most beautiful valleys in the district, passes by Drumahair and flows into Lough Gill. The Oranmore flows through Manorhamilton and falls into the Bonet. The Owenayle forms the boundary between Leitrim and Cavan. The Yello River rises in the glens of Bencroy and flows into Lough Allen. The Stoney River runs down Slieve Anierin and falls into the same Lake.

Lough Allen receives the united waters of the Rivers Owengar and Diffaber, and it also receives the Arigna, which passes through Roscommon, and forms for several miles the boundary between Leitrim and Sligo. The Aghacushlaun flows down Bencroy Mountain, and enters Lough Scur. The Gellow River flows by Ballinamore into Garadice Lough.

**LAKES.**—Leitrim, like Cavan and Fermanagh, is dotted over with lakes. Lough Allen, in the centre of the County, is  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and 3 broad. Lough Melvin and Upper Lough Macnean, Derrycassan Lake, and Glasshouse Lough, are all on the boundary with Cavan. Lough Boderg and Lough Boffin on the South-west boundary. Lough Gill, Glencar Lake and Cloonty Lake on the boundary with Sligo. Glenade Lake is an expansion of the River Bonnet; the small Lake of Munakill, near Manorhamilton, and Belhavel Lake, near Drumahair. In the Southern part of the County, Garadice Lough, near Ballinamore, a beautiful sheet of water  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, Lough Rynn, near Mohill, 3 miles long; Lough Scur, Carrickport Lough, and St. John's Lough lie from 4 to 6 miles east of Drumshanbo. Lough Allen is noted for the number of ecclesiastical ruins around its margin. Shaun na Caun's Castle (John Reynolds, an apostate Irishman) is adjacent to Lough Scur. Garadice Lough contains the Island of Inis Turk, where Miles the Slasher's sister was born. Near Garadice Lough, on the Cavan boundary, is the town of Ballymagovern; the plain beside it was the ancient Moyslecht, where the Pagan Irish worshipped their idol Com-Cruach. Here Tiernamas and three-fourths of the Irish were killed in some supernatural way while worshipping Com-Cruach, which was a colossal, brazen image, set on a lofty pedestal of stones, with twelve inferior gods beneath him. St. Patrick, standing on one of the adjacent hills, raised his hand and making a sign of the cross Com-Cruach fell down in a thousand pieces, and his sub-gods were also buried deep in the earth.

**DRUMKEERIN.**—The little town of Drumkeerin, in the Parish of Inis Magrath (population 300), is notable as being for a time the residence of the Rev Tom Maguire, P.P. A gentleman named Pope, not professing any religion, issued a challenge to any Catholic in England, Ireland, or Scotland to hold a discussion with him on religion. Mr Pope was considered the best learned man in Europe. Father Maguire accepted the challenge, and the discussion took place in Dublin, lasting for six days,

and resulted in the total defeat of Mr Pope. Shortly after the discussion a certain action was instituted against Father Maguire, with the view of injuring his character and prejudicing his future. Father Maguire was defended by Counsellors O'Connell and Shiel, and although false witnesses and forged letters were produced against him, he secured a complete vindication of character and defeated his would-be defamers. Soon after the trial a protestant clergyman, named Cregg, issued a challenge to Father Maguire, for another religious discussion, thinking he could win where Mr Pope failed, but the result was utter defeat. The only difference was that Mr Pope showed a great amount of learning and refinement, whereas Mr Cregg showed a great amount of ignorance and vulgarity. Soon after these incidents he removed to Ballinamore, where he met an untimely death under painful and tragic circumstances. Leitrim people still relate with pride some touching reminiscences of the illustrious Father Maguire, who will be known in history as the pride of Innisfail and bright Star of Innis Magrath.

Drumkeerin was also prominently identified with the great Election Contest in 1908 when the principal issues before the electorate were Sinn Fein and Parliamentarianism. Mr John Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Party, and some other M.P.'s attended a meeting in Drumkeerin to oppose the Sinn Fein Policy, which Mr Dolan, M.P. had launched in North Leitrim. Mr Redmond's speech was principally on the over-taxation of Ireland, and he simply referred to Mr Dolan in this way—"I have nothing to say to Mr Dolan, who is a very able young man, it is for his constituents to state whether he is justified in the attitude he has taken regarding the Party and its Policy." Miss Anna Parnell, Mr Griffith, and others addressed meetings on behalf of Mr Dolan, Miss Parnell repudiated the statement that the Parliamentary Party were advocating Parnell's Policy, and urged the electors to vote for Mr Dolan. Many royal battles took place between the rival parties, the advocates of Sinn Fein got their own share of rough handling but in all cases they declined to prosecute, giving as a reason that they recognised no English Constituted Court of Justice in Ireland. The electors, by a considerable majority, decided in favour of the Parliamentary Party and its Policy.

**THE ARIGNA MINES.**—The great Connaught coal district is beside Lough Allen, a considerable portion of which belongs to Leitrim, what is called the Arigna Iron district belongs partly to Leitrim and partly to Roscommon. Illustrating the wealth of the mines, Geologists have estimated that they contain between twenty and thirty million tons of coal, as well as Iron and other minerals. The output for 1907 was 15,000 tons, and the weekly wages bill nearly £100 sterling. The mines are 3 miles from Drumshanbo Railway Station, and Mr Long, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, gave a Free Grant of £24,000 to connect the Mines with Cavan and Leitrim, the consent of the County Council was necessary for the project, and the County Council very properly rejected the grant, because the Directors of the Railway on the Company's side failed to give a proper guarantee, to the effect that the extension of the Line would incur no further liability on the Ratepayers of the Guaranteeing Area.

## ❖ BRIEF HISTORY ❖

- OF -

## COUNTY - LEITRIM.

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**ANCIENT NAMES.**—Leitrim was formerly called Breffni O'Rourke, it was the Principality of the O'Rourkes, and from the same family Drumahair was called Bally O'Rourke. Breffni O'Rourke also included the North-west part of Cavan. The Barony of Rosclogher was formerly, and is still, known by the name of Dartry, and was possessed by the family of MacGlancy. The Southern part of the County belonged to MacRannalls or Reynolds, and was called Munster Eiois.

**HOW LEITRIM WAS PEOPLED.**—The earliest inhabitants of Leitrim were the Partholians, who, coming from Greece, landed on Inis Samer, an Island at the mouth of the River Erne, and settled in North Leitrim. The Firbolgs next arrived and settled in South Leitrim. The Tuatha-de-Dannans being a manufacturing people, and knowing the value of precious metals, which were abundant in Leitrim mountains, repaired thither. The Firbolgs, on the arrival of the De Dannans, fled into County Sligo and were pursued by their rivals, a battle took place and lasted for three days. The Firbolgs were defeated, their King was killed, and buried at Ballysodare. The Milesians next arrived and conquered the whole Island. Ireland was subsequently divided into two parts by the descendants of Heber and Ir, sons of Milesians, the South to the former, the North to the latter. From Ir descended Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the O'Rourke's of Breffni. For many centuries the O'Rourke's ruled over Leitrim and Cavan. Cavan was given to a branch of the family—the O'Reilly's—in the thirteenth century, and was called Breffni O'Reilly, or East Breffni. Leitrim was called Breffni O'Rourke, or West Breffni. The O'Rourkes, owing to their geographical position, were seldom assailed by the invaders, the Danes or Anglo-Normans; but their love for justice and freedom caused them take an active part in the various wars between the Gael and the Gall, it being a settled conviction among the Irish that wherever O'Rourke led his army, whether at Clontarf or Armagh, the Yellow Ford or Clontibret, Charlemount or the Curlew Hills, victory for the cause of Ireland was certain, no equal number of men were able to stay for a moment the headlong-sweep of their burnished battle-axes. The head of the O'Rourke family was Ruarc, son of Tighernan, the valiant champion, who gave a long unbroken succession of noble warriors down to Brian of the Mighty Blows—Brian-na-Murtah. Owen O'Rourke, the last ruling Prince of Leitrim, after the disastrous battle of Kinsale, in 1602, returned to his home in Leitrim, where, during the reigns of Elizabeth,

James the First, and Charles the First, O'Rourke presented a fighting attitude when the other parts of Ireland were subdued.

ST. COLUMCILLE—HIS PROPHECY.—VALLEY OF THE BLACK PIG.—St. Columcille was a prince of the royal race of Nial, and was born at Gartan, in County Donegal, on the 7th December, 521. His real name was Crievhan. From early youth he was endowed with the gift of prophesy. Having been instrumental in causing a war, which was fought for the possession of a book which he transcribed from the Four Gospels; and, being a high dignitary of the Church, his sorrow and remorse for so much bloodshed was very deep, he visited his confessor St. Molaise (sometimes called Lasserin, meaning the lesser light, St. Patrick being the greater light) in Inishmurray, County Donegal. St. Molaise imposed on him the penance of perpetual exile, never more to see Ireland. St. Columcille was returning to his home in Derry, after receiving his penance, and when travelling on the shore in Leitrim he wrote a prophesy of the invasions, wars, and conquest of Ireland—the land he loved so well. He said that Erin would bleed from every pore for centuries, and that no part of the Island would suffer as much as Leitrim, on account of her undying devotion to Faith and Freedom. He wrote:—"A monster shall arise in the North, and from Skreen in Sligo through the valleys of Breffni, on by Fenagh and South-west Cavan, till it touches Slane in Meath. The monster shall gloat over his victims, and no person shall escape along the track of the horse's shoe. Erin shall pine in twilight, but her lamp shall be replenished and shall never be extinguished." Ireland was subdued in Elizabeth's reign, but O'Rourke would not surrender, and vowed that he never would bend the knee to any earthly King or Queen. O'Neil and O'Donnell had fled from Ireland previously, the other Irish Chiefs submitting and taking titles. Queen Elizabeth abused her Generals for not bringing her the head of O'Rourke, who sheltered O'Sullivan Beare, and succoured and protected the survivors of the wrecked ships of the Spanish Armada, in Donegal Bay, and refused to give up possession of them. James I. came to the throne, but gallant O'Rourke was still defiant. James gave grants of all the land in Ulster to a number of greedy Scotch adventurers, so that O'Rourke found himself in a net of fortifications—Sir William Cole, at Enniskillen; Sir Fred Hamilton, at Manorhamilton; Sir Edward Villers, at Drumahaire; Vesey, at Crevalea; Birchell, at Ballantra, near Drumshanbo; Reynolds, in Lough Scur,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Drumshanbo; Clements, near Mohill; and Frazer and Coote, on the Western boundary of Sligo and Roscommon. Against these overwhelming forces O'Rourke and his brave soldiers gave blow for blow and were able to give invaluable help in the Civil War of 1642-1649, in the reigns of Charles I. and Cromwell, and not until the Williamite war of 1690-1691 were the brave soldiers of West Breffni completely subdued, the ablest men of the O'Rourkes having given their lives whenever there was a good day's work to be done for Ireland. Brian na Murth O'Rourke was captured in Elizabeth's reign, taken to London and executed, because he would not permit foreign garrisons enter his territory, and because he refused to salute the Queen. His successor, Brian Oge O'Rourke, was also captured and confined in the tower of London, because he refused to bend the knee or recognise Foreign Power. Then came the long night

of suffering for the men who never bent the knee to foreign rulers while they had a brave Chieftain to lead them. The prophesy was now being fulfilled: To the mountains, to the bogs, to the woods, and away from the track of the horse's shoe—priests and bishops seeking protection—were the hapless people of Leitrim to undergo the greatest persecution known in the history of any county.

THE PENAL DAYS.—In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the Irish Catholics suffered most severely by the destruction of their religious institutions, but no place suffered so much as the land of the O'Rourkes, not a single place of worship having escaped destruction from Donegal Bay to Johnston's Bridge. In the succeeding reigns of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and James II. the Irish showed indomitable pluck and undaunted bravery on many a hard contested battle-field, the Leitrim men coming in at the critical moment and turning probable defeat into certain victory. Ireland lost by her loyalty to British Sovereigns, but it was not until the surrender of Limerick, on 23rd September, 1691, that the long night of darkest woe and suffering fell upon Ireland. On the 9th August, 1690, the Siege of Limerick commenced, and on October 3rd, 1691, after fourteen months siege, during which time the Williamite army had been beaten off three times, the conditions of surrender were signed, comprising forty-two articles, giving to Catholics complete religious liberty and as perfect freedom as is enjoyed by any citizens, in any country, at the present day. These conditions were the price of their bravery, a price which they enforced. Three days after the "Articles" were signed the French Fleet sailed up the Shannon to help the Irish, but Ireland's faith was pledged and kept. The Irish soldiers marched out of Limerick with all the honours of war, drums beating and colours flying. 19,025 Irish soldiers sailed away with the French Fleet to fight under foreign flags. Scarcely had the Irish soldiers landed in France when the treaty was broken. The British soldiers, made up of diverse Nationalities, were let loose upon the country, plundering and burning, and worse than all, punishing and hanging priests, and endeavouring to destroy the undying and holy religion which St. Patrick brought to our Island from Pope Celestine in the year A.D. 432. The Irish now, completely at the mercy of their persecutors, were compelled to abandon their houses and lands on the fertile plains and seek safety in the mountains and bogs. The priests crept out of their hiding places by night to teach the Catechism, and bring the consolations of religion to the sick and dying. The year 1777, in the reign of George III, the shout of liberty came booming on the passing breeze across the Atlantic. The "Yankees" would have no more English Rule, they mean to be free. The French revolution was on, and the Guillotine was busy with its bloody work, and many thrones in Europe were trembling at their bases. The tyrant is an abject coward when squarely met. The tyrants paused in their work of cruel persecution. Then came a mandate from England, "No more persecution for conscience sake."

Down from the mountains, out from the caves, and from the woods and bogs—the catacombs of Ireland—came the starved and ragged priests and people.

The sounds of the hatchet and the hammer were heard on the plains renovating those ruined temples and holy shrines, which, in their prestine simplicity, had done their work so well for the primitive Catholics of Ireland, from which so many holy Saints issued forth to spread the Faith of Christ in foreign lands, and earned for Ireland the proud name of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*—"The Island of Saints and Scholars."

THE PAST AND PRESENT.—Standing on the summit of Slieve Anierin on a clear day, with a magnifying glass, the beholders can get a peep into eight counties of Ireland, namely, Leitrim, Donegal, Fermanagh, Cavan, Meath, Longford, Roscommon, and Sligo. An extensive view can be had of the "Valley of the Black Pig," so mentioned in St. Columcille's Prophecy, because the monster of bigotted cruelty was severest from Skreen to Slane. The "Mass Rocks" and the ruined temples are now replaced by beautiful Churches and Convents. How consoling to hear the Matin Bells calling for our morning devotions to God. In the evening, when the toiler is retiring from his daily avocations to seek a well-earned night's repose, we can hear the musical tones of seven bells mingling their notes in harmony across the blue waters of Lough Allen, and, as the last peals reverberate and re-echo in solemn cadence among the distant hills, the listener is inspired with a kind of pious awe, as if it were the spirits of our martyrs coming again to reside in the Valleys of Breffni, which may now be described as the shades of departed tyranny.

There's not a part of this Irish land  
Like Breffni's hills and vales,  
Where young and old, in every grade,  
Can tell historic tales  
Of Leitrim men in mead and glen,  
Who nobly fought and fell  
For dear long suffering Innistail,  
The land they loved so well.

Though in the past we've suffered much,  
Our hopes are very high ;  
Those days of woe have passed away,  
And Freedom's days are nigh.  
When we shall Erin's story write,  
In Fame's transparent mould,  
We can't forget the honoured names  
Of Breffni's soldiers bold.



### CLAY'S COLD BED—A LOVER'S LAMENT.

Now she rests her head on clay's cold bed,  
and sadly sleeps in the tomb,  
While the birds of spring again do sing,  
and the flowers again do bloom,  
And locks of hair, bright golden hair, still  
clustered about her head,  
In vale and dell, I mourn the belle, who  
sleeps in clay's cold bed.

Ah! I mind the time, the happy time,  
when I was a wild schoolboy,  
E're manhood's life, with its cares and strife,  
did my careless mind annoy  
At the local school, 'neath a lenient rule,  
in the same book we read,  
And love did beam, in life's young dream,  
undimmed by clay's cold bed.

But youth's bright train does not remain,  
it keeps travelling on the rails,  
The rails of life, with its woes and strife,  
its hardships and details ;  
One cold bleak day she passed away, but  
the last fond words she said  
Will ne'er depart from my lonely heart,  
though she sleeps in clay's cold bed.

By the foaming tide, at Shannon's side, I  
think I can hear a sigh,  
Borne on the gale by hill and vale,  
mingled with the words "Good-bye,"  
But hope brings cheer, young Annie dear,  
in this world a pure life led,  
The shamrocks green can now be seen o'er  
her breast on clay's cold bed

I am lonely here, now Annie dear, whilst  
travelling on to thee,  
My doleful mind, from grief unkind, will  
never again be free,  
For hope there's room in the darkest doom,  
and even in the sleep of the dead,  
Still in vale and dell, I mourn the belle,  
who sleeps in clay's cold bed.

That lonely grave with tears I'll leave,  
where my poor Annie lies,  
And I will pray each night and day, to the  
Ruler above the skies,  
That her pure soul, while I condole, will  
be blest in the land overhead,  
And I hope some bard will my name regard  
when I'm laid in clay's cold bed.

### ON LOUGH RYNN'S WOODED SHORE.

#### A SAD REMINDER.

Lough Rynn, which is situate midway between Mohill and Dromod, is very attractive and picturesque. The lake is studded round with beautiful evergreens and trees of various description and is a popular resort in Summer days for the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and district. Lough Rynn Castle, overlooking the lake, was the seat of the Earl of Leitrim and was built at considerable expense. The residents of Mohill will remember with regret that in recent years two of their respected young townsmen were drowned whilst bathing in the waters of the lake, and it is significant to mention that both men met their untimely end in the same particular place. A monumental board with an inscription now marks the unlucky spot in which those persons lost their precious lives.

'T was flowery June some years ago  
I met companions gay,  
By hill and vale and shady groves  
We carelessly did stray,  
To famed Lough Rynn we onward went  
Where birdies songlets pour,  
Where mansions stand so very grand  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore

We took a seat, we looked around,  
Each heart was light and gay,  
We viewed the lovely trees that bloomed  
Like flowerets in May ;  
We saw the boatmen on the wave,  
We heard the Waters roar,  
Each lovely scene was quite serene  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

Some pleasure seekers bold and brave  
So young lighted-hearted boys,  
Entered the lake to have a swim  
To share aquatic joys,  
We watched their movements in the deep  
Those fond companions four,  
And they could see the parties walk  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

A gentle breeze passed through the trees  
And murmured sweet as song,  
The band did play a stirring lay  
To cheer the passing throng  
Amidst those scenes one of the boys  
Sank ! Sank ! to rise no more,  
Which brought a gloom as from the tomb  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

A boatman fast went to the place,  
A diver searched the deep,  
All eyes were centred on the spot,  
We saw the ladies weep;  
At length his lifeless form was found,  
Each heart was sad and sore  
The hopeless cries nigh rent the skies  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

The flowers seemed to droop their heads  
The band then ceased to play,  
The brightness of the scenes soon changed  
To darkness and dismay;  
The little warblers of the grove  
We heard their songs no more  
From young and old the sad tears rolled  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

The boy who lost his precious life  
Was scarcely nineteen years,  
His father came upon the scene  
His eyes were dim with tears,  
I'll ne'er forget that saddening sight  
It pierced my very core,  
The father kissed his lifeless son  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

Though many years have now elapsed  
In dreams I often see  
The picture of that lifeless boy  
And tears! tears! falling free;  
We hope that he is happy now  
He'll view the lakes no more.  
For him I'll pray when'er I stray  
On Lough Rynn's wooded shore.

—:O:—

## A JOURNALIST IS DEAD.

Lovers of literature—and writers in general—will be extremely sorry to learn of the early demise of Mr Thomas J. Clarke, who was for a considerable number of years editor of the LEITRIM OBSERVER. Mr Clarke, by his gentlemanly, straightforward, and kindly disposition, won the admiration and regard of those who were fortunate enough to make his acquaintance, and although his eyes are for ever sealed to the books of this world, and his pen is for ever stilled by the agent of death, his name will long be cherished by the Irish people, for he always advocated their claims and demands in an eloquent and forcible manner; and his fame will long be green in the journalistic world, of which he was such a devoted and talented member. May heavenly joys

illuminate the soul of the patriot who can no longer further Irish principles and sentiments, but though his last letter is written in the interests of Irish Nationality, his soul will rejoice in the heavenly kingdom, when the banner of freedom floats proudly over the land so passionately loved by the brilliant journalist, whose early demise is so deeply regretted by all classes of the community.

Ye Irishmen, in vale and glen, who love your native land,  
Ye journalists of brilliant fame, ye scribes and writers grand,  
Come drape your books in mourning deep, for death's cold icy bed  
Has clasped a scholar to its breast—a journalist is dead.

'Twas flowery May, nature seemed gay, and birds sang in the bowers,  
And youthful maids, among the shades, could gather pretty flowers,  
Still a gloom was cast o'er Carrick town, and many tears were shed,  
On the sad and gloomy morn we heard that Mr Clarke was dead.

A young man in the prime of life, a scholar bright and grand,  
Who pleaded Erin's holy cause and loved his native land;  
'Tis sad to think in death he lies as still and cold as lead;  
His manly breast will throb no more—the journalist is dead.

To Killumod now I'll travel and I'll kneel beside his tomb,  
I'll breathe a prayer for his pure soul while summer roses bloom;  
Those locks of hair are mouldering now that clung about his head.  
Those eyes so bright have lost the light—the journalist is dead.

Good-bye, dear Clarke, in this land of tears,  
We'll still remember thee,  
May your soul find rest amongst the blest for all eternity;  
While angels sing in the heavenly home, in the kingdom overhead,  
Our books we'll keep in mourning deep—a journalist is dead.

## ON THE HILLS OF AFRICA.

## A VISION OF THE BOER WAR.

[The following lines which were written after the relief of Ladysmith and before the surrender of Cronje, the Boer General, may still be interesting to those whose memories can bring them back to the days when the English were engaged in a bloody war with President Kruger and the people of the South African Republic].

Ye soldier boys where'er you be come listen to my song,  
I crave your kind attention, now, I won't detain you long;  
Last night I had a lonesome dream while at repose I lay,  
I dreamt I was out at the war on the hills of Africa \*

Then I thought I stood at Ladysmith and viewed its ruined halls,  
Some houses were completely wrecked—destroyed by shells and balls.

I met a lonely mother there, she filled me with dismay,  
Lamenting for her sons who were on the hills of Africa.

"Oh, Madam, dear!" to her I said, "why do you weep full sore?—  
I know you've reason to lament the dear ones you adore;

But do not fret, you'll see them yet, before next month of May"...

"Ah, no!" she said, "my sons lie dead on the hills of Africa!"

I wandered then from Ladysmith to a place called Rowan's farm,  
There I beheld another sight which filled me with alarm—

Three thousand Boers were standing there commanded by Cronje,  
Their swords were shining brightly on the hills of Africa.

I thought the place looked bleak and bare,  
That grass had ceased to grow,  
I saw the cattle running wild down in the valleys low;  
The maidens' cheeks looked pale and wan that once were bright and gay,  
And everything looked desolate on the hills of Africa. †

The next I saw was a lonely grave where a warrior lay at rest,  
No monument stood at his head, no wreath lay on his breast;  
My eyes were filled with bitter tears as I went on my way,  
For soldiers' graves were scattered on the hills of Africa.

Then I thought I heard the trumpet's sound convenient to Glencoe,  
In dread and fear I looked around scarce knowing where to go;  
I thought I saw the British then coming in grand array,  
Prepared to meet brave Cronje on the hills of Africa.

Long Tom † was then in action put, by orders Roberts ‡ gave,  
But the gallant Boers were well prepared and fired from hill and cave;  
The fighting opened on both sides, the British fled away,  
And Cronje won the battle on the hills of Africa.

Then I awoke, the vision was o'er, and I was in a fright,  
I looked around but naught I saw except the shades of night;  
I then thought on my lonely dream and I began to pray  
For some brave men || who fought and fell on the hills of Africa.

\* Pronounced Aff-rye-kay.

† A quick firing gun of that name.

‡ Lord Roberts, the English General.

|| Some Irishmen fell in the South African war on each side of the fray.

## WRITTEN IN FOND MEMORY.

A garland for the grave of CHARLES BROWNE, Esq., Co.C., C.D.C., Vice-President of Mohill Branch U.I.L., and President Mohill Division (526) A.O.H., who died at his residence, Mohill, on July 15th, 1907. Aged, 49 years.—R.I.P.

Fair Leitrim now in mourning is, a patriot is no more,  
A leader of the people who was versed in Irish lore;  
In the fight for Erin's freedom sure he took a foremost part,  
Now he is gone, in mourning is many an Irish heart.

In manhood's prime he was called away, when Erin's hopes were high,  
But his soul will rejoice in the heavenly land, the home above the sky.  
When the land he loved is free again, when Erin's flag of green  
Waves proudly in the morning's gale, when Erie is a queen.

A champion of the poor he was, a trusted friend and true,  
He tried to help them here below, and told them what to do:  
His name it was a household word in country and town,  
And all regret that he is dead, the pure-souled "Charlie" Browne.

He took a part in the affairs of this down-trodden land,  
And often raised his manly voice in Council Chambers grand,  
Against oppression vile and rude, against Coercion laws,  
He did his best to further on old Ireland's holy cause.

Hibernians true may well lament, for they can see no more,  
One of the foremost in their ranks, a leader of their corps;  
Just like a soldier brave he was a few short days ago  
Working for home and native land, now he is lying low!

In Leitrim soil his relics lie, the spot he loved so dear,  
And wreathes of love lie o'er his breast, watered with many a tear;  
The angels, we trust, his soul have brought off to that happy bourne,  
Still Innisfail weeps for her son who ne'er more can return.

## WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS.

I am thinking dear friend, 'on the bright happy days.

The days that are gone long ago,  
When we strayed by Drumhanny and Finiskill braes,  
Ere sorrow or care we did know;  
Companions in dozens we had then, 'tis true,  
We oft had a share of their joys,  
Our friends they were many, our foes they were few,  
When you and I were boys.

Sure dear Mohill town was a lively place then,  
For pastime it never was bet,  
We knew all the ladies and manly young men,  
Their equals we never have met;  
How oft did we stray to that dear little place,  
Dressed up in our neat corduroys,  
With a shilling to spend and a smile on each face,  
When you and I were boys.

The young men of Mohill their limbs were alive  
When playing football in the field,  
The champions of Connaught their names will survive,  
To footballers they never did yield;  
As I view the long list now I fondly can look  
At the names of O'Kellys and Foys,  
They were some of the best, they were first in the book,  
When you and I were boys.

Now that fair one is dead and cold in the tomb,  
The willow trees grow by her side,  
She left this cold world in life's early bloom  
Ere I first thought of crossing the tide;  
She stated, dear Patrick, near fair Shannon View,  
That she would share my sorrows or joys;  
She was modest and fair, she was constant and true,  
When you and I were boys.

Loved friend now you're married, and settled in life,  
While I wander single along,  
While you have your children and dear little wife,  
Let me have a verse of a song;  
Though single I rove, though I have lonely times,  
Though trouble my mind oft annoys,  
I will sing of the times in my everyday rhyme  
When you and I were boys.

## SONGS AND STORIES OF LEITRIM.

And, Patrick! you're still near the clear River Moy,

With companions brave one or two,  
Grannua's cold-hearted foe you would gladly destroy,  
To Erin you're constant and true;  
As I muse o'er the past I remember each name,  
Those young lovers of music and toys,  
I can think of them all who loved every game  
When you and I were boys.

Farewell to the dance and farewell to the spree,  
Farewell to the market and fair,  
No concerts, dear friend, now for you or for me,  
We have plenty of trouble and care;  
Though our hardships are great, we can still have those rays,  
Which Destiny never destroys,  
In our dreams of the days, those bright happy days,  
When you and I were boys.

—:O:—

## BLIGHTED HOPES!

Air—"The Valley Lay Smiling before Me."

Through the meadows the cold wind was blowing,  
When a young man in bed dying lay,  
On the mountains far off snow was falling,  
And damp was the cold bed of clay;  
A young woman was weeping and wailing,  
As she sat by her dear lover's side,  
And that circle of gold she was wearing,  
Though she never, never could be his bride.

With fond parents each lived near the mountains,  
Through the valleys they often did roam,  
By the murmuring brooks and the fountains,  
So they thought they would build up a home;  
A farm and a mansion he acquired,  
The land it was fertile and green,  
So the young man sincerely desired  
The young lady to be his dear queen.

But, alas; all those fond hopes are blighted  
That circled round each loving heart,  
For the candles at his bedside are lighted,  
And his spirit is now going to depart;  
Just a few farewell words he is saying,  
They are mingled with many a sigh,  
While his friends for his pure soul are praying,  
He bids the world and loved ones good-bye.

In the lonely churchyard now he's sleeping,  
This soldier of Erin so brave,  
Mother Erin for her dear son is weeping,  
May the turf lightly lie o'er his grave;  
And a maiden wanders lone and sad-hearted  
To that grave decked with spring's early flowers,  
And prays for her friend whom she parted,  
While a home vacant stands near the bowers.

SUMMER, DEAR SUMMER,  
FAREWELL!

O, Summer, dear summer, farewell to thy grandeur,  
Farewell to thy charms so flowery and green,  
The lovely green bushes are now bare and leafless,

And the roses of summer no longer are seen.  
The dear little songsters that sang in the bowers,  
And carolled their wild songs so blissful and gay,  
Have now changed their notes, and sad songs are singing,  
Since summer, dear summer, has faded away.

When the days they were long, and the sun it was warm,  
And the sweet joys of summer were pleasing to all,  
We carelessly strayed by the fair, flowery meadows,  
And we never once thought that the green leaves would fall.

And so when we're youthful, content, and gay-hearted,  
We heedlessly wander through youth's flowery way,  
And often we gather wild roses and thorns,  
While summer, dear summer, is fading away.

Yes, summer, dear summer, brings lovely white roses,  
But thorns with roses do grow, bear in mind,  
Whilst travelling Life's garden among her gay bowers,  
If ye gather sweet flowers leave the thorns behind.

And then when old age, with its ills comes upon us,  
When our cheeks they are pale, and our locks they are grey,  
No thoughts will alarm us, no thorns will sting us,  
When summer, dear summer, has faded away.

O, summer, dear summer, farewell to thy grandeur,  
Thy bright beams and roses no longer could last  
Three months of this gloomy, cold wintry weather

I would give for one day of the summer that's past.  
And so is it ever, when our bright days are fading,  
To the past we oft turn to catch one blissful ray,  
And we'd give the whole world for a bunch of Youth's roses  
When summer, dear summer, has faded away.

## A LADY'S AGE.

"I'm eight and thirty years of age," I've heard  
a lady say,  
Her locks that once were tinged with gold were  
turning fast to grey;  
Her life-story were it written would illumine  
many a page,  
So I began to wonder why did she deny her  
age.  
Her cheeks that once were flowery red were  
getting wan and pale,  
But still she loved her own green isle, her dear  
old Innisfail;  
For the world and business she was bent, her  
nerves were all alive,  
But instead of thirty-eight I found her age was  
fifty-five.  
The home in which she lived would suit a lady  
of renown.  
Indeed it is a splendid place convenient to the  
town;  
The garden was fair and grand to view with  
roses rich and rare,  
And summer's beams in harvest time pay a  
farewell visit there.  
"Life is a troubled road," she said, and the  
tears came in her eyes,  
"But we're told a home awaits the just in a  
place above the skies;  
This life is short! The next is long! Yes, for-  
ever and forever,  
I grieve to think that my ties some day with  
this loved world shall sever."  
Whether we say we're young or old it matters  
little, I fear,  
For Death will come when our days are spent  
in this earthly vale so dear;  
Ah! Death may come in winter time when snow  
on the ground does lie.  
And Death may come when June's fair charms  
bow beneath a burning sky.  
Loved Madam, if you read those lines I hope  
you will me excuse,  
'Twas Poetry's Queen that prompted me I  
could not her refuse;  
An opinion I have formed now, though I am  
not a sage,  
'Twas love of Life that influenced you to  
minimize your age.

—:O:—

## A CANDIDATE'S ADDRESS.

(Candidates for Parliamentary honours—of  
various political opinions—are at the present  
time busily engaged in making flowery speeches  
and pointing out to the electors what they hope  
to perform when they get the ornamental letters

M.P. attached to their names. I hope that the  
following lines will be read in the same spirit  
of good humour in which they have been  
written.)

Now all political parties are on the election  
line;  
I love my native country, this lovely land of  
mine;  
I have been in Erin's service since my years  
were twelve and three,  
So don't forget me at this stage, make me a  
grand M.P.  
Now pay attention for a while, my statement  
will be true,  
I only wish to tell my friends what I propose  
to do;  
I must tell the dear electors all about my policy,  
For I would like to plead their cause and be a  
grand M.P.  
The foremost object to my heart is Erin's holy  
cause,  
Poor Granuale I will not fail to get for you  
home laws;  
I'll advocate those measures great, which help  
democracy,  
My duty I will ne'er forget when I'm a grand  
M.P.  
I'll build good houses for the poor, with gardens  
neat beside,  
The labourers I'll strive to help, I'll ever be  
their guide;  
And if companies want extensions, I'll give no  
guarantee,  
They must get planks to prop themselves when  
I am made M.P.  
Education I will further too in good and useful  
ways,  
The juveniles must all be taught religion's name  
to praise;  
A Nation's learning is her wealth, so a university  
For Erin's children I will build when I'm a  
grand M.P.  
The temperance movement I will help—ye  
know the whiskey bill  
Is a National disgrace and shame, how many  
does it kill?  
And if Liberals are kind to us I'll help Sir  
Henery,  
I'll work for home and native land when I'm a  
grand M.P.  
When I'm M.P. how grand I'll be, now do not  
laugh ye all,  
The man that never gets a rise can never get a  
fall;  
Think twice before you make a choice, then  
kindly vote for me,  
For I will serve your interests best when I'm a  
grand M.P.

## CARRICK-ON-SHANNON.

Carrick-on-Shannon, with a population of 1118, is the principal town in  
County Leitrim, and is beautifully situated on the Banks of the lordly  
Shannon. The valleys and hillsides are nicely ornamented with plantations  
of various descriptions, which give a valuable contribution to the attractive-  
ness of the place. The Midland Great Western Line of Railway  
from Sligo to Dublin runs adjacent to the town, and trains call every  
alternate few hours at Carrick Railway Station. There is also splendid  
facility for traffic by water, as the Shannon Steam Packet and other Com-  
panies run their vessels on the breast of the lordly river and visit the  
town bi-weekly. These advantages offer an inducement to the travellers  
and tourists to become acquainted with the place, and many distinguished  
visitors are to be seen in Leitrim's capital during the Summer and other  
months of the year. The Leitrim County Council and other public bodies  
hold their meetings in the Town-hall, and the Quarter Sessions and Assizes  
are held in the spacious Courthouse, so at these times Carrick may be  
described as an important little place. The Towns of Leitrim are  
mentioned in History. "The French Army crossed the river at Ballintra,  
near Drumshanbo, arrived at Ballinamuck on 8th September, 1798, and  
were closely followed by the troops of Colonel Crawford and General  
Lake, who were unable to break the bridge at Ballintra to impede the  
pursuit while Lord Cornwallis with a powerful army crossed the same river  
at Carrick-on-Shannon, marched by Mohill to Johnstown, Co. Longford,  
to intercept the enemy in front on his way to Granard. Colonel Crawford  
attached the rear guard and about 200 French infantry surrendered. The  
Irish insurgents who accompanied the French fled in all directions, being  
excluded from quarter with the loss of about 200 men."

SEATS OF LEARNING.—The Marist Convent Chapel and Schools are  
situated on an eminence in the east end of the town. The spacious  
grounds adjoining are artistically designated, and the walks are lined with  
evergreens of various hues which considerably add to its beauty and  
grandeur. Upwards of 300 pupils attend these Schools, and a consider-  
able number of boarders are also retained. The Marist Convent is a very  
pleasing retreat for the pious members of the Sisterhood who have dedicated  
their lives to the service of the Lord. St. Mary's Monastery School adjoins  
the Convent Grounds, and is conducted by the Presentation Brothers,  
who prepare many students for the Priesthood, the Civil Service, and  
other important positions in life. Cortuber N.S. is taught by Mr and Mrs  
Burke, and Mr Black, N.T., conducts another school in the centre of the  
town. Mr McManus and Mr M. McGowan, ex-N.Ts, retired on pension.

CATHOLIC CLERGY.—St Mary's Catholic Church, in the centre of the  
town, is a beautiful building of artistic design. The Clergy are Very Rev.  
Canon Gilligan, P.P., V.F.; Rev. P. Newman, Rev. P. J. Manly, Rev. M.  
Nangle, C.C., Gowel; Rev. B. Geraghty, P.P., Drumsna; Rev. A. McGaver,  
P.P., Kiltubride.

MAGISTRATES—Messrs J. Kilbride, R.M.; J. Moreton, P. J. Flynn,  
R. Harvey, J. J. Doyle, T. D. Pettit; R. Devenish, C.P.S.

SOLICITORS—Messrs M. McKeon, C. W. Alleyne, J. A. Pettit, and  
B. A. Fox, B.A.

MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.—Dr. K. Delany, Dr. P. F. Doorly.

POST-OFFICE OFFICIALS.—Miss Elliott, Miss Cavanagh, Mr T. H. Whitfield (Postmaster), Messrs J. J. Elliott, C. C. Church, J. Hurl, F. C. Holt, James Sheerin.

CARRICK UNION OFFICIALS.—Mr A. O'Connor, Clerk of Union ; Mr S. E. Holt, Asst.-Clerk ; Mr McGreevy, Master. Relieving-Officers—Messrs. E. Costello, T. McManus, J. Clyne, J. Cox.

COUNTY COUNCIL OFFICIALS—Mr C. Dolan, Clerk ; Mr O'Neill Clarke, C.E ; Mr C. W. Alleyne, Solicitor ; Mr D. S. Duignan.

JOURNALISTS—Messrs F. Mulvey, P. F. Moran, P. J. Candon, P. C. O'Carroll, J. O'Rourke.

GENERAL MERCHANTS—Messrs P. Barrett & Co., P. Flynn & Co., J. Costello, J. Connellan, T. Lowe, P. Devany, P. McKenna, J. McNabola, J. Murray, P. Feely, N. Campbell, L. Glancy, T. Glancy, Railway Bar ; F. C. Gill, J. Cox, Mrs. McCann, Mrs McDermott, P. Duignan, J. Mulhern, D. Lilly.

Architects—T. McDermott, C.B ; D. Cassidy, J. Dolan, Morahan Bros.

DRAPERS.—Messrs J. J. Flood, R. Harvey, M. Cooney, M. J. Carthy, M. McGrath.

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.—Messrs B. McDermott, W. J. McNutt.

The Village of Jamestown is three miles from Carrick-on-Shannon, and ancient history is still noticable in the features of the place. In the reign of King James it was a fortified town, and remnants of the great boundary wall and the arch-ways can still be seen, and are interesting links with the historic past. Drumsna is beautifully situated on the Banks of the lordly Shannon. Messrs J. Caslin, T. Duignan, and James Beirne (Law Clerk) are well-known residents, and Mr Shanly has had experience of public houses in two hemispheres, and has also done the "circumnavigation."

PROMINENT MEN.—Mr T. J. McDermott, V.C.Co.C., proprietor, Bush Hotel (which is described by noted travellers as one of the finest buildings of its kind in any country) is very popular, and, as a member of various public bodies, is recognised as a very good friend of the ratepayers. Sir Gilbert King, Bart., resides at Charlestown House, Drumsna, and is a considerable land owner in the Counties of Leitrim and Sligo. Mr Wm. Rowley, D.L., resides at Mount-Campbell, Drumsna. Mr P. Gaffney, Co.C., and Mr P. McNabola, Taish House, figure prominently in the political life of the county.

Drumsna National School—Mr P. Masterson and Miss Masterson.

Kiltogher National School—Mr J. Deignan and Miss M. White.

Lisduff National School—Mr P. McGuinness and Miss Moran,

Liscarbon National School—Mr T. Flynn.

Leitrim National School—Mr Meehan.

Cottuber National School—Mr J. Burke and Mrs Burke.

In the Village of Leitrim very good cattle fairs are held, and it possesses many other advantages in the business line.

Carrick-on-Shannon is plentifully watered by the lordly Shannon, and beautifully ornamented with rich woods and waving forests. The passing hour is counted by a magnificent town clock, which was erected in 1905 as a memorial to the memory of Mr Owen McCann, first Chairman of the Leitrim County Council, who worked many years under the National banner, and died before the land he loved had obliterated the impressions of sorrow and tyranny, created by many successive years of English mis-rule in Ireland.

## THE LOVELY BUSH HOTEL.

Through foreign climes I've wandered, and I've seen some princely domes,  
In Belfast and in Dublin fair there are some splendid homes ;  
But in countries grand or cities great no building can excel  
That mansion grand in Carrick town, the lovely Bush Hotel.

In the centre of the town it stands, beside the Chapel high,  
Where pious people pray to him, who rules the earth and sky ;  
And we daily hear in tones so clear the voice of the Chapel bell,  
Which sounds so sweet as music through the lovely Bush Hotel.

At the other side the Shannon flows, and boats move to and fro,  
And many are the flowers fine along its banks that grow ;  
And Leitrim men bright honours won, where pigeons often fell  
In that green field connected with the lovely Bush Hotel.

Some noble lords, some travellers grand, and pleasure-seekers gay,  
A visit to this lovely place do very often pay ;  
'Tis as fair a place as you can see, 'tis a beauteous spot to dwell,  
'Tis a credit to green Erin's Isle, the lovely Bush Hotel.

At the famous Bush fair Beauty's hand adorns every scene,  
Those trees that grow beside the halls, those lovely bushes green,  
Bring visions to the dreamer's mind, and help poor bards to tell  
The story of this charming dome, the lovely Bush Hotel.

I've seen that lovely Bush, from which this building takes its name,  
It grew so grand beside the door as the place grew up in fame ;  
One clear, bright day it was cut away, but then it never fell,  
For its name and fame will always live in the lovely Bush Hotel.

## COMRADE FLOWERS.

Last year I saw two flowers grand  
Beside my home they grew,  
I saw them in the early morn  
While gently fell the dew ;  
Their heads were raised above the ground  
As if they wished to see  
The beauty of the scenes around—  
The lambkins on the lea.

I wandered to the place again  
In noonday's brilliant glare,  
Their leaves were spread beneath the sun,  
And both were very fair ;  
They seemed to live in sacred bliss  
Like happy man and wife—  
Each seemed to have an interest in  
The other partner's life.

When winter came I viewed the place  
In which those flowers grew,  
But I found they had departed  
And faded from my view ;  
I thought that winter's icy blast  
Had proved very unkind,  
While memories of those flowerets  
Were fitting in my mind.

This summer June bright sunshine brought,  
I saw the place once more,  
Those flowers bloomed in life again,  
Each lovelier than before ;  
From winter's sleep they rose again  
To lead a life anew,  
It seemed they loved each other well,  
Like faithful lovers true.

So thought I of companions fond,  
A young man and his wife,  
In youthful years they knew, no care  
In summer days of life ;  
Old age came on, they sickly got,  
And sadly passed away,  
And now each fills a lonely grave  
Beneath the silent clay.

When slumbers in the grave are o'er,  
At Michael's trumpet sound,  
All mortals will appear again  
Here on this earthly ground ;  
So like the pretty flowers that rose  
More lovely than before,  
I hope we'll rise amongst the blest,  
In bliss for evermore.

## REGATTA DAY IN CARRICK

The Carrick-on-Shannon Annual Regatta was held on the first Monday in August under favourable weather conditions, and much credit is due to the promoters for the success which attended this popular aquatic carnival.

'Twas Regatta day in Carrick town,  
The third of August fine,  
The glorious sun o'er sea and land  
Resplendently did shine ;  
The boats were moving to and fro  
On Shannon's lordly breast,  
And the boatsmen quickly plied the oars  
Their energy to test.

Some sportsmen came from County Cork,  
And some from Liverpool,  
Some came from cities far away  
From each aquatic school ;  
When rivals met the Carrick boys  
On Shannon waters blue,  
The Carricks left them far behind  
And showed them what to do.

There were motors on the water,  
There were motors on the road,  
There were carriages in waiting  
At every man's abode ;  
The scenes adown the river  
Were a pleasing sight to view,  
As the strains of music echoed  
Over Shannon waters blue.

Sure the town was very pretty,  
We painted walls and doors,  
Our homes were very tidy  
With carpets on the floors ;  
We swept the pedestrian sideways,  
And little Nell and Bess  
Suggested we should dust the streets  
To save the ladies' dress.

Nearly all the folks were stylish  
And fashions new displayed,  
The beaux and belles were pretty  
In finest robes arrayed ;  
Fair ones were much in evidence,  
And so the story ran—  
I heard the people sayin' there  
Were six for every man.

The fireworks in the evening were  
A splendid sight to see,  
We sent a horseman in the air  
He rested at Dundee,  
And we sent a noted aeronaut,  
The Heavens to explore,  
He promised that he'd surely write  
When'er he'd reach the shore.

We had every class of people  
In Carrick on that day,  
We had men to pick your pockets  
And clowns to make you gay ;  
We had men to teach the dunces,  
We had men in every role—  
Men who could swim the Shannon  
And climb a greasy pole.

I can't forget the gallant tramps,  
Their pugilists that night,  
They "piled the duds" in battle style  
And fought with all their might ;  
They gave the police work to do,  
The police paid them well,  
And sent them for refreshments to  
His Majesty's hotel.

Now, everything in Carrick town  
Was pleasing on that day,  
From a pint of frothy "porther"  
To a cup of smiling "tay" ;  
But if these lines are erring,  
If these pictures are not fair,  
You need not blame the writer,  
For that "joker" wasn't there.

'Twas Regatta day in Carrick town  
Our thoughts were very high,  
We've got no letter from the man  
We sent up in the sky ;  
I'm hoping Freedom's flag will wave  
O'er mountain, lake, and plain  
When Regatta day next August comes  
In Carrick town again.

—:O:—

## ON THE BEER.

## A PEN PICTURE.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr JOHN ROURKE,  
hon. secretary St. Patrick's Total Abstinence  
Club, Carrick-on-Shannon.

I know a man some miles from town, he bears  
an honoured name,  
He leads an humble sort of life, he is unknown  
to Fame ;  
His motherland, his native home, to him is  
more than dear,  
He has one little weakness, 'tis a love for  
Gilbey's beer.

The other day, now I may say, was stormy,  
sharp, and cold,  
The snow on hills and valleys lay, and covered  
all the mould,  
So Gilbey's friend thought something hot his  
body and soul would cheer,  
But he was not wise enough to stop till he was  
on the beer.

Then for Erin's Isle he was the man who'd  
work to set her free,  
Home Rule he wanted badly and a University ;  
For Paddy's land he waved his hat, of none was  
he in fear,  
And he praised and blessed his saintly land  
when he was on the beer.

He gave a stagger here and there, then up  
against a wall,  
Once more he raised his lofty voice, and then he  
got a fall ;  
And though he crushed his precious bones, he  
never dropped a tear,  
He did not find the bruises then, when he was  
on the beer.

Next day he mused and pondered as he sadly  
lay in bed,  
When the spirit of the beer was gone, when  
Gilbey's beer was dead ;  
The housemaid sure she noticed that her friend  
was rather queer,  
And the victim said he'd take the pledge, and  
cursed the rotten beer.

Now, look my friends, at the picture of an  
honest, decent man,  
Defiled by drink, and say he's not a pity if  
you can ;  
Each noble feeling fades away, which to man-  
kind is so dear,  
And vice and crime take Virtue's place when  
some are on the beer.

Now, Mr Rourke, in Carrick town we've  
hundreds three or four,  
Young and old, in the temperance fold, true  
patriots to the core ;  
Some from the ranks perchance may fall in trial's  
hour drear,  
But all I'm sure will do their best to avoid the  
sickenening beer.

Whether we are rich or poor, whether we're  
great or small,  
We never should be haughty for we're liable  
to fall ;  
If more would join the temperance band, ten  
millions every year  
Would not be spent in Ireland on whiskey,  
rum, and beer.

## A SAD GOOD-BYE.

A garland for the grave of Mr Thomas Kelly, a prominent member of the staff of the "Leitrim Observer," who died at his residence, Shannon View, Carrick-on-Shannon, on the 30th January, 1909. Age, 31 years. R.I.P. Sympathetically inscribed to the members of the "Observer" staff, Carrick-on-Shannon.

Can the bard remain silent when sadly he thinks

That a soldier of Erin so brave  
Has bade a farewell to the land of his love,  
And sleeps in the cold silent grave.

Oh! no Irish minstrel could silent remain,  
Though feeble his lyre may be,  
When he thinks that a true son of Erin has gone  
To a long, long eternity.

For full 20 years, 'tis true, he had worked  
To help Mother Erin's just cause,  
As composer and writer he battled against  
Oppressive and tyrannic laws.

He left this cold vale in the morning of life—  
True son of a down-trodden Isle,  
His brave Celtic heart is now still and cold  
As he sleeps in Roscommon soil.

The bushes will bloom in the spring time anew,  
The flowers will grow on the plain,  
The warblers will sing, but he never can hear  
Their wild tender notes again

Fond brothers may mourn, a sister may weep,  
And tear drops a mother's cheeks lave,  
While shamrocks do grow, and the daisies do peep  
Alongside his green grassy grave.

Ye wild winds that blow near Killukin church-  
yard

Move calmly and noiselessly by  
For beneath the cold sod in sanctified clay  
A soldier of Erin does lie.

Goodbye, honoured friend, a fond, sad goodbye,  
Though lengthy or short be our years,  
We'll pray for thy soul, and remember thy name  
While here in this valley of tears.

—:O:—

ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE  
BAND.

(A song specially written for the members of St. Patrick's Temperance Club, Carrick-on-Shannon, with the writer's best wishes for the advancement of the movement and the welfare of its members).

The Captain leads the army and puts them in  
battle line,

To fight the foe they must prepare and be in  
one combine;

To fight for Ireland's freedom we have men at  
our command—  
In Carrick town you'll find them in St. Patrick's  
Temperance Band.

The history of this Temperance Club for you I  
will disclose,

When the bye-gone year of nineteen-five was  
drawing near its close

A pious priest by Shannon's side put his infla-  
tional hand

In temperance work, and started then, St.  
Patrick's Temperance Band.

The members still increase each week, we have  
three hundred near,

The sacred cause of temperance to us is very  
dear;

We know 'twill help us gain the claims of this  
down-trodden land—

You'll find intrepid young men in St. Patrick's  
Temperance Band.

In the social life of Carrick town a splendid  
change we see,

If we patronized the publichouse 'twould lead  
to misery;

Ah! drunkenness vile has many placed on  
ruination's strand,

But every man can mind himself in St. Patrick's  
Temperance Band.

Though Ireland has suffered much, we're hoping  
all the while

That Freedom's star will soon shine on our  
lovely little isle;

For Ireland's sake we will unite, and labour  
hand in hand—

We have some staunch Home Rulers in St.  
Patrick's Temperance Band.

In procession we will march the streets on next,  
St. Patrick's Day,

We'll sing the songs of Ireland, St. Patrick's  
Band will play;

St. Patrick's Band will play the tunes of green-  
robed Ireland—

We have some grand musicians in St. Patrick's  
Temperance Band.

Here's long life to every Irishman who loves his  
country dear,

And happiness to our exiled friends, some  
thousand miles from here;

We are working, ever working, for our dear  
and saintly land,

And we bless the happy day we joined St.  
Patrick's Temperance Band.

## THE POSTMAN.

Inscribed with kind wishes to Mr J. COSTELLO,  
Urban Postman, Carrick-on-Shannon.

Along the winding streets he comes with  
halting step but sure,  
Well known he is, endeared to all, he calls  
to rich and poor;  
We always wish to see him call since we  
to write began,  
We hasten on to welcome him, the faithful,  
true postman.

And varied is the news he brings, sometimes  
his notes cause pleasure,  
When a kindly friend remembers us, sends  
us a gift—a treasure;  
For distance oft true friends divide, and seas  
oft roll between  
Fond hearts that sighed to part here in this  
little Isle of Green.

To business-men he calls each day with  
messages and bills,  
With circulars for Gilbey John and some  
for Beecham's Pills.  
He brings books for Seigle's syrup that cures  
every known disease—  
A cure so cheap and powerful is very sure  
to please.

And lovers when they chance to write they  
don't know where to stop,  
If you read those dear epistles sure your  
sides you'd want to prop;  
With Cupid and his doings later on I hope  
to deal,  
I'll spin some mystic letters from the  
blighted lovers' reel.

Sad news, sometimes, the postman brings  
letters doleful to read,  
From some who are in sorrow and some who  
are in need;  
When fortune dims mortal's lone path, the  
folk of every nation  
Write to kind friends in hopes to find at  
least some consolation.

In winter time his knock is heard before the  
sky is bright,  
In wonderment from slumberland some rise  
in pure delight;  
An out-stretched arm is stretched to him as  
white as Juno's swan,  
To clasp the letter that he brings, the  
faithful, true postman.

Old friends, by times, we like to meet, on  
bygone days to ponder;  
Our exiles dear we long to see, who foreign  
climes do wander;

And notes from new-made friends do please,  
the post-mark first we scan,  
And their bearer always welcome is, the  
faithful, true postman.

With steady step he comes along, we look  
for him each day,  
May kindly fortune favour him and guide  
him on his way;  
And may he bear kind notes to me, to  
brighten Life's short span,  
While bear I kindly wishes for my faithful,  
true postman.

—:O:—

## A LINK WITH OTHER DAYS.

## AN EXCURSIONIST'S STORY.

A member of an excursion party which re-  
cently visited the metropolis vouches for the  
accuracy of the facts indicated by the following  
lines, and states that a novel is to be written on  
the subject which will likely be interesting,  
especially to Leitrim, Roscommon, and City of  
Dublin people, in which places the principal  
scenes will appear. The story which is intended  
to be written under the title "For love of Other  
Days" will show the unwisdom of extending a  
helping hand to acquaintances, even in a pre-  
dicament, on whose principles we are unable to  
place reliable confidence, and will prove the old  
proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The sky was clear, the air was calm, one  
beauteous morn in May,  
A train steamed off from Shannon's side to  
Dublin City gay;  
Each heart was light and hopes were high, the  
morning's golden rays  
Illumed the path of some we knew—the friends  
of other days.

A pleasant run, indeed, it was, a party six  
hundred strong,  
And through the trees the morning's breeze  
murmured as sweet as song;  
The band did play each stirring lay which lonely  
hearts would raise,  
And songs were sung by songsters young—the  
songs of other days.

The destined place was reached at length, the  
train stood at Broadstone,  
Two ladies then were seen to be both friendless  
and alone;  
"No friend have I," one did reply, "to guide  
me o'er those ways,"  
To a question asked by a brave young man—a  
friend of other days.

They travelled through the city wide, they saw  
the buildings grand—  
Pillars of Fame they saw that name some heroes  
of our land—  
And city life was mad they thought, they had  
no time to maze,  
With tramcars here, and motors there, an'  
balloons of present days.

In Phoenix Park they went to see those charm-  
ing gardens fair,  
The wild birds and the animals that are all  
stationed there;  
They saw some snakes and fishes strange in  
artificial bays,  
The monkeys tame and lions wild, the terror of  
present days.

The graves of Ireland's best they saw in  
Glasnevin Cemetery—  
Parnell's famous name in flowers and the noble  
martyrs three;  
They saw O'Connell's tomb that would a  
patriot's spirit raise,  
And they prayed for Ireland's noble dead—the  
lights of other days.

Some institutions too they saw, then each had  
friends to see,  
"In Park Street ere the train departs again we  
will meet thee."  
Said the ladies to the young man as he went  
along the quays,  
And parted for a little while those friends of  
other days.

The train came in, a change is made, and so the  
story ran,  
He finds his friend leaves him and talks to a  
"lovely" married man;  
In wonderment sure he sat alone, his mind was  
in a blaze,  
Ah me! he mused, I thought I met a friend of  
other days.

"While shamrocks grow on Irish soil, while  
streamlets onward flow,  
Ne'er cross my lonely path again while in this  
vale below,"  
Those were his parting words to her—"The  
heart that once betrays  
I ne'er could trust again, good-bye, dear friend  
of other days."

## MORAL—

Loved ones, while travelling in life's train of  
friends untrue beware,  
Fair smiles too oft are seen beneath wreathes of  
artistic hair,  
And don't offend a sincere friend who honestly  
essays  
To play a part where honour lies for love of  
other days.

## SHE WAS YOUNG IN YEARS.

(Lines written in fond memory of MISS MARY ANNE MULVEY, Cloonfad, Hillstreet, who departed this life 1st December, 1905. Aged, 26 years.—R. I. P.)

The first day of December, in our books will  
take a place,  
'Twas then that Death to Cloonfad came, His  
footprints we can trace,  
For a lady fair is absent there, which many  
leaves in tears,  
By the voice of Death she was called away,  
though she was young in years.

Miss Mulvey was of noble mind, she loved our  
own green isle,  
And hoped on Erin's children dear, kind heaven  
would ever smile;  
She believed that a nation's troubled voice is  
the saddest sound one hears,  
She longed to see green Erin free, though she  
was young in years.

A companion ever fond and true, a friend genial  
and gay,  
With Nature's light her eyes were bright, as  
sunbeams are in May;  
But when her illness chronic got, it caused much  
pain and fears,  
We knew 'twould cause Miss Mulvey's death,  
though she was young in years.

In Killummod graveyard now she lies, where  
many dear ones rest,  
Along her side the shamrocks grow; and wreaths  
lie o'er her breast;  
Her grave was made by careful hands, and  
watered well with tears—  
The young and old for Mary wept, for she was  
young in years.

Now, I will drop my feeble pen, Miss Mulvey  
dear, good-bye!  
We hope you are in heaven now, in joys above  
the sky;  
It pleased the Lord to call her, and He is the  
king of seers,  
For she always served Him faithfully, though  
she was young in years.

—:O:—

## CARDINAL LOGUE'S VISIT.

(His Eminence CARDINAL LOGUE, Primate  
of all Ireland, accompanied by the MOST  
REV. DR. HOARE, Bishop of Ardagh and  
Clonmacnois, visited Carrick-on-Shannon  
in October, 1905. His Eminence paid visits  
to the principal seats of learning in Leitrim's  
capital, and replied to addresses of welcome  
from various public bodies. The town was  
beautifully illuminated for the occasion.)

The town was decked with flowers fair, it was  
pleasing and grand to view,  
When His Eminence came to Carrick town to  
see Carrick people true;  
Triumphal arches crossed the roads, which bore  
inscriptions grand,  
There was signs of joy on every face and flowers  
in every hand.

And the people looked o'er Shannon's breast  
to see the yacht come in,  
Which brought to dear old Carrick town one of  
Ireland's brightest men;  
As the boat came up the river grand the people  
loudly cheered,  
For the Primate's name through Erin's Isle is  
honoured and revered.

When he put his foot on Leitrim soil his bless-  
ing he gave to all,  
To him addresses of welcome then were  
presented at the Hall;  
To those bright tokens of love he replied, and  
hoped that we would see  
Prosperity's sun shine on our Isle and the  
people from sorrow free.

When the flags were flying in the breeze there  
were many grand displays,  
And the sights and scenes of Carrick town were  
like those of other days;  
From the Convent grand to the Leitrim Road,  
and from that to Shannon View,  
Many lovely arches crossed the streets with  
flags of every hue.

When the shades of night in the country fell  
on valley, hill, and brae,  
In Carrick town this honoured night was  
brighter than the day,  
The mansions grand were well illumed, and so  
were the houses small,  
Every house in town was lighted up, and so  
was the public Hall.

The people walked through the brilliant streets  
in thousands two or three,  
Those electric lights of various hues were more  
than grand to see;  
But the brightest light in town that night was  
the genius of the Primate grand,  
Whose learning so great and talents sublime  
would illumine a benighted land.

While we travel through the fields of life, while  
we journey in Life's train,  
The kindly words he said to us in our memories  
will remain,  
And in happy dreams we'll think of the time  
when sorrow and woe were entombed,  
When the night was brighter than the day,  
when Carrick was illumed.

## SHEEMORE HILLS.

Lough Allen's Banks are beautiful, I've heard  
some people say,

And Longford's plains are lovely in the charming  
month of May;  
But the fairest place in this dear land, the  
sweetest spot I know,  
Is Sheemore high, near Carrick town, where  
flowers fine do grow.

Some travellers go to Kerry grand to see the  
beauties there,  
And tourists go to foreign lands in search of  
scenes less fair;  
But come and see those lofty hills before else-  
where you go,  
And view the land, so fair and grand, where  
flowers fine do grow.

On Sunday last from my dear home to Kesh I  
wandered down  
To take a glance at Laheen fair and Shebeg of  
high renown;  
I gazed awhile on beauteous scenes down in  
the valleys low,  
Beneath those lovely alpine hills, where flowers  
fine do grow.

Then a lady fair stepped up to me, and took me  
by the hand,  
Saying—"You're welcome Gray, from Mohill  
town, here on this lonely strand;  
'Tis near four years since you were here, fond  
memory tells me so,  
Now come with me, Sheemore to see, where  
flowers fine do grow."

She showed me all the ancient caves so pleasing  
to the view,  
She gave me some "forget-me-nots" that grow  
for lovers true,  
She showed me many crystal streams that from  
the rocks do flow,  
And run between those lovely hills where  
flowers fine do grow.

"I watch my father's sheep," she said, "in  
summer days so grand  
On yon green plains where daisies grow and on  
this lonely strand;  
I love those lovely hills and plains, my heart  
will break with woe,  
If e'er I'm forced to leave Sheemore, where  
flowers fine do grow."

Oh! Sheemore is a lovely place, 'tis called the  
"fairies' hill,  
Where currants sweet and berries red do grow  
beside each rill,  
Where Finacool the Giant lived in days long,  
long ago,  
And wandered through those lofty hills where  
flowers fine do grow.

I thanked this belle, we bade farewell, as Sol  
sank in the west,  
Of all the places I have seen 'tis the spot that I  
love best  
Those lovely hills, those crystal rills, I'll love  
where'er I go,  
May Heaven's hand protect the land where  
flowers fine do grow.

## MANORHAMILTON.

Manorhamilton is a prosperous town, with good monthly fairs and weekly markets, 23 miles from Enniskillen, 16 from Bundoran, and 14 from Sligo; and is beautifully situated in a verdant vale between the towering peaks of Ben Bow and Ben Skardawn mountains. Population, 871.

**THE VARIOUS CHURCHES.**—There are three Catholic Churches in the parish. St. Michael's Church, nestling in a green and shady grove, is a suitable place for meditation and prayer. The Protestant Church is convenient to the town, and the Methodist Church is a small, but beautiful, edifice, standing on Keany's terrace. The clergy are—Very Rev. J. Dolan, P.P., V.G., and Rev. C. Cooney. The Rev. Mr. J. Porteus is Protestant Rector, and the Rev. Mr. Coody, Methodist Minister. The Medical Profession is represented by Dr. B. A. O'Flynn and Dr. R. A. Rutherford, and Mr. P. O'Flynn is a legal practitioner.

**MAGISTRATES.**—Messrs. Wm. Keany, Thomas McGovern, J. O'Donnell, Dr. R. A. Rutherford, A. Algeo.

**NATIONAL SCHOOLS.**—The Convent School is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy; Male N.S., Mr. McDermott; Female N.S., Mrs. McDermott; Protestant N.S., Mr. Boyd.

**THE BUSINESS CIRCLE.**—Messrs. F. E. Meehan, P. J. Kenny, T. McGovern, J. N. Dolan, W. Ward, M. Higgins, John McGuinness, J. L. McMorrow, Temperance Hotel; J. Cooney, B. M. Rooney, T. Gaffney, R. Butler, J. McKenna, R. Fletcher, M. Higgins.

**PROMINENT MEN.**—C. J. Dolan, ex-M.P., son of the late John Dolan, Esq., J.P., was born 10th August, 1881, and was educated at St. Patrick's College, Cavan, Maynooth College, and Wynnie's, London. He won three gold medals at Intermediate examinations, and is a B.A. candidate of the Royal University of Ireland. He also passed a difficult examination for the Indian Civil Service. He was elected M.P. for North Leitrim at the General Election in 1906, and having spent a brief period in Parliament he considered that Parliamentarianism was not a sufficient force by which Ireland could regain her independence, he differed with the Party and its policy, resigned his seat in Parliament, and again stood for North Leitrim as a Sinn Fein candidate, and after a vigorous and bitter contest in February, 1908, Mr. Meehan, the nominee of the Parliamentary Party, was elected by a substantial majority.

Mr. John O'Donnell, J.P., Larkfield, is a considerable land owner in Leitrim and Roscommon, and is very influential. He defeated the M.P. for North Leitrim for the representation of Manorhamilton division on the County Council at the triennial elections in 1908.

Mr. F. E. Meehan, M.P., resides in Manorhamilton, and is a successful business man. We hope that he will also be a successful Parliamentarian.

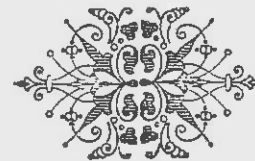
Mr. J. L. McMorrow, Poet and Artist, is a staunch Nationalist and a writer of much ability and refinement. During his sojourn in New York he contributed frequently to American and Irish newspapers on matters affecting the Irish people at home and our exiles in other countries. "Motherland

would miss him," a poem which appears in Gray's correspondence with the Bards, is brimful of fiery patriotism. On returning from the land of the Stars and Stripes he received a princely reception.

Mr. Thomas Fallon, C.Co.C., is a prominent Leitrim man. He resides at Dromahair, and is an extensive farmer and shopkeeper.

The late Mr. P. Gaffney, who was for a period of three years Chairman of the Leitrim County Council, was well-known in political circles and recognised as a prudent legislator. His death in manhood's prime was greatly regretted throughout the entire county.

**PLACES OF INTEREST.**—St. Mary's Holy Well, of Kilargue, is in a beautiful valley, six miles from Manorhamilton, in the Arigna direction. Great numbers of pilgrims visit the place and kneel on its green, rocky banks, all inspired with reverence for the holy shrine. Lurganboy is a pretty little village, and is frequently visited by travellers. The ruins of the late Lord Frederick Hamilton's castle are to be seen in mouldering decay, an interesting link with the historic past. Glencar lakes are visited by tourists and holiday makers every summer. The ruins of Breffni O'Rourke's castle are near the pretty village of Drumahaire, on the banks of Lough Gill, the famous "Valley lay smiling" stretching for miles from the ruined castle in the direction of Manorhamilton. Seven miles away in the Arigna direction is Belhaven lake, ruined castle, and former demesne, for the past twenty years a veritable wilderness and now almost devastated—neglect having demolished its flower beds, time its costly walls, and the woodman's hatchet having almost completely despoiled it of its rich mantle of woods, which the tyrannous landlord, Montgomery, planted for his own shelter and glorification on the broad acres, from which, on a moment's notice half a century ago, he drove the industrious peasants to huts on the bleak mountain-side, with nothing but a few acres of heather to till for a livelihood. To-day the direct descendants of these people are gradually being planted on the soil from which their forefathers were so mercilessly evicted. Mr. Montgomery paid £100 for the decoration of his ball-room, which he squeezed out of his unfortunate tenants. Landlords of this type were rather numerous in the past, but the day has come when the power of landlordism can no longer tyrannize the people or drive them from the soil which was created by God and blessed with many advantages for man's use and benefit.



## THAT FAITHFUL LETTER BOX.

(The residents of Gallows Hill and its surroundings welcome the transfer of a Post Office Letter Box, which is placed adjacent to Mr. LOWE'S business establishment at the entrance on the Jamestown Road, Carrick-on-Shannon.)

You're welcome, welcome to my home,  
My true and silent friend,  
You'll help my feeble efforts and  
Assistance to me lend;  
You've kept the secrets of my heart  
As firm as the rocks,  
You've been my friend for many years,  
My faithful Letter Box.

In thy dear bosom true I've placed  
Some letters every day,  
To friends at home and some beyond  
New York's artistic bay;  
With answers to those humble notes  
The postman often knocks,  
Which proves that you trustworthy are,  
My faithful Letter Box.

You've braved the storm of winter's cold,  
You've borne the summer's heat,  
Beside thy pure and spotless breast  
I'd like to find a seat;  
Friends call to see thee every day,  
Some wise and orthodox,  
Because we find you very kind,  
My faithful Letter Box.

Loved friends who view this Letter Box,  
Can very plainly see  
It silent stands with outreached hands  
In truth and honesty;  
I wish each maiden's heart that beats  
'Neath dark or golden locks  
Were half so faithful, half so true,  
As that dear Letter Box.

Elate of soul you make me feel,  
Once more I welcome thee,  
You'll kindly bear kind wishes to  
Those who remember me;  
I'll guard the place with loving pride  
While daily strike the clocks  
If I but get one pleasing note  
From that dear Letter Box.

## WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY.

The world is very fair to-day, the scenes of  
every land  
Are pleasing to the critic's eye, so charming,  
great and grand;  
One night in reverie o'er the past, no cares did  
me annoy,  
I mused on changes we have seen since Adam  
was a boy.

When Adam was a blithsome youth he had no  
comrades gay,  
No bicycle had he to ride, no rent had he to pay,  
He never wore a coat of blue, or pants of  
corduroy,  
No tailor grand was in the land when Adam  
was a boy.

I'm sure he never pondered o'er the poems that  
Milton wrote,  
He never crossed the ocean wide, he had no  
sailing boat,  
No jeweller was to be found to make a watch  
or toy,  
And artists framed no photographs when Adam  
was a boy.

Sure Adam had no books to read, he had no  
pen to write,  
He never saw a Latin school, or met a scholar  
bright,  
He had no fear that enemies loved Eden would  
destroy,  
This garden grand was very fair when Adam  
was a boy.

And lovely woman there he met, with her he  
did abide,  
She helped him eat the apples sweet that grew  
their home beside,  
They saw no huge torpedo boats nor guns at  
Fontenoy,  
No slain lay on the battle plain when Adam  
was a boy.

And now if Eve could get a glimpse at Dublin  
City fair,  
She'd wonder at the corsets and the grand  
exhibits there;  
Perchance the world's enlightenment her senses  
would annoy,  
She saw no grand electric light when Adam  
was a boy.

Now, we have mansions very grand and castles  
very high,  
The ships do cross the ocean and balloons o'er  
hills do fly,  
We've mild M.P.'s our cause to plead and lady  
guardiaus coy,  
And Kings we've seen in royal mien since Adam  
was a boy.

Each year brings many changes and trials oft  
we meet,  
There's a golden sky above us and thorns at  
our feet;  
The people of each nation know what blighted  
Eve's joy,  
And darkened mortals' lonely way since Adam  
was a boy.

## MISS RYAN'S DEPARTURE.

"Farewell to the scenes I love dearly,  
Farewell to the streamlets and vales,  
Farewell to the streamlets and vales,  
Farewell to the streamlets and vales,  
Amongst them some true-hearted Gaels;  
I'll miss the cool breezes in summer  
Emanating from Shannon's blue breast,  
I'll miss long-established endearments  
With those I deem truest and best."

So sang a young maiden, a songster,  
Melodiously, calmly, and sweet,  
When leaving a home and companions  
Where Shannon's bright waters do meet;  
Local talent will certainly miss her,  
The concert, the social, or dance,  
Has now lost a champion, whose object  
Was helping enjoyment's advance.

Will you kindly remember in day dreams  
The friends who admire thy ways?  
Still sing the dear songs of old Erin,  
Those charming and soul-stirring lays.  
You bear the best wishes of many,  
May fate thee her treasure bestow,  
When you're far from the scenes so endearin'  
In Erin, where Shamrocks do grow.

Return once more to those valleys,  
Those valleys so verdant and green,  
And review the bright vales by the Shannon  
Where many sweet hours you've been;  
Through life may you oft meet those flowers  
That grow on the hillsides of Fame,  
And while wandering here on life's pathway  
We'll often remember thy name.

—:O:—

## THIS WORLD.—A FADING DREAM.

This world is like a fading dream, so said a  
great Divine,  
All is not real or lasting on which the sun  
does shine,  
Those who have gone before us, and lived one  
hundred years,  
Have found like us this world is but a home of  
care and tears.

We are trying to gain positions, we are working  
for a home,  
To seek an honest living sure we often have to  
roam  
From the holy soil of Erin, from the home of  
scholars grand,  
Afar from Ireland's holy shrine, our sacred  
motherland.

But while working, ever working, in this valley  
here below  
We should not forget kind Heaven that on us  
did bestow

The nerve and strength to labour, the eyes to  
see the light,  
The intellect to guide us, to do what's just and  
right.

The path from here to Paradise is narrow we  
can hear,  
But if we try we will succeed our little boats to  
steer

To that happy land above us, the home we see  
in dreams,  
Afar from care and danger and the world's  
fading beams,

You may be rich and powerful and bear an  
honoured name,  
Your ambitions you may satisfy, and reach the  
hills of Fame;

But earthly glory fades away, so now my  
friend beware,  
Perchance the home you're building is a castle  
in the air.

There are many in the world like the nobleman  
to-day,  
Who built himself grand castles and happy was  
always,

Yet by this foolish folly he was sinking, sinking  
low  
Down in the fathomless abyss where righteous  
never go!

Ah! Life is so uncertain, sure we scarcely ever  
see  
When our journey here is finished, when we're  
near eternity;

So let us try and gain a place where glory ever  
beams  
Afar from this cold vale of woe, this land of  
fading dreams.

—:O:—

## A LOCAL SPORTSMAN.

(Mr. Mat Moran states that he has already  
won forty-eight valuable prizes at various  
competitions in athletic events).

Of a sportsman gay I sing to-day, I'll change  
my notes awhile,  
I've sang in songs the many wrongs of this  
down-trodden isle;

"He who wins gold can wear it" I have heard  
the people say,  
Then Moran's breast all jewelled is, just like a  
golden ray.

In Carrick town you'll find him, a footballer  
grand is he,  
He has won laurels at the game throughout the  
country;

For Connaught championship he holds a medal  
grand and bright,

When Roscommon played against Mayo he worked with all his might.

At Jones' Road in Dublin fair and at other places too

The people often have admired what this young man could do :

And at running competitions you could safely lose a crown

If you bet on the other side when Moran's name was down.

Play on, Mat Moran, play the games of Erin's lovely isle,

In Gaelic circles you are found a champion all the while ;

And Leitrim men where'er they be in sporting circles grand

Can always say that Moran is a credit to the land.

—:O:—  
DAVITT OF MAYO.

The walls are bound with ivy green round Straid's lone cemetery,  
Where Michael Davitt's relics lie beneath a churchyard tree ;

A brilliant statesman's eyes are closed, a nation is in woe,  
Green Erin's truest friend is dead, great Davitt of Mayo.

His parents were evicted when Davitt was but a boy—

Evicted from the home he loved, which the landlord did destroy ;  
He knelt beside the ruined walls, which the cruel had laid low,

And vowed he'd strive to free the land, Young Davitt of Mayo.

That youthful vow he ne'er forgot as to manhood's years he grew,

Though he worked and toiled 'neath an alien sky to Erin he was true ;

Because 'twas proved he loved his land in manhood's early glow

In a prison cell he was confined, Young Davitt of Mayo.

In that lonely cell for Ireland's sake he spent many hapless years,

This soldier brave was prison-bound, the land he loved was in tears,

But at length he was liberated from the prison vile and low,

And he raised again the Irish flag, great Davitt of Mayo.

The Land League then he started, it was his ambition grand

To help the tillers of the soil throughout our native land ;

He tried to help the farmers poor, he was slavery's greatest foe,

And freedom's grand apostle was great Davitt of Mayo.

To advocate poor Ireland's claims across the seas he went,

To foreign lands far, far away, and to England's Parliament ;

For justice and right he always stood, and he bravely tried to throw

Those galling chains from Ireland's breast, great Davitt of Mayo.

His name will shine on Fame's bright page, and long will honoured be

In Ireland, the home of his love, from the centre to the sea ;

In Erin's love he lived and died—Ah ! now he is lying low,

Poor Erin weeps for her darling son, great Davitt of Mayo.

The walls are bound with ivy green round Straid's lone cemetery,

Where an Irish statesman's relics lie beneath a churchyard tree ;

His grave we'll yearly deck with flowers while summers come and go,

And his name will remain on the cliffs of Fame, great Davitt of Mayo.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines written in fond memory of Miss ANNIE FLYNN, Kilmagross, who departed this life 8th October, 1906. Aged, 16 years.—R.I.P.)

Sympathetically inscribed to her father, Mr. N. FLYNN, N.T.

In Fenagh Churchyard grim and old,  
Where the walls are high and the clay is cold,  
A lady lies low in the sacred mould

To take her long last sleep.

Miss Annie Flynn was her cherished name,  
Let us write it down in the book of fame :

She was young in life, she was free from blame,  
Her mem'ry green we'll keep.

Age sixteen she was a scholar bright,  
The pride of home, her parents' delight,  
But Death, relentless Death, did blight

The hope of her future grand.

The trees will bloom in spring again,  
And the birds will sing o'er hill and lane,  
But Annie dear won't hear the strain,

She is far from this lonely land.

A home is sad that was bright and gay  
Since this dear young lass was called away ;  
While we mourn her loss, for her we'll pray

To Heaven's King on high.

We know there's a happy land and bright,  
Afar ! far away from our earthly sight,  
Where Annie lives in a dream of delight,

In the home beyond the sky.

SHE WAS GOOD AND TRUE.

Some years ago at that dear school that stands in Finiskil,  
When I was but a little boy I well remember still,

I knew a lass, a nice wee girl, with eyes of heavenly blue,

Her skin was white as fallen snow, an' she was good and true.

To read a book I thought 'twas hard, I scarce knew how to write,

But Annie dear in lore was versed, she was a scholar bright,

A helping hand she gave to me, she showed me what to do—

She steered my boat o'er puzzled waves, for she was good and true.

She did not like the selfish crews, the hated tyrant bands,

Who forced our people to leave their homes and go to foreign lands ;

Like many she was forced to roam, so she bade her friends adieu,

But still she loved her native land, for she was good an' true.

In a far off land beyond the sea fortune to her seemed kind,

But still she ne'er forgot the friends at home she left behind ;

She often thought of mornings bright when she brushed away the dew,

While walking through the Mohill plains, for she was good and true.

Some letters passed between us, but at length a silence came,

I wrote, but I got no reply, 'twas silence still the same ;

She was not dead, I gladly thought, so I crossed the waters blue,

In hopes to find this belle so kind, for she was good and true.

I landed on a foreign shore one morning bright in May,

The birds carolled from tree to tree, and nature seemed quite gay ;

I travelled through that alien land till I almost weary grew—

The world I'd roam for Annie's sake, for she was good and true.

At last I saw a convent great, beside a lofty mound,

An' in that place, that sacred home, my silent friend I found,

In virgin's robes she then was dressed, with Sisters not a few,

She loved her own religion pure, for she was good and true.

In her pure and holy state of life, I wish her joys divine,

May her years be free from earthly care, an' her days be calm and fine,

And when she's called to her reward, when the earth fades from her view,

Then among the blest her soul will rest, for she was good and true.

—:O:—  
"EILEEN OGE."

("Eileen Oge," a beautiful drama in four acts, which was recently staged at Carrick-on-Shannon with signal success under the able conductorship of the Rev. P. Newman, C.C., President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Club.)

Dark is the hour before the dawn,  
The hour before the day,

And so it was for Eileen Oge,  
Who figured in the play ;

She was an Irish colleen fair,  
And many sought her hand,

And well she was personated by  
Our local players grand.

A farmer bold was O'Donnell Pat,  
Who loved his Eileen dearly,

But a rival great his pathway crossed,  
The people saw it clearly ;

To drive O'Donnell from his place,  
Like a drift on a stormy tide,

This rival wished lest Eileen Oge  
Should be his fair young bride.

O'Donnell brave and his rival bold  
Had many and many a fray,

And before the court each did appear,  
As outlined in the play ;

And years of weary, sad suspense  
Confronted the lady fair,

Who wished to become O'Donnell's bride,  
His future joys to share.

The dawn of peace at length appeared,  
The dawn of bliss for Eileen,

When O'Donnell triumphed o'er his rival proud  
And made his love his queen ;

The pair the past can oft review,  
Its privations and misery,

And live in bliss when fortune gave  
A reward for constancy.

J. Rourke did nobly act the part  
Of O'Donnell in the play,

And Miss Ryan was fair "Eileen Oge,"  
The charming queen of May ;

The other players who took a part  
Are a clever and witty band,

They've placed a gem on the monument  
Of local talent grand.

WHERE WEeping WILLOWS  
GROW.

(A garland for the grave of Miss ELLIE MULHERN, Carrick-on-Shannon, who died February 28th, 1907, aged, 50 years, and whose remains were interred in Kiltoghert Cemetery Inscribed with sympathy to her nephew, Mr. William Mulhern, Carrick-on-Shannon.

Fair Carrick has lately lost a friend, a lady in  
Life's bloom  
Was called away, and sadly rests now in the  
silent tomb ;  
Relations sad she has left behind, left them in  
grief and woe,  
For their loved one's relics lie to-day where  
weeping willows grow.

A kindly heart now beats no more, and eyes so  
very bright  
Are sealed now by the hand of Death, no more  
to see the light ;  
A love for native home had she and a hate for  
Erin's foe,  
But in silence deep she slumbers now where  
weeping willows grow.

While here we walk on this lone road we should  
oft pause and think,  
We never know when the grave is near till we  
are on its brink ;  
Ah ! Life it is uncertain, friend, and sure we  
ought to know,  
That each of us may slumber yet where weeping  
willows grow.

Good-bye, loved one, now let us bid a last  
arewell to thee,  
No more we'll hear thy gentle voice, no more  
thy form we'll see ;  
For Ellen we will always pray till we are called  
to go,  
May angels ever guard her tomb where weeping  
willows grow.

AN AMUSING ADVERTISEMENT

(Mr. B. A. Fox, B.A., Solicitor, Carrick-on-Shannon, having at one time observed an hospital official, with some of his bones resting in a silken repository, jocosely remarked that the officer's appearance was a suitable advertisement for the Institution.)

While crossing o'er Life's thorny path we get  
many a stumble,  
O'er rugged ways and lofty mounds we're  
often forced to tumble,  
The roads on which we walk are paved with  
deceitful stepping stones,  
So if we step before we look perchance we'll  
break our bones.

I know some noted business men who many  
plans do try,  
To advertise the items that the public want to  
buy ;  
The landlord says " My fields are green, I'll  
sell below the zones,"  
And the latest tip for doctors is to show some  
broken bones.

In the fight for a nation's freedom some states-  
men great and grand  
May battle hard for liberty, for home and  
native land,  
When debating rival policies with the  
Balfourites or Sloans,  
They may use their tongues with freedom, but  
they do not break their bones.

And lovers in the spring of life in silent shades  
may meet,  
In summer time the grassy ground affords a  
pleasing seat ;  
They tell those fond, bewitching tales in soul-  
distracting tones,  
Those tales that often " break " the heart and  
seldom break the bones.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is now in  
operation,  
'Twill help the toilers of our land, the builders  
of our nation ;  
We can ask th' insurance company to calm our  
sobs and moans,  
And give them a grand advertisement when'er  
we break our bones.

## MOHILL.

Mohill derives its name from its position between a range of high hills, and is situated about two miles from Lough Rynn, which is a favourite resort for the people of the town and surrounding districts. The magnificent castle standing on the shore was the seat of the late Lord Leitrim, who owned vast estates through various parts of Ireland, and the tyranny to which he subjected the tenantry was only one of his characteristics. He met an untimely death in Co. Donegal while travelling on an eviction expedition. I have no desire to be his biographer, and will only say that the story of his career would fill the darkest and saddest page in Leitrim's chequered history. The following paragraph, which indicates the manner in which Lord Leitrim met his death, may be interesting—"William McGarahan, the great New York Pressman, was a brilliant Boyle man. John Devoy, writing in the *Gaelic-American*, says the real reason that nobody was hanged for the killing of Lord Leitrim was that the police were completely deceived by a story of the murder published in the *New York Herald*, and reprinted in Ireland, in which one of the men who did the killing was supposed to be interviewed after his arrival in New York. The story was written by the late William McGarahan, one of the best descriptive writers on the New York Press, who believed that the man he interviewed had really killed Lord Leitrim in revenge for the abduction of his sister by that modern bluebeard. The story fitted exactly the facts known to the police, and was so full of local colour that they believed that the man who had actually done the deed had escaped to America. James Redpath, the famous abolitionist, who, although an Englishman by birth, was a strong supporter of the Land League, was so influenced by the *New York Herald* article that he used it repeatedly in his speeches, and when told the truth said—"Never mind; its too good a story to spoil. I will keep on telling it." And so he did." Mohill Castle, at Water Street, was the seat of the late Sir Hugh Crofton, Baronet, and still belongs to that distinguished family. There are three Catholic Churches in the parish—St. Patrick's Parish Church, Mohill, and the Churches of Eslin and Gorvagh. Population, 533.

CLERGY—Very Rev. Canon P. Doherty, P.P., V.F.; Rev. B. Manning, Rev. E. Maguire.

MAGISTRATES.—Messrs. R. P. Wallace, Captain Crofton, Dr. H. Pentland, A. Burns, P. Masterson. Mr. E. Coleman, C.P.S., Mohill; Mr. Wallace, C.P.S., Dromod.

MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.—Dr. V. Delany, Dr. H. S. Pentland, Dr. Redahan

SOLICITORS—Messrs. T. W. Delany, H. Corscadden, J. Delany.

MOHILL UNION OFFICIALS.—E. Geelan, Clerk of Union; M. O'Rourke, Master of Union; Dr. Redahan, M.O.; H. O'Brien, R.O.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS. — Mohill Convent is taught by the Sisters of Mercy.

Mohill Male N.S.—Mr. W. Boyle and Mr. F. Flynn.

Eslin Male N.S.—Mr. John Flynn and Mr. M. McGloughlin.

Eslin Female N.S.—Mrs. Flynn and Miss Maggie Gray.

Adoon N.S.—Mrs. Kelly.

Finiskill N.S.—Mr. Frank McGuinness and Miss K. Gray.

Stragarne N.S.—Mr. F. Flynn.

Fenagh N.S.—Mr. John Murphy.

THE BUSINESS CIRCLE.—P. Maguire, Co.C.; P. Reynolds, J. Farrell, T. Ward, P. Kenny, W. Moore, M. Gray, J. O'Neill, J. Gray, P. Hunt, R. Ellis, Miss M. Ellis, J. Higgins, T. Duignan, C. Brady, D.C.; F. Creamer, J. Mallon, McGetrick & Co., P. Henry, J. Lenaghan, J. McKenna. Michael Bruen, Contractor and Builder, is very popular, and Mr. B. McKiernan is well-known in journalistic circles.

## PROMINENT MEN:

*The Late Canon Donohoe, P.P., V.F.—Brief Sketch of his Life.*

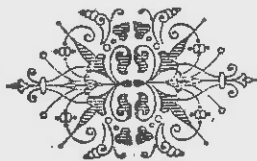
The Very Rev. Canon F. Donohoe, P.P., V.F., was born on the 2nd August, 1844, and was son of the late Andrew Donohoe, Esq., of Ballyboran, Athlone. He was educated at St. Mel's Diocesan College, Longford, and the Irish College, Paris, where he was ordained for the Irish priesthood in 1870. He was appointed in the same year to his first curacy in Mohill under the late Dean Evers, and after three years he was transferred to Ferbane, and subsequently to Cloonbrony and Street. In 1880 he was appointed Parish Priest of Mohill on the resignation of the Rev. Dean Evers. Father Donohoe at once saw that some structural alterations were necessary in the Churches and National Schools of the parish, and immediately building operations were started under his personal supervision. On St. Patrick's Day, 1885, the foundation stone was laid on St. Patrick's Parish Church by the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock in the presence of a large number of clergy and laity. This important work was not given by contract. Father Donohoe undertook full responsibility, various tradesmen were employed, the building went on rapidly, and on St. Patrick's Day, 1906, the Church was opened and dedicated to divine service. Canon Donohoe built a splendid National School in Mohill, and another of the same design at Finiskill; Eslin N.S. was also enlarged and improved, and so were the Churches of Eslin and Gorvagh. He took a deep interest in politics, and when the Irish Party differed over Parnell's leadership in 1892 he was arrested on a bench warrant for disobeying a summons to give evidence against the Parnellites who attempted to storm the anti-Parnellite platform at a meeting in Carrick-on-Shannon, at which he was a prominent speaker. Canon Donohoe was placed in Carrick Gaol in company with the present Reverend Bishop of Ardagh—then Canon Hoare. Next day when the case came before the Court the Crown declined to prosecute, and the distinguished prisoners were liberated. When Canon Donohoe arrived back in Mohill he received a very warm welcome, torchlight processions paraded the streets, with bands playing National airs,

and the town was beautifully illuminated for the occasion. In brief, Canon Donohoe was in favour of every movement which tended to better the condition of the people, but pressure of business brought him into delicate health, and he died on 17th July, 1905, at the age of 61 years. The local and provincial papers, notably the *Leitrim Advertiser*, paid touching tributes to the piety, wisdom, and patriotism of the departed priest. He was interred at St. Patrick's Parish Church, Mohill. The parishioners erected a monument over his grave, with a suitable inscription, and the fervent prayer of all who knew the pious and kindly priest is, may his soul brightly shine in the realms above, and may the turf lightly rest over his honoured remains.

Mr. Tom McGivney, Co.C., Director of the Cavan and Leitrim Railway, is a prominent Mohill man. He is brother of the Rev. J. McGivney, Author of "Place Names in Longford," and the Rev. Father McGivney, Drumlish.

Mr. T. F. Smyth, M.P., resides at Tooman, near Mohill; and Mr. P. Maguire, Co.C., is a Mohill resident.

Numerous changes in Mohill recently are indicated by the names of its residents in the business circle, and it will be seen that the angel of Death has deprived the town of many a tried and faithful friend; those who are gone may heavenly joys their souls illumine, and may their successors be given a longer day in this cold world of smiles and tears.



### THE MOHILL CUCKOO.

(According to a report in a local contemporary the Cuckoo was seen on some of the hills adjacent to Mohill in the beginning of March, 1906, and her loud, clear notes were listened to with delight by the townspeople).

'Twas the first days of March, and severe was the weather,  
The wintry winds murmured by hillside and moor,  
The valleys were snow-clad, the brooks were near frozen,  
And the cold, frosty air, it was hard to endure.  
Yet amid those bleak scenes that belong to the winter,  
A songster sang sweetly from a tall, slender yew,  
I listened to the wild notes so melodious and charming,  
And I welcomed the songster, the bonnie Cuckoo.

O, songster of Summer, come tell, I implore thee,  
What caused thee to leave thy sweet slumber so soon;  
Did you know that the weather was bitter and stormy?  
We have none of the sunshine that comes in sweet June.  
We love the sweet song that you sing in the summer,  
Though your notes at this time have surprised not a few,  
We still feel elated to hear you we are happy,  
You're welcome, sweet songster, my bonnie Cuckoo.

Sing on, dearest warbler, among those rich bowers,  
Though the trees are unable to cover thy feet,  
Thy robes are as grand as they were in fair Summer,  
And the sound of thy voice is melodious and sweet,  
About Mohill you'll find brave young men and fair women,  
For Ireland their pulses beat firm and true,  
They will comfort and cheer you in this dreary season;  
Sing on, dearest songster, my bonnie Cuckoo.

Ah! many who've heard thy sweet notes, my dear warbler,  
Their ears to thy voice and the world are sealed,  
No more will they hear thy sweet song in the Summer,  
No more will they walk on the daisy-decked field.  
In this stormy, cold weather come into my homestead,  
Make a home of my home, there's a friendship for you,  
You can dine at my table, and sleep in my chamber,  
You're welcome, sweet songster, my bonnie Cuckoo.

## MY OWN LOVED FINISKILL!

(These lines were written in England on one of the Yorkshire hills overlooking the enterprising town of Middlesbrough, and were originally published in a Dublin periodical).

I know a spot beyond the wave, not far from Shannon's side,

Where I have spent some happy hours, where still my thoughts abide;

'Tis only an humble country place beside a murmuring rill,

'Tis the home that I was born in, my own loved Finiskill.

Though unworthy of a bardie's scroll it charms has for me,

I'd like to view those crystal brooks that flow on to the sea,

I'd like to roam through those green vales, not far from Logan's mill,

'Tis the idol of my nightly dreams, my own loved Finiskill.

Fond memory now brings to me some thoughts of bygone hours,

When with schoolmates gay I used to stray along those shady bowers;

As the fleeting wind we were free from care, to roam we had a will,

While our dreams were all of Erin and our own loved Finiskill.

Like schoolboys we were wayward, then for learning we were not bent,

We often lingered by the shades when we to school were sent;

Though our teacher bright would always like our minds with lore to fill,

And the local school was standing in my own loved Finiskill.

Those schoolboys then so jovial are now all in manhood's train,

And I fancy that they often wish that they were boys again;

Some of them are in foreign climes, and some the soil do till—

The soil of this spot so dear to me, my own loved Finiskill.

I've seen some lordly castles, and I've viewed some mansions grand,

I've seen the domes where once did dwell the rulers of our land,

But I'd sooner live in that little cot beside the murmuring rill

Than dwell in a mansion far away from my own loved Finiskill.

On this earthly ball this little spot to me the fairest seems,  
Now home, dear home, you are indeed the idol of my dreams;  
Green Erin's isle I love thee, and return to thee I will,  
When the sun of Freedom shines upon my own loved Finiskill.

—:O:—

## WELCOME HOME.

(Inscribed with kind remembrance to PATRICK ELLIS and MATTHEW WHELAN, Mohill, who have recently returned from America.)

You've seen the land of Stars and Stripes beyond the deep blue seas,

Where freedom's banner proudly waves unfettered in the breeze;

From native home and native land you've been far, far away,

But you ne'er forgot the happy times when we were schoolboys gay.

How lightly did we value then those joyous hours so bright,

When life seemed like a happy dream, undimmed was our delight;

We thought the day would never come when we could sail away

From childhood's home and from the joys of happy schoolboys gay.

And when beyond the waves we are on many a foreign strand,

Our hearts turn back to Erin's Isle, our dear forsaken land,

We find that the exile's lonely path is a rough and rugged way,

And we'd like to be back again at home with quondam schoolmates gay.

Ah! swiftly did those years pass by, those bygone happy days,

When we wandered where the streamlets flow beneath the rugged braes;

If now you ponder o'er the past I think you will often say

That you have spent your sweetest hours with happy schoolboys gay.

You're welcome back to Innisfail from that land beyond the seas,

For one year of the golden past I would now give seven like these;

Ah! youth's bright hours and days are like a golden, brilliant ray,

So farewell to those dear friends we had when we were schoolboys gay.

## THE FALLIN' OF THE SNOW.

(As sung by a farmer who had received during a snow storm a notice of eviction.)

Farewell my native Irish home and friends so kind and true,

My lot is for a foreign soil beyond the ocean blue,

From consort true and children dear 'tis very hard to go,

But I've got eviction notice by the fallin' of the snow.

My landlord he is very rich, his home is very grand,

Yet rack-rent I must pay to him or leave my house an' land,

Each year to cope with his demand, two crops I'd want to grow,\*

But crops won't grow in winter by the fallin' of the snow.

'Tis not my choice to wander, 'tis the tyrant bids me roam,

To seek under an alien sky what he denies at home;

The little house my father built the cruel ne'er shall throw,

So I'll start to New York City by the fallin' of the snow.

I've sisters in that distant place, they've letters sent to me,

They told me not to leave my wife and little children three;

'Tis hard to leave a loving wife and children well I know,

But worse if they were homeless by the fallin' of the snow.

The laws are crude and very crude that force me go away,

To seek for gold beyond the main, rack-rent to strive to pay;

One ray of hope I have at least to cheer my path of woe,

'Tis the hope of coming freedom by the fallin' of the snow.

The gallant ship Majestic bold will bear me o'er the sea,

Farewell my own dear native land, my wife and children three,

My constant prayer both night and day will be where'er I go

My God redress poor Erin by the fallin' of the snow.

\* 'Tis means to sow and reap two farm crops in succession during each year.

—:O:—

## IN MEMORY OF NURSE ELLIS.

(Written in fond memory of Miss MARY ELLIS, Drumkilleen, Mohill, who died of fever con-

tracted in the course of her profession at Mohill Fever Hospital, 3rd March, 1905.—R.I.P.

Ye bardies of green Erin's Isle come mourn with me to-day,

For a lady fair in early life by death was called away;

Her cheeks were like the roses red in summer time that grow,

Her hair was of a golden hue, her neck was white as snow.

Her ways were ways of gentleness, her manners were refined,

With the poor she was in sympathy, she was of noble mind;

When very young she left her home and went to Dublin fair,

She joined the Steven's nursing staff, the sick to nurse and care.

Her mind was centred in the work, she very soon became

A nurse of great ability, and many knew her name;

She nursed some fever patients, and those she did restore

To perfect health and happiness, as they had been before.

Then Miss Ellis caught the fever, on a bed of pain she lay,

Thill God released her of her pain and she was called away;

In Mohill graveyard now she sleeps, where willow trees do grow,

'Tis sad to think a form so fair in death is lying low.

In mourning deep her mother is, also her sister dear,

They often think of Mary, but her voice no more they'll hear;

The violin is silent that Miss Ellis used to play,

The ladies are depressed in grief with whom she used to stray.

A home that once was bright and gay is now in gloom and woe,

For she who made it happy is lying cold and low;

But though you're faded from our view your name will ever be

Enshrined within our bosoms true, we'll still remember thee.

No more we'll linger near thy home at eventide of the day

To listen to those lovely tunes, the tunes you used to play;

A fond farewell, dear Mary, may joys thy soul illumine,

We hope you are among the just in bliss beyond the tomb.

## THE PRIDE OF ESLIN RIVER.

Eslin River is the name of a District adjacent to Mohill, County Leitrim.

A lady dwelt by the Eslin side,  
Where gently glides the waters,  
She was fit to be an Earl's bride,  
This one of Erin's daughters;  
Her cheeks were like the rubies red,  
Her eyes were bright as silver,  
And virtue of this fair one made  
The Pride of Eslin River.

So I sat musing one winter's night  
Beside a cosy fire,  
A swain was there with talents bright,  
That well would wake the lyre;  
He told me of this maiden fair,  
Of her talents rare and clever,  
Of ladies bright, none could compare  
With the Pride of Eslin River.

When summer winds were sighing low  
This maiden young lay dying,  
In the Churchyard now where the willows grow  
This guileless lass is lying:  
Through foreign lands I'll rove, he said,  
Now she is gone forever,  
My Mary dear lies cold and dead,  
The Pride of Eslin River.

Wander not, dear friend, said I,  
For that is a foolish notion,  
Nor should you weep, nor should you sigh,  
And do not cross the ocean;  
Your Mary dear to Heaven was called,  
She was too good to leave 'er,  
In the Heavenly book she is enrolled,  
The Pride of Eslin River.

"Now I'll forsake the Eslin Banks,"  
He said, in tones quite doleful,  
"And I'll forsake the old school house  
Where I went when I was youthful;  
No more I'll stray by the Eslin side  
When the waters shine like silver,  
I'm lonely now since this fair one died,  
The Pride of Eslin River."

Do not forsake the Eslin Banks,  
Or the school where Flynns is teaching,  
For you must go to the house of God  
To hear the good Priest preaching;  
And breathe a prayer for your Mary Anne,  
As she is gone forever,  
In this earthly vale her course is ran,  
The Pride of Eslin River.

At length to him I bade good-bye;  
On his cheeks the tears were rolling,  
And slowly, slowly, he did reply,  
For he was still condoling.  
Condoling for this friend so dear,  
On earth he'll see her never,  
He hopes to meet, when he's called from here,  
The Pride of Eslin River.

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## A PICTURE FROM LIFE

On Life's wild wave, I rowed my boat in bygone  
youthful days,  
I ran the outlaw's rough career and walked in  
hapless ways;  
As I strayed by hills and valleys fair I plucked  
some pleasing flowers,  
They grew in bunches wild far off from Virtue's  
sacred bowers;  
As time rolled on I found at length those flowers  
—nause were they,  
For their fragrance that around me spread so  
quickly fled away;  
Ah! thus it often is, I thought what we call joy,  
is sorrow,  
Mid pleasing flowers we pluck to-day, the  
thorns that sting to-morrow.

While now in reverie o'er the past, in sadness I  
can see  
That Youth's bright days will ne'er return which  
were so dear to me;  
Though sorrow circles round my heart, I find  
some hopeful rays  
In the Faith that heaven will pardon me the  
error of my ways;  
This picture small from Life is drawn, think on  
it, my dear child,  
And live in virtue's pure abode, don't pull  
Youth's roses wild;  
If I the past could live again, on Wisdom's vales  
I'd roam,  
And steer my boat o'er streams that lead to  
Heaven's golden home.

## IRELAND'S HOPES!

I am roving by the Shannon,  
'Tis a noble river grand,  
And I'm thinking of old Erin  
And of her faithful band;  
'Tis a land of tribulations  
Which makes sad history,  
'Tis a nation longing, longing,  
Ever longing to be free.

Her sons are bold and valiant  
And ready for the fray,  
They are brave enough and gallant  
To keep the foe at bay;  
Though scattered o'er the world  
In many a country  
They are hoping still and working,  
Ever working to be free.

They may want conciliation  
This foreign Government,  
We're a freedom-loving nation,  
For liberty we're bent;  
We'll raise our noble banner  
And let them plainly see  
We are Irish still and hoping,  
Ever hoping to be free.

The evils that oppress us  
Will shortly disappear,  
And foes that still oppress us  
We'll banish without fear;  
We're united now, we'll tatter  
The cords of slavery,  
We are soldiers still and longing,  
Ever longing to be free.

Our leaders are now united  
And in one great combine,  
They are working for old Erin,  
Working in the fighting line;  
When we have men to help us  
Like Redmond and brave Healy  
We can still be hoping, hoping,  
Ever hoping to be free.

## MUSIC O'ER THE WAVE.

(Lines written to welcome Messrs. Henry Frain,  
Passaic, New Jersey; James Rice, New York,  
and other trans-Atlantic bards who write for  
the *Strokestown Democrat*, and dedicated to  
Mr. John Mulhern, Coolmeen, Elphin).

From beyond the broad Atlantic, from  
Columbia's distant land  
Comes music strains so pleasing, sweet and  
clear,  
'Tis the voice of Erin's exiled bards, that  
patriotic band,  
Who always work for Erin, of foes they have  
no fear.

For many years by Shannon's side I've read  
those charming lays,  
A form to my youthful mind they've given;  
They've helped me on that rugged path, and  
over thorny ways,  
And to imitate those bards I've often striven.

My humble worth when at its best you scarcely  
could discern.  
Still I rally round the banner grand and great,  
That is raised in fair Roscommon by poetic  
John Mulhern,  
To welcome Erin's writers now in a foreign  
State.

So I kindly greet those bards, James Rice  
and Henry Frain,  
And other trans-Atlantic writers too,  
Though far away from native place, beyond the  
stormy main,  
To Irish Nationality and Faith they're always  
true.

May those noble heroes prosper, and their pens  
may never fail,  
They are some of Erin's truest, best and brave,  
And 'tis welcome, ever welcome, here in old  
Granuaile,  
The music sweet that crosses o'er the wave.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MOHILL.

Green Erin's Isle is suffering still, her children  
are oppressed  
By alien laws and tyrants vile who do our soil  
infest,  
But though we're still in slavery, we have one  
hopeful ray,  
As indicated by the crowds in Mohill St.  
Patrick's Day.

From Carrick, by the Shannon, and likewise  
from Ballinamore,  
From Longford and from Drumshambo, beside  
Lough Allen's shore,  
From every town in Breffni's land they wended  
forth their way  
To advocate Green Erin's cause in Mohill St.  
Patrick's Day.

Hibernians true were in parade, a pleasing  
sight to see,  
By inscriptions grand the streets were spanned—  
we're longing to be free.  
The old and feeble thronged the streets, also  
the young and gay,  
Beneath the Nation's banner grand in Mohill  
St. Patrick's Day.

From Parliament some speakers came, South  
Leitrim's grand M.P.

Described the rough and rugged road that  
leads to victory,

The crowds harmoniously moved along while  
many bands did play,

All sections were united well in Mohill St.  
Patrick's Day.

The Eslin boys were in the town, they were a  
splendid sight,

With band and banner they moved along,  
Green Erin's cause to right,

Round Mohill town true men are found—some  
nobly work away

From native home in other lands on many a  
Patrick's Day.

We're winning though by inches, we're getting  
back the land

From which our friends were driven to many a  
far off stand,

For motherland let us unite, and then I hope  
we may

Wave Freedom's banner in the breeze in Mohill  
next Patrick's Day.

## HISTORIC DRUMSHAMBO.

(Dedicated as a tribute to the genius of Mr. WILLIAM DOYLE, Drumshambo.)

Drumshambo is situated on the shore of Lough Allen, a few miles from  
the Arigna coal fields, and is the foremost town in Leitrim for industry.  
Population, 533

CLERGY.—Rev. J. Manning, P.P.; Rev. Father Glancy, C.C.

MERCHANTS.—Messrs. D. Noone, J. Downs, P. J. Coghlan, J. Healy, J.  
Conway, P. Donnelly, P. Cooney, Railway Hotel; Mrs. Flanagan,  
Commercial Hotel.

DRAPERS.—C. Laird, J. Doherty, B. Deignan, R. J. Linn, F. Dowler.

MEN OF LEARNING.—Messrs. G. W. Crawford, J.P.; J. Hyland, Luke  
Doyle, Tim Foran, N.T.; G. A. Milligan, N.T.; Tim McGuinness, N.T.;  
J. O'Rourke, N.T.

PLACES OF NOTE.—Mount St. Joseph, the residence of the Rev. Father  
Glancy, is historic ground; here General Humbert, with his Frenchmen,  
encamped in 1798 on their march to Ballinamuck. At Furness Hill an iron  
foundry flourished until 1721. Mr. W. Doyle, Bard of Drumshambo, resides  
in a neat little cottage on Lough Allen's shore, and Backrock House is the  
residence of Dr. A. McGauran.

Standing on the hill of Ballintra we can obtain an extensive view of  
Lough Allen, with its wooded islands. Slieve Aherian, Bencroy, and  
Slievnakilla mountains are convenient to the town, where the brave descen-  
dants of Breffni's ancient heroes are bravely struggling for the land of their  
fathers. Near the shore at Curry, north of Lough Allen, was Forde's Castle,  
Lord of Munster-Kenny, which was surprised at sunrise on a Friday morning,  
1642, by Sir Frederick Hamilton, of Manorhamilton, and the brave garrison  
massacred after an honourable surrender. The verdant vales near Drum-  
keeran were set apart by O'Rourke for the 83 survivors of Donal O'Sullivan's  
little army on their arrival in Leitrim, January, 1603. Four miles from Lough  
Allen, near Kilronan, is Lasser holy well, and in the old graveyard beside it  
O'Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, was laid to rest in 1741. Hugh Roe  
O'Donnell and O'Rourke, of Breffni, with their united forces, performed  
their devotions at Lasser holy well on 18th August, 1599, and in five days  
afterwards fought the battle of the Curlews. In this battle Hugh O'Connor  
Don and McDermott Roe joined forces with General Clifford. McDermott  
Roe, Clifford, and 50 officers, with 15,000 men, lay dead upon the field.  
O'Connor Don performed a remarkable act of horsemanship; he never looked  
behind till he was fifty miles from the field of battle, and for this great  
achievement he received the order of Knighthood from the "Virgin Queen."

It is pleasing to note that historic Drumshambo, although one of the  
smallest towns in Leitrim, is foremost in business and industrial pursuits.  
Seated on the banks of Lough Allen, it is a very suitable place for factories  
and mills. The inhabitants are the worthy descendants of the O'Rourkes  
of Breffni, and are freedom-loving people, so we trust that the patriotic  
residents of Drumshambo will obtain in the near future the full realization of  
their national hopes and sentiments.

"MY FRIEND, I WILL BE TRUE."

—○—

Now visions arise before my eyes of the happy bygone days  
When Life's bright beams did on us shine and brightened all our ways,  
And that friend of the past I can ne'er forget, with eyes of heavenly blue,  
Who said, ere she crossed o'er the trackless deep, "My Friend, I will be True."

Many years have passed away, then many tides have come and gone,  
Yet the star of hope does till illumine the fields that I travel on,  
And those farewell words which were spoken then, while fell the summer's dew,  
Still sound like music in my ears, "My friend, I will be True."

In the coming years new friends, dear lass, may fondly talk to thee,  
And praise thy form grand, perchance often and lovingly;  
But can you forget in those happy hours the old friends for the new?  
And can you ignore those words you said, "My Friend, I will be True"?

When time has changed your features fair, when youth's best friends grow cold,  
When the roses on your cheeks are pale, when you are getting old,  
If then I am wandering on Life's path, sincerely I tell you,  
You may depend you will have one friend at least who will be true.

"My Friend, I will be True," these words I have cherished these many years,  
They have helped to brighten my lonely way and banish my career's fears;  
And if ever we meet near that dear old home, or beyond the waters blue,  
I hope we can then repeat those words, "My Friend, I will be True."

A LAND FAR AWAY.

(Lines written in fond memory of a friend who  
died in Nebraska).

My thoughts wander back to bright days that  
are past,  
Days spent with school-mates which were too  
sweet to last,  
The master who taught us he was cheerful and  
gay,  
He told us of Nebraska, a place far away:

The was one in the class, he was manly and  
brave,  
And he longed to be able to cross o'er the  
wave,  
Bright dreams crossed his mind, he was think-  
ing alway  
On the fanciful joys of that land far away.

He consulted his parents, they were then getting  
old,  
He pleaded his views and some bright tales he  
told;  
He bade them "good-bye" one bright morn  
in May,  
And he left for Nebraska, a land far away.

The trip it was long o'er the land and the sea,  
But safely he finished his lengthy journey;  
In Nebraska like Erin all folks are not gay,  
He saw sorrows and joys in that place far away.

Kind fortune beamed on him for six years or  
more,  
He sent gold home to Erin and left some in  
store;  
The dreams that he had in schoolboy's brilliant  
ray,  
Were all near fulfilled in that land far away.

In the gold fields he laboured down in the mines  
low,  
The lot of the miner is uncertain ye know;  
In the mine he got injured one bleak winter's  
day,  
And he died in Nebraska, a place far away.

His parents at home got a message at last,  
The reading of which made the sad tears fall  
fast;  
When they read the sad note it filled them  
with dismay,  
For their son filled a grave in a land far away.

By his death mother Erin lost a true son and  
brave,  
'Twas to eke out a living thar he crossed o'er  
the wave;  
His name we will cherish, and we fervently pray,  
That his soul is in heaven, a land far away.

—○—

THE DYING YEAR.

Year nineteen-six can now look back, back at  
its months and days,  
Back at its romances and crimes, back at its  
prayers and plays;  
This year will soon be with the past, the end is  
very near,  
And merry songs and joyous bells proclaim the  
bright new year.

Loved travellers here in this lone vale now look  
back at those hours;  
Say have you spent them nobly, well, in virtues  
sacred bowers;  
Or have you spent them foolishly this time so  
very dear,  
Those precious hours of the old, the weak, the  
dying year.

The little streams do slowly flow on till they  
join the sea;  
So mankind travels on the road that leads to  
eternity.  
Act well your part while in this land, and then  
you need not fear,  
When your strength is ebbing fast away just like  
the dying year.

Now shed a tear for this old year is dying fast  
away,  
And think like it, my friends, we'll die on some  
uncertain day;  
Year nineteen-six to some brought joy, to others  
brought many a tear;  
Still all do join to mourn the loss of the old, the  
dying year.

So let us mindful ever be, for vile temptation  
may  
Come like a burglar now and then to lead us all  
astray;  
In Virtue's footprints try and walk, then when  
we're called from here  
We're sure to have what I wish to all a Happy  
and Bright New Year.

Some of the lines you praise of late,  
Were on a maiden young and bright;  
Good friends may wonder what's her fate;  
She's here beside me as I write.  
I only wish that other maid—  
Her land—of whom I sing betimes,  
Was half as happy, and had bade  
Adieu, like her, to foreign climes.

You asked me write a verse or two  
For motherland, so crushed with care;  
Ah! what a service small to do  
A sainted land, so wronged and fair.  
But if each son, by act or song,  
Would do his share, as true men should,  
Ere long the flag of ruin and wrong  
Would vanish, with its stains of blood.

You're right, I'm true to this green isle,  
Her hills and valleys I adore;  
That's why I wrote those songs the while  
I planned to wander home once more,  
And I will say that for one year—  
Though I, at times, in need might be  
In this fair land, 'mong memories dear,  
I'd barter ten beyond the sea.

To kindly friends I ne'er grow cold;  
Columbia was my best—'tis hard,  
Than Erin, to the end, she'll hold  
A far less place in my regard.  
New York, 'tis true, is large and great;  
It holds some kindly hearts indeed;  
But many a robber rolls in state  
While lowly thousands toil and need!

But a Pressman great their reign will end  
Some day—in millions' hearts he's first;  
The toilers' mighty, generous friend,  
And Ireland's—William Randolph Hearst.  
Yes, castles there are high and wide,  
And towers taper tall and grand;  
But does the sight condone the tide  
That drains the life-blood from our land?

Ah, many an exile fails to find  
Reward for which he'd gladly strain;  
While many, too, find fate more kind,  
And friends and Ireland share the gain.  
So I loathe the robbers, not the land,  
It shelters myriads put to flight  
Since England's tyrant rulers banned  
The work at home that is their right.

But let no lads or lasses fair  
Set sail, if they at home can stay;  
For few are here, too many there,  
And rugged is the exile's way,  
Stay in dear Ireland, if you can;  
If forced by heart, dear Gray, then go;  
Return soon, and—no! such a man  
Will ne'er forget his hand, I know.

J. L. MCMORROW.

## THE DAY WE MET POET GRAY.

(Dedicated to that brilliant bard and brave  
enthusiastic, Mr. John Neary, Ardleckna,  
Elphin).

'Twas a hazy day and cloudlets dear  
O'ershadowed hill and dale,  
And from the west with chilling breadth,  
Keen blew the sweeping gale.  
Though gale and mist conniving hiss'd  
We gladsome felt and gay,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

And soon at "Shannon View" we stood,  
Beholding there with pride  
The towers tall of Church and hall,  
Reflecting in the tide;  
And gorgeous boats of varying hues,  
Lay anchored in the Quay,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

Strange groups of faces saw we there,  
For old-time friends had flown,  
And we hurried on thro' crowded streets,  
To none save Nature known;  
And the rush and roar of the busy mart  
Had cheered us on our way,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

And lo, where buildings lofty rise,  
Above each stream and rill,  
We met B. Gray, the princely bard,  
At the base of "Gallows Hill."\*  
How joyance smiled, how glory reigned,  
Let abler pen pourtray,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

And oh, through life, that welcome kind,  
We'll hold in memory green,  
He greeted us like brothers dear,  
For years we had not seen:  
With hearts elate, we moved debate,  
In many a grand essay,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

Dinner served of finest fare,  
And wine the feast to crown,  
He showed us many charming scenes  
That skirt the ancient town.  
The light-house fair, new villas rare,  
Looked up in grand array,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

We talked of Freedom's battle long,  
And fights on pass and plain,  
We talked on Ireland's sons of song  
At home and o'er the main.

Farewell, farewell, those smiling hours,  
So glad we whiled away,  
The day we went on pleasure bent,  
To meet the Poet Gray.

JOHN MULHERN.

\* "Gallows Hill," so called from the fact  
that many gallant Leitrim men were hanged on  
this elevated suburb of Carrick in defence of  
their country's liberty in 1798.

—:O:—

## B. GRAY'S SONGS.

We hail thy voice o'er Shannon's stream  
To cheer old Coman's land;  
How sweet the poetic dreams you dream  
For Erin dear, your land.  
Your songs they flow in dulcet strains,  
And we can truly say  
That lov'd and priz'd o'er Coman's plains  
Are the songs of Bernard Gray.

They flow as tranquil as the Boyne,  
There's sweetness in your lays,  
Aye, music sweet in every line,  
Like Gray of olden days.  
Your songs they flow in dulcet strains,  
And we can truly say  
That lov'd and priz'd o'er Coman's plains  
Are the songs of Bernard Gray.

Since first, dear friend, you began to dream,  
You've sung in verses grand,  
Sing on, sing on, dear bard of Fame,  
And cheer our suff'ring land.  
Your songs they flow in dulcet strains,  
And proud we are to say  
That lov'd and priz'd o'er Coman's plains  
Are the songs of Bernard Gray.

There's sweetness in your melody  
To cheer the hapless Gael;  
Full soon you'll sing the liberty  
Of blighted Innisfaul.  
We love to read thy dulcet strains,  
And proud we are to say  
That lov'd and priz'd o'er Coman's plains  
Are the songs of Bernard Gray.

How well you love each bank and break  
Round Carrick sweet and grand;  
Ah, me, I ever long to shake  
Your great poetic hand—  
The hand that wrote sweet dulcet strains  
And proud I am to say  
That loved and prized o'er Coman's plains  
Are the songs of Bernard Gray.

Long may you live in Carrick fair  
And laurels ever gain  
Sing o'er the Shannon flowing there  
On to the roaring main,  
And never from the hamlet rove  
But once again I'll say  
While life remains in me I'll love  
The songs of Bernard Gray.

MICHAEL J. NEARY.

—:O:—

## THAT HAPPY HOUR.

(Lines written in grateful return to the beautiful  
poems and kind allusions addressed to the  
writer by Messrs. JOHN MULHERN and  
PATRICK J. NEARY, in a recent issue of the  
*Strokestown Democrat*, after visiting Carrick-  
on-Shanon).

There's one happy hour in my memory dear,  
The page of the past to adorn,  
An hour well worthy of the sage or the seer,  
A long to-be-remembered morn.  
'Tis the morn that I met in this dear old town  
That overlooks fair Roscommon soil  
Two brilliant bards of much lore and renown,  
Two famed songsters of Erin's Isle.

The pure joy that circled round my humble heart  
I can find no words to explain,  
I was as if touched by some pure heavenly dart  
When I entered the poet's fair train,  
The train in which Mulhern and Neary moved  
along  
While the morning's sun did smile ;  
I first clasped hands with those bright sons of  
song,  
Those grand patriots of Erin's Isle.

Those dear honoured names in past bygone years  
I have oft seen in fame's bright hall,  
Though Erin, their land, was in bondage and  
tears,  
They have always answered her call ;  
They have always been ready and at duty's post  
To punish the foes that defile  
Our dear saintly land and dishevelled coast,  
The coast of the sacred Isle.

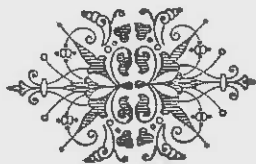
You say, dear Bards, that I truly love my home !  
Yes, my thoughts on her freedom are set,  
And of all the fair places through which I did  
roam  
Ireland is the fairest I have met,  
I long for the downfall of Erin's rude foes,  
Those heartless intruders so vile,  
Who have poisoned the blood of life that flows  
Through the heart of the sacred Isle.

Carrick's fair scenes you have described fairly  
well,  
From the light-house to old Gallows Hill,  
From fair Shannon View, near the lone shady  
dell,  
And on to the old rustic mill,  
You have noticed grand villas built by the old  
road  
For our brave worthy young men who toil,  
Soon each man will be able to find an abode  
In his own dear mother Isle.

Round Carrick, dear Bards, we have some lovely  
shades  
To shelter the warblers of wing,  
We have soldiers of Erin and some pretty maids,  
Who songlets of Erin can sing,  
Still some of our best, I am sorry to say,  
Have to travel many a long mile,  
To look for a living in strange lands far away,  
Far away from our own lovely Isle.

Bright days I can trace in the dear long ago,  
I shared those sweet juvenile joys,  
When the world seemed bright ere trouble I  
did know  
When I strayed with my dear school boys,  
And that happy hour when those writers I met  
Will oft make me ponder awhile,  
When each bard so grand adds a fresh flowerette  
To the songs of the dear old Isle.

B. G.



## BALLINAMORE.

During the past decade of years many important changes have been made which has greatly improved the appearance of the quiet little town of Ballinamore. High Street, generally known by the sobriquet of "Canibo," which formerly was composed of a succession of low-thatched houses, has undergone a complete renovation ; hotels and business establishments are now standing there, and the "Canibo" of ten years ago has entirely disappeared. There is a considerable weekly circulation of money in the place on account of it being head-quarters for the Cavan and Leitrim Railway, and a large number of tradesmen are constantly employed in the Company's factories. Monthly fairs and weekly markets are well attended, and it has all the advantages of a thriving little town. Ballinamore Roman Catholic Church is a beautiful edifice, and is built on the design of the Sign of the Cross ; the Convent is also a splendid building, and the Convent Schools in charge of the pious Sisters are well attended by a large number of pupils. Ballinamore Male N.S. is taught by Mr. Maguire, and Deradda N.S. by Mr. Quinn.

CATHOLIC CLERGY.—Rev. T. Finegan, P.P. ; Rev. T. Kean, Rev. Father Keany.

MAGISTRATES.—Messrs. B. Kean, Co.C. ; B. Youell, F. Pemrose, W. Dundass, E. McBreen, J. Upperton.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.—T. R. O'Beirne, M. Martin, M. McGail, T. Smith, J. Creamer, J. Flynn, T. McGuire, P. McGovern, Mrs. Doyle, Mrs. Bennet, M. Creamer, P. J. Dolan, Mrs. McGauran, J. Hyland, Mr. Cryan, Mr. Stenson, J. Milligan, T. W. Bierney.

DRAPERS—Miss O'Neill, H. Reynolds, Mrs. Kelly, A. Burns, Mrs. Dolan, W. Rutledge.

BAWNBOY UNION OFFICIALS.—Mr. M. Bannon, Clerk of Union ; Mr. McTague, Master ; Dr. Tevens, M.O

THE LATE REV. D. MCBREEN, P.P.—The Rev. D. McBreen, P.P., died on 9th September, 1908. He ministered long and zealously in the spiritual and temporal interests of the Ballinamore people, and his demise was keenly regretted by all classes irrespective of creed or politics.

PROMINENT MEN.—Mr. B. Kean, J.P., Chairman Ballinamore District Council, associates himself with every movement which tends to better the condition of the people. He is a careful legislator, and is highly esteemed by his constituents.

Mr. B. Youell, J.P., is one of the oldest residents in Ballinamore. He was Clerk of Ballinamore Petty Sessions for a number of years, and has retired on pension. The position is now filled by his son, Mr. Edger Youell.

Mr. J. A. Kiernan, Solicitor, Co.C., resides at Cloverhill House, convenient to the town.

## WHEN ALL THE BARDS UNITE.

(Dedicated to Mr. JOHN MULHERN, P. J. and M. J. NEARY, and every bard who writes for the *Strokesown Democrat*).

Fond memory brings before my mind  
The names of writers grand,  
Who are scattered o'er the world wide  
On many a far off strand.  
The gifted scribes of this dear Isle,  
Who songlets sweet do write,  
Will soon be known from Pole to Pole  
When all the Bards unite.

We've Henry Frain, beyond the main,  
A noted Irish bard,  
And Frank Kenny a journalist,  
Who hits the tyrants hard,  
James Rice and Ward we can't forget,  
Two writers very bright,  
With pleasure we will read their lays  
When all the Bards unite.

Our friends, Devine and Flanagan,  
Will help us on our way,  
With Mulhern John, famed son of song,  
And Thompson young and gay,  
The gifted Nearys I am sure,  
Will lend a helping hand  
To free their down-trodden country,  
Our dear and hapless land.

J. Flynn and Lenaghan we will get  
To help us drive the van—  
We'll ask Brady from Wexford and  
South Leitrim's "Gowelman,"  
McLoughlin from Glendowan hills,  
The chief of Donegal,  
We must get every gifted scribe,  
Mulhern knows them all.

Roscommon Bards, long may you live,  
And laurels crown your breast,  
May heaven reward departed scribes  
Who in graves are laid to-rest,  
The suggested scheme is in good hands, \*  
Mulhern will keep us right,  
And lead us on to freedom's gate,  
When all the Bards unite.

Now, friends, my silence pray excuse,  
My time is not my own,  
At duty's post I have to be  
Each day and night alone,  
My kind regards accept, dear bards,  
My worthy friends good night,  
I hope you will remember me  
When all the Bards unite.

\* The amalgamation of the Bards.

## HARTFORD FAR AWAY!

(Dedicated to my cousin, PROFESSOR J. P. GUNSHENAN, 21, Afflick Street, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.)

Beyond the wave, I know a place,  
Where Freedom's banner flies,  
Where domes are fair, and castles grand  
High reaching to the skies;  
My thoughts are wandering o'er the wave,  
I'm thinking every day  
Of friends so very dear to me  
In Hartford far away.

There sisters dear and cousins fond  
Have found a happy home,  
That charming place I hope to see  
Whene'er I chance to roam;  
Adjacent to New York it lies,  
And Fortune's kindly ray  
Illumes many an exile's path  
In Hartford far away.

James Gunshenan, a Mohill man,  
From Lough Rynn's wooded shore,  
Left native land in boyhood's years  
Some forty years or more;  
Though he became a man of wealth  
He often used to say  
He'd sooner live in Erin than  
In Hartford far away.

In midst of wealth and family,  
Some noted scholars grand,  
To earthly cares he bade adieu  
And to this Irish land;  
My uncle dear was laid to rest,  
He sleeps in alien clay,  
And many wreaths lie o'er his breast  
In Hartford far away.

My thoughts still wander o'er the wave,  
Some day I hope to see  
That distant land and many friends  
Beyond the rolling sea;  
Through many lands the Irish roam,  
Kind heaven will, I pray,  
Protect our faithful exilieu gael's  
In Hartford far away.

## THE WORLD NEARLY MAD.

Some time ago the world was calm, and science  
then was mild,  
We are marching, onward marching, every day,  
We are growing more ambitious, we are getting  
strange and wild  
As we wonder lightly o'er life's balmy way;  
A centenarian can tell us now, if one we chance  
to meet,  
That the people were more prudent years ago,  
Though the roads of education now are paved  
beneath our feet,  
It seems folly increases as we learn more to know

If you have to come to market in your tidy  
little cart,  
I advise you, friend, insure your precious life,  
For a motor may be coming running ma—  
look out, be smart,

Or perchance you may be wounded in the  
strife;  
We have bicycles an' trolly cars, we're climb-  
ing up the pole,  
To thread the lowly pathways indeed we are  
too neat,  
To walk a pit we are too grand, we're high on  
honour's roll,  
And too proud we're nearly getting to motor  
through the street.

Even women, dear, are suffragettes, sure they  
want their lawful rights,  
So kindly give them place in public life,  
They will greatly help the world, they will  
shine like brilliant lights,

When they forget the duties of a wife;  
And the little schoolboy often thinks he's  
wiser than his dad,  
He is marching, marching, with the foolish  
times,

He insists he has more knowledge than his  
elders ever had,  
Or the persons who have traversed many climes.  
Now place me in an airship, sure its there I  
want to be,

The trains and water vessels are too slow,  
I want to travel quickly o'er land and o'er sea,  
I want to see the road on which to go;  
Can you try, dear friend be moderate, while in  
your air balloon,

If you loose your way the people will be sad,  
and look out for transformations, you may  
have some very soon,  
from indications I conceive the world is getting  
mad.

## MCGIVNEY OF COURNEE.

Lines written in fond memory of PHILIP  
MCGIVNEY, ESQ., Cournee House, Mohill,  
who died the 22nd February, 1908; aged,  
88 years.—R.I.P.)

air Leitrim may weep for an Irishman brave  
silent to-day and cold in the grave;  
many years of a bright noble lifetime he gave—  
His native land to free.  
He fought 'neath the banner of green and gold,  
He was always a true Irish soldier bold,  
His name was well-known in the National fold—  
McGivney of Cournee.

the glorious past, on hillside and plain.  
The old flag he unfurled and tried to regain  
his lost freedom which still does remain—  
In the hands of tyranny.

He loved the Green Isle and hated the foes  
Of the land where the dear little shamrock grows,  
'Tis saddening that death his bright eyes did  
close—

McGivney of Cournee.

In Mohill Boardroom, where as guardlan he sat,  
For his wisdom much credit he frequently got,  
To plead for the people oft fell to his lot—

An orator grand was he.

To the cause of the poor he was faithful indeed,  
He lived for his country, his neighbour an' creed,  
And was opposed to oppression, tyranny and  
greed—

McGivney of Cournee.

He died old in year and with honour crowned,  
His convictions were strong and his policy sound;  
But, alas! he is gone from this dear earthly  
ground—

To a long eternity.

In Mohill Churchyard now his relics do rest,  
May the turf lightly lie o'er the patriot's breast,  
He was one of Old Erin's truest and best—

McGivney of Cournee.

Ye travellers who pass by the patriot's tomb  
Breathe a prayer that kind heaven his soul may  
illumine,  
And may coming Freedom soon banish the  
gloom

That darkens our country.

Mother Erin in memory his dear name will keep,  
And pilgrims will kneel where the daises do peep  
O'er the grave where a true-hearted Gael does  
sleep—

McGivney of Cournee.

—:O:—

AN EMIGRANT'S STORY—HE  
WAS GETTING OLD.

I met him alone on a Yorkshire road at the  
close of a winter's day,  
From his native home in the County Clare he  
left in boyhood's ray,  
He had seen full sixty summers warm and as  
many winters cold,  
His shivering limbs and faltering voice told me  
he was getting old.

"I left my father's home," he said, "when I  
was young and strong,  
When I could wake in the early morn and work  
the whole day long;  
As I bade farewell to my parents dear the tears  
of sorrow rolled,  
'Twas sad indeed to leave them then when they  
were getting old.

"But a post in Clare I could not find, so I was  
forced to roam,  
To seek under a foreign sky a living and a  
home;

I worked in factorys and in mills, and earned  
lots of gold,  
But then I ne'er thought of those days when I'd  
be getting old.

"The labour market then was high, the time's  
were good 'tis true.  
But machines now and patents new leave workers  
less to do,

I happy was in manhood's prime, but the truth  
I may unfold.  
They paid me off when they observed that I  
was getting old.

"No home I have in Ireland now, my peopl  
are not there,  
They followed in my footprints and they went  
to lands less fair ;  
In dreams I view that wee thatched house and  
the paths on which I strolled,  
And I long to get back to Erin's Isle now when  
I'm getting old."

Then tears bedimmed the old man's eyes and he  
gave a long deep sigh,  
And I was like those who feel they are a bit too  
sad to cry ;

I helped the man, the poor old man, who was  
shivering in the cold,  
He was friendless in the stranger's land and he  
was getting old.

He is only one of our Irish friends who are  
placed in such a way,  
And hundreds still do leave this land, at home  
they cannot stay,  
But if you work in manhood's prime, just try  
and save some gold,  
Then you'll have a friend, you may depend,  
when you are getting old.

—:O:—

## A CROGHAN LASS.

To Mr M. J. NEARY, Elphin.—Written in  
Reply.

In pleasing style you did pourtray  
A maiden young and fair,  
She lives beside your happy home  
And is respected there ;  
You say she is of noble mind,  
And few can her surpass,  
She is the subject of your theme—  
A bonnie Croghan Lass.

No acres broad does she possess,  
No mansions does she own,  
You'll find her in an humble cot  
With parents, dear, alone ;  
Each Sunday morn, bright an' clear,  
When coming home from Mass,  
You see her walk in wisdom's way—  
Your bonnie Croghan Lass.

I know a lady from that place  
With eyes of heavenly blue,  
She dearly loves her native home,  
To mo'her-land she's true ;  
I only see her when I take  
A peep through window glass,  
She oft reminds me of your friend—  
Your bonnie Croghan Lass.

Now, Neary dear, when time affords  
I gladly will pourtray  
This lady fair with jet black hair  
I saw on yesterday ;  
In happy days when nature smiles  
Along Drumlion pass,  
She'll help you o'er life's weary way—  
Your bonnie Croghan Lass.

—:O:—

## IRELAND'S EXILED BARDS.

Far away beyond the ocean there are many  
songsters grand,  
Exiled sons of Mother Erin who love their  
native land,

They are far from Erin's Valleys, where  
streamlets calmly flow,  
Beneath the grassy hillsides where the little  
shamrocks grow.

Fair Rooskey, by the Shannon, can claim  
beyond the wave  
One of the songsters of our land, a hero  
staunch and brave,  
He advocates Green Erin's cause, he helps her  
rights to gain,  
And a very brilliant writer is the kindly-hearted  
Frain.

In New York you will find him, James Rice, a  
scholar bright,  
Amongst poetic writers sure he is a guiding  
light,

His lovely poems I've often read, I read them  
still to-day,  
He paints the woes of Innisfail in many a  
stirring lay.

In Boston there's a poet grand, 'tis J. J.  
Donnelly,  
He is longing, ever longing, Green Erin o be  
free,

He's a worthy son of Innisfail, and in the  
Book of Fame  
You'll surely meet with songsters sweet his  
highly-honoured name.

There's Ward in New York City, and Fogarty  
out West,  
They are excellent writers, and some of Ire-  
land's best,  
How often have I pondered when sitting near  
the streams  
On Erin's exiled poets and their transatlantic  
dreams.

There are others, many others, but I cannot  
name them all,  
Whose names are yearly written in the poetic  
hall,  
As they wander far from Erin, on many a  
foreign shore,  
In sweetest songs they sing of home, the place  
they do adore.

Cheer up, ye bards of Erin, the day is near. I  
ween,  
When Freedom's star will brighten our little  
Isle of Green,  
And the exiles will return home, and for ever  
bid adieu  
To the foreign path which often is a thorny  
road to view.

—:O:—

## IN CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.

Lines written in fond memory of Master  
WALTER C. HOLT, who died at the Adelaide  
Hospital, Dublin, on June 9th, 1907, aged,  
12 years. Sympathically inscribed to his  
brother, Mr. S. E. HOLT, Assistant-Clerk of  
Union, Carrick-on-Shannon.)

The ranks are thinning day by day, and one by  
one they leave,  
A little boy of tender years a garland I now  
weave ;  
The dawn of summer found him well and playing  
'mid the flowers,  
So sad to say he passed away in childhood's  
happy hours.

A livelier boy than he e'er ran along the  
Carrick road ;  
Now he is gone, in mourning is his once happy  
abode ;  
The crime he was a stranger, he pulled not the  
fruit that sours,  
In innocence he lived an' died in childhood's  
happy hours.

Other dear his loss does mourn, his loving  
brothers four,  
His sisters three may weep but they can never  
see him more ;  
His comrades dear, Walter do miss, while  
playing in the bowers,  
Can no longer share the bliss of childhood's  
happy hours.

Other dear his loss does mourn, his loving  
brothers four,  
His sisters three may weep but they can never  
see him more ;  
His comrades dear, Walter do miss, while  
playing in the bowers,  
Can no longer share the bliss of childhood's  
happy hours.

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAY !

Another year has passed along the unerring  
wheel of Time,

Its days are now all nearly spent, days tranquil  
and sublime ;

While for the dying year we weep, we have one  
joyful ray,

We know 'tis fast approaching us, the happy  
Xmas Day.

We'll deck our homes with flowerets and laurels  
evergreen,

We'll walk along the narrow path in Virtue's  
graceful mien,

We strive to be happy at every stage on Life's  
uncertain way,

But old or young 'tis meet to have a happy  
Xmas Day.

Ye rich now help the deserving poor, this joyous  
time to see,

And no one ever should feel ashamed of honest  
poverty—

For Christ was born in an humble place, near  
Bethlehem far away,

The King of Kings who came to us on happy  
Xmas Day.

Let us not forget our exiled friends beyond the  
swelling foam,

I ween their hearts will sadly turn to their  
parental home—

The home from which they had to leave and  
part companions gay,

With whom they'd often spent many a happy  
Xmas Day.

But tears do roll as now we think of some  
relations fond,

Who've closed their eyes to friends and skies,  
who are this world beyond ;

And for those friends this festive time we  
frequently shall pray,

That they in heaven shall enjoy the happy  
Xmas Day.

Ah ! Xmas Day some time will come when  
we'll be lying low,

So lead, dear friend, a virtuous life, and be  
prepared to go ;

Let us shun the broad and wicked path and  
walk in Wisdom's way,

And then we'll have what I wish to all—a  
happy Xmas Day.

## THE ANSWER NEVER CAME!

I wrote my friend a kindly note  
To a land far, far away,  
At home he was for many years  
My fond companion gay;  
I told him tales of native place,  
He'd like to hear the same,  
And though I looked for a reply  
An answer never came.

He was a brave young Irishman,  
By oppression forced to roam,  
A hate he had for Erin's foes  
A love for native home;  
He took a stand for native land,  
He loved each Irish game,  
While weeks rolled by I wondered why  
An answer never came.

I sent a note a second time  
One cold December's day,  
I wrote, "if undelivered, please  
Return to B. Gray";  
This letter was sent back to me,  
Then thought I Fortune's dame  
Had treated my dear friend unkind  
When this lone answer came.

While at repose one night I lay  
A pleasing dream had I,  
I thought I met my exiled friend  
Eneath an alien sky;  
A thousand times he welcomed me,  
And fondly lisped my name,  
But the vision fled when I awoke—  
The answer never came.

After six long months a message came  
From a place beyond the wave,  
In tears, I read my friend was dead  
And laid in an exile's grave;  
Beneath a Canadian sky he lies,  
Each bard and child of Fame  
Can now descry the reason why  
The answer never came!

## SLOAN-DUPLOYAN PHONOGRAPHY.

(Having obtained a Diploma in Sloan-Duployan Shorthand, and having learned the art as a correspondence class student, I feel it a duty to pay a tribute to the courtesy and efficiency of the Teachers, and the excellence of the Postal instruction system).

The College grand at Ramsgate stands,  
A little English town,  
And Shorthand teachers there are found,  
Teachers of high renown;  
The world's advancing day by day,  
The scenes are getting bright,  
To gain a place in business life  
You must learn fast to write.

The coaches grand once patronized  
By lords and ladies gay  
Are out of date, and motors are  
The fashion of the day;  
And Longhand, too, will disappear  
Before Sloan's Shorthand might,  
And business men who wield the pen  
Should learn fast to write.

Sloan's writers are in every land  
That lies beneath the sun,  
And some are found in Parliament,  
Where honours high are won;  
'Tis useful to all writers, sure,  
It helps them day and night,  
How proud they feel, those gifted scribblers,  
Who learn fast to write.

To Sloan's Shorthand famed writers pay  
Some tributes grand, indeed,  
It holds the world's championship—  
The championship of speed;  
'Tis the best system to peruse,  
'Tis learned out of sight,  
You'll gain a place in public life  
If Sloan's Shorthand you write.

## PROMINENT IRISH MINSTRELS.

Miss A. A. Porter, Rathmullen; Miss Anna McLaughlin, Glendowan, Donegal; Miss Lizzie Lavery, Belfast; Miss Marcella B. Wrynnne, Boston, Mass.; Miss M. Murtagh, Batley, Yorks; Miss Lizzie G. Mulhern, Croghan, Miss M. Foley, Tralee, Kerry.

Messrs. Henry Frain, Passaic; J. B. McLoughlin, Glendowan; J. North, James' Rice, New York; J. J. Donnelly, Boston; Joseph Fogarty, Chicago; P. Devine, Providence; M. Waldron, San Francisco; W. Lynch, Brooklyn; Augustus Blake, California.

Messrs. P. Newman, Kildalkey, Meath; John Mulhern, P. J. Neary, M. J. Neary, John Neary, V.C., P.L.G., J. Lerraghan, Elphin, Roscommon; T. J. Wrynnne, Cloonbo, Boyle; J. C. O'Boyce, Tanad, Donegal; B. O'Neill, Blackwatertown; J. L. McMorrow, Manorhamilton; W. Doyle, Drumshambo; "J. McD.," Dromod; P. K. Tunney, Westport; T. Morrin, Cong; L. F. Donnelan, Coolaney; F. Brady, Wexford; R. J. Milne, Sligo; T. E. McDermott, Longford.

SONGS AND STORIES OF LEITRIM is a useful and interesting Book for the Irish People, and especially the People of County Leitrim, at Home and Abroad. It can be purchased at the Book Stores in the various Towns of County Leitrim and Cities of Ireland. It will circulate largely through England, Scotland, and the United States of America, and can be got at any time by application to the Author at the undersigned address. Kindly send Copies to your Exiled Friends, and cheer them in Foreign Lands.

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Correspondence should be addressed and Money Orders made payable

B. GRAY.

Finiskill, Mohill,

Carrick-on-Shannon,

Co. Leitrim.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

