

Poet's Corner.

ODE OF WELCOME.

THE following ode, composed by the Rev. W. Kelly, S.J. was recited by one of the students on the visit of the Archbishop of Sydney some weeks ago to St. Aloysius' College, Surrey Hills:—

Incessant over Europe sounds
The crash and din of arms :
Barbarian hosts from farthest bounds
Spread wide war's fierce alarms.
In vain broad streams their tide oppose
As barrier to advancing foes—
Rhine, Ister, brawling Don ;
As ill besteads huge mountain chain,
Alp, Hœmus lift their peaks in vain :
Unnumbered swarms press on.

Must then the Eternal City fall ?
Must Rome's great empire die ?
Must she who towered o'er nations all
A ghastly ruin lie ?
Why sleeps, or strikes but not to save,
The sword that erst o'er land and wave
Triumphant flashed and free ?
That smote Epirot warrior king,
Changed Cannæ to avenging ring,
And held the world in fee ?

Shall letters, arts, and all that form
Man's glory and delight,
The thoughts that glow, the words that warm,
Be quenched in endless night ?
The thunders of great Tully's tongue,
The varied lute that Flaccus strung,
The gentle Mantuan's lay,
With Livy's ever-shifting hues
And all the offspring of the Muse
Be lost in long decay ?

No ! far remote by Thule's seas,
Lies calm a holy isle :
Beneath the soft Atlantic breeze
Her verdant pastures smile.
The fleets of once imperial Rome
Had furrowed not the glancing foam
That laves her sunny coasts,
Nor now, that Rome has passed away,
Shall this fair isle become the prey
Of fierce barbaric hosts.

The foot revered of saint and sage
This holy land has trod :
The sacred Book, the learned page,
Adorn her cloistered sod.
Though spoil and rapine waste the world,
Though war's red banner floats unfurled,
Here stands one sacred shrine
Where virtue, science, all that can
Uplift, console, ennoble man,
In the light undimmed shall shine.

From Rome our sire illustrious brought
Christ's Gospel to that beach ;
On Irish soil St. Patrick taught
What Peter bade him teach.
In turn, the Isle of Saints shall be
A beacon, 'mid the raging sea,
Conspicuous from afar—
To distant shores, to heathen bands,
To Pagan and benighted strands
A solitary star.

As bursts upon the mirror bright
The sun's surpassing blaze,
He flings in countless lines of light
Abroad, afar, his rays :
So fell upon fair Ireland's face
The beams of faith, and hope, and grace,
So brilliant shone and burned.
Then o'er the nations drear and dark
The splendours of that glowing spark
With radiance glad returned.

The German forests, lone and deep,
The fair fields of the Gaul,
The Switzer on his mountain steep,
Heard sacred footsteps fall,
The footfall of the saintly band,
That haste from old Iar-innis land
To visit every soil.
Their voice was raised, their blood was spilled,
On earth what region is not filled
With tokens of our toil ?

In later times, 'mid Eastern wave
On new-discovered land,
The Cross, that can protect and save,
Was reared by Irish hand.

Towards that same shore, from Rome's high seat
A Pastor bends his beauteous feet,
For beauteous sure are they,
Who o'er the mountains or the brine
The tidings good, the truths divine,
To filial hearts convey.

Then welcome to Australian shore
Be this beloved sire,
From Kieran, Canice, ancient Nore,
He brings the sacred fire
That burned of old in Irish heart,
That never, never shall depart
From sons of Irish race.
Where hearts o'erflow, words well may fail,
With joy, with hope, with love we hail
Thy presence and thy Grace.

DEATH OF "THE DUHALLOW POET."

(The Nation, August 30.)

On Tuesday, 19th inst., there died at his residence, Banteer, Kanturk county Cork, one of the very few who in late years have successfully cultivated Irish poetry of that class which was brought to such perfection by those souls of fire whose impassioned lyrics inspired the Young Ireland party, and laid deep and broad the foundations of a national literature in this country.

Mr. J. C. Deady was but a child at the time when a combination of causes dispersed to the uttermost ends of the earth that brilliant crowd of poets, orators, and statesmen whose efforts had produced results equal to those of the potent strains said to be able "to create a soul within the ribs of death." But from his earliest boyhood he was an earnest student of the compositions of Davis, Duffy, M'Gee, M'Carthy, and the other writers of that era whose writings were then accessible. His most fervent admiration, however, was reserved for Edward Walsh, whose life and poetry were so intimately associated with Mr. Deady's native barony. For a long time he had it in contemplation to write a life of Walsh, and publish it with a complete edition of his poems. With this object he had collected a great deal of manuscript and other material ; and possibly the future biographer of Walsh will find in Mr. Deady's collection the fullest and most authentic particulars of that pure, though, as regards worldly success, unfortunate child of song. It is to be remarked in reference to Mr. Deady's admiration of Walsh, that he formed the subject of what seems to the present writer the most spirited of Mr. Deady's published poems. It appeared in the *Nation* in 1875. Walsh was, in fact, to J. C. Deady what Sir John Denham wished the Thames to be to him—

His great example, as he was his theme.

In the present neglected state of Irish literature Mr. Deady's poems may be forgotten in the ephemeral pages of the journals in which they first appeared, yet there are many of them that will deserve to be preserved in a more durable form. The present is not the time to enter into any elaborate criticism of Mr. Deady's poetry. But this may be said of it, that, above all its other characteristics, it was eminently racy of the soil. There was not a wild flower that grew on mead or hillock in Duhallow that his muse disdained to pluck and cherish. There was not a stream in the barony whose windings she did not trace—from the lordly Blackwater to the tiniest rivulet that meanders towards it. The rath, the tottering ruin, the names of the famous pipers and fiddlers and other men of renown in the neighbourhood, are all lovingly enshrined here and there through his songs and ballads. In his poetry is little of passion or action, but the milder affections, especially those with a melancholy tinge—the pensive moods of the lover of natural scenery, the dreams of the historical student—afforded the subjects which he loved best to delineate.

The following may be mentioned as a few of the most select productions of Mr. Deady's pen:—"Mabel Brown," "The Conversation of Saint Colman," "Midsummer Eve," "The Assault of Lis-carrol," and that already referred to in memory of Edward Walsh.

Mr. Deady had attained only his forty-second year. He had been a frequent poetical contributor to the columns of the *Nation*, *Irishman*, *Lamp*, *New York Irish World*, *Shamrock*, *Boston Pilot*, &c. ; but latterly the care of providing for his numerous family absorbed all his time. For some years past he did not contribute anything to the Press ; and severe and prolonged illness compelled him to abandon all hope of completing what he at one time intended to be his *magnam opus*—the life of Edward Walsh.

Mr. Deady's remains are interred in the family burial ground in Clonmeen, and the announcement of his early demise will be received with deep regret by his extensive circle of friends in this country and in America.

An instance was related to us (*Monitor*) which well illustrates a once genuine Spartan courage and deep affection. About six weeks ago, little Belle Ferguson, the daughter of the night watchman at the Columbus and Rome depot, had both legs terribly lacerated in the turn table, the skin being so far separated that her physicians, Drs. Jordan and Ticknor, told the family it would be impossible to make the parts heal unless fresh bits of flesh were grafted on the ugly wounds. As soon as this was known to Bell's brother Reggy, a lad twelve years old, he stepped up to the physicians and promised to be on hand any time the next day and let them cut the necessary skin from his arm. At the appointed hour he met the engagement, bared his arm, and by means of knife and scissors four pieces of skin were taken from his arm and transplanted to his sister's wounds. The skin is growing finely. Carlyle says one must have a brother in order to know what it is to have a friend.