

MRS. MORIARTY ON THE HIBERNIAN SPORTS.

WE have been favoured with the following by a much respected lady who appreciates the TABLET at its true worth and upholds it as the genuine representative of Irish opinion and advocate of the Irish cause. We willingly insert the contribution and hope to be favoured now and then with further communications from the same pen:—

My neighbour, Tim Doolan come in on Thursday and, says he, Mrs. Moriarty, says he, you'll be going to see the hurling on B-xing Day. What boxing day? says I. Speak like a Christian Tim, says I, and say St. Stephens's day. And sure it's not of boxing or anything of the kind anyone ought to be speaking at this holy time of the year, when it's peace and charity, glory be to God, that ought to be in everybody's mind. True for you, Mrs. Moriarty, says Tim, but sure you'll be going to see the hurling. What hurling, Tim? says I. Why, says he, the hurling out at the Caledonian Grounds. Is it Scotchmen to hurl? says I. Oh, not at all, says he. That's not in their nature, says he. It's the Hibernians, all I'mmen, says he. I was thinking so, says I, but what is the good of talking to me of hurling in this country, says I. You'd want the spring of the Irish sod under your foot for that, says I, and not the grass where a shaurock never grew. Oh, I don't know that, says Tim. There's a good man here as ever was in Ireland, if only they'll keep the old spirit alive in them. And the play's in the men, Mrs. Moriarty, says he, and not in the soil. We'll, maybe you're right Tim, says I, but it's natural to think of old times, says I, and it's many a hurling I seen when I was a slip of a girl. And a likely slip of a colleen you were in your time, Mrs. Moriarty, says Tim. Sure there's enough left about you yet to tell any man that, says he. Tim Doolan, says I, is it long since you kissed the blarney stone, for if it is, it was a strong taste of the soothing you took of it. Not a lip I ever laid to it in my life, then, says he, and there's not a word of lie in what I'm saying. Anyhow, says I, it was myself that seen the hurling. There was the boys from Poulabonny and the boys from Clohaunagower, and of a fine Sunday evening in the summer time they'd play a match down at the turlough when the water was all dried up. That's where you'd see the fun, and the racing, and the belting, says I, till the bad times come and scattered them. And none of your mud and your kicks like that dirty football, says I. A stroke from a hurl itself, says Tim, was no joke. I know it wasn't says I, but it was a blow like a man and not a kick like a brute. You're right, ma'am, says Tim, that makes the difference sure enough, says he. And all the young girls in the country would be gathered there, says I, and when the sport was over there would be the piper and the dance, and no harm at all but what was light-hearted and innocent. True for you, Mrs. Moriarty, says Tim, I seen it all myself though not in that part of the country, maybe. There's no times like them that's gone, Tim, says I. Well, maybe not, for you nor for me, Mrs. Moriarty, says he, but for them that's to come after us, there's better, I hope so, says I. We seen a good deal of hardship too. We did that, says I, and Lord be praised that we got to the other side of it, and sorrow a bit the worse. No, but maybe be a great deal the better, Mrs. Moriarty, says Tim, for it kept the pride down in us. A true Irishman was never proud, Tim, says I, but always kind and civil. And it they'll bring their children up to be like themselves and them they belong to, says I, they'll have no nonsense nor impudence in them neither. Sure that's what I'm saying, says he. That's why I'm glad the hurling's going to be, for what trained the fathers will train the sons, says he, and Irish sports will bring Irish ways along with them. I hope so, says I. They were the best of ways says I, let who likes say again them, and they're no friends to the country that would try to hinder them. Sure you heard what the wise man said long ago, Mrs. Moriarty, says Tim. To every cow her calf, says he, and why not I'mmen bring up their children the way they think best. Why not, says I. It's pretty spawpeens they'd be to do anything else, says I, and not like men that come from old Ireland. That's what I'm saying, Mrs. Moriarty, says Tim, and that's why I'm all for the hurling, says he. And now, says he, that the good example is given in Duneau I hope there's no part of the colony where Irishmen won't follow it up. I'm of the same opinion myself, Tim, says I. But, as all luck would have it, I could not go to the Sports, for my sister's child took sick and kept me at home. So Tim Doolan come in on Tuesday, and, says he, Mrs. Moriarty, says he, you did not go to the hurling, after all, says he. No, then, Tim, says I, sure I was not able to go, and any way, the boys could do very well without me, says I. I don't know that, says he. It's always a good thing, says he, to have a friend standing by your elbow. Oh, time was, says I, when they'd like to see me in it. But whisper, says I, what was the hurling like? Oh, well enough, says Tim; they made a good fight for it, says he. There was blue caps and white caps. Blue caps and white caps, says I. And wasn't there o'er a green cap, Tim Doolan? says I. Not a speck of green then, ma'am, says he. What's that for? says I. Myself doesn't know, ma'am, says he; but maybe, says he, they thought the blue was the prettiest. They did, says I. Tim Doolan, says I, show me the Irishman that's ashamed of his colour, says I, and I'll show you a man that's not worth a traneeen. Oh, don't be too hard on them, ma'am, says he. It isn't ashamed of their colour they were. But, maybe they did not think of it. And what good is a man, says I, if he has not his thoughts about him, says I. And they sticking up for old Ireland, too, says I. They'll know better the next time, ma'am, says he. I hope so, says I. The match, says he, was played at the lower end of the ground, where the water was drained away some time ago, says he, and it was rather soft. The main post was in the middle, says he, where the play began, and there was a flag flying out of it, says he. What colour was the flag, says I. I could tell you ma'am, says he.—Tim Doolan tell the truth, says I, was it blue? I don't know ma'am, says he. Didn't you see it, says I? Sure I did ma'am, says he. And why wouldn't you know what colour was it, says I. Was it blind you were? Sure the sorrow a colour at all, ma'am, says he. Tim Doolan, says I, don't tell me a lie, was it blue? Well no, ma'am, says he, I think maybe it was green once, says he. When was it green, says I. Why, before it was boiled, ma'am, says he. Is it boil the flag, says I.

Yes, then, says he, it was washed many times, and according to looks boiled too, and that's what took the colour out of it, says he. And, saving your presence, says he, it would want to be washed again now, for its very dirty. That's why I said I could not tell the colour, says he, for in fact its no colour at all, but what dregs is left in it and the dirt. I hope that will be better too next time Tim, says I. I hope so, says he. The hurling, says he, was very good for the first trial, says he. The ground was pretty soft, says he, as I told you, and that was again them. But they kept it up well, says he, and drove the ball from one side to the other, and here and there and up and down, says he, and the people that was looking on running everywhere and full of the fun. It was not the Blue Caps that won, says I. Tell the truth, Tim Doolan.—They were within a pop of it ma'am, says he. One of them struck the ball as fine a blow as ever you seen, says he, and sent it spinning up almost to the end.—Everyone thought, says he, the Blue Caps had it. But another of the White Caps, says he, runs up and hits it a skelp that sent it clean down past the middle again, says he, and the Blues could never get it back. Oh, says he, it was a pretty equal match and a well played game, and gave great encouragement, says he, to the Irish people.—But they missed the bit of green, says I.—I'll go bail they'll have it next time, says he.—Well, says I, at any rate its a good day for the country that something like the old times is begun in it. An if there's any spunk left in the Irishmen they won't let it drop says I. There's spunk galore in them, ma'am, says Tim, and you'll see them gathering in here before long from all parts, says he, playing matches like the footballers. Oh, the back of my hand to them, says I, prancing about in the mud and muck and kicking one another's eyes out, says I. Sure, the washing that's to be done after them, says I, would break the heart of a stone. Well here's long life to old Ireland, says Tim—and may we see her free and prosperous yet, says he.—Amen to that says I.

Poets' Corner.

THE RISING OF THE CONNAUGHT MEN.

STOUT of heart and hand, O'Donnella,
Never known to flinch or flee,
Pour in torrents from the strongholds,
To live or die with liberty.

Galway, Lenehy, and Tirawley
Send their youth without a tear;
O'Donnell's plains are green with banners,
Clansmen come from far and near.

Proudly wave the glorious emblems
O'er a thousand free and brave,
Over keen-edged, glittering weapons,
Soon in foemen's blood to lave.

List, the trumpet calls to silence;
Hushed is bard's and harper's strain;
Eagerly each gaze is turned
On the hero of the plain.

On the chief in whom are blended,
All the virtues of his sire—
All that's best in ball or tourney,
All in war that awe inspires.

Sweet his voice as native music,
Spell-like, swaying every breath,
As these words with proud emotion
To his chieftains he addressed:

"Brave companions! see your soggarth
Fettered down by Saxon chains;
Ye Heavens! shall we—can we bear it,
While a throb of life remains?

"When the world bowed down to Cæsar,
And the Saxons were his slaves,
Freedom found a home in Erin,
And a bulwark in her braves.

"Shall we, then, who faced the tempest,
Bend before the vernal gale?
Where the Roman checked his onset,
Shall the slave of Rome prevail?

"Where are Connaught's fertile pastures?
Where are Connaught's castles strong?
Where, but in the grasp of England?
Brothers, shall she grasp them long?

"No, by all we hold most sacred,
By the Celtic spirit's fire,
These right hands shall rescue Erin,
Or with Erin we'll expire.

"Who have sullied virtue's lily?
Who have plucked the flowers of God?
Who have plundered sacred places,
Where alone the holy trod?

"With a prayer to God for triumph,
Think how Brian smote the Dane—
Strike for virtue, strike for freedom—
Strike and burst the despot's chain."