

THE GRAVE OF MICHAEL DWYER.

(By MISS CATHERINE TYNAN in the "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland.")

Ah, Michael Dwyer. To think of you, lying
Far from the home of your race,
Alien breezes moaning and sighing
Softly over your sleeping-place,
Alien rains on your dear, dead face.

The stranger-land scattered bud and blossom
Upon your pulseless breast—
But would you had died on your mother's bosom,
The mother who loved you best—
Her fond arms rocking you into rest!

You who loved her, would have died for her,
Gladly suffered and bled,
After all the years you sighed for her,
Eating the exile's bitter bread,
The hand of the stranger fashioned your bed.

Oh, I think you tossed in a fever,
Lying there underground,
While the scentless blossoms flaunted for ever
Over your heaped grave mound,
And the songless birds flashed by with no sound.

The sunlight splendour, fierce and mysterious,
Beat on your lonely grave;
You lay there with your lips delirious,
Moaning of wind and wave,
And of singing streams that the green ferns lave.

The restless life of the tropical forest
Pierced through the grave and the gloom,
Struck new pain to the heart that was sorest,
Panting, fainting for home,
For the happy grass where the daisies bloom.

Well you knew how the breeze was sighing
Far in your own Inaai,
And the pearly clouds from the westward flying;
The steeps were shining all sunset pale,
The great hill shadows fell on the vale.

The air blew soft from the late-mown meadows
Faint with the fragrant hay;
Clear the blackbird piped in the shadows,
And all in the twilight, dewy and gray,
The thrush was singing her heart away.

The hills stood up in the Summer weather,
Veiled with a fiery mist;
Gold and purple blent on the heather,
Rose and silver and amethyst,
On the mystic peaks that the sunlight kissed.

Sweet the days when you and your Mary
Love and laughter knew,
Up in the clouds of that mountain eyrie,
If you had been less true,
Never gray sorrow had gloomed on you.

But, my chief, could you pass unheeding,
While on the plains below
The true sons fought for their own land bleeding?
Your brave wife's lips were ashen with woe,
But they smiled as they whispered "Go!"

In that desolate year of sorrow,
Death gathered him flower and fruit;
Thick his harvest stood in the furrow;
The heart of the land was broken and mute,
The great hopes lying slain underfoot.

When our eagle sailed with the swallow,
Out in the mist and rain,
South, where never an eye could follow;
All in a gray day heavy with pain,
Avroane! and Lever came home again.

Never sent a message or token,
All the days and the years
That he went, with his brave heart broken,
To and fro through his wild compeers,
Like other men with life's hopes and fears.

But the lines of pain on his forehead
Deepened day after day,
Round the strength of his lips were scored;
The eyes grew blind that were strained away
To the sunset where holy Ireland lay,

The eyes that stared in the long night-watches
Seeing the green hillside,
And the Irish homes 'neath golden thatches,
The lighted casements at eventide—
Till the pierced heart turned from its pain and died.

I wish you slept where your kin are sleeping—
The dove-gray valley is sweet;
And the holy mountains their strange watch keeping
Would love you lying still at their feet,
The dewy grass for your winding-sheet.

You would sleep soundly, your sad lips smiling,
Dreaming, and hearing still
The bonny blackbird with song beguiling,
The rain's light feet on the hill,
The children's laughter merry and shrill.

I have a fern that hath waved above you,
Just at your green grave's head,
Sent to me by one who doth love you:
Many a prayer, she said,
Kneeling long by your lonely bed.

And now I weave of my idle fancies,
All for the love of you,
A wreath of passion-flowers and of pansies
Twined with shamrock and bitter rue,
To lie on the grave I never knew.

THE IRISH CAUSE.

(Dunedin Evening Star, July 28.)

MR. PARNELL,

OUR cable intelligence in regard to the real nature of the present Parnell controversy has not been of a very explicit character. We have heard a great deal as to what it is proposed to do, but not very much as to the subject of the doing which Mr. Parnell is really charged with, or how far it is sought to implicate him with Irish irregularities during the last few years; for this we must wait until the receipt of our reports of the libel action O'Donnell v. *The Times*. Meanwhile, if a Commission is to sit upon the matter, it is undoubtedly only reasonable that the subject of deliberation should be of a distinctly stated limit, and that judgment should be delivered "upon an early day." No doubt nothing would better suit the Tory party—by no means confident of Mr. Parnell's guilt—than a desultory, far-reaching inquiry, prolonged *sine die*—a kind of Jarn-dyce v. Jarn-dyce—during the wearisome progress of which the useful stigma of suspected criminality should hang over the entire Nationalist cause. If Mr. Parnell has been guilty of being an accessory to crime—which, until absolutely proved, we utterly decline to believe—then the sooner his guilt is demonstrated the better for all parties concerned. Perhaps a Commission of English Judges is as good a tribunal as could be chosen; for though the Bench is, almost without exception, Unionist, the very fact of that being the case, together with the extreme magnitude of the responsibility involved, will be apt to have the effect of causing the Judges to lean towards the side opposed to their own prepossessions rather than otherwise. A very good omen is the declaration of Mr. Chamberlain, that he believes in Mr. Parnell's innocence; for during the last few years there has been little love lost between the two men, and Mr. Chamberlain's declaration is doubtless of a politic rather than a personal nature. Believing Mr. Parnell's innocence to be a fact and not unlikely to be proved, he does not wish it to be said afterwards that he took up a dubious and suspicious attitude. We imagine, too, that Mr. Chamberlain would really prefer that the Irish leader should be able to demonstrate his innocence; we wish that we could imagine as much as regards the bulk of the Conservative party. Mr. Reginald Brett's disclosures—mention of which is made in this week's cablegrams—seem to point a possible explanation of the great *Times*'s "funds"; and we trust that it may yet be shown that the famous newspaper has fallen victim to a gigantic and (as it will then seem) ludicrous hoax.

HOME RULE.

Meanwhile one important fact is worth bearing in mind—viz., that the truth or falsehood of the charges brought against the Irish leaders is immaterial to the proper consideration of the Home Rule question. Of course, if those charges were sheeted home, the result would, as a matter of fact, prove very prejudicial to the progress of the cause, and the Tories would use their new weapon with relentless unscrupulosity and undoubted success; but it is none the less true that the demand for Home Rule, as represented by Mr. Gladstone, would still be a lawful and righteous demand, and one destined to Home Rule at Mr. Parnell's request or at Mr. Parnell's threat. He took it up, firstly, because at the first election under the extended franchise the vast majority of the Irish constituencies declared in favour of the demand for popular autonomy; and secondly, because he himself had become convinced, gradually but clearly, of the justice of that demand—a justice by no means incompatible with Mr. Parnell's guilt. Were the Irish leader to be discredited, the majority of law-abiding Irish electors would neither share his discredit nor change their views. Home Rule would still be the cry of the people, and would still be a prospective certainty. A just cause is necessarily hampered, but not rendered unjust, by the unworthiness of its advocates. We are arguing upon an improbable—and, we trust, impossible—hypothesis; but, in view of the mere chance, and as a general fact this independence of a policy and its agents is worth remembering.

Mr. J. W. Dickson, Wellesley street, Auckland, supplies to order all the Irish national or Catholic periodicals and newspapers of the day, whether published in the United Kingdom, America, or the colonies. All orders are attended to with the utmost promptness. Mr. Dickson also has constantly on hand a large stock of school requisites, stationery, and objects of Catholic piety. His prices will be found extremely moderate.