

T. D. SULLIVAN'S POEMS.

THE following are the poems of T. D. Sullivan sung and recited by the pupils of the Christian Brothers in the intervals of Father Burke's lectures in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, on the 6th inst.:-

SONG FROM THE CANADIAN BACKWOODS.
(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FOR NEW ZEALAND.)

Here on New Zealand soil we've met,
From one bright i land flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this festive hall,
We'll sing one grand hurrah—
For dear old Ireland,
Good old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!
Chorus—Hurrah, my boys, hurrah!
Hurrah, my boys, hurrah!
For dear old Ireland,
Good old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

II.

We've heard her faulte a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants, and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold,
But take them all, the great and small,
And still we'll sing hurrah—
For dear old Ireland,
Good old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!
Chorus.

III.

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain.
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
They've won their way—hurrah—
For dear old Ireland,
Brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!
Chorus.

IV.

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Ma's
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray—
Oh! dear old Ireland,
Blest old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!
Chorus.

V.

But here, on New Zealand soil, we've met,
And we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set
And our first fond hopes remain.
But come, boys, come, a song strike up,
And sing Home Rule, hurrah!
For dear old Ireland,
Good old Ireland,
Home Rule, boys, hurrah!
Chorus—Home Rule, my boys, hurrah!
Home Rule, my boys, hurrah!
For dear old Ireland,
Good old Ireland,
Home Rule, boys, hurrah!

A VISION.

[RENDERED INTO POE-TRY.]

I.

Once within my little study, while the firelight gleaming ruddy
Threw fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,
I was thinking of two nations that for many generations
Had known nought but deadly hatred and contentions sad and sore
Nought but deadly strife and hatred and contentions sad and sore
Going on for evermore.

II.

And I thought, all this is blameful, 'tis not only sad but shameful,
All this pundering and oppressing and th's spilling lakes of gore,
'Tis the nation that is stronger that has been the other's wronger,
Let her play this part no longer, but this cruelty give o'er—
Turn to ways of love and kindness and this cruelty give o'er,
And have peace for evermore.

III.

While unto myself thus speaking, on the stairs I heard a creaking
As of someone softly sneaking up to listen at the door;
Then said I, "You need not fear me, you can just come in and hear me."
Take a seat or stand a-ear me, let us talk this matter o'er—
'Tis a grave and serious subject, let us talk it calmly o'er,
Then I opened wide the door

IV.

Then a being thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshly clinked and
jangled

And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—
When it fell, he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before—
This he did, and nothing more.

V.

"Now," said I, the shape addressing, "don't you think 'twould be a
blessing
If this Anglo-Irish conflict, coming down from days of yore—
If this age-long woe and sadness could be changed to peace and glad-
ness
And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore
And no words but words of kindness pass across from shore to
shore?" —
Quoth the lank one, "Tullamore."

VI.

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come unduly
As a misplaced exhibition of his geographic lore;
So my thread of thought resuming, I said, "There are dangers
Over England's wide dominion that 'tis useless to ignore,
What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battle-thunders
roar?"

Answer made he, "Tullamore."

VII.

Then said I, "Across the waters Erin's faithful sons and daughters
Now have fierce and bitter memories burning in each bosom's core,
Think what peace and joy would fill them and what happiness would
thrill them
If but England yielded freedom to the land that they adore—
If she spoke the word of freedom to the land their souls adore"—
But his word was "Tullamore."

VIII.

"Think," said I, "of England's masses; every day that o'er them
passes
Hears their murmurings and complainings swelling louder than
before,
They object—and 'tis no wonder—to the rule of force and plunder
That so long has kept them under, squeezing blood from every
pore—
Have you any word of comfort that their patience may restore?"
His reply was "Tullamore."

IX.

From my vision quick he glided; in my heart I then decide I
That if this was England's message by this popinjay brought o'er,
She had missed a chance of glory that would brighten all her story—
But, I said, that lanky Tory was a humbug and a bore:
These words from both the peoples soon will ring from shore to
shore—

"We are friends for evermore"

Diary of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, 7th.

SESSION of Imperial Parliament resumed yesterday.—Lord Kinneer
pronounces that Parnell's Scotch action may proceed.—Darling, Con-
servative, elected unopposed for Edinburgh University.—Conspiracy
for Polish rising discovered.

THURSDAY, 8th.

Mrs. Gladstone presented at Birmingham with address by 20,000
women.—Blake, coercion Governor of Queensland, knighted.—England,
Germany, and France establish gun-boats at Mozambique and Suakim
for suppression of slavery.—700 people drowned by sinking of Indian
ferry boat.

FRIDAY, 9th.

Ollivier announces himself as candidate for Lincoln vice
O'Callaghan retired.—University Mission, Central Africa, protests
against anti-slavery crusade as endangering its prospects and lives of
natives.

SATURDAY, 10th.

Bruce's oatmeal mill, Timaru, bought at sale by mortgagees
less than two-thirds of claim.—160 persons killed by coal mines col-
lision at Piteburgh, U.S.—Gladstone receives ovation in Black Sea
—Chinese Government incensed at action of Australia; will insist
same privileges as other nations.

MONDAY, 12th.

Floods reported from northern districts.—School Inspector Hill
discovers moa feathers in pleiocene deposits, Gisborne.—Shearers at
Korot station, Victoria, assault proprietor and overseer, and drive off
non-unionists.

TUESDAY, 13th.

Strike of coal miners at Westport Ngakawau mines.—Republican
demonstration in Madrid.

As the season for prizes is now at hand, it must be pleasing to
those who are interested in providing them to learn that Messrs.
Whitaker Brothers, Wellington, have an admirable stock laid in.
Nothing is required, therefore, but to visit the firm's establishment or
read their catalogue and make a suitable choice. All needs are amply
provided for, all tastes suited. Christmas and New Year demands
have also been foreseen by the firm, who are ready to supply them.

The Zealandia prize boats, to be had at the Continental Boot
Depot, Princes street, Dunedin, are highly spoken of. The goods of
the firm, indeed, generally have an excellent character, and give the
utmost satisfaction to those who patronise them.