

THE APPEAL.

WEARY and spirit-sore,
Bleeding from every pore,
Wrong casting more and more
Wrecks on her way;

Rudderless, pilotless, shiftless, in sore distress,
Ireland lies helplessly prostrate to-day.

Struggling for life and air,
Foot-sore and body bare,
Mourning her hopes so fair,
Faded and gone;

Painfully, wearily, hard set and drearily,
Grasping at shadows that ever flit on.

Who shall assuage her pain?
Who shall bid freedom reign?
Who bring back peace again
Home to our isle?

True souls shall meet him, and strong hearts shall greet him,
Reflecting the sunrise of liberty's smile.

Who will our purpose aid?
Where shall our choice be made?
Where the men not afraid
Erin to free?

Deceived and deceiving, betrayed when believing,
The bitter fruit-bearing of long slavery.

Prophets and saints of old,
Sires of our fathers bold
Rise from your graves so cold,
Waken the few—

The faithful and true men, a host tho' a few men,
Who'll shield from danger, and teach us to do.

Ah, they will defend us,
And rise to befriend us,
Whom kind Heaven sends us,
They never forget

How we kissed the grim halter, for love of the Altar,
And sealed with our life-blood the bond of their debt.

Down in the forest glen,
Hiding in savage den,
Fighting the Saxon men,
Years of the past;

Smiling in sorrow's face, writhing in dark disgrace,
Yielding e'en life itself, true to the last.

Off on the scaffold high
Rang Erin's dearest cry,
Up to the listening sky,
"Soggarth Aroon!"

The hell-hounds who whipped us, stood awe-struck amidst us,
That they ere came between us, oh, Erin ma crown!

Brave were the hearts that bled,
Bitter the tears they shed,
Never from danger fled,
Never from shame;

And they stinted no measure, of blood or of treasure,
To shelter their Soggarth, and halo his name.

Priests of our Irish land,
Bishops, whom Heaven's hand
Placed in your high command,
Praise well to-day;

Ruin and vice are rife, save us from bitter strife,
Wolves gather round us, to trample and slay.

Alas, for the poison weeds
Scatter their noxious seeds,
Gladly the serpent feeds,
Th' nights such as freeze

The old feelings that bound us, and treacherously round us,
Spread doubts of that old love, that grew at your knees.

Ere the dark storm gathers,
O God of our fathers,
Awaken the sleeping, give strength to the brave,
And let Ireland's dark story
Grow bright in the glory

Of the priesthood who raised her from slavery's grave.

Grey Valley, April 18, 1886

GARRYOWEN

The World says that the Prince of Wales, after the requiem for the Austrian Crown Prince was over, in the Jesuit Church in Farm, street, sent round to the Jesuit Fathers to ask for the prayer-book-bound in black velvet, which had been handed to him in the church, but which had been left upon the bench. At the oratory, a few days before, the interior spaciousness of which astonished him, the Prince was presented with another prayer-book, this time bound in white vellum, which also he has retained as a memento of the marriage of the Marchesa de Santruce. At the wedding of his young Catholic friend, Lord William Nevill, the Prince of Wales was the principal speaker at the wedding breakfast. Later, Lord and Lady William Nevill started for Paris, on their way to Rome, travelling from Charing-cross to Dover, at the invitation of the Prince of Wales, in the special train provided for his Royal Highness, who left for the South of France at the same time.

ENTERTAINMENT AT MASTERTON.

(From the local paper.)

EASTER MONDAY, 1889, should be a red letter day in the memory of the Rev. J. McKenna, as one in which he made a most successful appeal to the settlers of Wairarapa for financial support. The Committee of St. Patrick's Church finding it necessary, and having decided to enlarge the present Presbytery, took advice amongst themselves as to the ways and means, and finally decided to hold a tea and concert, and to give such a bill-of-fare to the public who attended them, as to make everybody satisfied with whatever outlay they might make. The first thing to consider was who would provide the tea? That, however, was quickly set at rest, as the ladies of Masterton, irrespective of sect, heartily took the matter up, and the following ladies volunteered to supply a table each, viz., Miss Gleeson, and Mesdames Rawson, Riddiford, Mutrie, Hosking, McMullen, Hourigan, McKillop, Carrick, and Chapman, and right well they carried out their promises.

Long before six o'clock, the time advertised for opening, a crowd of people had assembled outside the Drill Shed, in readiness for admission. The gas star in front of the building was lit up, and illuminated the street on each side for a great distance. The faces of the eager throng were alive with pleasure, in apparent anticipation of the good things they were about to partake of. Punctually to the time notified the folding doors of the large hall were thrown open, and the public poured in. It was with difficulty the money-takers could keep pace with the demands for tickets. All the seats at the ten tables were speedily filled, and many sat down patiently to await their turn. The hall was lighted from the ceiling with four large star reflectors, and the first effect on entering was dazzling. The walls were covered with flags of all nations, the Irish harp being conspicuous in the centre at the back of the stage. The proscenium was lined with graceful nikau palm leaves, and a row of Chinese lanterns gave a very picturesque appearance to the stage. The tables were conveniently placed on each side of the room. Pyramids of sandwiches, sweets, and bread and butter, interspersed with jellies, blanc manges, and preserves decorated the tables, but they were not allowed long to remain simply as ornaments. They were soon demolished, only to be replaced by fresh supplies handed round by a number of bewitching damsels and comely matrons. There were piles of rosy apples, and handsome bouquets of flowers, among the latter being choice collections of dabbias and chrysanthemums. The late arrivals were equally well served with the first to sit down, and when all were well satisfied, the tables were cleared, and the surplus of the good things were distributed among a number of poor families.

The seats were soon arranged for the concert, estimated to accommodate 600 persons, but the number who attended so greatly exceeded the estimate, that it was found necessary to scour the town for the loan of chairs and forms. At half-past seven o'clock there was only standing room. Seats were placed in the aisles and at every convenient corner, and as quickly occupied. Two or three hundred stood out the concert, which commenced punctually at 8 o'clock and lasted fully two hours. The front row was occupied by several distinguished visitors, amongst whom were his Grace Dr. Redwood, Archbishop of Wellington, Fathers McNamara and Guggin, Hon. P. A. Buckley, Mr. G. Fisher, Judge Von Sürmer, Colonel Roberts, R.M., the Mayor of Masterton (Mr. A. W. Reaill), and others from all parts of the Wellington provincial district.

An excellent programme was provided and carried through with marked success. The audience was a most appreciative one, and applauded to the utmost each song at its conclusion. Encores were frequently demanded, but the length of the programme precluded compliance with the request, no matter how vociferously urged. The programme was divided into two parts, and at the conclusion of the first the Rev. J. McKenna ascended the platform and took the opportunity during the interval to return thanks. He said a speech from him was not on the programme, but he would be neglecting his duty if he did not take the present opportunity to publicly return his heartfelt thanks to all those who had done so much, at considerable cost and trouble to themselves, to make the tea and concert such a grand success. He was grateful for the presence of so many distinguished visitors; to the ladies and gentlemen for their beautiful singing and exquisite rendering of the various pieces; and to the Press for the liberal support and publicity given to the movement since it was first mooted. It was evident by the large attendance that the public had put faith in the favourable reports in the papers on the present occasion, and they were now in a position to acknowledge whether the programme was up to their anticipations (cheers). He would ask them to keep in mind the way in which the programme had been carried out, and he would promise a repetition on some future occasion. Whilst returning thanks to all who had taken an active part in providing the good things for their entertainment, he must not forget to express his appreciation of the public support which had attended the enterprise, as evidenced by the grand gathering there that evening. At the conclusion of his remarks the speaker was met with a round of applause.

The following is the programme as rendered:—Overture, "Figaro," Herr Von Keisenberg's band; part song, "It's not always May," by Misses McClean, Fisher, M. and N. Cimino, and Messrs. Putnam, Coleman, and Bunny; "The Irish Emigrant," by Miss McClean; "The Bugler," by Mr. Bray; "Ora Pro Nobis," Miss Fisher; trio, "Memory," Misses McClean, M. and N. Cimino; "When the heart is young," Miss Lowes; flute solo, Mr. Putnam; "Te! me, Mary, how to woo thee," Mr. M. C. Rowe; pianoforte solo, Miss Kelly; "The song and the singer," Miss M. Cimino; "The Warrior Bold," Mr. Black; duet, "A.B.C.," Miss Gallagher and Mr. Duff; "The old and young Marie," Mr. Coleman; "Cherry Ripe," Miss McClean; "The meeting of the waters," Mr. J. H. Rowe; "Fiddle and I," Miss Gallagher; "I must away," Miss Fisher, with flute obligato by Mr. Putnam; "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mr. M. C. Rowe; "I haven't for a long time now" (comic song on local events), Mr. Duff; "Mariar! come in," comic recitation, Mr. Duff.