

Moeta's Conquer.

IRISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

O Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
 Ancient! yet for ever young!
 Thou our mother, home and sireland—
 Thou at length hast found a tongue—
 Proudly thou, at length,
 Resistest in triumphant strength.
 Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
 And as that mighty God existeth,
 Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
 Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world.
 For this dull world still slumbers,
 Weetless of its wants or loves,
 Though, like Galileo, numbers
 Cry aloud, "It moves! it moves!"
 In a midnight dream,
 Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream—
 All march, but few descry the goal.
 O Ireland! be it thy high duty
 To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,
 And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.
 Strong in thy self-reliance,
 Not in idle threat or boast,
 Hast thou hurried thy fierce defiance
 At the haughty Saxon host—
 Thou hast claimed, in sight
 Of high heaven, thy long-lost right,
 Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
 In the green bosom of thy valleys,
 The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,
 And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains!
 Deep, saith the Eastern story,
 Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
 For its dazzling hues and glory
 Worth a Sultan's diadem.
 But from human eyes
 Hidden there it ever lies!
 The aye-travelling Gnomes alone,
 Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
 May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure
 Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.
 So is it with a nation
 Which would win for its rich dower
 That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
 It must labor hour by hour.
 Strangers, who travail
 To lay bare the gem, shall fail;
 Within itself, must grow, must glow—
 Within the depths of its own bosom
 Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom,
 The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Free can blow.
 Go on, then, all-rejoiceful!
 March on thy career unbowed!
 Ireland! let thy noble, voiceful
 Spirit cry to God aloud!
 Man will bid the speed—
 God will aid thee in thy need—
 The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
 Be sure thou soon shalt form vanguard
 Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Man guard;
 And these word comes from one whom some have called a Seer.

O'CONNELL.

(BY SPERANZA.)

O great World-Leader of a mighty ago,
 Praise unto thee let all the people give;
 By thy great name of LIBERATOR live
 In golden letters upon history's page.
 And this thy epitaph while Time shall be:
He found his country chained, but left her free.
 So let the nations come,
 And round O'CONNELL's tomb,
 Pilgrims of Freedom from the farthest sea,
 Give to his glorious name
 Honor and deathless fame,
 And with a reverence no years can dim,
 Here in the heaven's light,
 Here, where two world's unite
 Chant thy immortal hymn,
 O Liberty!

It has been mooted that there should be another spelling bee, and that the words to be submitted be the names of the ferns found by the Field-naturalists which occasionally frighten the readers of the 'Daily Times' who read of the Field Club in that paper; further, that the examiners at the former bee, be themselves examined; also, that members of the Otago Institute be tried in "spellin's and meanin's" of scientific terms without being allowed the use of a dictionary; also, that there be an arithmetical bee. Why should we not have a punning bee, a rhyming bee, and a "blowing" bee.

FLORENCE O'NEILL;

OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

CHAPTER XIV.

DETECTION.

THE hands of Queen Mary's watch pointed to the hour of twelve; she had noted the progress of the last half hour very anxiously, as people do when they are expecting an interview with a person on important business. Royalty, however, is rarely kept waiting beyond the time it has appointed, thus it was that two minutes after twelve, a tap at the door of her closet made her aware that the person she had expected had arrived. Von Keppel, the page, entered and spoke to the queen, then left the room and ushered in Mrs. Pratt. Rather a comely woman she was, but with the awe royalty inspires in the uneducated classes, she appeared perfectly petrified when she found herself in the presence of the queen.

Mary, however, knew well how to ingratiate herself with the people, and putting on a smiling countenance, she said:

"I understand you have begged an audience of me, Mrs. Pratt, desiring to speak to me of one Mr. Ashton, who has hired a vessel of yours for purposes against the government, though you were told that it is required to carry bales of silk to France; what has led you to disbelieve what you have heard?"

Here the Queen paused and fixed her full dark eyes on the woman's face as if she would search the inmost recesses of her heart.

Martha Pratt, while the queen was speaking, had time to overcome her fears, and did not blench beneath her gaze; she replied:

"In the first place, your Majesty, Mr. Ashton was too anxious about the vessel, for he called on me, who have the letting of it, three times; secondly, he offered me one hundred pounds to get my husband to let him have it at once; and thirdly, because I found, from the King's page, that this Mr. Ashton used to be one of the members of the household of the late Popish Queen, so when he had gone, after calling the third time, for Pratt had refused him his smack, wanting to send her to Hull, then said I, 'there's another Popish plot at work, and if Pratt doesn't think so, but after all lets him have the vessel, then by all means don't take his money, Martha Pratt, but let the Queen's Majesty know all about it.'"

"I commend your prudence, my good woman," said the queen, "meanwhile, I beg you to keep perfectly silent in this matter, and if it really be as you suspect, I will not fail to more than recompense you for what you will have sacrificed by your loyalty to the king and myself; now leave me, I will send for you again when I have seen further into this business."

Again alone, queen Mary walked up and down her chamber, as one whose mind is ill at ease. Nearly six months since she had consigned two of her uncles, the brothers of her late mother, to the Tower, along with a large number of the discontented nobility. As to the imprisonment of her own kindred, she talked as pleasantly over this "clapping up," as she did when she robbed her father of his crown.

The queen's position was beset with difficulties, she never possessed a real friend, whilst she was surrounded by enemies in disguise. Of partisans, serving her for interest, she had an abundance; she had a sister, it is true, a sister who shamefully conspired with herself to expel her father from his throne, and who had even given up her own place in succession to the Dutch Prince, but even-handed justice had brought the poisoned chalice to the lips of the Princess Anne by the way in which she was treated by her sister and brother-in-law; so that with divided interests between the Queen and the Princess, there was no bond of sisterly affection on which she could lean when apart, as she so often was, from her uncouth and boorish husband.

"And he absent now," she says to herself, as she wanders up and down her spacious chamber, "on his way to the Boyne, at the time that another plot is on foot for the subversion of our government. The woman Pratt shall be richly rewarded, one of the humbler classes she, but possessing a fund of shrewd penetration rarely to be met with; but now let me call a council without delay," she continued, "nip this plot in the bud, if possible, and prevent this glorious departure to St. Germain's; for that, and no other, is the spot whither these traitors are bound."

A very few hours later, the agents of the Queen's government were on the track of Ashton, Lord Preston, and others connected with the plot for which the young Jacobite, Nevill Payne, had been so mercilessly tortured some months previous.

Throughout the whole of that day the enraged Queen did not summon Florence to her presence. It was passed in the company of her advisers, discussing the manner in which the ringleaders of this new plot, in favor of the restoration of her unfortunate father, should be captured, and in filling the Tower and other prisons with captives who were under suspicion, upon the Queen's signature alone.

Slowly the hours passed away, but no summons came to Florence, who had expected to be in attendance on the queen that evening, but suspecting, from her conversation with Mrs. Pratt, that even now the conspirators might have made good their retreat, the queen had weightier matters to engage her attention than passing an evening at the theatre.

"The thirty-first of December," said she to herself, as the winter afternoon drew in, shutting out from her view the spacious gardens of the palace, and the then small village of Kensington in the distance. The snow had fallen heavily throughout the day, and the wind swept in hollow gusts around that wing of the palace in which her chamber was situated, and turning, with a shiver, from the window, she continued: "Ashton must have surely returned to St. Germain's, or be on his way thither, and I am here—"