

of the Irish, and on ballad poetry, and also "Poets and Dramatists of Ireland." His own first volume, "Ballads, Poems and Lyrics," appeared in 1850, the opening poem being the beautiful piece entitled "The Bell-Founder," in which he narrates the legend of the bells of Old St. Mary's, Limerick.

Paolo, a young Italian bell-founder, having completed a beautiful chime of bells, after many years' labor, sold them to the Prior of a neighboring convent, and with the proceeds bought a little villa, where he hoped to settle and enjoy domestic peace. Here he would have the happiness of hearing the bells toll daily from the convent on the cliff. But misfortune fell on the young bell-founder during a period of disturbance. He lost all and became a wanderer without home or family. Moreover, the convent was rased and the bells carried off. On discovering this, Paolo's heart withered; his hair grew white and he became prematurely aged. His sole aim now was to find the chimes again. At length, after much fruitless wandering, he approached Limerick, and anchoring near the old town, beheld St. Mary's steeple raise its turreted head above the mist and smoke:

"The old man sees naught but St. Mary's square tower, with its battlements brown. He listens—as yet all is silent, but now with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies.
Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes, he hears in that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur: 'Oh, leave us not, father, again!'
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from his white lips hath fled.
The father has gone to his children—the old Campanaro is dead!"

In 1854, Denis Florence MacCarthy was appointed Professor of English Literature and Poetry in Newman's Catholic University. At Cardinal Newman's request he delivered three sets of lectures, the first being on Poetry; the second and third on the Poets of Spain and the Dramatists of the Sixteenth Century, respectively.

An Irish Legend.

Pre-eminently a lyric poet, MacCarthy has written little in narrative form, but his "Voyage of St. Brendan" belongs to this latter class. It embodies the legend of the Irish monk, who, about the year 525, sailed across the western main, in the hope of winning the heathen to Christianity, and reached the mysterious land of promise beyond the sea. After seven years' absence, Brendan returned to his native land and founded the monastery at Clonfert.

St. Brendan describes his departure from Ireland:

"At length the long-expected morning came,
When from the opening arms of that wild bay,

Beneath the hill that bears my humble name,
Over the waves we took our untracked way.

Over the sea we flew that sunny morn,
Not without natural ears and human sighs;
For who can leave the land where he was born.

And where, perchance, a buried mother lies,
Where all the friends of riper manhood dwell,
And where the playmates of his childhood sleep;
Who can depart and breathe a cold farewell,
Nor let his eyes their honest tribute weep?"

Until 1864, the poet's chief residence was on Killiney Hill, overlooking Dublin Bay. In that year he broke up his home, owing to the ill-health of some members of his family, and after a prolonged stay on the Continent, settled in London, where he published a volume on Shelley's Early Life, giving interesting details of the poet's visit to Dublin in 1812.

Translations from Spanish.

A passage in one of Shelley's Essays first drew MacCarthy's attention to Calderon, the great Spanish dramatist and he devoted the best years of his life to giving beautiful and almost faultless renderings in English of Calderon's works. In 1853 he published translations of six of Calderon's dramas, among them being "The Purgatory of St. Patrick." His work excited the admiration of Spanish scholars. It was praised by Ticknor and Longfellow. "Particularly in the most poetical passages you are excellent," wrote Longfellow. Such a sentence was indeed a supreme tribute to a translator, testifying, as it did, to his capacity of rising to the highest level of his original. "He has," says the writer of an interesting sketch of the poet in the *Dublin Review* of 1883, "by his translations earned himself a permanent place in English literature, where his name must ever remain indissolubly associated with that of the great poet of Spain."

A fine sample of MacCarthy's power as a translator is that soliloquy uttered by Sigismund, Prince of Poland, which is one of Calderon's most celebrated passages. The opening lines are as follows:

"... Since 'tis plain,
In this world's uncertain gleam,
That to live is but to dream;
Man dreams what he is, and wakes
Only when upon him breaks
Death's mysterious morning beam.
The King dreams he is a King;
And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway;
All the cheers that round him ring
Born of air, on air take wing."

In recognition of his labors, the poet was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Spain, and in 1881 a medal was sent him which had been struck in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Calderon's death.

Died on Good Friday.

Denis Florence spent the last few months of his life in Ireland, his death occurring at Blackrock, on Good Friday, the 7th April, 1882. At the Moore Centenary, when his splendid ode was read before a delighted audience, he was crowned Poet Laureate of Ire-

land. After his death many of his friends and admirers combined to raise a simple memorial to him, and a bust in white marble, by the Irish sculptor, Thomas Farrell, R.H.A., was erected in the City Hall between Chantry's "Grattan," and Hogan's "O'Connell." Among the subscribers were Cardinal McCabe, who had been a fellow student; Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal McCloskey, representing the Catholic Church of Ireland, England, and America.

"A better memorial," says Father Matt Russell, S.J.—the kindly friend of many a budding poet and author—"was the issue of a popular edition of his poems." This collection was brought out by his son, in 1884, at the instance of the Memorial Committee; but some of the poet's best work has been omitted from it, including his humorous, and most of his national pieces.

"Seldom," says the writer in the *Dublin Review*, already referred to, "has a writer's name been transferred from the list of those still living and active among their contemporaries to the ever-growing roll of past celebrities, amid such a universal feeling of regret as that evoked by the recent death of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Ireland lost in him one of the most graceful of her lyrists; a large circle of intimates deplore a friend endeared to them, not more by his brilliant intellectual endowments than by the genial sympathies of his nature."

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