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My Brown-Haired Girl in Beare

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"MY BROWN-HAIRED GIRL IN BEARE."

When night's on the lonely mountain,
And long heaves the Ocean's breast,
And all but the dripping fountain
And the mountain-torrent, rest;
Ah! then when I should be sleeping
If my heart were free from care,
A lonely night-watch I'm keeping
For my Brown-haired Girl in Beare!

Those waves of the mournful Ocean
That sob in thy caves, Ardgroom,
Still wait in their weird commotion
The siren-song of my doom,
For they call me where'er I wander
To her of the auburn hair,
And softly sing me fonder,
Of my Brown-haired Girl in Beare!

I know that the lightsome city
Should, long since, have charmed me,
And its maidens, so gay and pretty,
Be all I should care to see;
Yet my heart—tho' loath in seeming—
Will wander unaware
Till I sigh to catch me dreaming
Of my Brown-haired Girl in Beare!

Perhaps when the dancers gather
Again on the Summer-eve
We'll meet where no watchful father
Nor mother, my soul shall grieve:
For tho' I should miss the dancing
Yet not so much I'd care,
Since I far prefer romancing
With my Brown-haired Girl in Beare!

'Twas only a transient feeling,
'Twas only the dream of dreams!
And it passed, like a cloud-wreath stealing
O'er Beare's mountain-streams;
Yet as dreams leave a vague, strange pleasure,
And as show'rs perfume the air,
So my heart will the mem'ry treasure
Of my Brown-haired Girl in Beare!

Farewell to thy hills, Berehaven!—
Ah! mine is a mournful doom,
To wander like Noah's raven
From that dear old Ark, Ardgroom.
God's blessing on ev'ry dwelling,
On man, and on maiden there,
And peace and joy past telling
To my Brown-haired Girl in Beare!

J. BARTLEY SHEA.

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The opening volume by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, though an excellent bit of writing, was more of the nature of a brochure than a book. Vols. II. and III. may be fairly described as the first books ever printed in our village; therefore a great local event.

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ADDRESS TO AN ORDER.

We shall next week or the week after return to this subject. Note in the meantime that you around whom such enemies are closing, have, so far, given no sign at all that you have realized the nature of your situation. Still you hunt the fox and shoot the bird even while the hunters and fowlers are out against yourselves.

JOHN EGLINTON'S ESSAYS.

It is not our purpose to review the volumes of the "Library of the Nore," or, as it were, assess the value of what are in some sense our own wares. But nevertheless we would say one or two words about John Eglinton, whose thinking and whose style being a little removed from ordinary apprehension, and requiring on the part of the reader a certain concentration of thought, may not immediately secure the appreciation to which they are justly entitled. For John Eglinton we will say this, that his thinking is both new and true, and supplies a want which is beginning to be felt in Ireland, viz., something of the nature of a philosophy of life. We hope to have our philosophers yet, our own political economists, deeply brooding metaphysicians and ontologists reporting as to men and things here out of the North-West of Europe, and from an Irish point of view. All this lies in the future, but in the meantime, and as a step in that direction we commend these essays to the attention of those who think.

As an example of what we mean we reproduce here just one sentence from the essay entitled "Regenerate Patriotism," which has been appearing in recent numbers of the Review,

"You may rejoice in a true relation with your patria if you have good inspirations in your daily walks though imperfectly versed in the tale of your country's wrongs."

We have here a thought, a true beautiful thought, which has often flitted vaguely across men's minds like a breath of air across still waters, and just as evanescent and resultless. Here it is the vital centre and cardinal point of a deeply and carefully wrought out philosophical essay upon man and his true relations with the land in which he lives and which gave him birth.

We shan't send out any accounts for a fortnight, for we believe that a good many will be settled voluntarily and without thrusting forward by us in this festive season of a subject so cheerless as financial relations.

IT is not a genuine and sincere affection which leaves a helpless woman and a young family to the risks of poverty when immediate provision can be made by paying a small premium to the English and Scottish Law Office.—David Drimmie and Sons, Secretaries, 41, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, and 5, Lombard-street, Belfast.