

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

Best Ghost Story or Tale of Any Haunted House in Your Neighbourhood. Prize winner—Winnie M Patton. Highly commended: Daisy Dent, K T Kenny, Katie Rogers, "Heber," "Rema." Commended: M A McGuirk, T P Kelly, J Duggan, James J Mullarkey.

A STORY OF THE RHINELAND.

PRIZE GHOST STORY.

Perhaps the most beautiful castle in Germany is that of Beringen, past whose sun-lit terraces and beautiful gardens winds the stately Rhine. Within the castle grounds is a world of sunshine and laughter, where it seems impossible that aught of the world's sorrow or grief should penetrate, but though entering seldom, trouble has not always passed by its charmed gates. Hildebrand, the first lord of Beringen, is said, though centuries in his grave, to still exercise a peculiar care over his descendants, whose chiefs inherit his name as well as protection. Many are the legends which tell of his revisiting the earth to avert calamity to his house. Perhaps the best known of these is the rescue of the Lady Valeria.

In the middle of the twelfth century—so runs the legend—Hildebrand, the ninth lord of Beringen, departed on a crusade to Palestine, leaving the castle in charge of his only child, a beautiful maiden, named Valeria, and under the protection of his powerful neighbour and sworn ally, Othmar of Bavaria. Heinrich of Waldenburg, the betrothed husband of the Lady Valeria, accompanied her father on the crusade, and when the victorious troops returned, the nuptials of the lovers were to be celebrated.

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WINNIE M PATTON (39776).

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At last Hans spoke, his childish voice very earnest and solemn.

"Greta," he said, "don't you wish the little Christ would come to see us, as he came to the child Father Gregoire told us of? Would it make you happy? For I have asked him to come. I wrote him a letter this morning and left it on a branch of our tree where he will see it. And I told him to come to-morrow and we would be so glad. Will he?"

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What a glad Christmas morning it was to Gretchen, Max, and Hans. The spirit of peace and good-will seemed to have taken refuge in their happy faces, and from that strong position smiled defiance on the envious spirits of misery and discord.

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Club No 39776.

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UNCLE REMUS'S ADDRESS TO HIS NIECES AND NEPHEWS

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OUR PRIZE WINNER

Best Essay on the "Poets of the '48"
—Prize-winner, Winnie M Patton (39776)
—Commended, John J Burke, Agnes
Corporal John Fleming, and P Boyle

THE POETS OF YOUNG IRELAND.

The poetry of '48 is the one bright feature in an era as miserable and heart-rending as any through which unhappy Ireland has ever passed. Most miserable and fruitless indeed was that wild attempt to win our country's freedom by force of arms—that hopeless and short-lived insurrection into which the Irish were driven by famine and injustice. It was foredoomed, as Ireland's hopes have ever been, to bring her but wee and ruin, and death; but its brave leaders will hold a place in our memory with idolized Lord Edward and noble murdered Robert Emmet.

Thomas Davis, who with Charles Gavan Duffy, and John Blake Dillon, founded the *Nation* newspaper, may be called the poet of '48. Reading the many noble songs that are his gift to Ireland's poetry, it is difficult to realize that for only three short years had he known and used his powers when death came and his unsullied soul was taken to God. The first ballad that he issued, "The Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," has thrilled many an Irish heart with its passion and despair. His "Ballad of Freedom," "Battle-eve of the Brigade," "Clare's Dragoons," "Fontenoy," "The Geraldines," "The Green Above the Red," "Lament for the Milesians," "Men of Tipperary," "O! for a Steed," "Orange and Green" and "My Land" are some of his most patriotic pieces. Davis's poetry must have played a leading part in the revolution. It is of the kind to thrill Irish blood and set Irish pulses bounding with enthusiasm, and kinde in Irish hearts a fierce desire to meet their foes once more on the battle-field, and revenge every insult and wrong that they have heaped on the Island of Sorrow.

Some of Davis's ballads were written with the hope of reconciling the Irish Catholics and Protestants, whose antagonism has cost their country many a suffering that united they could have her from. The seed of peace sown amidst tribulation and hatred is beginning to bear fruit at last, and when all her classes and creeds form a free united Ireland, surely the poet will not be forgotten who pleaded so passionately for their union, when that union seemed a mere Utopian dream. Denis Florence McCarthy, who, as well as his Irish ballads, has written some most beautiful poetry, rises to my memory with Clarence Mangan, the most gifted and most unhappy of Ireland's sons. Clarence Mangan's poetry has a

charm peculiarly his own. He has left us a rich legacy in his "Irish National Hymn," and his poem "Soul and Country." These should make him famous had he written nothing else.

"O! Ireland! be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of racial beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling
soul."

What a noble ambition and destiny for the land that once deserved its title of Island of Saints. His address to Ireland, his "Dark Rosaleen," is an exquisite poem. It is all so beautiful, a gem among poetry, that it is difficult to choose in it, but I shall give the verse I like best—

"Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en"
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen.

All the bitterness and despair of Mangan's sad life-story found expression in his poem, "The Nameless One." As we read it—that passionate complaint wrung from his soul by the burdens that were too heavy, the misery that was so keen and so undeserved—the tears of pity and sympathy rise to our eyes for the poet who still will deepest place in Irish hearts.

boyhood was one drear night-hour,
r him through his griefs and gloom
Heaven sends to light our
th to the tomb.

ampled, derided, hated,
ickness, disease, and wrong,

He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

Clarence Mangan wrote his poem, "The Warning Voice," in 1847, when the people of Ireland were dying in thousands of famine, and on the eve of their last despairing struggle for liberty. Ah, how truly did the poet foresee the darkness and sorrow to come! Speaking of an era of Knowledge, and Truth, and Peace, he told them—

On you its beams glow not—
For you its flowers blow not,
You cannot rejoice in its light,
But in darkness and suffering instead,
You go down to the place of the dead.

The poetesses of Young Ireland—Eva, Mary, and Speranza, will not soon be forgotten. The most brilliant of these, Speranza—Miss Jane Frances Elgee—became Lady Wilde in after years. She first wrote for the *Nation* under the name of John Fanshawe Ellis, and her articles attracted such attention that the editor, Charles Gavan Duffy, made an arrangement to meet and become acquainted with "Mr. Ellis." I am sure he must have been surprised when he discovered that "gentleman's" identity. When Ireland's hopes had again been crushed, and the Young Ireland leaders were brought to trial for treason, one of the articles read against Gavan Duffy was Lady Wilde's *Jacta Alea Est*, which had appeared in the *Nation*. "I am the culprit, if crime it be," exclaimed Speranza from the gallery, as the reading closed. Through many error years afterwards her poems appeared to infuse hope into the nation's despair and gloom.

Eva, whose songs thrilled the people from the *Nation's* pages, was Eva Mary Kelly, a Galway lady. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, her patriot lover, was arrested, and brought to trial in 1848. The trial failed twice through the disagreement of the jury, and Kevin was offered a merely nominal sentence, if he would plead guilty. His Irish blood revolted at the idea, but he sent for Eva, and told her to decide for him. She told him to be a man and face the worst, no matter how long his sentence she would wait for him. He was sentenced to transportation for ten years, and on his return to Ireland, a free man, he found Eva faithful and waiting to welcome him.

Mary, Miss Ellen Downing, another gifted writer of that time, has a sad story. Her lover, a Young Irelander, fled the country in '48, and, faithless to the core, wedded another lady abroad. Mary did not long survive his desertion, she had given him her heart believing in his nobility and truth—believing him to be an Irishman—and the blow of his utter falseness was too much for her. It is such as he who bring disgrace upon Ireland.

Charles Gavan Duffy, editor of the *Nation*, and Michael J Barry, contributed numerous ballads to the poetry of the Young Ireland period. John Kells Ingram's ballad, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" is well known, as is also "O'Donnell Abu," by J M'Cann. The names of R D Williams, Rev Charles Meehan, John E Pigot, D Macnevin, Samuel Ferguson, and John O'Hagan, may also be found among the poets of Young Ireland.

Our country has passed through much misery and suffering since those songs were peaned to aid her cause, but her bright sunrise may be nigh at hand, the day when, purified and ennobled by the furnace fires, she will arise in her greatness and beauty to fulfil her high destiny—to be the guide of nations.

Go on, then, all rejoiceful!
March on thy career unbowed!
Ireland! let thy noble voiceful
Spirits cry to God aloud!
Man will bid thee speed,
God will aid thee in thy need,
The time, the hour, the power are near.

WINNIE M. PATTON.

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

Best Essay on "The book that influenced me most." Prize divided between Winnie Patton (39776), and Patrick Walsh (35472). "Life of Mary Queen of Scots" and "Davis's Poems" respectively. Highly commended—Hannah Finaghty, Lily Farrelly, John Scanlan, Laurence Newman, E R M'Kenna, T Vesey, James M'Mahon, A M Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" figured largely in this competition and other books dealing with Irish history. One piece mentioned the "Imitation of Christ" and certainly one could hardly be influenced by a better book.

OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

Best Essay.—Should Men and Women be Equal? Prize winner—Winnie Patton (39776). Highly commended—Willie M. Keogh, Hannah Finaghty.

Best Sketch of a Steam Engine.—None of these drawings were quite up to the mark, though some were very good. Highly commended—T T Reddington, Cor P Donnelly (illuminated), Timothy Leo Whelan, Mary Lizzie O'Conner. Commended—Wm Murphy. Club No 2322 is severely reprimanded for sending a copy of same sketch with which he won a prize last year. Daniel Kavanagh's sketch arrived too late.

Best True Story about a Baby's funny sayings. No competitors. "Weekly Freeman"

OUR CLUB PRIZES July 23, 1892

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Best Essay on "Winter."—This brought in a large and very excellent competition. The majority of the competitors were of such equal merit that judgment was rendered most difficult. Prize divided between Nora Kingston (21123) and Agnes M Farrelly (1183). The following were highly commended: Winnie Patton, Hannah Finaghty, T Gallagher, James Callan, Con Caulfield, J N M'Nulty, J J Burke, G M Winifred Farrelly, "Hope," Sergeant P Kelly,

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 Corporal John Fleming, and P Boyle

THE POETS OF YOUNG IRELAND.

The poetry of '48 is the one bright feature in an era as miserable and heart-rending as any through which unhappy Ireland has ever passed. Most miserable and fruitless indeed was that ~~last~~ wild attempt to win our country's freedom by force of arms—that hopeless and short-lived insurrection into which the Irish were driven by famine and injustice. It was foredoomed, as Ireland's hopes have ever been, to bring her but wee and ruin, and death; but its brave leaders will hold a place in our memory with idolized Lord Edward and noble murdered Robert Emmet.

Thomas Davis, who with Charles Gavan Duffy, and John Blake Dillon, founded the *Nation* newspaper, may be called the poet of '48. Reading the many noble songs that are his gift to Ireland's poetry, it is difficult to realize that for only three short years had he known and used his powers when death came and his unsullied soul was taken to God. The first ballad that he issued, "The Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," has thrilled many an Irish heart with its passion and despair. His "Ballad of Freedom," "Battle-eve of the Brigade," "Clare's Dragoons," "Fontenoy," "The Geraldines," "The Green Above the Red," "Lament for the Milesians," "Men of Tipperary," "O! for a Steed," "Orange and Green," and "My Land" are some of his most patriotic pieces. Davis's poetry must have played a leading part in the revolution. It is of the kind to thrill Irish blood and set Irish pulses bounding with enthusiasm, and kindle in Irish hearts a fierce desire to meet their foes once more on the battle-field, and revenge every insult and wrong that they have heaped on the Island of Sorrow.

Some of Davis's ballads were written with the hope of reconciling the Irish Catholics and Protestants, whose antagonism has cost their country many a suffering that united they could have her from. The seed of peace sown amidst tribulation and hatred is beginning to bear fruit at last, and when all her classes and creeds form a free united Ireland, surely the poet will not be forgotten who pleaded so passionately for their union, when that union seemed a mere Utopian dream. Denis Florence McCarthy, who, as well as his Irish ballads, has written some most beautiful poetry, rises to my memory with Clarence Mangan, the most gifted and most unhappy of Ireland's sons. Clarence Mangan's poetry has a

charm peculiarly his own. He has left us a rich legacy in his "Irish National Hymn," and his poem "Soul and Country." These should make him famous had he written nothing else.

"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."

What a noble ambition and destiny for the land that once deserved its title of Island of Saints. His address to Ireland, his "Dark Rosaleen," is an exquisite poem. It is all so beautiful, a gem among poetry, that it is difficult to choose in it, but I shall give the verse I like best—

"Over dews, over sands,
 Will I fly for your weal;
 Your holy delicate white hands
 Shall girdle me with steel
 At home in your emerald bowers,
 From morning's dawn till e'en"
 You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
 My dark Rosaleen.

All the bitterness and despair of Mangan's sad life-story found expression in his poem, "The Nameless One." As we read it—that passionate complaint wrung from his soul by the burdens that were too heavy, the misery that was so keen and so undeserved—the tears of pity and sympathy rise to our eyes for the poet who still will hold the deepest place in Irish hearts.

boyhood was one drear night-hour,
 r him through his griefs and gloom
 Heaven sends to light our
 ' to the tomb.

ampled, derided, hated,
 akness, disease, and wrong,

He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

Clarence Mangan wrote his poem, "The Warning Voice," in 1847, when the people of Ireland were dying in thousands of famine, and on the eve of their last despairing struggle for liberty. Ah, how truly did the poet foresee the darkness and sorrow to come! Speaking of an era of Knowledge, and Truth, and Peace, he told them—

On you its beams glow not—
For you its flowers blow not,
You cannot rejoice in its light,
But in darkness and suffering instead,
You go down to the place of the dead.

The poetesses of Young Ireland—Eva, Mary, and Speranza, will not soon be forgotten. The most brilliant of these, Speranza—Miss Jane Frances Elgee—became Lady Wilde in after years. She first wrote for the *Nation* under the name of John Fanshawe Ellis, and her articles attracted such attention that the editor, Charles Gavan Duffy, made an arrangement to meet and become acquainted with "Mr. Ellis." I am sure he must have been surprised when he discovered that "gentleman's" identity. When Ireland's hopes had again been crushed, and the Young Ireland leaders were brought to trial for treason, one of the articles read against Gavan Duffy was Lady Wilde's *Jacta Alea Est*, which had appeared in the *Nation*. "I am the culprit, if crime it be," exclaimed Speranza from the gallery, as the reading closed. Through many dreary years afterwards her poems appeared to infuse hope into the nation's despair and gloom.

Eva, whose songs thrilled the people from the *Nation's* pages, was Eva Mary Kelly, a Galway lady. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, her patriot lover, was arrested, and brought to trial in 1848. The trial failed twice through the disagreement of the jury, and Kevin was offered a merely nominal sentence, if he would plead guilty. His Irish blood revolted at the idea, but he sent for Eva, and told her to decide for him. She told him to be a man and face the worst, no matter how long his sentence she would wait for him. He was sentenced to transportation for ten years, and on his return to Ireland, a free man, he found Eva faithful and waiting to welcome him.

Mary, Miss Ellen Downing, another gifted writer of that time, has a sad story. Her lover, a Young Irelander, fled the country in '48, and, faithless to the core, wedded another lady abroad. Mary did not long survive his desertion, she had given him her heart believing in his nobility and truth—believing him to be an Irishman—and the blow of his utter falseness was too much for her. It is such as he who brings disgrace upon Ireland.

Charles Gavan Duffy, editor of the *Nation*, and Michael J Barry, contributed numerous ballads to the poetry of the Young Ireland period. John Kells Ingram's ballad, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" is well known, as is also "O'Donnell Abu," by J M'Cann. The names of R D Williams, Rev Charles Meehan, John E Pigot, D Macnevin, Samuel Ferguson, and John O'Hagan, may also be found among the poets of Young Ireland.

Our country has passed through much misery and suffering since those songs were penned to aid her cause, but her bright sunrise may be nigh at hand, the day when, purified and ennobled by the furnace fires, she will arise in her greatness and beauty to fulfil her high destiny—to be the guide of nations.

Go on, then, all rejoicing!
March on thy career unbowed!
Ireland! let thy noble voiceful
Spirit cry to God aloud!
Man will bid thee speed,
God will aid thee in thy need,
The time, the hour, the power are near.

WINNIE M. PATTON.

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

Best Essay on "The book that influenced me most." Prize divided between Winnie Patton (29776), and Patrick Walsh (35472). "Life of Mary Queen of Scots" and "Davis's Poems" respectively. Highly commended—Hannah Finaghty, Lily Farrelly, John Scanlan, Laurence Newman, E R M'Kenna, T Vesey, James M'Mahon. A M Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" figured largely in this competition and other books dealing with Irish history. One piece mentioned the "Imitation of Christ" and certainly one could hardly be influenced by a better book.

OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

Best Essay.—Should Men and Women be Equal? Prize winner—Winifred Patton (39776). Highly commended—Willie M. Keogh, Hannah Finaghty.

Best Sketch of a Steam Engine.—None of these drawings were quite up to the mark, though some were very good. Highly commended—T T Reddington, Cor P Donnelly (illuminated), Timothy Leo Whelan, Mary Lizzie O'Connor. Commended—Wm Murphy. Club No 2222 is severely reprimanded for sending a copy of same sketch with which he won a prize last year. Daniel Kavanagh's sketch arrived too late.

Best True Story about a Baby's funny sayings. No competitors.

Weekly Freeman

OUR CLUB PRIZES July 23, 1892

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

Best Essay on "Winter."—This brought in a large and very excellent competition. The majority of the competitors were of such equal merit that judgment was rendered most difficult. Prize divided between Nora Kingston (21120) and Agnes M Farrelly (1132). The following were highly commended: Winnie Patton, Hannah Finaghty, T Gallagher, James Callan, Con Caulfield, J N M'Nulty, J J Burke, G M Winifred Farrelly, "Hope," Sergeant P Kelly,