

**THE ISLAND OF SAINTS,
A SATIRE, AND OTHER
LINES FOR PASTIME**

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The Island of Saints, a Satire, and Other Lines for Pastime by Hibernicus

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BY
HIBERNICUS.

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PREFACE.

THE acknowledged want of good Public Schools in Ireland caused me, in common with most middle-class Irishmen, to spend the chief portion of my school life in England.

There I learned to respect the great ability, mental as well as physical, of that race. It also was my happiness to form friendships with Englishmen and with Scotchmen, which neither years nor separation can destroy.

Economy led me to Dublin, rather than to Oxford or Cambridge, as my University.

There I met in social intercourse young countrymen of a different creed to mine. To me the benefit was great, the disadvantage *nil*. The few years that passed are full of happy memories.

Believing that the union of all creeds of Irishmen, from the cradle to the grave, would be for their own good and that of the Empire, and that it is mutually beneficial for England and Ireland to be personally acquainted, I venture to obtrude these youthful lines for pastime, hoping that, if they do no good, they may do no harm.

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THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

PART THE FIRST.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

King Lear.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven ; the fated sky
Gives us free scope : only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Spirit of Charity, thine aid I claim ;
Spirit of Love, nor shall I call in vain :
I need thy guidance while I seek to find
If Freedom's pulse still beats in Irish mind,
If in that verdant Isle's prolific race
There lingers yet a solitary trace
Of a free conscience, proud as Atlantic wave,
To aught but Truth scorning to be a slave !

Eight hundred noted years have come and gone
Since Norman knights the English kingdom won,
Driving the Celtic bard and Saxon thane
Far from their flocks and pastures, cared in vain,