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Published in Irish America, this week.

Lead Mille Faill, Farrall!

Some chief, or sage, in ev'ry age,
And ev'ry generation,
Struck Freedom's lyre, the soul to fire
Of Ireland's deathless nation:
His race, or race, God sent to lead,
Was not the bond that bound him
To gathering clans, from Slane to Shan,
And foreign foes around him.

To the enemy of Erin, so daringly grand,
To the Protestant chief of a Catholic land,
To the grandson of Stewart, our old commorore,
Give a welcome you never gave here before!
For this brilliant young star is the life and the light,
Of his people, emerging from Slavery's night;
And your children, some day, will exultingly tell:
"Before Ireland was free, father welcome'd Farrall!"

What an outburst of love was that national lay,
When the bard of the "Nation" cried: "Don't go away!"
'Twas the well of a mother, heart-broken to part
With the hope, and the pride, and the love of her heart;
But we'll send him safe home, with a golden "God speed,"
Ere the primrose bloom in his own "Royal death,"
To do battle, once more, where the Great Britons yell
In their rowdy-ruled Commons, to silence Farrall.

Amid eat-eats, and maudlin, ironical, cheers,
Did he "clown" at the bidding of trembling compeers?
Did he quail before numbers, - three hundred to ten, -
As he chain'd him, for nights, in that bedlamite den?
No! his coolness, and courage, and lightning retort,
That a Cox, Blaine, or Hendall, might claim as his forte,
Clinch'd the logical nails, with a glorious knell,
In the sick-fories coffin; - young, fearless, Farrall!

England strikes at Farrall through New York's Daily-Lie,
As she swore, in her hate, that our Union should die;
When her guns were all shotted on Rubicon's bank,
Had not Ireland stood ready to spring at her flank;
But through Might triumphs Right, though her Green flag be furled,
She was born to be free, at the dawn of the world;
And that birthright no Power could give, buy, or sell,
From the Danish defeat, to the days of Farrall.

On the slopes of Pacific, around by the North
Is our capital city, fame heralds your worth;
And a prayer gushes up, with affectionate glow:
"Heaven's blessing attend you wherever you go!"
When you see the green fields we may never see more,
Give our love to old Ireland a thousand times o'er;
And you'll tell all her sons and her daughters as well,
How America welcome'd their leader, Farrall!

Washington, D.C., Jan'y 2, 1850.

Richard Butcher

30 Jan 80
Dear Mother
I have just had
a letter from
you and I am
glad to hear
from you. I
am well and
hope these few
lines will find
you the same.
I have not much
news to write
at present. I
am still in
the hospital.
I have not
yet been able
to go out.
I have not
yet been able
to go out.
I have not
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to go out.

all in that respect. However, I have
now more time to get another
ready. The horse is pretty flustered
soon after its name to some horse.
I will get off my own mail. I
think some will be sent at his
house. I got better tonight. I
they are interesting.
Have changed "Post" again to her.

I am glad you enjoy your machine. The
city here is not very interesting work. I
will not let you see that. I will see to
it what the use. I have a doctor!
I am in 18 old rooms. I will be in a
cloudy day. - 11 AM I must run up to the
H.R. Check on lines. 240 letters to day. I
getting machines. They letter work. I
change the on my work. I will see

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