The Shan Van Vocht

Yes Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea,
And hurrah for Liberty
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

VOL. I.—No. 1. BELFAST, 15TH JANUARY, 1896. PRICE TWOPENCE.

The Shan Van Vocht.

THERE is news from o'er the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
There is news from o'er the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
And this message o'er the sea,
From the land of liberty,
Brings the best of news for me,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Ere the dying of the year,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
From a land that's far but dear
To the Shan Van Vocht;
In a voice that laughed at fear,
There rang forth defiance clear,
Let us send an answering cheer,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And a cloud is glooming now,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
O'er our haughty tyrant's brow,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Whilst like thunder bursts afar,
Where her sons and daughters are,
The din of dreadful war,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But there's light behind that cloud
For the Shan Van Vocht;
And that thunder roaring loud,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Though it strikes the weakling dumb,
Shouts in tones of joy to some
That the dawn of Freedom's come
To the Shan Van Vocht.

But tell me who is she
Called the Shan Van Vocht;
And if other name there be
For the Shan Van Vocht;
Yes! immortal is her fame,
She's the queen no foe could tame,
For old Ireland is the name
Of the Shan Van Vocht.

The Boy From Barnesmore.

(A STORY OF '67). BY IRIS OLKYRN.

THE train had stopped an unusually long time at Strabane Station. Trains in Ireland are rarely in a hurry; indeed, when you come to think of it why should they be, as some wit remarked "there is more time to spare than there is of anything else in this distressful country." And to-day there was every excuse for delay, and plenty to divert my attention whilst we waited, for that day had been the great spring hiring market in Strabane, and the crowd upon the platform was an interesting and picturesque one.

Here were the wives of strong farmers in all the flaunting bravery of their new spring bonnets, gorgeous in scarlet and purple, and emerald green ribbons with wondrous flowers, fresh from the milliners' hands; whilst in paper bags they carried the head-dresses in which they had come to town that morning. Their crinoline distended skirts, their gay fringed shawls, their loudly creaking boots, were objects of wonder and envy to the simply dressed country girls of Donegal, who had entered into six months service with them that day, and who had left homes among the mountain glens up by Stranorlar and Glenties, and far away in Gweedore, to do housework and field work on farms in Tyrone. I could not help admiring the picturesque simplicity of their plain kilted skirts of grey or dark blue homespun; the bright kerchiefs knotted simply over their neatly braided locks as compared with the tawdry grandeur of their newly found mistresses. The men were shouting and talking excitedly, running this way and that, and calling to their women folk to follow to the seats they had secured in the carriages. Through the swaying, surging crowd, with quiet sauntering step passed two or three straight military looking men, easily recognised as members of the police force in plain clothes. I thought nothing of their passing up and down and

peering into the carriage windows as the train filled. Such an annual event as the great hiring fair, cannot go off without some disturbance of the peace, and the country in this year was in a more excitable condition than usual. The train was pretty well filled up, and things looked as if we were really going to get off at last. Tiring of the noise and confusion I went to the other window and flung it up. At that side of the platform a crowd stood waiting the coming of the train for Derry. Out of the parcel office stepped a tall fine looking young fellow with a carpet bag and what looked like a hat tied up in a red cotton handkerchief. A slight fair haired girl in the typical Donegal peasant costume clung to his arm. It was evident that she had been crying and was now attempting to recover her composure. A railway porter came up to the pair and asked abruptly, "Where are you for?" On being answered, he began to abuse the young fellow for his stupidity. He had evidently been waiting at the wrong side of the platform. The porter leaped down on the line and peered into several carriages, opening at last the door of mine which was a second class compartment, shouting roughly—"Come on! There's not a minute to lose. Here's the only carriage ye'll find a seat in. There's only wan gentleman!"

The young fellow hastily bade his companion farewell and leaped unto the line. The guard's whistle sounded, and the train, after a jerk and screech from the engine, was already in motion when I helped him up from the footboard. He stumbled upon his face in the carriage, and then, without rising, proceeded to stow away his carpet bag under the seat. I still looked out of the window, expecting to see his pretty companion dissolved in tears. To my disgust, she was laughing merrily, and as the railway porter leaped to the platform beside her, she shook his hand heartily. Though we were moving off from them, I distinctly saw him wink at her, with a familiar side nod of the head, and then he executed a graceful swing round on his heel and something of a reel step, the girl at the end of all taking his hand and shaking it. Their congratulatory gestures aggravated me. They seemed to be saying, "Well, we've got him off at last, and a good riddance." A plain case of "off with the old love and on with the new," I thought, and angrily slammed up the window and turned with a feeling of pity to my companion. He was still on his knees, fumbling about that carpet bag. When I say still, I should explain that only half a minute had elapsed from the time of his abrupt entrance. Just time enough for the carriage we were in, and it was near the back of the train, to have come to the end of a not very lengthy platform. However, as I turned and saw him crouching there, a suspicion flashed into my mind, for at the same moment I saw through the window beyond him, standing close enough to permit of their surveying the interior, the little group of slightly-disguised policemen. At the very end of the platform they stood, with quiet, observant glance, eyeing each carriage, as with still leisurely, but gradually increasing pace the heavy train moved past them. "Looking for some one?" I thought. "Who?" and then, with a glance at the figure at the bottom of the carriage, "*Perhaps* ——." Half a dozen probable crimes and tragedies in which he might have been implicated suggested themselves. But quickly all suspicions faded. He rose, flushed by his stooping posture, and turned to me such an ingenuous, frank, friendly face that I was ashamed of having even imagined that such a fine young fellow should have to cower from the gaze of the minions of the law. His manner at entrance did look odd; but it was certainly only a case of rustic ignorance in matters of railway travelling. I explained to him the use of the parcel rack, and that there was no need to grovel on the floor in order to dispose of small luggage. His coat, which he had shoved in with the bag, was dusty. I shook it out, and advised him to leave it on the seat.

"I would not have it take up sitting room: and the train so full," he said.

"But there are only ourselves," I said. "It is only in the third class carriages they are crowded, what, with the crinolines and the market baskets there must be a great crush."

"And its there I should be in the middle of it," he said, exhibiting a green ticket.

"You can change at the next station, or if it is not far you have to go, you can pay the difference."

"And even if it is far, as long as I have what to pay," he said, with a certain air of simple courtesy, "what for would I change from where I have good company, and after you giving me the friendly hand in; or its on Strabane platform I would be standing yet, and no train to Belfast to-night."

"And don't you wish yourself back on Strabane platform? And wouldn't you like to be standing there yet, with somebody beside you?"

He did not take up my chaff, but answered with an air of consideration, as if he was trying to arrive at, and give utterance to the exact truth.

"Well, if I was standing on Strabane platform, and the young lady with me all the while, I would not mind if all the trains, backwards and forwards, ran past without stopping, and left me there for hours long, always waiting; but if its one minute more I'd stayed there; I wouldn't have seen a sight of her more, for long enough. There were those about that would have taken care of that." And then he pulled up, in a way which I afterwards understood to mean that he feared he was betraying himself, and added as if explanatory of what he had said. "It's not often a girl gets her people to think with her about the boy she chooses."

He relapsed into silence and meditation, evidently re-

volving happy memories. I felt cynically inclined to rudely overthrow his ideals, and awaken the pangs of jealousy by telling how I had last seen "the young lady," as he reverently called her, standing clasping the hand of a good looking railway porter, whilst he winked at her familiarly, and fairly capered with delight. However, I refrained, and left him undisturbed to his happy thoughts and his overweening trust in the fidelity of womankind. He was a really handsome fellow, with sun-bleached clustering curls, such as you see commonly amongst fishermen and island-dwellers of western Ireland.

He was tall, well-built, very simple, and earnest looking, and when he laughed there was a pathetic, a melancholy ring in his voice, which touched my heart. He did not seem inclined to talk much; but sat looking out of the window, as a little child does to whom a train journey is a novelty, and the apparent motion of the telegraph poles and wires is a mystery. He was gazing out at these fugitive objects so seriously that I was on the point of explaining the matter to him; however, I refrained, and asked him, instead, if he had ever been in Belfast before.

"I was never along this line in this direction in my life, at all, before," he explained, and not to Strabane this six years; nor into Derry either; nor Letterkenny besides for the matter of that."

"And where do you live?"

"I have no home now."

I wondered why, but did not ask, saying instead: "But where have you lived up to now."

"At the Donegal side of the Gap."

"Of Barnesmore?"

He nodded, and I laughed, quoting a familiar hackneyed phrase, "Then you are literally 'the man in the gap.'"

"I am a man in the train this minute," he said, laughing, "but I wish it was in the Gap I was instead to-night, and many more with me." His eyes flashed, and he had an awakened noble look which in a moment passed away as he pulled up at my question.

"And what would you or anyone be doing up there at this time of night?"

He launched into recounting wild poaching adventures and affrays with the excisemen, cunning concealments of potheen, as if by these equivocal allusions to explain his wish to be up on his native mountain side; and the remainder of the journey passed quickly with tales of fairies and banshees, which he solemnly assured me still haunted Barnesmore. As we came near to Belfast, I began to feel that it would be wrong to let this young unsophisticated fellow, who had not been into Strabane for seven years from his native wilds, and who evidently was, to speak paradoxically, at sea in a train, go wandering into Belfast. At Omagh he paid his excess railway fare, revealing as he did so a store of gold and silver pieces tucked in between his boots and socks. He had evidently sold out his little farm, and carrying the price of it, his whole fortune on his person, had started out to seek to better himself. Perhaps the girl's father, or even her mercenary little self, had sent him out on this quest. The memory of that too familiar railway porter prejudiced me against her, and made me sympathise with the handsome, simple, earnest fellow I feared she was coquetting with.

We dashed ont of Lisburn, and our journey's end quickly approached. He had been telling me very solemnly of how he had actually seen the fairies, hundred and thousands of little men in scarlet and little ladies in green, dancing on the heath in the Gap one midsummer eve. He paused in this remarkable story to inform me gravely that he had heard Belfast was a larger town than Donegal or Ardara or any town in his country. Would it be hard to find a place to stay where he would feel at home and not strange. He was going on to Scotland next day; there was work waiting for him there and good friends; but he was a stranger to Belfast. He appealed to me, and memories of hospitality received by the firesides of many a Donegal cottage crowded upon me. Now was the time for me to show myself grateful and be a friend to this boy from the mountain Gap; to take care of him and see him safely embarked for Scotland, where as he assured me he would have other friends to guide him.

"I do not live in Belfast," I explained, "and I was going to stay with friends, but as we have been together so long and as it's your first time so far from home (I remember that he blushed hereat), I think I must look after you and your uncomfortable boot-lining of gold. We can put up at a hotel. I am only passing through like yourself anyhow on my way into Co. Down where I live," and gave him my name, Dr. Carr, of Dundrum.

I was scarcely prepared for the grateful rapture with which he hailed this proposal. Could he have been scared—a great strong, adventurous fellow like that—at the idea of being alone in a big town. "God bless you and reward you for your goodness," he said, in a tone that betokened no mere formal ejaculation, but a heartfelt prayer for my welfare, in return for this small kindness. His whole face lit up with gladness, and after this genuine devout expression, absent-mindedly lapsed into this startlingly contrasting phrase, "Fits me as neat as the skin on a pig, stranger!"

I jumped and fixed my eye on him searchingly, he hung his head and a blush mounted to the roots of his blonde curls. Such a Yankee phrase was so unexpected from a youth who had been talking credulously of the fairies. It came on me like a douche of cold water, chilling me with suspicions. We did not speak another word till the tickets were lifted. He turned his back on me and looked out into the night; his shoulders shook, I could see he was laughing, sniggering with irrepressible mirth. I thought of the railway porter who had winked,

and how the girl had laughed and shaken his hand, and how the police had prowled round the train, and of the sovereigns in his boots. Had he committed a great theft and were the others helping his flight from justice; I like a dupe helping him. He turned round at last and faced me, but that look of innocence and simplicity was gone for ever; instead there was a half-pathetic pleading expression which seemed to mean, don't mind my humbugging you a little bit, and the gleam of amusement flickered on in his eyes, till we were just entering Belfast, and getting our luggage out. As he was poking after that old carpet bag of his, his face assumed an anxious and fidgety expression. He had folded his slouched hat and crammed it in his pocket, and replaced it by the hard hat which he had carried tied up in the cotton handkerchief. When with his overcoat on, he stepped on to the platform, carrying my portmanteau which he assured me was heavier than his, and as his arms were strongest we had best exchange, he had assumed all of a sudden such a commanding tone that I couldn't remonstrate with him; besides I couldn't say I thought his carpet bag too shabby for a professional man like myself to be seen carrying. He leaped hastily and without a word tossed his portmanteau to a cab, and my traps, including the carpet bag with which I had been encumbered after it, dispensing with the aid of a porter. He took my breath away by the rapidity of his movements. The simple unsophisticated rustic, whom in pity I had taken under my guidance, was now looking after me. He was seated and had given me a hand up and asked what hotel and told the driver, and we were rattling along on our way there before we spoke.

I did not like to have him maintain this deception which now failed to deceive me. That one Yankee phrase of his, the metaphor so suggestive in its aptness of Chicago and pork, had illuminated my mind like a flash. Remember this was historic Sixty-seven, and I only wonder I had not understood sooner. Of course as a respectable County Down Presbyterian, I had no sympathy with that sort of thing; or with that set of people; but all the same I was sorry for him, and even glad to have helped in his escape from Strabane, especially when I remembered the little fair-haired Donegal girl, whose delight at his hurried departure I now understood; but I wasn't going to have him think he was deceiving me any longer, and would let him see he could trust me. "No more of your humbug, young fellow," I said abruptly, when he began to admire the street lamps, and say how convenient they must be found by people going out to *kailye* in neighbour houses, on dark nights. "No more humbug of that sort," I said, and then in a maaning voice, "they tell me that for a city of its size, New York contrasts very badly with English towns in the matter of paving and illumination."

"Your friendly to us anyhow, stranger," he said, laying his hand eagerly upon my arm, and with an excited thrill in his voice, he added pleadingly, "and, perhaps, you wouldn't mind doing a little thing to help me, especially as it won't bring any risk to you, and you needn't know what it is about, it is only a message. I know, I can trust you, and it's such a chance. Fits me as neatly as the skin of a pig."

With an insinuating laugh he repeated the phrase that had first betrayed him, and to such a sympathetic mood had he won me; that actually forgetful of everything, I, a sensible, settled, middle-aged doctor, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, was on the point of promising this boy from dear knows where!—Baltimore, more likely than Barnesmore; that I would do anything I could to oblige him. I was going to become guilty of high treason, or treason felony. "My grandfather was with Munro in '98, I said, and you may confide in me anyhow."

"I don't want you to *do* anything, or carry anything," he whispered, encouraged by my silence. "I am simply in desperation, and that's why I'm driven to appeal to you, it's only to leave news about something that will be seized if we don't intercept it. They're on a ship now coming from Derry packed in American hams—I was to have gone to Newry—but that was impossible. The police at Portadown saw me well enough; but they wouldn't stop me, you see it isn't a sea-port town, and they want to find out where I am going to meet these American hams. They know all about them coming over, and they know all about me since I left Moville."

"And why didn't they stop you there?"

"They didn't want to stop me. They want to find out where those American hams are going to. They were meant for Derry first of all, and came over in a sailing vessel. I came by steamer a little later, so that we arrived just about the same time at Lough Foyle. I disembarked to find out if all was right, but got a warning, which I conveyed to the ship, that the hams and what was packed along with them were expected in Derry by the authorities as well as by our friends. I got away over into Donegal, round behind the hills, without ever going near Derry at all, and whilst I stayed quietly up in my own native place beyond the Gap, the ship cruised away back, keeping well out to sea, and came in at last near Teelin Harbour; but, of course not into it. By that time we had orders, and sent them to it, saying where the cargo was to go—namely, to Newry. I had no notion of going there, but intended to linger round Derry as if still expecting something there. The police, who had seen me on the steamer at Moville, would be misguided by my movements. I had got as far as Strabane, coming up with the crowd to the hiring fair: and I had a really good time, and didn't care whether we were watched or not, as it was only playing hide and seek with them and nothing serious involved, and I had gone over to the side of the platform for the Derry train, and was sitting comfortably in the parcel office, when a railway porter, who is a friend of Mary's——"

"That was Mary, then, I saw with you. Where does she live?"

He did not interrupt his narrative to answer.

"This railway porter had overheard a conversation, a name or two mentioned—nothing that he understood—but he knew what was the business of the men who had spoken, and he told me what had been said. I understood! Some one on whom we had absolutely depended in making the Newry arrangement had played false. The authorities there were quietly awaiting the arrival of our precious cargo. I started on the moment, and, entering the train on the wrong side, escaped the vigilance of the detectives. I couldn't dare take a ticket for Newry or anywhere in that direction, for I knew my pursuers, when they missed me, would find out where tickets had been issued to. The best Joe could do for me was to give me a return half-ticket for Belfast he got from a friend on the platform. You see, there wasn't time to cross or to get near the booking office; so I just took what came, and made a dash."

"But why are you in Belfast?"

He groaned. "At Portadown, where I intended to change, I saw, as ill-luck would have it, a man who had seen me on the American boat—one of the watchdogs, set here at the junction to observe the passing to and fro through the province of several of us who landed from America that week, and who had been labelled suspicious. I was afraid he might suspect I would again warn the ship off, and think it better to take me into custody, as, even on suspicion and without evidence, he could do. The only thing for it was to go on to Belfast, on the chance of getting off unobserved through County Down to Kilkeel or Carlingford or some place from which I could put off in a boat and intercept that ship before it enters the bay on its way up to Newry. That fellow from Portadown hasn't followed me up, I hope, but he has wired my description, and I am expected, and will be watched.

This long explanation took place, partly in the cab, partly in the hotel to which we had driven. It was crowded to excess, and only one room could be put at our disposal. This we agreed to share, and my companion contented himself with the sofa. After a hasty meal we retired to our bedroom, as I knew well enough that he would not care to be in the rooms open to the entry of prying strangers.

We talked far into the night, he with all the ardour of inextinguishable, unreasoning, reckless patriotism, trying to rekindle in my breast a rebel spark which he expected to find smouldering there, the bequest of my United ancestor, who had conspired and dared in '98, on the same lines and for the same land, as this young man and his comrades in '67. But I was too old and too wise. The memories of '98, by which he strove to rouse me, were precisely those which inspired caution. I understood too well the awful responsibility of exciting an unarmed peasantry to face trained troops.

"We have a saying over in County Down, my dear fellow," said I, "that no one will ever again get us to try to catch cannon balls on pitchforks."

"But look see," he said, chafing at my cynicism, "you may bet that it isn't pitchforks nor pikes neither that are stored away under American hams and bacon aboard that vessel. But anyhow," and he relapsed into a melancholy mood, "they're no use now! I have seen plainly, even in the few days I have been at home, that nothing can be done yet, not for years perhaps. If the people here and the boys over there had pulled better together, it might have been different. This disputing and wrangling at headquarters, and the breakdown of the rising in Ireland has disgusted us pretty well, and this business of the ship hasn't anyone at head-quarters directing. Just some few hundred of us over there, who were tired of orders and counter-orders, disputes and delays, put our heads and our dollars together and said, 'let us send over some guns anyway and see if there's anyone there wants them.'"

I utterly refused to do anything to help in getting those guns landed in Ireland. To prevent them falling into the hands of the authorities was a different matter, and as you will see I was able to render service without attracting suspicion.

Everything having been satisfactorily arranged between us, we retired, and the last I saw of my companion before falling into a heavy sleep, he was kneeling over beside the window at his devotions. I woke with a start, it must have been some hours later, for the room was lit by the faint cold light of the early May dawn. Whether he had rested at all in the interval, or whether he had spent all that night, or what was left of it after our deliberations, on his knees, I cannot say, as I never asked; I did not even let him know that I had awakened and seen him; but the figure as it appeared to me then will come before my eyes as I live—so rapt, so fervent was he in his praying that I turned away my eyes and looked no more. I was not meant to see that passionate outpouring of adoration and appeal for the land he loved nor shall I dwell on it with any description for you. I slept and awoke next with the sun glittering through the window blind. His carpet bag lay beside the dressing-table, but he was gone. It was not eight o'clock yet, but the whole hotel seemed astir and loud with voices. I rose and pulled up the blind; my window looked out on the junction of Donegall Street and York Street. Opposite the hotel door a crowd had assembled and was reinforced by a contingent from the streets which then led into Castle Place, forming the butchers' quarter of the town. I knew instinctively what had happened, and dressing hastily was in the hall in a few minutes. There stood my young friend flushed and defiant, surrounded by several stalwart policemen.

I was about to utter some explanation of pity and surprise, when a grave, pleading look from him reminded me that I was his fellow conspirator and had a part to play. I went instead to the hotel keeper and, feigning surprise, explained that he was only a chance travelling companion, and entreated him to conceal the fact that I had shared my room or arrived in his company.

"Oh, don't alarm yourself," he answered, testily; "we may all be loyal men, but we don't care to lend a hand in work like this." I saw that I was safe. My unfortunate young friend had most unwisely slipped out to try and find some of his own sort who would help him in hiding after my departure into Co. Down. The man who had seen him at Portadown had thought it well to follow him up and had actually travelled with us the night before. By good chance he had not seen his swift transit into a cab in my company, but had run against him that morning in the neighbourhood of the docks.

They had not a particle of evidence against him, I knew, except the fact that he had come from America. Of course they knew about the ship and its cargo, and if that was not intercepted I knew he was doomed to a spell of penal servitude, and that there were others implicated who would share his fate. I thought of the poor little Mary hoping for his return to Barnesmore to take her away to his home in America, and of an aged widowed mother whom he had told me of too. He had confided a great deal to me, you see, but never his name. "It's not my own I'm using anyhow," he said, "and you had best be able to swear you don't know it, so I won't tell you."

All the servants and many of the guests were crowded on the stairs and passages, and above the clamour of questioning voices rose that of the cook, an old Limerick woman, who, in a rich brogue, was inviting the crowd of men servants inside and the mob in the street alternately, to attempt a rescue. As there was not the slightest movement on the part of any of them, she threw aside all discretion and denounced the entire male population of the north as a set of worthless omadhauns. "He would not have stood that long with only four men guardin' him in front of any open door in the city of Limerick." Here she cast a withering glance at the crowd on the stairs and added defiantly, "There's more than wan of ye to my own knowledge that's bound to stand by him and the likes av him." Whereat the boots and the busman and under-waiter thought it well to withdraw quietly.

The excitement was brought to a climax by the bringing round of a car, on which, between his police guardians, the boy from Barnesmore was whisked out of sight, with his little carpet bag clasped in the fist of one policeman. I knew there was nothing there to harm him, and just as he was mounting I gave him an encouraging reminder that I would be as good as my word, by extracting from my coat pocket a crimson handkerchief he had given me and wiping my brow with it vigorously. He laughed loudly in the face of his captors and beat a tattoo upon the footboard. A yell from the carman for the crowd to clear out, and he disappeared from our view in the direction of the police station.

Next day I had a long spell of sailing off the coast of South Down, with a Kilkee boatman, who was accustomed to bring me on such pleasure excursions. There was a fair wind, and it was a glorious day, so it was not thought odd that I should have been more than usually enthusiastic. I held the helm, and when late in the evening a schooner came sailing from down the channel, with the northwest wind, and evidently making for Carlingford Lough, I proposed that we should make for her, and see where she was bound for. We came along on her lee-side, and a vigorous signalling, on my part, with hat and crimson handkerchief had brought a dozen stalwart forms to the ship-side ere we came within speaking distance.

"She's from the States," said I, jokingly to the boatmen, "and a small one to have crossed the Atlantic. These Americans will be ruining our trade now that they have done fighting, and are settling down to compete with us. What's your cargo, captain?" "Guess," was his answer, for he wanted to make sure that I knew.

"Well if it's your American bacon," said I, to the huge delight of the boatmen, "you can sink it in the sea, and make it salter; or take it back to where it came from; for it's not wanted in Ireland."

Then abruptly we put about for I did not want to risk his making any compromising answer.

The ship, of course, held on its way till nightfall, but never came into the bay, and I heard in a few days of the release of the boy from Barnesmore.

. . . . . .

It was not till a few months later that I knew his name, and Mary's, for they had but one between them, one surname, that is by that time, and the signature to the letter which came to me from a western State in America, was Patrick Connor Friel, with late of Barnesmore Gap, Co. Donegal, added and underlined.

Irish Antiquities.

A Grave at Tara.

SCATTERED over the surface of every country in Europe, may be found sepulchral monuments, the remains of pre-historic times and nations, and of a phase of life and civilization which has long passed away. No country in Europe is without its cromlechs and dolmens, huge earthen tumuli, great flagged sepulchres, and enclosures of tall pillar stones. The men by whom these works were made so interesting in themselves, and so different from anything of the kind erected since, were not strangers and aliens, but our own ancestors, and out of their rude civilization our own has slowly grown. Of that elder phase of European civilization no record or

tradition has been anywhere bequeathed to us. After the explorer has broken up, certainly desecrated, and, perhaps destroyed those noble sepulchral raths; after he has disenterred the bones laid there once by pious hands, and the urn with its unrecognisable ashes of king or warrior, and by the industrious labour of years hoarded his fruitless treasure of stone celt and arrowhead, of brazen sword, gold fibula, and torque, and has adorned them with some obscure label, and arranged them in the glazed cases of the cold gaunt museum, the imagination unsatisfied and revolted shrinks back from all he has done.

Still we continue to inquire, who were those ancient chieftains for whom an affectionate people raised those strange tombs? What life did they lead? What deeds perform? How did our ancestors look upon those great tombs, certainly not reared to be forgotten; and how did they—those huge monumental pebbles, and swelling raths—enter into, and effect the civilization, or religion of the times?

We see the Cromlech with its massive slab, and immense supporting pillars; but we vainly endeavour to imagine for whom it was first erected. We see the stone cist, with its great smooth flags, the rocky cairn and huge barrow, and massive walled cathair; but the interest which they invariably excite is only aroused to subside again unsatisfied. From this department of European antiquities the historian retires baffled. An antiquarian museum is more melancholy than a tomb.

. . . . . .

But there is one country in Europe, in which, by virtue of a marvellous strength and tenacity of the historical intellect, and of filial devotedness to the memory of their ancestors, there have been preserved, down into the early phases of mediaeval civilization, and then committed to the sure guardianship of manuscript, the hymns, ballads, stories and chronicles, the names, pedigrees, achievements, and even characters of those ancient kings and warriors over whom those massive cromlechs were erected and great cairns piled. There is not a conspicuous sepulchral monument in Ireland the traditional history of which is not recorded in our ancient literature, and of the heroes in whose honour they were raised. In the rest of Europe there is not a single barrow, dolmen or cist of which the ancient traditional history is recorded. In Ireland there is scarcely one of which it is not.

On the plain of Tara, beside the little stream Nemna, itself famous as that which first turned a mill wheel in Ireland, there lies a barrow, not itself very conspicuous in the midst of others, all named and illustrious in the ancient literature of the country. The hero there interred is to the student of the Irish bardic literature a figure as familiar and clearly seen as any personage in the Biographia Brittanica. We know the name he bore as a boy, we know the name he bore as a man. We know the names of his father and his grandfather, and the father of his grandfather; of his mother, and the father and mother of his mother, and the pedigrees and histories of each of these. We know the name of his nurse, and of his children, and of his wife, and the character of his wife, and of the father and mother of his wife, and where they lived and were buried. We know all the striking events of his boyhood and manhood, the names of his horses and his weapons, his own character, and his friends, male and female. We know his battles, and the names of those whom he slew in battle, and how he was slain, and by whose hands. We know the colour of his hair, the date of his birth and of his death, and all this enshrined in ancient song, the transmitted traditions of the people who raised that barrow, and who laid within it, sorrowing, their brave ruler and defender.

That mound is the tomb of Cuchullin, once king of the district in which Dundalk stands to-day, and the ruins of whose earthern fortification may still be seen two miles from that town.—*Selected from Standish O'Grady's History.*

Nial O'Cahan.

Oh, when my knight rode forth at morn,
The blue hills shone, sun-kissed, afar;
Oh, when my knight was homeward borne,
Over him glittered the first pale star.
Raise the dirge for the bravest chief!
Foremost in danger on battle plain:
Deaf, oh deaf, is he to my grief—
Raise the dirge for Nial O'Cahan.

Ring and stifle the sound of that bell—
The phantom bell with its long-drawn sway,
All through the night hours it rose and fell,
And floated its warning across the bay—
It beats its challenge into my soul,
It beats this madness into my brain;
I curse the traitorous steel that stole
Its way to the heart of Nial O'Cahan.

Little he dreamt of a death-blow then,
With his hounds high-leaping around his knee:
Bound for the green woods of far Prehen,
The hunting band was a sight to see.
I waved my scarf from Dungiven's tower,
He turned in his stirrup to doff again
The white-plumed cap—in his manhood's flower;
Raise the dirge for Nial O'Cahan.

Could my curses wither your base, black blood,
I would curse you, Dhonal, from dawn till dark,
For you sought him by stealth in the ferny wood,
And he lay on the blue bells still and stark:
He who had stood through your childhood lone
Your strong, bright shield, against woe and pain;
The viper he cherished, and loved for his own,
Bit to the heart's core of Nial O'Cahan.

Home by Glen Dermot his clansmen stepped,
With solemn pacing, beneath the pall
What was the quarry so wildly bewept,
And laid at my fe: in the castle hall.
Hark! they are digging his narrow grave,
And your red hand, Dhonal, shall keep its stain,
Though all the waters of Foyle should lave,
For the doom you dealt to Nial O'Cahan.

Pray, oh priest, by your altar-stone,
That his soul may look on God's face to-night;
Raise, oh keeners, the shrill *ochone*,
For my lord who fell in no hard-fought fight.
Raise the dirge for the generous chief
Whose dead hand dropped from the slackening rein.
Deaf forever is he to my grief—
Raise the dirge for Nial O'Cahan.

ETHNA CARBERY.

THE

Shan Van Vocht:

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Edited by ... ... ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

OFFICES (*pro tem*)—

65, GREAT GEORGE'S STREET, BELFAST.

Subscriptions—1/3 Half-yearly; 2/6 Yearly.

Agents' Orders to be addressed to the Secretary, Miss Anna Johnson; Literary matter to the Editor.

1896.

What shall the year bring, fraught with omen,
What shall the core of its message be?
Tramp of battle and bright swords flashing,
And the sunburst over you, Gramachree!

Say in what dawn shall our eyes behold them—
Swift, white sails on the western sea,
And the exiled clans of your love returning
To succour and save you, Gramachree!

Say shall the sound of their war-chant ringing,
And our answering chorus re-echoing free,
From the strong, dark north, to the south sweet-spoken,
Wake from her dreaming our Gramachree!

Ah! not alone do the exiles call you,
Nor alone in our passionate pleading are we;
But voices long stilled on the winds are drifted,
"Your day-star is rising, sad Gramachree!"

Hearken! the shout of the hundred-fighter,
At Brian's fierce thunder old miseries flee,
And Owen and Hugh, the beloved, are bending
From heaven to comfort you, Gramachree!

Lift your dear eyes to the hills, mavourneen,
Where true hearts yearn for the fray to be;
The gold dawn flushes your grey sky over,
God's blessing be with you, Gramachree!

FOR THE OLD LAND.

"'God save all here and bless your work,' says Rory, of the hill."

A NEW year has come and with it the hope that before its course is run, nay, before the roses of its summer have faded and fallen, it may be given to our eyes to behold the first beams of the daybreak dispersing for ever the gloom of our long penitential night of sorrow. If in this time, so full of glorious possibilities, so darkened with the threats and rumours of impending change, this land does not rise and put herself in readiness for whatever chance may befall, she is dead indeed beyond the hope of resurrection. Such supineness would, beyond all denial, prove her to have forfeited and lost forever the immortal soul which alone could answer the Divine call summoning her to come forth from the sepulchre.

But let us have faith enough in the true hearts that beat for Ireland. This will indeed be a year of great awakening; that the land from shore to shore will be thrilled with expectancy; that all who have any power or influence for good, will exert it steadfastly and hopefully, as if all depended on their efforts. And who is there that has not power to accomplish something? Everyone who cherishes in his own heart the sacred and undying flame can kindle it in another; everyone who hopes in the words of our motto, "that Ireland shall be free," can show in his life and work the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, which alone can make the people of this land worthy of freedom.

They must be worthy and they must be ready before that bright gift comes to them, as Thomas Davis has sung, "From God's right hand." Nothing will be accomplished by overweening confidence, by empty boasting, by the belief that any favouring circumstances and events occurring outside our own Nation will avail to bring us nearer the goal. The wind and tide help the ship; they cannot bring her into port, nor even advance her on her journey; that can be done alone by those on board. Ireland will never drift into her desired haven; a few strong hands, under the guidance of a few brave, resolute hearts, can steer her thither before the winds that are now astir, though they should grow and blow with a hurricane's strength. So, like the ship on our title-page, let us hope to see that which bears our country's fortunes brought round before those favouring winds, and steered straight for the Geal-na-greine.

"'And Ireland shall be free,'
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

In the North Countrie.

Character Sketches by Iris Olkryn and Ethna Carbery.

No 1.—JAMIE BOYSON.

HIS cabin stood by the side of a burn into which the sally-trees drooped from either side, making a thick fringe of green that met overhead and cast dappled shadows on the clear water when the sun stood high and fierce in the heavens. Little ripples broke in white bubbles around the stones that made the crossing-places, and the speckled trout darted like tiny silver spears through their haunts below the overhanging banks.

It was a tranquil, lonely spot; eerie, too, in the autumn twilight when the slow-creeping mists rose up from the

bog stretching for miles around, and many were the tales told of an evening by the folk living on the high land of lights that flashed all over the bog at the very moment that Jamie Boyson set his candle in his cottage window to guide the "wee gray woman" up the rugged loaning to her seat in his chimney corner.

Once it happened that the wild young fellows of Glenwherry came in the dead of night to play a trick on Jamie. They stole over the stepping-stones of the burn and noiselessly reached the one-paned window half hidden by thatch in which the light gleamed. A red turf fire blazing on the hearth lit up the interior of the old man's kitchen, it shone on the battered ancient dresser, and on the store of carefully kept delf that had been his mother's. For Jamie had the name of being thrifty and cleanly in all his ways. The hearth was carefully swept, and the flat stones at front and sides whitened by a practised hand, for no ragged streaks wandered over the edges on to the clay floor beyond. A three-legged stool stood in front of the fire, placed there for the convenience of the unearthly visitant who Jamie said, came nightly to sit and rest herself by the *gree saugh* until the black cock crowed in the rafters above the settle-bed, invariably awakening him at the same moment as the "wee gray woman" got warning to leave. That was why he could never get a right look at her, he lamented, sometimes he opened his eyes in time to see the flutter of her gray cloak as she passed out of his door, and once he caught a gleam of red, it was a red hood she wore, not like anything that human ever saw, but just as if a big scarlet tulip had been crushed down over her head with all the leaves sticking out round her face. And his blood always curdled when she gave a cry going over the threshold as if she was being dragged away into some dreaded torment from which she had had a respite.

"It would break the heart in yer breast to hear her, just for all the worl', like the whine of a dog when there's death aroun'," he would say.

But no one could get him to commit himself as to a theory about the comings and goings of the "wee woman." Whether he fancied her a friendly denizen of fairyland, or a poor wandering ghost dreeing her purgatory for her own sake or the sake of some one loved and living, the inquisitive people of the bog-side could never learn, yet night after night the hearth was swept and the stool placed that she might have her rest until dawn broke in a flame of gold and pale chilly green over the hill-tops.

So the ghostly story spread as such stories will, through the country, finding by turns sympathiser and sceptic alike who yearned, though fear of the supernatural kept most of them away, for a peep through Jamie's window before the black cock gave the signal. But the young fellows from Glenwherry, daring and mischievious as they were, had made up their minds to solve the mystery, and nothing daunted, holding their breath steadily, they drew close to the little window, and out of the thick blackness of the last night hour glared into the haunted kitchen.

The firelight flickered fitfully at first, so that their eyes, half blinded with the darkness, saw nothing save shadows; then, suddenly, a gleam shot from the heart of the dying turf, and showed a vision that drove them back from the window, saddened and ashamed.

It was only the old man asleep in his settle-bed, his thin, wrinkled profile outlined like a cameo against the background of dark wood, and the patient old hands that were so gentle and capable folded upon his breast as when he had lain down to sleep.

After that the "Wee Gray Woman" might come and go, without dread of being watched for or disturbed, and among the Glenwherry lads Jamie found a set of stalwart partisans whose judgment in his favour dare not be gainsaid.

He was not altogether devoid of occupation and amusement in his lonely existence. The little one-roomed cabin was tidy as a woman might have keep it, and though he harboured neither cat nor dog, during one winter at least—the severest winter known for many years in that locality—he had a pet, and the pet was a cricket. Imported from a neighbouring fireside, he had trained it with the utmost patience and skill until the diminutive, dusty-looking object learned to jump out from behind the big pot in the chimney corner at his call. The story of his having accomplished such a marvel scarcely gained credence; it was not to be compared to that of his ghostly guest, but the country children cherished and repeated it in wide-eyed wonder when they gathered round their elders' knees before the unwelcome bedtime; while the more superstitious asserted that it was the "Wee Gray Woman" come to bide with Jamie Boyson by day in another guise. It certainly looked uncanny enough, hop-hopping over the floor, chirruping in a shrill, faint treble to his deeper intonation, and, when he lifted it, creeping into the shelter of his hand, as a home bird might that has known and loved and trusted in the kind guardianship.

But once upon a time Jamie Boyson had need of neither ghost nor cricket for company. That was in the days of his early manhood, when stalwart, supple, and strong he led the boys of Crebilly to victory on many a hard-fought field of a Sunday, proving himself a champion to be proud of in throwing the shoulder-stone and wielding the *caman* against the athletic Glenwherry lads, with big Dan O'Hara at their head. Then where was his equal to be found at dance or christening. Why, half the girls in the country were in love with him, and hopelessly too, as they learned to admit to their own sad hearts, that fluttered so uncomfortably under their Sunday kerchiefs when he passed, his black head erect, and his shoulders squared like a militia major's, without a look at one of them, up the chapel aisle to his seat next his mother in the old family pew.

The family pew held something else beside his mother, something the very sight of which was enough to bring

the red blood in a rush to the roots of his curly dark hair, and made the heart almost leap out of his breast for gladness; something that was small, and fair, and blue-eyed, half-hidden behind his mother's ample form and scarcely lifting her white lids from the beads she was passing through her fingers.

She was no stranger to him; he had many opportunities of watching her pale sweetness by his own fireside at night without embarassing her with that burning gaze of his under the disapproving eyes of all the congregation, but he was wont to say to himself as a sort of justification, that little Rosie at her prayers taught him more about heaven and holiness than the priest could do with all his preaching.

His brother Hugh used to joke him often and often about his fancy for the little orphan girl whom his mother had saved from the poorhouse, and Jamie's brow would glow with the angry red that warned Hugh's tongue to stop, and the laughter to die out of his merry brown face. There were only the two of them left to the mother, and one took little Rosie into his life as a sister, while to the other she, whom the country lads in general had called "a poor, pale wisp o' a thing," became his all, his world, his gateway of paradise. How the love for her grew up in his heart was a mystery to him. Perhaps it took root when as a little child—the evening she came home to them—she laid her flaxen head on the bashful lad's broad shoulder and would not be parted from him until sleep stole on her unawares and released the tiny hands from their grasp on his strong ones. Or perhaps it came later on as he learned to watch delightedly her deft, gentle household ways, and heard her crooning to herself over her flowering in the rare leisure moments the active, bustling mother allowed.

There was an old song he was very fond of singing about "Lord Edward,"—an old song she loved to listen to—and he was always sure of a grateful glance from the shy eyes when of a winter's night he favoured the little circle around the hearth of Lisnahilt with the stanzas set to an air that was very popular in the district:

"The day that traitors sold him an' enemies bought him,
The day that the red gold and red blood was paid;
Then the green turned pale and trembled like the dead leaves in Autumn,
An' the heart an' hope of Ireland in the cold grave was laid.

"The day I saw you first, with the sunshine fallin' round ye,
My heart fairly opened with the grandeur of the view;
For ten thousand Irish boys that day did surround ye,
An' I swore to stand by them till death an' fight for you.

"Ye wor the bravest gentleman an' the best that ever stood,
An' your eyelids never trembled for danger nor for dread,
An' nobleness was flowin' in each stream of your blood—
My blessin' on you day an' night, and glory be your bed.

"My black an' bitter curse on the head an' heart an' hand
That plotted, wished, an' worked the fall of this Irish hero bold,
God's curse upon the Irishman that sould his native land,
An' hell consume to dust the hand that held the traitor's gold."

Sometimes tired with the day's hard work, she would rest her head against the wall with a low sigh of weariness. She must often be tired, he thought; those little feet had run about so nimbly since early morning, and the little red hands had washed and baked without a moment's pause, but, please God, that would be all ended soon, when his wife should reign over a home of her own and he had taken her into the shelter of his strong arms for evermore.

Yet no word of this crossed his lips, though the desire that filled his heart beat like a strong ceaseless wave within his breast, giving him an almost unbearable pain, and he never dreamt but that she knew. In the effort to control himself, his voice was often harsh when he spoke, and while the poor child trembled at the rude accents, her faltering reply aroused in the big tender-hearted fellow a wild feeling that was half exquisite pity and half hate. Ah! if he had only spoken then, the grim tragedy of his life might have been spared him.

One bleak night in autumn a sound outside drew him to the door, and opening it, he stood listening.

"John Conan's calves are in the clover-field," he said; "go and put them out."

Rose lifted her timid blue eyes to him questionly.

"Do you hear me?" he asked.

"But, I'm afraid," she murmured; "it's so dark, an'——"

He pointed his finger to the open door and the black stormy night oustside.

"Go," he repeated fiercely, turning to his chair and lifting his pipe off the shelf, and the girl passed into the darkness without another word.

What madness was on him that he had spoken so to the little girl and sent her on such an errand, he asked himself when she had gone. He had been conscious of a strange, sore sensation all day, since at Crebilly Fair that forenoon Tom M'Mullan had proposed a match between her and his son Jack, one of the wildest young scamps in the whole countryside, and the unreasoning jealousy grew and grew until he had wreaked his pain in vengeance on his poor Rosie's unoffending head. "Oh! am n't I the queer, ungrateful fool," he muttered, "to trate the wee lass this way."

An hour passed, he waiting every moment to hear her footfall on the threshold, and his mother speculating comfortably that she had gone in for a "yarn" to Conan's. At last he could bear his regret and the suspense no longer and went out to seek her.

It was only a step or two to the clover-field, and reaching the low stone wall he called to her eagerly in the darkness. The startled calves, still enjoying their forbidden banquet, lowed back in answer.

He vaulted the gate, every step of the way familiar to him by night as by noon, and called anxiously and long. Then he remembered his mother's surmise and turned across the fields to Murray's.

There was no little Rosie sitting with the laughing girls grouped together in the corner, over a quilting-frame, and in response to his husky demand a couple of Murray's young sons volunteered to accompany him on his search—Hugh, his brother being away for the night in a market town many miles off.

He walked on, quickly, in the direction of the bog, guided only by his intimate knowledge of the treacherous path that wound like a serpent across the marshy wind-swept surface. He heard the small waves beat against each other with a faint sad sound, while overhead not one solitary star glimmered to thrill his heart with hope-fulness, as through the terrible night, and into the dawn his frantic search continued, calling her name in a hoarse agony that wrung the souls of those who heard him.

"Rosie, Rosie, my little girl, it's Jamie callin'. Ah! come, can't ye, an' don't be hidin' there. Don't ye hear me, darlin', it's Jamie, an' the supper's waitin' on us. Let Conan's calves go—— they're always a trouble to somebody, but *you* come home. Here, take my han'" —stretching his arms out into the empty shadows— "take it, love, an' don't be afeard, nothin' can touch ye, pulse o' my heart, when I'm beside ye, Rosie! Rosie!"

And so on through the dreary hours, over the wild bog-land, his voice rang in pitiful entreaty, until jagged streaks of golden red flamed like trailing banners in the East, and the birds, wide-awake, took up in a chorus clear-tongued and grateful the morning song; but alas! for him, whose song-bird had flown afar, and for whom the dawn, henceforth, should hold no radiance, nor the rose-flushed mellow evening any passion.

Yet his frantic cry broke in upon the happy choir, and the blackbird and thrush from hedge, and beechen-tree, watched him staggering home, in the sunshine, murmuring through lips that scarcely knew the words they uttered —"Rosie, Rosie, girl dear, come home."

Some hours later a turf-cutter crossing the burn to his work caught a gleam of something bright under the cold running water. It was little Rosie's fair head lying against the stones in the shade of the drooping sally-trees, whither through the darkness, blinded by her sorrow, she had wandered to her death.

Jamie Boyson aged suddenly after that. When the friends of his boyhood had grown into sturdy middle-aged men, strong and hearty, he was already old, with a gloom upon him that no smile was ever known to lighten. In time, when his mother died, and Hugh had married, he grew unable to bear the sound of children's chatter through the rooms where he had once hoped to see his own little ones at play, and came to live his life alone in the cabin by the burnside, from whence he could watch the very spot whereon poor Rosie's gentle head had lain under the clear cold ripples.

So the country folk, noting his absent dim blue eyes, and wandering talk about the "wee gray woman," grew to believe that it was little Rosie's ghost come to bear him company until the call should sound for him, and his broken and desolate heart find peace.

That was many, many, years ago; and, perhaps, they have met long since in heaven, where Jamie Boyson, young, and straight, and strong again, with all the bitterness gone from his heart, has taken little Rosie in his arms, and told her the truth at last.

Sketch of the Rise and Fall of the Fenian Movement of '67.

(By U. I. O.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Chap. I. deals with the failure of the Rising of '48 and the subsequent meeting of James Stephens and John O'Mahony in Paris in 1852, for the purpose of re-establishing a revolutionary movement in Ireland. Stephens goes to Ireland in 1853 as chief organiser meets Thomas Clarke Luby in Dublin and O'Donovan Rossa Skibbereen, who support him in his efforts, the latter being at that time the leader of a little band of his own townsmen, called the Phœnix National and Literary Society. In 1858, A. M. Sullivan, in the pages of the *Nation*, denounces this society, thereby causing the Government to arrest and imprison Rossa, Murty Moynahan, and many others.

Chap. II.—Stephens goes to New York in 1858 to consult with O'Mahony, who has undertaken to extend the organisation throughout the United States. After much difficulty, he succeeds in calling a meeting of O'Mahony's followers in Tammany Hall, and constitutes his friend and fellow-worker "head-centre-in-chief over all America" of the Fenian Brotherhood. Stephens, with the British Government's price of two hundred pounds upon his head, departs for Paris, where John Mitchell, acting as agent for the organisation, receives him. O'Mahony leaves America for England to interview the officers of the Brotherhood, afterwards coming to Paris to hold council with the outlawed Stephens. He returns to the States in 1861, and Terence Bellew M'Manus having died at San Francisco shortly after his arrival, he suggests that the remains should be embalmed and sent home to Ireland, which suggestion was acted upon immediately with great public fervour.

Chapter III.

The M'Manus Funeral.

The funeral of Terence Bellew M'Manus, briefly referred to in the preceding chapter, started from San Francisco on its long and wearisome journey to Ireland, and, having crossed the broad prairies and steep mountains of North America, reached the city of New York about the middle of September. Here the remains were met on arrival by some thousands of the deceased patriot's fellow-countrymen, who, forming themselves into processional order, marched slowly and solemnly to the Catholic Cathedral with their precious burden. Lying in state in this sacred edifice, all that was mortal of a true son of Ireland received the homage due to a hero and martyr who had practically died fighting in his country's cause. A solemn High Mass and requiem were celebrated over the remains, and the oration, already referred to, not only moved the multitude attending the ceremony, but clearly showed to the world at large that the *true* spirit of the Catholic Church was not antagonistic to the efforts of Irishmen to free their country from centuries of bondage. But, unfortunately, as the sequel will show, such was not the spirit evinced by the less broad-minded bishops and clergy in the land of the patriot's birth.

After a few days' rest in New York, the remains were placed on board the ss. *City of Washington*, and, accom-

panied by Colonel Doheny, Captain Smith, Captain Delply, Messrs. Kavanagh, Maguire, O'Reilly, O'Mahony, and others, left for Queenstown, where it arrived on the 30th September. Messrs. O'Driscoll and Sullivan, representing the men of Queenstown, and Mr. E. Murphy, on behalf of the people of Cork, went out, with many others, on the tender, to meet the remains, and delivered addresses on board the *City of Washington*, to which Col. Doheny and Capt. Smith suitably replied in the name of our fellow-countrymen beyond the Atlantic.

Shortly afterwards the coffin was received on shore by a vast concourse of men whose political pulse beat in harmony with that of M'Manus, now stilled for ever, and the coffin was carried upon the shoulders of sturdy Fenians to its temporary resting-place in the little chapel of the "Sisters of Mercy Hospital," Greenville Place, where it remained until the next day, when the Rev. Father Dennehy, C.C., celebrated High Mass, and otherwise officiated in the ceremonies held in honour of the dead.

The intense excitement occasioned by the arrival of the American deputation, bearing their sad burden, in Queenstown, would not be easy to describe. There was a political significance manifest in the carrying home to Ireland of the lifeless body of a man whose career was particularly characterized by his hatred for the oppressors of our race.

The Fenians throughout Ireland were not slow to grasp that significance. All eyes were directed towards the South, and all hearts beat high in the prospective hope of being soon afforded an opportunity of responding to "*the touch of that dead man's hand*"—as Mitchel puts it. But in the meantime, Irishmen at home felt also the necessity of showing the Brotherhood in America how they could honour the remains of "that dead man"; and preparations were accordingly made for a huge demonstration to accompany them to the grave they had travelled so far to rest in. The evening after the arrival of the body in Queenstown, it was taken on to Cork, where, as in the former place, the doors of the Catholic Cathedral and Churches were barred against it, by the express orders of the Bishop, who probably agreed with Dr. Moriarty in the statement that "*Hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough to punish such miscreants*" as the men who were ready to sacrifice their lives for their country.

The insult of closing the churches against the dead M'Manus burned into the very souls of the Fenians, and roused them to a degree of demonstrative National feeling which can now be but imperfectly understood. They thronged the streets of Cork in tens of thousands, and marched in a grand procession in solemn silence, behind the remains of their dead brother, to the public Institution where they laid him in state for four days.

The excitement in Cork soon communicated itself to the masses of Fenians throughout the whole south and west of Ireland. All the cities and news-centres were at fever-heat, whilst the four provinces generally were in a state of political ebullition. Sides were immediately taken; the people upon one, the clergy upon the other; and few, save those who were initiated, knew the seething mass of molten political sentiment that in waves of fury threatened to wash clericalism, as an institution, out of existence. Yet, in the very midst of all this, there were a few good priests, such as Father Kenyon, Father Lavelle, and Father Courtney, whose independent action and strong influence acted as oil upón the troubled waters, and checked the tendency to resort to extreme measures.

On the 4th November the remains were again removed and taken by rail to Dublin. At almost every station crowds of resolute men presented themselves to join in paying respect to the honoured dead. And when, at length, the train arrived at Kingsbridge, on the evening of the 4th November, a demonstration awaited it which eclipsed all others in magnitude since the body left San Francisco.

The Sons of St. Patrick, a Society which the old Fenians of those days describe as a "recruiting ground" for the I.R.B., had the funeral arrangements in charge, and they attended at the railway terminus with lighted flambeaux. E. J. Ryan, secretary of the funeral committee, on arrival of the train, introduced the American delegates to the men of Dublin, and Kavanagh, on behalf of his brother Americans, addressed the assembly at Kingsbridge.

The coffin was speedily removed, and the huge procession formed into line along the quays and marched to the Mechanic's Institute, in the lecture hall of which the remains were once more deposited. In Dublin, as in Queenstown and Cork, Archbishop Cullen refused to admit the body to the Cathedral, or, in fact, into any Church, which circumstance intensely aggravated the men of Dublin, and precluded the possibility of that learned divine, whose theology was so strongly tinctured with English sentiment, from ever becoming popular in any sense of the word.

While lying in state, in the Mechanics' Institute, the remains of M'Manus were visited daily by vast crowds of people, who streamed in to view the coffin till eleven o'clock at night. The excitement in Dublin was even greater than at Cork, and when some dozen or so of nondescript patriots, of the A. M. Sullivan type, with that gentleman at their head, endeavoured to throw cold water on the project of a public funeral; and had enlisted the co-operatien of Father Kenyon in this undertaking, they were informed, rather peremptorily, by the Chairman of the meeting, in Lower Abbey Street, that not being members of the Society of the Sons of St. Patrick, he (the Chairman) was compelled to ask them to withdraw from the room," and added, by way of advice, "to mind their own business." It seems, from the account given to the writer, by a member of the Society present at that meeting, that A. M. Sullivan, and others had actually induced Miss M'Manus, sister of the dead patriot, to attend the Committee meeting, and demand the remains of her brother. In this design, however, these *soi-disant* Nationalists, signally failed. After this little-known incident occurred, many meetings were held in Dublin, both public and private, at one of which, held on the night of the 5th, the American deputation were presented with an address, which was read by Denis Cremeyn; and on the platform on that occasion were, amongst many others, Father Kenyon, Underwood O'Connell, Denis Holland, Dr. Sigerson, D. O'Sullivan, and O'Donovan Rossa. An important letter was also read from Father Lavelle, of Partry, County Mayo.

The body lay in the Mechanics' Institute till Sunday, November 10th, when it was removed for interment to Glasnevin.

From all parts of Ireland, England, and Scotland, delegates had arrived to accompany the remains to their

last resting-place; and when the funeral procession started on its circuitous route through the city, it presented a spectacle such as had never before, or since, been witnessed in Ireland. The gigantic proportions of this funeral procession have been referred to by most writers of that period as the greatest and most impressive that ever assembled to honour all that was mortal of a pure-souled patriot.

In Dublin, many public demonstrations of a similar kind have been held since M'Manus was laid to rest in Glasnevin, in the dusk of that November day, 1861, but none has ever approached it in magnitude. Unfortunately, some of those later-day demonstrations have departed very largely from their reverential and sacred character, and have from their isolated, annual recurrence, developed, alas, into mere parliamentary advertisement. How different to ours were those stirring times of '61!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Robert Kirkpatrick:

A NARRATIVE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

THE short, heroic, but chequered career of Robert Kirkpatrick has never been told in print, although it has found a burning place in the bosom of many a friend and stranger in the districts where he was known and had been brought up. In other lands, under brighter circumstances, his career would, doubtless, have been different, and would have ended with what the world considers prosperity. As it is, it remains for me to detail the few incidents of his life that have been handed down amongst his friends. Born of a family rudely proud in the dignity of birth and respectability beyond that of their neighbours, yet endued with a kindness to his fellow man, a breadth of view only bounded by that of our common humanity, he had aspirations for his country that no sacrifice he could make was considered too great, which persecution and suffering only served to heighten. He acted a noble part and he acted it well; no mean thing was found in him; no unworthy motive guided him; for his country he lived and for her he died. Of no man can more be said. True it is that in the great crush of circumstances he was pushed aside and trampled under foot, never to find rest until the silent grave received him to her bosom, as a mother receives her child; but his spirit lives, and the spirit which animated him still abides in his country.

Robert Kirkpatrick was of Scottish origin; his people had come over to Ulster after the Plantation, and had settled at the Roughfort, in the Parish of Templepatrick, County Antrim. An ancestor of his had once, to please a Bruce, assisted at the slaying of Comyn in the Church of the Minorites, in Dumfries. Bruce had aimed the first blow, but was uncertain of the effect being fatal, to please him, Kirkpatrick stepped forward and said, "I'll mak siccar" (I'll make sure). He was as good as his word. This remark became the motto of the family and a dripping dagger the crest. Deeply cut on the old moss-grown stone in Templepatrick Graveyard are the Kirkpatrick arms, recording in heraldic lore the above incident, whilst all that is mortal of him whose life we here record lies beneath.

Robert's father was Joseph Kirkpatrick, and his mother was Elizabeth Caruth. Joseph Kirkpatrick had learned to be a wheelwright at Castledawson, then a lucrative employment, and one requiring some skill. Spinning-wheels were in great demand; every house had at least one, whose pleasant hum was heard in the cheery kitchen when the turf fire was piled high and the "bog fir" added a lustre to the homely utensils of the housewife. Not only were single wheels made for the peasants, but Joseph Kirkpatrick got large orders from the Linen Board, then a most active organisation, which kept him busy, even after he had taken the long, thatched house "at the head of the toon" in Ballyclare. Here it was that Robert grew to manhood and learned his father's trade, ever busy in the workshop with the two other men his father employed. Kirkpatrick's spinning-wheels were well known for their excellence of material and finish. "Sure I wad knaw yin onywhere," said an old Ballyclare woman, when asked how, she said she would put her tongue to the wheel, for no other wheel had the smoothness of Kirkpatrick's.

Robert did not spend all his time in this workshop. The spirit of revolution was in the air, and his young blood boiled to take part in the emancipation of his countrymen; so at evening, and many a time all night, he worked in a neighbouring smithy forging pikes and preparing plans for the coming struggle. His father was not a "made man," but had popular sympathies; his mother was an ardent worker in the popular cause and nourished her son, her only son, in every aspiration that tended to elevate a people suffering under oppression and cruel wrong. Many a time afterwards she upbraided herself for having done so, unjustly taking blame for having brought about the troubles which fell upon her darling boy. Robert Kirkpatrick was one of the Ballyclare contingent which joined the Roughfort column on that memorable seventh of June, when the insurgents entered Antrim town, and manfully he fought with a daring courage, side by side with his friend James Hope, led on by Henry Joy M'Cracken, and with them, after the day had turned against the insurgents, did he take himself to the heights of Dunagore, a fugitive and an outlaw, with the price of fifty pounds upon his head. His friends in Ballyclare suffered acutely; the soldiers searched his father's house thinking Robert might be there, and finding some papers and books of a revolutionary character they soon made a sad havoc of the once happy home. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and her daughters had leaped out of a bed room window and escaped, before the

soldiers began to plunder the place prior to setting it on fire. This they soon did, nor did they leave the spot until the house and workshop containing over one hundred completed spinning wheels, and fifty made but not fitted together, with much valuable timber and many tools, were all a pile of smouldering ashes, and Joseph Kirkpatrick was a ruined man without a house or home for himself and his family, and his only son an outlawed rebel. Robert, who at this time was only a young man of twenty-two, made away from Dunagore with a friend named Kirkwood of Doagh, to the house of some friends called Boyd who lived at the Braid. Here they had not long resided until one night the house was suddenly surrounded with soldiers who stood with charged muskets. Kirkwood jumped from an upstair window and was instantly shot. Robert jumped after him clad only in his night-shirt. Filled with anxiety for his friend Robert stopped to assist him, but the self-denying Kirkwood gasped, "I'm shot, save yourself, Bob, I'm a dead man." In the confusion Robert escaped, and clad as he was reached a friendly shelter in Glenwherry. Mrs. Woods, the mother of young David Woods who was hanged in Doagh, took charge of the body of Kirkwood until it was buried in the old graveyard of Ballylinney where her son was subsequently interred.

The Boyds, for the shelter they had given the outlaws, were transported for life.

Robert Kirkpatrick for some time after wandered about the country amongst his friends, staying but a short time with each, not so much for fear of being taken himself, as of bringing destruction upon his benefactors; for he well knew, from what happened to the Boyds, that a similar fate would befall others under the same circumstances. To the credit be it said of his many friends and acquaintances in Templepatrick and Carnmoney, not one them of ever thought of betraying him.

The Hanleys, of the Knockagh, were great loyalists and did some "dirty work," but they always got the credit of doing it "decently;" that is, they always contrived to send word beforehand when they were going to make a search at any place. They often searched at The Trench, Molusk, and at Ballyclare, but Robert was always absent on these occasions. Frequently the poor fugitive stayed with his cousin, Mrs. David Bigger, of The Trench, who always befriended him, although he occasioned her great terror one day by coming to the house in daylight. She implored him to think of her young children, to leave the house and go to the bridge over the river at the foot of the lawn and she would send one of the maids with food to him. This he did and so got away unseen, passing under the bridge and along by the river to a hiding-place in the old graveyard of Molusk, where in later years his friends, James Hope and James Bigger and many others, were laid to rest. On another occasion, when at The Trench, he hid up a large sycamore tree on the lawn while the soldiers were passing. At length wearied and broken down, Robert was on the verge of surrendering himself to the authorities when a friend, called Mathew Fulton, who very much resembled Robert in appearance, gave him his pass and thus enabled him to escape to Scotland in a boat sailing from the Whitehouse Roads. His poor father never recovered any of his plundered goods, although his wife and daughters saw the soldiers' wives in Carrickfergus wearing their dresses, and he himself purchased a few of his own tools in the same place from the soldiers.

For six long years Robert Kirkpatrick toiled in the iron works at Carron in Scotland, where the famous guns and carronades were manufactured for the English fleets. But although broken down in health and spirits when the news of Emmet's organization reached him, he eagerly enquired from those at home if he could be of any use, for if so, he would return at all hazards. His friend, James Hope, was most active at this time, and two young lads named Hunter and Porter were hanged upon the Gallows Green, at Carrickfergus, for posting Emmet's bills in Carnmoney; whilst William Rodgers of the King's Moss, a lad of 14, was arrested for the same offence and taken to Carrick, but was not hanged, although his jailer held him by the neck to the bars of his window as the other two were being carted past with halters round their necks, brutally saying, "It will be your turn to-morrow." The friends of Robert, fearing the consequences, advised him not to leave Scotland, and for another year or so he toiled on at his hateful task. At last the sickness of death came upon him, and he dragged himself home to die, a weary, broken man, although his age was only twenty-eight. On his arrival at Roughfort he did not live long, but soon passed into the quiet land of oblivion. With every care his emaciated frame was laid to rest beside those of his forefathers in the quaint old graveyard at Templepatrick, close beside William Orr and near to many of his kith and kin. May the earth lie lightly upon him and upon those who befriended him in his sore need, when to him a friend was a friend indeed. B.

The Neglected Shrines & Sepulchres of Ireland's Illustrious Dead.

By Enrei.

"Tribute to departed worth is a guarantee to the living that the claims of genius and the path of honor shall not be disregarded. The tombs of great men are eloquent monitors; and every nation that would impress and stimulate the minds of youth, by noble examples of literary and patriotic worth will cherish and point to the tombs of her illustrious dead."

As a contribution to Irish National Literature, an attempt to bring together the scattered fragments of information still extant, with reference to the too generally neglected tombs of some of the leaders of the United Irishmen, or of those most nearly associated with them, may, perhaps, be acceptable to our readers. Amongst those whose burial places are here described are:—

Robert Emmet, John and Henry Sheares, Oliver Bond, William Jackson, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, Anne Devlin, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Hamilton Rowan, John Sweetman, The Hon. Simon Butler, Arthur O'Connor, Dr. William Drennan, Thomas Addis Emmet, Samuel Neilson, and Dr. Macnevin.

The following notices of these "last resting places of our illustrious dead," have, therefore, been put together with that view, from the published writings and posthumous papers of the late Dr. R. R. Madden, who devoted the greater portion of his long life to the record and preservation of the memorials of "the Men of '98,' of whose efforts and sacrifices in the cause of their country he has left the history in his "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen.

In a posthumous work the writer thus referred to his own researches in this direction:—The following records were written by one of "the Boys of '98," who was confined during several months in that year, and was indebted to Major Sirr for some polite attentions in the midst of the Rebellion, when his father's house was searched for arms, and his family frightened out of their wits by the ransacking antics of a Yeomanry rabble. It appears that a gentleman of the name of Murphy became responsible for the good behaviour of the young Croppy, and that the latter was not long at large before he was up in arms, and began to make some noise in the autumn of "The Troubles." A subsequent residence of nearly four years in the vicinity of Kilmainham contributed only to mature those riotous propensities which the care of a vigilant keeper it might have been expected would have kept under some control. He took no part in Emmet's insurrection, for reasons which he was in the habit of saying, would die with him, and they have not been revealed. But no sooner had he returned from Kilmainham to his father's house (not many miles from Bonds of Bridge Street), in 1803, than 'he registered a vow' to discard the pike, and to devote the remainder of his days to the task of looking after the graves and the memories of the United Irishmen, driving away the beasts that browse in security in neglected churchyards, and trample on the ashes of those who have few to care for their remains, of picking the mould out of the tombstones, of setting up slabs where there were none before, covering the earth, that had caught the poor United brothers to her breast, with green sods, and from time to time pulling up the weeds that had been suffered to grow there. In this labour of love he waxed old. His churchyard doings were exceeding odious in the eyes of all genteel literary people in England, who happened to hear of them, and reprehensible in the sight of the amiable Orangemen of Ireland. One of the most pious exponents of these benevolent doctrines preached two sermons in the pulpit of the *University Magazine*, against the dangerous tendency of collecting tomb-stone inscriptions in Ireland. His Reverence suggested in one of his discourses that it was sinful to say "Croppies hole" should ever become consecrated ground; or that it was compatible with the safety of the British Constitution, and the security of the Protestant Church of Ireland to suffer anything green to grow over the tombs of Robert Emmet, or of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The same reverend gentleman also plainly showed from Scripture that, in certain cases, to "let the dead past bury its dead" was a very wholesome practice in Ireland. Moreover, with all the amenity characteristic of his class, he gently insinuated the *treasonableness* of preserving memorials of "convicted conspirators; and, warming in the sacred cause of the old *regime* of Camden and Castlereagh, he fulminated anathemas at after-dinner service (as fast as a bullfinch of a bright summer's morning pours forth thrilling notes of melody) on all the family of "Old Mortality;" on their vile pursuit in Ireland; their superstitious respect for dry bones, old headstones, and villainous churchyard records, "that all loyal men," of the right sort, would wish to have buried in oblivion, and kept well down in it by periodical shoutings of all kinds of literary rubbish and obliquy from the Orange Press and pulpits of the metropolis.

Little more is known of the history of *Ierne* as the would-be preserver of the neglected or defaced memorials of the United Irishman of 1798 who was wont to sign himself X, except that he adhered to his old occupation and convictions, not crushed even by the eloquence of the fiery champion of ascendancy principles. How long our Irish "Old Mortality" outlived the great Moonshee of the Orange firebrand faction (whose remains were appropriately interred in Bully's Acre) and its organs of intolerance, we cannot positively say. Some assert that he survived the famine, and was last seen where Oliver Bond was buried, *looking in vain for the tombstone which once stood at the head of that grave of a United Irishman.**

Burial-Place of Robert Emmet.

In 1836, says Madden, I sent Leonard, the old gardener of Dr. Emmet, to George Dunn, the gaoler of Kilmainham, to ascertain how the remains of Emmet had been disposed of, after their removal from the place of execution. George Dunn sent me word that the body was conveyed to the gaol and placed in the outer entry of the prison, with orders, if not claimed immediately, to have it interred in "Bully's Acre," the burial-place (also called the Hospital Fields) where the remains of paupers and executed criminals were then commonly interred; but where in ancient times those of illustrious chiefs and warriors were buried. Dunn stated that, notwithstanding his orders, he kept the body for several hours, expecting it would be claimed by the friends of the deceased. Of these all his own connexions, with the exception of

* *Vide* "Literary Remains of the United Irishmen." By the late Dr. Madden. Dublin, 1887.

Dr. Powell, who was married to Miss Landon, a cousin of Emmet's, were then in gaol, and of his other associates, those who had escaped being involved in the general ruin which had fallen on so many of his friends, were afraid to proclaim their acquaintance with Emmet, and, consequently, the unclaimed remains were at length buried beside the grave of Felix Rourke, near the right-hand corner of the burial-ground, next the avenue of the Royal Hospital. Whilst the body lay at the gaol, a gentleman, whose name Dunn did not mention, obtained permission to take a plaster-cast of the face of the deceased. That gentleman was Petrie, the artist.

Dunn further stated what I was already aware of—viz., that shortly after their interment in Bully's Acre, Emmet's remains were removed and reburied with great privacy in Dublin, and Dr. Gamble was said to have been present at that removal; but as to where they were removed no positive information is to be obtained. Mr. Patten, Emmet's brother-in-law, however, in 1846, and again more fully in 1859, stated to me that he remembered to have seen a man named Lynam who was a porter in his uncle's employment, and who had removed the body from Kilmainham, and the impression on this man's mind was that the re-interment took place in St. Michan's Churchyard, where the Sheares were buried. Leonard also expressed the same view, and it was further confirmed by information I received from a very old man, named John Scott, residing at 4, Mitre Alley, near Patrick Street, a tailor who had made Robert Emmet's uniform, and who stated that Emmet was buried in St. Michan's Churchyard, and that soon after a very large stone, without any writing on it, was laid over the grave.

On the other hand it has been stated in a small publication entitled "A Memoir of Robert Emmet," by Kinsella, that the remains were brought to St. Anne's Charchyard, and buried in the same grave as that in which his parents were interred. The latter portion of this statement is untrue; the parents of Robert Emmet were not buried in St. Anne's Churchyard. Moreover, there is no entry in the records of that church of any interment in the year 1803 of a person of the name of Robert Emmet.

In consequence of Leonard's informatiom, I visited St. Michan's Churchyard, and there discovered the stone in question, or at least the only one answering the description I had received of it. About midway on the left hand side of the walk leading from the church to the wall at the extremity of the graveyard, there is a very large slab, of remarkable thickness, placed horizontally over a grave, without any inscription. The stone is one of the largest dimensions and the only uninscribed one in the churchyard.

Is this the tomb that was not to be inscribed until other times and other men could do justice to the memory of the man whose grave was the subject of my inquiries. If this be the spot, many a pilgrim will yet visit it, and read perchance the name of

ROBERT EMMET

on that stone which is now without a word or a letter. If the remains of Robert Emmet be laid in that tomb, those who have honoured him for the reputation of his virtues and his talents, or who have pitied him for his melancholy fate, may now seek this grave, and standing beside it may ponder on the past and above all on him the history of whose eventful brief day and mournful doom was here closed, and so enshrine in their hearts that name which may not yet be written upon stone."

Anne Devlin's Tomb.

In Glasnevin cemetery are laid the remains of Anne Devlin, "Robert Emmet's faithful servant." Of the cruelties inflicted on whom in the futile attempt to extort from her information against her well-loved master, whether by promises or threats, or as was the case by the most atrocious physical tortures, an account may be read in "The Lives and Times of United Irishmen." In 1851 her long and noble life ended in obscurity and penury. Shortly afterwards, by the exertions of the late Dr. Madden, on his return from Australia, aided by two or three other friends, her remains were removed from the pauper burial ground, to the spot they now occupy, and marked by a monument bearing above the inscription, the most suitable of emblems—a cross, and beneath it as an appropriate device an Irish wolf-dog, crouching on a bed of shamrocks. The following is the inscription:—

"To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell); the faithful servant of Robert Emmet. Who possessed some rare and noble qualities; who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died, the 18th of September, 1851. Aged 70 years."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

CONTENTS.

J. W. Boyd, Printer, 5 & 7, Academy Street, Belfast.