

# THE Shan Van Vocht

VOL. I.—No. 9.

BELFAST, 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1896.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## Glen Moylena.

All the Summer for our loving, with the soft wind in the wheat,  
Ah! but Autumn brought disaster, speeding far on deadly feet,  
We two kept our tryst that eve, how you clasped me, loth to leave,  
Though the pikemen sought their chief in Glen Moylena.

"Ere I go to meet my doom, Love, one kiss—the best and last,  
Sweet wet eyes allure me not with haunting memories of the  
past,

Make me brave for death, I pray, since I tread a sterner way  
Than the woodbine-scented paths of Glen Moylena."

To the wise moon gleams of steel flashed defiance from the shade,  
Round the hill the red-coats toiled, plunder-laden, unafraid;  
Then the horror of the meeting, pike and pike sprang out in  
greeting.

(Sleep in peace, ye pallid ghosts of Glen Moylena.)

"*This* for Eileen, yellow-haired, *this* for dear and dark-eyed  
Mave,

*This* for altar overthrown, *this* for desecrated grave,  
Strong and swift for hunger dire, withered mother, murdered  
sire,"

Red the heart's-blood tinged each pike in Glen Moylena.

Fighting through the startled night, fighting while the shy  
dawn peeps [heaps;

On stark forms upon the sward, green and red in ghastly  
Hand to hand in desperate strife, fighting for our country's life,  
Fighting till we lost the day in Glen Moylena.

Since you came not, *stor machree*, through the gloom I  
wander far,

High above in heaven trembled here and there a frightened  
star, [prey,

I could hear the sleuth-hound's bay, tracking sure their bleeding  
Hear the cries of spear-tossed babes in Glen Moylena.

In the awful hours while death reaped for harvest Ireland's best,  
By the thorn-crowned rath I stole, where some old king  
takes his rest,

Kindly angels mourned with me, when beneath our trysting-tree.  
Cold and wan I found you, love, in Glen Moylena.

Brave in life, brave in death, in the foremost ranks you fell,  
With the torn green banner draped round the heart that loved  
it well,

Staring with your dead grey eyes to the pitiful wet skies,  
Saddest day of all the days in Glen Moylena.

There's a quiet dell, unknown save to Love and me alone,  
Where the Springtime enters first, and where Summer holds  
her throne; [sleep,

Where I kneel at eve and weep tears that never thrill your  
Only keep your grave-grass green in Glen Moylena.

ETHNA CARBERY.

## Irriel O'Hara; or, The Stepping-Stones of Sessue.



"ARK thee, parting youngster, use not thy  
tongue so glibly; know thy station here,  
and anger me at thy peril, for by St.  
Attracta, this hand that hath humbled  
the pride of the haughty O'Connors,  
will not be ruled by a cockerel like thee."

The speaker was Farrel O'Hara, who was chief of  
his name what time the gentle Elizabeth was on the  
throne of England, and Irish chieftains were varying the  
monotony of their own petty quarrels by occasionally  
"rising out" against her authority. O'Hara was one of  
those who had, at the time of Perrott's Compositions,  
submitted to the authority of the English monarch, and  
he afterwards gave an unvarying adhesion to her cause.  
He managed to obtain the favour of successive governors  
of Connaught, but still his astuteness prevented him  
from getting entangled with the neighbouring chieftains.  
One of these, a relation and namesake of O'Hara's, fell  
some years before by treachery, and the whisper went  
abroad that he had had a hand in the foul deed. The  
slain O'Hara had one boy about five years old, and  
after his father's death he was brought to reside with his  
kinsman at Ballyara Castle.

The boy Irriel O'Hara grew up. He was slight of  
build and had a face of fresh expression and winning  
sweetness. His blue eyes and bright curls were the  
admiration of the women, while his dexterity in the  
use of the skian and battle-axe brought forth pro-  
phesies of his glorious future from the retainers and  
tenants. His guardian did not look with favour on  
these evidences of a daring spirit. This youth might,  
nay, almost certainly, would endeavour to overthrow him  
and obtain the headship of the clan. Urged on by these  
considerations, Farrel O'Hara made things as unpleasant  
as possible for his ward as the latter grew into manhood,  
in order to drive him to some rash measure which would



give the pretext for treating him as an outlaw. It is probable he would have succeeded if the love of a sweet girl had not consoled the youth, and her influence steadied him. Una Ny-Higgins lived on the slopes of Slieve Gamph. She was a harper's daughter—not a wandering bard, but one who had lands and flocks, hereditary possessions—for music was then a power in the land, and the soft tones of the *clairseach* swayed the hearts of the revellers in the banquet hall. Una combined wild sweetness and grace with native modesty, like a flower that peeps through the mountain heather. Her spirit was free as the mountain breeze, and her pure thoughts were light and brilliant as the spray that arose from the cataract at noonday—bright with love's magic glow.

Irirel O'Hara was now nearly of age to gain control of his father's lands. In the Castle of Ballyara the two men were speaking in their native Gaelic, the younger resenting his treatment and insisting upon his rights. He warned the other that in a few weeks he would be his own master and would go to live in his father's castle at Belclare, where he should have lived since his father's death.

A hot discussion followed, in the course of which Farrel O'Hara uttered the sentence which opens our story.

"I know my position only too well," replied Irirel; "I am a dependent here when I should be ruler in Belclare; I am a beggar when I should be prosperous."

"Beggar thou shalt remain then, 'tis according to thy deserts."

"Never! I am of as good blood as thou, and on this arm there is no taint of treachery."

"Ha! thou showest temper. I would not expect it from a weakling like thee; but what saidst thou? Didst thou dare to impute a foul charge against me? Speak, and if thou didst thou shalt answer for it with thy life."

"Thou knowest what I mean; thy conscience, if thou hast one, should tell thee."

"Say it fully, what dost thou charge me with? or——." He drew his skian and glared with deadly hatred at Irirel, who quickly stood in an attitude of defence.

"With being unjust and cruel to me, and worse than that to my father."

"Ha! is that all? Put up thy weapon, young man, I shall not harm thee."

"Thou couldst not by fair means. I must beware of foul."

"Had I so minded I could have taken thee off any time these dozen years or more. I seek thy life? Thou

art foolish. Some *calliagh* has been playing her tongue upon thee. Take care not to make me hate thee."

"I know what thou art; I do not fear thee. Give me my right and we shall have no cause to quarrel now."

"Now! Thy shallow wit hath betrayed thy treacherous designs. Don't think I will edge thy weapon to wound myself; that I should settle thee in Belclare to harass my power and destroy my peace. Thou art a designing knave. Get thee gone, lest I be tempted to open thy skull and let common sense into thy puny brain. Thou shalt get whatever I like to give thee and whenever I like to give it."

"I scorn thy threat. I shall appeal to the Governor to right me against thy robbery, and if that fail——"

"I am a friend whom he will uphold we're thy claims ten times as good. Think'st thou, will he decide with a rebel against a loyal subject?"

"Then, by H——, I will call on my father's followers to bring me justice and avenge his murder."

"Have thy way, young man, and ere long thy head will adorn a spike over some castle gate. The Mac-Donaghs, whom thou wilt have to reckon with for thy father's murder——"

"Thou liest; thou would'st cast on good and true men the bloody stain that belongs to thyself. Start not, I am a match for thee, one to one, and in friends. Listen, Shawn Fadha is dead, and before his death *told me all thy doings and his own!*"

Farrel O'Hara grew pale to ghastliness, and leaned for support against the huge oaken table that stretched from end to end of the apartment. Then his eyes became and lurid, his brows darkened upon them like a thick cloud over a volcano's mouth. With a fierce effort to restrain himself, he said—

"I do not want to redden these rushes with blood, else I would send thee after Shawn Fadha to hear what portion of the story he forgot before. Thou art enough to raise a thousand devils in a man. I paid for the linen that wrapped thy father's corpse and the candles that were burned at his wake. I paid the *keen* women, and I gave twenty gold pieces to the Monks of Banada for Masses for his soul. He lived and died a traitor. His lands were attainted lands, but the Parliament had not met which would convey them to the Queen according to the common law. When it did meet they were given to me as being a loyal subject. Thou went a beggar. I received and reared thee, hoping if thou wert obedient that I could do something to help thee. And this is thy return. But this is not the worst. Thou hast been making love to Una Ny-Higgins, though thou shouldst have known that I intended to wed her."

Irirel uttered an exclamation of mingled astonishment and anger. "Thou to wed Una Ny-Higgins?"

"Yes, fool, what is there unreasonable in it? My wife is dead more than a year. Stop!"—as Irirel was about to speak—"thou hast outraged my hospitality,



and for aught I know thou art plotting against my life. I give thee till sunset to leave Ballyara, and if ever I catch thee between Slieve Gamph and Corstliabh, there shall be food for the ravens. No man ever prospered who tried to thwart me. Get thee gone. Take neither horse nor sword, naught but the clothes thou wearest—even these are not thine own. Never cross my path again, or woe betide thee."

Irriel's heart was too torn with conflicting passions to allow him to collect his thoughts for some time. He left the castle immediately, and, walking through green pastures, at length struck a way through an immense stretch of bog and quagmire. It was a chilly evening. The rain descended in an endless drizzle, and frequently a sharp gust of wind blowing in his face and penetrating his light shirt and tunic made him shiver with cold. It was almost dark when he reached the stepping-stones which afforded the only means of crossing the river. He paused a moment to look at the light gleaming from a cottage on the slope of the mountain. The Moy flowed dark and swift at his feet, on and on by clumps of trees which threw no shadow on its thick and turbid waters, till in the distance the wood of Banada loomed over its course. He crossed the stepping-stones and pursued the path leading to the cottage of Una Ny-Higgins. On each side of him were dense growths of hazel, briar, and furze, affording cover for numerous foxes and shelter for an occasional wolf. Huge boulders lay here and there, singly or in groups, the interstices being filled by holly, fern, and stunted quicken. Such were the surroundings of Una's cottage.

Her eyes brightened when she saw him, but the light died out and a sudden fear took possession of her heart.

"What aileth thee, my bright love? Why are thy cheeks so pale and thine eyes so dim? Where are thy smiles, and thy voice that is a thousand times sweeter to me than the *clairsearch's* sweetest tones? What hath befallen thee? Hast met a wolf?"

"A human wolf that seeks thee for his prey."

Long and animated was their discourse. Her grandfather played a few airs on the harp, but soon dropped asleep, a wolf-hound stretched on the hearthstone at his feet. The wind rose and swelled into a gale, but they heard not the straining of the rafters, or the rattling of the casement. It was near midnight when Irriel prepared to depart. Around his neck she placed a golden chain, attached to which was a small case about two inches square, containing a relic.

"His wife! his slave! what could I hate so much, even if I had never met thee? My grandfather is old, and I fear me if Farrel came he would bid me wed him. But my mother was a MacDonagh. This is a much prized heirloom in the family. Thou sayest the great O'Donnell is in Ballymote Castle. Take it to my kinsmen who are with him. 'Twill bring thee mine uncle's consent to our marriage, and his assistance in the

recovery of thine estates. Hasten, I shall do nothing but tremble and pray till thy return. Take the swiftest horse in the stable. A stormy veil hides the face of heaven. Beware while thou passest through Leyney; and may the Son of Mary bring thee safe."

They stood by the half-open door, while she was speaking these short and hurried sentences. She watched him crossing the bawn, and shortly afterwards, when a flash of lightning illuminated the bawn and *bohereen*, his form was outlined for a moment, and then lost in the gloom. She did not see the muffled figure which emerged from the shadow of the trees and followed him.

Irriel went slowly over the rugged and difficult path. His long yellow hair was frequently blown into his eyes, and with difficulty he could keep his *barradh* from being borne away on the blast. When he reached the river, he alighted with the intention of leading his horse by the reins, and crossing himself on the row of stones. A fierce gust of wind caused him to pause for a moment on the edge, and before it had passed, he was conscious of receiving a terrible blow, and of hearing the voice of Farrel O'Hara uttering an imprecation. He knew no more. Farrel O'Hara bent over the prostrate form.

"Dead!" he cried, "he is as dead as a gaffed salmon! No need for the skian. It was easy to knock the life out of him—one blow has done for him, just like a rabbit. This toy will have its use for me. I know its power now. Ho! my pretty mountain bird, I shall cage thee too, much as thou hatest me. No matter, if I get not thy love, 'twill compensate me if I have thy lands. This fellow is dead. Fool, like his father to run his head against my will! What shall I do with him? If I tumble him into the river he might be found at an unexpected spot and work me more harm in death than ever he could do in life. After all, I fear me he had a certain following, even of my own people. Bury him? Yes; no funeral, no *keening*, no bell or book. A little trouble now will save me from inquiry and suspicion ever after."

Lifting the body he carried it several hundred yards down the river bank. Then, selecting a spot amidst a group of trees he began to displace the earth with his *skian*; he delved away, removing the clay with his hands, till the tough roots of the nearest tree prevented his going further. The storm had increased in intensity, the rain had ceased; the clouds piled high in the west seemed like a huge mountain chain rising behind and over Slieve Gamph, and the stars looked out from an ominously brilliant sky. A mighty blast was followed by a pause, during which might be heard its retreating roar across the moorland, the coming-on of another from the mountains, the wailing of smaller ones between, the heaving back of the heads of the trees to their former places, and the indescribable clamours of numerous mountain cataracts; the lightning bursting forth now and again



shed ghastly weirdness on mountain, wood, and moorland. Farrel O'Hara worked on heedless of it all. When he had the grave ready, the perspiration stood in hot beads upon his brow. Placing the body in the grave, he, out of careless pity, perhaps, threw Irriel's cloak over his face, and then put in the clay. When he had done he crossed the river with extreme difficulty, and proceeded homewards. Had he looked back, and could he have distinguished the particular tree, he would have seen that his work was undone almost as soon as finished. The tree met the fate of hundreds of its companions. Perhaps, the scooping of the ground contributed a little to lessen its hold in the earth. At anyrate, the blast came that laid its proud head on the ground, and bore its roots into the air. Irriel O'Hara was borne up with them, and the mound that covered him falling away, he dropped on the trunk and from thence to the earth.

Next evening found Farrel O'Hara at the castle of Ballymote. They were not friends, the chieftains he met there, but he was not at open enmity with any of them; though he was not a rebel, his loyalty was all the Queen's Government ever could get from him.

The little box and chain was a talisman too potent to be resisted by a member of the MacDonagh clan. He knew with what veneration the O'Donnells had ever regarded their *Cathach* or "Fighter." He guessed that this was something similar, though its uses might be different, and it was by no means so famous. He explained his mission to MacDonagh, and produced the chain and appendage as proof of the lady's good-will.

"This signifies that thou art the lady's choice, though I admire not her taste. One so ugly as thou——"

"Think'st thou I have not the means of repaying insult? Ought not the possession of a relic so precious in thine eyes ensure me, at least, a fair hearing? Thou hast lost the reverence with which thy forefathers regarded this emblem. The lady did not think so——"

"I have not time now to dispute with thee; braver work is on hands. We are preparing to march into Munster. Thou shouldst be with us, but thou lovest the Saxon. Since Una hath chosen thee, I can but consent. We must seek some clerkly rascal to put the thing orderly on paper. Willingly would I refuse thee a snipe from the moors of Keshcorran, and nought but this which thou bringest could force my approval of thy union with a woman whose spirit exceedeth thine as an eagle doth tower over a sparrow-hawk. I am frank in my opinion of thee, but my tongue is the only weapon whose edge thou shalt feel in Ballymote Castle. Thou art my guest—that is enough."

"His guest in O'Donnell's Castle," thought O'Hara; "if he hath want of lands, he hath enough of impudence."

The night was spent in orderly festivity, which was the case wherever Red Hugh was present. Cuachs of wine and medders of beer flowed freely. Harpers were

there, and the tender or martial strains served to inflame or to soften the spirits of the party. No one dreamed of the disaster of Kinsale; no one thought of the lonely close of a noble life in far-away Simancas.

When O'Hara reached home, he read the document which MacDonagh had given him, and as he proceeded his blood boiled with indignation. One sentence ran—"In respect for the lady's religion (as she hath not yet learned to feel ashamed of it), the ceremony shall be performed in the Abbey of Banada, by one of the monks, and between the hours of midnight and cock-crow, since many a better man hath been forced to have his marriage rites performed at such unseemly hours in these strange times." What a wild and curious device to mock and annoy him! No matter, he had gained his point, and if the chance should occur, how well he would repay MacDonagh!

Una waited vainly for Irriel's return. How ardently she hoped and prayed. How she fretted and wept. Her movements, once graceful and easy, as that of the deer on the plains of Achonry, were slow and languid. At length her wild grief gave way to a settled melancholy. During all this time Irriel O'Hara lay between life and death within a few miles of her. He had been found by a *sthalcaire* or cottier who was out in search of his sheep at early morn. He brought the unconscious Irriel to his cabin, where his wife applied remedies for the youth's recovery. Both recognised him, and guessed he must have been the victim of foul play, so they kept his presence in their shieling a close secret, lest the vengeance of his enemy should also follow them. He slowly recovered, but the battle was long and left its marks in hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and attenuated frame. With returning Spring he began to gain strength more rapidly. When March came, he was able to walk a little out of doors. In a week or two he hoped to be able to see Una.

Farrel O'Hara waited for some weeks before visiting the house of O'Higgins, and it was only after a few visits that he introduced his proposal for Una's hand to herself and her grandfather. In vain she appealed with passionate energy, but her grandfather's will was imperative. He referred to her uncle's approval of O'Hara as a fit husband for her. MacDonagh was her nearest relative of power, and her bestowal in marriage was practically in his disposition. O'Hara showed the document to O'Higgins. Portions of it were illegible, owing perhaps to O'Hara's handiwork, but still it contained the wishes of MacDonagh. Argument and protest on Una's part were useless. To her grandfather's mind she might as well dare defy the dictates of heaven as to disobey the chief of her blood. Worn out with the useless struggle, she at length gave a dubious consent.

The monks—or a few of them—still managed to remain in Banada Abbey. There the nuptials were to



to be celebrated. On an evening in March a party of horsemen left Ballyara. They were to meet the party of the intended bride at the ford of the Moy in the cantred of Sessuc, and then proceed along the river towards the Abbey. O'Hara thought that MacDonagh had intended to lay a trap for him in thus setting forth the celebrant and place of the marriage, for it brought him into contact with the statute which expressly forbade such a mode of proceeding, and it was evident to him that MacDonagh expected the displeasure of the Crown to be visited upon him. There was no help for it however, and he felt confident of being able to explain matters to the satisfaction of the Governor of Connaught.

Irriel was now growing stronger, though he was still far from being fully restored. His hostess often went to the mountain to gather herbs, and brought back as well what scraps of news she picked up in the few cabins on her way. One evening she returned and related intelligence which made his heart for a moment to stand still. "To-night, now, O blessed Patrick!" he panted and rushed from the cabin, though the old dame loudly called after him to stop if he did not want to kill himself. Onward he sped towards the stepping-stones, though often compelled to halt to regain his breath, and often falling, tripped by a trailing briar or gnarled furze-root. His limbs were quivering, his hair shimmered like gold when the moon came out, and he held blindly on, having no object in view, unaware of any purpose. The sky was patched with clouds and the full moon shone fitfully. When he reached the spot a party of horsemen were on the opposite bank. The foremost was already leading his horse into the river, himself the first or second on the row of stones. Irriel thought he heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, and turned to find Una at his side. His strength gave way beneath the sudden joy; he staggered, but she supported him. The moon suddenly sailed forth from behind a cloud, and Farrel O'Hara, the first of the horsemen who were crossing the river, saw suddenly revealed to him the white face of his victim resting on Una's shoulder. It seemed an apparition. A startled exclamation burst from him. He involuntarily made a step backwards, and, missing his footing, he fell, wedged between two of the stones. The horse plunged violently and trampled on the head of its prostrate master. The horse and the waters overcame the haughty and wicked Farrel O'Hara. When taken to the bank he was quite dead.

Months passed before Irriel knew of his kinsman's death. He had a relapse of his illness, through which Una nursed him with loving care, and when the bronze of autumn was flashing from the leaves, a happy bridal party one evening left the abbey and passed homeward by the sparkling waters of the Moy.

P. J. M'DONNELL.

## Emmet's Tomb.

Weep not for the fate which o'ershadows the patriot's *uninscribed* tomb,  
Mourn not though the place of his ashes for ever be shrouded in gloom,  
For o'er his dear memory lingers a halo of glory whose beams  
Shall flash through the darkness of ages wherever the emerald gleams!

Mourn not though no monument stately marks where the hero sleeps,  
We need not the cypress or willow for the dead whom a Nation weeps!  
Wherever the green flag flutters—the flag of the true and the brave!  
Wherever the blood of our Erin flows, *there* is young Emmet's grave!  
Paris.

M. BARRY DELANY.

## Our Political Prisoners.

By J. P. COUGHLAN,

Amnesty Association Representative at Portland.



DURING the time I waited outside the walls of Portland Prison for the release of John Daly, Dr. Gallagher, Murphy, and Devaney I learned much of the internal economy of that one of her Majesty's penal establishments. Afterwards in conversation with the released men I learned still more; but as the friends of the prisoners are agreed that any premature publication of their opinions of convict treatment might seriously affect the prospects of release of the men still in Portland I must refrain from stating the facts I have obtained at this stage. However on this subject of prison treatment I wish to draw attention to some facts that are open to the general public. In a letter to the *Times* Sir Henry Howarth, in criticising the action of the Home Secretary, states plainly that at the time of the conviction of these treason-felony prisoners it was generally understood that the life sentences which were passed would be life sentences in effect, it being the intention that every one of these prisoners should end his life in gaol. That unquestionably was the opinion of the bulk of Englishmen, and was also, I venture to say, the intention of the Government of the day. Now, what has been the result? At the beginning of this year of the twelve Irish political prisoners in English gaols six were insane, and all were more or less broken in health. Who can regard this as other than the result of what Sir Henry Howarth calls the "well understood intention of the Government that these men should end their dangerous lives in prison?" It may be urged that if this were the intention of the Government how comes



it now that several of the worst offenders are being released. The reason is plain. The Amnesty Association, by keeping the case of the prisoners before the country and the Parliament, proved an effectual preventative to the methods of the days of stifled inquiry.

I regret I cannot go further into the treatment of our fellow-countrymen in her Britannic Majesty's convict establishments just now. It is a subject on which much will be said another day.

The day on which John Daly was to be released from Portland, I drove with his brother, Mr. James Daly, to the gates of the prison. The carriage was taken through the big black gates and up to the waiting room, where our ex-convict was in company with the prison doctor and deputy-governor. It was but a few minutes afterwards, and John Daly was for the first time in over twelve years a free man. As the great doors swung too once more with a business-like rattle of bolts and bars I congratulated Mr. Daly, in the name of the Amnesty Association, on his release. He was pleased and grateful for the interest taken in him, and the exertions made by his friends on his behalf. He spoke feelingly and lovingly of his comrades who are still wearing the broad arrow, and of his friends and companions of the old days. As he ran over their names, and I had to tell him of those who were no longer in the land of the living, he was keenly affected. He had counted on seeing and meeting many of them, but now he felt that even in twelve years a new generation had grown up, and the men by whose side he worked were no more.

Physically John Daly is but a wreck of a handsome, athletic, well-built man of former days. Only too well has English convict prison discipline told on his body, but mentally and in spirit there is no change. His nationality is as pure-souled, his spirit as strong and enthusiastic to-day as when Sir Henry Hawkins pronounced sentence of imprisonment for life on him in the dock at Birmingham in '84. He is determined that as far as influencing his future political life is concerned his imprisonment shall be to him only an incident in his life. It has made no change in his views, and will not deter him from acting up to his principles in the future as he did in the past before he became the victim of the police agent and felon-setter.

Political sections and factions are doubtless much concerned just now as to which of them John Daly will attach himself on his return to Ireland. He has allowed himself to form no opinion on sectional politics at present, as he rightly considers Portland and Chatham not the best places in the world in which to follow the ever-changing field of Irish affairs; but I can say that honesty of purpose will guide him in the future as in the past, and further, I venture to say, or at least to hope, that this soldier for Ireland will not descend to any party whose politics is a Liberal alliance or even a Tory deal.



### Musings on Slievenamon—No. III.

SOMEbody has said that "liberty dwells on the mountains." I would fain believe that somebody to have been correct. The mountains of every land have invariably been the home of heroes who have never basked contented beneath the cloud of slavery, but have tried and struggled until the sun of victory, in most cases, has crowned their efforts with his effulgent glow. Although many centuries have passed since such a sun had gilded the summit of Slievenamon, yet, in every epoch of Ireland's struggle, its hardy sons have been conspicuous, not alone for their patriotism, but for the readiness with which they have embraced every weapon to havoc in the fray. Failure came, but defeat, never. Much the same can be said of every mountain from Wicklow to Galway; from Innishowen to Carbery, but we are now musing on Slievenamon, and therefore confined to its shadows past and present. Shadows which fell on the struggles of Firbolg, Tuathade-Danaans, Milesian, Dane, Norman and Saxon, fighting for supremacy; shadows which still fall on the self-same conflict, handed down from sire to son, and destined to continue in varying forms, and with varying weapons, until Ireland shall regain that which the Saxon robbed her of, oftener and more effectually by fraud than by force.

All of us who handle the pen to write of Ireland, are too much given to "Sunbustry," "The finest peasantry, gallant Tipperary," and all that. What nonsense! We are, surely, a fine people for colonising the world; building mighty empires in other lands, but always expecting somebody else to fight for our own. True, that generation by generation, we have made the attempt, but it is also true that readily as we grasp the weapons at hand, and right heartily as we enter on the campaign, as readily do we throw them by and sink into apathy, or exchange them for some plausible *ignis fatuus* thrown across our path. This proves our lack of that tenacity necessary in nations as in individuals, to achieve any great purpose. And what greater achievement can a people attain than their liberty! But *waydy-buckety* movements like ours shall never reach that happy goal.

Standing to-day on the very boulder from which Cromwell is said to have surveyed the same scene of



pastoral beauty, two hundred and forty-six years ago, and which drew from his iron heart the exclamation—"This is a land worth fighting for," the thought arises that those who have got this favoured land as their part of the gifts of Divine Providence haven't fought for it as they ought. Fine peasantry! Brave people! Bah! Truly, we are fine and brave. But it is not on the battlefield alone liberty has been always won. The greater evil of our bravery is that in far foreign fields it has too often been displayed. Look at the many other peoples who have no Fontenoy or Fredericksburgs on their banners, how they have stuck to the passes of their native land, and held them in storm and stress, until, eventually the goddess of freedom reached forth her hand and presented them with the laurel crown. Even they cannot point to Benburbs, Yellowfords, Pass of Plumes, and many others which cast a sort of halo over the dark pages of our history, yet they can point to the glorious consummation of all—freedom—and we are eclipsed.

From musing to moralising is a short journey, indeed. We often catch ourselves hastening along the road, and pull up asking the question—what of your premises and conclusions? And our mentor answers—they are all our own, and the outcome of long and close acquaintance with the subjects we inwardly discuss and digest. We have invariably found the Irish people in every movement with which we have had any connexion, inviting deception, so to speak, by the way they bow to balderdash and swallow showers of bosh, enough to sicken and dishearten honest-thinking patriots. They can be gulled by the glamour of oratory into fancying themselves wingless angels, destined by persecution for some important niche in the order of creation. This gullibility produces in turn a crop of clever patriots, to whom self is all and country nothing but what can be made out of it in favour of this self.

To attain the goal of freedom requires a deeper and more staple moral force than this "sunbustry," behind whatever weapons may be in vogue for the occasion. This "shut your eyes and open your mouth" system should have been played out long, long ago. Ourselves, and ourselves alone, must achieve our liberty. And it is time that we should recognise it. Hero worship—that is the worship of live heroes—must be done away with. Let us bow to no leaders who would make our bodies only stepping-stones to place and prestige for themselves, regardless of our pains and sufferings. The true leader is yet to come, but we can be preparing his path and smoothing his way. Our history lies around us. Every cavern in this old mountain is a page in our chequered history. Every spot on which

the eye rests, as we gaze before us, conjures a thought of the should-be living past. Something attempted, something lost and something won for Ireland, can be traced on every moss-grown stone of this boundless panorama.

"For here gathered stout hearts in brave ninety-eight,  
Undaunted and willing grim death to await."

And here, in forty-eight, was the wild clarion of war sounded again, while the men of sixty-five repaired there also to rouse the enthusiasm of Tipperary, and get it into line. We are some of those who believe that those times, those scenes, those men should not be forgotten; and now that the centenary of ninety-eight shall be approaching in a few years, we hope to see the men of Tipperary assemble on Slievenamon to celebrate and venerate the memory of those proud sires of the "gallant" county "who rose in dark and evil days to right their native land;" to proclaim to the world that the blaze they kindled has not expired; that the national spark, despite defeat, despair and disgrace, is still vitally extant and ready at any moment to be fanned in defence of life, liberty and native land. The battlefields of our country are its national monuments. On them the nobility of the nation perished, and on them they should be commemorated. The heads that adorned the battlements of the old keep of Mullinahone must not be allowed to wither in oblivion. Their story must be told, and generations after them inspired by the lesson it contains. A long century has passed since their native turf drank up their blood, and when they shall be forgotten, then, and not till then, shall our hopes of freedom be dead.

"So here's their memory: may it be to us a shining light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty, and teach us to unite.

Through good and ill be Ireland's still,  
Tho' sad as theirs your fate,  
And true men be you men,  
Like those of 'Ninety-eight."

A DRANGAN BOY.





## Treacy of Kilcurl.

### A Mother's Lament.

By "NED OF THE HILL."

The following lament might have been sung by the mother of our Walshmountain Leonidas, when his body was laid to rest in the Churchyard of Kilcurl after the Tithe Battle at Carrickshock, County Kilkenny, in 1831.

I'll sit me in the lone churchyard,  
 There's no one here to see,  
 My tears like summer rain will fall  
 For *lanna ban ma chree*;  
 I'll see his baby blue eyes shine,  
 Through dew drops in the grass,  
 And dream I hear in robin's notes,  
 His voice when serving Mass.

"The pulse beat of my heart was he,  
 So mild, so pure, and meek,  
 My boy's fair brow, as bright as dawn,  
 The rose tint on his cheek;  
 His raven hair, its glossy sheen  
 Shone through each tangled curl"—  
 (Ah! nature's choicest charms bedeckt,  
 Young Treacy of Kilcurl.)

"And lithe, and tall, as mountain larch,  
*Ma chree* his manhood grew;  
 To God, to home, to Faith, to friends,  
*Ma lanna ban* was true"—  
 Nor coward, nor slave, the mountains rear;  
 There, mothers nurse no churl,  
 Yet 'pride of place,' 'mong mountaineers,  
 Holds Treacy of Kilcurl.

She well may weep, her darling lost—  
 Trust me, he nobly died—  
 At Carrickshock he fighting fell,  
 With brave boys by his side;  
 And if again our land to free,  
 We freedom's flag unfurl,  
 True still to home, to God we'll be,  
 Like Treacy of Kilcurl.

Irish Literary Society,  
 Dublin.

## Mina and Maclausa.

### A Mayo Legend.

THE first of the Christian missionaries to preach in Mayo was the great Magonius himself. At Aughagower, near Westport, he converted great multitudes, and here he established a church or monastery, of which St. Senach became first bishop and abbot. On the approach of the penitential season of Lent, St. Patrick proceeded to the Reek, where in prayer and fasting he humbled himself before the Lord. It was while sojourning on the Reek—so tradition says—he banished all venomous reptiles from Erin, and it is firmly believed that the great apostle hurled the evil spirits coming to tempt him into the valley of Lug-nadune. The labours of the Patrician were continued by pastors holy and full of zeal, who ultimately succeeded

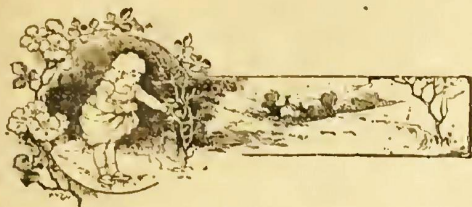
in converting the semi-civilized inhabitants of this region. Amongst the earliest of those Christian missionaries eager to walk in the footsteps of their Master were Mina and Maclausa, who gave their names to the adjoining parishes of Kilmina and Kilmaclasser. All that remains of Mina's church is situated on the north side of a bleak and cold hill, while the son of Lausa, having an eye to the beautiful, established his seat and built his church on a little hillock overlooking the picturesque and fertile valley of Clogher.

In the days of the early Irish Church, as in modern times, holy and ascetic men quarrelled over their tithes and jurisdiction, and even so it happened with Mina and Maclausa. Those meek and humble followers of the lowly Nazarene could not agree as to the boundaries of their respective parishes, and their bickerings and disagreements became such a source of grave scandal to the faithful of the district, and a cause for much trouble and searching of heart to the holy men themselves, that as a last resource it was mutually agreed that upon an appointed day each should at sunrise start from the furthestmost bounds of their respective parishes, and walking towards each other, the spot upon which they should meet would be acknowledged as the extent of each other's jurisdiction.

On the appointed day at sunrise the saints arose. Without waiting to make his ablutions or recite the prayers enjoined upon him, Mina immediately started off, intent upon covering as much ground as possible. Lausa bathed as usual in the lake of Clogher and then knelt him down to repeat his office. Having finished the prescribed devotions he too started off, but to his great surprise and anger met Mina on the top of the hill of Rua. Maclausa perceiving that he had been outwitted, upbraided his rival, the latter hotly rejoined, and finally Mina cursed Lausa and Lausa cursed Mina. The maledictions became so grave and serious, and each holy man being fatigued with the exertion of calling down every evil on the devoted head of the other, they knelt them down on a convenient stone in order to add more saintly vigour to their fulminations, and there, glaring fiercely into each other's face, the humble missionaries poured forth their wrath. Curses of Pagan Ireland co-mingled with curses of the Christian, and so long and fearful did those curses become, such untold evil did they prophesy in turn, that the very birds in mid-air hushed their songs, the woodland became blasted and withered away, and the inanimate stone upon which the holy men knelt, melted under them. Even unto this day the stone bears witness to the passion of those saintly men, and the grief of an angry God, for still the devout or curious can inspect the impressions of the hands and knees of the wrathful saints on the stones which crown the hill of Rua, situated within four miles of the town of Westport.

CROAGHPATRICK.





## Molly Ward's in '98.—By "B."

(CONTINUED).

**O**NE sufferer by the search at Molly Ward's must be mentioned. He was one of the servants, a rough, useful, but less than half-witted young fellow named Duffy, whose department was the byre and stable. He was the proud possessor of the game cock taken by the soldier, and great was his wrath at the theft. He would go into Belfast and loiter for hours at the old barracks in Barrack Street in the hope of recovering the stolen bird. Some one told the poor simpleton to send a letter to King George about the game cock and he would get it for him. This idea took such a hold upon him that to humour him a member of the Ward family did write a letter, "sending it to the king," they said, "by way of the canal."

The excitement in the country when the insurrection broke out appears to have especially affected Duffy. The poor creature considered the king to be the soldier who took his bird. Two days before Ballynahinch fight he was missing; no one knew anything about him. Poor fellow, he had slipped away to the battlefield unknown to anyone, and was present at that memorable struggle. In the rout of the insurgents he fled with them. Utterly exhausted he and another hid themselves in a field, and when the soldiers appeared his companion fled, while Duffy stood still. The flying rebel was fired upon and fell dead. Duffy was taken prisoner and would have been shot also, but mercy intervened. In answer to some questions put to him, all that could be got from him was an unintelligible story about a game cock, so a doubt arose whether he was knave or fool. This saved his life; he was transported, however, to Van Diemen's Land with a batch of "Croppies" from various parts of Ireland. He prospered in his new country, for at his death early in the Fifties, this illiterate, half-witted person was worth twenty thousand pounds.

The man Johnson, having given his information, was of no further use to the Government as an informer. He either chose to go or was sent on board a man-of-war, where it was found out why he dare not stay at home.

The sailors objected to his presence among them, swearing it was unlucky to have him on board. They ill-treated him at every turn, made charges against him by magnifying trivial mistakes he had committed. So he broke down under their persecution, and in less than a year he died and was buried at sea.

One important result of this affair was the lessening of the prestige of Belfast and the North men as revolutionists. Similar searches had been made previously in other parts of Ireland without being much thought of, but the name of Belfast and that part of Ulster was a tower of strength to the United Irishmen in other parts, and their reputation for dogged obstinacy, unshakeable intrepidity, with marvellous shrewdness, was made much of nearly twenty years before in the time of the volunteers.

In the Irish House of Commons, Grattan boasted of them often and said, "Cast your eye along the line of the great Northern army," and "The army of the North," "The invincible Battalions of Ulster," &c., were phrases expressing Ulster's position in the National ranks. The same idea was extended to the men of Belfast and its neighbourhood in the new departure when arms became the necessity of the reformers.

There was no doubt much to entitle Belfast to this premier position. The boldness and ability of its public speakers and writers, the religion of its people, their industries and wealth making them personally and politically independent, the provincial traditions of the Plantation, the war of the Revolution, the land war waged by the "Hearts of Steel," and some volunteer incidents, magnified to the utmost, served to keep up their reputation. Near Antrim Road, a corps of volunteers returning from drill on the Cave Hill, met a body of troops going in the opposite direction. The road being narrow where they met, one of the two must stand aside to let the other pass. The volunteers would not give way to the regulars, and prepared to force their way with the bayonet, when the commander of the troops wisely drew his men to one side and allowed the volunteers their walk-over—this occurred more than once in this place.

The authorities themselves seem to have thought there would be serious work at Molly Ward's, for, during the search, all the available troops remaining in town were confined to Barracks, and kept under arms, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. They were not required, and the alacrity with which the insurgents disarmed themselves and fled, agreeably surprised the Government and disillusioned the United Irishmen, who began to think Belfast men no better than others. The charm of their name was broken, and the Irish people after over-rating Belfast, went to the opposite extreme by committing the more fatal mistake of under-rating Belfast, to the infinite satisfaction of the Government, whose organs and agents turned this revulsion of feeling to advantage publicly and privately.

(CONCLUDED).



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 Johnston ; Literary matter to the Editor.*

### Captives Still !

The prison-doors are opened, and the prison-bound go free,  
 From the torture, and the weariness, and the felon-company,  
 Worn with heart-hunger, weak with pain, while with the wasting years,  
 They gaze on their own green land again through blinding bitter tears.

The prison-doors are opened—opened to close, alas ! [pass  
 On sad-eyed captives left behind who watched their comrades  
 Out to the blessed sunshine and the welcome waiting there,  
 Then the holy star of hope that dawned, vanished in sick despair,

Oh, dream of Freedom shattered ! Oh, light that sank in gloom !  
 Better they ne'er had dared to hope deliverance from their tomb ;  
 Better that they had schooled their souls in patience wisely stern,  
 Than waked to life the aching love of hearts that homeward turn.

Brothers, who walk in freedom's light, now let your voices blend  
 From Irish hills and valleys, and from the world's far end ;  
 Stoop not to breathe a craven prayer, this be your righteous stand,

*'Tis Justice for the foully-wronged, not Mercy we demand.*

### AMNESTY.

#### An Unfair Exchange.

**H**OUR Irish prisoners have emerged from Portland, after thirteen years of penal labour. Two of them have been robbed of their reason by treatment there received, and the liberty to which they are restored, can bring them none of life's happiness. As we write one of them is a fugitive upon his native hills, in the imagination of his poor crazed brain, relentlessly pursued by warders, and suffering as terribly as when actually a captive in their hands behind the gloomy walls of Portland. Another, Dr. Gallagher is reported to be also a mental wreck ; the other two, John Daly and Devany have happily retained their reason, though physically shattered. On these four Irishmen England

has satisfied to the full, not only every claim of justice, but a cruel and ungenerous desire for revenge, and in exchange for them, she takes leave to free after a fortnight's experience of treatment as a first-class misdemeanant, one of the Transvaal prisoners, the Hon. Major Coventry. President Kruger with a characteristic admixture of generosity and prudence had spared and handed them over to the dealings of English "justice"; but in a case where a relative of the Lord Lieutenant is concerned, justice for the time being seems to have abdicated, and to quiet the Irish outcry otherwise inevitable, these four prisoners have been restored to freedom. They have suffered from "ill-health," but in a somewhat different fashion from Major Coventry, and if this excuse is sufficient warrant for their release, it should have been acted on long ago. Anticipating this argument the English press is emphatic in assurances that for some time the health of these prisoners has been causing deep concern to the authorities, and that they have been treated with great consideration so that they did not suffer in any degree by their continued incarceration. And why then could not Major Coventry have been treated with the same care and consideration inside the walls of the prison, where out of common respect to President Kruger and in consideration of the necessity England lies under of disproving all sympathy with the Jameson raid, he should have been compelled to serve the term of his very moderate sentence. Of course we are glad to have our Irish prisoners out, but we maintain that there has been no exercise of clemency for which our gratitude is due, but merely a most unequal change of hostages.

A Dublin paper has appealed in the interests of the remaining prisoners that Irish Nationalists shall at present refrain from adopting a threatening or aggressive tone towards England in the matter of Amnesty. No worse nor more unwise policy could be recommended. If the Government is allowed to imagine that the men still in its power are hostages for the peace of the country, and that consideration for their safety will moderate our zeal in the National cause, they will be kept in Portland till the last day of their sentence expires.

Some of our politicians are doubtless flattering themselves that an attitude of polite forbearance towards the Tory government on their part, has worked this wonder, and that an expression of heart-felt gratitude will bring about an exercise of further clemency ; but in our opinion it will do no good to be thankful for such small mercies, or to prove ourselves easily satisfied. In the case of these men no mercy whatever has been shown, and no thanks whatever, are due except to the Amnesty workers, Irishmen and women, who have proved the injustice with which they were treated, and made their release an imperative necessity,



## An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn Cecinib.

Mar reult ann san oidche a treóraigheas long  
Ar n-éirghe na gaoithe agus na taoide go trom,  
Taisbeánann sé a slioghe di tré chiapáil na dtonn  
Agus téidheann sí go díreach tríd an dilinn anonn.

Mar sholus ann san oidche ar shliabh sgallta fuar,  
Do'n choisidhe ta ag sion-imtheacht is aoibhinn d' á shúil  
Méadaigheann sé a's láidrigheann sé a mheisneach 's a shiubhal,  
Eirigheann sé a's beannaigheann se'righ glórmhar na ndúl.

Mo reult ann san oidche is tusa atá,  
Mo sholus ar an sliabh fuar, is tu é a ghrádh,  
Eirighin a's impidhim an Mhaighdean gach lá  
Faoi do chúmdach a's do stiúradh a choidche a's go bráth.

(TRANSLATION).

Like a star in the night that guides a ship,  
On rising of the wind and tide heavily,  
It shows her, her way through the struggling of her waves,  
And she goes straight over through the flood.

Like a light in the night on a cold scald mountain,  
To the wayfarer who is ever travelling it is delightful to his eye;  
It increases and it strengthens his courage and his walk;  
He rises and blesses the glorious king of the elements.

My star in the night, it is you who are  
My light on the cold mountain, it is you, are it, agra;  
Rise up, and I entreat the Virgin each day  
To protect you and to guide you for ever and always.

DOUGLAS HYDE.



## An Irish Chatterton.

BY KATHLEEN S. KNOX.

"He who such polished lines so well could form  
Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child;  
Now earth—enamoured, grovelling with the worm,  
Now Seraph—plumed, the wonderful, the wild."

—THE ENTHUSIAST.



ENNIS, the capital of the County Clare, though small and insignificant, is better known, at least by name, than many a larger or more imposing town. In very early days it was of some historical importance, as Brian Boru had a strongly fortified castle on the right bank of the Fergus, to the east of the town. When Cromwell and his Ironsides drove the Confederates from Kilkenny it was here they met; Irèton certainly paid it a visit, and it is believed that Sarsfield spent a night here when

on his way from Aughrim to Limerick. In Ennis, Daniel O'Connell was declared the first Roman Catholic member of Parliament, and under the shadow of the monument erected to the memory of the Liberator Parnell made his famous "boycott" speech. But this picturesque, though inconvenient little town, has done something more than make history. Literature, science, and art have sound, devoted followers in many of its children, amongst others the artist William Mulready, R.A., who has enriched the nation with several valuable works, notably the famous painting "Choosing the Wedding Gown," was born in Ennis in 1786; but it is not of him we would now speak. A less noted, though not less interesting Clare man, is the object of the present sketch. A greater intellect than Mulready's, a more brilliant genius, a more eventful and, alas! a sadder life was Thomas Dermody's. Though now almost forgotten, or known only to the student, he has been called the Irish Chatterton, but the sacred fire was kindled earlier, and blazed brighter in Dermody than in the Marvellous Boy. At an age when Chatterton was struggling painfully with the mysteries of the hornbook, Dermody was no mean classical scholar, and ere his tenth year he had written poetry which surpasses the effusions of Pope or Cowley at double that age. His translation of the Epitaphium Damonis of Milton, his Monody on the Death of Chatterton, Ode to Fancy, his Hymn to the Memory of Thompson, and many other pieces of exquisite beauty and rare merit were written before he had reached his twelfth year. He had even then the thoughts, the feelings, the experience of a man, and while we must acknowledge that his moral nature was weak and uncultivated, we cannot forget that his intellect was dominating his whole being and urging him forward against terrible odds. He resembled Savage in his eccentricities, in his misfortunes, and in his genius; like him, he revelled in coarse pleasures, but unlike him, he never degraded himself by meanness or by fulsome flattery. He was heedless of fame and careless as to the reception his works might meet with; he lived but for the moment, and many of the richest blossoms of his genius bloomed but to perish. Again and yet again he mistook the road to happiness; he disregarded the admonitions and slighted the entreaties of his friends, and he "whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senators, and whose delicacy might have polished courts," sank, through vicious self-indulgence, into contempt, degradation, and poverty. Did he feel the want of harmony between what he was and what he wrote when he deprecated scrupulous inquiry being made into an author's life as neither honourable nor just? "We must not," he said, "hope that the effusions of his heart and those of his head are inspired by an equal perfection, nor seek in his domestic actions those brilliant emanations which adorn his writings. This would be



demanding glorious impossibilities and searching after virtues more than human."

Thomas, the eldest son of Nicholas Dermody, was born in Ennis on the 17th January, 1775. His father was a classical teacher of considerable learning and ability, but he had, unhappily, become a slave to intemperance, and, while he stored the mind of his young son with learning, he exercised over him the evil influence of a bad example, and allowed him to mix with the worthless, dissipated characters with whom his unfortunate propensity led him to associate. Such surroundings worked a baleful spell, against which even the boy's enlightened mind could not guard, and though he sometimes awoke to a bitter sense of his errors and misconduct, he gradually yielded to that vice which was destined to mar his brightest prospects and ultimately to work his ruin. When in his ninth year Thomas became Greek and Latin assistant to his father, and experienced all the drudgery of an usher while studying, reading English literature and writing poems and prose of remarkable vigour and beauty.

Naturally a reserved and rather melancholy boy, his chief happiness at this time was derived from the companionship of a little brother some years younger than himself, but this happiness was short-lived. Smallpox, then a terrible scourge in the country, deprived him of his loved companion, and the loneliness and desolation, as well as the precocity of his genius, are shown in the tender monody in which he laments his "dearest partner"—

#### A MONODY.

"What dire misfortune hovers o'er my head?  
Why hangs the salt dew on my aching eye?  
Why doth my bosom pant so sad, so sore,  
That was full blithe before?  
Bitter occasion prompts the untimely sigh,  
Why am I punished thus, ye angels, why?  
A shepherd swain like me, of harmless guise,  
Whose sole amusement was to feed his kine,  
And tune his oaten pipe the live long day.  
Could he in aught offend the avenging skies,  
Or wake the red-winged thunderbolt divine?  
Ah, no, of simple structure was his lay,  
Yet unprofaned with trick of city art,  
Pure from the head and glowing from the heart,  
Thou dear memorial of a brother's love,  
Sweet flute, once warbled to the list'ning grove,  
And mastered by his skilful hand,  
How shall I now command  
The hidden charms that lurk within thy frame,  
Or tell his gentle fame?"

The poem, a very remarkable production for a boy of ten, is too long to quote in its entirety, but we must give the concluding lines:—

"Thus chanted the rude youth his past'ral strain,  
While the cold earth his playmate's bosom pressed;  
And now the sun, slow westing to the main,  
Panted to give his wearied coursers rest;

The azure curtains took a crimson stain,  
And Thetis shone in golden garments dressed,  
The shepherd-minstrel bent his homeward way,  
And brushed the dew-drops from the glitt'ring spray."

Shortly after the death of his beloved brother, Thomas determined to make his way to Dublin and there seek his fortune. His home had become very miserable, happiness and content were banished by his father's habits, poverty's cold hand was stealing away every comfort, and then came the climax of the boy's despair—his mother died. With two shillings in his pocket, a change of linen, and the second volume of "Tom Jones," he started on his journey.

For some time he beguiled the way by painting to himself the pleasures of the capital, but darkness fell, and delightful reveries faded before the necessity of looking for a shelter for the night. He saw a lonely cabin through the gathering gloom, and turned towards it, hoping to find much needed rest, but he paused on the threshold dismayed at the miserable scene on which his eyes fell. Five little helpless children were gathered round a rude coffin, sobbing for the mother who lay resting there, while their aged grandmother gazed in tearless sorrow on the worn face of the corpse. Young Dermody, deeply affected, murmured a word of sympathy, and pressed one of his shillings into the old woman's hand, then turned to resume his journey, but in a moment retraced his steps to bestow his *last* shilling on the sorrowing grandmother. No other shelter was near except a dilapidated monastery, and under its crumbling walls the tired little limbs rested for a while, and the busy brain produced some very admirable stanzas on the lone abbey "where the pale grass struggled with each wind." The darkness of the night, the gloom of the ruin, the depressing scene of the children mourning for their mother, and the separation from all he knew and loved, were combining to overwhelm the boy with terror and dismay, when to his great relief he heard the voice of a carrier who called encouragingly to his horses as he journeyed to Dublin. Dermody dashed from the monastery, told his doleful tale, and found a kind and helpful friend who enabled him to accomplish the long miles that lay between him and the Metropolis.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)







## MEMOIR OF HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

BY THE LATE R. R. MADDEN, M.D.,  
Author of "The Lives and Times of the United Irish-  
men," &c.

### CHAPTER I. (CONTINUED).

**L**ETTER from Miss M. M'Cracken to her brother, respecting the disagreements between the State prisoners in Kilmainham, in 1797 :—

"Dear Harry—Well knowing the candour and generosity of your heart, I am certain an explanation is as much wished for by you as by the person to whose peace of mind it is so very essential; and as you can never find him alone, would it not be better to come to the point by writing, than defer it until it is perhaps too late. Besides, it would agitate and affect him less, and that in his present state of health should certainly be considered. Another reason why a written explanation should be proposed is, that it would be more decisive and less liable to misrepresentation. As a simple relation of facts is all that is necessary to restore harmony and affection, you, whose motives, words and actions will all bear the strictest investigation, need not shrink from it. Ought men of superior sense and probity, who have long enjoyed mutual esteem and confidence, and who never for an instant suspected each other's integrity, suffer themselves to be disunited and their affections estranged by the misrepresentation of fools and knaves, when it is so easy to come to a right understanding by declaring the truth. If anything contrary to that was requisite, I would not urge you. For much as I regard his peace of mind, and much as I value his life, if both depended on it I would be the last person in the world to wish you either to utter or to sign a falsehood, if that were necessary to restore him. Is it not the duty of every person to promote the happiness of others as much as lies in his power? Is it not injurious to the cause of union when men who, from the first, went hand in hand endeavouring to promote it, are thus at variance? Would not such an example of disunion betwixt themselves afford a triumph to enemies? Will they not

point at each of you, saying, 'see, there goes a promoter of union, he could not agree with his own friend.' And certainly the situation of your families is deserving of some consideration; both have suffered much of late from a variety of causes, and ought you needlessly to add to their unhappiness? You are above that narrow pride so very inconsistent with real dignity, of hesitating to make the first advance, or I am much mistaken in your mind. Sense and integrity are pearls of too great price to be cast aside for every failing; and if you both examine yourselves you will find, perhaps, that there are very few for whom you have so much esteem and affection as you have for each other. Consider, my dear Harry, how much is at stake. I therefore entreat you will seriously reflect on the subject; and remember that an entire reconciliation between you is not only the earnest wish of all your friends, but must be that also of every friend to your cause.—Your ever affectionate sister,

"MARY ANN M'CRACKEN."

The above was written in Dublin, in October, 1797; the reconciliation afterwards took place.

The letters from Henry, during the period of his confinement, gave full account of the scenes of wretchedness and wickedness that were familiar to the inmates of the Dublin prisons at that period. The greater part of those letters, however, were stolen from his sister, and from the few that were left in her possession, the following extracts are taken :—

From H. J. M'Cracken to his brother John.

"December 13th, 1796.

"On Sunday, T. Stewart said that he had been with Carhampton about getting Potts out of jail on bail, and that he had applied for T. Gordon, which will be complied with, if proper application is made. Carhampton has sworn neither Storey nor Cuthbert will get out, nor need any application be made for them. Miss Haslett died this morning about 12 o'clock."

From H. J. M'Cracken to his sister.

"Kilmainham, 10th Jan., 1797.

"We continue to pass the time as pleasantly as you can imagine, considering that we think as little of the North as possible, for the comparison is nothing in favour of the capital, except Mr. Dixon and family (who will always be remembered with veneration by us) they are a set of gasconaders, and in every respect unlike Northerners. I received a note from Henry Joy. The person you heard having called on him was Bell Martin, who has sworn against those who were committed to



Carrickfergus. Since that I have been informed that the two men who swore against T. Richardson and myself have been sent on board a vessel. Government despaired of their evidence being worth anything, as they had already perjured themselves by deserting, and no County Antrim jury would listen to them.

"H. J. M'C."'

From H. J. M'Cracken to his sister:—

"The Bastile, 24<sup>th</sup> April, 1797

"On Saturday, nineteen prisoners arrived here from the North in good health and spirits. When they arrived we were all locked up in our separate cells. Presently the door was opened by the gaoler who brought in Mr. Kilbourne and Dr. Crawford. The gaoler ordered me out, as those prisoners were to have that room, where they have remained ever since, having everything comfortable, but very closely kept; however, we send them under the door, papers, etc., etc., and get in sometimes to chat with them. The other prisoners were divided into two lots, one lot has got possession of the ward where the stag was kept. (He is gone to Down). William H. Speers, Dr. Nixon, J. Grier, W. Kane, W. Tempelton, A. Clarke, J. Haffey and J. Kennedy are amongst those with whom we have a constant communication. J. Burnside, H. M'Manus, R. Neilson, D. Tolan, H. Kirkwood, J. Harrison, J. Barrett, and T. Jackson are confined in another ward. I have fixed a string out of D. Shanagan's room (where I now stay) to their ward, by which I send wine, etc., etc., across to them, J. Burnside being their agent. Hardly were they arrived when J. Richardson came here from Newgate."

William M'C. to his sister:—

"Kilmainham, 29<sup>th</sup> April, 1797.

"The day before yesterday we got an additional stool to sit on, which, with the one we had before, will allow six out of nine sitting at once, before we could only allow three to sit at a time, and yesterday we got a very great comfort, a wooden bowl to wash in. My watch makes an excellent substitute for a looking-glass to shave myself at.

"Wm. M'C——."

From the State prisoners to their friends:—

"Kilmainham, May 11<sup>th</sup>, 1797.

"To all whom it may concern, these come greeting, informing the friends and relatives of the undersigned that they are in good health and high spirits, although reduced in their finances much, being now closely

confined under a new charge, and allowed only goal allowances. For further particulars we refer you to our good friend the doctor, who has kindly taken charge of this.

(Signed),

"H. J. M'Cracken, Robert Neilson, J. Burnside,  
John and Alexander Gordon."

From H. J. M'Cracken:—

"On the evening of the 9<sup>th</sup> of June, (1797), Richardson, accompanied by a guard with drawn bayonets, and some person with coloured clothes, came into the room where we are at present confined, he began to abuse us in the most opprobrious manner, without the least provocation on our part, calling us scoundrels, villains, murderers, etc. After a great deal of such abuse which we took little notice of, he observed that we all wore green stocks, which, with many imprecations he threatened to cut off our necks, swearing at the same time that he would also cut our throats, and actually attempted to put his threat into execution by drawing a knife from his pocket, but was prevented by the people who were about. He then swore that he would bring Lord Carhampton who would soon put his threats into execution without much delay.

From Henry Joy M'Cracken to his sister:—

"Kilmainham, 9<sup>th</sup> June, 1797.

"You wish to know how we are situated. Six of us are now confined in one of the infirmaries (the women's), without being permitted the use of the yard, and receive no other support than gaol allowance, except what we furnish ourselves with. We contrive to live comfortably, cooking day about—some of us are very good at it, and others very middling. The day before yesterday, we saw from our windows two militia-men conducted to the park by all the military in this neighbourhood, and there shot for being United Irishmen. Last night the gaol was locked up by Antrim men, who were very much vexed at it, we knew them, they were the last recruits that came from Belfast.

H. J. M'C.

From H. J. M'Cracken to his sister:—

"Kilmainham, 19<sup>th</sup> November, 1797.

"Yesterday two men were executed in front of the gaol, for robbing the mail, they died with great fortitude. It gives me a sort of carelessness about death to see such sights. One of the unfortunate men, John Byng, worked in Belfast with a Charles Davis at the time I was taken up, he knew me very well, and lamented that he was to die for a crime he was ashamed of, and not for the cause of his country."



From John M'Cracken to his brother:—

Belfast, 26th July, 1797.

"Dear Harry—I am sorry to hear that your health has been worse than usual, and that some late occurrences have rendered your present situation more unpleasant. However, I hope you will come to a right understanding again, and not afford a subject for rejoicing to your enemies. For some time past I have been loitering my time at Moneymore, where an opportunity of writing to you was not to be found, and I had nothing to tell you of except the barbarities committed on the innocent country people by the yeomen and orangemen. The practice now among them is to hang men up by the heels with a rope full of twist, by which means the sufferer whirls round like a bird roasting at the fire, during which he is lashed with belts &c., to make him tell where arms are concealed.

Last week near Dungannon, a young man being tortured in this manner called to his father for assistance, who being inflamed at the sight, struck one of the party a blow with his turf spade, but alas! his own life paid the forfeit of his rashness, his entrails were torn out and exposed on a thorn bush.

This is only one instance of the many barbarities daily practised about the County Tyrone, likewise Armagh and Antrim. I suppose you have heard of the engagement between the Kerry Militia and the orangemen at Stewartstown.

The Kerry Militia being mostly Catholics had of course a dislike to Orangemen, and the Stewartstown people being mostly Orange, were ready to pick a quarrel.

The Militia were on their march from the neighbourhood of Coleraine up the country, and on the 12th July, marched into Stewartstown, where being drawn up for the purpose of receiving billets, were crowded very much by a number of persons wearing orange cockades. The sergeant with his halberd kept off the crowd. When the men were billeted, ten fell to the share of a shopkeeper named Parks, an old customer of our house, who would not receive them, nor even pay them, but would find them beds which they did not object to, until they saw that the beds were not fit for any animals but pigs to lie on. Of course they refused, and were for making good their billets. A scuffle ensued and Parks snatched a bayonet from some yeoman and stabbed one of the men, which brought on an engagement with stones, arms having been taken from the Militia by their officer.

This continued a long time, when the light horse

(under Captain Arsdall, the same who at Dungannon rode over the people at a funeral there), were called out on the Kerrymen, cut down two and took three prisoners, thus taking from the small party five men. The remainder then in the streets amounting to about ten made to a house where their arms were in, and stood on the defensive, when they were attacked by the horse, the Scotch fencibles, and about 300 yeomen. They kept up a continual fire from the house, which killed three yeomen, two light horsemen, one horse, one Scotch fencible, and wounded some more. Their ammunition being out, and a hundred English fencibles coming into the town, they threw their arms out of the house and surrendered at discretion, but, horrid to tell, the yeomen butchered a number in cold blood, and shot Sergeant Mahony from a window of the market-house while taking up to the barrack. Another man who had been in Mr. Teaker's house, where he was billeted, was hunted through the Diamond and fell with thirty shots through him. Another of them being billeted on one Smith, a yeoman, was comforting Smith's wife and children as Smith was killed by a random shot. The poor militia man was in the act of giving money to the children when he was stabbed by the horsemen. I am assured that but two of the seven Kerry men died fairly. The day after this, Lord Blaney, with a party of ninety heavy and twenty light horse, espied four of this regiment, but men who were not of the same party; they were sent forward to Dungannon for billets for the grenadier company, and had been in Moneymore at the time of the affray in Stewartstown, and I myself saw them go through towards Cookstown. When they saw the horsemen they thought it best to take into a field and lie down for fear of being insulted by the horsemen, but, Lord Blaney spying them, ordered the horse to pursue; and, although the sergeant told his business and wished to show his written order, Blaney would not hear them, but immediately fell to at them sword in hand. The poor fellows made a gallant resistance and fought their way through the whole horse, until the ditch stopping them, two were killed, and the sergeant got into a house where he was saved by the women. The corporal got into a barn and withstood the whole horsemen for an hour. At length he fell covered with innumerable wounds, and Lieut.-Col. Blaney even after he was dead cut his throat with his sword. Thus died ten of the gallant Kerry Militia, lamented by every human or honest man in the country.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN M'CRACKEN."

(To be Continued).



## A Rallying Call.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! glad tidings come  
 From o'er the western main,  
 A hundred thousand Irishmen  
 Are thronging home again !  
 To plant our glorious flag once more  
 Where oft before it waved  
 On every hillside of our land  
 Too long, too long enslaved.  
 That grand old flag ! that dear old flag  
 Which proudly fluttered o'er  
 Brave Meagher and his gallant hearts  
 On many a field of gore.  
 It floated high at Fontenoy,  
 Benburb, and Yellow Ford,  
 'Twill float again when Irishmen  
 Seek freedom by the sword.  
 The sneering Saxon thinks that he  
 Has humbled to the dust  
 The martial spirit of our sires,  
 That freedom's sword will rust,  
 So let him dream, perhaps, some morn  
 He'll find its edge too keen  
 As it flashes bright in the sunlight  
 Beneath the gold and green !  
 Our exiled brethren in the west  
 Are eager for the fray,  
 Shall we at home stand idly by  
 While comes that blessed day  
 When England's rag shall be no more  
 By Irish zephyrs fanned,  
 But the emerald sheen of our flag of green  
 Be seen throughout the land ?  
 Then brothers, arm ! our cause is just,  
 And when their squadrons come  
 Be sure that we are ready too  
 To greet the rolling drum  
 Heralding freedom to our Isle.  
 We wait the day with pride—  
 When on our shore their cannons roar  
 Let cowards stand aside !

Kerry.

M. F.

## Among the Claddagh Fishermen.

THE scattered village of Claddagh, situated on the suburbs of Galway and close beside its bay, had some years ago several hundreds of a population, which number is now considerably reduced, but many of the ancient customs still survive, and the tourist who visits the Western part of our island seldom forgets to see the Claddagh fisherman in reality. Robust and strong, he enjoys the healthful breeze wafted from across the Atlantic into his thatched cottage, and, while noted for the extreme of honesty in all his dealings, he is celebrated also for his superstition, believing in every one of the "pishroges," from "Will o' the Wisp" downwards. Scarcely if ever does he associate with the other people

of the town, being always content to remain within the confines of his own territory. In olden times the Claddagh people elected their own king, who settled all matters of dispute, and it is a well known fact that the Claddaghman rarely ever appeals to law as a means of redress, and the local courts are invariably free from his presence as a litigant. He is always found willing to converse in the old tongue, a matter which is pleasing to note, and when taking a walk around his village on a fine evening you may find him seated on a block of timber with many others discussing the fishery prospects and other matters in the vernacular. Some say the Claddagh man is of Spanish origin, but one fails now to find the slightest trace of that cast in his countenance. He is very innocent when compared with the up-to-date people bordering on his domain, is ever ready to avoid a snap-shot, while always willing to accept a coin that may procure him "tobac." He reminds one of the days when the "new woman" was a dream of the future and the bicycle only existed in imagination.

JOHN J. BURKE.

## Na h-abair liom go bhfuil Eire marbh.

Ná h-abair liom go bhfuil Eire marbh,  
 Gan dóchas saoirse, neirt ná réim',  
 Go bhfuil gach aon smuaine sonais follamh,  
 'S go mbeidh si coidhche faoi chuing a's péin ;  
 Go bhfuil a clanna chó fhad faoi dhaoirse  
 Nach féidir leosan aon iarrachd mhór  
 Do dheunamh a ris ar son a saoirse,  
 'S go mbeidhidh go siorruidhe ag silleadh deór.  
 Amach go deó le smuaintibh mar iad  
 Nach fíú le h-aon fhear do labhairt ós árd,  
 Nach fíú le h-Eireannui'bh chó fhad a's beidhidh  
 Aon mhilliún treun-fhear a gorch na mbárd !  
 Is cuma chó fhad bhias neul na h-oidhche  
 Ag clúdugh' tíre faoi smuid a's ceó,  
 Má bhidheann a clanna ag faire coidhche,  
 Ní fheudann an namhaid'a gclaoi go deó !  
 Feuch ar an tír bhig shean na Gréige  
 Do bhí faoi dhaoirse dá mhíle bliadhán,  
 A's dubhairt an domhan mór go raibh dubh euga  
 Ag teacht d'a clúdugh' go grod 's go dian.  
 Acht maireann Gréig fós a's ní sí claidhte,  
 Chó saor an diu i a's bhí sí fad ó  
 'Nuair chonnarc a h-óg-mhná, ar shléibhtibh suidhte,  
 Cabhlach na Bérseach sgríosta go deó.  
 Acht níor chaill Gréigigh canamhan a dtíre,  
 Níor labhradh leosan ó'n altóir Dé  
 Teanga na namhad do bhí d'a ndaoradh,  
 Mar deuntar in Eirinn a rith gach lae.  
 A's deuntar fós é 'sna h-áitibh 'nn a maireann  
 Sean theanga thioramhuil na sinnsear mór  
 Do throid fá mhaitheas a gclann 's a bhfuireann,  
 Sul bribeadh cléirigh le gealladh 'gus ór.  
 Aontuighdis Eireannuigh go dlúth le chéile,  
 Cuirthear troid um cine agus creideamh faoi,  
 A's ní fad go mbeidh saoirse a "dtír na féile,"  
 Gan cumhachd ag daoinibh an domhain d'a claoi.

T.O.R.





### A Transient Love.

Again that voice ! and in mine ear  
 I hear the song of wood-land bird,  
 The drip of silver water-fall,  
 The gentle breeze that scarcely stirr'd  
 The early autumn-tinted leaves,  
 The plash of oar in rippled lake,  
 The shout of merry youths who strive  
 The echoes of the hills to wake,  
 The laughter light and voices gay  
 Of maidens on the heights above,  
 And sweetest of all sounds to me  
 The low soft wooing words of love.

Again those eyes ! and to my sight  
 Rises a vision sweet and fair,  
 A paradise of gorse-clothed hills,  
 And flowers that scent the balmy air.  
 Long stretches of bright sunlit woods,  
 The glassy lake, the mountains bold  
 That circle round it and uprear  
 To heaven their heads, now crowned with gold.  
 The gold rays of the setting sun ;  
 The azure opal-tinted skies ;  
 And more than fairest scenes to me  
 The tender gaze of two dark eyes.

Alas, alas ! that voice is mute,  
 Those eyes have lost their light for me.  
 In dreams alone I see and hear,  
 That gaze, those words, whose memory  
 Is all I now can call mine own ;  
 We who have met, hand clasped in hand,  
 Eyes reading in each others eyes  
 The science that hearts understand,  
 With hand that scarce touched other hand,  
 And cold averted eyes have met,  
 Alas, alas ! that hearts so soon  
 Should learn to love—and to forget !

DILLON BRABAZON.

### St. Columcille and the Horse.

**S**T. COLUMCILLE'S DAY, falling on June 8th, the anniversary of his death, is widely observed throughout the North, and especially in Donegal, his native territory. He was the greatest Irish-born saint, Patrick, the apostle and patron saint of Ireland, having been a native of France or Scotland. St. Adamnan's life of Columcille records many traditions of signs and presages which preceded the saint's death. Here is one told by an aged man, an eye-witness, to Adamnan in his boyhood. "In that night in which St. Columcille by a happy and blessed death passed away from earth

to heaven, I and other men with me, while labouring in the taking of fish in the valley of the fishful river Finn, saw the whole space of the aerial sky illuminated. Struck by the suddenness of this miracle, we lifted up our eyes and turned them to the east, and, lo, there appeared as it were some very great fiery pillar, which, as it ascended upward in the middle of the night, appeared to us to enlighten the whole world, even as the summer's noonday sun." In striking contrast to this sublime spectacle which the simple, faithful fishers of the Finn Valley believed to be a miraculous omen presaging the death of the holy Columcille, is the following story of the horse, told likewise by Adamnan, in which the tender kindness of the saint to God's creatures is beautifully illustrated. We are reminded by it of Coleridge's beautiful lines—

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
 All things both great and small,  
 For the dear Lord who loveth us  
 He loved and made them all.

St. Adamnan is describing how St. Columcille had a certain knowledge of his coming death, and proceeds as follows—

"After this the saint goes out of the granary and returning to the monastery sits down at the halfway, in which place a cross, afterwards fixed in a millstone and standing at this day, is to be seen at the side of the road. And while the saint feeble with age, as I said before, sat down for a little while and rested in that place, behold, there comes up to him the white horse, that faithful servant, mark you, that used to carry the milk pails between the cow-pasture and the monastery. This creature then coming up to the saint, wonderful to say, putting its head in his bosom, as I believe under the inspiration of God, knowing that his master would soon depart from him and that he would see his face no more, began to utter plaintive moans, and as if a man, to shed tears in abundance into the saint's lap, and so to weep, frothing greatly. Which, when the attendant saw, he began to drive away that weeping mourner, but the saint forbade him, saying : "Let him alone, as he loves me so ; let him alone, that into this my bosom he may pour out the tears of this most bitter lamentation. Behold thou, even seeing that thou art a man, and hast a rational soul, couldst in no way know anything about my departure except what I myself have lately shown to thee, but to this brute animal, destitute of reason, in what way soever the Maker hath willed, He hath revealed that his master is about to go away from him. So saying, he blessed his sorrowing servant the horse."





# NOTES AND NEWS.

## "How is Old Ireland, and how does she stand?"



FOR some time we have realised the necessity of bringing THE SHAN VAN VOCHT more into touch with the times we live in. We chronicle the events of historic '98, from month to month, and have published a history of the last era of Irish revolution; we do all in our power to honour the memories of Ireland's illustrious dead, but except in our reports of the Literary, Gaelic, and Amnesty Societies, we have scarcely alluded to the events passing in the world. We were prompted to preserve this silence, partly from a desire to stand entirely aloof from the fray of party politics which, for some years back, has so bitterly divided the people of Ireland; but in the past few months we have realised that this lamentable party warfare is practically over in Ireland. The newspapers and the "leaders" on either side, keep up a show of it; but the country as a whole has happily abandoned any intense partisan interest in the suicidal civil war, the combatants have laid down their arms, and the young men and boys, growing into men, see no necessity why they should dispute as to who is to take the lead in the British House of Commons; perhaps they have realised that there is nothing to be gained or lost there, and that they, themselves, are of more importance to Ireland, and more powerful to advance her than any of the M.P's. We have heard loud lamentations, from many quarters, as to the retrogression of the Irish cause, and on hearing them can only laugh in kindly scorn. There has never been better reason to hope for Ireland than at the present day. The cause has not retrograded, but advanced with one bold stride into a position of unassailable strength. As far as we are aware there is not in the length and breadth of Ireland a single newspaper which devotes its columns to enlightening the people in an unprejudiced fashion as to the present condition of the National cause. In the papers that come from the provinces we rejoice to observe now and then a really National ring; but then, these papers are, as a rule, bound to one or other of the political parties, and bound to devote the main part of their space to the report of Parliamentary proceedings, and the discussions of local Boards of Guardians. The Dublin Press is even more partisan in spirit and can scarcely look beyond the narrow ring within which Irish leaders of every section are warring with each other, and ignores the existence of the Irish race in America, carefully excluding all news as to what is astir over the ocean. Space can be found to insert column after column recording the horrible annals of London crime, the murders, divorces, suicides, and executions, with all the hideous details of the latter. Railway accidents, conflagrations, disasters at sea are dealt with at length, while the Amnesty movement is unreported or ignominiously cornered; except, when as at present, all the world is talking of it. The society beauty, the music-hall favourite, the royal Derby winner, are the subject of paragraphs and portraiture in papers founded by the people's money for the purpose of advancing the National cause, but which affect to ignore what is the plain meaning of the words

IRELAND A NATION.

It is time that some one should speak out boldly to break through

### THE CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

into which the Dublin Press seems to have entered with regard to the progress of the National cause outside the narrow fighting ring of party politics. We are not at liberty to preach revolution, but there is no restraint put upon our reporting the doings of revolutionists, insurgents, conspirators in Matabeleland, Johannesburg, Cuba, Canada, and elsewhere, so long as their proceedings come before the public and are matters of general interest. We have a perfect right to do so, and we shall henceforth avail ourselves of that right. Our space is limited, but every inch of it is devoted to the interests of Ireland's nationhood, and those who support us would have nothing to do with us had we any lower aim. In a few pages we can monthly compress a record of every incident which is of permanent importance to "the cause," and which will give our readers a right understanding of the events of the day as they affect the destiny of Ireland.

### THE ROTUNDA CONVENTION.

Dublin will be in the first week of September the scene of a Convention at which delegates representing various political bodies throughout the country and abroad will meet to discuss with the members of Parliament and clergy present the best means of carrying on the struggle to obtain a measure of Home Rule by constitutional methods, that is, by the continuance of the political strife which has been carried on with varying success for the past seventeen years. This Convention aims at reconciling Ireland to take her place within the British Empire, conditional to her receiving to as great an extent as possible the right of self-government.

### THE OCTOBER CONVENTION.

A manifesto has been issued, signed by the Parliamentary followers of Mr. J. Redmond, announcing that they will hold a Convention on the day following the usual Parnell Anniversary in October. This party works to obtain for Ireland the right of self-government within the dominion of the British Empire, and advocates a continuance of the Parliamentary agitation which has been on trial for the last seventeen years.

### MANIFESTO OF THE IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

The Council of *The Irish National Alliance* have issued a manifesto setting forth the policy adopted by the Chicago Convention in September last, when Irish delegates from the States, Canada, Australia, Africa, England, Scotland, and Ireland declared in favour of the complete liberation of Ireland. The manifesto states that in seventeen years of agitation and vast expenditure Parliamentary methods have proved a complete failure. "During these years millions of dollars have been spent and more of her children lost to Ireland than would have been slain in war, and for all we have naught but the proposal to give constitutional means a fair trial. They have got a fair trial. The Irish people stood by patiently while they were being humbugged. They must do so no longer. There is no hope for Ireland within the scope of the British Constitution. To revolution alone she must look for redemption."

### THE "IRISH REPUBLIC" ON THE CONVENTION.

Commenting on the manifesto issued by the Irish National Alliance, *The Irish Republic* (New York) writes as follows:—"Its declarations must be taken to heart by every honest man of the race. Not one minute is it possible to remain within the Constitution if you would save Ireland. *The Irish question then narrows itself down to either a province of the British*



*Empire, with or without some sort of a local legislature, or an independent nation with a government of the people by the people.* We have come in earnest to the parting of the ways. Henceforth there can be only two Irish parties, the West British or Constitutionalist and the Nationalist. *And no Nationalist can afford to do any coquetting or trimming with the West Britishers.* He must take the Constitutional Home Ruler for what he is, an English Provincialist, and go his way, The Home Ruler must furthermore be looked upon as quite as inimical and dangerous to the cause of Nationality as were the Oyalists during the American revolution."

#### THE LAND BILL, THE LORDS, AND THE COMMONS.

The most interesting point for Northern farmers in regard to the Land Bill should be the fact that in the House of Lords, as in the House of Commons, those who distinguished themselves by opposing the tenants' interests were those who in the last few years have put themselves in the front of the agitation in favour of the Union. Perhaps the shrewd Ulster tenant-farmers will at last realise that they have been made tools of by Lord Londonderry, Lord Templetown (organiser of the Unionist Clubs), and Colonel Sanderson (commander-in-chief of the loyal army of Ulster). It should not be hard to prove to the Ulster tenantry that the frenzied loyalty of these gentlemen has not been entirely disinterested.

#### ORANGE BUT IRISH.

The loyalty of the Orange tenant farmers of Ulster to the Tory party has something pathetic about it, and their devotion has surely deserved a better return. Going back to the election preceding the passing of the Land Bill of '81, how disinterested, how blindly and foolishly unselfish was the conduct of these men who rallied round the banner of their landlords, and did all they could to keep in power a Tory Government from which no measure of land-reform could be hoped. With a wild enthusiasm, worthy of a better cause, they raised their party cries, "Disraeli against Gladstone," "England against Russia." They had painted on their new banners, in lieu of William crossing the Boyne, Disraeli and Salisbury returning from Berlin, bringing "peace with honour," and the addition of Cyprus to the British Empire. Times have changed since then, and we believe the Orangemen are beginning to realise that they are Irishmen, and that after all the prosperity of Ulster concerns them more than the cession of Cyprus. It is a sign of the times that the attitude of Colonel Sanderson, on the Land Bill, has created profound resentment even in his own constituency of Armagh, and in Portadown, the chief stronghold of Orangeism. Dr. Kane, who has always been more a man of the people, has taken the side of the people in this matter, even at the expense of a breach of old friendships; but the stand he has taken is infinitely to his credit.

#### AMNESTY.

Belfast was on the 17th of August the scene of a very small procession and a very big row. The demonstration has been referred to by the English Press generally as the result of the Government's action in releasing John Daly and his companions, and the moral deduced by these sapient moulders of public opinion is that no more prisoners should be released, or the peace of Belfast will again be broken by Amnesty agitators too exuberantly rejoicing. It is necessary for us, writing from the centre of disturbance and with a full knowledge of the facts, to contradict these

#### LYING STATEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The procession in question was organised and announced by placard several weeks before any rumour of the release of Daly was hinted at. It was in no sense of the word an Amnesty demonstration at all, but the outcome of a desire of a few irresponsible persons to get up a procession on the old party lines, a sort of response to the usual twelfth of July walk of the Orangemen in Belfast. The Belfast Amnesty Association was

the first to see the danger of awakening this miserable party feeling, and on Wednesday, August 12th, at a public meeting, presided over by Mr. Henry Dobbin, resolutions were passed dissociating the Amnesty Association from the proposed procession, and advising those who had the National cause at heart to abstain from sharing in it. Placards were posted through the town remonstrating against the procession, and this remonstrance was immediately backed by a like protest from the National Union of Ulster, a body which has been mainly occupied with furthering a land agitation amongst Protestant tenant-farmers in the North, but which now announced itself boldly in favour of Amnesty, but opposed to the bogus procession. The Catholic Bishop of the diocese, Most Rev. Dr. Henry, on learning that the demonstration had been got up by irresponsible persons, and without any warrant from the Amnesty Association or any guiding body, issued a circular advising against it. As a result the procession was of very small dimensions, and after a desperate march through an overwhelming stone-throwing mob to a hill on the outskirts of the city, all dispersed without anything in the way of a regular meeting coming off.

#### THE BELFAST UNIONIST PAPERS

without exception speak approvingly of the prompt action of the Amnesty Association, and it was pleasant to observe that the *Northern Whig* and *Ulster Echo* adopted a most liberal tone, claiming on behalf of the Nationalists of Belfast the right to have a procession if they so desired. Evidently these papers recognised that the Orange drums of the 12th had more to do with inciting this demonstration than the pretext of demanding Amnesty. *The Echo*, issued from the office of the *Witness* (official organ of the Presbyterian General Assembly), has of late published in its columns a memoir of H. J. McCracken, from the pen of Rev. W. Latimer, a Presbyterian divine, and the *Northern Whig* has also shown signs of being in sympathy with the higher Nationalism, having published, not long ago, as a serial, Standish O'Grady's splendid prose epic, "The Coming of Cuchullin;" but a more delightful sign of the times is the fact that the *Belfast News-Letter*, the most powerful Orange paper in Ulster, as a result of the indiscreet interference of Dublin Castle on the occasion of the recent riot, was moved to declare, "If this be a specimen of Dublin Castle Rule, the sooner we have a change the better." This reads like *United Ireland* in the old fighting days, and who knows but Mr. Gerald Balfour before he has done with Ireland may have imposed upon him the task of

#### SUPPRESSING THE "BELFAST NEWS-LETTER."

On Wednesday, August 12th, during the meeting of the Belfast Amnesty Association, referred to above, the news was announced of the Government's intention to release John Daly and three of the political prisoners in Portland. Messages of congratulations were at once wired by Mr. H. Dobbin, Vice-President, to the Amnesty Association in London, and to the men in Limerick with whom this agitation started, and who have, all along, stood in the front of the movement. Their persistence in keeping the case of John Daly to the front, and drawing universal attention to him, by securing his unopposed return as representative of the city, has at length been rewarded. To no one individual is the gratitude of the released prisoners and their friends owing in greater measure than to Miss Maude Gonne, whose unceasing championship on their behalf, and whose generosity has afforded an example to stir the apathetic and the hopeless into action. She has been, indeed, the inspiring genius of this agitation from first to last.

#### THE STREETS OF LIMERICK ILLUMINATED.

When the news arrived that John Daly was at last free Limerick was the scene of general rejoicing. A public meeting was held in the Town Hall, presided over by Mr. T. McKnight. Congratulatory speeches were made, and a telegram read announcing John Daly's arrival in London; bonfires and tar-barrels were set ablaze and candles lighted in many windows, but the rejoicing here and throughout the country has given place to a feeling of horror and indignation on the discovery of the fact that two of the released are hopelessly insane, and others still in bondage are declared to be in the same pitiable condition. The members of the Amnesty Association who visited the prisoners in Portland have unceasingly pressed on



the Government their conviction as to the mental condition of Whitehead and Gallagher. These efforts on behalf of the unfortunate men resulted in an examination into their case which must only have increased the horror of their position. They were declared to be

#### MERELY SHAMMING,

and for that offence became liable to torturing penalties which we can hardly doubt were inflicted upon them without remorse, and by such treatment, minds sinking in melancholy and bordering on derangement, which might have been saved by the restoration of the sufferers to freedom, were driven into incurable frenzied lunacy, such as that displayed by poor Whitehead. He had forgotten the facts of his trial, the cause of his imprisonment, his mother and friends were strangers to him, and he has fled from their tender care, and has, perhaps, gone even to death, seeking some certain refuge from his gaolers. Dr. Gallagher is also pronounced hopelessly insane. Daly and Devany come to us with intellects unimpaired by the trial through which they have passed, but the latter in pathetic words describes his feeble, dazed condition. He is like a child learning to walk, feeling no certain power over his limbs or movement. Rest and care, let us hope, will act as restorers.

#### THE LONDON AMNESTY ASSOCIATION,

Whose members had seen the released prisoners and welcomed them back to freedom, held a crowded meeting at Chancery Lane, presided over by Dr. Mark Ryan. There was here no prating as to the "humane" conduct of the Home Secretary. The president and others of the members, who are capable medical men, had seen the prisoners and are intensely alarmed on behalf of those who are left behind. Instead of votes of thanks to the British Government, the London Amnesty Association leads the way in an outcry of indignation and a demand for a searching inquiry into the condition of those who remain. Those who are failing in mind must be rescued from madness, and those who are broken down in health must be delivered from death. This stand must be taken by the Dublin Executive and by every branch from Limerick to far-away Johannesburg.

#### AID REQUIRED FOR THE RELEASED PRISONERS.

The Executives of the London and Dublin Amnesty Associations have issued circulars drawing attention to the necessity of money being immediately subscribed to meet the wants of the prisoners who have come out of Portland. We who have talked so abhorrently of the cruelty of England have now to show that Irishmen are not cruelly neglectful, and in no grudging spirit should we respond to this appeal. Every Amnesty branch throughout the country should at once start a subscription from its members and a collection from others outside the ranks. Those throughout Ulster, where no branch exists, can obtain collecting cards from the treasurer, Belfast Amnesty Association (address this office), or can forward their subscriptions direct to the Treasurer, Prisoners' Aid Fund, 41, York Street, Dublin.

#### A PUBLIC MEETING IN BELFAST.

A meeting will be held under the auspices of the Amnesty Association in the St. Vincent de Paul Hall, North Queen St., on Friday, September 4th, when it is hoped there will be a large attendance. The latest information as to the condition of the prisoners and intended action of the Amnesty Association will be put before the meeting by various speakers.

#### A FUND INAUGURATED IN CORK.

The people of Cork have come to the front in a practical way, and at a public meeting presided over by Mr. A. Roche, ex-Mayor, and addressed by Mr. P. H. Meade, ex-Mayor, and others, a fund has been opened for the relief of the prisoners, and we feel assured a generous response will be made.

#### THOSE WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND.

No words of ours could speak for them as strongly as one of themselves in the following touching sentences pleads for sympathy to a friend in his native country. We quote from a letter sent by H. J. Wilson from Portland Prison:—"Well, old friend, here we are in 1893. Time goes rapidly enough for you I daresay; for me it creeps slowly enough, dear knows. By the 5th of April I shall have been in prison ten years, almost a third of my lifetime. Can you realize what this means? Ah, no, Paddy, you

cannot. No one can understand all the hardship and misery it means except myself, or those who like myself have been, as my Yankee friends would say, 'through the mill.' But you can realize and do know that notwithstanding it all I am from the heart's core to the finger tips Irish still, as proudly Irish as in the old days. What though my clothing from the top of my cap to the bottom of my boots be plentifully marked with England's broad arrow, what does it matter when I can say within myself, 'Thank God there is no broad arrow, no, not a suspicion of a broad arrow mark on this Celtic heart of mine.' This was written three years ago, and then, as the poor fellow says at the commencement of this letter which lies on the desk where I write, he had been confidently expecting release and learning the meaning of that little sentence, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." And for three long weary years since then he has pined and hoped, and the release of his companions in misery will but add an additional pang to that bitter heart sickness.

FOR THE OLD LAND.



"God save all here & bless the work;  
Says Rory, of the hill."

UNDER this heading we shall record from month to month what is being done in different departments of work for the advancement of Ireland's cause, and for the cultivation of her people. We shall be pleased to receive, from Literary Societies throughout the country, complete reports of each month's meetings.

#### The National and Literary Societies.

C. J. KICKHAM SOCIETY, BELFAST.—A committee meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, 11th August, in the National Hall, Royal Avenue, Mr. R. M'Corley presiding, when arrangements were made for the issue of membership cards, and it was decided to hold an inaugural meeting on some date in September, as soon after election of office-bearers as possible. An address will be delivered on the life and works of Kickham, on that occasion. August 25th the committee again met, and the Secretary announced that the first name they had the pleasure of entering on their list of lecturers, for next session, was that of Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League, who had kindly promised them an address. It is to be hoped that other literary men and Nationalists will be prompt to come to the support of the society.

OISIN CLUB, MOUNTCHARLES, COUNTY DONEGAL.—Two lectures were delivered during the past month. A lecture on "Pagan Ireland," by Mr. M'Manus, Mr. P. M'Cool in the chair, and one on "Robert Burns," by Mr. James Sweeney, Mr. A. Corr in the chair. The attendance at both lectures was extremely good. In addition to the lectures, two debates on current topics came off during the month. At all the meetings great interest is manifested by those in attendance.

GAELIC LEAGUE CONFERENCE.—A conference of all the Gaelic League branches was held in Dublin, Tuesday, August 25th, Dr. Douglas Hyde, presiding, gave a stirring address in the old tongue. Mr. John M'Neill, Mr. Dermond Foley, Belfast; and Mr. Kearwell, were amongst the speakers. It was determined to act upon Mr. Gerald Balfour's admission, that if a general demand for Irish teaching in National schools were made it would have to be yielded to. It is the duty, therefore, of all lovers of the old tongue to enter upon an agitation, and stir up the interest of the schoolmasters, priests, and people in every Irish-speaking district of Ireland.