THE

Shan Van Vocht

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Our Hope for Ireland.

Ireland! is the doom of bondage
Thine through ages everlasting,
Shall no star shine out in radiance
From the shadows overcasting;
Can thy sons, the craven-hearted, dumbly stand and basely see thee
Bowed beneath the lash of conquest, gaze, and never strive to free thee?

'Twas not thus in days departed—
Days of kingly Niall's hosting;
Grim was then the test of valour,
Scorn the meed of empty boasting.
Garnered gold or lineage haughty won obeisance then for no man,
More availed on flashing steel the crimson life-blood of a foeman.

Oh, for but one hour of onset,
Such as broke on Saxon vassals,
When, like ocean-tides returning,
Round their plunder-hoarding castles
Came thy clans, the fierce and fearless, forth from Ulster's mountain regions,
From the wilds of courtly Connaught, Leinster, Munster, in their legions.

Now that in a world grown sordid,
Men can wait in coward patience
For the forum, not the foray,
To be arbiter of Nations.
Still thy sons shall dare the pathway kings and heroes trod before them;
Sound the trumpet-call to conflict, fling thy battle standard o'er them.

Then all lands shall look in wonder—
Ireland, oh, thou oft defeated—
On thine hour of victory's crowning,
Queen and conqueror ocean-seated.
And till days of time are ended, bards shall tell in chanted story
How they proved in freedom's gaining—*Death, the brightest path to glory!*

A REBEL'S WOOING.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE the waves of the North Channel come in upon the Antrim coast, not far from the little village of Cushendal, Glenariff, loveliest of valleys, opens down to the sea, guarded by lofty mountain walls, threaded in its deepest heart by a rushing river, which makes the woodland glen through which it runs bright with the flash of waterfalls and loud with the roar of their thunder. The hillsides of the glen higher up above the woodland are fertile and green, affording fair pasture land for sheep and kine, and dotted with whitewashed farm-houses. Luregiethan, a great flat topped mountain, guards the northern side of Glenariff, where it sweeps round to the sea; and under the mountain's shelter, high perched above the hollow of the glen, at the time our story relates to, stood the farm-house of John Macauley. It was after sunset, a fragrant mellow eve of early June, in the eventful summer of ninety-eight. Peace brooded over Glenariff. In the heart of the woodlands the roar of the waterfall was hushed to a murmur, the trees scarce rustled overhead; down by the bay the water merely rippled on the shining shore. It was so still that in the lane leading from Macauley's pasture field to the farm-house, the clear laughter of the girls coming from milking and the clink of their cans could be heard nearly half-a-mile away.

At a turn in the lane, a little way back from a gap in the hedge, was a ruined, roofless cottage. It was half-smothered in lilac bushes that had once adorned its garden, and through a window that the lilac branches screened a man's face was peering. A dark, handsome face, with eager eyes fixed on the gap in the hedge for one look at a girl who was to pass that way. He did not mean to breathe her name, nor to call her to him for one parting word or kiss, though he was marching away to dare death upon the morrow and might never look on her in life again.

Randal M'Allister was a rebel and an outlaw, and Rose Macauley's father had sternly forbidden his wooing. He had gone away fiercely and proudly after that forbidding, months before, the night of a Shrove-tide dance in MacNeill's barn, and he had not, as John Macauley desired, shown his face about the place again. How often fiercely and with sullen pride he had brooded over the memory of the scene outside the dancing-barn, where in the shadow between the turf-stacks for the first time he had held little Rosie in his arms. He had come far over the hills and down the glen from near Ballymena to be there that night, as indeed he came often at intervals during the preceding winter ever since he met the gay, sweet, dark-eyed girl at the house of a relative near his own home. Her father at first liked him, favoured his suit, and often chaffed him even in her presence, almost prompting him to speak, and yet he had not said one word of love. Why? You shall hear why just as he told it to Rosie. They stood together in the shadow of the turf-stacks, having come out to get the air after a lengthened dance. He had looked at her with such love in his eyes all that evening

that when they were at last together alone, she came into his arms without one word of love between them. It was not needed, and they understood so well; but at last when they had been silent and happy long, he bent to speak, and there was a note of sorrow in his voice that startled the enraptured Rosie.

Their language was the sweet Irish of their native Antrim glens, so in my telling of this tale I use no jargon of peasant dialect, only the interpretation in plain and simple English speech.

"Pulse of my heart, I have done thee a wrong, I had no right to take that kiss, or give you one myself, no right at all, and it is a coward I am not to have told long ago."

"What is there to tell, Randal?" And her voice sank in a trembling wonder.

"Only this, asthore; this hand is not mine to offer you, it was pledged elsewhere, long, long before I saw that face or loved it." Rose shrank from him in dismay, and at the next her heart was stabbed with jealous fear, for his head was raised proudly, and he was not looking on her tenderly as before; but away over the mountain tops as if there was someone there that he remembered and longed for. "Oh, yes," he said, "I am pledged and bound in honour, and though it has silenced the love I might have spoken and must not speak to you, I shall never repent." He had meant a further explanation and to have won her to share his dearest hope, and to consent to wait in patient love till Ireland's freedom had been manfully striven for, perhaps, gloriously won; but poor little Rose, daughter of a "loyal" man, knew little of the spirit that was awake in the land, hardly dreamed that Randal was one of the United men on whose track the Yeos and Soldiery followed night and day. She only thought "He has another sweetheart, 'he is plighted, and, oh, shame to think of it,' I have kissed him!"

She struggled to snatch her hand from his grasp, but still he held it and would have detained her to tell more; but suddenly with the other hand she struck him full in the face. He freed her at the shock and in a flash she was gone, whilst the turf clumps they had been leaning against came sliding and rattling down around him.

A minute he stood in the middle of the pile of black turf, smilingly caressing the cheek that the little hand had so sharply struck. He understood her mistake, and was not at all displeased to see her so vehemently jealous, he would follow her and explain all, and then they would be happy again, and she would be all the more loving, because he could not claim her for his wife, and they would have to be sweethearts only for ever so long.

John Macauley interrupted this dream of bliss. He had looked upon Ronald as the favourite nephew of a well-to-do old farmer down by the Bannside. This uncle, old Peter M'Corley, was there to-night, and watching the young people by John Macauley's side, he had put in a good word for Randal. "He is just the man for your Rose, and all belonging to me is coming to him at long and at last, and enough to start life on now the day he marries; and oh, John, 'here old Peter's eye dimmed and his voice grew husky,' that girl might be the saving of him yet, and I'd die happy if I saw him married and settled down from all his wild raparee, rovin' and moonlight drilling and storing of pikeheads and muskets in hayricks and elsewhere."

John Macauley gasped. "You don't mean to say, Peter, that the boy is disaffected."

Then old M'Corley told a lamentable tale of how Randal and a young cousin of his, Roger M'Corley, of the Bannside, had got into trouble a year back. The Yeos had actually tumbled them out of bed at night searching under the very ticks for arms. The two young men had lain out a month nearly and escaped arrest, but they were marked men, and he really believed that it was not merely affection for himself, Peter M'Corley, that brought Randal so often from his widow mother's home at Ballymena to Toomebridge. "He is bringing messages to the United men, and making me the excuse, and maybe its an excuse and no more that he's making of your daughter Rose, and the dancing here. Take my advice, John, have it out with him, and see if he won't settle down and take your little girl and my farm along with her, house and lands I'll give him to win him to decent quiet ways and save his neck from the halter."

So John went out and found Randal among the peat stacks, and had it out with him, told him plainly he heed not come courting his Rose except he made up his mind to give up his rebel foolery; he would not have his little girl left broken-hearted, and keening for a husband hung in a halter and cut in quarters, like Willie Orr's wife of Farrenshane. He told him his uncle Peter's mind in the matter, and offered him a magnificent dowry in farm stock and property; "and this being Shrove night the marriage can't be till Easter, but I hold ye, ye'll never have passed a happier Lent. Rosie will answer for that."

He laid a friendly hand on Randal's shoulder, the youth tossed it off, and seeing his cause was hopeless except he promised to forswear his country, he determined to cut the argument short, laughed loudly, kicked the turf in all directions, and advised Macauley not to let the colleen know he had been offering a match for her. "It is only sporting and amusing ourselves we are, and no harm done either way," he said, "but I'll take myself off now, and you won't see your Rose cryin' after me. She can have her pick of a dozen better men than me." With his hands in his pockets he strode away, still playing football with the turf, and whistling the *Shan Van Vocht*, a gay, defiant tune, very popoular just then amongst all who were *United*.

After that John Macauley watched his Rosie anxiously, but she was blithe as ever, and thinking of that mysterious other girl to whom Randal was "plighted,"

she encouraged half-a-dozen once rejected swains to hope. Only at nights, when nobody knew, she cried a good deal.

. . . . . .

But to return to our starting point. Randal stood by the window of the ruined cottage and waited to have one last look at the dear sweet face, before he went away to dare death for Ireland. He heard the clink of the cans and her voice langhing clearly, a man's voice then, and his brow grew black. He groaned! "Has she forgotten so soon?"

The party came in sight, and oh, the joy, the man was her sister Molly's sweetheart, young John M'Bride, and Rose was lingering behind to let them talk privately together. Two servant girls carried milk cans and so did Rosie. She set them down when she came to the head of the hill and let the whole party get away from her. She was singing a gay tune, and Randal felt angry, what right had she to be gay, but as the others disappeared the song ceased, she was opposite the gap now, and Randal could see her plainly. The graceful slight figure in a gown of liliac cotton, the white shapely arms that he longed to have around his neck, the beautiful brown curls that he longed so to caress, and bright dark eyes that had been haunting his dreams, and yet he must let her go. He would not vex her gay and happy heart, nor have her weeping over a slaughtered lover's corpse. She was passing. He bowed his face upon his hands and would look no more, but then through the stillness of the summer air he distinctly heard something that made his heart leap for joy. It was only a soft little sigh, a faint "heigho" that he could not have heard had a breeze stirred the boughs, there was no breeze fortunately, and it seemed to him it was quite a heart-broken little sob of Rosie's, and of a sudden he felt sure that she would cry for him all the same, and that she would cry all the more bitterly if he had not said good-bye.

So he stepped quietly from the ruin, came to the gap in the hedge, and leaning through called after her softly "Rosie! Rosin a cushla, come here to me!"

She turned trembling with wonder, dropped her carrying hoop and set down the pails, then raised her head proudly, "And what for should I come to you, Mr. M'Allister?"

"Because, Rosie ma voureen, I can't dare step out to you, or do you think I would be waiting here. I can't go out of the lane where I would be seen maybe, and so you must come through the gap to me, my darling, milk cans and hoop and all; there's a nice ferny bank under a thorn tree here, we can sit on and finish the talk we were having behind the turfstack the night you slapped me so hard that all the turf came thundering down on me."

"And indeed," said Rosie, more haughtily than ever," I will never finish that talk, good evening, sir!" She turned to go.

The most tender words of entreaty in untranslatably sweet Irish were uttered in a tone of pleading passion. She turned, his arms were held out to her, "Come my darling, sure I would never have come to you but to say good-bye before—before." Here his voice broke.

Rosie's heart was melting, but she steeled it against him, and said in a demure constrained voice, dropping her eyelashes beneath the ardour of his gaze, "Before *what*, Mr. M'Allister?"

"Before I go away for ever, Rosie!" She stamped her foot angrily, "I thought you were gone long ago and the wedding over, and why do you come here now bothering me?"

He remembered the misunderstanding she had been under that night when she struck him, and that he had never explained. He did so now all in a hurry. "Rosin asthore, sure there never was another girl for me in the world but you. It was to Ireland I was plighted and under an oath, and its not to my wedding I'm going, but to a battle to-morrow at Ballymena town, and I may be shot down or hanged maybe after, for I hardly dare to hope we'll win."

Rosie swung her pails in behind a bramble bush under the hedge, and went through the gap to her sweetheart's arms with a little cry of joy. After awhile she found breath to whisper with her head upon his shoulder where they sat upon the ferny bank—

"Oh I am so glad, Randal, I never thought to be so glad of anything in this world again!"

The girl's face was alight with joy, and Randal's bending so close to it was dark with sorrow, he looked on her wondering she could be so glad in that hour of bitter parting.

"Glad, Rosie," he said, "and I going to be killed maybe, or hanged," and he added brutally, "and cut in pieces, darling, as William Orr was on the gallows at Carrick." He wanted to see her look sorry, or in tears, but still she beamed radiant with joy, and only kissed him at every pause in his description of the horrors.

Poor Rosie was a rather selfish little soul; it seemed a much happier and better thing to her that he should come and kiss her so tenderly that day, even if he were hanged and cut up the next day, than that he should be married to the other girl of her imaginings. She had wept torrents thinking he was happy without her, now she smiled to know he loved her, and the hanging was not so dreadful as the wedding she had been picturing."

Thus they sat in the twilight and kissed and said good-bye, for Rose could not be long missed from the dairy, and he made a tryst with her, that after four days, every evening just at sunset, she would wait by a brook-side under a tree they knew, where the green hills grew steep, and melted into the slope of high Lurigiethan. "I will watch on the mountain top and come down to you!" And with this promise tenderly they parted.

CHAPTER II.

On the high summit of Lurrig, a month later, Randal lay upon the heather and looked out over land and sea. The hills of Scotland across the narrow channel were so near that the farmhouses were plainly seen among the hills of corn, and he was waiting for a boat to carry him over out of the reach of the hunters, blood-thirsty yeos. and fierce English soldiers who, day and night followed on his track. There were thousands of good men and true fleeing for life and liberty over the hills of Antrim and through the glens that summer of '98. He had been through the fight in Ballymena, carrying himself like a very hero, ever in the front encouraging his comrades to sterner strife around the blazing Market house. Then he had gone up to Slemish and met there the fugitives from the battle of Antrim with their leaders, Harry John M'Cracken and staunch Jamie Hope, the latter an old friend and the very man who had sworn Randal into the Brotherhood. M'Cracken and Jamie had at length gone away by night towards Belfast where they trusted to have good news from the Co. Down side and from the south. Randal had gone away to the heart of Co. Derry hoping to be able to help in a rally there; but nowhere was there a word of cheer, only the track of the destroyer made plain by gibbeted corpses, burning homes, and mangled bodies of the slain. Shuddering at these awful sights, Randal felt glad to think that his Rose was safe as the daughter of a man who was well affected and loyal, though a "papist." He had despised John Macauley heretofore for his want of spirit and despised him still, yet was glad of it. And how had he kept his tryst with his little sweetheart, and how had she fulfilled her parting promise to him? Every evening at sunset, without fail, after the fourth day, Rosie stood by the thorn tree at the burn, waiting for Randal to come down from the mountain top. It was nearly a month till he came to hide in a cave behind Lurrig, and at sunset hour he climbed to the mountain summit and looking down saw, far away below, evening after evening, the girl of his heart come up the hill slope and wait for him. He groaned and hid his face but never took one step to meet her. He was a homeless outcast, and he dared not in honour speak one word of love to her again. She dwelt in comfort and safety in her home under an affectionate father's care; the wide world was before him, hardship and toil, and perhaps even yet the scaffold, so, though it wrung his heart to see that little white dot down by the burn in the shining of the sun's last rays, he lay on the top of Lurrig and let her deem him dead or gone.

He would not have endured the torture of that daily outlook from the mountain top but that he waited another signal. In the little village of Waterfoot, on the shore of Red Bay, lived a friend, Jack Delargy, who was to hoist a flag on an oar from a boat in the bay when a Scotch fishing lugger came in, in which Randal was to take flight. Twice he was to signal, once on arrival of the lugger, next on the eve of its departure, and at length the first signal came. Randal rose and went down the mountain in the dusk. He thought he would pass by John Macauley's and take one look at the home his darling so safely dwelt in; then he would never selfishly regret that he had not claimed or tempted her to share hardship with him. He stole through the orchard and came of a sudden into the hay yard. Good Heaven! What a sight met his eyes. Rosie's home was roofless and desolate. Stables and byres were burned, and no living creatures stirred about. The yeos. in their rage of massacre and plunder made no allowance for John Macauley's loyalty. No inquiry into his principles. He was a papist and had a rich house to plunder and fat kine to slay. That was enough. He would have done better, he and others like him, to have struck boldly in defence of home and motherland. But for a section of such loyalists Ireland might that day have been on the high road to freedom.

Randal laughed scornfully at sight of the blackened rafters—joyously almost—for he knew that his love was homeless like himself, and he might go to share her sorrow, whose life at peace and comfort he never would have disturbed.

There was a glimmer of light in the ruined barn and and there he found them all. John Macauley, his wife, Rosie and Molly the grown girls, with all the little children cowering around a smouldering fire, at which the mother was trying to cook an evening meal of some eggs, and potatoes roasting in the ashes. They were a woeful sight, but he only looked at his little sweetheart. She sat a little way apart; a younger sister slept with her head on her lap and Rosie was very quiet, not to disturb her. Her face was pale as death, her cheeks hollow. Was it with hunger or sorrow? Randal had stood there but a moment when she saw him, and with a trembling cry arose, regardless of the sleeping child, and stretched out her arms to him.

"Randal! Randal! Not dead and yet you never came. Every evening I waited—where you told me—and looked up at the top of Lurrig. To-night, dear, I could not go. I was too weak, and I had no more hope." These words were spoken brokenly between sobs of joy; then she hid her head upon his heart and whispered so that no other heard—"I had given up hope, Randal, and was saying the prayers for the dead, for the dead, dearest, when I looked up, and saw you there.'"

They told him of the horrors through which they and the people of that once happy valley had passed. In dread of midnight fire and murder, they had fled to the sea-shore and spent many nights in boats upon the water. The summer nights were cold, and one morning poor Kate M'Curdy, who was in the same boat as the Macauleys, unfolding her shawl to look at her little baby which she had kept beneath it for warmth, found it dead in her arms, so chill was the air upon the sea.

Mrs. Macauley wept as she told this lamentable tale; her own Hughie had almost perished too and had a racking cough ever since those nights upon the waves. But Rosie's tears were all dried now; she had Randal's strong hand in hers, and she felt, now that he had come back from the dead, sorrow could pierce her heart no more.

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Next day there was a wedding at the altar in the wood in Glendun, a place still reverenced as that where the people worshipped in the pênal days and after, before the peasantry of the glen could afford to raise a church. It was a fair day of summer, and the sunbeams slanting through the tree-stems shed a golden glory upon Randal and his bride as they knelt for the blessing. Then after sunset a little group stole to the rocks by the sea, where a light boat was moored. John Macauley embraced his daughter for the last time; then Randal took her in his arms and set her beside him in the stern. In a short time they were aboard the lugger which waited off the shore. Then the sails were spread and the south wind springing freshly bore them over the starlit water, away to the Scottish Isles that lay faintly blue on the far sea-edge. Randal looked evermore back to the vanishing hills of his boyhood, to the dear Ireland he had fought to free, and his eyes were dim with sorrow; but Rosie looked on her husband's, face or outward to the land they were sailing to. How could she be sad; her home was anywhere in the wide world beside his faithful heart.

IRIS OLKYRN.

Death of an old Fenian.

ON July 19th there passed away at his home in Michael Street, Belfast, after a lingering illness, Philip Harbison, fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. Some thirty years ago his name, and that of his brother William, were more familiar to the ears of the Belfast public, when these two, together with Francis Rea, stood their trial for alleged Fenianism in the local courthouse.

At the County Antrim Assizes, in the summer of 1867, he, with his brother William and Francis Rea, were put upon their trial, the principal evidence against them being that of the notorious informer, Massey. Murray, the Belfast informer, was also present, and swore that they were members of the Fenian organisation. The late John Rea, who was the professional adviser of the prisoners, so foiled the court in the attempt to push on the prosecution that they were compelled to consent to an adjournment of the case to the next assizes. Meantime nothing was heard of how Harbison and his companions were faring in jail until the news spread on the morning of Tuesday, the 10th September, 1867: that Wm. Harbison had been found dead in his cell the previous night. At the inquest it was specified that death had resulted from heart disease, but the investigation proved very unsatisfactory to the friends of the deceased owing to the manner in which it was carried out. These circumstances combined to bring together a vast assemblage of persons to assist at Harbison's obsequies on Sunday morning. Philip Harbison, whose death we announce to-day, was at that time in the Crumlin Road Jail, but was not allowed out to attend his brother's remains to their last resting-place in the family graveyard at Ballinderry. He accompanied them to the gate of the prison, and there was forced to turn back. The rigour he had endured affected a naturally powerful constitution, so that for long afterwards he was in extremely delicate health. For the past six years the old man had been confined to his bed with paralysis. The funeral took place from his residence, Michael Street, Belfast, for interment in Ballinderry.

Two handsome wreaths were laid upon the coffin: a harp of white sweet pea, crimson roses and hothouse fern, from the Belfast Amnesty Association (Robert Johnston, President; Henry Dobbin, Vice-president); and a cross of rare and beautiful flowers from the C. J. Kickham Society and staff of the SHAN VAN VOCHT.

My Erin of the Balmy Air.

My Erin of the balmy air,
The babbling brooks and valleys rare!
Your freedom's morn is dawning fair,
  Her blush is in the skies!
Shule, shule, shule, aroon,
The long-sought hour is coming soon,
Together march before 'tis noon,
  Oh, Irishmen arise!

We've wept and pined in bondage long,
Our woes we've told in tale and song,
And suffered many a cruel wrong
  From tyranny and lies.
Shule, shule, shule, aroon,
The tyrants fate is coming soon,
Together march before 'tis noon,
  Oh, Irishmen arise!

Our father fell on every hill,
Their graves our every valley fill,
Their blood empurpled every rill,
  Their cheer—"The next who dies!"
Shule, shule, shule, aroon,
Their shades still cry "Assemble soon,
And dry our blood in freedom's noon;"
  Oh, Irishmen arise!

Be liberty your battle-cry,
Let your resolve be win or die;
If in your winding-sheet you lie,
  Be ours no craven sighs!
Shule, shule, shule, aroon,
Unheeded pass the cowardly loon,
And march together night and noon;
  Oh, Irishmen arise!

A DRANGAN BOY.

Molly Ward's in '98.—By "B."

(CONTINUED).

ALL this seems very strange, and indeed discreditable, about men who had boldly armed themselves for a life and death struggle with the government, and were vehement supporters of an immediate rising. Doubtless many of them would, with unwavering courage, have faced the terrors of the battlefield who now fled through fear, for it seems there was some truth in the cynical remark: "A proclamation spreads more terror than a park of artillery." The men being now away, the women were making scouts of their little boys and girls to see or hear what they could of approaching danger. Then the word was brought, "The army is out!" "the sojer's is coming!" "they were at ——'s house about an hour ago, and took ever so many prisoners!" False and distorted accounts of what was occurring on the line of march were circulated to the terror of the old women that remained behind, for the younger women and girls were sent away until all should be over. One body of military came by the Malone Road, turning by the Friar's Bush, along to Molly Ward's, and so to Shaw's Bridge, where they joined the body sent out to Ballynafeigh and Ballylesson. The houses of suspected persons on the line of march were visited and searched, but no prisoners taken, there being only old women and children left to meet them. The body coming by the Malone Road was commanded by a Major Fox; the other contingent was under the command of Colonel Barber.

Near dusk the family in Molly Ward's were seated, awaiting with anxious hearts the dreaded visitors; they heard them marching up to the house, when a little boy suddenly discovered in the pantry a crock filled with powder, that had been overlooked when the general store was thrown into the river. This was a dilemma, with the soldiers outside. With great presence of mind Mrs. Ward had the crock placed beside the fire and threw some clothes over it, and her aged mother-in-law had just seated herself upon it with the infant grandchild on her knee, as a cordon of soldiers formed around the house, and a thundering knock was given at the door and a voice cried, "Open in the King's name." The door was opened, and Major Fox entered, followed by others. "Does Mr. Ward live here?" he asked.

"Yes sir, this is John Ward's house, as you are pleased to call him Mr."

"Are you Mrs. Ward?" was the next query.

"Yes sir, I am his wife."

"Is your husband here?"

"No sir, he's out at present."

"Where has he gone?"

"'Deed I don't know, your honour; he went out this forenoon with some friends, and he has not returned yet."

"Where are the boys?"

"They're out too, for at night the boys will go to where the girls are."

He inquired who each person present was, and said, "this is very strange, in every house I have been in today, the men are away at markets, or funerals, or fairs, or somewhere from home, there's not a man to be found in this country side."

"Well sir, I will just tell you the cause of it." She then told him of Johnson's drunken habits, giving him a very bad character of that troublesome individual, of his absence from work, his failure to raise money, his quarrels and dismissal, his threats to be revenged by swearing they were United Irishmen, also that some people had seen Johnson going into the Provost with Col. Barber, and learned he had sworn informations against every one he could think of, and these being such dreadful times that no one's life or liberty was safe, the men had fled when they found a ruffian's word was taken against them, and that was the reason there was not a man in the country.

"Well my good woman," said Fox, "I have nothing to do with that. My duty now is to search this house for arms." At her side was an open settle bed in which lay two children sleeping. Taking the bed clothes off them she said, "Here are both arms and legs for you sir." He smiled at her joke and enjoyed it. Upon being told that her husband had permission to keep a gun for the protection of the Weir bridge, the weapon was produced. Fox examined it and returned it, somewhat amused at the antiquated relic used for protecting the Weir. From a bookshelf he took down some books to see the literary fare used in the house. The first that came to his hand was "Billy Bluff's Letters to Squire Firebrand." This was bad reading, he said, for loyal peaceable people. The next was "The Rights of Man;" worse still, copies of the *Northern Star*, the *Press*, and a bundle of ballads of a vigorous style on events in the French and American revolutions. He saw enough of the library and quitted it. Before him, on the wall, was an old-fashioned press or cupboard. This was ordered to be opened, when it was found to contain three or four small kegs of a sort still be found in some country public houses. Being told they held liquor, and that this was a public house, he demanded the licence, and having examined it, folded it up and put it in his pocket without saying a word, and kept it. Mrs. Ward knew what this meant. Thus ended the public house of "Molly Ward's," for they never afterwards held a license. The soldiers were now brought in and the search began, Fox conducting it in person, and no man ever performed such a duty in a more considerate manner than he did on this occasion. The way in general such work was carried out provoked the people to madness. Men were brutally assaulted or flogged, women were outraged by brutes in human shape, everything in their house not worth

seizing was destroyed, and then the humble homestead was generally given to the flames. The atrocities were almost exclusively perpetrated by the irregular forces, for had all the troops serving in Ireland been commanded by men of the stamp of this officer, the insurrection would have been saved many heartless cruelties. The search was a thorough one: floors, walls, chimneys, and roof were examined and tested in every way; articles of furniture were brought out of their places and after being examined were replaced by the men. The beds were not permitted to be searched by the speedy process generally resorted to of opening the tick and scattering the feathers to the winds, for the men had to grope these carefully and patiently with their hands, being told by their officer they could do their duty without exceeding it. The interior of the house was searched without the old grandmother being raised of her seat, so the crock of powder was not noticed. Then began the search outside: stable, byre, garden, etc., were gone through in the same thorough manner. A haystack stood in the field at the back of the house; it had to be searched also. Other officer would have just set it on fire or pulled it down. Fox would not suffer it to be injured, saying, "This poor woman perhaps requires it to help to pay the rent." His men had to try it with swords from top to bottom. Nothing was found, and the search ended, without any damage being done either inside or outside the house. The men then re-formed, and Mrs. Ward coming forward thanked the major for the way in which the search was carried out, so different from the ways of others, and from what was expected; then they parted bidding each other good evening. As the men began to move away she saw in the ranks a face she thought she knew; it was Johnson in a soldier's uniform. He was required to "spot" out the places, and was brought in this disguise for the purpose. After the last ranks had passed the house a soldier came running back and lifted a game cock off a roost behind the door, putting it under his arm and running off with it. This and the license was the extent of the loss by the search of Molly Ward's.

When the day's work was done the troops returned to their quarters in Ann Street and Barrack Street; not so the patriots in hiding. For almost a week they would not come back, except in stealthy midnight visits, they were in such dread of a sudden return of the soldiers. In their perplexity, some of them suggested they should get the opinion of friends in Belfast and abide by their advice, this meeting general approval three of them stole into Belfast that night and saw their friends, and laid their case before them. Their opinion was that Fox knew all about the destruction of the war material before he reached Molly Ward's, and that the authorities had scored heavily and far beyond their expectations. The official report of this seemingly trifling affair was the best news that had been received in Dublin Castle for some time, so they might all go home with confidence, for the government having taken their measure would not molest them further, having more serious business elsewhere.

When the deputation returned and gave this view of affairs they decided to go home, and the opinion that there would be no special attention paid to them gave unspeakable relief. So, "they arose and departed, each man going to his own house."

(To be Continued.)

THOMAS DAVIS.

TO write a memoir of Thomas Davis is to write a long and complicated chapter in Irish history. So intimately connected was he with all the principal events of his era that it is difficult to view him apart from the great motor forces at work at that time in Ireland. He always presents himself in relation to some important movement which stirred the nation profoundly; and almost always as one of the chief and most indispensable factors. His individuality, indeed, is apt to merge into the political life of his day, and it is difficult to see him alone as a distinct person. Only one phase of his multiple nature can we glance at now, and that with dissatisfying incompleteness as showing but a portion of the man, namely, his character as a poet.

He was born at Mallow, Co. Cork, on 14th October, 1814. His father was a military surgeon, and of Welsh extraction, while his mother belonged to the O'Sullivan-Beare family,—one of the proud old Gaelic septs, whose name was a watchword and a gathering cry among the clans. He is thus seen to have been derived of a purely Celtic strain; and this may be the more emphasized, from the fact that there is an old taunt still lurking in obscure corners, principally of England, to the effect that there have been no great Irishmen of pure descent —in other words that the great Irishmen have been all Englishmen. Thomas Davis was purely Celtic in blood, and as purely and intensely so in character and feeling. He was educated in Trinity College, Dublin; from which, in 1836, he took his degree. In appearance, he was handsome and well proportioned, of a frank, open cast of features, without, except in his later years, any appearance of the sedentary scholar's characteristic stoop or pallor. In manner he was exceedingly direct, graceful, and genial; and no such thing as equivocation or subterfuge lurked in his nature. A more simple, kindly, and generous being, perhaps, never existed. A concensus of opinion bears testimony to the fact that he was to a marvellous degree unselfish, both in his private and public relations. To the purity of his motives in his political life, even his enemies have borne witness; and among his friends,—and they were many—he occupied the position of a teacher amid his disciples. 'If a man

is loveable he shall be loved,' said Carlyle; and assuredly Thomas Davis did not win all his love and veneration for nothing. He was one of the first projectors of the *Nation*, the most virile organ of Repeal which ever existed in Ireland. In this undertaking Mr., now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was his coadjutor, and occupied the responsible position of editor. The journal soon gathered round it almost all the available talent in Ireland. Many brilliant poets and politicians wrote for its columns, and much of the work done for it has been found too good to be forgotten. Amongst its contributors none were so reliable and conscientious as Davis. The Celtic genius is notably wayward and unreliable, but he possessed an unconquerable patience; a perseverance which sooner or later surmounted all obstacles, and a will as indomitable as that of the great Dan O'Connor himself. All his literary work was done wiih scrupulous care, and in a candid and impartial spirit which must excite the admiration of all unbiassed readers. He had one ever-present dream, which to him seemed practical and easily possible of realization, that of uniting all races, creeds, and denominations in Ireland into one great and independent nation. The devotedness with which he worked towards this end through all the days of his life, claims, in simple justice, a tribute of sympathy and admiration.

A chief characteristic of Davis' verse, and one which marks it out as the most natural expression of heart-felt emotion to be met with, is its unassuming simplicity of diction. His fugitive ballads and songs are written for the peasantry, and to suit their comprehension the language is made familiar and idiomatic and cast into the tuneful rhythms which the labouring people love. It is always fluent and harmonious, and if occasionally false rhymes are to be detected they are such as would escape the notice of the untrained ears for which they were designed. The poet would have deprecated criticism from any high standard of art as demanding something in them which he had no intention they should possess. Nevertheless, even in the most unpretentious of them there is here and there a ring of a subtle inner feeling for the soul of poetry which makes itself distinctly felt to the most fastidious critic who reads them. Whether it be in the little poem "Glengariff," where the poet wanders "half in the shade and half in the moon," or in the gentle song of three verses, entitled "The Lost Path," something more than tune and clearly discernible. The poems were to form part of the agitator's apparatus for awakening the people to a sense of their own worth and power as human creatures, and so that they contained the right sentiment and were moderately pleasing to the ear, they would have fulfilled their office sufficiently well. That they contain a further and finer quality than this arose more from the poet's innate perceptive and creative faculties than from any determined striving after perfection of form or finish. That pure and remote quality which dwells in all good poetry came into the verses of Thomas Davis naturally and spontaneously from a free and unforced soul, as indeed it must always come; it will come solely under its own conditions if it comes at all.

All the ballads are written to native airs, often to the commonest and most familiar tunes which are sung by the country people at their avocations to this day. The little poem, entitled "The West's Asleep," is worthy of quotation *in extenso* as a good example of Davis' lyric style in his tenderer moods, but containing beside a spark of that patriotic fire which was scarcely ever absent from anything he wrote.

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry—
Sing, oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land,
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand:
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place—
Sing, oh! not even their son's disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan,
And fleet as deer the Norman ran
Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardrahan;
And later times saw deeds as brave,
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
Sing, oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
But, hark! some voice like thunder spake,
"The West's awake, the West's awake;
Sing, oh! hurra! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake."

Whoever comes to the perusal of Thomas Davis' verses determined to gain therefrom the maximum of enjoyment, must come with a mind free from religious or political bias. To read them as verses, it is not necessary either to associate ourselves with him in sentiment (except we do so unconsciously, or for the time only), or to angrily reprobate his opinions as pernicious and dangerous to the community. He is a poet, and we wish to test his quality alone as such, and viewed in such a frame of mind his politics become an extraneous feature which shall not in any degree interfere with our individual judgment. The people who cannot appreciate the artistic quality of a man's work because they disagree with his conclusions, are

not, of all people, especially to be admired or imitated.

Davis was a Protestant whose educating influences had all been prejudicial to the formation of a very broad or tolerant social spirit. Notwithstanding this, and in despite of the extreme Toryism of his family and relations, he soon manifested a sympathy with his Roman Catholic countrymen, which ripened into a zealous championship of their cause and the cause of Irish nationalism. The ranks of the Repeal party were at that time supplemented by the accession of many Protestants who were discontented with the state of the country and the unfavourable condition under which as Irishmen they laboured. It was to strengthen this bond of union and bring about further reconciliation and combination that Thomas Davis so indefatigably spoke and laboured. Without writing anything of peculiar aesthetic merit in verse or of distinctive artistic value in prose, he yet did more to effect a great federation of parties than any man then in Ireland. He exerted a magnetic personal influence upon the people with whom he came in contact, and displayed a genius for organization which made him an invaluable coadjutor in the party whose voice was for reform. Though regarded by many as extreme in his views, he preserved the confidence of all whom he encountered, and his integrity and singleness of purpose seem never to have been questioned.

Beside simple ballads of love and patriotism, he wrote one or two narrative poems of a more ambitious kind. "The Sack of Baltimore" is so familiar as to render remark unnecessary. "Fontenoy" is executed in the genuine heroic strain, and the popular poem "The Geraldines" is conceived in an equally bold and martial spirit. Less known, but no less meritorious, are "The Battle of Limerick," "The Surprise of Cremona," and "Emmeline Talbot." These are among the best specimens of the poetry of action which the empire has produced. But we confess a partiality for his simpler lyrical pieces which were probably the outcome of a sudden and transient emotion. Thus, when the poet sings of Ireland in such unstudied lines as this, we can only assent to all with a feeling of gratitude :—

She is a rich and rare land,
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver,
Her woman's hearts ne'er waver,
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She is not a dull and cold land;
No, she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land,
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border,
No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land;
Yes, she's a rare and fair land,
This native land of mine.

It is singular that a man should toil most of his life at that which he considers to be his true avocation, and only at the eleventh hour discover that his real strength lies in quite another field of activity. But so it was with Thomas Davis. He wrote prose assiduously until the last three years of his life, asserting in perfect good faith that he was unable to write a stanza of even passible poetry. Yet his prose has never been considered to be of the first quality, whilst his poetry, if not of the most finished kind, has attained a permanent place in literature. In his leaders and essays for the *Nation*, his writing often showed an over-coloured and turgid manner. Frequently, however, it possessed redeeming qualities of vigour and imagination which made it irresistibly attractive. The simplicity which makes his verse so pleasing is rarely to be discovered in his prose. He was learned and scholarly, but seldom light and spontaneous; earnest and fiery, but not always quite natural or graceful.*

In his youth he was noted for the dulness and awkwardness of his demeanour. He was one of the ugly ducklings of genius, whose evolution into a swan of spotless plumage amazed everybody. A great part of his life seemed to have wasted itself in idle dreaming; he seemed to be qualifying for an existence of heavy inaction and helpless inability. He effected everyone with a sense of his inertness and irresponsibility towards his surroundings. But he was all the while in the keenest sympathy with several phases of the national life of the people. He was closely reading Irish history and examining the present in the light of the past. He was arming himself with knowledge, and gradually bracing himself for the important part which he was yet to play. There is something pathetic in this dumb, unrecognised, lonely period of preparation which men of unusual gifts have sometimes to pass through. There is no comprehension on the part of companions that the silence is anything other than stupidity; that the painful reserve has other cause than that of pride or surliness; that the awkward difference arises from anything but weakness and worthlessness. No doubt the young Irish patriot experienced something of this in the long, slow, years of mental adolescence.

For three years only did he write verses, until death cut short his career and left unfulfilled the great promise of his manhood. He died suddenly of a fever, in Dublin, in his thirty-first year. Few have been honoured with truer grief at their obsequies, or lamented with more heart-felt emotion by so great a number and variety of people. He was buried in Mount Jerome Cemetery, where a handsome statue was erected above him, though his own taste was of a simpler kind.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wild forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! Oh, no!

. . . . . .

No; on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn, but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees,
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf, put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Not sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through;
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind—
"*He served his country and loved his kind.*"
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THOMAS E. MAYNE.

* Much of his purely historical work, however, is excellent in every respect. His 'Patriotic Parliament of 1689,' published with an introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in 'The New Irish Library,' might serve as a model of clear and simple writing.

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Why must we Strive for Freedom?

AN answer to this momentous question should be in the hearts of all of us, as a deep and unshakeable conviction, ready for utterance in response to the questioning of the credulous and despairing who love Ireland and would fain serve her, but who are not assured of the necessity of this strife for freedom, as the best, nay, the only honourable and loyal way for Ireland's sons to uplift her. Freedom must be with us more than a matter of political opinion, more than an exalting sentiment, more even than an ardent desire. We must, as I have said, be convinced of its absolute necessity, and make its attainment the aim and goal of our hopes, the inspiring motive of all our best work.

Without that inward conviction, we may have enthusiasm, we may have patriotism; our enthusiam however will not be steadfast but will come to us in sudden and uncertain gusts, and we will find ourselves incapable of persistent, untiring, and hopeful effort. Our patriotism will at times sink to a lower level, and we will find ourselves easily content to accept for our country the prospect of a less noble destiny. Our love for Ireland may still endure, and we may desire for her the best things possible, yet be persuaded to believe that amongst these best things freedom must not be longer dreamed of. The hope of seeing Ireland a nation once again that illumined the youthful heart of Davis, and that has shone through the prison bars on many a patriot, will seem to us to have been a mocking flame, a phantom will o' the wisp that lured them to useless and vain pursuit, and led them at last to destruction.

We are often urged by so called wise and practicable people who claim to be the truest patriots, that we are wronging and harming our country rather than serving her by our foolish talk of freedom; we are keeping her in unrest and misery, bringing upon her people poverty and famine and persecution, and driving them to prison and to death, all to no end. We are told that we can be just as patriotic and do far more service to Ireland by abandoning the pursuit of the unattainable and settling down to accomplish some real practical benefit. Why should we not accept for Ireland the place and destiny to which the dispensation of Providence has guided her. She is linked with the mightiest empire in the world, and is called upon to share in governing it; through that alliance with England she can extend her commerce, and find a scope for the valour of her sons in wars of conquest and defence. She need not abandon her national characteristics, but can develop her genius in the domain of literature and music, as Scotland has done. Her fertile hills and plains tilled by a peaceful and contented race will support a greater population in ease and comfort.

The transformation of Ireland to such an Elysium would be immediate if only those voices could be silenced, which are for ever disturbing her peace, by flattering her with unreal hope, and recounting to her the dream of freedom.

How shall we reject for our country this offer of prosperity, happiness, and power, the "peace with honour" which, at the end of a long-contended strife, is offered to us by an antagonist who has learned to respect us. We talk of past wrongs, but the desire of revenge would not be a sufficient warrant for us to continue the strife and cast aside all thoughts of a truce. What then is to be our guiding motive. Why must we strive for freedom? It is because we believe that our nation has a high and noble destiny to fulfil, a part to play in the advancement of the human race along the upward path of progress. She cannot barter that birthright and heritage of hope for any mere material good, nor consent to sink her individual nationality, as part of an empire whose rule was extended over her island by force and injustice. She has a higher aim than to enrich the literature of England or share her tyrant sway. Ireland has a message for the world through her literature, a message that cannot be uttered by the voice of a slave in willing bondage. Let us be faithful in believing it—the liberation of Ireland will be for the welfare of all the world, and with the day-star of her freedom a bright and happier era will dawn.

We live in an era which, in spite of its advance along the line of material civilisation, is retrograding towards utilitarian philosophy and mere paganism, an age which has lost or is fast losing faith in immortality and things divine, and which is necessarily becoming debased. A redeemer is called for among the nations, and where should we look for an awakening impulse towards higher, nobler, and more christian views of human life and rule but in our own Ireland. In spite of many and great faults, the vices mainly of slavery, her people are noble, and upright, and sincere; they have not lost faith in God above. If the souls of the people were strengthened and fired in a

brave struggle for independence, the Irish national character would be exalted to a level above that of any other in the world, and the establishment of the Irish nation will mean the triumph of right. Ireland's past history has made her worthy of the destiny we hope for her. Think of the ideals of manhood and chivalry she has cherished through the long ages. Long, long ago, looming greater than human through the mist of time, Cuchullin, the guardian hound of Ullad's border, doing battle by the might of his single arm against an advancing host. Brian, of Banba, a historic figure, not less historic than that legendary champion, who in his boyhood left his brother's palace for the woods and rocky wilderness of his native Clare, to slumber by day, as the old chronicler tells, with the hard tree roots for his pillow, and spending his nights in sudden attacks upon the strongholds of the Danish stranger. Think of our Northern chieftain, Red Hugh O'Donnell, to whom, from childhood till his death in manhood's prime, it was anguish and heartbreak to look upon an Englishman dwelling at peace on Irish soil.

We could not read a page of such history, save with a blush of shame, if we had abandoned the strife for freedom which has come down to us sanctified by the blood of martyrs, who in dying bequeathed it to us, firm in the hope that succeeding generations in Ireland would be as noble as those gone by. We dare not belie this faith, nor stoop to the coward's wish, that the destiny of our land may be solved by the juggling and trickery of party politicians, and a system of wheedling England to an unwilling granting of certain measures of reform.

No; the freedom of Ireland can never be granted as a boon; it must be worked for, prayed for, longed for, night and day unceasingly, and in the end be nobly won by the courage and self-reliance and strong arms of her sons from north and south, and east and west, aye, and from the far world's end, banded together to achieve that aim in steadfast trust and brotherly unity.

In the North Countrie.

No. IV.—At Molshie M'Grath's.

GREAT excitement and joy prevailed throughout the valley as the news went round from neighbour to neighbour that the tinkers had come to Molshie M'Grath's. *Cead mile failthe!* What a winter it would be, full of frolic and singing, card-playing and dancing, courting and marrying. Many a happy wife, such as Phil Doherty's was, could look back with gratitude to the advent of the tinkers one winter years ago, when the boy who had loved her long and silently gained courage to speak the word on the road home after a dance at Molshie's. True, his fortune had been told him on the cards that evening—the tinkers had marvellous skill in prophesying what seemed most suitable, but even an inexpert could scarcely have missed noting the glances he cast every now and then towards the blushing girl opposite, and, as Mrs. Shawn Carey remarked in a whisper to her hostess, while she gave Phil Doherty an elaborate account of what was certain to befal him within the year, "'tis the easiest thing in the worl' to tell the fortunes o' some o' them, if ye only watch their eyes an' the by-play they make."

What wonder then that the young girls grew nervous with anticipation, and the older ones, to whom life had brought a share of disappointment and regret, waked up a half-buried belief that the roses had not quite deserted their cheeks, nor the brightness faded from eyes once filled with youthful glamour. And their gay hidden finery was resurrected yet another time, and adjusted by hands that strove to hide their eager trembling as something to be ashamed of. For of all treasured hopes, that of loving and being loved dies most slowly in a woman's heart.

Peter M'Grath and Molshie—generous, sturdy Molshie—had worked themselves into as high a state of enthusiasm as the giddiest and youngest in the place. They were a comfortable couple, childless unfortunately, and to their secret sorrow, but the blessing she was deprived of had not hardened Molshie's kindly nature towards others more lucky than herself, and when the strollers arrived, Shawn Carey's three little children ran fearlessly and gladly into her ample embrace. The wealthier people near wondered in manifest disgust at "Mrs. M'Grath's fancy for sheltering those dirty vagabonds in her barn;" but Molshie's reply was conclusive in its charity—"If the Almighty sent us comfort an' plenty, He didn't mean it altogether for Peter an' me; an' we'll have to leave it behind us some day, anyhow."

So every winter, for several years back, the two Careys, Shawn and Bill, and their families came in the cold weather before Christmas to spend the next few months under Peter M'Grath's hospitable roof. The large barn adjoining the house had been formerly a kitchen, and as the fireplace still remained, with its spacious ingle-nook, little or no trouble was required to render it warm and cheerful. During the short days of snow and frost, the tinkers worked gaily at their trade in creditable harmony, and the sharp tick-tack of their hammers falling on the tin floated in sociably to Molshie knitting beside her kitchen fire.

"Isn't it it grand to hear them, the crathurs," she would remark smilingly to her handmaiden; "the singin' of them over the basins lifts the load of thinkin' off me when Peter's away in the town. Ah! sure God is good to everybody."

The first and finest entertainment was always given by the hosts, and they spared no efforts to make

each feature of the evening as successful as possible under the circumstances. Ned Freel, the piper, was there to play for the dancing, and Con Boyle, the only son of his father and heir to broad acres, had promised to bring his fiddle in obedience to Molshie's request. He was a quiet young fellow, slow of speech, and not particularly handsome, but the girls of the valley had placed him on a high pedestal in their imaginations. "He has got little to say, has Con, an' there's many better lookin', if it comes to that; but if ye wor in danger, *he's* the one ye'd run to; ay, if *all* the country side was standin' round." And though Shiela Patton, pretty brown-eyed Shiela, said neither yea nor nay, she fully concurred in the general sentiment. She had made up her mind long ago about Con's perfections, but he, though seeking her always, half-unconsciously, in preference to the other maidens, had never yet given sign that she was the dear and desired of his heart. And now she sat watching him in jealous admiration, wishing he would bestow less attention on that fiddle and more on her dainty self. Her bright blue bodice was very becoming she knew, and her soft hair rippled all over her graceful little head. Why, *somebody* had whispered coming along to-night that the sunrays had need to be envious of her golden curls; but then, that was all thrown away on a boy like Con, who never thought of a girl once he had the fiddle tucked under his chin. She would get Mrs. Carey to tell her fortune this evening, and it was better to live in hope than die in despair, anyhow.

Paudeen Moore, the piper, in a dim corner, safe out of the way of the dancers when they should take the floor, was playing a low sweet tune on his pipes that was scarcely heard beyond where he sat. The guests were grouped around Bill Carey, a famous raconteur, whose fund of startling tales, all gospel truth, if he was to be believed, were listened to with the greatest interest. He had seen the fairies in Barnesmore Gap last midsummer eve and he never tired of relating the adventure.

"I had been up the mountain at Patrick Gallagher's for a keg of the stuff for Mr. Noonan of Donegal, ye know Mr. Noonan of Donegal, an' I was comin' along very quiet an' sober, with the keg on my shoulder an' not a thought in my mind but how to get back in time, for Mr. Noonan's daughter was to be married in the mornin', an' the potheen was wanted badly for the weddin'. Well, of course I had a trate from Patrick before I set out, but as I'm sayin', I was both quiet and sober, an' 'twas little in my mind the sort of fright I was likely to get before I'd have done my journey. The Gap was filled with moonlight. and I was thankin' my stars that I could see my way through it, when I heard a whistle a little bit off on my right. It was a thin, clear sort of a whistle, not like anything human, no, nor like a bird either, an' I turned quickly round, startled, to see where it came from. Then I heard the funniest little laughin' you could think of, such silvery little laughin', good-natured too, but very strange an' hauntin'. I was standin' in a ring o' moonlight, an' I looked straight up at the rocks, for I thought the queer sonnds came from above; but, God save us! I felt a tiny tap on my shoe, that made me look down instead, an' there they wor in crowds around, laughin' and pointin' at me standin' like a gapin' fool in the middle o' them. Such wee crathurs as they wor too, why some o' them were perched on the bracken, that niver bent beneath them even, an' others were hoppin' about the stones as fresh as a bee. But the funniest o' them all wor right at my feet, for the little ladies wor courtesyin' in the cutest way, and turnin' their bits o' heads aside shy-like when I loooked at them, an' the little gentlemen with their scraps o' green caps in their hands wor bowin' with the greatest politeness in the worl', an' I not knowin' what to do in the laste. But it must have been my poor mother's prayers that wor about me, may the heaven's be her bed, for I remembered all of a sudden the beads in my pocket that Father Matthew had blissed, an' I put my hand in an' felt for them. When, lo an' behold ye, the fairies must ha' known what I was about—they say *they* can't stan' the thought o' holy things—and before ye could wink, the smiles, an' bows, an' scrapes had left them, an' there they wor, jeerin' an' spittin' at me as wicked as could be. Some o' them had climbed up a thorn tree just beside me to get nearer my face, an' the little gentlemen were pokin' their pointed sticks straight at my eyes, an' the little ladies wor tryin' to jag my feet where the shoe stops with wee sharp pins o' some sort, for every thrust they made with their hands stung me. I could see their figured dresses an' their curled hair so clearly, but such cruel, bad little faces—the Lord between us and harm—I hope I'll never set eyes on the likes o' them again. Well for a minit I was stunned, for the change in them was so quick that I couldn't gather my senses, but I still kept hold o' the beads, an' then I seemed to hear somebody call from overhead—"run, Bill Carey, run," an' you may be sure I hadn't to be told twice. I took to my heels like a redshank, and niver stopped till I came to the Lough House, an' they after me like the wind, hootin' an' hissin' an' callin' me names. I just fell up again' the door, out of breath entirely, an' when the man o' the house opened to me, he gave a cry at sight of my white face. There's no use in sayin' I wasn't frightened, for the bravest can be frightened when they come across unnatural things, but the worst o' it was when Father Matthew gev the shout at me. I'm sure it must have been Father Matthew himself. I let fall the keg when I started to run, an' niver minded more of it till the mornin', and Mr. Noonan waitin' for his potheen in Donegal. But in my trouble I told the man o' the house, an' he set

out early to look for it—no fear o' gettin' *me* to to go back the same journey—but sorrow sign was there o' keg in the Gap. Somebody had spirited it away, an' more's the pity, for it was the best stuff I'd ever tasted."

Bill sighed retrospectively, and a smile went round the circle, "Ah, then Bill," said one, "maybe there was little left in that same keg for Father Matthew to make away with whin you had yer share."

"Begorra," replied Bill, "it was a *mane* trick o' him to do on me in the clouds o' the night, an' I far from home in a strange place."

Peter M'Grath rubbed his hands gleefully, but his hearty laugh sank into a stifled cough as he looked at the three little tinker children sleeping on the hearth-stone, with their heads resting on the wooly lengths of the two collies stretched out alongside them. Seated not far off was an old woman who accompanied the timkers in their wanderings through the country; a lonely old woman whom they had met one bitter day on her way to the poorhouse. The Carey's had shared their scanty meal with her, and in return, she prayed them to let her remain and "mind the childer." She was so gentle and desolate that their hearts went out to her, and their luck was none the worse since old Peggy Brady had been taken into their family. A sad story was hers, poor soul—husbandless and childless—she had begged her food from door to door before the tinkers met her, and her tale became familiar to almost everyone, though it was but seldom she could be persuaded to tell it in her own pitiful words. It was Shiela Patton's whispered sympathy that won it from her now.

"They wor all I had when my man died, the best man that ever made a woman happy. God rest him, an' many's the weary day I had rearin' them childer. But they wor the darlin' boys, sure enough, an' the bravest. Why, when they wor hardly *that* height, they'd go fishin' for trout in the sthrame by the house, an' one day I found them standin' up to their chins in the water, where it's gentle an' clear, under a green bank, beatin' the little waves into bubbles all around them, the rogues. An' the climbin' they'd do—it was nothin' short of a miracle that saved them often an' often. Well, they grew up in God's good time, an' when they had just turned seventeen, they wor twins, ye know, a crowd o' young folks wor emigratin' from the parish to America, an' in spite of all I could say, my boys joined them. 'We'll come back rich before long, mother,' they said, when we all cried together, over good-bye, 'an' as soon as we land we'll write you a letter.' For I'd given them the bit o' schoolin' as best I was able, an' they wor naturally cute o' themselves. But from that day to this, I've never had word nor sign from them, an' its goin' now on twenty years. 'Tis a long time to be hopeful, isn't it, avillish? but every mornin' when I waken I say to God: 'Maybe 'tis the day that'll bring me the letter. Thy holy will be done,' an' I rise with a light heart at the thought that it might be put into my hand any minit, but at night 'tis different when the black shadows are thick about me an' I'm tryin' to sleep in my hard bed, ah, I'm not brave any longer then, an' I cry out in the darkness, 'Send me the letter to-morrow, oh do, my God, do, for my heart's burstin' nigh to breakin', an' I've had but little comfort in my sixty years.'"

The old withered face grew distorted with grief, and Shawn the tinker rising hurriedly lifted one of his sleepy children from the hearth and laid it in her arms. She clasped it hungrily to her bosom where the brown and gold heads of her little sons had nestled once, and began to rock backwards and forwards, crooning under her breath.

"'Tis the only thing that stops the cryin' on her," Shawn remarked quietly as he returned to his seat, "to give her wan o' the childer to nurse. An' she's the good nurse too, ye'd think she knew all the stories in the world to plase an' pacify them."

The sleepy child in her lap wakened up suddenly, alert and very talkative. It threw a wide-open glance of inquisitive amazement on the group round Molshie's fireside, then shyly buried its bright head under the old woman's tattered shawl which she tucked around her treasure so carefully and lovingly that only one stray gold curl peeped forth, and a tiny hand that impatiently tapped the worn cheek as the order was issued: "A 'tory, grannie, tell me a 'tory."

"Go to sleep now, *lanna machree*, won't ye?" the old woman said softly, "'tis too late entirely for a weeny little girl for you to be up. Come to yer bed now, an' grannie'll sing ye 'Bold Brennan on the Moor,' an' won't that be a trate?" "No, no, I want a 'tory," came the lisping voice. There was a tremor of tears in its plaintiveness. "Hush, hush, darlin', an' I'll tell wan, an' a nice wan too. Will it be wee Thumbikin, or poor wee Whelp that I'll tell ye now?"

"Poor wee Whelp," whispered the child, and in the silence that fell as Peggy ceased rocking, the older children—men and women waiting for the grown-up frolic they had come a-seeking to begin—drew closer to listen.

Grannie spoke, slowly and solemnly, as befitted the tragic denouement, and from under the shadow of her shawl the baby's blue eyes looked into hers, world-weary and dim.

"Once there was an old man an' an old woman who lived in a wee hemp house, an' had a wee dog called Whelp. An' one night a big cruel giant goin' by saw the wee hemp house, an' says he—

"Wee hemp house, fain would I break you; old man an' old woman, fain would I eat ye, but I daren't for Whelp."

"Bow-wow," says Whelp (very sharp and loud).

"Och-och," says the old woman.

"What ails ye now?" says the old man.

"Och-och," says she, "what am I to do at all at all, for I can't get a wink o' sleep for Whelp."

When up jumps the old man and cuts the tail off Whelp. So poor wee Whelp had no fine tail to wag when people spoke kindly to him any more.

An' the next night the big cruel giant goin' by saw the wee hemp house, an' says he—

"Wee hemp house, fain would I break you; old man an' old woman, fain would I eat you, but I daren't for Whelp."

"Bow-wow," says Whelp (an' he wasn't so sharp this time).

"Och-och," says the old woman.

"What ails ye now?" says the old man.

"Och-och," says she, "what am I to do at all at all? for I can't get a wink o' sleep for Whelp."

When up jumps the old man an' cuts a hind leg off Whelp. So poor Whelp moaned away in his corner, an' they sleepin' in comfort till cock-crow.

An' again the next night the big cruel giant goin' by saw the wee hemp house, and says he—

"Wee hemp house, fain would I break you; old man an' old woman, fain would I eat ye, but I daren't for Whelp."

"Bow-wow," says Whelp, (low-like, for he was feelin' very sore an' sorrowful).

"Och-och," says the old woman.

"What ails ye now?" says the old man.

"Och-och," says she, "what *am* I to do at all at all? for I can't get a wink o' sleep for Whelp."

When up jumps the old man an' cuts the other hind leg off Whelp. So poor wee Whelp moaned away in his corner, an' they sleepin' in comfort till cock-crow.

An' again the next night the big cruel giant goin' by saw the wee hemp house, and says he—

"Wee hemp house, fain would I break you; old man an' old woman, fain would I eat ye, but I daren't for Whelp."

"Bow-wow," says Whelp, (an' he tried to crawl nearer to the bed to warn them).

"Och-och," says the old woman."

"What ails ye now?" says the old man.

"Och-och," says she, "what *am* I to do at all at all? for I can't get a wink o' sleep for Whelp."

When up jumps the old man an' cuts a fore leg off Whelp. So poor wee Whelp moaned away in his corner all by himself, an' they sleepin' in comfort till cock-crow.

An' again the next night after that the big cruel giant goin' by saw the wee hemp house, and says he—

"Wee hemp house, fain would I break you; old man an' old woman, fain would I eat you, but I daren't for Whelp."

"Bow-wow," says Whelp, an' he could (hardly say it, for he had only one leg left, an' his heart was broke because nobody would heed his warning).

"*Och-och*," says the old woman.

"*What* ails ye now?" says the old man.

"*Och-och*," says she, "what *am* I to do at all at all? for I can't get a wink o' sleep for Whelp."

When up jumps the old man an' cuts the last leg off Whelp, so he lay in his corner an' cried, an' cried, that the old man an' old woman would have no wee dog to warn them when the big, cruel giant was goin' by; an' when he had cried his heart out he died, an' *they* sleepin' in comfort till cock-crow.

An' the next night it was dark an' wild, an' the big cruel giant goin' by saw the wee hemp house an' says he—

"Wee hemp house, fain would I break you; old man an' old woman, fain would I eat ye, but I daren't for Whelp."

He put his ear down to the door to listen to the bow-wow that used to come so sharp an' sudden-like, but it was all as quiet as death. An' he waited, thinkin' it was a trick o' Whelp's to do him harm before he knocked on the window. But the old man an' old woman were sound asleep, an' made no answer. So the big cruel giant grew bolder and bolder, an' he gave one blow to the door of the wee hemp house an' drove it in, an' there he saw the old man an' old woman sound asleep, an' poor wee Whelp lyin' stiff an' cold in his corner. Then he laughed loud an' long, and the laughin' wakened them, but he reached over an' took them up—wan in each hand, 'an ate them bite about! So *that* was the end of the old man an' the old woman, because they wouldn't heed the warnin' o' poor wee Whelp that loved them an' wanted to save them even when he was dyin'. An' *this* is the end of my story."

Here Grannie lifted a corner of her apron to wipe the tears from the little pale face of the baby, ere she carried it off subdued and content to its bed; and the other listeners seemed relieved from some painful tension, turning to address each other in voluble embarrassment, as short-lived as it was uncomfortable; for the piper, impatient while the child's desire was being satisfied, now struck up a lively tune that caused the dancers to spring nimbly to their feet. Even Peter, made agile by the memory of days long gone, when he footed it to "Money-musk" as gaily as the best of them, jumped up, forgetful for the moment of his old age and rheumatism; but alas, it was only for the moment. A twinge down the foot he was so proudly pointing, drove him back to his seat shaking his head quizzically at his wife.

Con Boyle sat watching the dancing with his fiddle laid across his knees, and the bow held loosely downward in his right hand. His eyes followed every movement of one slender figure in a bright blue gown. Her partner's attentions were undisguisedly assiduous, and pretty Shiela seemed in no wise adverse to them. Could it be jealousy that gave this keen stab to Con's heart. Yet, what right had *he* to be jealous, when the girl had never once looked as if she cared more for him than

for another of the young fellows who followed her about. Still he sat and gazed at her, forgetful of the crowd, stung by the thought that bored itself into his brain; how sweet she seemed, and how he loved her, yet how hopeless it all was. With the pick of the country to chose from, Neil Patton's daughter had every right to hold her head high, and he possessed nothing in the world to recommend him save the fact that he was heir to his father's land. But he felt that last qualification would avail him naught where Shiela was concerned. He had once overheard her say she would gladly marry the man she loved if he had never a second coat to his back. Ah, well, she despised him, no doubt, because he was not so ready-tongued nor so forward as the others; but, here his soul became filled with righteous anger, he would let her see that Con Boyle could hold his own with them in other ways. The piper had ceased playing, and the tired dancers were leaning, flushed and panting, against the walls. In the pause that followed the sudden stoppage of the music, Con raised his fiddle to his chin, and drawing the bow across the strings with a most deft and tender touch, began "Savourneen Deelish." Softly the dear melody rose and fell like a blessing:—

"Oh, the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen Oge."

and one understood somehow that the inspiration in the musician's touch came from the very depths of a sensitive soul. Not a sound broke the stillness as he played on and on, the rapt look on his face deepening with every phase of the air until it ended in the last forlorn cry:—

"But sorrow, alas, to the cold grave had brought her,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge."

In the murmurs of delight that burst from his audience Shiela Patton took no part. She sat with averted head, while Con leaned forward, with all his heart in his eyes, waiting for her word of commendation. But none came—she could not speak with the tears so near, and he sank back in his seat disappointed and chilled.

The pipes struck up again; it was the last dance, and the boys gathered round Shiela's chair to beg the favour of "Haste to the Wedding." One by one they turned away as her refusal, quiet yet imperative, was uttered in her low voice. Suddenly the thick-fringed lids were raised and she looked shyly and sorrowfully over at Con, still watchful and unhappy. In a flash he read the message and had crossed the room to her side.

"Will you dance this with me, Shiela?" he said.

She nodded, for she could not trust herself to reply, so they took their places among the dancers.

Old Peggy, intent on observing the pretty girl and the stalwart young fellow leading her up and down, whispered to Molshie, who sat complacent and consequential in her guests' enjoyment of the hour:—

"Don't they seem made for each other, the crathurs, an' wouldn't it be the suitable match entirely. She'd have the comfortable home to go to, an' wud niver have to wet her han's. An' they say his mother is terrible fond o' her already."

"Ah, ye niver can tell what's in a man's mind," replied Molshie oracularly, "but it looks that way anyhow. I've seen a good many of them at the courtin' in my time, an' its always the quiet ones that stick best to a girl. 'Tis the rovers an' the ramblers that have the most to say an' mean the laste."

When the dancing was over and the boys and girls were getting ready for home, Con Boyle found himself standing in the moonlight beyond Molshie's threshold with Shiela Patton by his side. She had thrown the hood of her dark blue cloak over her sunny head, and her bright eyes still afire with the excitement of that last rush down the floor glanced up at him temptingly. The moonbeams shone full on the pretty face, and what could Con do but one thing, and he did it with all his heart.

"Oh, Con," she cried breaking away from his kisses. "oh, Con!"

But he held her all the more closely. "You belong to me now, Shiela," he said, "and God forgive you for the way you've misled me so long. Why I thought there was no hope for me, though I've loved you since I can remember, until you smiled at me so lonely-like to-night, and then I knew. Oh, you little thief, what right had you to steal my heart and treat it so badly, and wont I have my revenge yet when we are by our own fireside at Knockbawn. But you *do* love me, *deelish, deelish*, don't you?"

She buried her blushing face in his rough cotamore. "I have always loved you," she said simply, "and I nearly died because you seemed so cold and careless, not like the others at all."

"That was because I felt the more, dear," he replied. "Never doubt my love for you though it may appear quiet at times, for it is there, deep down in my soul, and is yours for always."

On the road home that night there were two happy loiterers who scarcely heeded the salutations spoken by those who hurried past them and summed up the situation in a sentence when scarcely out of ear-shot:—

"Well, well, who would have expected it, but there goes the likeliest match ever made at Molshie M'Grath's."

ETHNA CARBERY.

The Hat my Father wore.

Athro' my veins when youthful blood caroused with madd'ning fire,
To blue-eyed blonde and gay brunette I often strung the lyre,
And sang of Mary, Kate, and Jane, of Aileen o'er and o'er,
N6w, for a change, my theme shall be "The hat my father wore."

When giving me that relic famed, he bade me care it well,
And ponder on the thrilling tales the old *caubeen* can tell.
I promised to obey him, and now that he's no more,
A parent's gift, I cherish it—the hat my father wore.

Beside the Slaney's dancing tide 'twas "blocked" in 'ninety-eight,
It sat upon a croppy's brow and went through perils great;
It was at Tubberneering when the Irish pikemen tore
Thro' shattered lines of English steel—the hat my father wore.

At Ross and Enniscorthy too, and Arklow 'mongst the rest,
And when the green o'er Gorey flew it stood the fiery test;
From Vinegar Hill, that fatal day, a vanquish'd hero bore
It safely on thro' Wicklow glens—the hat my father wore.

When 'mid Tipperary's emerald hills O'Brien led the van,
It was at Ballingarry when the "peelers" nimbly ran;
In widow Cormac's cabbage plot it trampled was *galore*,
Still it regained it's ancient shape—the hat my father wore.

And later on when martial strains again aroused the land,
Upon the steeps of Slievenamon it was amongst the band
Who flung the glove in England's face and 'fore high heaven swore
To crawl no more as crouching slaves—the hat my father wore.

'Tis full of stirring memories, the darling old *caubeen*,
For in the centre of the fight its plume has ever been;
And in the charging onset, with our flag unfurled before,
'Twill wave for home and freedom yet—the hat my father wore.

A DRANGAN BOY.

The Banshee (Bean-sidhe).

I was told that Padraig MacGinley, of Altanerin, Glensuilly, had heard the *banshee* so late as the preceding Friday, so I was anxious to learn particulars and called upon him. At my request he spoke in Irish and reported as follows :—

Go deirionnach an Aoine ag con-theasgair na h-oidhche chuaidh me amach ag cionn a' tighe agus chuala me glór truaghcánta, agus shaoil me gur duine bhi ann, bhi 'na luidhe ar meisge. D' éist me go d-ti gur chuala mé é cúig no sé fheachtana. Shaoil me ann sin gur fhear deirbhshiúra (i. brathair-cheile) dhamh féin bhi ann. Chuaidh me ag amharc ins an ait (sin thall i, Alt-an-acaire, thiucfadh leat cloch a chaitheadh innti as an dtigh seo) acht ni raibh aon duine ann. Chuartuigh mé thart i na diogacha agus ar an mbealach mór acht ni thiucfadh liom duine ar bith fhaghbhail. D' fhill me ann a' thighe s' agam fein agus nior chuala me a' ghach ni ba mhó. Nuair shuidh me ins an dtigh thainic mac an fhir ar shaoil me do bheith ann isteach agus d'fhiafruigh sé a' d-tainic lucht an mahargaidh go fóil nior léig mise dadaidh orm féin fa d-taoibh de ar chuala me, agus d' imthigh sé leis soir an bealach mór agus casadh a athair air a' teacht 'na a bhaile fa thuairm ceathramhadh mile as seo dhó. Taisbéanann sin nach e glór an fhir sin ar chuala mise.

"An feidir," ar sa mise, "gur bheathadhach ar bith do bheidheadh ann? Beidir gur ghamhain no chaora, mhadadh no chat do bhi san ált agus iad ag eag-caoin fa n-a m-buaidhreadh fein, agus gur shaoil tusa gur ghlor duine bhi ann."

"Ni h-é beathadhach av bith bhi ann, maiseadh, na bheidheadh aithne mhaith agam-sa ar ghlór bheathadhaigh ar bith, agus ni h-é sin bhi ann."

"Agus cad e mheasann tú bhi ann?"

"Cha d-tiucfadh liom dheanamh, 'mach mar bh'-e comhartha báis no athrughthe eighinteach é."

Mag Fhionnlaoigh."

MEMOIR OF HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

By the Late R. R. Madden, M.D.,
Author of "The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," &c.

CHAPTER I. (Continued).

FOR some time previously to October, 1796, M'Cracken was aware that the agents of Government had an eye on his movements, eventually he was arrested on the 10th October of that year, three weeks after Russell, Neilson, &c., &c., had been taken. His friend, Mr. Richardson, who had interfered for the people in the Armagh persecution, and he were arrested at the same time. He was sent to Dublin with a military escort, and during the journey he contrived to gain the confidence of some of the soldiers, and an intimation was made to him that he would be allowed to escape. Every one who was acquainted with him acknowledged that he possessed to an extraordinary degree, not only that kind of tact which gives an insight into people's characters, but that gentle suavity and frankness of manner which makes friends of ordinary acquaintances. It seems on this occasion as if he was only exercising for his recreation, the power he was conscious of possessing, for he did not take the advantage of the offer that had been made to him.

In the month of April following, his brother William M'Cracken, was likewise arrested, and on his arrival in Dublin committed to Kilmainham.

On the 11th of October Henry was committed to Newgate, and after a short time was removed to the same prison where his brother was confined. He was kept at first in the felons' side of the prison, and placed in solitary confinement. The humanity of the gaoler, Weir, however, procured for him every indulgence that could be desired, and he appears to have used the favour shown to him, to render all the assistance it was in his power to afford his fellow prisoners.

Weir was at length removed, and replaced by one Richardson, who installed his nephew, John Dunn, in the office of assistant gaoler, and from that time, the prisoners, with few exceptions, experienced cruel treatment.

There had been an understanding at the commencement of their imprisonment, among the northern prisoners in Kilmainham, that no separate efforts should be made for liberation. This agreement was absurd and impractible. Each prisoner had his particular circle of acquaintances, and some particular influence to exert even without his solicitation in his own behalf. Thus Neilson's friends made use of theirs for his liberation, and Counsellor Joy similarly exerted himself for the M'Crackens.

The knowledge, however, of some efforts having been made by Neilson's friends, without the concurrence of the other prisoners, was the occasion of a coolness between him and them, and ultimately of the complete estrangement of Neilson and Henry Joy M'Cracken.

Perhaps both were in the wrong, but some allowance for the difference of circumstances should certainly have been made. The man with a wife and five young children, whose property had been destroyed in the cause, and what he valued more than property, the paper on which he prided himself so much, could not be accounted very culpable in availing himself of the efforts made to procure his liberation, even though there was a departure from the original agreement; which efforts, perhaps, his mediators were at first responsible for, and had they succeeded, the situation of those left behind could have been nothing the worse for it. The sisters of the M'Crackens were in Dublin in October, 1797, for the second time after their brothers' arrest, Neilson's wife was there at the same time, their mutual endeavours were exerted to restore peace, and to soften asperities of temper, which the sufferings of all parties might well account for.

While this misunderstanding lasted, both parties vented their feelings of irritation in prose and verse. The following lines were written under the influence of such feelings, by Neilson, previous to removal to Kilmainham :—

Written in Newgate, 16th September, 1797.

"The moon since I came here
Revolving, hath fulfilled her year:
A year's not long, tis true, to spend
At liberty, with many a friend;
But in these dreary walls enclosed,
Fretted at heart and much abused,
Assailed by every babbling tongue,
One year appears one hundred long.—S. N."

(To be Continued).

Shan Van Vocht.

(A MODERN VERSION.)

Oh! the North's awake at last,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Hear ye not its bugle blast,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
That sweeps like a cyclone
Thro' thy storied glens, Tyrone,
On to "hardy Innishowen"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Sure it boasts a glorious past,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Since the days of Mullaghmast,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,;
MacCracken brave and Hope
With the tyrants tried to cope
Who would give us all the rope,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Tho' they failed we ne'er despaired,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
But for coming strife prepared,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Not with "sabre, pike and skene,"
(They were good of old, I ween),
But with rifle quick and keen,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Proud Benburb I most revere,
Says the Shan Vocht,
'Tis a heritage so dear,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Where *our* Owen, Monroe did face
With the valour of his race
There immortal fame to trace,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! we've come on rueful days
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Now no Bard attunes his lays,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Our manhood to inspire,
Our Celtic blood to fire
With the magic of his lyre,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Still we trust in self-reliance,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And we thunder forth defiance,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
With a high and holy scorn
To the base among us born
Who to alien rule suborn,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But the North's awake at last,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And the cerements from her cast,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Let us staunchly by her stand
With stout heart and ready hand,
To emancipate the land,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

P. J. WARD.

An Old Fenian Centre.

IT was with pride and pleasure that I grasped the outstretched hand of Captain Underwood O'Connell on being introduced by a mutual friend, and learned that the hand belonged to one who would have gladly given it in exchange for the assured success of the Fenian movement of the sixties. I was cordially greeted by the old Fenian leader, and he told me that he intended spending a couple of weeks in the Irish capital.

My introduction took place in the closing days of June, and I had many opportunities of observing him and meeting him in social converse on subsequent occasions, before he started on his journey across the broad ocean to the country of his adoption.

He brought with him to Ireland a message of hope from the greater Ireland beyond the seas. "Love of country," he said, "has not died yet; and there are many thousands of Irishmen and Irish-Americans ready to make one last determined fight against the myrmidons of England in a glorious battle for Irish freedom." I could not but admire the man when I first met him, and ere he went I revered him as a hero of the past.

Captain O'Connell is a man of distinctly military bearing, slightly under the middle height. His features are clear cut, and his face on occasions exhibits great will power, though tempered with an equal share of self-control. His hair has turned white, and brushed back, sets off a fine, deep, broad forehead, giving to his whole countenance an expression of great intellectual power. He is clean shaven, except for a small grey moustache. But the splendid brown flashing eyes lend the chief charm to his face, and they are yet bright and undimmed by time. He speaks with a slight American accent, but sometimes when roused by reminiscences of the past, one is gratified with the welcome sound of the rich southern brogue.

Born in the county of Limerick before the forties, his parents early came to Cork and settled with their family on a large farm in the county. Charles O'Connell from his earliest years was possessed of a true love of everything Irish, and as he grew up to man's estate, and his mind became filled with the foul deeds of his motherland's oppressors, his most ardent desire was to be instrumental in wiping off the score and raising his countrymen from the slough of despond in which long centuries of British tyranny had laid them.

The opportunity was not long in coming, and an introduction to the Fenian leader, James Stephens, led to his enrolment in the ranks and speedy appointment as central organiser for the southern capital and neighbourhood.

Mr. O'Connell set about his task with a will, and before many months were past he had succeeded in enrolling a sturdy little army of eight or nine hundred

men, which afterwards swelled to between five and six thousand. Enrolment was quickly followed by preparations for properly teaching his men the noble art of war, and many a midnight drill was held on the country-side. So thoroughly however, was the scouting done that not even on one single occasion was the midnight bivouac disturbed.

Mr. O'Connell was twice entrusted with the safe coming of important documents to John O'Mahony, the head centre of America, and he was one of the most trusted officers of the Fenian movement.

In 1862, he conceived the idea of enlisting in the American army for the purpose of gaining practical experience in the handling of men, and a knowledge of rules of warfare. He therefore proceeded to America, organised company K of the New York National Guard, and served with them in charge of the confederate prisoners.

The great delight of his "boys" as he called them, was to crowd round round the camp fire, or gather outside his camp tent, while he sang, "The Battle Eve of the Brigade," "O'Donnell Aboo," and other inspiriting songs and ballads of his native land. He was, and is, passionately fond of poetry and music, and it is only the other day that he was reading for the writer one of Thomas Davis's poems and lamenting the loss which Ireland sustained by the death of the poet in the prime of his manhood. O'Connell loved his boys, and they in turn idolised him.

These were stirring times for Captain O'Connell of company K, or "Charlie's" as the boys familiarly called him, and he freely availed of the opportunities afforded him for learning his "trade."

The Fenian movement at this time had received a great impetus, and over thirty-five thousand 'good men and true,' had been enrolled. The government was distraught. Ireland was overrun with detectives, the military were concentrated at the most effective points, and every effort was made by Dublin castle to gain information which would lead to the conviction of the leaders.

In September, 1865, Captain O'Connell embarked for Ireland, in ignorance of the doings of the British government in Ireland in his absence. Owing to the parting of the cable between Ireland and America, no news had been received in New York of the raid on the *Irish People* office, and the arrest of Thomas Clarke Luby, O'Donovan Rossa and John O'Leary. Captain O'Connell, before embarking was handed a despatch for delivery in Ireland, and he had this despatch in his trunk when arrested.

The captain had a fair passage and reached Queenstown in due time, hopeful of the cause and the work which he would be able to do in extending the movement. But it was not to be.

On the arrival of the liner in the habour she was immediately boarded by sub-Inspector Greaves and a detective, who, finding O'Connell in possession of a revolver, arrested him on the charge of importing arms into the country, and as a suspect, and brought him ashore. They conveyed him to Cork on an outside car, and their great surprise may be estimated when they discovered that the news of his arrest had spread, and that half of the city of Cork had turned out to meet them. Their prisoner was the subject of unbounded public enthusiasm. The great surging mass of people gathered round the vehicle, cheered the suspect and execrated his captors.

It began to dawn on the minds of his escort that they must have some important personage under arrest. Arrived at the police station, O'Connell was stripped naked, his clothes and baggage searched, and the "sealed package" which sent him to penal servitude discovered.

They thrust him into a cell with a drunken British soldier, and O'Connell's feelings can be more easily imagined than described.

He was brought to trial on the 20th December, 1865, and was sentenced on the following day to ten years penal servitude. He was defended by Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., and speaks in complimentary terms of the way in which that gentleman conducted his defence.

Asked by Judge Keagh of infamous memory whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed on him, O'Connell made a sturdy speech, in which he analysed the evidence of the witnesses for the Crown and claimed his right to acquittal as a citizen who had sworn allegiance to the American Republic. On receiving the sentence of ten years penal servitude, Captain O'Connell nonchalantly said, "I hope there will be an exchange of prisoners before then."

Thus ended his trial as many another trial ended in those days, and since. The sentence was fixed by the Government before the trial came on, and the farcical formality of holding a trial was only gone through in deference to public opinion.

He was shortly afterwards sent to Millbank, and transferred to Dartmoor and Portland subsequently. He was amnestied along with several of the fenian prisoners in '71.

Captain O'Connell is still the same, as I have mentioned, in sentiment and heart as previous to his imprisonment. He tells a pretty little story of how he received the *Irishman* for years during his imprisonment through a channel which it would be impolitic at present to mention. Suffice it to say that every week he was enabled to cheer the heart of the other prisoners by the accounts of their friends and comrades' doings, and the warders and prison officials were much disconcerted by the knowledge of Irish affairs displayed by the Fenian convicts. The *Irishman* was received weekly, read, and subsequently destroyed, and the authorities never got an

inkling of its existence in the prison. O'Connell was a great "hand" at knitting and darning stockings, and he also became an expert at quarrying.

O'Donovan Rossa in the story of his prison life, relates the following story about O'Connell:—

"On Sundays, before we went to chapel we were paraded for inspection by the doctor, and some of our company were already getting so rebellious as to refuse to take off their caps when this gentleman appeared. Halpin and Captain O'Connell commenced the fun, and kept it going for a few Sundays, some one or two joined in, but I always obeyed the order of "hats off" till the whole of us came to an understanding that it should not be obeyed, and if they commenced giving us bread and water for our disobedience we should stand it to the point of starvation rather than uncover ourselves for this gentleman. Next Sunday when the doctor appeared, one of the officials cried "hats off," but the hats remained on. "Hats off" again roared he in a voice that made my body tremble, but not a hat stirred. I was glad in my heart at the spirited stand of the *caubeens*. The doctor and his attendants wheeled off, we wheeled into Chapel, and I had much difficulty in muffling my laughter during prayers, when thinking of the ridiculous figure the officials cut at the presence of our rebellious bonnets. And you should see how proudly and defiantly those "hats" stood. If you had only one laugh in the world you should give it on looking at the one that Capt. O'Connell commanded. He had it so firmly pressed on his head that it nearly covered his ears, and you would think the hat and head were inseparable—one could not be taken off without the other."

Captain O'Connell elicited from Dr Burns the strangest admission I ever heard a medical man make.

He was lamed from the heavy boots he wore, and he asked Dr. Burns if he would allow him to wear his Sunday shoes, instead of the working day boots.

"No." said the doctor, "unless your leg is sore."

"My leg is so sore that I cannot well walk with these heavy boots."

"Can you show me a sore—is there a hole in it?

"No; but I am sure it will get sore if I am obliged to wear the boots."

"Well, when you can show me a sore in it I'll try and cure it."

But is not prevention better than cure doctor?

"Yes;" but in some cases we are not allowed to prevent.

Captain O'Connell on being amnestied, sailed for New York where he has resided ever since. He lives on in in the hope that with the near future a new spirit will rise up in Ireland when he can return to be present at the unfurling of the banner of Freedom in his native land. He speaks with pride of the works which the true Nationalists of Ireland are doing and if he could speak to them all at once he would say—"Go on working quietly. Work determinedly and well. Organise your forces and be ready. The day must come when Irishmen will obtain the opportunity they long for, and it rests with them to be prepared to avail themselves of it."

My Own Country.

A Californian Exile's Song.

AIR—"*O'Carolan's Lament.*"

Where the spreading llano reaches,
And the mighty rivers roll,
'Neath a cloudless sky my moments pass;
Yet I cannot calm my soul;
For my thoughts will roam o'er the crested foam
To an isle in the eastern sea.
Oh! the world has many a fairy land,
But none like my own country.

There are eyes with love's light laden,
Ripe lips that a saint might lure,
And voices sweet that can chase despair,
Or the darkest sorrow cure;
But never a lip or look 'mongst all
Hath a moment won from me,
For my fond heart strays from their winning ways
To a girl in my own country.

We have nights of solemn splendour,
When the stars in glory stand
Like a host of watchful wardens
O'er this favoured faithful land.
Yet I mind me when, in an Irish glen,
Hope's star rose bright for me,
And far more I prize than these cloudless skies
That eve in my own country.

For a breeze came, heather-scented,
From the hills and stirred her hair,
Oh! the world and woe were all forgot
As we stood in the silence there,
And still when the shadows close around
Her form again I see,
And hear her whisper the words that bind
My heart to my own country.

Oh! fate is kind in this far off land,
And toil wins a golden crown;
But dearer still is my own old hill,
With its autumn coat of brown.
And faithful fancy paints the day
When, my being wild with glee,
I'll look again on my native glen,
My love, and my own country.

FEAR-NA-MUINTER.

Celtic Literary Society,
Dublin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PATRICIUS.—If you write to the Secretary of the Gaelic League, care Dr. St. Clair Boyd, Great Victoria Street, Belfast, he will give you all necessary information.

W.P.C.—We regret that your verses are not up to our standard, but there is every reason to believe that you may be able to write good poetry in time.

Meanwhile study the best masters, avoid affected similes, and you will find that the result will be more satisfactory.

COEY-NA-GALL.—The poem by Kern you send is admirable in style. Advise the same writer to favour us with something patriotic.

ARGENTINE, N.Y.—Send us a dashing warlike ballad; our sentimental poets are numerous enough. We welcome you as an ally, especially as "we" have already received hospitality and a welcome for *The Shan* in your home on a northern hillside.

IRISH MINER, COLORADO.—Thanks for your subscription; thanks also to the brother miner who dropped *The Shan* down your shaft. We are writing to you after publishing day.

"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.

National Lecture Committee, London.—A lecture under the auspices of this committee was given in the Arbitration Rooms, Chancery Lane, London, on Jnly 22nd, by Miss Alice Milligan. Subject:—"The North and the National Movement." Dr. Mark Ryan presiding. The lecturer's object was to draw the attention of workers in the National cause to the necessity of an effort being made to bring Ulster into unity with the rest of Ireland. Miss Milligan concluded her address with the appeal which is published in this paper as a leading article. Mr. H. Brunetti proposed the vote of thanks in an able speech. He hoped to see the North yet in line with the other provinces of Ireland. Mr. Bracken, who described himself as a neighbour to the Devil's Bit mountain in Tipperary, contrasted the education of the Ulster Protestant, as described by the lecturer, with that which he had learned at his mother's knee, where duty to God and to Ireland were inculcated together. As a child, he had seen true men in Tipperary go to make confession and preparation for death, and then march away with arms in their hands ready to die for Ireland in glorious '67. He had, however, faith in the North, which had it done no more than give Ireland a man like John Mitchel had given them grounds for gratitude and hope. Mr. Joseph Nolan, Mr. Stephen M'Kenna, and Mr. W. P. Ryan having spoken, Dr. Ryan conveyed the thanks of the meeting to Miss Milligan, and the proceedings ended by the singing of "God Save Ireland" by Mr. M'Carthy, all present joining in the chorus.

The Celtic Literary Society, Dublin.—The recess is on just now, but the Irish classes still continue to be well attended. A series of special lectures have been augurated, two of which dealing with "Some Side Issues of the Irish Question," by Mr. I. Golden, and "The Social Side of the Irish Question" have been delivered.

Oisin Club, Mount Charles, Donegall.—On Tuesday evening, 7th June, Mr. A. Coulter in the chair. Rev. J. R. Willis, B.A., (Tinahely, Wicklow), a late member of the club, lectured to a numerous audience on "Tolerance." The lecture was an exceedingly able and interesting one. Some historical deductions of the lecturer were challenged by Mr. MacManus, and a lively debate ensued, taken part in by Messrs. Jacob Willis, B. M'Devitt, I. Doherty, A. Corr, and others. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the young lecturer.

C. J. Kickham Society.—The members of this society are most gratified to learn that one of the very first subscribers who came forward to support the two lady members of their society, who in January undertook the guidance of the SHAN VAN VOCHT, was a lady relative of Charles Kickham, the cousin namely to whom one of his most beautiful prison poems was addressed, that in which he recalls a happy St. John's Eve in his days of liberty. More recently was received from over the ocean the name of one of Kichham's little girl friends to whom Knocknagow was dedicated. A Nenagh correspondent, and friend of Kickham writes suggesting that we should republish the St. John's Eve poem, and kindly furnishes a copy. We do so at the first opportunity. A banneret with portrait of Kickham has been prepared for the society, and will be presented at the inaugural meeting of new session in September. The committee meet on Sunday 9th, to prepare a programme and issue invitations to lecturers.

The Irish Language.

Donegal Gaelic League.—On the 29th June, Mr. J. MacManus, from the County Association, attended at Brockagh for the purpose of establishing there a sub-branch. Brockagh, in the glens of the very centre of the county, is an admirable field for the good work. A branch was established with Mr. Jas. M'Glinchy, J.P., President; Mr. D. M'Glinchy, Meenbog, Treasurer; and Mr. D. Goan, Lettershanbo, Secretary. Some twelve gentlemen from the different districts volunteered to take charge of classes, and the Secretary was ordered to procure a large supply of first Irish books. A public meeting which promises to be a most important one is announced by the County Association, to be held in Glenties, on 12th September, the occasion of the great harvest fair there.

Belfast Gaelic League.—The members of the League have most profitably employed the summer season, by making excursions to different parts of the North where the Irish language still lingers. On July 13th a large party journeyed to Glenariff, via Ballymena, and driving down that beautiful glen towards the coast, hailed in Irish every passer by. It was pleasant to find that nearly all the adult and elderly people were Irish speakers and delighted to return the salutations. To preserve the Irish language in the rising generation the Belfast League is endeavouring to found a branch at Cushendall. On August 2nd an excursion was made to Omeath on the shores of Carlingford Lough; no report is yet to hand. We hope that the Northern railway companies will deal generously with the League in the matter of cheap fares on the occasion of such excursions.

National Literary Society.—A new council has been elected on which we are pleased to see such names as that of Lady Ferguson and Miss Jane Barlow. There are however, some strange omissions which we would like to have accounted for. Mr. T. W. Rolleston, first Secretary of the London Literary Society, and late editor of the New Irish Library; and Miss Maude Gonne, an original member and generous donor to the society, should in our opinion be connected with the council. The first name is inseperably associated with the starting of the Irish Literary movement; the latter though merely a woman's name, would have served to connect the society in the eyes of the Irish race with what some of us hold to be the National movement.

[We are reluctantly obliged to omit the reports of the Amnesty Association branches owing to want of space. Seecretaries of all societies will kindly condense reports as far as possible.]