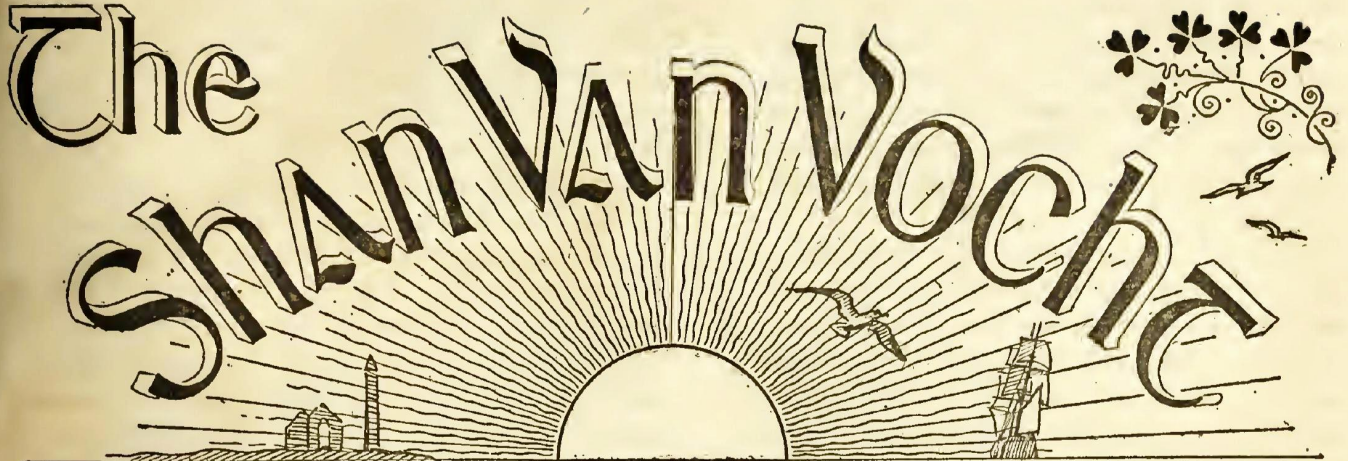


The Shan Van Vocht



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

VOL. I.—No. 2.

BELFAST, 7TH FEBRUARY, 1896.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

America.

America! America!!
Hearken! oh, mighty foster-land,
A harp-note peals across the sea
From the green hills whereon we stand
Waiting with hearts that shall be free.

When Ireland's sons upon your shores
Were famine-driven, and fever-flung,
You stretched, amid the tempests' roar,
The helping hand to which they clung.

And in your day of dire distress,
When all that loved you leapt to war
Against the red flag pitiless —
You called the exiles near and far.

You did not call to them in vain
Who found a home upon your breast,
They rose to rend your galling chain,
And dying gave to you their best.

Over a hundred years have gone
Since, Queen triumphant of your fate,
You stood in the glow of Freedom's dawn,
And England crouched before your gate.

And records of your trials tell,
As North alert, met South awake,
How Irishmen poured shot and shell
Against each other for your sake.

Now, on the verge of war's alarm,
In our expectancy we crave
The strength of your indignant arm,
The counsel of your wise and brave.

In memory of old times, that were,
Of those who fought, and fell, and died,
Your rapture or your grief to share,
Let not our pleading be denied.
America! America!!

The Captain's Daughter.

"In comes the Captain's daughter, the Captain of the yeos,
Saying, 'brave United men we'll ne'er again be foes!'"

HER father was not captain of the yeos, but late of an infantry regiment in her present Majesty of England's service, retired and living on his Irish estate; they were mere moonlighters, not "brave United men" at all, not then at least, but they have learned better ways since, and the quotation strikes just the right note for my story, so in spite of petty inaccuracies you have it there to begin with. Here then is a true account of how she met them, I need not tell you who told me.

One thing I certify it was not herself, for she kept her promise and never told her father, nor any one else either, not even Philip, till years after, when he had a right to know all her secrets, and she would not have spoken about it then even, only as you shall hear, he happened to see them and asked who they were, and how they came to know her.

Her name was Millicent O'Brien. It's not that, not all of it at anyrate now, but no matter for that, she's just as much of a rebel as when she had that good old name; it's more easy to change a name than a nature. She did not talk patriotism, and it was not suspected in her loyal home circle; it would have vexed her soldier father, who, though a thorough Irishman in his fashion, a hater of English society life, and a lover of his native land as a place to live in; yet cherished a chivalrous loyalty to the Sovereign lady in whose army he had served. "It's all this nation wants to steady it, just to know that there's a crowned head reigning over it, and that it's the queen of Ireland that's ruling the Saxons; for as sure as my name is O'Brien, it's England is a dependency of this country, and that's what I say when I see those clever scoundrels of agitators leading them a dance in the house, and Irish Generals leading them to death and glory in India and Egypt. It's little more talk we'll hear of freeing Ireland if the boys here came to a knowledge that it's they that are free and easy all the time, and England in their hands and under their heel."

Such was Captain O'Brien's paradoxical method of comforting himself with the thought that he did not belong to a conquered race. Had he allowed himself to realise that, it's my opinion he would have been a rebel out and out. He had the spirit of it in his heart, and it was after him Millicent took, though she feared to vex him, and was silent when he spoke thus; only smiled quietly at the bare idea of the good old German lady by the mere charm of her presence, beguiling faithful Irish hearts from their loyalty to dead and fallen princes and chiefs and heroes. Hugh, whom English treachery poisoned, and Emmet for whom since the heart of his own love was broken, thousands and thousands of Irish girls have shed real tears, and about whom, with Tone and the boy captive O'Donnell, Millicent wrote poems in her school exercise books, when she should have been solving algebraic factors.

The wonder to me is that with all these heroes enshrined in her heart there was any room left for Philip Stack. How-

ever, perhaps, she saw great possibilities in him, and I wouldn't wonder if she made something out of him yet. Any woman in my opinion ought to be able to make anything out of the man she loves, a patriot above all, if she has the true fire in her own heart. Millicent had, and has and no mistake, so I have good hope of Philip.

The day of this wild adventure was a winter one, shortly before Christmas. Millicent freed from an English boarding school, had dashed right south after landing in Dublin, disobeying her mother's order to stay with an aunt in the capital to do some Christmas shopping, and get new frocks that would be more suitably made there, than by a country dressmaker.

Her mother never dreamed that she would have scorned the temptation of the Dublin-made costumes, and so there was no one to meet her. Her trunks she left at the station, and without longer delay started out on the two mile walk to her home. Every keen breath of air, every step on the hard ringing road gave her delight. Her eyes feasted on the wild stretch of bog through which the road ran. To think that yesterday morning she had been far away in London, ruled over, from morning to night, by a staff of stern English disciplinarians.

There were rules regulating every thing in that school, and each morning after breakfast a sort of general confession took place. The roll of the resident pupils was called, and each girl who had a clear record, and who had preserved all rules intact, said in a voice of conscious Pharasaical pride. "Check, Miss Maxwell," or "check, Mademoiselle." Then those who had broken a rule or several, sorrowfully made acknowledgment "cross, Mademoiselle," or two crosses, or whatever it might be. On Saturday, for each cross on the roll opposite her name, the erring one paid a penny. The money went to missions.

Millicent, when she had been a month in the school, broke the record; she broke, in fact, every rule, and there were fifteen of them, all in one day. She walked on the grass; she spoke in the corridors; she used the English language at breakfast when French was compulsory, and French at dinner instead of the required German. She did not speak English at all, not even at tea when it was allowed; but hurled right and left the few phrases of Gaelic that she had picked up from her old nurse, Molly Breen, to the bewilderment of all. When the governess came to turn out the gas she was still brushing out her long fair hair. She should have

been one of a row of quiet forms stretched placidly under snowy quilts. Mademoiselle had to wait, and when at last the dilatory Millicent had gone to rest she broke the last rule of all, she smashed it literally into fragments. It was forbidden to speak in the dormitory after the gas went out. Millicent spoke till midnight. The others had a good time of it, they broke no rules; but lay still and listened. Such wonderful wild stories they had never heard in their lives. She summoned to her aid, for that night's wild revelry, banshees, sheogues, phookas, and leprachauns, all the fairy and phantom troops of her native southern hills. They shivered one and all; but never spoke, for every girl in that room was in competition for a conduct prize. Millicent did not care, she had no chance; then when she thought they were getting sleepy she arose to rouse them. It was a wet towel she used, and it was a winter night. "I want you to be wide awake," she said, and you'd better stay so; I will go round every ten minutes with this wet towel, and see how you are. I am going to relate all the battles in which the Irish beat the English, so that you won't say your history lesson so proudly for the future."

"I'll begin at the battle of Benburb." She began there, and then went on to tell them of the Curliue mountains, and finished by relating the sad fate of the victors of both those glorious fields, adding, "When the English were beaten by anyone, they invariably poisoned them. Emma Mary Tomlinson, you are not listening; you are very nearly snoring; I shall have to come round with the towel."

The girl in question was the most wide awake of the lot, and what sounded like a snore was merely a grunt of dissent. She was longing to answer Millicent's taunts, but fear of losing a mark and letting the others ahead for the conduct prize, restrained her patriotic impulses. However, Millicent was up, and armed with the towel, bounded lightly from her own resting place *via* a chair to the pillow of Mary Emma. "One often reads in the Bible and other books of people putting their feet on the necks of their enemies. It sounds nice, and I'd like to be able to say I'd done it to a Saxon. Excuse me, Mary Emma, but as I haven't my boots on it won't inconvenience you much."

Suiting the action to the word she placed her foot lightly on the neck of her prostrate foe and struck a dramatic attitude.

"I have just got as far as the battle of Fontenoy, and I'll give it you in poetry. It was an O'Brien led there.

Attention, girls! Keep still, Mary Emma, or I'll apply the towel!"

But the spirit of "the proud Saxon" was roused, and regardless of the consequences and the conduct prize that she imperilled, she arose for the honour of Old England, and seizing saucy Milly by the ankles, promptly hurled her off towards her own quarters. Then she sat erect, and, amidst roars of applause, for her rivals nobly decided to break the rule along with her and keep equal, she began Thackeray's "Battle of Limerick" in a broad imitation of the Munster brogue, strangely mingled now and then with lapses into her normal English accent.

As she ended, Millicent gathered breath to begin shrilly, "On Fontenoy, On Fontenoy!" but her enemy was too quick for her and quickly rattled off into *The Battle of the Cabbages*, prefacing it with "an O'Brien led there." Millicent slid down and covered her head. "You may go on till day dawn, I'm not listening;" and whether she slept or not I can't say, but she pretended so well that her enemies desisted and thought they might as well follow her example.

Next morning five of the culprits from number four confessed shamefacedly to a broken rule when roll was called. At mention of her name, Millicent raised her head proudly—"Fifteen crosses, Mademoiselle! I have broken them all!"

Amazement thrilled all present, and Mademoiselle so far forgot herself as to utter some very shocking exclamations, fortunately in her native tongue.

"It is one and threepence for the Missions. I do not grudge it, if it helps them on a bit. The Irish are a missionary race. They Christianised Scotland and England, and even sent missionaries into Gaul. I think it would be well if some more went there now. The natives use very blasphemous language at times."

Mademoiselle exchanged looks with her sternly, then passed away without a word of rebuke, to acknowledge to herself in the retirement of her own little room, as she roared with laughter, that but for "Cette Mechante Irlandoise" she would die of ennui.

So you see Mademoiselle and Millicent were mutually a comfort to each other.

CHAPTER II.

But when I commenced my story, Millicent was briskly stepping along the bog-road towards her home

at Gortnacesh; southward from Dublin a good long way betwixt Cork and Kerry, and that's all the description I'll give you of where it was. The early winter sunset was scarlet behind the trees along the hill lines. Streaks of snow lay here and there in long furrows on the bog. The road rang like iron. She was warmly clad in short sealskin coat and blue serge skirt, kilted neatly round; reached just to the top of her boots, for she was a school girl in her teens. A little seal cap with squirrel brush perched on her fair hair, which was tied back in a cluster of curls. Womanlike, I began by speaking of her hat, her frock her jacket, her coiffure; let me add in conclusion, that Millicent was exceedingly pretty; and how am I to tell you more than by that what she was like? A face cannot be described for you like a dress. She entered the grounds by crossing a low wall and walking up through a plantation instead of going on round by the lodge.

"I will come to the study window," she said, and give father such a start. "He will scold me for a minute or two for breach of orders, in his humbugging military style, and then he will be simply delighted to see me and not let mother say one word."

Hastily she dashed over the crisp frozen grass on the lawn and ran to the long French window of the study; carefully peeping round the frame to see if the room were occupied, then stealthily she swung the window back and entered.

A cheerless sight met her eyes. No fire burned in the grate which was full of white turf ashes, long cold and dead. A white cloth decked a little side table at which her father sometimes took lunch alone. There were the remains of a meal, and there on the floor was a yellow envelope. She looked around and found the telegram belonging to it on the bureau. It was one summoning Captain O'Brien to Cork, where her mother was evidently staying, and briefly informed him that an old Indian comrade in arms was staying at the house where she was a guest. "*Molyneux staying here. Come dine Wednesday night. Home with me Friday.*"

Eager to see his old friend, Captain O'Brien had evidently gone straight off; never dreaming that his disobedient little daughter would come home.

She was sorry for a moment, then she clapped her hands and laughed, "when they drive up to-morrow, what a start they'll get to see me in the porch waiting for them! but I'm quite hungry, and will get a chill in this dreary room if they don't light a fire up."

She pulled the bell and waited, and as she did so lifted the turf sods and sniffed them and broke them to feel them crumble in her hands. "To think that I haven't seen a turf sod since summer! I will take one back in my trunk next time to remind me of the delightful smoky smell of Gortnacesh. But what a time they are without answering the bell!"

She went to the hall and called, "Denis! Kitty! cook! Is no one there!"

There was no clatter of steps from the back hall in response. No surprised exclamation of "Arrah and is that yourself at all Miss Milly, Alanna Machree!" in the voice of the old cook; no shout of astonishment from Denis Devan, the man-servant.

She opened the passage door and entered the kitchen. The fire was at its last flicker; the tiles of the floor cold as ice. No one had been there for hours.

"Oh, I see," she said laughing, "they're all off to some wake or pattern, when the master's gone; or, perhaps, they're down at the Lodge House colloquing with Mrs. Cronin and Bat."

She went to the hall door, and was about to scamper down the avenue towards the entrance gate, when chancing to look back she saw a white paper fluttering on the mat. With a sinking heart she read in rough lettering under a skull and crossbones badge the following ominous communication:—

"All parties, and parsons, including servant girls, boys, and the gamekeeper, to leave the house, out-houses, grounds, plantin's, and neighbourhood of Gortnacesh, on the night of Thursday in this week, for visit of inspeccion.

Signed, sealed, and nailed here by me,

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT."

Milly stood up firmly and faced this document, with a severe frown puckering her pretty brow. She stamped her little foot and flushed indignantly, "To think that they should all sneak off like that, and leave the house to be entered, and my father trusting them so. Perhaps they will warn the police!" but then she concluded that they would be greater sneaks if they did that, and that there wasn't the slightest probability of it. Cook and Kitty and Mrs. Cronin had, perhaps, been impelled purely by fright, but she had her own suspicions about Bat and Denis Devane. When as a little dawning girl she used to run about the flower beds whilst Bat Cronin swept the paths or mowed the grass, he had been accustomed to tell her stories;

splendid ones about battles in Ireland, when men mustered with pikes, and "slaughtered all before them." With gusto he dwelt on scenes of bloodshed; told of a whole regiment being blown to atoms under the walls of Limerick, "and comin' down in little washy pellets of pieces no bigger than hailstones, with bits of cloth and nails of boots and bones and blood and brass buttons, all mixed and mingled over the heads of Sarsfield's hayroes."

Little Milly didn't quite like such stories, they made her sorry for the poor victims, and she didn't want to be that. Denis Devane when he took her out riding on her little shaggy Shetland, talked in a more moving strain; his tales were all of sufferings of patriots, heart-rending accounts of executions and tortures which they had to endure in prison. She liked to have her heart touched and pained by these recitals, and was quite proud of the tears she shed for Emmet and Tone. She remembered having directly questioned Denis—

"Would you mind, please, telling me are you a Fenian?" Touched by her ardour and sympathy, he had answered in almost a compromising way: "Well, perhaps, Miss Milly, I may be," and then in an access of caution, remembering that little girls are talkative, he had added: "And at the same time, daughter, dear, as like, I'm not."

However, as she stood on the doorstep and read Captain Moonlight's missive, she made up her mind that Denis and Bat were in the plot; they had probably told of Captain O'Brien's absence, and the document was meant merely to excuse them in their master's eyes for absconding. How they were going to explain that they didn't warn the police she did not enquire; she was too much concerned in preparing for the coming of the mauraders.

She put shutters on all the windows, and fastened them securely; bolted every door, and then retired to a little room over the porch, where, with the window open, the better to hear, she crouched on the ground and satisfied her hunger with one huge slice after another of bread and jam. She longed for a cup of tea; but though she had rekindled the kitchen fire with fir-wood and turf, and filled the kettle, she had feared to stay below long enough to prepare it, and had come up to this watch-post.

At last, through the clear, still, winter air, came a sound that made her shiver; the noise of the avenue gate swung back, then a rapidly approaching crunch,

crunch of many feet over the frozen gravel. Twelve dark forms emerged from the shadow of the Scotch pines, and stood grouped in eager discussion on the clear space of ground before the door.

"Where's that divil of a Dinny took himself to that he doesn't come and open to us," said one grumbler.

"Didn't you know Dinny's to stay all the while away, to have his alibi cut and ready. He drew the captain to the railway station, an' then away with him up by Connachnamon to lend a hand at Kitty Fauloo's drag home. The last I seen av him he was ridin' the master's mare out av the thrap next, the bride and groom, with red-haired Norrie Dooley sittin' up behind him."

"And Bat?" said another, "where's he at all, at all, an' why isn't he wid us?"

"He'll be here before all's over," said the other with a laugh. "He convoyed the wife and the other women over to Scanlan's. He'll be here any minit, an' when they come home, we're to have got off wid the guns an' powdher, an' all, an' he be to be roped to the stair-ballisters, by the way he made a fight for it; the wife, she's in laque wid us as well as Bat, but the other colleen an' the cook she's keeping out an' away till all's over an' done."

Milly knelt by the slightly opened window, with her ear to it, and heard every word distinctly. She clenched her little fist indignantly, as the fact of Bat and Dinny's treachery was revealed to her; then she shuddered with fear as she remembered the grim words that Bat Cronin had often used: "They slaughtered and slew" all before them. They had come to search for guns, she knew, and what did they want with them? It wasn't anything in the way of a rising that was afoot in that winter season of eighty-eight, with a parliamentary agitation in full swing. She had learned and loved to recite Casey's and Kickham's glorious ballads, that describe midnight musterings, and her heart had throbbed in sympathy with the aim and purpose that brought the peasant rebels together in the smithy where the pikes were forging, or "in the old spot by the river." But this wasn't Rory of the Hills and his brethren who stood below her on the frosty ground. Had it been they, how gladly and fearlessly she would have gone down and hailed them and handed them weapons to use against their country's foes. These were people whom she feared had no higher motive than a fierce one of vengeance against some poor wretch

of a land-grabber, or some unfortunate land agent left by an absentee landlord to bear the brunt of a battle from which he himself had fled. The capture of arms, the deadly use of them, in this case meant nothing for Ireland; nothing but more desperate hate between class and class, and, perhaps, the scaffold for some reckless boy in that group, whose daring was worthy of nobler deeds, and who embarked on such enterprises purely through love of adventure, as English boys run away to sea before settling down.

As the men stood waiting the return of two of their number who had gone to reconnoitre for a door or window to enter by, these thoughts and others flushed through Milly's mind, and she laid her hand upon the window with the wild idea of then and there flinging it up, and from that point of vantage, giving them her ideas on the subject. She was checked by the thought that before she had uttered a word, the raising of the window might alarm them and a shot fired in the dark would leave her lifeless; they would be sorry of course, afterwards when they found they had only killed a little girl whom Bat Cronin could tell them was a rebel born; but she shrank from the risk.

"That fool av a Dinny has made all fast and firm as if he was never expectin' us," said the scout returning.

"Nonsense!" said the one who seemed to be leader, "Ye'll find some hole open for us, come round by the greenhouse boys and let me have a look."

They scuffled off, and Milly struck with sudden panic scampered down the stairs, with the idea of locking herself in a linen-press where they would hardly come searching. She paused on the dark landing and listened for some sound from the direction of the greenhouse, when suddenly she was frozen with horror to hear the window of the room she had just left flung up, and a heavy foot striding along in her direction. One of the party had in fact climbed up by the porch noticing the unlatched window and was now about to admit his comrades.

Hastily Millicent wrapped herself in the heavy curtain that hung across the landing, and in a moment heard and almost felt the moonlighter pass her in the dark as he strode down towards the hall. Her teeth chattered, her knees trembled, her hands had scarcely strength to hold the curtain about her, and this was all the more necessary for he had struck a match on his boot and after a look round had lit a candle that was in a silver candlestick on the oak chest in the hall. Terrified as she was

she could not take her eyes from the little hole left for a peep; she wanted to see what he was like, and whether he was a person to be appealed to, and in fact she was much encouraged by his appearance. A mask of black cloth hung over his ear by a piece of elastic, but he had a rather nice sort of a face. She had a good look at it for he seemed in no hurry to open the door. He had taken down an Afghan sword, one in a trophy on the wall, and after some preliminary flourishes tried to buckle it round him; then as he turned there with a candle in one hand, the other hand on his sword hilt, he found himself facing a long glass on the wall, and Millicent who had a moment before nearly died with fright, now almost laughed to see him stand there settling his hat straight. He seemed to think the moonlighter's mask out of keeping with his otherwise heroic appearance, and tearing it off thrust it into his pocket. Then being entirely satisfied with himself, he turned and flung open the great hall door, and waving the sword over his head invited his comrades to enter. They did so with a rush, and Millicent's terror came back in all its force. Many were masked and looked unspeakably and horribly grim; others who had disdained all disguise since here was no necessity for it, looked fierce and ugly as could be. She clung to the curtain and moved her hand to adjust it as a more complete covering, when, oh, misfortune! a bracelet which she wore got entangled in the fringe that edged the drapery, in trying to pull it away, the fastening opened and with a sudden clank it fell upon the skirting of the stairs. The moonlighters looked up startled by the sound and saw the little golden ring come bounding down the stairs out unto the tiles, where after a last spin it settled down and lay. Seeing the curtain swing the moonlighters made to rush up and seize this person who had been spying on them, and by awful threats to extort solemn oaths of silence. Ted Callaghan, as the young man with the sword was called, had seen the flutter of a little white hand behind the drapery, and strode across their path.

"Be aisy, boys," said he, "Amn't I yer captain? learn to wait till you get your orders, and don't crush and crowd on me." A kick backward with his heavy boot here proved effective, then lifting the golden trinklet on the point of his weapon, he held it forward in the direction of the landing where Millicent shrunk in hiding. In a voice full of insinuating softness, acquired in humbugging the Coleens at country *patherns*, he repeated the query of the old forfeit and kissing game.

"Fine, fine, or superfine, what is the owner of this to do?"

He suspected the presence of some maid-servant, half dead with fright whom he wished to reassure, and for the sake of his men's safety to conciliate and cajole.

What was his wonder then, when from the curtain folds out stepped the little lady of Gortnacesh, who said smiling "Thank you, Captain Moonlight, it is mine."

To be Continued.

IRIS OLKYRN.

The Lonely One.

A year and a day she is in the burying-place,
My heart is nigh breaking for a sight of her face;
And sometimes I think (may God forgive the sin)
That in heaven they forget kith and kin.

They said, Time is kind, this longing pitiful—
This agony of wishing will grow faint and dull;
At the worst, Time is swift, and the years fly like birds.
Alas, alas! for men's idle words!

If the thorn be in the wound, how shall the ache be dulled?
In the midst of the dry wood, how shall the fire be cooled?
And may the birds fly swift if their wings droop in pain,
And the night be wild with storm and thick with rain.

I would they spoke truth: but the heart-break is as sore
As on that day the carried her coffin thro' the door;
I would they spoke truth: but the year passes slow
Thro' the summer and the autumn and the snow.

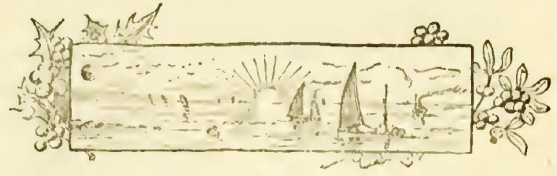
My darling, my darling, is the waiting long to you?
Is your heart ever lonely beneath the grass and dew?
When the red cock crows at morn and the lark is in the skies,
Are you willing to awaken and arise?

The blackbird is building her nest in the hedge,
The little goslings float at the shallow water's edge,
The dun kine are pasturing along the headland's brow,
And the crow is in the track of the plough.

Within your shady garden, the rose, red and sweet,
Hushes her heart to listen for the fall of your feet,
Holding herself in waiting for the touch of your hand:
Poor rose, she does not understand!

In thro' your dairy-window the honeysuckles peep,
To bid you loving welcome: they do not know you sleep.
O honeysuckles, beckoning her at the window-pane,
She will never, never, never, come again!

ALICE FURLONG.



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

(By U. I. O.)

CHAPTER IV.—'61 and '62.

MANY chroniclers of this interesting decade of Irish history, ('58 to '68), refer to the funeral of M'Manus as a mere sentimental display on the part of the people of Ireland, but it was nothing of the kind. Sentiment, of course, there was to a certain extent in that remarkable demonstration, but its true significance and the secret of its immense proportions must be sought elsewhere than in the sorrow-laden bosom of our suffering nation, lamenting the loss of one of her numerous patriots.

The vast majority of those who followed his remains on that memorable day knew very little about M'Manus, other than that he was a true and tried "'48 man," who had suffered much in the cause of his country, and as such, was worthy of their admiration and sympathy. But the reception of his remains—that was quite another matter; they had been sent to Ireland over the Atlantic by the Brotherhood in America, as a practical test to ascertain the strength of the organization at home, and the men of Ireland knowing this fact, responded in their thousands to that call for assembly.

Fenianism of the South came to join hands with Fenianism of the North; Fenianism of the West thronged to greet Fenianism in the East, and when they met in Dublin they marched shoulder to shoulder, with hopeful hearts through the streets of the capital of their country.

How much of the old spirit of '61 still remains in the people of Ireland? Time alone can tell. Let it suffice for us to hope that the love of liberty, which is God's greatest gift to man, is still to be found as deep and strong in the hearts of Irishmen as it was in the now long distant *then*.

After such a demonstration of revolutionary feeling, which in Ireland is as contagious as it is inextinguishable, it will not be difficult to understand how it was

that Fenianism rapidly found its way to every town, village, and it might almost be said, into every house in three of the four provinces of Ireland. The young men throughout the country had grown sick of such useless constitutional movements—as, “The Tenant League”: and the perfidy of “The Pope’s Brass Band,” as the Sadlier and Keogh element had been designated, had aroused a feeling of indignation which considerably contributed to the advancement of the then newly founded “Irish Republican Brotherhood.” Organization was henceforth carried on with redoubled energy in Ireland, while in America, under the guidance of John O’Mahony, who at this time was in constant communication with James Stephens in the “Old Country,” the *Fenian* branch of the movement received a great impetus from the Civil war which had just broken out. Members rushed to join the various regiments on both sides, and in the Federal army particularly, whole regiments were mustered from the ranks of the Fenian Brotherhood, such, for instance, as the Irish Brigade, under General T. F. Meagher. These brave fellows enlisted in the ranks of the American Armies, for the honourable and double purpose of maintaining the rights of their adopted country, and at the same time to acquire a knowledge of military drill, discipline and tactics, which they hoped to afterwards use on behalf of the “Dear Old Land,” from which most of them had been banished by the scourges of tyranny.

Although the love of country is a strongly marked characteristic of every people, yet it is doubtful whether in any race is it to be found so intense as in the exiled children of Ireland. However great or absorbing the contending emotions of the hour may be, there are times when the love of their native land rises above and beyond all other considerations in the breasts of those “Exiles of Erin.” It matters not whether fortune smiles or frowns upon them in the land of their adoption, their love for Ireland is still the same: and their thoughts will ever wander back again to the old home where the skies are ever weeping over the graves of buried greatness, and the wail of desolation rises but to sink unheard.

A remarkable instance of this deep devotion to Ireland, manifested by her exiled children, may be here quoted from the pen of one who participated in it. “On the night of the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, the Federal Army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits damped by the loss of so many gallant comrades * To cheer his brother officers, Captain

Downing sang his favourite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his dashing regiment, next by the brigade, next by the division, and then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the captain ceased, it was but to listen with undefinable feelings to the chant that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore, of—

“Dear old Ireland,
Loved old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!” *

With the organization thus rapidly extending at home, and such great numbers of its American members qualifying for active military service on the hard fought fields of the Civil War, hope cheered the hearts of the Fenian leaders both in Ireland and in America. The day of action could not be far distant, and every man worked with a right good will by day and night, to be ready when the call “To Arms!” resounded through the country. Organizers were appointed and sent to every province; and James Stephens himself travelled north, south, east, and west stimulating his followers wherever he went with words of hope and courage.

This activity continued and increased during the years '61, '62, and '63, but despite his best efforts and ardent supplications, Stephens was unable to induce the American branch to supply him with the necessary sinews of war, to enable out his organizing schemes to spread as extensively as he desired. He had repeatedly sent envoys to John O’Mahony in New York, asking for the needful funds, which could not be raised at home; and in response received but little assistance. The total annual remittances from America at this time (1862-63) to aid the extension of the home organization, have been stated as not more than £250—a surprisingly small sum indeed, when the amount of practical work involved in the management and successful direction of such an extensive organization is taken into consideration.

Why it was that Stephens’ repeated demands for money were not more liberally responded to by the Brotherhood beyond the Atlantic is rather a difficult subject to deal with in the limits of this sketch; however, some light may be thrown upon this contentious question in the succeeding chapters.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* From the “New York Irish People,” March 9th, 1867. The Captain referred to above was Captain D. J. Downing, formerly a member of the “Phoenix” Society, of Skibbereen, already mentioned in this sketch.

Manus O'Mallaghan and the Fairies.

This specimen of Connaught folk-lore has been taken down from the lips of a peasant by the writer, who gives the tale as it is told round Western firesides.

IN the parish of Oghall, there lived wan Manus O'Mallaghan. He was out wan evenin' in search of a calf. He heard a large number of people talkin', "Get me a mare, get me a mare."

"Do," sed Manny, "an' get me another."

Manny was immediately mounted on a beautiful steed, an' they went at a fair rate until they stood in the middle of a fine city.

"Manny, do you know where you are?"

"Bless me, if I do," sed Manny.

"You're in Spain."

"In Spain!" sed Manny; "there's a tailor at home after me, wan called Cormas Nelson, an' he is always wishin' for a suit of Spanish broadcloth."

"Go in now," sed they, "to that fine shop before you an' call for the broadcloth, an' if they refuse you, here is a stone, an' drop it in the shop an' the shop will be in a blaze."

Manny went into the shop an' they all uproared at him when they saw a large broomstick between his legs. Manny asked for the broadcloth, an' all in the shop began to laugh. He dropped the stone in the shop an' the shop was all in a blaze. They went to put out the fire, but it was all to no purpose. Manny told them that if they gave him the broadcloth he would soon put out the fire. They promised to give him the broadcloth an' then Manny took the stone an' put it in his pocket. He then folded up the broadcloth an' put it in his breast an' he then walked out. He came to his company that was standin' in the middle of the street.

"Be quick, Manny," sed they, "we have a great piece of business to do yet."

They went off at a great rate until they stood in the middle of another fine city.

"Manny, do you know where you are now?"

"Bless me, if I do," sed Manny.

"Well, you're in Rome," sed they, "now."

"In Rome!" sed Manny; "there is two great priests at home after me, in dispute every Sunday about the Parish of Oghall, an' I'd like, sed Manny, "to get a few lines signed by the Pope's own hand to grant the parish to Father M'Guinness."

"You're just now at the door of the Pope's palace an' walk in, an' if he refuses you, drop the stone, as you did before, in the palace an' it will be in a blaze."

Manny went in and asked the parish as a request for Father M'Guinness, an' they all uproared at Manny. He dropped the stone at once an' the palace was in a

blaze. They went then to put out the light, but it was all to no purpose. Manny told them if he got the grant he would soon put out the light. Manny got the request, an' he took the stone an' put it in his pocket. He walked out to his company that was standin' in the middle of the street.

"Be quick, Manny," sed they, "we have a big piece of business to do yet."

They went off at a great rate until they stood before a fine castle.

"Manny," sed they, "do you know where you are now?"

"Bless me, if I do," sed Manny.

"Well, you are back now again," sed they, "in Ireland. We assisted you, Manny, in what you had to do durin' the night, an' you must assist us now in wan piece of business. We are just now at Lord O'Connor's castle, an' we want to take away his daughter. You'll be meetin' her comin' against you on the passage between the parlour an' the kitchen, an' you'll know her by the little lap-dog which she carries in her arms. Let you snap the lap-dog an' she will be afraid to lose her favourite an' she will folly you out. We will be ready to lay hands on her then, when we get her outside."

Manny went in an' met the young lady comin' against him in the passage. He snapped the lap-dog an' she was afraid to lose her favourite, an' followed him out. They were ready then to lay hands on her.

"Good night, Manny, we don't want you any more. You can go home to your wife."

Manny got in an' found the wife an' wan of the neighbours talkin' in his ould house.

"Ashamed Manny you to be visitin'," sed she, "an' the supper cowl'd waitin' on you."

"It could not be," sed Manny, "that it is only supper time, an' all I have travelled durin' the night."

"Where have you been, Manny dear? let us hear all about it," sed the wife.

"I have been in Spain," sed he, "an' I have been in Rome, an' I have brought a suit of broadcloth for Cormac Nelson, an' I have got a grant of the Parish of Oghall for Father M'Guinness from the Pope."

Cormac Nelson was very thankful to Manny for the broadcloth. Father M'Guinness never charged him dues again while he lived in the parish.

Manny had a long family, an' was very scarce in land. Wan day he took an axe an' spade to burn an' labour the forth. He met a grey-headed man who asked him where was he going.

"I'm goin'," sed he, "to burn an' labour the forth."

"Manny," sed he, "don't do that; but I'll give you a way of livin'," goin' to the back of the bush an' bringin' him a small hand-mill. "If you tell the sacret to the wife how you got it, it will be no use."

Manny got home an' sat down an' began to grind.

He had a sack of male in aitch corner of the house when the wife came in.

"Manny," sed she, you must be always dalin' with the fairies, or how did you get that at all?" "No matter," sed Manny, "the male is good." Another day she was out, when she canfe in there was a sack of male as high as the side wall in aitch corner of the house.

"I see you are always dalin' with the fairies" sed she.

Manny began to sell chape on the market an' soon brought them down after. She (the wife) was always at him until he towld her the sacret. When he went to grind again the miraculous mill broke asunder, it was no use.

He went out the next day to burn an' labour the forth. Again he met the hoary-headed man who asked him where he was goin'. He towld him he was goin' to burn an' labour the forth. "Don't Manny," sed he, "touch the forth, an' when I gave you a livin' you did not keep the sacret, you towld the wife."

"Well," sed Manny, "send me out Lord O'Connor's daughter; I could not have it on my mind the takin' of her away." They handed her out to him but she was speechless.

Sometime after Manny's wife was in search of a calf an' she was passin' by the forth. She heard them to say "that the cruel O'Mallaghan took away Lord O'Connor's daughter."

"What use is she to him" sed another, "she is speechless."

"She would not be so," sed a third, if he went to the first bunch of rushes he met, to pull nine rushes an' throw a tenth away; to cut off the white roots of the nine and to press three drops from the roots, an' give them to drink to her—She'd have as good a speech as ever she had."

The wife ran to the first bunch of rushes an' she pulled nine an' threw the tenth away. She cut off the roots of them an' pressed them up, and gave her the three drops to drink an' she had as good a talk then as ever she had. Manny brought the daughter back to Lord O'Connor. Lord O'Connor was very thankful to Manny for his kindness an' gave him a freehold lase of a farm of land where Manny an' the family lived from that day to this.

CROAGHPATRICK.

The Irish Football Victory.

In a game played at Leeds, on February 1st, Ireland for the second time in three years beat England in the International Rugby Match by ten points to four. Ulster was well represented by more than half the team, namely by eight of the players, of whom six came from Belfast clubs. In the scoring, however, North and South may claim equal honour, through the achievements of Sealy, a Dublin man, and Herbert Stevenson. Stevenson, though now a resident in Belfast and playing with the Albion club: is a native of Derry. The Editor of THE SHAN VAN VOCHT remembers for many years having seen Stevenson play on the team of his school, Derry Academy; and has much pleasure in congratulating him on helping Old Ireland to a victory in this international contest.

On Inisheer.

On Inisheer, on Inisheer,
In the, Spring-tide of the year
You sought me, in your eyes love's rapture burning;
And for the words you said,
Above my drooping head,
My heart flew to you on the wings of yearning.

On Inisheer, on Inisheer,
I had never known a fear,
Nor a heart-break, nor a sigh to mar my laughter;
Until that saddest day,
When my true love sailed away,
And the sun grew dim, and darkness followed after.

Why did you go, oh love,
Ere the primrose peeped above
The scanty grass bleached with the wind salt-bitter,
Here, by a cabin fire,
Each with our heart's desire,
Had not the peace of home for us been fitter?

Than you to pine afar
Under the Southern Star,
And I to pine by Keevin's ruined altar,
Watching the cliffs of Clare
Fade in the evening air,
Telling my beads for you in tones that falter
Or by the holy well,
Where as the twilight fell,
All through the dark until the dawn came flowing
In seas of golden light,
You prayed the livelong night
That Christ would bless and guard you in your going.

Some day He keeps in store
You will return, *astor*,
Your curragh down our foaming current speeding
From the welcome of your clan,
On the rocks of Inishmaan,
To heal my wound of longing, ever bleeding.

On Inisheer, on Inisheer,
Love, I shall wait you here;
Love, I shall watch, through weather fair or stormy,
Until my exile lands
On the wave-indented sands
With the fond kiss and the old sweet "Deelish" for me.

E. CARBERY.

Willie Kane of the "Northern Star."

How he Escaped the Scaffold.

THE following account of the arrest of her father, and the escape of one of his printers, was related by the daughter of Samuel Neilson to an interviewer in America:—

"Yes; I recollect when the officers came in to arrest him. I was but a very little thing then; but I knew there was something wrong. When the officers came in my father turned to them and asked: 'What brings you here?' They said they had a warrant for his arrest. He told them to stand back for a minute. Then he took ther aside, and they talked to each other for some

time. That was in 1797, the second time he was arrested. I don't remember when he was arrested first. The two servant girls we then had were Catholics, and they used to call a spare bedroom we had for chance visitors 'the priest's bedroom.' One of the girls kept count, and said that twenty-six different priests had slept in that bed. You see, priests from all parts of the country used to come to see my father about Catholic Emancipation, which he advocated strongly, both as editor of the *Northern Star*, publicly, and as a United Irishman, privately. That was at our house in Belfast."

Neilson's house was situated at the bottom of Donegall street, where the Commercial Hall now stands. Opposite lived Robert Orr, brother of the executed Irish martyr, William Orr, and himself not very remarkable for his loyalty to the English Government, while two doors from there lived John Hughes, the informer. When Hughes was forced to leave the country on account of the odium which attached to him as an informer, the house was purchased by a patriotic shopkeeper named Thomas M'Cabe, who indirectly expressed his contempt for the Government by designating himself on his sign-board "The Irish Slave."

"That reference to the priests reminds me of a good story that I will tell you," the venerable old lady went on, and as she told the story she seemed to grow young again and as sprightly as a girl. "When the military rabble broke into the *Northern Star* office, broke the presses and threw the type into the streets, and arrested the printers, there was one among the latter named William Kane. Of course they were all United Irishmen; but they had proof against him, and I think he was tried and sentenced to death. The day before the execution he begged to be allowed to see a priest, as he was a Catholic. There was a priest in the prison for treason, but he was very sick—so sick that he could not get out of his bed. So Willie would have to go to him. But before allowing him into the priest's room to make his confession, they made him take off his shoes and coat, so that if he escaped he would attract attention and be arrested. The guard wanted to remain in the room, but the priest told him that he could not hear a man's confession while another person was present, so the guard retired, and the door was closed.

"I am suffocating; open the window, Willie, and give me a breath of air," said the priest, groaning as if in great agony.

Willie opened the window.

"Now," said the priest, 'make your confession, and don't lose any more valuable time.'

"You may be sure there was no time lost, and then the priest gave him absolution and told him to get out of the window and make off for his life. It was not a regular prison—all the regular prisons were full—but a house the Government had rented and turned into a prison, so there were no bars on the window; but he would have to pass a barracks a little way below to get out to where he wanted to go. He knew that without shoes or coat he would attract attention and be rearrested. He saw a man in a back yard and said to him: 'Would you give a man your coat and shoes to save his life?'

"Faith an' I would," replied the man, looking at him and suspecting what was the matter. Willie Kane put on the man's coat and shoes, and went down past the barracks as bold as a trooper, whistling 'Croppies Lie Down.' He went down to the bridge and stood under it up to his neck in water, until next morning, when his friends got him smuggled away on board of a vessel, and he finally got to America, where he became a wealthy and respected citizen. Of course the priest was not sick at all. It was all a little plot to save Willie Kane.

Mary Maguire.

(FROM THE IRISH).

'Tis my bitter grief and smart,
That with her who holds my heart,
On some hill-side far apart

I'm not now roaming,
Where neither friend nor foe
Should our place of hiding know,
As with love words fond and low

We walk the gloaming,
But oh, dear Lord of grace!
Could I bring you that disgrace
My mild, my matchless,

Modest little Maiden
For though with love of you,
My soul is stricken through,
Your heart shall ne'er through me
Be sorrow-laden.

Ere the gray dawn fills the skies
Through the dewy fields she hies,
Heaven's glory in her eyes,

Divinely beaming;
From her shoulder fair and round
To the green edge of the ground,
Like a rivulet unbound—

Her tresses streaming.
On her brow the mountain snows,
On her cheek the apple glows,
'Twixt her honey lips two rows
Of pearls glisten;

Trilling, as she trips along,
Some old artless Irish song,
Till the thrushes jealous throng
Around to listen.

May never luck await,
But foul fortune be his fate,
That youth however great

Or rich, or clever,
Who would other wealth demand
With his coleen's plighted hand
But her kisses free and fond

His share for ever!
By my hope of grace divine,
I would sooner call you mine,
My loving, laughing leal, little
Maiden,

Than to wed some calliagh old,
Were she worth her weight in gold,
And with gems of wealth untold
Each finger laden.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

THE
Shan Van Vocht :

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Forward !

Ye who stand for Erin's cause,

As in days of olden story !

Ye who know not how to pause

On the path where shines her glory.

True men, hark ! the notes are ringing,

O'er the land a trump is sounding

Strains defiant, victory bringing,

And our hearts with Hope are bounding.

Now are hushed all songs of mourning,

In your hearts the sorrow sleeping,

Sanctifies your notes of scorning,

But needs not the rain of weeping.

Forward, then, to strains defiant !

Soon to sound in jubilation,

Self-dependent, self-reliant,

Work ye thus to raise our nation !

On yourselves alone depending,

On the Celtic souls within ye ;

Heeding not the Saxon's sending

Words to weaken or to win ye.

Too long have his wiles been heeded,

As the Past too sternly teaches ;

Take your country's Page and read it,

Learn the lesson that it preaches.

Then arise, true men united,

With the wine of knowledge glowing.

To our cause all sacred plighted,

On your march to Freedom going.

Forward, then, to strains defiant !

Soon to sound in jubilation ;

Self-dependent, self-reliant,

Work ye thus to raise our nation !

WILLIAM O'LEARY CURTIS.

Irishmen in the Transvaal.

" God Save Ireland "

Sung by an Irish Brigade in the streets of
Johannesburg.



HEREVER manhood and civilization have been developed, love of country makes itself felt as one of the root sentiments of the human soul. The recent political troubles in the Transvaal have been the means of furnishing an almost unique instance of the enduring power of national sentiment, and have shown that love of native land is one of the abiding elements in human life. In the new South African city of Johannesburg—the growth of one decade—were gathered together many thousands of emigrants from Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales, America, Australia, the continent of Europe, and other parts of South Africa. The original Dutch settlers (the Boers), and their descendants, having a close monopoly in the Government of their Republic, and having taxed the new comers heavily, while persistently refusing them a voice in the matter, a political crisis inevitably arose ; and representatives of all the various nationalities, under the common title of Uitlanders, seem to have taken part in the agitation for their common rights. The agitation seems to have prompted the English section of the Uitlanders, to enter into a conspiracy with their neighbours in the British Cape Colony, to turn the situation to the advantage of their own particular country, and to have arranged for the advance of Jameson and his now famous band of raiders. Much wonder has been occasioned by the fact, that Jameson's raid was not supported by any concerted martial action on the part of the Uitlanders, who had been so loud in their demands for reform, and the sudden settling down of the city to a state of loyalty to the Republic has occasioned many witticisms on the alleged cowardice of the Uitlanders.

A clever little skit, composed on Jameson's eccentric nomenclature, which was published in one of our Belfast papers, caustically remarks :—

" Leander crossed a strait ; but hero none,
Came out to meet him when his march was done."

Keen disappointment has been felt that the affair did not result in an extension of the British Empire.

Whence then arose the hopes that prompted that desperate advance ? The British section in Johannesburg must have vastly exaggerated their own strength and importance, and have set too much store on the feeling of revolt which existed against the Boer's exclusive exercise of the rights of government. We have received from an authentic source an account of the crisis in

Johannesburg, which considerably enlightens one as to the causes which brought about that decisive checkmate given to the British game in the Transvaal.

"When the crisis developed," says our informant, the various nationalities rushed together into bands, drawn by the magic power of the everlasting national sentiment which is stronger than any political cause. Though already in the throes of what seemed a life and death struggle for the franchise, they could not so soon consider themselves as mere Transvaalians. The old root sentiment of patriotism reasserted its marvellous sway. Inside twenty-four hours a wave of that sentiment passed over the hearts of the men attracted thither from all ends of the earth by a thirst for gold, and every man remembered proudly the rock whence he was hewn, and the land that bore him. We may well rejoice in this signal proof, that the tie of country, kindred, friends, is not a rope of sand among the people. It is an augury that Ireland will survive all denationalising tendencies, and will yet repair the ruin of centuries.

When the Johannesburgers found it necessary to drill and arm, it was not as so many Uitlanders or political reformers they came together. Spontaneously and instantly the city divided itself into its constituent nationalities. The sons of "bonnie Scotland" marshalled themselves as Scotchmen; the sons of Wales as Welshmen; the English were more local in their patriotism and banded together as Northumbrians, Durhamites (Geordies) Cornishmen, &c. Some of the Cornishmen fled with natives, women and children, and the wags labelled the railway carriages in which they travelled "coward's vans." Happily there was no cowardice or disunion among the sons of Erin; and the men of Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught remembered only that they were Irishmen, and enrolled themselves in an Irish brigade!

And what was the spirit which animated the Irish section of the Uitlanders? From the account given us, they seem to have joined as heartily as the others in the agitation for reform, and to have made one cause with the other Uitlanders, English, Americans, Germans; but in the conspiracy to surrender the Republic to the power which has been the tyrant of their land, they had no share; nay, they acted a brave part in defeating it. The message of Kaiser Wilhelm, which caused such consternation in London, recalled to the German Uitlanders in Johannesburg the fact that they were to think not so much of gaining their own rights, as of maintaining the independence of the young Republic from English sway.

And what of the *Irish Brigade* in Johannesburg? Was there not in the very choice of the name a memory of Fontenoy, and of the many battles on foreign soil in which Irishmen have struck down their hereditary foes? In another column of our paper, we have an account of how a County Mayo man and a band of his com-

panions stood in the front at Krugersdorp and aimed straight with deadly effect.

Were they the nucleus of the Irish brigade, which our Johannesburg correspondent writes of. *The Johannesburg Weekly Star*, January 4, he quotes, giving an account of these sons of Erin in council. Note that though the demand for reform which was at the root of the trouble, is still upheld; the tone of the speeches, is one of loyalty to the Republic.

Mr. H. G. Hasken presided, and said "it was incumbent on them as *Irishmen* to band themselves together to help to maintain law and order, and help those unable to help themselves. They wanted a Republic under a good government, and would be satisfied with nothing less."

Mr. McDonagh said "They were fighting for an *Independent Republic* and it was not likely when the trouble was over they would throw down their arms and become subservient to any other power."

This report assures us of the loyalty of the Irish Brigade to the Republic whatever may be their desire for extension of rights. The German Uitlanders, we have seen, can safely be depended on to join in every effort to frustrate British aggression, and the Americans at a time when their own President was startling Europe with his brave defiance, be sure they were wary enough not to let the former tyrants of their now free and glorious Republic steal a march on the borders of the Transvaal. It was not cowardice, then, on the part of the Uitlanders, which withheld from Jameson the support he had counted on. A thousand times no! whatever the British Jingo press and the Comic papers in the venom of disappointment may say to the contrary. There were *Heroes* in Johannesburg; but they were not for this ill-fated Leander. He forgot one important fact in calculating on an easy conquest of the gold city; the Uitlanders there are not all English yet; nor even friends to England. Perhaps he and his fellow prisoners were, a few days later, reminded of that; if any of them were spectators of the march past of the Irish Brigade which we have a description of in the following letter of a young Ulsterman, and if they heard the chant to which they kept step, a song made many years ago to the honour and glory of three Irish Martyrs, and embodying in its stirring refrain the words with which they answered from the dock the sentence that doomed them to the scaffold.

Here is an extract from the letter:—

"The representatives of the various countries have formed themselves into National Brigades. I have joined the Irish Brigade which is formed to protect life and property, and if need be to march to the front. The papers speak very highly of us as a body of men, and really, our brigade is a credit to the old land. You would say so if you saw us drilling, or marching in military order through the city, wearing badges of green, and singing

GOD SAVE IRELAND."

Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien could not have been remembered in a fitter place, nor at a better time; and if this Irish Brigade in the young Republic of the South will take a word of advice from us. We say, keep your

regiment together, and let it grow in strength, and gain in courage. Let no fever of impatience for admission to political or municipal rights draw you into any alliance with those other *Uitlanders*, whose clamour for power simply means the encroachment of British rule. Above all, my brave boys, take the excellent advice of your countryman from the County Mayo, and learn to "Shoot Straight," says the Shan Van Vocht.

The Shrines & Sepulchres of Ireland's Illustrious Dead.

BY ENREL.

The Burial-Place of the Sheares.

It was the cruel custom of those times, says Dr. R. R. Madden, to make the extreme penalty of the law as terrible as possible to its victims. In the case of the Sheares, no member of their family was permitted to see them in the brief interval between conviction and death. On Saturday, the day following their sentence, they were conducted at mid-day to the place of execution. . . . The last words of John Sheares were:—"I forgive the world as I expect to be forgiven." The brothers died as they had lived. In life and death they were indeed United brothers. After the mutilation of their bodies,—a remnant of judicial barbarism of former times—had afforded the requisite satisfaction to so-called justice, their remains were deposited in one of the vaults of St. Michan's Churchyard, where, forty-four years after the event, the marks of the unnecessary violence and cruelties inflicted by the executioner prior to their being launched into eternity, still remained visible on the face of John Sheares.

There is some peculiarity in the soil of this place of burial, as well as of the atmosphere of the vaults beneath the Church of St. Michan, the tendency of which is to resist decomposition and keep the bodies in a desiccated condition of preservation, very similar to that observed in the catacombs of a Sicilian Monastery near Palermo. Amongst the remains that had for nearly a century been thus preserved in the same vault as the Sheares were laid in, when I first visited them in the year 1816 with a schoolfellow named Blake, were those of a nun (Miss Crookshanks), to whose relics in the last century were ascribed miraculous effects, and which were then, consequently, the object of many a pious pilgrimage. When I again visited this place, as I did with the same companion, in 1842, after a lapse of twenty-four years, I found that the remains of the Sheares, together with those of the person just referred to, had been removed in 1832 from where they had been, and were deposited in what is called the parish vault. That removal had proved

injurious to their preservation, and the coffins having mouldered away, I was again enabled to examine the remains, and was surprised to find that the head described as that of John Sheares was that of a person extremely aged, the sutures obliterated, and the alveolar processes worn down. I then made further inquiries, and at last received a communication from a gentleman (Mr. R. W.), who informed me that in a boyish freak some twenty years previously he had himself carried off the head of John Sheares from the vault. This he had found attached to the body by a strip of integument, which was divided by the schoolboy's penknife, and so taken away to his house, where it had remained until then. My informant added that he had often since regretted this action, and that, as I was interested in the Sheares, I might have this head, which was accordingly sent to me. On examination, I found it in exactly the same state as when I had last seen it, twenty-six years previously. The cranium was finely formed, but the expression of the face was that of the most frightful agony. The marks of the violent injuries inflicted during life by the executioner, as before described, to the right eye, nose, and mouth, were particularly apparent; the very indentation round the neck from the pressure of the rope was visible. The hair on the head was of a light-brown colour and was cut extremely short.

In the end of January, 1842, having obtained the necessary permission from the clergyman of St. Michan's Church I had the remains of the Sheares placed in coffins of lead and Irish oak, in the presence of one who had been, in his young days, a member of the same society to which they belonged, and of two other individuals.

The head of which I have spoken was placed with the remains of John Sheares, a plaster cast of it having been previously taken. The coffins of the two brothers were laid side by side, and so far, I trust the possibility is prevented of their being disturbed in future. In the churchyard of St. Michan's are also interred the remains of some other members and friends of the Society of United Irishmen. Thus, for instance, here were laid the bodies of Oliver Bond, and Dr. William Jackson, whose funerals the Sheares had attended in 1795 and '98, and who for so doing had incurred the displeasure of Lord Fitzgibbon.

The tombstone over the tomb of Jackson, bears the following inscription:—Underneath this slab was interred the remains of the Rev. William Jackson, who died the 30th of April, 1795.

The inscription over Bond's grave is in the following terms:—"Sacred to the memory of Oliver Bond, who died the 6th of December, 1798, in the 37th year of his age. The noblest work of God is an honest man."

The stone thus inscribed, and now almost entirely obliterated, no longer marks Bond's resting-place. It was removed many years ago to another part of the same churchyard.

Our National Language.

THE most curious fact about the decay of the Irish language is, that it seems only to have begun when the persecution against it had ceased and all disabilities were removed.

From the Anglo-Norman invasion down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Irish not only held its own but completely overcame the English language; even in the Pale it almost died out and it was in vain that statute after statute was enacted, forbidding the English in Ireland to speak Irish, under pain of confiscation of their estates. We even read of a noble—one of the De Burghs—who could speak Irish, French and Latin, but no English. From the time of Queen Elizabeth, this predominance of the Irish language ceased, and from then to the last century, the English government made continual efforts to root out the language among the Irish themselves, but all attempts seemed utterly futile. Yet during this last century when no overt weapon has been employed against the language, it has suddenly faded like 'snow-wreaths in the thaw.' Nevertheless the decay has not been as sudden as it appears; the centuries of oppression had done their work. The Gaelic literature had been crushed; during the long centuries of perpetual war it was impossible for it to flourish, and after this had followed the Penal days, when for a man to be found with an Irish book in his possession would probably mean his ruin. But the most fatal blow to the Gaelic language was the education of the children in English.

So when at last Gaelic was once more a free tongue, the younger generation were almost unacquainted with it and the Gaelic literature was gone. Then followed half a century of ever to be regretted apathy, before the Irish people awoke to the fact, that "thro' sheer neglect 'tis dying now, a stranger on our shore!"

Reasons why our Gaelic tongue should be preserved fall naturally into two divisions, patriotic and general reasons. The first should interest us as Irishwomen, the second should and does influence scholars all the world over.

The first and greatest reason why the Irish should preserve their language is just the simple reason that it is their own. A nation that has lost her language has lost part of her birthright, and a large part of her nationality: it is impossible that any language should suit a nation as well as her own tongue, in no other language can her poets clothe their ideas as well. And this is especially true when the new language is that of the conquering nation, for "the language of the conqueror in the mouth of the conquered is the language of a slave." As long as

a nation preserves her own language she preserves her own spirit and identity—she may not altogether lose them in losing the language, but while she keeps that, she keeps the outward token of her separate nationality.

Then in losing their language, the Irish lose their literature, their folk lore; and their proverbs of which they have a rich store. True, much has been translated into English, but folk lore and proverbs do not live in books save for the student, they live, handed down from generation to generation. And as regards the literature, the real genius of a book is never found in a translation. Even a German book loses much by translation into English, and yet German and English are very near akin, while English and Irish are very different.

Also, the naming of the names of the places are lost. It is worth while to learn Irish for this alone—to know the meaning of the names of the hills, valleys and rivers of our native land, connected as they are with legend and history. The Irish seem to have had a natural gift for giving appropriate names to places, which the English certainly had not. Who, for instance can help regretting that the mountains of Wicklow, now known by the unromantic Saxon name of "The Sugarloaves," have lost their lovely Irish name—"The Silver Spears."

Some speak of the Gaelic language as barbarous and utterly unmusical. In answer to them I might quote the words of O'Neill at the court of Elizabeth, "Shall an O'Neill writhe his mouth in clattering English!" But indeed the language is very beautiful. The laws of aspiration and eclipsis which certainly add to its difficulty add also to its euphony, and the words seem to melt softly into one another; it is in the highest degree a poetic language. It is a language capable of adapting itself to a high degree of civilisation. Quin says, that "Gaelic is equal to Sanscrit and great and far superior to Latin in its facility for forming compound terms." Vallancey says, that "The Irish language is free from the anomalies, sterility and heteroclite redundancies, which mark the dialects of barbarous nations; it is rich and melodious, it is precise and copious, and affords those elegant conversions which no other than a thinking and lettered people can use or acquire."

To scholars the preservation of the Irish language is a matter of the deepest importance, it is as old as Sanscrit and of equal importance in philology. Also the Irish manuscripts contain indispensable materials for historians. Bourke says, that "for all lovers of philological research, a knowledge of the Irish language is as necessary as a knowledge of Sanscrit."

Many who are convinced that if the Irish language could be saved it would be for the nation's good; fold

their hands and say "It is too late." Well that objection cannot be finally answered till we have succeeded in saving it. But if we *are* to succeed we must believe that it is *not* too late. Work done with an inward conviction that it is of no use is doomed to failure. What is wanted is whole hearted enthusiastic effort; believe that we must succeed and the victory is half won. There is no reason why a nation should not be bi-lingual, and there is every reason why it should; it gives a wider culture, a wider outlook and wider sympathies. Look at Hungary. It has preserved its national language and its national spirit; there are Hungarian novelists, Hungarian poets, Hungarian painters, and yet the Hungarians speak German constantly. As a Hungarian said to me, "The Austrians are too stupid to learn Hungarian so we must learn to speak German."

How is our work to be done? Well every one can begin the work by starting at once to learn Irish. Of course there is often difficulty in finding a teacher, and of course the Irish pronunciation cannot be learnt perfectly from books. Still one can go a good way with books, and if you set yourself to work with your whole heart, you will generally find a teacher when you are ready for one.

But the way really to restore the Gaelic tongue is to teach the children. By teaching the children English it was crushed and in the same way it must be raised. In every district where a little Irish is spoken it should be taught in the National schools, and then it would soon spread to other districts.

Prizes also should be offered for proficiency in Irish, and for Irish poems, with a view to creating a modern living literature—the pure expression of the Celtic genius in the Celtic tongue.

EDITH DICKSON.

James Clarence Mangan.



AMONG the patriot graves which I visited in Glasnevin Cemetery on "Decoration Day" was that of James Clarence Mangan. An humble headstone marks the spot where the remains of the dead poet are interred. It is with no small amount of difficulty that the grave can be found, for one has to pass through a labyrinth of paths, with memorials to the dead on all sides, before the last resting-place of poor, ill-fated Mangan is pointed out by an attendant. Standing by the lonely grave, what a host of thoughts, some melancholy and some proud, rise unbidden in the mind! In the sad story of Ireland, with all the tragic characters that have appeared in the drama of her national fortunes, there are perhaps not many who have possessed, and who possess even still, such

weird interest for thoughtful and patriotic Irishmen as James Clarence Mangan. His indeed was a chequered, and to some an inscrutable career. In the great galaxy of talent and learning which the *Nation* newspaper brought before the public gaze, he held no secondary place. He was a man of genius in its highest and purest sense. Yet a persistent misfortune seems to have associated itself with his life—a misfortune which he was unable to combat in the least. It gave a plaintive tinge to his writings, and indicated some early disappointment which must have been the genesis of all his subsequent trouble and mystery. In his beautiful poem, "Twenty Golden Years Ago," he hints pretty plainly at this—

" Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Keoner has.
Keoner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty Golden Years ago."

Yet the melancholy reflection on Mangan's sad career is softened by the knowledge that notwithstanding the woe and the misfortune of his life, he performed deathless service to Ireland by his imperishable poems. There cannot be a moment's doubt that he was an Irishman to his heart's core—a Celt with all the imaginativeness of his race and all the noble ideals of his people. His love for his motherland was unbounded. That love he translated into delicate and beautiful verse which is as fresh and fragrant as the rose.

" I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills.
And one . . . beaming smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true
My dark Rosaleen,
My fond Rosaleen,
Would give me life and soul anew
My dark Rosaleen."

Similar sentiments, tender and beautiful, are expressed in many of his other poems. They all breathe a pure and unselfish love of Ireland, a knowledge of her wrongs and her history, and a deep seated yearning for her freedom. Mangan was no mere word-spinner or rhymester; he was a poet in the truest sense of the word. He felt what he wrote, and was imbued with all the poet's intense faith, earnestness, and fancy. If the note of sadness is dominant in his poetry it must not be inferred that he has not struck the militant key as well. Some of his writings are remarkable for their fierce strength and determined patriotic purpose. "A Highway to Freedom" is a poem full of manly sentiment, couched in vigorous and meaningful words. With such writings to inspire them, it is no wonder the

Young Irelanders created a movement which, though it failed in its direct object, left behind it a rich literary legacy to animate its successors. I often think that Clarence Mangan does not sometimes get the full meed of credit which is due to him for his part in that glorious movement.

I set out by making a reference to Mangan's grave, and indeed, I might state, that it was the visit to his grave suggested these lines. I think it is nothing less than a shame that Irishmen should not, ere this, have placed a suitable memorial over the spot where the poet-patriot sleeps his last sleep. As I have said, the headstone which marks the grave at the present time, is an humble, and I might add, a somewhat shabby one. Mangan in my judgment deserves better of his countrymen. Now that attention has been called to the matter in the columns of the SHAN VAN VOCHT, I trust some move will be made to erect a memorial worthy of the man, and of the cause which he did so much to vivify and foster.

M. P. RYLE.

Maud Gonne.

Uncrowned, save by a nation's love, our island's maiden queen,
By spell of her young voice alone, unfurls the standard green,
Where, in the days of gallant Hoche, the sword of Tone fell keen!

Gone are the days of the Brigade, and Hoche's loyal band,
But still in distant Paris waves the banner of our land,
Upheld beside the tri-color by one fair maiden's hand!

Alone our Maid of Erin pleads, as once the Orleans Maid
Before whose mystic banner fled the Saxon host afraid
As now when, by a maiden's words, are Erin's foes dismayed!

Oh, fairest flower of womanhood, her weakness is her strength:
Proud hearts unto her passionate plea a willing ear have lent,
And knees to her, the Uncrowned, bowed, that ne'er before had bent!

Not nobler the soldier who his sword in combat draws,
Or patriot who frames at home his country's code of laws,
Than she who pleads in stranger tongue her island's sacred cause

Yet well too is she known at home, in cottages that fear
The vengeance of the evictor cursed, that ever hovers near
Well is our Maid of Erin known to solace there and cheer;

To comfort as when to her heart the voice of pity calls,
And angel-like she enters in where misery appals
The living-dead who pine within dark Portland's cruel walls!

Fair idol of our sea-girt home, our island is her throne,
Guarded not by might of sword but loving hearts alone
That throb with loyalty for one whose blood is Erin's own!

We've sworn no oath of fealty—we've registered no vow,
But did a golden circlet rest upon our darling's brow
It could not crown her more than love hath crowned her now!

BARRY DELANEY, PARIS.



REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL. By J. F. Taylor. New Irish Library Series. Price 1s.

From this excellent little book we quote this description of the Irish charge to victory at Benburb:—

"It was now past seven o'clock, and the sun shone full in the faces of the enemy. Owen Roe raised his hat, and those near him saw his lips move a moment. Then, summoning his staff around him, 'Gentlemen,' said he, and he pointed to the enemy's centre, 'in a few minutes we shall be there. Pass the word along the line, 'Santa Maria, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, charge for the old land!' One mighty shout of exultation, and the Irish line, extending from Oona to the great bog, flung forward like a drawn bowstring suddenly let loose. At the first furious impact Monroe's men reeled, but his cavalry charged down the slope upon the Irish foot, when, to their amazement, through the open spaces, rigidly preserved in the hottest fury of the fight, the Irish horse dashed forward. and, with one tremendous shock, carried Monroe's first line of defence, while the foot soldiers, 'body to body with push of pike,' fought stubbornly up the slopes, none wavering, none pausing. Over the tumult the general's voice now rang, 'Redouble your blows and the battle is won.' Colonels sprang from their horses, and, pike in hand, led their men forward up the slopes as the infantry column dashed on to the capture of Monroe's guns that crowned the hillock. Like a living wall, O'Neill's forces came on 'in most excellent order,' flinging back the Scotch and English like foam, climbing the hill, and at last, with a wild hurrah, rushing at full speed upon the battery. The Scotch and English broke and rushed frantically from the battlefield, while Sir Phelim and Henry Roe and 'Myles the Slasher' tore down upon them, sabreing and smiting the desolators of Ulster. In the blaze of the sun the Ulster plain looked like a sheet of blood, 3,248 dead bodies lying upon the field, and the whole proud array of the invaders wrecked, annihilated."

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF FINTON LALOR.

This Volume is first of a series of books of a National character, to be edited and published by T. G. O'Donaghue, Eden Quay, Dublin, under the title of the Shamrock Library Series. We recommend the study of this volume, in a sequence with Mitchell's Jail Journal, and Last Conquest; Doheny's Felon's Track; Gavan Duffy's Young Ireland. It furnishes a link between the history of '48, and the modern era of the Land Agitation period. It should be read with great interest by our Ulster Land Reformers of the present day.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM CARLETON, in two vols. Edited by David O'Donaghue. Messrs. Ed. Downey, Publishers.

We have only seen the Press Notices of this book which should prove of extreme interest. It is founded on an unpublished autobiography of Carleton.

OUR NOTEBOOK.

Some remonstrances have reached me concerning the cautious and discouraging sentiments expressed by Dr. Carr in our first story, "The Boy from Barnesmore," in answer to which, let me say briefly that, if I had made the relater of the story an out-and-out sympathiser with the boy, the story could not have been told as I told it. The main facts are absolutely true—that is, the entrance of the young Fenian into a railway carriage, where he was taken under protection by an unsuspecting Loyalist, who brought him to his hotel in Belfast, shared his room with him, and, wakening in the night, saw him kneeling in prayer, and found him in the morning under arrest. This took place in the Queen's Hotel, Belfast, and my friend had some trouble in proving that he was not implicated in the boy's revolutionary designs. Can anyone inform me who this young Fenian was? He came down from the Cavan or Monaghan direction.

Lady Ferguson has in preparation a life of her illustrious and talented husband, the great Belfast poet, whose name is as yet unhonoured in his native town by any monument. Some years ago we tried to awaken those in intellectual circles to the necessity of moving in this matter. The project fell through; but when this life of the poet comes out, and all the English reviews and literary papers begin to discuss Sir Samuel, Belfast will awake with a start of surprise to the knowledge of the fact that her son who sleeps in the churchyard at Donegore, the author of "Congal" and "Conaire" and "The Lays of the Western Gael" is a world-famed poet.

At Brixton, London, on February 11th, Mr. F. A. Fahey will give a lecture on Irish Music, to be illustrated by musical items rendered by some of the best known singers: Mr. Plunket Green, Mr. Joseph O'Meara, of Limerick, Madame Belle Cole, and others.

Madame Alicia Adelaide Needham, the talented young composer who has set Mr. Fahy's Maureen, the Irish Reel; Cradle song and other lyrics; will, on this occasion, produce two new songs which should gain the approbation of our patriotic young Irish singers. These are Darcy Magee's "My Irish Wife," and Clarence Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen." When in London last Autumn, Iris Olkryn had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Needham (in whom, by the way, she discovered a former Derry school friend) play these songs from her MSS.

On the morning of February 4th, the foundation stone of the old Linen Hall, which is at present being pulled down, was discovered at the north-east corner by Mr. Robert Girvan, who is superintending the work, and it

was removed to the Town Hall. Under a plate concealing a cavity in the stone was found a bottle or glass tube containing a copy of resolutions passed at a meeting of the representatives of 143 corps of Volunteers of the province of Ulster held at Dungannon on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1782—Colonel William Irvine in the chair; also the copy of the resolutions passed by a largely attended meeting of the inhabitants of Belfast in the Town House on 7th March, 1782—Thomas Sinclair, Esq., in the chair; approving of those adopted at the meeting in Dungannon, and a copy of the Bill relating to Ireland which had received the Royal Assent on Thursday, 24th April, 1783. A large sheet of notepaper on which was written the following, was also discovered in the bottle:—"Belfast, 28th April, 1783. These papers were deposited underneath this building by John M'Clean and Robert Bradshaw, with an intent, that if they should hereafter be found, they may be an authentic information to posterity by the firmness and unanimity of the Irish Volunteers this kingdom—long oppressed—was fully and completely emancipated. If in future times there should be an attempt made to encroach upon the liberties of this country, let our posterity with admiration look up to the glorious example of their forefathers, who at this time formed an army independent of Government, unpaid and self-appointed, of eighty thousand men, the discipline, order, and regularity of which army was looked upon by all Europe with wonder and astonishment. We took this method of enclosing these papers in a glass tube, hermetically sealed, as (in our opinion) the most durable that could be desired."

The Old Linen Hall, which had this strongly-worded declaration in favour of Ireland's independence sealed up in its foundation stone, was, strangely enough, the place chosen for Mr. A. J. Balfour in 1893 to watch the march past of the eighty thousand Ulstermen who would not have Home Rule. There is something solemn and almost eerie in the thought that the foundation stone of the building held this strange prophetic warning of after times, when an attempt might be made to encroach on the liberties of the country.

The next number of our paper will appear on March 6th, and will contain special articles on Robert Emmet, "The Men of March," and other suitable and seasonable subjects. "Hy. Many," author of "The Song of Tallaght," has promised us a poem. "The Captain's Daughter" will be concluded, and the number will also contain a complete story by Ethna Carbery, "Betty Fryers; or, the Night of the Big Wind," a true story of wild Donegal, which we were obliged to hold over this month.

We hope to have a very long list of reports from our friends in the various literary societies throughout the country for next month. These should be with us by February 27th at latest.

The Moonlighter's Hound.

Of Justice outraged in his death,
His lonely sister's suffering,
With vows of hate in vengeful breath,
Indignant chants let others sing,
My song of mourning uttereth
The sorrow of a soulless thing!

Her speechless love I speak in song
For one whose almost human woe
Pines for a master absent long,
Whose doom his hound shall never know;
She only fears for something wrong,
And hath no words to tell us so.

She hath no way to ask us why,
Since May was here in April's track,
Till clouds were grey in wintry sky,
And fields were bare and boughs were black,
Her kindly master came not nigh;
She hath no words to ask us why,
And we no way to answer back.

Missed in the chase on moorlands wide,
The capture of the prey that fled;
The rush in triumph to his side,
The hand upon her shapely head.
By voice so seldom raised to chide,
The words of brief approval said:

Ah, well for thee thou canst not hear
What those who know it weep to tell!
What has befallen thy master dear—
Long tortured in a lonely cell,
'Twixt life and death for nigh a year—
Thou hast not known, and it is well!

Thou knowest not his final doom,
Far happier wanting human wit,
To picture forth the prison room,
The scaffold edge, the dreadful pit
That yawned beneath in sickening gloom,
The dead man swinging over it.

This horror thou canst not be told,
But crouchest still to pine and fret,
Hoping his coming as of old,
And loitering where he oft was met;
How sad to think, though dead and cold,
Laid in unhallowed prison mould,
One patient heart awaits him yet.

One faithful friend still hopes to greet
His steps whose days of life are o'er;
Her ear awaits approaching feet,
Her eye expects an opening door,
Sad guardian of a vacant seat
For one who will return no more!

IRIS OLKYRN.

The faithful hound of John Twiss, during his master's ten months' imprisonment prior to his execution at Cork, February 9th, 1895, kept watch and ward for his return. As the Irish proverb says, "It is the dog that knows a good master."

A Critic of Fenianism.

We had intended to insert in our review column a notice of the extremely interesting "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," by Mr. John O'Leary, which are appearing weekly in a Dublin paper. The author has had the honour of knowing and working with some of the best and staunchest patriots of the century in Ireland's cause. He has had the even higher honour of suffering some years of imprisonment in a British prison, and he is the one man now living who has the literary ability and a knowledge of the facts sufficient to give a history of Fenianism to the young Irishmen of to-day. His recollections of O'Mahony, Stephens, Luby, and Kickham we have read with intense interest, and the Irish Nation owes to John O'Leary, the historian and critic of the Fenian movement, a debt of a similar kind to that which she owes to Chas. Gavan Duffy, the historian of '48. It is with intense regret, however, that we learn from Mr. O'Leary's own pen the astounding fact that in regarding him as one of the Fenian Brotherhood we have been all along mistaken. We have alluded to him, and have heard others who ought to have known better allude to him, as

A Fenian Veteran.

We apologise to Mr. O'Leary for having been so far misled by appearances and by common report as to have mistaken him for a Fenian. He has evidently been in positions of trust, has cherished the same ideals, has worked and suffered in the same cause, but has never been one of that illustrious Brotherhood which John O'Mahony named from the warrior knights of Finn. He denies distinctly having ever taken any oath, which bound him to recognise any man as his sworn brother in the cause; or any man as his chief and leader, whom he was bound to obey. Like Brutus in Shakespeare's play, he has consented to act with conspirators; but refused to be controlled by any bond. He went to America as a secret envoy from Stephens to O'Mahony, but he makes it distinctly understood that he was not a member of the I.R.B., and only undertook office work. He has never enlisted a single Fenian in the cause of Ireland; had he done so, even once, he would not have been able to declare, as he has done, that he never took any political oath. Had he sworn in a single brother, he would of necessity have been compelled to swear himself, and for anything in the nature of an oath; he seems to have cherished a Quakerlike abhorrence. We recognise the fact that Mr. O'Leary's high principles and aims were none the less noble for the independent stand he took. His services, his sufferings meant as much and more than other men's oaths and promises; but they might have availed more for Ireland if John O'Leary's spirit of independence and pride had been less repellent, and if he had been willing as other men before and after him, men as good and as true as he, to recognise in the presence of God, by solemn word and pledge, the humblest, poorest workers for Ireland as his brethren.

I. O.

FOR THE OLD LAND.



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

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

National and Literary Societies.

The Young Ireland League, Dublin.—We have been favoured by Mr. H. Dixon, secretary of the League, with the MS. of the last annual report. This report is full of the most valuable information, and what is even of more importance it contains many suggestions as to what remains to be done in many spheres of National work. The monthly record of Young Ireland's work which we now open, with a heartfelt blessing from Rory of the Hills, has been, in fact, suggested by this invaluable report; so clear in its classification; so complete in its facts and statistics. Perusing it with a view to find out wherein we, and those who work with us can help, we determined, at once, to devote a large space in the SHAN VAN VOCHT's columns to a summary which will inform our readers, at a glance, at what is being done, and instruct them as to what remains to be done "for the Old Land."

Young Ireland Society, Lahinch, Co. Clare.—On Sunday, 19th January, a meeting was held of this Young National Society. Mr. A. Downy, president, in the chair. A stirring address on the subject of ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES, was delivered by Mr. John Queally, Hon. Sec. He dealt briefly with current events which, he said, whispered that the hour of Ireland's retribution had come. He urged that at this critical time a strong and united effort should be attempted to make a dash for the retrieval of our former glory. A vote of thanks being passed the meeting terminated.

The National Literary Society, Dublin.—We have not to record any public lecture under the auspices of this society in the past month, and have not noticed any reports of private members' meetings in the College Green rooms. Miss E. C. Atkinson has resigned the secretaryship, and her place has been taken by Miss Little, with Mr. M. Gill as assistant secretary. The departure of Mr. Richard Ashe King from Dublin will prove a great loss to this society. A farewell dinner, given in his honour at Jury's Hotel, was the occasion of a gathering of many of his colleagues in the society. Dr. Sigerson presided, and the speakers one and all expressed their appreciation of Mr. Ashe King's work in the literary movement, and their regret at his loss. A farewell address to Mr. King was embodied on a vellum scroll.

The Secretary reports that no papers have been read in the past month, and that the last event on the society's programme was a musical entertainment on New Year's Eve, at which Mr. P. Delaney, violinist, Mr. Jones, Mrs. H. Byrne, Mrs. Scarff Goodman and others performed. A secretarial report of future meetings is promised to the SHAN VAN VOCHT, and we hope there will be every sign of energy and vitality evinced by this society, whose membership includes all the best National writers resident in Dublin, to whom Ireland is looking to sustain a true literary revival.

The Irish Literary Society, London.—The Irish Literary Society, London, deserves a longer notice than we can give it just now. We need only say that it affords all the advantages of a pleasant clubroom, newsroom, and Irish library to Irish residents in London. Its home reading circle promotes the reading of the national history and literature in a really studious and systematic way. Mr. Alfred Percival Graves may be trusted to see that Irish music is promoted through the medium of a society of which he is secretary, and Mr. T. J. Flannery and Major M'Guinness to uphold the Gaelic language, a class for study of which has been kept up in connection with the society almost since its start.

C. J. Kickham Society, Belfast.—The C. J. Kickham Society, founded in Belfast at the close of last year, under the presidency of Mr. Roddy M'Corley, who inherits a historic name, has held fortnightly meetings in the National Hall, Royal Avenue, when the papers read and, debates carried on have been of an interesting nature. In the present month it has been arranged to hold a meeting of an entertaining and instructive character, for which brief addresses, recitations, and songs are promised.

The Emmet Anniversary.—In the first week of March will be celebrated by the delivery of stirring addresses on the life and fate of the Patriot Martyr, and by music and readings of a suitable character. The date, speakers, and items of the programme will be announced later on.

Edmund Burke Debating Society, Dublin.—We have received too late for insertion, an extremely interesting account of the origin of this Society whose reports we have remarked appearing in the press, an evidence of the steady work which its members have been doing in the direction of self-culture. We hope to have monthly reports from the secretary, and to see subjects of national interest kept well to the front.

The Irishwomen's Association.—On January 24, the Annual Meeting of this association was held, when Miss Milligan having retired from the presidency at expiration of her year of office, Mrs. M. T. Pender was elected in her stead. Miss Milligan and Mrs. B. Hobson were elected jointly Secretaries. After the election of office-bearers and committee, a most enjoyable programme of music and recitation was gone through; the feature of the evening being four brief papers by Mrs. J. M'Cauley, Mrs. O'Hare, Miss M'Lorinan, and Miss Edith Dickson.

Portadown Branch I.W.A.—Miss Shemeld forwarded to the secretary, central branch at the annual members' meeting, the names of committee and list of members in Portadown branch. No affiliation went to the central branch.

Moneyrea, Co. Down.—Mrs. Margaret M'Culloch forwarded list of committee and members of Moneyrea branch, Co. Down, of which she is president.

Irish Literary Reading Circle, Larne, Co. Antrim.—Miss M. Craig reports the formation of a Literary Society and Home Reading Circle in Larne, for the study of Irish history and literature according to a scheme communicated by Miss Milligan. The Sec. is Miss Adrain.

Lectures Here and There.

T. W. Rolleston on Irish Literature.—On January 20th, Dr. Sigerson presiding, Mr. T. W. Rolleston delivered a most interesting and able critical lecture on Irish Literature of the past and of the present. A very full disquisition on the work of Davis, Mangan, Ferguson, the three chief poets of the Young Ireland era, was entered into. Perhaps the most useful part of the address was that in which the speaker dealt with the writings of Mr. Standish O'Grady, and especially with his so-called History of Ireland, which might have been better called a prose epic of Cuchullin. Giving high praise to the captivity of Red Hugh and the Bog of Stars, the lecturer lamented that Mr. O'Grady's contribution to literature, in two years since the publication of the latter book consisted only of a sort of popular history and some boys' books. In the course of his lecture, Mr. Rolleston, speaking of the Gaelic language, said: "though Gaelic may still linger on the western

seaboard, among a people who are unable to write the language they speak, it is for all practical purposes, gone and for ever." A storm of controversy has since arisen which will, perhaps, result in something being done in the direction of saving our nation's language.

The Belfast Field Naturalists' Club.—In the past few years this long established society, which has its headquarters, and holds its meetings in the Museum, College Square North, has done much to educate the Belfast public in other besides purely scientific matters. The admirably arranged excursions of the society make those who gain in them acquainted with the beautiful and historic scenes of their native land, thus helping them to acquire a basis of intelligent patriotism. The excursion in July of last summer—jointly with the Cork, Dublin, and Limerick Field Clubs—to the Arran Isles and to Connemara, has been perhaps the most successful excursion of a long series. On Wednesday, Wm. Gray, M.R.I.A., a former president and still an active working member of the club, exhibited a series of lantern slides, illustrating this tour, and also the coasting trip of the Antiquarian Society, he having had the advantage of touring with both parties. The Antiquarian remains, the customs of the peasantry, the glorious scenery of the west, and the geological formation of the districts, were all brought before the audience in rapid succession, accompanied by an impromptu description from Mr. Gray.

Lecture in Cookstown—The Irish Exiles.—Mr. John Doris delivered a lecture with above title before the Catholic Literary and Debating Society, Cookstown, on Sunday evening, January—. Very Rev. Canon Rice presiding. Mr. Doris described in moving terms the hardships, which, in the early days of emigration, Irish exiles had to endure; especially in the time of the great famine; when the people in hundreds of thousands were driven by the evictor from their native shore; yet the exiles in America and Canada managed to live and thrive; were ever ready to lend a helping hand to any scheme for the regeneration. They had carried out daring schemes to rescue their imprisoned brethren from the clutches of British jailors; and welcomed them in free Columbia. John Boyle O'Reilly, Devin Reilly, Thomas Francis Meagher, and other patriots too numerous to mention slept within America's borders.

The Irish Language.

The Gaelic League, Dublin.—Under the auspices of the Gaelic League, Dr. D. Hyde, the president, will at an early date, give in a lecture on Irish Bards, an answer to Mr. Rolleston's assertion that the language is lost—dead beyond saving.

The following are the programmes of the various classes of the League held at 57 Dame Street.

Primary class—Teacher Mr. Thos. Hayes. Father O'Growney's easy lessons, 1 and 2. Irish books of the Society for the preservation of the language, 1, 2, and 3. Joyce's Grammar. **Secondary Class**—Mr. P. O'Leary. Joyce's Grammar. Irish Composition. An Sginluadh Gaothlach (Dr. Hyde.) **Advanced Class**—Mr. John M'Neill, B.A. Idioms and Phrases. Gaelic Journal (reading) Munster Poets.

The Gaelic League, Belfast.—The Irish Class held in the Belfast Museum, for some years back, under the able tuition of Mr. P. J. O'Shea, was organized under the auspices of the Field Naturalists' Club. The steady growth of the class necessitated the formation of the Belfast Gaelic League in August, '95, in connection with which several classes are conducted in the rooms of the Art Society, Queen Street, every Wednesday, when free instruction is imparted by competent teachers, who speak the language. Mr. Ward, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Morrissey, Mr. Foley, Mr. McGinley, and Mr. P. J. O'Shea gave us between them the Irish of Donegal, of Connaught, and of Kerry; and Dr. Boyd, though not a speaker of the language like these others since childhood, is a wonderfully energetic and competent teacher of the tongue which he himself took the trouble to learn. We hope to give a good account monthly of the work and progress of this society.

National Commemorations.

We understand that the Emmet celebration in Dublin this year will be on a large scale. The Young Ireland League has also in

prospect the adoption of the Wolfe Tone anniversary as a national Decoration Day for all patriot graves of Ireland. We have undertaken in view of this to prepare a list of graves in the north and to arrange for their decoration, and to take immediate steps to have the grave of Owen Roe, at Cavan, enclosed by a coping of stone, low rail, and chain. In the time that must elapse before a suitable tomb can be given to the hero, the space of Irish soil in which his grave rests should at least be marked, consecrated ground. We will gladly receive any contributions for this object at the SHAN VAN VOCHT Office, and take immediate steps to secure the support of a committee to arrange the matter.

Ireland's Sons Abroad.

We quote the following from a French paper sent to this office by Miss Maud Gonnet, who has most kindly promised to keep us in touch with French public opinion on the subject of Ireland. The writer points out succinctly how Ireland, supposed to be feeble and helpless, has within a few weeks past made the power of her hostility felt on one side of the world through supporting, and perhaps even inspiring, President Cleveland's message, and by pledging themselves to support their adopted country. In Africa, Irishmen have had the glorious privilege of meeting their country's foes upon the battlefield, and helping to hold them in check in an attempted invasion. Here is how a French journalist regards these events:—"It pleased England to expel the Irish from Ireland. Scattered to-day through the world, these exiles have carried with them their hate against England, and have made it fruitful. It is to retain the suffrages of seven millions of Irishmen living in the United States that President Cleveland gave Lord Salisbury the staggering blow concerning Venezuela. If war breaks out, 100,000 Irish volunteers are ready to serve in the vanguard of the United States armies."

Irishmen in the Transvaal.—"In the Transvaal," this writer continues, "the troops of the Boers who beat the English soldiers included many Irishmen. Amongst those who performed deeds of astonishing courage we may mention Gill from County Mayo. 'Think of Ireland, think of your ruined homes, of your starving kindred, think of Ireland's dead,' said he to his young companions at the battle of Krugersdorf, 'and aim straight!' Not a single shot from the rifles of Gill's friends was wasted."

Amnesty.

FRIDAY, JAN. 10TH.—The annual meeting of the Irish National Amnesty Association was held at 41, York Street. Mr. Michael Lambert, V.P., occupied the chair, and before proceeding to business alluded to the loss they had sustained in the death of Dr. Ffrench Mullen, who had been their treasurer and a steadfast worker in the cause. The secretary then announced that the balance to the credit of the general account was £24 18 8d, and to the credit of the aid fund, after grants to prisoners' families, £33 18 6d. The chairman then announced that since their last annual meeting five prisoners had been released, and there was some reason to hope that the others would soon be released. Alluding to Mr. James Egan's mission to the States, he urged the desirability of union on this question. Some opposition had been shown to Mr. Egan on the pretext that his mission was a political one, and he wished to give that report a most emphatic denial. Mr. Dunphy then moved a resolution claiming amnesty for the prisoners, not only on the grounds that many are innocent, but for all, on account of the political excitement and panic at the time of their trial having resulted in sentences incommensurate with the charges; that the many years of penal servitude they had undergone was full expiation for any offences; and that where these were committed they had been entrapped by police agents. Several speakers having eloquently supported this resolution, it was adopted, and the proceedings terminated.

Amnesty Association of Great Britain.—A meeting was held at 55 & 56, Chancery Lane, on Wednesday, January 9th. Dr. Mark Ryan, presiding. Amongst those present were:—Dr. A. M'Bride, Messrs. W. M'Carthy, J. Murphy, J. Mullins, J. P. Caughlan, and J. O'Kelly, Hon. Sec. The chairman in referring to recent events in the South African Republic, said he should be glad to see the Irish prisoners treated with the same clemency which President Kruger had extended to Jameson and his fellow brigands. The

Secretary acknowledging the receipt of £5 from Miss Gonne, £1 from Govan, and £1 from Anderton branch. On the motion of Dr. M'Bride, seconded by Mr. M'Carthy, a resolution was passed condemning the action of those who opposed Mr. James Egan's work for Amnesty in the United States. Election of Officers:—At a meeting held in 55 & 56, Chancery Lane, on Wednesday, January 22nd, the following were elected for the ensuing six months:—President, Dr. Mark Ryan; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. T. Killen, and D. Buttmer; Treasurer, Dr. M'Bride; Hon. Sec., J. O'Kelly.

Belfast Amnesty Association.—The usual fortnightly meeting was held on Sunday, January 26th, in the National Hall, Royal Avenue, Mr. H. Dobbin, V.P., in the chair. The following were in attendance:—Messrs. J. Johnson, P. Sherlock (Treasurer), W. Kennedy, J. M'Cormack, W. Barton, J. O'Dougherty, C. Steenson, Neil Collins, W. Haughey, J. Sherlock, James Campbell, J. Treanor, H. M'Anulty, P. Walsh, H. O'Hara, J. Scullion, J. Kennedy, W. Gavin, J. O'Donovan, P. Kelly, John Quigley, E. Cosgrove, B. M'Cabe, J. Mohan, &c., &c. The chairman, Mr. H. Dobbin, referred to the opposition which the mission of James Egan to America was meeting in some quarters. They had all heard Mr. Egan, when in Belfast, describe his sufferings, and those of his fellow prisoners, in British dungeons; and when he went to America to awaken public feeling on their behalf, it might have been supposed that no opposition would have been possible. Mr. P. Sherlock proposed, and Mr. P. Walsh seconded a resolution strongly condemning the action of those in America responsible for this opposition. Messrs. Kennedy, Cosgrove, and O'Hara, supported the resolution, and Mr. Dobbin in putting it expressed a hope that such resolutions would be sent forward from every part of the country.

The Belfast Rifle Clubs.—The members of the Belfast Rifle Clubs have entered an application to have permission given their members to compete for the Queen's prize at Bisley. Members of Volunteer Corps in the colonies throughout the world have the right to compete for this distinction. Irishmen alone are excluded, and are beginning to grumble at the fact.

The Gaelic Athletic Association, Co. Cork.—As Ulster is, and always has been since the start, rather backward in the great Gaelic athletic movement which has played such a prominent part in the history of our country for the past twelve years, and still flourishes so vigorously—a strong contest to the leagues and federations—Northern readers may like to hear a very short resume of the rise and history of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Even as Wolfe Tone was the founder of the United Irishmen, Stephens of the I.R.B., Colonel John O'Mahony of the Fenian Brotherhood, Nolan of the Amnesty Movement, so was Michael Cusack, of Clare, the founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association. It was established on the 1st of November, 1884. It principally drew its strength from a group of sterling Irishmen, who had banded themselves together as early as the year 1880, with the object of reviving the magnificent Irish national pastime of hurling. This group was known by the name of the Metropolitan Hurling Club, and included many Ulstermen—Charley M'Gavey of Donegal, Rev. Samuel Holmes of Down, Slavin of Armagh, Trueman Cross of Tyrone, Frank A. Patterson and Dr. Robert Patterson of Newry, and many others. The conventions of the Gaelic Athletic Association in 1885 and 1886 were not very large, and were held in Hayes' Hotel, Thurles. However, that of 1886 had swelled so much more than the predecessor that it had to adjourn to the rooms of the Young Men's Society. Mr. Maurice Devin was elected president, Mr. P. T. Hoctor vice, and Messrs. O'Reilly and O'Riordan replaced the founder, Mr. Cusack, as secretaries. Clubs were springing up everywhere with marvellous rapidity. There were bowling clubs, football clubs, handball clubs, athletic clubs, and cycling clubs.

Fine patriotic Irish names, redolent of many a glorious memory, were given them, and showed that they intended, should they get a time and chance, to do stern work in the grand old Irish cause, and help to strike a blow to lift up the old land from her chains and ragged slavery to a place among the nations. In Ulster were the William Orr Club, of Glassdrummond, County Down; the Robert Emmet G.A.A., of Newry; the Rory O'More, of Belturbet; and Myles O'Reilly (Slasher of Cavan), the Clan-na-Gael, of Downpatrick; the Milesians, Hibernians, and Harps of Erin, of Derry; the Lisburn Red Hand A.C., and the Gaelic Reserve, Northern Star, and Harp of Belfast, together with scores of others too numerous to mention. The numbers being about—Cavan, 20; Monaghan, 25; Armagh, 15; Antrim, 12; Down, 10; Fermanagh, 5; Tyrone, 5; Derry, 20; Donegal, 5; making a total of over 100 branches. Of the other three provinces, Munster, the cradle of the movement had about 500 clubs (County Cork and County Tipperary having about 150 clubs each), Leinster about 450 (Dublin city and county possessing 120), and the province of Connaught over 200. Thus at one period the G.A.A. could put on the field of play over 1,200 clubs, representing at least 120,000 able, active young men, for every club had 100 members, some clubs far and away more. And I am taking a low estimate of their numbers. The men were well trained by athletic exercise, officered by their captains, vice-captains, and club officers, and uniformed. I do not say that all this was prior to 1887, but that year saw a great spread of the branches of the G.A.A., and fully six hundred clubs sent their delegates to the ever memorable convention which was held in the Thurles Courthouse in the November of that year, and of which I shall speak later on.

Home Reading Circles.

We submit to our friends among the literary societies very briefly the following scheme, on the lines of which we are at present organizing amongst our private friends and societies with which we are connected, reading circles for the study of Irish history and literature. The system is intended to make up for the want of libraries in country districts, and to encourage our people to acquire and value and study Irish books. I am seeking the co-operation of a secretary, whose name will not give to the Home Reading Union, which we hope to build up, any political bias. The council of the Irish Literary Society, London, are disposed, if the National Literary Society, Young Ireland League and other Irish societies will co-operate, to give all possible help in the matter. The circles may be formed among the members of any society, or may be made up of individuals, from half-a-dozen to twelve, who can conveniently meet and interchange books. One energetic and systematic person undertakes to act as secretary and librarian; to him each member furnishes a list of all the Irish books in his or her possession, which will be available for mutual loan. Other more valuable books may be set on a different list as available for reference. The secretary, putting these lists together, will have command of a miniature lending library catalogue, and must make it his duty to see that the members set about reading the books they possess. Each member is also to undertake to expend a certain amount on new books each year. In a circle of twelve members, four volumes each would add forty-eight books to their joint library. The head secretary of the Union is to be supplied with the catalogue of the library, and will advise as to the selection of new books, with a view to having every section of Irish literature, history, poetry, biography, fiction, properly represented. The editor of the SHAN VAN VOCHT will for the present receive any communications on this subject; and to country members who have not the advantage of a local book-shop, will have volumes forwarded promptly by a Belfast firm, which has undertaken to keep in stock all Irish books commended for the reading circles.

Books on Ireland.

The following are a few works of special interest we have at present. Some of them are out of print and scarce, others are newly published. Postage or carriage is extra except where marked "post free."

THE NEW IRISH LIBRARY, paper, 1/- each, post free; cloth, 1/10, free.—**Irish Song Book**, **Patriot Parliament of 1689**, **New Spirit of the Nation**, **Boy of Stars**, **Parish Providence**, **Early Gaelic Literature**, **Life of Sarsfield**, **Owen Roe O'Neill**.

Murphy's Cromwell in Ireland, 7/6.

Prendergast's Cromwellian Settlement (1865), scarce, 12/6.

O'Hanlon's Lives of the Irish Saints, 7 large handsome volumes (usual price, £7 16s.), new, £5.

Dublin University Magazine, containing valuable contributions by the best Irish writers from 1831, 72 volumes, £3 10s.

Wills' Lives of Illustrious Irishmen, 12 volumes in 3, portraits (cost £3 10s.), 16/-.

O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary, 4to., 10/-.

Books in the Irish Language, with English translation, &c.—**Lives of the Saints, from the Book of Lismore** (31/6), 14/-; **Saltair Na Rann**, 5/6; **Cath Finntraga, &c.**, 4/6; **Celtic Selections**, 3/-; **Pursuit of Diarmuid**, 1/6.

Ulster Journal of Archæology (1854 61), 8 vols., in parts, £3 10s. Do. (1856-60), 5 vols., cloth, £2 10s., or

separate volumes, 12/6, scarce.

Smith (F. W.) Memoirs of '93, 1/- post free.

Fitzpatrick's Sham Squires and Informers of '93, 3/-.

McGee's History of Ireland, 2 volumes in 1, cloth, 3/-.

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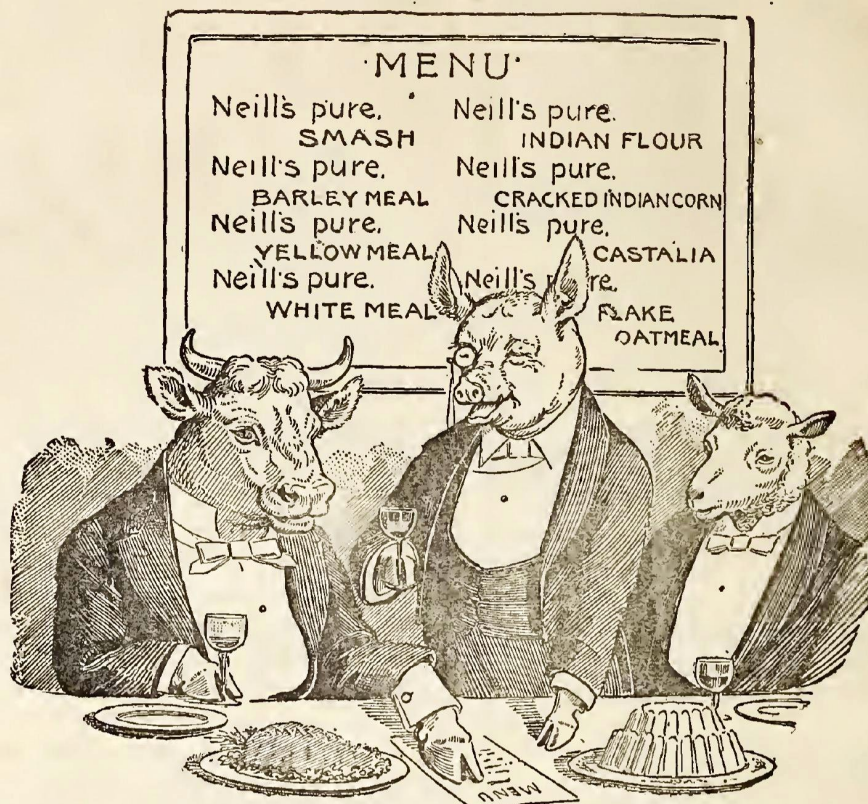
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