

IRELAND—AFTER
FORTY YEARS

BY

LUKE B. CALLAN

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FOREWORD

To all true lovers of incomparable Erin and especially to those who have had the good fortune and rare privilege of being reared among her green hills and smiling valleys I lovingly dedicate this "wee" book.

And if my readers will have gleaned half of the thrills and half of the joys I experienced in retracing my footsteps of forty years ago I will not have written this small volume in vain.

The Author.



AN APPRECIATION

“IRELAND—AFTER FORTY YEARS,” is not just another book on Ireland. As the title suggests, it was inspired by the realization of a long-cherished dream of an exiled Gael, and is indubitably a work of love and veneration.

Far too many Irish exiles have been denied the exquisite and soul-satisfying pleasure of feasting their home-sick eyes on the incomparable charm of their beloved Motherland with its magic and irresistible lure; a lure that casts its spell upon the stranger and the skeptic, instantly dispelling their indifference and coldness and changing them to life-long friends.

After the lapse of almost half a century, Mr. Callan, a Gael of the Gaels of Cavan, a lineal descendant of that indomitable patriot and soldier, Myles O'Reilly (“Myles the Slasher”) of historic and immortal Finea memory, and a most devout Catholic, was privileged to return to Ireland in time to witness the most auspicious religious event in recent Irish history. I mean the Eucharistic Congress.

Mr. Callan describes (as far as it was humanly possible for one man to do so) that unprecedented and unparalleled outpouring of Ireland's faithful people in honor of Christ The King, and describes it in a manner which is truly touching as well as convincing.

There are smiles as well as tears in “Ireland—After Forty Years”. Which is as it ought to be when an Irishman writes of the land of his birth. How could it be otherwise! 'Tis said that only an Irishman can

sing an Irish Song. Permit me to add that only an Irishman can write an Irish book that is worth reading.

Mr. Callan's book is well worth reading. It is a treat and a Godsend at a time like the present when irreverence and irreligion are masquerading shamelessly in the guise of ultra-modernism.

Mr. Callan's native guilelessness, preserved unsullied during more than forty years of exile, is delightfully, albeit unconsciously, portrayed in his naive recollections of the scenes and events of his childhood days in his beloved Coolkill.

In his retrospective contemplation of the Coolkill of a vanished day, old friends and neighbors, long since gone to the Great Beyond—as are also his parents—become animate and again pursue the even tenor of their way in a setting which vanished with them. For, though Coolkill is practically unchanged topographically, the inevitable vicissitudes of forty years have wrought a transformation in the social and economic life of the place.

The author's naturally exuberant spirit droops as he approaches Coolkill from Dublin, and is confronted with the shocking evidence of vandalism in the stark ugliness of hundreds of tree stumps that once bore stately and flourishing trees that arched the road and afforded wayfarers a cool and pleasant shade.

Britain needed timber as well as men in her war with Germany, and the exigencies of war demanded of peaceful Cavan, its tribute of trees that it could not spare. But it is in his contemplation of the crumbled ruins of the beloved home of his carefree boyhood that the author reveals his soul through his wounded heart.

He is overwhelmed by the utter desolation of the place that was sanctified by the Blessing of Almighty

God and dedicated to the Holy Family. He grieves as he gazes disconsolately at the rank vegetation that is striving to efface every vestige of the hallowed shrine where he and his sisters and brothers joined in the prayers of their pious parents.

The Irish Celt's love for his native land and his home associations is too deep-rooted to be ignored or forgotten in exile. It is the very best argument against the continuation of that unnatural emigration that has drained Ireland of her very life blood. Ireland is the Irishman's natural home—and there he ought to be permitted and encouraged to remain.

"Ireland—After Forty Years," will be welcomed by those who love Ireland for Ireland's sake.

Mr. Callan, himself a graduate of Saint Michael's College, Toronto, describes in his own inimitable style his trip to Ireland on the S.S. Samaria, and his delight on finding among his fellow passengers many former students of Old Saint Michael's, some of whom are now priests, lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc.

Mr. Callan's meeting with Cardinal O'Connell on board the Samaria was but one of the numerous happy incidents that made the trip from Boston to Dublin a pleasant and a memorable one for him.

His graphic portrayal of his emotions as he gazed upon the sullen and ruffled surface of "That lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er," and pondered the difficulties attendant upon the peculiar and hazardous ascent to Saint Kevin's Bed; as he stood in the Vale of Avoca and saw the immortalized "Meeting of the Waters,"—the theme and title of Moore's beautiful poem—will be enjoyed by those whose good fortune it was to have been there, and by those who were not so fortunate.

Mr. Callan doesn't merely describe things—he makes the reader see them.

In Belfast, the alleged stronghold of stern and uncompromising Orangeism, Mr Callan saw and heard much that was edifying and inspiring in the piety and patriotism of the Northern Gaels.

He writes his impressions of Antrim, Derry and Donegal in a manner that proves he possesses keen observation, adaptability and profound sympathy.

One with the land that bore him, Mr. Callan's contribution to Irish literature, though unpretentious as the author himself, richly deserves the whole-hearted appreciation of every friend of Ireland.

Padraic Macaward.

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IRELAND—AFTER FORTY YEARS

CHAPTER I

ABOARD THE "SAMARIA"

"CALLAN," said a friend of mine recently, offering me a gnarled hand with a grip of genuine Irish welcome in it, "you were always a lucky man. You are welcome back from Ireland! And how did you find them over there?"

Better, kindlier, and more religious than ever—if such could be the case, Tommy, I said—and I mean it, too! But where do you get that "always-lucky man" canard?

"Well—well," he hesitated, "well—well—ahem! In the first place, Callan, you have married the handsomest, the smartest, the—the neatest—(I don't know what her maiden name was)—and the sweetest and savingest colleen in all New England. In the second place you have a fine family of boys and girls that's a credit to their father and mother, God bless them—"

God bless whom, I interrupted, the parents or the children?

"Oh, God bless all of you; but I repeat, you are the lucky man! Tell us all about Ireland and the Eucharistic Congress," he pleaded.

I will, and gladly, Tommy, but not on this corner. I am foot-sore and weary from tramping the streets all day delivering sad letters and glad letters, business letters, letters of credit, dunning letters, hundreds of bills and a good share of cards from visitors in Ireland, but if you can find time to come to my house tonight I will tell you the complete story of my memorable trip to the Ould Sod after an absence of forty-two years.

"I'll be at your house in less than two hours, Callan. I will that," he emphasized, and we parted.

* * * * *

The evening was a sultry one and instead of the customary hour's stretch on the lounge in my den before bathing, I proceeded at once to the showers but not before I had set the dial on the radio to WAAB where with doors ajar I could readily follow a hectic battle between the Braves and the Pirates. Oh, we Bostonians do back up our baseball clubs, whether they be leading or trailing. Refreshed in mind and body, I came down in less than an hour as radiant as a Killarney rose in June to the surprise and delight of Mrs. Callan. Letter carriers, as a rule, are a tired, grouchy lot on hot and rainy days and herself was not slow to note the transformation.

"I think the trip to Ireland has done you good, handsome," and she looked me up and down with approving eyes.

The word "handsome" from herself had the same exhilarating effect on me as the recent shower and the winning of the fourteen-inning ball game by the Braves.

"Well, handsome," she persisted, "I presume you are prepared to call on one of your old sweethearts tonight to tell her all about your interesting visit to Ireland. Would it be too much if another old sweetheart were to ask who that lucky lady may be?" And herself waltzed around the kitchen table as nimbly as a kitten, deftly distributing the various dishes with the ease and nicety that comes from long practice.

My, but it is herself is in the height of good humor! I kept thinking to myself as the family sat down to one of her best dinners. She is in just the proper spirit to

welcome Tommy Doherty here tonight and I do hope he brings his flute along for I feel as if I could do justice to a few of his smashing hornpipes and hearty reels; besides I am anxious to show herself some of the semiquavers I had picked up in my brief stay in the land where music is second nature to them and where they would sooner dance than eat—but, God love them, they can do justice to both.

Sarah, *acushla machree*, as they would say in Ireland, you are going to have company tonight.

“Now, handsome!” said she, looking her amazement. “It is about time you told us. And who, pray, may we be expecting to honor us with his or her presence this evening?”

An old admirer of your own, little Tommy Doherty no less. He wanted to hear the story of my trip to the Eucharistic Congress. I met him on the Square coming from work and he nearly shook the hand off me. He is the friendliest man in the city. You may expect him here at any moment.

“Mr. Doherty is not only the friendliest, but a more honorable nor a more religious man does not attend St. John’s Church. He will be a hundred thousand times welcome here.”

And herself put so much fervor in her praises of the little flute player that I was forced to remark, what a burning shame it was that she had not met up with Tommy before yours truly.

“It was and it was not, handsome, but as Mr. Doherty has reminded you a little while ago, you were just a lucky man that I had not met him first, that’s all.”

Oh, indeed—but my intended retort to that sally was

cut short by a sharp ring of the doorbell and in another minute a dozen hands simultaneously were reaching out a welcome to the "friendliest little man in Peabody."

Seated in a wicker rocker in my den, Tommy scientifically charged his dudeen, rubbed his hands hastily after that ordeal and applied a match to a flowing bowl. Fumes soon were curling above his bald pate and after a few more satisfying puffs he blurted out: "Shoot, Callan, I'm ready and anxious for the story."

There is in my den an ancient but withal very comfortable chair resting close to the floor with a backward tilt to it which herself, since my return home, aptly refers to as, "his steamer chair." Cozily ensconced in this and opposite Doherty I seemed to have acquired what actors term "atmosphere" and was just about ready to disclose my recent experiences. But it would seem that I was a bit too slow for the anxious Doherty.

"Come, Callan . . . I am busy waiting," urged the impatient Tommy. "I've a half pipe-full of tobacco smoked already and you haven't made even a start. Come, now, spit it out!"

I will, Tommy, but I hardly know where to begin.

"Begin at the beginning and end at the end. Leave out nothing. I'm here to get it all or none at all," emphasized the persistent Tommy.

O ho! So you will have me tell you of every little incident however personal that has happened from the time I left this house until my return?

"I mean exactly that," smiled the roguish flute player, and I caught him winking slyly at herself, who signaled her approval in a hearty burst of laughter.

Very well, I said (getting not a little peeved). Very

well, Doherty, you are going to have it all . . . even to the Galway Coleen—(Doherty is a Galway man himself) who was ready to fall in love with me until an unfortunate gust of wind nearly sent my cap overboard and exposed my baldness. Tommy made no comments on that confession, but actions speak louder than words. A knowing smile and a sidewise nod of his small head to herself meant in plain words: "Aha! That man o' yours needs watching, Mrs. Callan."

Doherty, I asked, do you remember when it was first announced that the Eucharistic Congress would be held in Ireland? That was a little more than two years ago. You do, and so do I, for it was then that I had made up my mind to attend it if I were living and in good health. Thank God, when the time arrived I was in good health and thank God again and His Blessed Mother, I have done just that and here I am hale and hearty and ready to tell you about it.

To begin at the beginning as you have suggested, on the morning of June the fourteenth, I left this house in a downpour of rain, herself and my eldest boy accompanying me, and we arrived one hour later at the Cunard pier in East Boston. Passengers had advance notice to be on the dock at ten o'clock sharp. Leave it to herself, we were sharper than sharp, and reached the terminal the first of the eighteen hundred who were to come later. The next arrival was a Mr. Roche from Quincy, Massachusetts, who informed us that he had learned from a Cunard officer that the *Samaria* was four hours late, due to a heavy fog, and would not dock before two in the afternoon. I could see herself growing uneasy and I did not blame her, for four hours was a long time to wait.

where there were no seating accommodations and she wisely suggested taking their farewells as our boy had to be at his work by noon.

“Tell me, Mrs. Callan, and did himself kiss you a goodbye?”

Doherty, I warned, if you expect to get the story of my trip tonight, kindly go easy on the interruptions.

“Indeed, and he did not, Mr. Doherty, but we had to kiss him instead, and if we had not gotten a quick get-away, we would have had him back home with us. Now, what do you think of him as a holy pilgrim?”

“‘O ye of little faith’,” quoted the sanctimonious Tommy, looking at the ceiling through a cloud of his own smoke while herself laughed heartily.

Believe it or not, Doherty, herself is telling the truth and if I could have gone back to Peabody with impunity, I would.

“Shame on you,” asseverated Tommy through another cloud of nicotine vapor.

Well, to be as brief as I can, the crowds began to pour in and in my loneliness I struck up a conversation with this one and that one and long before we were called in line to show our passports I had made the acquaintance of pilgrims from the Atlantic to the Pacific. “I feel as if I were in Ireland already,” said a young chap from Santa Barbara, California, after he had told me that this would be his second trip home to Donegal in two years. That and other announcements put heart in me and I chided myself for being such a child.

The hours were fleeting fast and before we knew it the great hulk of the monstrous *Samaria* was nosing her way slowly and surely into her berth. It was not long before

the great iron doors were lifted and there she stood, hard and fast, ready to receive us. Above our heads a thunderous shout went up, bands began playing and we wondered what all the to-do was about; someone gave out information that His Eminence, the great Cardinal, Archbishop of Boston, and his escort were being received aboard. That news gave me added courage and I went aboard as gayly as if I were going to a wedding. The size of the great ship filled me with awe and as I wended my way along an interminable passageway to my state room, I was forced to remark to a fellow traveler that if we kept on we would be in Ireland before we started at all. He smiled, but he did not know that I was making mental comparisons in the sizes of the old and new *Samarita* which, if she were afloat today, would pass for the baby, instead of the mother, of the giantess who now bore her name.

The appointments, accommodations, and conveniences of this modern floating hotel amazed me and I could not help thinking, what will be the comforts of ocean travel if the progress in navigation keeps apace at the same ratio for the next forty years. But the thought that forty years hence would find me gathered into the arms of my Celtic forebears and the voice of a polite English porter announcing the location of my room banished further meditations upon future sailings, and for the next ten minutes I was preoccupied with the disposition of the contents of two well-filled suit cases. The rumble of moving machinery and the sonorous blast of the ship's horn brought me on deck with a speed unbecoming a man in the fifties, but I was none too soon to witness a display that I would not have missed for the world.

Whistles of various crafts vied one with another in prolonged and varied noises, while river fire boats shot rainbow streams of water skyward as a friendly tribute to a beloved and native son, the sterling Cardinal Archbishop, and his party of pilgrims. Six or eight ships of the air encircled the slowly moving *Samaria*—swooping down in close proximity to the decks one instant, and in the next, shooting straight aloft to return immediately in the same spirit of playfulness until one could almost put out a hand and touch their swirling wings. Long after the shrieking craft had been silenced by distance this convoy of the air kept up their Godspeed gambol and we were well out on the Massachusetts Bay ere they reluctantly said their farewells in a magnificent display of aeronautics that was a joy and a wonder to behold.

Simultaneously with the departure of our aerial convoy came the first rays of old Sol and the promise of a lovely afternoon. "Lovely" is a picturesque word but barely sufficient to describe the beauty of that first afternoon aboard our pilgrim ship. Yet despite the splendor of the weather only a very few of that vast throng took advantage of the sunshine and calm which descended upon the *Samaria* like a benediction. The great majority remained below decks adjusting themselves and their belongings for a week's sailing, for were there not seven or eight more afternoons to avail themselves of sunshine adeck? Then came our first meal aboard when the most remote of strangers sat down together and arose the closest of friends. And meal after meal that friendship grew closer and closer until the third day out found the spacious dining salons the meeting places of one grand family of the same minds and hearts imbued with hopes

and ambitions alike, the fond desire to reach the old homeland in safety and the will to be partakers in the world-wide demonstration of love to their Eucharistic King. No wonder this little book in my hand is filled from cover to cover with the names and addresses of prelates and priests, of venerable old men and women, who like myself, were making their first home visit after absences of forty, fifty, aye! in one instance, sixty years. Is it any wonder that half of those leaves are inscribed with the names of colleens who labored and saved from their scanty earnings the fare that would take them home to their loved ones in this year of years where with hearts laden with love for Him, they could honor Him anew in the land they loved a little less? This book contains other names of young men who also were making their first home visit. Among them are many of high ideals and holy purposes who, like their saintly sisters, had gladly embraced the opportunity even at the risk of losing good positions to do honor to their Lord and Master in the land of their birth. Had I the leisure I would consider it a labor of love to write a special letter to the bearer of every name in this diary, if for nothing more than to find out from each individual his impressions of the land rightfully called "Holy Ireland" and the effect the greatest international Eucharistic Congress ever held had on their Celtic imaginations.

Doherty, I am sorry that you have missed the most interesting and the most holy pilgrimage that has ever sailed, and for that matter, that will ever sail in our day to any country outside the United States of America. It is not without reason that I have called it a most holy pilgrimage. Picture to yourself a sea voyage where your

three rooming mates insisted upon getting down on their knees each night before retiring, to recite the Rosary, and maybe you will glean some idea of the fervor and sincerity prevalent among this huge family. I was most fortunate in having for companions a Mr. Glynn and his boy from Boston and an elderly bachelor from Quincy, Massachusetts. The latter was making his first trip home,—and I learned later, his last—in fifty years, to die in his native Mayo. The poor old man was an illiterate and had abandoned all hope of being readmitted to the United States. It was his wish to piously attend the Eucharistic Congress at Dublin and return to his native Mayo where in a few short years he almost joyously anticipated being laid to rest in the quiet graveyard alongside his pious father and mother. I am happy to state that this was the one and only pathetic case I encountered on the trip. To us strangers it surely seemed sad, but I honestly believe that to dear old Mr ——— it was the most joyful homecoming of any pilgrim aboard.

Bulletins announcing that the holy sacrifice of the Mass would be celebrated each morning in the different lounges from seven o'clock till nine were posted and eagerly read by all. Since there were hundreds of clergymen aboard, this meant that several Masses would be said at each appointed place and to the piously inclined this arrangement was a consolation and a joy, for just as soon as one Mass was concluded one could attend another in thanksgiving for the daily communion which the great majority availed themselves of. In addition to this we had a public recital of the Rosary every day at 3:00 P.M. Now, Doherty, please do not run away with the idea that this party was one long-faced puritanical delegation

who considered it a sin to pass a jest, or an abomination to take part in a wholesome dance. Indeed, there were jestings galore, so many that my sides were sore from fits of laughter, and dancing aplenty, enough to satisfy the most rabid worshippers of the goddess Terpsichore, but it was innocent dancing wherein old and young took part in a spirit of amusement and relaxation that was good for their health. But as you might expect, the really artistic dancing took place in the third-class quarters and we had audiences galore from the tourist and cabin divisions who applauded generously as they reveled in wonderment at the cleverly executed steps and marveled at the lithe and rhythmic movements done with such grace and naturalness to the lilt of violin, accordion and bagpipes.

While we thoroughly enjoyed the singing and dancing, and betimes were enthralled and educationally improved attending the varied program of lectures aboard, to my mind, the greatest charm of all was the daily, nay, hourly meeting of new friends. Eighteen hundred humans with as many different personalities held for one a delightful and constantly increasing anticipation that kept him almost breathlessly awaiting the morrow when, as sure as he arose, another list of fresh acquaintances would be added to his repertory. This to me, as I have already stated, constitutes one of the really great and enduring joys of ocean travel. Cardinal O'Connell, our great and democratic leader, sensing that many through no fault of theirs, if they wished to be of the Boston party, must necessarily be content with lowly allotments aship, out of the goodness of his big heart gave orders for open house. No sooner was this glad news worded about than

I took advantage of the privilege to do some visiting. I had aboard many dear friends among the tourist and cabin passengers whom I was anxious to meet and quite a few whom I had never met. Among the latter was a Miss Bethune of Rochester, New York, whom friends of mine from the floral city had previously besought me not to miss. So, my first visit across the "border," for I had advance notice that Miss Bethune had reservations in the second cabin, was to the tourist quarters. My advice was, first to seek out this affable Scotch dame and the result would be the meeting of the whole Rochester delegation who were being conducted to the Congress by Monsignor Shay. Someone graciously pointed out to me the comely lass who received me warmly and invited me to a deck chair next to her own. I was soon to discover that my newly-found friend was all and more than my Rochester cousins had so enthusiastically pictured her. Miss Bethune being a recent convert to the Faith proved not only interesting but also provokingly entertaining. Her joy on having found the true Church was boundless and she had the gift of imparting a share of that to all who had the happiness of meeting her. I venture to say that not another in all that vast assemblage was enjoying more keenly nor more religiously the thought of the Eucharistic Congress ahead.

"Look at that, now! The Irish colleens were not good enough for him. See how soon he was on the trail of the Scotch lassies. I told you he was worth watching, Mrs. Callan."

"Let him alone, Mr. Doherty. He will soon be telling tales on himself," cautioned herself.

Engrossed in the story of Miss Bethune's conversion, I

had heed for little else when it suddenly occurred to me that a vivacious young Miss escorting a middle-aged cleric of prepossessing appearance stood opposite us and was courteously awaiting our attention for an introduction. I had not known then that the pretty Miss in question was one of the Rochester party. After chiding Miss Bethune for her apparent inattention, Miss Mary in her best up-state English and her decidedly Rochester accent said: "My dear Miss Bethune, meet the Reverend Stephen J. O'Boyle of Scranton, Pa." The sound of that name shot through me like a bolt of electricity. Steve O'Boyle! Can it be he? I asked myself. Lest I might be mistaken I first glanced at his nose; I had a reason for that. Great Brian Boru! It *is* he! While bending in greeting to Miss Bethune, I jumped to my feet and quite irreverently dealt him no little love tap across his broad shoulders. Speedily resuming my seat I sat breathlessly awaiting results. Stunned by the suddenness of the blow, Father O'Boyle moved back a pace and bored me through with a pair of hazel eyes that changed almost to blue as recognition gradually crept into them. Swinging back his arm to emphasize the grip he was about to take on my hand, he bounded forward as he loudly exclaimed: "Jumping Judy Flannigan, if it is not my old college chum, Luke Callan! Think of it, ladies and gentlemen, this is our first meeting in thirty-five years!" Putting a friendly arm about my shoulders, he continued: "What a reunion this is! Ladies and gentlemen, you marvel that I could have remembered my friend Luke after such a long absence, but I have here"—pointing to his nose—"something to remember him by. If you look closely you will notice here a slight—very

slight—disfigurement—but it might have been worse, and it was no fault of Luke's that it was not. Thirty years ago I was a good-looking youth—of course, I'm a good-looking man today—ahem! but one sad day—for me—in a football game, Luke's head—marble head—at least it was, or I thought it was on that day—collided with my smeller—excuse the vulgarity—and behold the results! I'll admit it could have been worse. I was vain then and prided myself on the delicate outlines of my really handsome proboscis. But, ladies and gentlemen, you should have seen it after the catastrophe! Flat? Why it was spread all over my face and when I looked in the mirror I—well, I just fainted, and when I came to, good old Doctor Cassidy had done his best, which, you will agree with me, was not too bad for surgeons in those days. Ladies and gentlemen, I am actually proud of my Roman nose."

Every word of Father O'Boyle's story was true, even to confessing that he was proud as a youngster. He may not realize it, but to my mind he is as vain of his personal appearance today as he was thirty-five years ago for he was, easily, the best-groomed cleric aboard the *Samaria*.

"And then he wonders that I have called him a lucky man. Why, Mrs. Callan, your husband must have been born in a blacksmith's forge—there are horseshoes hanging all over him. But go ahead, Callan, that trip of yours is getting more interesting every minute. I hope to be hearing about that Galway colleen soon."

Since you have recalled her to my mind, Doherty, this will be as good a place as any to tell of Miss Winnie McGrath's consternation, when, through no fault of mine, nor curiosity of hers, she discovered how such a

young and good-looking man could be so alarmingly bald.

“Agra Machree! How that man of yours does hate himself,” interjected Tommy, wagging dolefully a far balding pate than the one under discussion.

“Heh! He has the nerve to prate about Father O’Boyle’s pride but, take it from me, Mr. Doherty, that man of mine could give every priest and bishop aboard the *Samaria* lessons in vanity. Conceited? Don’t be talking!”

And Mrs. Luke lifted reverted palms only to drop them in her lap in a gesture of pretended disgust.

Doherty, I reminded him, if you two care to hear about the sweetest girl this side of Galway you must cease making sport of me. And, too, it may not be amiss to remind you that there is such a place as Reno.

“Ow—wow!” ejaculated Tommy smacking a skinny thigh in glee. “This affair with the ‘Shawl o’ Galway Grey’ must be more serious than we had anticipated. Eh, Mrs. Callan?”

Well, here is exactly how serious it was. Dapper Andy Hagerty it was who first called my attention to winsome Winnie. Seated in the lounge on our second day out, awaiting dinner, Andy pointed her out to me and, I thought, very seriously asked for my opinion of that type of girl. Andy, if you remember, was the lad from Santa Barbara, California, whom I had met at the East Boston pier. Hagerty was what many aboard had unthinkingly termed, in the parlance of the day, a “shiek” but in truth he was as far removed from that much-abused appellation as his native Donegal was from California. Andy, to be sure, was easily the best-dressed young man

in our class, along with being intelligent, courteous and mighty fine to look at. In a word, barring myself, he was the handsomest male passenger on the ship's sailing list.

"Great Galway Bay! Say, Mrs. Callan, how in the name of all that is good and wholesome do you put up with him? Why, man alive, I've seen better looking 'leprechauns' roaming the Conemara hills than this 'handsome' man o' yours. Tell me, and no fooling, were you blindfolded when you married him?"

"Love is blind, Mr. Doherty. But, faith, I've had my eyes opened since when—well—when it was too late. Augh—han—oh!"

"God help you—God help you, Mrs. Callan, for I cannot! Go on with the story you—you homely little gaunkeen before I'm tempted to take you across my knees and give you what your good-looking wife should have given you twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Callan, you have my deepest sympathy."

Tommy, a bouchal, save your sympathies for pretty Mrs. Doherty, for if herself here has need of yours, your poor wife, God help her, deserves the condolences of every man, woman and child in the city of Peabody. If Mrs. Luke, as you say, was blind—Mrs. Thomas must have been not only blind, but deaf and dumb in the bargain. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

"Ow! wowh! Ow! wowh!" wailed Doherty in Amos fashion, "'twere better I had said nothing, Mrs. Callan. Go on with the story of Winnie McGrath, Callan. You win."

Well, sensing that my friend Hagerty was in the market for a wife, I hesitated not in giving him my honest

opinion of the fair Winnie. I begged him to take the judgment of a man of many experiences and that he would never regret it. I told him that Miss McGrath to my mind was easily the handsomest, the tenderest, the most promising, the most cultured and the purest young woman in our midst. And I was not alone in my estimation of the comely Winnie, for when on the day before I had introduced her and her chum, Bridie O'Sullivan, to the Soggarth of the coal mines, Father O'Boyle not only picked Winnie for a future nun but was so sure that she was called to the cloister he hesitated not in giving her a note of introduction to a Mother Superior in Philadelphia, and on our parting he promised Winnie to attend the ceremony of her veiling a few years hence. Andy was in perfect agreement in all I had to say of the winsome Cregmore Clare lass but bowled me over when he declared boldly in favor of the titian-haired Bridie O'Sullivan. Despite my admiration for Miss McGrath, I was forced to applaud the courage of the lad from Donegal. Andy, it seems, did not fancy courting a fair maid who in his judgment would cast him aside eventually for a life in the convent. And despite the beauty and charm of the girl from Galway one can hardly blame him. Andy felt far surer of the golden-tressed Bridie and it will not surprise me if at any time I will receive a fat envelope announcing the nuptials of one Andrew Hagerty of Kilcar, County Donegal, to Bridget O'Sullivan, Killarney, County Kerry. And let us hope that in a few short years I will be the recipient of yet another fat envelope, this time announcing a happier union of one Winifred McGrath with the King of Bridegrooms.

"Callan, all of what you have told us is very nice, but

I am still waiting to hear how 'dangerously' near Miss McGrath came to falling in love with you," reminded the insistent flute player.

Doherty, you will not be put off! But even in the presence of herself here I am not ashamed to say that the Cregmore Clare girl had a soft spot in her heart for me. Winnie, without mincing words, declared that she could love me forever for—well—for a father.

"Oh yeah! Do you swallow that, Mrs. Callan? I'll swear I don't. My advice to you, Mrs. Callan, is never to let him out of your sight again and, if ever that fat letter comes from Philadelphia, get hold of it before he does. I think I smell a rat," said Doherty scratching the baldest spot on a very bald head.

"Very sound advice, Mr. Doherty, but Mary has brewed us a cup of Irish tea and I think himself has brought you something a trifle stronger which in spite of his saintly pretences he managed to get by the Boston customs. Come now, he can rave just as plausibly in the dining room as he can here," invited herself.

"Callan, you are a great little man," declared Tommy, licking his lips after the—the—well, the tea. "God bless all of you! Let us get back to the den and hear the rest of the story. Mrs. Callan, you will do me a favor if you let that Philadelphia letter get through," coaxed Doherty as he charged his pipe anew.

Doherty, I have endeavored to give to your willing ears some of the interesting things that have occurred on board the *Samaria*. Would that I were capable of recounting every last incident of that unforgettable voyage. Had I the time I would love to tell of the hundreds of Irish boys and girls I sang, danced and chummed with,

of the many priests and prelates I had the pleasure of meeting and speaking with, of the numerous elderly folk I conversed and consorted with. The old and the young, the priests and the prelates, the rich and poor, no matter whom you came in contact with, you would be surprised that you had something in common with them. It is true that the world, our world, is very small after all is said and done. I can safely say that in the hundreds I met there was not one who had not known someone I had known and vice versa. It was all so surprisingly interesting that the days aboard sped like hours. I have given you the story of Father O'Boyle, let me give you another a little less entertaining. One rainy afternoon I was coming away from Father O'Boyle's state room and while taking a near cut through the tourist quarters I came face to face with a nun pacing up and down under a sheltered corner of the deck. She was telling her beads and was without companion. Her habit attracted my curiosity and I was bent on finding out to what community she belonged. I lifted my hat in salute and courteously inquired to what order of nuns she was attached. She graciously replied: "The Benedictines." Further inquiries brought out the fact that the charming little Benedictine was from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, that she taught school and that the Mother House was in West Grove, a suburb of Philadelphia.

I thanked her and was about to leave her when I thought that it would be only polite to tell her who I was. Excusing myself for interrupting her pious meditations I said, "My name is Callan, Sister, and I am of the Boston Party."

“Callan! Why, that is my name.”

“Yes, Sister, and my full name is Luke Callan.”

“Gracious me! My father’s name was Luke Callan; this is getting interesting, Mr. Callan.”

It got so interesting that before we got through it turned out that our grandfathers were natives of the County Monahan, and if facial expression and contour counted for anything we must be very closely related because good Sister Columba would pass for a sister of a first cousin of mine in Providence, Rhode Island; there was a very striking family resemblance. I pointed out Sister Columba to several people afterwards and they were struck at the decided family likeness. I prided in that for Sister Columba had a seraphic countenance and reminded one very much of the pictures you see of “The Little Flower.”

“That will do—that will do! Mrs. Callan, will you do me a favor? Get me my hat; this is getting beyond my endurance. The next thing we will hear is that he not only looks like St. Patrick but that he is a cousin of his. If I thought that the ‘Little Flower’ looked anything like you, Callan, I would quit praying to her immediately.”

Calm yourself, Tommy, the effect of that drop o’ Galway mountain dew will die down presently. Sarah, agra, would you mind pouring him out another finger or two before I tell him of my meeting His Eminence, Cardinal O’Connell. It will serve to steady his nerve.

“God bless you and old Ireland, too,” said the roguish Doherty, passing back to herself the empty glass and blinking a comical eye. “You don’t mean to say that

your man met his Eminence, the Cardinal, on the trip, Mrs. Callan?"

"Heh! Did he meet the Cardinal? Mr. Doherty, that is about all I have heard since his return. It is Cardinal O'Connell this and Cardinal O'Connell that. I verily believe if my man had not the honor of meeting his Eminence the trip across would have been a flat failure for him."

"I suppose like the little Sister he met, he has made the Cardinal out a cousin of his."

Doherty, I had not only the honor of meeting our great Cardinal but had the inestimable privilege of a private conversation with him. For a prince of the Church he is as easily approached as a day laborer. Cardinal O'Connell has the happy faculty of making all who approach him feel perfectly at ease. One does not have to strive to reach his dignity for Boston's great prelate immediately comes down to your own level and makes you feel as comfortable and in some cases more comfortable than if you were conversing with your own wife.

"Bravo, Callan! I agree with you there—I agree with you there," repeated Doherty despite a look of scorn from herself.

Doherty, you may consider me nervy when I tell you that I obtained from the lips of his Eminence information which in spite of all that has been written about him I have never been able to secure from any other source. Hailing from the County Cavan myself, I have always been anxious to discover what section of the widely distributed county of Cavan his parents were reared in. The affable Cardinal not only furnished me with the

name of the chapel in which his dear dead parents were united in holy wedlock, but he also named their market town which happens to be Virginia, one of the prettiest of Cavan's many quaint and picturesque marketing centres, ideally located on the shore of beautiful Lough Ramor. His Eminence went even a step farther when he told me his nearest living kin in Cavan were the Fitzsimmonses and the O'Reillys of Virginia. I left him with a sense of the deepest gratitude, not failing to remind him that I was a Cavan man myself and a-half O'Reilly in the bargain.

"There you are, Mrs. Callan! See, he could not leave Cardinal O'Connell without insinuating that he was a-half O'Reilly himself. He sought to draw on the O'Reillys: thinking his Eminence might delve into the history of the great O'Reilly clan and make him out a relative of his own. But, despite his failings, one cannot help admiring the perseverance of your 'handsome' little man. It is a pity he could not have made out Cardinal O'Connell his cousin."

"That is all you know about it. 'Tis little you understand that man o' mine. Why, Mr. Doherty, he has gone to work and interviewed every O'Reilly and Fitzsimmons family in the County Cavan and comes home to me with the news that he is a twenty-first or maybe a thirty-first cousin of the great Cardinal and is as proud of that fact as if he had set Ireland free!"

"Worra, worra! Poor man. But, sure, if he is happy in his pipe dreams, please do not wake him up—let him rave on—let him rave on—Mrs. Callan. I had a dream myself once that Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia was an uncle of mine and it has done me no harm."

Doherty, yerself and herself seem to have the floor. Let me know when you are through and I may tell you of some more prelates and priests I have encountered on my trip to Ireland. If you are satisfied that you have poked enough of fun at me I would like to say a word about the most lovable prelate aboard the *Samaria*; the handsome Bishop Brennan of Richmond, Virginia. Kind, gentle, affable, his Lordship had the gift of drawing people to him without even trying. Like Father O'Boyle he is a product of the coal mines in Pennsylvania. His smile was seraphic and when he joked his very blue eyes fairly danced with merriment. He was irresistible and when one sat in conversation with him he felt like being in the presence of an archangel—a droll Irish archangel—if one can imagine such a being. Bishop Brennan had for his traveling companion Father McGucken, a giant of a priest, who likewise prided in his Pennsylvania birth and Irish lineage a little more than he boasted of Ottawa College and its all-Canadian Championship football team. I have played rugby football myself but I would have dreaded to encounter young J. J. McGucken on the gridiron when, as the sporting files of any Canadian newspaper can show, he was the terror of the opposition. But appearances count for little, because I was soon to learn that underneath a layer of bone and muscle beat a heart as big as a turnip and before we said our farewells at Dunleary I was thoroughly convinced that Father McGucken had more—he was bigger—of the archangel in him than his saintly co-traveler, the bishop from Richmond, Virginia.

Oh, I could tell you of a hundred other clerics who, because of their characteristics and talents impressed

themselves on me. While I do not wish to tire you with a catalogue of names, the story of my trip would not be complete without mentioning the clever and talented Father Houlihan from Hyde Park, Massachusetts, whose illustrated lectures on Ireland were a joy to the eye and a pleasure to the mind. Father Houlihan not only took us to the most interesting and most picturesque places in Ireland, before we arrived there at all, but his historical lectures, given in conjunction, were highly enlightening and very entertaining. To add to the joy of the thing, Father Houlihan spiced the entertainment with several songs rendered beautifully in Gaelic and English. Then there was a young Father McCracken who carried out in a very capable manner the role of chief master of ceremonies and it was due chiefly to his untiring resourcefulness that the various concerts and entertainments were conducted so delightfully and so successfully. Father McCracken, for a man with such a Scotch name, showed to our delight that a Scot could out-wit, out-lecture and out-sing any Irishman aboard, but some busybody had to spoil it all by publicly announcing that his dad hailed from Armagh and his mother from Mayo. I cannot vouch for the truth of that but I would be willing to wager that the better half of him was Irish—his mother. In justice to one Father Charles Sheridan from Belmont, Massachusetts, I cannot pass over the wittiest, the cleverest and from an educational standpoint, the most enlightening lecture delivered during the voyage. Father Sheridan's lecture was enthusiastically received and was the talk of the ship for days afterward. It only went to show that it took an Irishman to tell of Ireland in a real Irish way. His subject was "Dublin."

Young Father Sheridan is a Cavan man and he proved it that night. Doherty, there are some great Irish men from there. I do not need to tell you I am from Cavan myself.

"Mrs. Callan," pleaded Doherty, casting a loving eye toward the bottle on my desk, "how that runt of a man hates himself and how he does despise the County Cavan! But, how you can put up with him is beyond my comprehension. You are indeed to be pitied, poor woman. I believe I am getting sick myself."

"One can hardly blame you. But I have here a sure cure for sick people. Take a drop of this, I am sure it will help you to endure with him a little longer, Mr. Doherty."

"God bless you, Mrs. Callan! That will give me the necessary stamina to bear with him. Fire away, Callan, but for the love o' Mike stick to your story and leave out that big Ego. It is spoiling an otherwise good tale."

Leave out the comedy, Tommy, and let me tell you of the smallest but the sweetest Soggarth Aroon aboard. If ever you are out around Forest Hills in Boston, call at St. Andrew's rectory and ask to see the pastor, Father Durcan. Tell him I sent you there purposely to meet him. He is the kindest, the most interesting and, even if he is the smallest—the biggest little priest in the archdiocese of Boston. He is the soul of good nature and fairly bubbles over with natural Irish wit. As a genuine Irish patriot, he stands second to none and prides in doing a little more than his share in the old days for Ireland which he loves with the same intensity he loves his aged mother and a little less than he loves his Maker. As an apostle of temperance he has no equal in all New

England and the marvels he has wrought reclaiming addicts will be known only on the last day. No, Tommy, Father Patrick Durcan unfortunately is no cousin of mine nor does he claim Cavan for his native county. Father Pat, like yourself, is a product of the West and is sure that Mayo is the greatest of Ireland's thirty-two divisions. I had the happiness of attending college with him here shortly after his arrival to the United States. There is a man of Ireland and there is a true priest of God! God bless you, Father Pat!

"More of your man's luck, Mrs. Callan?"

Yes, Doherty, more of my luck, and I thank God for meeting again such men as the Fathers O'Boyle and Durcan, but I think it is near time to come to the greatest thrill of all, the incomparable joy of seeing again the holy hills of Ireland after an absence of more than forty years.

"Oh, Callan, let us hear about it, quick," urged Doherty in his eagerness.

It was about six o'clock on Monday morning, June the twenty-first, when word passed from room to room that we were now in the Bay of Galway and in sight of land. There was a hurried rush to the upper decks and while you would be saying it every available space on the starboard side of the ship was ajamb with hastily clad sons and daughters of Erin, eager and anxious to get a glimpse of her emerald-clad hills. It was an ideal morning, too; the sun, a trifle paler than our American god of matins, was bravely breaking through a light haze and, when he had succeeded, there stood before our ravished eyes the green hills of holy Ireland.

To describe my feelings at that moment would be

impossible but they could be well expressed in the case of one John Flaherty, a young man from Norwood, Massachusetts, who stood next to me with tears of joy coursing down his cheeks while he exultantly exclaimed to no one in particular, "Mother of God, but there she is!" I felt as he felt and, as far as I could observe, everyone else felt as we did. A thrill of holy joy overpowered me and rendered me speechless with a sort of pleasant hysteria that no man could explain but that gave me the feeling of wanting to laugh and cry at the same time. So intent were we on the scene before our delighted eyes that I fear the majority of us were late for Holy Mass that morning. But I am sure that God in His love for us understood our love for dear old Ireland and will not hold it against us on the last day.

CHAPTER II

DUNLEARY

WHILE I sat watching six or seven hundred of our happy family disembark at the port of Galway I could not help thinking of the treat that was in store for so many of the very young and very old who were eagerly awaiting the arrival of their sons and daughters, brothers and sisters from America to take them from the West of Ireland to the Irish capital for participation in the great Eucharistic Congress. The parting had nothing of sadness in it because those of us who had remained aboard and those who had gone ashore felt almost certain of meeting again at Dublin.

We lifted anchor a little past noon and pointed for the city by the Liffey, our final destination. Steering out of Galway Bay in a very few hours we were beyond sight of land. This to me and many more who had little knowledge of navigation was somewhat disappointing because we had looked for a glorious view of the rugged Irish coast all the way to Dublin. Indeed, it was eleven o'clock next morning before we sighted land again. Out of the many picturesque headlands showing blue in the morning sunshine, Howth Head to the east rose high and verdant and seemed to be the only landmark of which everyone was sure. However, it made little difference whether or not we could name them in turn for the very sight of them gladdened our anxious hearts. Little by little we drew nearer land until the spires of old Kingstown one by one as they came into view bade

us a *caed mille failthe* even if it was a rather stiff welcome. Soon the Free State and papal colors were waving us a royal greeting for there was not a building in all Dunleary that was not gaudily decorated in green, white, and orange. Kingstown, or as it is better known today, Dunleary, presented a beautiful picture from the bay. Rising gently from the water it graduated in terraced formation to considerable heights and interspersed with trees burdened in their June foliage it looked supernal from our point of vantage.

The grating of the giant chain was a reminder that we were weighing anchor and immediately there was one grand rush and scramble for our hand luggage. In a few more minutes the first little tender came steaming from behind a long and curving strip of land which extended well into the bay and is known as the Pier. Presently the gallant little vessel drew up alongside the *Samaria*. The gang-planks were lowered and one by one we were guided safely onto the small craft until it was so laden with human freight that its gunwales were but inches above water. Perhaps in the history of shipping about Dublin a jollier nor happier boatload had never before been discharged at her docks. You are quite right, Doherty, indeed, I was one of the first to set foot on Irish soil.

The custom officials were very gracious to Boston's quota to the Eucharistic Congress and passed every piece of luggage without so much as opening a case. A tremendous concourse of people awaited our arrival but were barred from entering the wharf proper, which lent greater freedom to the officials and lessened considerably the confusion which invariably attends such landings.

Once outside the gates I looked longingly but hopefully among thousands of eager faces in the expectation that one at least among them, in some way, would recognize me. Putting down my bags to rest my arms I stood on the curb for fully twenty minutes but I seemed to be the only Samaritan unsought for. To tell the truth, Doherty, I felt abandoned by my own. But who of those belonging to me, and they were few, could possibly recognize me after an absence of more than forty years even if they were present in that milling throng? It would be unreasonable to think that they could do so. I next turned my attention to some native who would direct me to lodgings for in my excitement I had left the *Samaria* without arranging for a stay aboard her during the days of the Congress, a privilege that was open to all passengers. I bent to pick up my cases and had taken a few steps to nowhere in particular when I came face to face with a man in middle age and shabbily attired who was soliciting lodgers. In the drollest and most enticing language that has ever issued from the mouth of man he convinced me that more comfortable nor "nater" nor "claner" quarters could be had in all Ireland than were awaiting me. I inquired his price for a four days stay but it was that "chape" he was just ashamed to tell me and not before I had met herself, "Oh, bedad, the natest, the clanest an' the friendliest little lady fr'm Cork to Derry," could he divulge his figures. Mr. Costello was truly irresistible and knowing that there would be an extra million added to Dublin's population for the next four days I consented to go with him.

"Jerry," said Mr. Costello who had an eye out for

more prospective customers, "take the gintleman's luggage up to the house."

Jerry promptly assumed his burden and I followed pensively behind. Through a beautiful parkway above the water's edge, Jerry wound his devious way—this delightful spot, I learned later, is what is known as The Gardens. Higher and higher Jerry mounted, crossed Dunleary's principal business street and began the ascent of a fairly steep avenue that bid fair to end at the summit of Dunleary. I was not favorably impressed with Jeremiah's habiliments from the rear at least and having in mind Costello's tattered livery I was beginning to have my doubts concerning the "natest" the "clanest" et cetera. At a point about a hundred yards from the top of the street Jerry took a right turn and presently we were on Crosswaite Terrace. To my surprise and delight Jerry led the way up a long flight of cutstone stairs adorning a house that at some time must have been the home of a duke or earl. Here herself met us in a hallway as spacious as a church vestibule. Mrs. Costello was about as prepossessing as her honey-tongued husband and bore a disfigurement that did not add to her beauty. The poor woman had a very sharp turn in one of her eyes. But, Doherty, looks are very deceiving, for I was not long lodged in the "natest" and the "clanest"—and Mr. Costello had forgotten to add the largest—room I had ever slept in—before Mistress Costello had proven herself to be the most religious woman I had ever met. She was not only neat, but in spite of her looks, which she could not very well help, she was sweetness personified. Mrs. Costello prided in two brother priests in the African missions and "never

fear" she would get me out for early Mass each morning. The sleeping room was so large that my cot-bed looked lost in a corner of it and the ceiling was that high one could not reach it with a broom handle. The vista across beautiful Dublin Bay was a joy to the eye, and every night I could see the *Samaria* resting peacefully on its placid waters, and with all lights ablaze she looked truly magnificent. I could also see the busy tenders plying back and forth with their burden of Samaritans who had preferred to remain aboard. But I did not envy them one whit for Mistress Costello bedded and boarded me for three dollars less than I would have had to pay the Cunard Company.

"Can you beat that, Mrs. Callan? Your man's name should have been Luckie instead of Lukie as we call him around here. You are the— but go ahead, Callan," broke off the wily Doherty, preferring to withhold the thought in his mind.

Rejoicing in my good fortune I was now eager to make a visit to the nearest church in thanksgiving for my safe arrival to the land of my birth. Mrs. Costello graciously pointed out to me the towering spires of St. Michael's, the parish "chapel," and in less than ten minutes I was within the vestibule of as fine a church as I had ever entered in my fifty years of church-going. There was only one drawback to this handsome House of God, and that was the approach to it. Set in off the principal street in Dunleary its main entrance flanked on either side by two mean and very old buildings this magnificent structure of granite with almost cathedral proportions had lost, from a spectator's point of view, most of its magnitude and architectural grandeur. The effect now

wanting could have been easily supplied had the site of the church been selected on the opposite side of the thoroughfare which rose up gradually from the bay. But even as it now stands it seems a pity that whoever was responsible for its erection had not chosen for its frontage the lovely little street on to which it now backs. However, once inside the sacred edifice one soon forgot its unlovely situation and had time only for the architectural grandeur which greeted the eye on all sides. There was just one thing missing and that was the mural paintings and decorations to which we are so accustomed in our churches in the United States of America. Because of the prevailing dampness in Ireland buildings will not permit of paintings nor paper, and one gets the impression that these lovely structures remain yet unfinished. Barring this feature the churches in Ireland excel both in material and architectural design, with few exceptions, anything in the ecclesiastical line we can boast of in America.

Doherty, I had not intended to bore you with descriptions, but what I have said about Dunleary's finest church will stand for churches in Ireland as a whole. The city houses of worship are truly magnificent and of course such excellence is not to be found in country parishes although in many places they are not far behind in both size and splendour.

I started out to tell you of my visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The fervor and devotion of the people impressed me greatly. It was about two o'clock when I entered the portals of St. Michael's and I was astounded but edified to find the spacious church filled with devout worshippers. There were no hurried visits here nor

flitting about from one shrine to another of which there were many. The minds and hearts of all seemed transfixed on the center of devotion, the Master in the tabernacle.

Coming out of St. Michael's I went for a stroll through this handsome suburb of Dublin which compares favorably in business, banking and elegant homes with any of greater Boston's towns. It was still young in the day and being desirous to see all I possibly could of greater Dublin I boarded a tram for Bray. I had heard much about this quaint and handsome town by the sea; that, and the fact that a friend of my family, a venerable lady, McKenna by name, was spending the last days of a long life there, were incentives enough for going to Bray. Unfortunately for me I had forgotten Mrs. McKenna's address, but, knowing that the dear old lady had been a resident of the town for forty years, I had little doubt but that I could find her easily. I was doomed to disappointment, however, for, after inquiring from mailmen, policemen, and merchants, I was compelled to give up the search reluctantly. Here it was I recalled our American efficiency and regretted the absence of it. It seemed incredible that anyone could be a resident of a small town so long and not be known to the butcher, the baker, et cetera, but good old Mrs. William McKenna resides there still and has since regretted my failure to find her. The whole trouble lay in the fact that the good old lady lives with a married daughter whose name I could not recall.

Be that as it may, I certainly did not regret my visit to Bray, the nearest approach to our American towns I had seen in all Ireland. Its few business streets were

clean and wide with a decidedly American air about them. I could hardly think I was in Ireland until I came face to face with a typical thatched cottage set in between pretentious business houses of more than one story in height. I was delighted with the prospect for it was the first one I had seen since I had left Galway Bay. It had its inevitable half-door over which leaned a charming old "granny" looking all the lovelier in her white cap and borders. I approached her in the hope that one of Mrs. McKenna's own age would know something of my friend. But not a bit of it. She seemed to be more interested in her sons and daughters in New York—old as she was she spotted the Yankee—than any particular McKenna woman. But seeing that I had not met up with her Terry and Patsy and Nora and Bridgey in New York, she finally recalled a McKenna woman "a weesha bit down yon road across the hill beyant. Oh, bedad, just a pleasant walk on sich a lovely day. Ye jist turn to the right there at the top o' the street an' ye'll find it down the road a bit. An' whisper, sir, if ever ye go to New York an' ye chance to see me Terry or Patsy be sure and tell 'em their oul' mother, Kitty O'Byrne, was asking for thim. An' whisper, sir, be sure an' tell 'em their oul' mother 'ud like to be hearing from 'em oftener."

I promised I would deliver her message faithfully should I ever meet up with her offspring and left her with her blessings ringing in my ears. I took the pleasant walk and after a "weesha bit" of nearly two miles came at last upon the McKenna residence in question. Despite the length of the journey the stroll was really a delightful one. Enormous trees shaded the road all the way and handsome houses set in off the thorofare with flowery

curved avenues leading to them lent such a charm to the surroundings that I would have passed the house I sought had not the appearance of a mailman reminded me that I was in search of a certain McKenna homestead. Very graciously he pointed to the house I sought and after getting my American opinion of DeValera he mounted his bicycle and disappeared down a side road. This McKenna homestead nestled in a clump of trees on the side of a hill overlooking a delightful ravine in the middle of which ran a crystal gurgling stream. My hopes ran high as I entered a quaint little kitchen where a turf fire burned invitingly, over which hung a ponderous kettle. Mrs. McKenna greeted me cordially but I knew at once by her age that she of the borders and cap had directed me to the wrong house. The mistress of this quaint habitation sighed dolefully because she was not the right Mrs. McKenna and could not tell me "a taste" about the friend I was seeking. After pressing me to stay for a "cup o' tay," I sorrowfully took my leave but not half so sorrowful as the occupant of this lovely abode who almost tearfully regretted that she was not the McKenna woman I had sought.

CHAPTER III

MIDNIGHT MASS

I GOT back to Dun Laoghaire thoroughly beaten, for it is seldom I go in search of anybody that I do not eventually find him. I took the train back and had my second ride in an Irish railway coach. My first was from Oldcastle in Meath to Drogheda in Louth when coming to America, more than forty years ago. On a third class ticket I rode in a first class carriage and the queer part was that no one seemed to care. I got on and off without a soul taking any notice of me and when I gave my ticket to him who must have been the conductor there were no questions asked. The odd thing about it is that you let yourself on and off and if you don't get on you are left, and if you fail to get off—well, you go on and on to anywhere and very likely end up nowhere. On my way down to Cavan from Dublin there was a man in my compartment who had reached Kells in Meath before he awoke to the fact that he should have changed at Drogheda for Belfast. He was given free passage back to Drogheda but was compelled to wait two hours for the first train returning there. He was an American, too, and you should have seen his expression when he heard that glad tidings. I'll wager he is swearing yet. But to get back to Dunleary. I had not gone far from the station when I met up with two young Dubliners who took kindly to me and vied with each other in doing me honours. Seeing that I had on my person no reminders of the great event one presented me with a Congressional Cross and the other with the Papal colors, a bouquet of white and yellow ribbons. Since it was

only eleven o'clock P.M., there was plenty of time for a stroll about Dunleary's business streets before the midnight Mass, for it was the opening night of the Congress. We walked several miles here and there and what struck me most was the absence of foreign names above the doors of the hundred business places. Not once will you find a foreign spelling on a show board no matter what the business or trade may be. The only tram line in Dunleary runs on the main street and one can get conveyance to Dublin proper every five minutes for the small sum of two pence. All trolleys are double decked and have a charm for visitors who eagerly scramble atop where they have the privilege of smoking to say nothing of a delightful view as they ride along. It made me wonder why Americans in the busy days of trolley traffic had not introduced this comfortable and commodious mode of travel.

It was drawing near the time for midnight Mass and realizing that we had a long walk back to St. Michael's, the only church I knew in Dunleary, and fearing that we might be late I suggested that we return at once. My companions smiled and answered me that there was no need to return to St. Michael's since we were already in sight of their own 'chapel' in Glastule and if it made no difference to me they would be proud to have me accompany them thither. Glastule, I learned, was the southerly end of Dunleary and prided in a handsome 'chapel' which I was soon to discover was a beautiful Gothic structure of limestone of recent date and only a little smaller than the one I have already described to you. It was yet daylight as we approached this beautiful house of God but despite the fact that it was only half

eleven, as they express time in Ireland, the spacious and sacred edifice was crowded to an overflow on the outside. I was beginning to regret that we had not remained in Dunleary proper where we would have had a better opportunity of procuring seating accommodations when I heard the voice of a priest proclaiming the glad news that, upon the stroke of twelve, an open air Mass would be celebrated on the lawn in front of the parochial residence. The night was warm and through the leaves of the trees which liberally dotted the spacious garden before the large and handsome parish house, the stars peeped adoringly from a sapphire dome. The glare of a powerful flood-light flashed across the front of the parochial building with such brilliancy that one could count the granite blocks that went to make up its whole. In an arched entrance of the rectory, elevated enough to be in view of all, was erected a small but beautifully designed temporary altar. The officiating priest came to the foot of the altar. The Mass began! The huge assembly, men and women of Ireland, dropped upon their knees, some upon the gravelled walks but most upon the damp cool sod of the richly grass-carpeted sward. Silently and reverentially they followed the great Act in rapt attention. A holy calm descended over all, not a sound breaking the sacred silence save the earnest intonation of the priest's words and the chirrup of a lonely cricket. A gentle breeze filtered through the trees so gently that the tiny flames of the numerous altar candles scarcely flickered. Once or twice I ventured a look around at these loyal subjects of the King Who was soon to bless them from His simple throne. Their love was so intense, their prayers so piously fervent, that I felt the real pulse

of Ireland. Ireland, ever true to her Sacramental Lord, longingly and lovingly awaiting His coming to their midst. And, oh, when at the words of consecration, He did come, what a welcome He received from these His most loyal children! Had He appeared to them in all His majesterial glory a more adoring, a more earnest, or a more loving welcome could not have been His. The faith of these loyal subjects is so strong, so intense, so realistic that a stranger among them felt they had visioned the Divine Presence in their midst. There, indeed, one saw Ireland in her worshipful awe and surpassing joy before the Altar of her unswerving Faith and dearest love. A little later I saw again yet another exemplification of this stupendous Faith when side by side with these generous-hearted sons and daughters of Erin I approached the holy table to partake of the Bread of Life. The inspiring sight of thousands streaming in silent reverence to the altar rail with hearts afire with love, and a look of longing and holy desire on their countenances to receive Him into their anxious hearts, was a scene that years can never efface from my memory. The Irish people never do anything in haste, so in rapt attention to the miracle which had taken place they return reverently with bended heads to their pews to commune piously and lovingly with their Lord and Master now enthroned in their hearts. Part of my own thanksgiving was for the exceptional privilege of being one of that vast assemblage of pious souls and for the blessed advantage of receiving the Bread of Life from the same altar rail.

I left the handsome church at Glastule reluctantly for I knew that my two escorts awaited me on the outside.

Silently we wended our way back to Dunleary. I was too filled with the thoughts of what I had just witnessed and was loath to relinquish them for anything worldly. It was the zero hour before dawn when all nature drooped in slumber. Silence ruled the hour, and, oh, the exquisite silence of Ireland! Even Ireland's great capital slept, and well she might sleep in peace for the hand of Christ the King was raised in benediction over her. We arrived in Dunleary and entered a restaurant for a little lunch. I am sure it was there we first broke our silences. We dined almost in meditation and what was said had nothing of the frivolous in it. Outside the diner we said our farewells. Slowly and thoughtfully I wended my way up the candle-lit street. It was now intensely dark and the soft glow of the candle-illuminated windows had a loveliness that somehow far surpassed brighter and more varied colored electrical displays. They seemed to diffuse a simpler and holier ray in conformity with the simplicity of Christ. I liked them better, for they seemed to reflect my present mood. I mounted the long flight of stone stairs before my temporary mansion and looked back before opening the door. The good old *Samaria*, of all the craft in the Bay seemed the only boat awake. Her thousand eyes ablaze she stood watch for her absent worshipers who were soon to fill her berths from the returning tenders. Two flights up and I was in my room. I advanced to the windows and looked beyond the *Samaria*. Hist! There it was, the dawn on the coast of Ireland! I watched the grey streak on the horizon widen and widen until its greyness dissolved into a long lake-like streak of white. I fancied I heard the

song of a skylark but it was only a fancy, because larks in a city are only in cages and their natural habitation is only in pastures. However, the fancy suited the scene, and, sure, peep-o'-day in Ireland would not be complete without the sweet lilt of Ireland's matutinal warbler. I would have given a good deal to be in Cavan and my native Coolkill at that very moment. I turned into my little cot and dreamed of green fields, buzzing bees, and skylarks until my landlady called me for breakfast.

"Callan, the makings of a fine poet has been lost in you. Oh, but I would give the world to have been with you."

Doherty, had I half the poetry that you express in such delightful cadence on your flute, in song and lilting tunes I would sing for ever of the glories of Ireland. You born musicians are in reality the true poets of Ireland though you rarely write a line. What singer has stirred the heart of a nation more than the great harpist O'Carolan of old or the latter day piper McSwiney? And think of the thousand O'Carolans and McSwineys of the present time who in every hamlet of Erin help to keep alive the indomitable spirit of the Irish with their simple yet soul-stirring unworded poetry of violin, accordion, flute and bagpipes. I would prefer the mastery of the rollicking 'Bucks of Oranmore' on any of the musical instruments I have just mentioned to the authorship of all Moore's Melodies. Poet I might have been, Tommy, but poet you are.

" 'Tis a pity I didn't bring my flute along, Mrs. Callan."

“ ’Tis a pity and a shame you did not, Tommy, for a good hearty reel is just the tonic that would pep me up to relate the rest of my remarkable experiences in Ireland.”

“Oh, bedad, you are doing nicely without the music. Go ahead, Callan.”

CHAPTER IV

SIGHTSEEING

THE following morning I mounted one of the double-deckers and entered Dublin proper for the first time. The great capital did not impress me very much. One might as well have entered the city of Boston, and in many respects Dublin would remind you of Boston, particularly the "down-town" section. Realizing that I had little time to spend there I arranged for a sight-seeing ride which took us to the principal points of interest; but we visited so many historical places and our stop-overs were so limited that after it was all over you had a feeling that you had tasted of delicious wine when the bottle was suddenly and without reason removed from you. It whetted your appetite for more, but that precious more was not forthcoming. I saw all the public and historical places from the outside. The Dail, or Irish parliamentary buildings, the Custom House, the Post Office, Trinity College and many more that I have forgotten I had the pleasure of viewing for a moment, an unsatisfactory moment, and the only building we were asked to dismount and enter was St. Patrick's Cathedral. What impressed me most here was the immensity of the place. It was the largest church edifice I had ever put foot in. One wondered how Dean Swift could have filled so much space with his voice in the days before loud speakers were in vogue. Whether or not he did so to the satisfaction of his audience, his statue at the foot of the monstrous house of worship was the first to greet our eyes.

A brass plate in front of his effigy indicates the spot where all that is mortal of the witty Dean lies interred. But the Dean is only one of a hundred other *saints* whose statuary adorns the wings of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Dukes, lords, earls, generals, admirals, and statesmen of every age are arrayed with the harmless Dean to proclaim in silence—I was going to say, aloud—the sanctity of the place which once belonged to us. A gloomy old guide in Roman collar and cassock hurried us through this modern museum, and I think he was glad to be rid of us. One would have to visit here every day for a week before he could describe it, and to do so he must needs be a painter, sculptor and architect in one. On our way to Phoenix Park we were whirled past the great Guinness' brewery. We had a glance at its acres of buildings and a smell of what they concocted within. The driver of the touring bus knew perfectly well that if he unloaded us here—well, you know the rest. Sadie, give Mr. Doherty another sample of what we missed by not entering the great Guinness' college.

“Begorries, if ever I get to Dublin the only place of interest for me will be Guinness' institution,” quoth Thomas, smacking his lips.

Crossing one of the Liffey's bridges we were soon entering Phoenix Park. A huge triumphal arch spanned the entrance built in honour of Christ the King Who on the following Sunday would be borne in triumph beneath its ornamented vault. I was rather disappointed in the general outlook of this far-famed enclosure. It is, after all, only an immense playground, the second largest of its kind in the world, but for beauty and ornamentation it is not to be compared with Roger Williams' Park of

Providence, R. I. It is exactly another Franklin Field of Boston, but, of course, twenty times as large. Enormous trees dot its acreage here and there and spacious driveways wind round about its capacious grounds and in some sections are delightfully bordered with giant trees whose branches meet to form charming archways over the roads. The beautiful Congressional altar was erected at the foot of a plain whose broad acres, free from trees, extended East, West, North and South for a quarter of a mile making an ideal trysting place for the million or more who had flocked there on the closing day of the greatest Eucharistic Congress ever held since its inception. I am no artist, Tommy, but I will attempt a description of the Congressional altar. And, mind you, it will only be an attempt, for in size and grandeur it baffled description. From the bottom of a sweeping stairway of at least forty or fifty steps to the cross-crowned dome on the top, it arose to a height—I wish I could cite the exact number of feet—of an ordinary church. The golden dome was a replica of that which tops St. Peter's in Rome. Back of the altar table before which the celebrant of the Mass stands was an immense window of forty or more panes placed there no doubt in case of rain for which Ireland is celebrated. Four decorative pillars supported this great dome and the whole acted in the capacity of a monstrous canopy to shield the officiating prelate and sacred vessels from the inclemency of the weather. Adjoining the altar were two semi-circular wings extending at least one hundred yards to the left and right. The roofs of each wing were supported by sixteen white pillars giving them the appearance of part of a great stadium. These enclosures were reserved

for the visiting Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, et cetera, and when occupied had the appearance of opera boxes in a theatre. A space of about three acres in front of the altar was seated and reminded one of the sanctuary in a church. A grove of trees luxurious in foliage served as a handsome background for the setting.

Our next visit was to Glasnevin cemetery. I was surprised to find that it was just across the road from Phoenix Park. I do not know how I had conceived the idea but I was always under the impression that the ancient burial place was in the very heart of the city. I had a notion that Dublin was built around it and you can imagine my surprise when I found that it was entirely outside the city proper. I am sorry I cannot give an adequate description of Glasnevin because like our other visits our stay here was limited to a few minutes. I do not know what its acreage is but what I saw of it was a veritable forest of tombstones literally planted as thick as trees. O'Connell's monument towers to a great height near the entrance and round about it in a circular pit are the tombs of many Irish celebrities. The tomb of the imperishable Liberator beneath the towering obelisk has two slits, one on either side, where visitors can insert a hand and touch the coffin where lie his earthly remains. Close by are the recent plots wherein are interred the bodies of our latest Irish martyrs. One plot for the Republican heroes and the other for the followers of the Free State. While we knelt in prayer for all; one could not help thinking about and sorrowing for a divided Ireland. Our next place of interest was a short tour of the Botanical Gardens. This lies adjacent to the cemetery and, like the other places we visited, our time

there was all too short to see the numerous and very odd species of plants and flowers which are exhibited here from every known clime.

To describe the men's night, the women's night and the children's day would be only a repetition of what I have said about the midnight Mass at Glastule with the exception of numbers. It was all so awe-inspiring, so stupendous and so magnificently grand. But I cannot pass over these tremendous gatherings without saying a word about Ireland's little ones. Since I came home some one has asked me what was it I missed most in Ireland, and my answer was: Sunshine, automobiles, and children. But if you were fortunate enough to be present children's day in Phoenix Park you would have been asking yourself if there was anything else in Ireland save children. When I told my inquirer that I missed children in Ireland I had not meant that there was a scarcity of them. I meant to convey the idea that I missed their intrusion, their forwardness, their boldness. The Irish children are always in their proper places and because of this and their natural shyness one does really miss them. When you see a hundred thousand children in one gathering conducting themselves with a decorum that would shame their elders you would have little dread for the future of Ireland's Faith. One naturally looks for devotion in the older Irish people but for attention, sincerity and true piety, the little ones of Erin actually outrival their elders. During their services they stood and knelt there with never a whisper or indication of distraction and their responses to the prayers rang true from their youthful hearts, God love them, for you could not help loving them, too.

CHAPTER V

THE VALE OF AVOCA

IT WAS my third morning in Dunleary. I attended seven o'clock Mass and after breakfasting I was at a loss where to spend the forenoon. Strolling down the street I heard someone mention Wicklow and immediately the Vale of Avoca hopped into my mind. I was close to the railway station and went there at once to make inquiries about it and where and when I could get transportation to Wicklow. To my delight I was told that the next train going South was due in a few minutes and would take me there for something more or less than a shilling. I learned from the ticket agent that for a few more pence I could procure a ticket which would include automobile carriage through the Vale of Avoca and return, when you pleased. This was delightful news and I hastily took advantage of it for the train was pulling into the depot. The ride was a charming one by the sea three-quarters of the route with the hills of the County Dublin on our right which after a while merged into the mountains of Wicklow. In less than an hour I had reached my destination. A Ford automobile stood ready to take me and anyone else who might be going into the Vale. It happened that there was just one more. I could see that my new companion was a reticent young man and for a mile or two our conversation was on the weather and remarks about the beauty of the scenery on either side of us. I knew by his apparel he was an American like myself. No, he had not come on the

Samaria, he arrived a few days before on the *Laconia*. Yes, after the Eucharistic Congress was over he was going on to County Mayo to see his wife's people, and after that into the County Cavan to visit his old home. I was going to Cavan, too. He was from Boston. I was from Peabody. He was a letter carrier. I also was a mailman. It was his first visit to Ireland in twenty-two years. It was my first visit home in forty-two years. John Mulvaney shook hands with me and was glad to meet someone from near Boston. I was just as proud to meet John for he appealed to me as the type of the perfect gentleman, and I was not wrong in my estimation of him. We drove into Glendalough at the lower end of the Vale and at the advice of our driver dismounted at a delightful ivy-clad little inn where in the course of an hour he would pick us up again to bring us to all the points of interest in the charming Vale of Avoca.

At the extreme end of the valley and about one hundred yards from the inn was a lough on the opposite side of which towered a rugged rock in the side of the mountain in which lay the legendary bed of St. Kevin. As we approached the waters of the pond-like lough Caron the boatman was returning with a healthy load of visitors who had had a trip to the famous bed and noisily showed their delight on having successfully and safely made the perilous ascent to and the far more dangerous descent from the Saint's cold and stony bedchamber. There were two American priests in the in-coming boatload who seemed to be the life of the party, one of whom was of ponderous proportions and did most of the crowing about the exceptional feat accomplished on the farther side of the lake. A climb to the enchanted bed

was the farthest thought in my mind until I encountered this prodigy of our American beef trust when suddenly I got a change of heart and decided to make the adventure. To my surprise and fear, I have never in all my boating days encountered such rough weather. The supposedly little lough instead of diminishing with every stroke of the oar appeared to be growing wider and wider. I felt for poor old Caron as he bent bravely to his task and seemed to be making no appreciable progress. And no wonder, there was a sea running on this miniature ocean as heavy as we had encountered crossing the Great Banks. I do not know whether it was enchantment or deception, but this unruly sheet of water proved to be the biggest little lough that I have ever sailed upon. However, we reached the landing which was no landing at all and stepped upon the slippery slanting ledge of rock and were prevented from falling back to a watery grave by the assistance of two stalwart aides of the weary-armed, I should have said, hairy-armed, old Caron.

One glance upwards at the shiny, slippery ledge, near whose summit nestled the bed of Ireland's hardiest saint, was too much for me, and I was about to step aside and allow another with more hardihood in his makeup to take my place when a Kerry colleen who had sensed my cowardice pushed me aside and offered herself the first victim. That was just a trifle too much for a Cavan man in whose veins runs the blood of a Slasher and with reckless abandon I followed in her wake. The climb was one long to be remembered. It was put your right hand here and your left hand there. No, that was not right. It had to be thiswise and thatwise. Your right

knee must rest here while the tip of your left shoe took hold on a pebble-like projection. That was it. Your right hand had to be here when you reached him your left hand. That was it. Hoop, now! Now you had to crawl under this ledge. There was plenty of room, for bigger men than you had gotten through before. I thought of the fat Chicago priest and had my doubts for he was twice my girth and I did not have a walk-away. Ah-a-a! I reached St. Kevin's chair which was only a pace from his bed. I was asked to sit there and make three wishes which I would be certain to obtain. I did, and the first one was, that I were safe again at the bottom where I had foolishly started from.

"How about the other two wishes, Callan?"

'Tis none of your business, Doherty, but—

"Ha, see that, Mrs. Callan! No wonder the Kerry colleen thought him cowardly."

Tommy, I do not know what Miss Kerry thought of me but she must have thought me more or less of a hero when she turned and saw me alongside her in a Saint's bed.

"Wha-a-t! Mrs. Callan, are you going to stand for that?"

Doherty, I had to stand for it, Mrs. Callan would have to stand for it, and you, if you were there, would have to stand for it. Two at a time in the bed was the order of procedure and if I refused—which I did not—I might be sitting yet in St. Kevin's chair and the comely Kerry lass might now be suffering from the back ache which she was never supposed to have again by virtue of the fact that she once lay down in St. Kevin's bed. And if I remained much longer after they had taken the fair

one away I am sure I, too, would contract the back ache, despite their Blarney. But I did not have to wait long before the two stalwarts took me in hand—it would be more correct to say, took me in foot—and began to ease me down, face up this time, and, glory be, when I saw what was in front of me it is a wonder I did not collapse in their hands. Down on my back I must go perforce and, little by little, slide my weary way. Slither a bit here and stop. Place your right heel here and your left heel there. Raise yourself a bit, now, and slide a little farther. What if my guides missed me in one of my slithers! Over the precipice and down, down into the uninviting waters of the angry lough. A few more slithers and stops and, thank God, I was at the bottom. I looked up and I thought how gallant I must have been to risk it at all. I was suddenly full of adventure and ready to scale the Alps. I was carried away with my own bravery. I knew just exactly how those two priests felt. But I was told by one of the guides that, 'The divil a foot 'ud the big wan take o' the climb but the little wan did it, bedad, with never a whimper.'

We put back to the other side without any seeming great effort and as we paid our mite to old Caron I detected a droll twinkle in his eye which as much as said, I played pranks with you going over. However, he was not loath to take an extra shilling for his apparent hardship.

Safely deposited on the opposite bank of the gloomy Stygian lough, Mulvaney and I crossed the little bridge spanning the Avon Beg and proceeded on up the cross side of the Valley for a visit to the site of the Seven Churches and Glendalough's ancient Round Tower.

Hardly one hundred yards from the shores of the lake had been traversed before we felt a startling climatic change for the better. A few minutes before we were actually cold but now a warm glow suffused the Vale. The sun flooded the glen gloriously and for the first time in Ireland our thin Yankee blood tingled with its glowing warmth. Listen! and I caught hold of my companion's arm to halt his progress, the Cuckoo's call, as I live! Entranced, we stood for a full minute hearing this soft, full-throated note echoing and re-echoing through the sylvan glade. And what more charming spot in all Ireland could one wish to hear the cuckoo's call? We were charmed beyond words. Crossing again the little river on our left we were on the site of the Seven Churches where, from the middle of an ancient cemetery, the famous round tower of Glendalough loftily arose in sentinel watch over the scattered ruins of the Seven Churches. Without guide or guide book it would be impossible to accurately describe this mass of ruins, all that one is sure of is that the tracks or foundations of seven separate buildings are to be seen in close proximity to one another. The greater portion of the walls of what was supposed to be the largest or cathedral church are still standing and an adjoining structure with roof intact having attached to it a very small structure which I believe goes under the name of St. Kevin's kitchen. This small adjunct, too, retains its roof to the present day. And peculiarly enough, these remaining roofs are composed of stone and inlaid in such a manner that it would require one versed in archaeology to explain the curious placement of the slate-like stones and, if he could, the reason for their hundreds of years of preservation.

The floors of these ruins are dotted with undecipherable head-stones of all ages. A good sized graveyard surrounds the whole and is used even to this day, as recent headstones indicate. A remnant of an imposing entrance or gateway yet stands as a reminder of the glories of other days. The rich grasses of the cemetery had been mowed a few days previous and were strewn about to dry, lending a pleasing odor that permeated the whole place. A gentleman of stately and business mien came upon the scene in search for stones that marked the resting place of his ancestors. He was an O'Byrne and I pitied him, for every other grave in the place was marked with the name of an O'Byrne, a prevailing Wicklow surname. I felt sure that he would have to return to his native Australia without discovering the exact plot wherein lay his forbears, unless the parish priest or some very old inhabitant of the neighborhood came to his aid. We left him, bathed in sunshine and the pleasing odors of new mown hay, and boarded our Henry Ford for the Meeting of the Waters.

When Moore wrote: "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet as the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet," as our American boys would say, he said a mouthful. We arrived at the spot famed in song and story, after a ride of a few miles. Ireland, we are told, is a little bit of heaven. That we know to be true, but "where the bright waters meet" must be the abode of the archangels, cherubim and seraphim, for a lovelier place is not to be found in all this wide world. Here the sun shone brighter, the bees hummed louder, the birds sang sweeter, the wild flowers looked tamer and all nature appeared grander. The Avon More and the

Avon Beg kissed in a delightful triangle over a sandy and pebbly bottom, embraced lovingly for a second and departed in undying wedlock to the ocean. Not far from here, inside an iron railing, stands the skeleton of the tree under whose once spreading branches Moore wrote, perhaps, his sweetest song, "The Meeting of the Waters." A delegation of English tourists to the Eucharistic Congress, standing over the sun-bathed waters, in a chorus of well-trained voices sang this the loveliest of all Moore's inimitable songs. We were moved to tears—tears of mingled joy and pathos. Before we reluctantly left this enchanting spot I rolled up my sleeves and fished from the crystal depths the brightest pebble beneath the swirling waters where the Avon Beg and the Avon More lovingly embrace. It is the only souvenir I brought back to America from unsurpassable Erin. Sadie, show the bespeckled little bit of granite to Mr. Doherty.

Our eyes had been feasting on so much loveliness all day that even beautiful Dunleary had lost much of its charms. That was Thursday, and my new companion, John Mulvaney, who had complained about his crowded quarters in the city decided to call on Mrs. Costello in the hope that she would accommodate him with room and board for the three remaining days of the Eucharistic Congress. I had assured him that she would and I was not disappointed. Before he had returned from the city with his belongings, she of the big heart had wheeled into my room another cot-bed and for the remaining few days a holy friendship had sprung up between us and has since been cemented by later contacts, to endure, I trust, for life.

CHAPTER VI

HAIL! CHRIST THE KING

SUNDAY, the day of days, broke unpromising, but somehow one had the feeling that the millions of prayers which for months had been storming the gates of Heaven from the lips and hearts of faithful Irish souls would prevail. We attended seven o'clock Mass in Dunleary and hastened back for a delicious breakfast of Irish bacon and eggs which Mistress Costello prepared for us. The odor from that breakfast still lingers in my nostrils and will be forever connected closely—very closely—with the ending of the great Eucharistic Congress at Dublin. We took an early train to the city and it was well we did for the crowds everywhere were so tremendous that one wondered how he could ever reach Phoenix Park. Trams, busses, automobiles, conveyances of every conceivable size and shape were so congested with passengers at that early hour in the morning that Mulvaney and I were compelled to walk to the park. Thousands of others had to do likewise. We arrived on the scene hours before noon and squatted on the rich sward, we watched with astonished eyes the on-coming hordes. In the section set apart for Americans we sat, stood, knelt on one knee, and shifted time and time again into every conceivable position for comfort until the start of holy Mass. Doherty, when it seemed that every man, woman and child in Ireland, to say nothing of the visitors from other shores, had been collected and stood there awaiting the signal for the holy sacrifice to

begin, I would have given all I am owner of—which is not much—to be ten feet tall for ten seconds. Why? Just to be able to take in at one glance that spectacular sea—not sea—but ocean—of humanity. While instructions were being radioed over the loud speakers, which dotted the field, to the various divisions in respect to the order of departure from the park, the huge wings of the open air cathedral were fast filling with the Church's hierarchy and when every available seat had been occupied, the red of the cardinals mingling with the purple of the bishops made a very beautiful picture.

Mass began! All Ireland fell on her knees. It was a sight to make the angels weep for joy. *'In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.'* The loud speakers carried the words of Archbishop Curley to us in the distance as plainly as if we were serving his Mass. There is little need to dilate on the attention, the fervor, the piety, or the decorum with which the great Sacrifice was followed. It is enough to say that it was an Irish congregation and without a doubt the largest in the history of the world to participate at one and the same time in the holy sacrifice of the Mass. The Cardinal Legate's touching discourse lauding the faith and devotion of the Irish people you have read in the American press, so we will pass on to the great procession.

It was a marvel of time and precision the way that million left the immense field in almost military exactness. Division after division fell in line and went as directed without the semblance of confusion. Unfortunately for us, the American section was in the first division whose line of march was directed through the southerly end of the park, coming past but not under

the great triumphal arch at the main entrance which we reached just in time to head the main procession through the city streets part of the way, where again we detoured to allow the religious portion a more direct route to O'Connell's bridge. If the route to the Bridge was calculated five miles I am certain our division traveled almost twice that distance. But what I was going to say is, because of the detour, we were deprived of a vision of the most colorful part of the grand procession. During the whole line of march, Rosary upon Rosary, Ireland's own prayer, was recited. Loud speakers along the route conveyed the words of the cleric to which the marchers, and all Ireland for that matter, responded. After winding about Dublin's streets we came to our destination on the eastern bank of the Liffey about three hundred yards from the altar erected on the middle of O'Connell's Bridge where final benediction took place. We must have been congregated there for more than an hour before the gorgeous canopy, under which the Master was borne in triumphal splendour, came in view. Mournfully we regretted not being sufficiently near at any one time to see this surpassing pageantry of love. As far as the eye could see, the streets and the walls of the Liffey was one mass of humanity that must have far exceeded in numbers anything of its kind in any part of the world. The great golden monstrance was set up in place on the handsomest of handsome altars and while prayers were chanted and the *O Salutaris* resounded up and down the Liffey I could fancy the exceeding great joy of the Master as He gazed lovingly and longingly over His faithful Irish children. And just as He raised His hand in benediction

the Sun, low in the West, burst in a fulgent glory from the clouds that all day had covered His face. It was a glorious ending to the most glorious Eucharistic Congress the world has yet known.

“Callan, you are the lucky man! I don’t know how I will ever come to forgive myself for missing all that you have described of the great Eucharistic Congress. Lucky man,” repeated Doherty enviously as he refilled his pipe.

CHAPTER VII

THROBS AND THRILLS

JOYFUL but weary, we retired early that night and arose next morning in time to attend seven o'clock Mass. Returning to our room, so anxious were we to be off that we passed up a tempting breakfast of rashers and bacon and raced for the railway station. Early as it was, Dublin was seething in traffic and the Great Northern and other terminals were jammed with humanity all eager to get away. I had twenty minutes to wait for my train to Drogheda and decided to while the time away by breakfasting. But, God love you, there was not as much as a loaf of bread in the whole city. However, I had two cups of tea and six ginger biscuits, the last from an enormous tin receiver. I was satisfied; the anticipation of seeing the old home in a few hours having taken my appetite away. We were off. I was so excited I did not know or care whether I had entered a first or a third class coach this time. It mattered little to me for I was on my way to the County Cavan, to Kilnaleck and dear old Coolkill which I had left forty-two years before, in tears. Our first stop was at the historic town of Drogheda on the mouth of the famous or infamous river Boyne. Looking down into the handsome shipping center I could see her many church spires invitingly beckoning me to stop over, for a little more than forty years ago I had visited these sacred shrines in wonder as a boy, hand in hand with a pious father for the first and last time. I passed up the invitation

by assuring myself I would come back later. Kells, in Meath, came next, and I was so preoccupied with the case of the gentleman who had come thus far out of his route that I had little time to view the neat little business town from the train window. I have often heard of the plains of Meath but all I could see on either side were hills, beautiful, rounded arable hills, rich in grasses and verdant growing crops. Sheep and fat cattle browsed lazily and contentedly until the noise of the oncoming train aroused them and they ran afield. Over to the left the great hill of Fore, in Westmeath, showed a marvelously green head above a sylvan shoulder and presently I knew we were approaching Oldcastle, and only two miles from County Cavan. The whistle blew, brakes were applied, and we entered the first railway terminal I had ever seen. Nervously I reached for my bags and stepped on to the platform. There it was,—the little station with never a change since I had entered it first on my way to America. I left it by a gateway and came out upon the street leading down to it. That, too, looked the same. The houses bordering it along narrow sidewalks, a shop there, another here, were the identical ones I had wondered at more than forty years ago. Presently I was on the Square, or rather triangle, a sweeping space befitting a city, in whose middle stood a gloomy building known as the Market House. Oldcastle consists of the above square with a few short streets radiating from it to all points of the compass. A splendid new church of bright granite and towering spire, on the southerly side of the town, was the only addition to Oldcastle since 1889. It was raining, the first rain, I was told, in nearly six weeks, a near record for that part

of the country, and it was a welcome gift. I went to Carolan's hotel, enjoyed a dinner and arranged for an automobile passage to Kilnaleck. The distance from Oldcastle to Kilnaleck is exactly seven miles and the road in my time was considered one of the most beautiful drives in the county. Its whole length was a veritable archway of tremendous trees. I longed to be outside the town to enter upon this marvel of sylvan splendour. But, alas, I was soon to be sadly disillusioned. At first I thought the driver was taking a strange route but he soon informed me that the Kilnaleck road had long since been sheared of its wooded beauty. During the World War every last tree had been cut down and shipped to England for war purposes. It was a pity and a shame and as we rode along he pointed out the great butts of their trunks as they showed among the shrubbery on the ditches. It had changed the whole aspect of the surrounding country for me. We passed a massive ruin and upon inquiry I was told it was Bellinacree Mill, or all that was left of it. In my time it was flourishing and the neighbouring farmers sent there the wool of their sheep to be spun and woven into Irish tweeds. Another minute and we were entering the County Cavan. Soon we were passing acres of bogland. It was the Roebuck bog which in other days could not be seen from the road because of trees. There it lay, naked and unlovely. It was all so strange and I was not getting the thrill out of it that I had anticipated. A lovely little church hove in sight on our left, its ivy clad walls almost hidden by surrounding trees between which we could see the headstones over the graves of the dead. I thanked God that the government had not robbed the dead of their natural

shelter. We passed through the village, and Mount Nugent, or, as it is sometimes called, Daley's Bridge, had not added a single structure to enhance or mar its old-fashioned loveliness. We crossed the sparkling River Inny and for a moment watched its ribbon-like course on its way to historical and beautiful Lough Sheelin whose bright expanse glittered in the distance. Ah, we were passing the first house whose occupant in my time was one William Strong. Yes, that next house near the bend was once the abode of the Delaneys, the boat-builders. No longer sheltered with spreading trees, I scarcely recognized it. Around the bend and down an incline the handsome two-story house of the Leahys, set in off the road with the same well kept lawn and flower bordered walk to the 'hall' door, looked as familiar as of yore. And beyond Leahy's, a bit up the road to the Four Half Moons stood Big William Gordon's, hunched as if ashamed of its two stories for a thatched house. It looked quite natural. Ah, there was Mickey Monahan's little "shop" on the junction of Fortland and Tully roads with a strange name on its show board. I recalled a St. Stephen's day long ago when, as a Wren boy, I entered it for a "haporth o' sweets." Dear, oh, dear! And if that little slated cottage we had just passed was not old Mrs. Knowles' who always had 'tuppence' to give the 'Wran' boys. It had gone to seed and lost all its charm, fallen, no doubt, into the hands of careless strangers. The road from here to Kilnaleck had been always known as Tully Road and I was within walking distance of the old home. House after house, familiar in other days, loomed up strange and queer. In many instances new ones had taken the places of the old.

But there was Mulligan's on the right and Willson's on the left. Yes, that was Thomas Gordon's on one side of the cross-road and Robert Lord's on the other. I wondered if James Robert Lord was living and still in the neighborhood. I had attended Kilnaleck school with him. We passed Robert Ferguson's on the right but Bob Smith's, which should be on the left, had vanished; not even the ruins could be seen. Atty McLean's, further on to the left, stood whole and substantial, its two stories, slated roof, and walled-in front garden showed little, if any, change. Across the road a comfortable dwelling was reared on the track of John Mulin's old thatched cottage. I would have preferred to see the old homestead. And sure enough, Alex McCabe's, below it on the right, looked strange. The exact site, the same garden in front, and as sure as day, the very identical orange lilies peeping over the wall. But there was something about the house that did not look natural. Ah, I had it. A new house, and slated, if you please. Many a happy hour as a boy I had whiled away here. Our land and the McCabe's joined. They were our friendliest and best neighbours. It may seem strange to you, Tommy, but in spite of their name the McCabes were Protestants. I made the driver halt before the house and I got out and entered to find a stranger there. Tom McCabe, the last occupant, had sold out and had gone to live with a son in Armagh. I felt deeply disappointed, for of all the neighbours, except my cousins, I would prefer meeting the lovable Tom. Whatever little I know about step-dancing—and I know you will say it is very little—I owe to the good-natured Tom. Many a winter's night he had a crowd of us 'gossoons' out on

the floor stepping to such tunes as, 'The Blackberry Blossom', the 'Connaught Man's Rambles', 'The Buck from the Mountain', et cetera, which he rendered most heartily on his violin. His mother, Bessie McLean, was the best natured Irish woman I have ever known, and she would never let us out of the house without giving each of us a "butther cake" with an inch of sugar spread over it. My grandmother, a struggling widow, had a son a priest, part of whose college expenses good old Alex McCabe had helped to defray. No wonder I wanted to step in and see Tom! I might add, too, that every house I have mentioned along the route from Mount Nugent to Kilnaleck was inhabited in my time by Protestants, with only a few exceptions. Leaving McCabe's behind we passed Johnny Corcoran's, the last house on Tully road. It looked large and bleak on the side of the hill and you would have wondered why its owner, Robert Ferguson, should ever have built John Lynch's insignificant little thatched cottage right up against its southern gable. But there it was looking more like an outer kitchen than a separate dwelling. Ritchie and Johnny Corcoran have long since disappeared from the scene and poor old John Lynch and his inseparable mule, with whose aid he brought daily loads of provisions from Oldcastle to Kilnaleck, are now but a memory. Through the hedge on the right Coolkill, my birthplace, loomed beautifully high and grand, and the clump of trees crowning its far-famed fort looked from their pinnacle in every direction. It was pointed out to strangers as the highest arable land in all Ireland. Down a short incline and we were at Tully's Bridge, under whose narrow arch runs a stream that, later on, joins the

far-famed River Inny. I had the driver halt here for more than one sentimental reason. I got out of the car and looked up Coolkill lane with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. It seemed so narrow for a highway that required so much carting, and one wondered how a horse and wagon could navigate its narrow stripe. But it has served the good people of Coolkill for hundreds of years as an artery of traffic, and why not today? Bordered on either side with a close hawthorn hedge it appeared no wider than a footpath. I marveled and could not convince myself that it was thus when as a bare-footed lad I skipped over its rough and cobbled surface. I stood on the parapet of Tully Bridge and thought of the olden days when the Coolkill boys came here in the evening of July eleventh armed with evergreen and stout cords to string an emerald arch from the tree tops and gathered next morning to view with delight the Orange colors of King William pass beneath it despite the frantic efforts of the color-bearer to reach the hated green with his flagstaff. I recalled, too, a swallow's nest beneath the bridge I had once visited daily on my way from school and I leaped into the field to look once more, and, would you believe it, there was not only one, but four. I longed to take off my shoes and wade in just to see the marvelous architecture and design of that low-winged feather tribe, for I was sure, as a man, these little houses of clay, plastered with utmost skill against the inner walls of the bridge, would have far more interest for me than they had as a boy. One more look up Coolkill lane where all I could discern of the old home was four great ash trees that still kept a lonely watch over the ruins which was once the scene of mirth and life.

It was still raining and I preferred to await a day of sunshine for my first visit to all that was left of my birthplace. I gave orders to my man to proceed to Kilnaleck which we reached in a few minutes. We passed Brooke's Crossroads on our way in and I could not help thinking of the fair days and market days when blind Neddy, the fiddler, held forth beneath a huge hawthorn on one corner and attracted with lilting tunes the young and the old who put down their wares and showed their appreciation in terpsichorean style and gaiety and never failed to drop a copper in the inevitable *caubeen* set upside down at the feet of the poor blind bard.

Doherty, in my enthusiasm, I am forgetting that I am describing to you scenes that are in no way related to you and for that reason must seem drab and tiresome to your patient ears.

"Not at all, Callan, not at all. I am following you intently and am just as interested as if you were picturing scenes and incidents in and about my native Galway, and for every place, every house and every river, lough, and bridge you have mentioned I can see a duplicate in and around my own birthplace. Proceed, Callan, I am not missing even a stone by the side of the road."

Entering Kilnaleck we passed a large two-story building that was new to me. Ah, I had heard of the new barracks built outside the town in George Sheridan's old haggard. That must have been it, for there was Mrs. Dillon's house just below it and Miss White's, a neat cottage leaning against the larger Dillon residence on the corner of the Gratchy's Lane. Ah, Dear! Mrs. Dillon, the neat and good-looking dressmaker and widow

and her grandson Sonny Holland who lived with her and was the envy of all the Coolkill lads at school because of his trim appearance in knickers and white blouse and blue necktie and shining shoes without hobnails. And the coy and pretty Miss White who came from Shercock, up near Coothill—oh, ever so far away—a first class teacher, ripe from a training school in Dublin to teach in lowly Kilnaleck. And her silvery-haired father, Mister White, who was so old and looked so young in his tall Sunday hat, boiled shirt, and Prince Albert suit. He looked like Gladstone but not so tall and, oh, the stories he could tell of Ireland's men and heroes. He was a noted athlete in his youth, and open mouthed we swallowed every last word of the deeds he performed, the races he ran, the leaps that he leaped, the great men he had boxed, and the giants he had tossed. Ah, dear God! what memories scenes like these had conjured up! But we were at the town's entrance, and what building was that where the old and new roads converge? The spot where old ruins once lay buried in weeds and nettles. It was Matt Callahan's new house of American design, that now covered the unsightly spot where, yearly, old Mullin, the showman, set up his Punch and Judy comedy for the delectation of the townspeople and country folk as well. I could see again the open platform before the tent where Master Mullin with face smeared in paint and powder, arrayed in balloon attire, acted the typical clown in a manner that would have shamed the original Jack Patterson, to the delight of men and women and transfixed children. I could see again his astounding somersault aided by the toe of what I then thought a cruel father, and I cried when the clown cried and piti-

fully felt of the spot where he was so cruelly hurt. Augh, ho! God be with old times! But there was Tommy the Black's old forge, the very first building on Kilnaleck's main, and, I might add, only, street. A brawny son of Vulcan, leather apron and all, stood in the doorway; oh, but it was not the familiar face of Tommy Reilly, for like many another native, Tommy the Black had been long laid to rest. Across from the forge, where old Kate and Peppy Tully once lived in a tumble-down shack, was reared yet another new house of ample proportions. It was the unoccupied home of one Patrick Sheridan, late of America and now the proprietor of a flourishing grocery and wine shop on the opposite side of the street where once stood the bakery of William McKenna, husband of the lady I had looked for in vain in the town of Bray. Next to Patrick Sheridan's place of business was a tire repair shop in the place where old Richard Gormley sold apples and oranges in the Summer time and herrings in Winter. Ah, dear! Many a day on my way home from school I had flattened a delighted nose against the window pane to view the tempting fruit; all of which I had ever gotten from the stingy merchant was the scent which cost me misery and Richard nothing. A strange woman stood in the doorway where Henry Berry used to live, and immediately visions of the red-headed old carter and of his sons Tom, and Henry, and Charlie, who had come to America with us on the old *Samarita*, and the grey horse which drew the loading from Oldcastle and Ballawillin flashed through my excited mind. And there was the big window in the adjoining house where dear old Walter Smith, Watty the tailor, sat applying a busy needle, lifting an occasional eye to

the picture of Robert Emmet which hung on the opposite wall to say: "The poor fella! The poor fella! What a pity!" The shop was empty but I fancied I could smell the calicoes and fresh tweeds as Watty pressed a heavy hand on a ponderous flat-iron over the 'goose' and raised a delicious vapor from the corduroy suit that I thought he would never have finished, so anxious was I to be wearing my first man's trousers. And how fearful I was lest in some way he might forget to put pockets in them. But the gentle Watty loved the 'wee' lads too much to forget. And Kitty, his sister and housekeeper, who was a little 'astray,'—how he loved her and how he knew how to humor her! And for a big man how 'soople' he was, ever. I recalled a day when a blind piper and his hairy little dog with the tiny wicker basket in his mouth came along and the hearty strains of the 'Cavan Slashers' lilted through the door, when Watty leaped from his bench and taking Kitty by the hand came out on the toepath and danced steps the like of which I have not seen since or before. And poor Kitty seemed to have regained all of her missing faculties and, as the saying is, danced rings around her lovable brother. With Kitty and Watty gone the place did not look the same. God rest their simple souls!

The machine had come to a stop in front of Molly Brady's. Doherty, I want to tell you who Molly Brady is. You will recall the Summer night a few years ago when yourself with your flute, John Morrison with his violin, and Tommy Morrison with his bagpipes, were gathered here along with Jack McGuinness, Mike Walsh, Jerry O'Neil, Pat McCarthy, Larry Driscoll from Bos-

ton, and a host of others, awaiting the arrival of a Father Pat Brady from Buffalo, N. Y.?

“Deed and I do, well. And I remember how disappointed we were when a telegram came, regretting that he would not be with us, stating that he had changed his mind and was leaving for Ireland instead of Peabody.”

Exactly, Tommy. Well, this same Molly Brady is the sister of this Father Pat who, as you have said, disappointed us so sadly. As I was saying, the driver drew up before Molly’s, the largest and finest house in the town. We entered her combination grocery and liquor store. I treated my man to a bottle of stout and he repaired immediately to Oldcastle, for I was done with him for the day. When he had gone I asked to see Miss Brady. ‘I am Miss Brady,’ said the coy little lady who had waited on us. ‘I am Molly’s sister,’ she added, ‘and I presume you are Mr. Callan from America.’ I said I was. ‘Molly,’ she added, ‘has gone to make a visit to the chapel but will be in shortly. Come into the parlor and sit down until she arrives. She has been expecting you and was terribly disappointed when she missed meeting you at Dunleary.’ There, Doherty, after all, there was one in that throng at Kingstown to greet me, and was it not a shame I had not met her? But, you see, Molly was but a babe in her carriage when I said my farewells to Kilnaleck, and she had no description of me, nor I of her. It was a shame, for the sweetest, the jolliest, and the most pious girl in the County Cavan had arranged for me accommodations at one of Dublin’s best hotels weeks before the Congress. That was one time I slipped on my luck, Tommy. But, thank God,

here I was safe and sound in Kilnaleck in Brady's parlour and in came the lovable Molly to welcome me home, and with a droll twinkle in her eye to chide my American smartness for not being able to pick out such an attractive young lady in Dunleary's throng. Molly pressed me to make my headquarters at her home where I could have Father Pat's own room and bed and where I could sit daily at his little desk and write letters and cards to America. Indeed I would gladly have accepted the offer had I not my cousin's comfortable farm house to go to. I remained at Molly's until the rain had abated enough to allow me to strike out for Coolkill. Indeed, before the rain had ceased I made several visits to the sidewalk to gaze in wonderment up and down the village. Directly opposite Molly's was Mullycastle Road straight and slanting away up to the glebe or minister's house and church at the top of a hill. Kilnaleck Catholic church and school were but a short way up this road, only partly visible, and I was just dying to see them. Would the rain ever cease! On the opposite side was Mrs. Pat's or the Head Inn as we used to term the only little hotel in town, but, dear me, how it had shrunk. And 'Thomas the Corners' across from Mrs. Pat's, there it was, and I recalled the time I had gazed avariciously at a large biscuit displayed in the window and for a whole week ran there on my way from school dreading lest someone with a penny would have purchased it before I had gotten there. And I remembered how I dispossessed myself of every treasure, tops, buttons, a pocket knife with only half a blade, and a promise to show my dealer a wren's nest with ten eggs in it for the

penny that would procure the tuppenny sweet cake. I visioned gouty old Thomas the Corner as he gruntingly fished out the prize which was so sun-caked in its six months stance aganst a bottle of whiskey in the window that I had to have better teeth than I can boast of today to masticate it.

CHAPTER VIII

COOLKILL

DOHERTY, one can never tell when it is going to rain in Ireland and when it is raining no more can he say when it is going to stop raining. Impatient to be away to my cousins I made yet another excursion to the curb and to my delight found that it had ceased raining. Up and down Kilnaleck's one and only business street I strolled leisurely reading the different show boards above the doors. With few exceptions strange names had replaced the old ones. The name Sheridan of which there were seven in the old days had dwindled to three. A few changes had taken place. The old barracks at the lower end of the town had been converted into three habitable houses and the markethouse had been replaced by a fine new bank building. Ah, dear!

Coolkill lies to the East of Kilnaleck, rising high and beautifully verdant, and slopes gently to the edge of the town. The Lynches, my cousins, lived at the easterly end and the nearest route to them was by the Mullycastle road up and past the chapel and old schoolhouse. After bidding the misses Brady a short farewell I selected the lighter of my two suit-cases and struck out for my cousin's and upper Coolkill. Crossing the street I passed on to the Mullycastle road between the hotel and "Thomas the Corner's" where I had bought the biscuit in the long ago. Adjacent to "Thomas the Corner's" I found a meat market in place of a school supply shop where as pupils we bought slates and pencils from Pat

Galligan, better known in the old days as Pat the Chum. Soon I was passing the last house in Kilnaleck where once lived Georgie Hyland, the nailer. I could not help recalling the happy days when I came to have Georgie make a spike for my new top-head. I glanced in the rear of the house to see once more the tiny forge where we loved to watch the busy nailer forge the tiny nails and see them drop from his anvil into a water trough to cool.

A few more paces and I had crossed the bridge to set foot in the promised land. I was now in dear old Coolkill but yet in Kilnaleck for the inhabitants were here so close to the market town that they were ever considered part of it. There on the right was the two-story house of Jimmy Duffy the tinker, with a chimney on either end of it. I remembered well the time it was built and many a day when coming home from school had I stood to watch and marvel at the dexterous tinker with wooden mallet in hand mold the pliable tin into useful vessels. Across from Duffy's where the red-haired Johnny Corr and his brood of red-haired children once resided now stands the pride of the neighbourhood, the new and expedient creamery. I thought of the large families of the Duffys and the Corrs but had little time to make inquiries about them. The house above Duffy's on the same side of the road I knew to be the old habitation of Peter Brady, the butcher. Peter was sturdy and fat befitting a butcher, as were his wife and children. Death and emigration had wrought havoc with the Bradys and they have long since disappeared from the town. Big Dan Corr, once of New York, now occupies the Brady two-story thatched house and conducts there an up to date funeral house, a thing unheard of in the

old days. Opposite Big Dan's and next to the creamery is a public hall of fair proportions where the young of the country-side gather to have their dances, and concerts. Like the funeral house, this hall is a modern innovation highly appraised by the young but barely tolerated by the old folks.

Eagerly advancing, soon I was leaving Kilnaleck behind with a thousand memories crowding my excited brain. Halting before Mrs. McGivney's haggard near the top of the brae I stood before the gate to view its contents and, as I live, there before my astonished eyes lay the same thatched rick of hay that had been there ever since I was a boy, at least, its withered and weather-beaten face gave me to think so. Ah, here it is, Kilnaleck little chapel! I had witnessed the erection of it and received my first Holy Communion there after its completion. Kilnaleck chapel, indeed! Coolkill chapel, for was it not situated in my beloved townland and because it was close to the town was no good reason for the misnomer, heh! A neat stone wall now separated it from the highway and a few deal trees in its graveless yard lent a sort of sombre charm to it that was missing in the old days. I went in to commune with my Lord Whom I had received into my childish heart at its altar rail for the first time, but it was past six o'clock and the doors were locked for the day. Coming out the gate I glanced into Hughey Coyles' field across the way and recalled the time we played football there on May evenings before the recital of the Rosary. To the right, at back of the chapel, the same old market-pass streaked its serpentine way through Larry's fields and lost its identity at the top of Padna's Brae. Ah, God be with the days,

Doherty, when as a bare-footed lad I skipped over that hill hundreds of times to and from school and chapel! The pleasant odor of hay came from John the Turk's meadow outside the chapel yard, and how well I remembered the time when, hurrying to school, we daringly crossed its rich pastures for a near cut lest we be late. Ah, dear Lord, there it was, Kilnaleck National School, set on the northerly corner of a three acre plot we knew as the lawn! High, white and imposing it looked, the four front windows, large as doors, facing Kilnaleck, and in its center an ornamental blind door with a flag stone before it which from a distance looked like the main entrance. Above this make-believe door on a plaque one could read from the road the figures 1836 the date of its erection. Doherty, for a building nearing one hundred years old Kilnaleck school today compares favorably in size and structure with any town and village school in America. An eight foot wall with coping stone separated the school lawn from the road and a similar wall on the opposite side enclosed the Master's gardens. Both walls looked exactly the same with never a stone missing. Ah, the school gates! There was the great heavy one in the centre separated from two smaller ones by large stone pillars. Lifting the heavy latch of one I entered the lawn, and you can imagine better than I can describe my feelings as I stood on the gravel path in full view of what I once thought was the largest school building in the world. And, indeed, so it was to me in those dear bygone days. I encircled the school many times and, were I capable of recollecting the happy memories that flooded my mind as I stalked around it, it would fill a book. There was the entrance to the

girls' department upstairs where, as a mere child, I was carried on my sister's back and deposited at the school-mistress' feet to begin my A.B.C.'s. It was the custom then to have the "infant" boys taught by the mistress. Ah, well I remember that eventful day when scrubbed to the hurting point and arrayed in a cotton dress of pepper and salt pattern I was borne on an elder sister's back and handed over to the coy Miss White, the handsome new teacher, who sat me down among a bevy of other "gossoons" on a long form to laugh or to cry—mostly to cry—until her assistant, Miss O'Reilly, got around to explicate for us the intricacies of the terrible alphabet and the far more interesting mode of counting because of the many colored little beads she slid back and forth on the six wired ball-frame. But more vividly flashed the recollection of my second day at school when a boy my senior by two years enticed me to a game of handball against the window panes. Forgetting everything in the heat of the fun a sharp reprimand from Miss White sent Matty O'Reilly scurrying to the safety of his bench while I riveted from fear set up a screaming that could be heard below at Kilnaleck but which neither picture books, the ornamental ball-frame, nor a stick of candy embellished like a barber pole could mitigate. The result was a piggy-back up Coolkill hill and home which came near being the end of my school career. McGivney's river at the back of the chapel was flooded and while fording it my brother, either by accident or design, let me drop into its swift-running waters. He fished me out eventually in a half-drowned condition and hastening up Padna's brae he took me in to dear old Jane Fay who promptly put me to bed and dried my

clothes by the fire while I slept the sleep of the innocent. I can recall Jane's almost angry reprimand of my dear father and mother for sending a child so young to school. Jane Fay's words prevailed and it was another whole year before I set foot again in Kilnaleck School. I lingered longer before the entrance to the boys' school room. Here was the spot where we pegged tops; there was the gable where many a hard contested hand-ball game had been played; that level spot near the hedge had been the "ring" where many a boxing and wrestling match took place. Ah, Dear! The same well beaten path led down to the spring well in the 'bottom' where we used to lie on our stomachs and sip of its thirst-quenching qualities or perchance to bathe a bloody nose in the little stream that ran from it. And spread out before all lay the velvety lawn where many a spirited football match or game at 'Camans' took place. To the North, Toneylion hill, beyond the 'bottoms,' lifted a bald head and I could not help thinking of how often we had crossed it in a game of 'hare and hounds' with Joe Reilly, the swift of foot, for the hare. And not once had we ever captured that hare. Ah, dear!

I left the premises filled with crowded memories and the promise to return when school would be in session the next day. Coming out the gate I could not resist a visit to the Master's old house. A neat little slated cottage of five rooms and French roof, in the old days buried in ivy, but stripped of that clinging creeper it now looked so different in a coat of white-wash. The garden inside a high wall was untilled and looked unlovely in its luxurious weeds where once neat and well kept beds of varied colored flowers bloomed. No more squares of

boxwood and well attended gravel walks marked off its divisions of vegetable beds of carrots, parsnips, celery and other table edibles. The present Master, Peter Martin, prefers to live in his handsome new house in the town. I had fond visions of the days when our Master, the lamented Patrick Boylan, and his large family of boys and girls occupied this neat and quaint retreat where many and many times I had been sent from the school to aid the old Mistress—the Master's wife who had taught school before my entrance—to help her who, cripple as she was, had a penchant for gardening. Hobbling about on a crutch, how exact she was and how tasteful in her lay out of that garden which might well be the envy of any landscape artist. And there on the other side of the garden was the haggard where the Master stored his hay and turf and the barn where he stabled his one well-fed cow and donkey. Ah, the donkey, and the little trap in which Maggie, his daughter, rode daily to teach in Drumrora School! And the pride and joy of it whenever I was selected by the master for the delightful task of doing that driving! Ah, dear!

But it was getting late and I must needs be on my way to my cousin's. A little above the Master's on the left was Larry's cottage where a retired Sergeant Hearn once lived and I tried to recall the names of his large family: Patrick, Johnny, Lizzie and—I could get no farther for it was in the old days when I was in the infant class and the Hearn had gone to other parts even before I had graduated to the boys' department. Ah, there it was, the very spot, just above Larry's cottage by the side of the road where Pat the Rabbit from Mullycastle gave me the only beating I had ever received dur-

ing my school days. I always hated that spot and I hated it now and refused to linger by it. What! A fine new house in Larry's field just on the spot where Parnell once spoke to the biggest gathering in the history of Kilnaleck. A boy coming down the road enlightened me: "Doctor Plunket's new house." Well, Well! Ah, I was now at the Bartley's crossroads. Off to the right were the homesteads of Long Bartley and Short Bartley Galligan. They looked natural enough side by side and, like their old owners, one house was long and the other short, but Long Bartley lived in the short house and the Short Bartley lived in the long house. On the opposite side of the road still stood the home of Thomas Paddy Meehul, little changed with the exception of a slated roof where in my day there was only thatch. I glanced up Mullycastle road and could see the homes of Con Sheridan, Hughey Reilly, and Brian Galligan, and a new slated house which I learned later was the home of a retired schoolmaster. I turned to my right on the Lough road. There was the same thick hawthorn hedge hiding Long Bartley's fields to the right and the old sodded wall on the left separating the bog from the road, but, now, there was no bog at all. Sedge grass and rushes grew luxuriously where turf was made and reared in other days. I looked in vain for Coolkill lough. It, too, had disappeared with time and in its stead flourished tall rich grasses and flaggers, which, as children, we used to pluck from its precarious boggy shores. I crossed the tiny bridge under which flows the stream that drained its waters and has left a sweep of marshland where at one time glittered a nice little lough. Across the river on my right was Pat Harry's land running down from

the hill to the side of the road. Ah, often had I carted manure from Pat's premises to be spread on those fields with Dolan doing the hauling. Dolan was the pride of Pat and the biggest and smartest donkey in the parish. Dear me! What a man I thought myself to be at the venerable age of thirteen as I proudly shook a manly rein over Dolan's untiring back and watched him bend to his task as I whistled an old time "comeallye"—in imitation of my father. Believe it or not, Doherty, I thought myself a tidy bit o' man in those far off days. I was as proud as a peacock and more conceited. Then came James Coyle's land, and Mickey Paddy's, all slanting down to the road. I stood to gaze at another field to recall a day when young as I was I followed the harrow behind Mickey Paddy's jennet that was even better and livelier than Pat Harry's Dolan, and, unaided, turned the unwieldy harrow at the foot and head of a three acre field to the praise and delight of Mickey Paddy who rewarded me with the promise of a jaunt to Oldcastle, which, God rest his soul, never materialized and almost broke my heart. Then came Callahan's land and the Rock field where the track of an old house still remains noted and marked as the spot where, one late night, Pat Smith had been taken by the fairies. Coolkill bog, or all that was left of it, lay in the low land all the way on the left. And sure enough, there was still an odd patch of mud turf spread out on the banks to dry, which was a surprise to me, for even in my time, it was abandoned and little if any turf raised there. Pat Lynch's farm came last and I could look up from the road to see the house where my Cousin Annie Reilly now reigned as Mistress Lynch. There was a path up to the

house, a near cut, but I preferred to go on past the 'rocks.' Pat Lynch's Rocks, where was quarried stone to build and repair the roads round about. I recalled the time when Tommy Johnny sat on a bag of hay in the stone pit breaking with a heavy hammer chunks of rock into gravel, for he was a noted road-maker then. I had yet another vivid recollection of 'Lynch's Rocks.' One summer's evening while my brother and I were carting turf from the bog, the heaviest shower I have ever remembered falling caught us directly in front of the 'Rocks' and when we were not drowned that evening we never will be. The rain came down in torrents and for protection we had to get beneath the cart which proved no protection at all. Splashing on the hard road, the rain bounded up in our faces, almost suffocating us. Suddenly I had a notion that I was actually drowning. Getting from under the cart I dashed out on the road yelling for help and telling the wide world I was done for. To make matters worse my brother took to laughing at me, and if I had any doubts about the reality of my immersion before, I was certain of it now for in my excitement a few drops had found their way into my open mouth, and, as the saying is, went down the wrong way, cutting off my wind. Running around the donkey and cart wheezing and snorting I could see my own funeral on its way to Crosserlough graveyard, when suddenly I found my breath and wondered why I had not died.

Fifty yards beyond the Rocks was the end of Coolkill lane which had its inception at Tully Bridge on the Kilmaleck road. It was here it terminated at right angles with the Lough road after winding its devious way

across the townland of Coolkill. Forty-two years before I had left from its southerly side and now that I had come back I was entering it at its northerly end. The Lynch homestead was the first residence on that end of the lane about four hundred yards on, and as I trudged lazily along its cobbled surface between hawthorn hedges which served to make it appear all the narrower I wondered and wondered why or how it could have dwindled so in width. There were the self-same car tracks on either side indented inches below its middle and which served as gutters to carry off the water in flowing rivulets after heavy showers and again I recalled the evening of my near demise when not only the gutters but the width of the lane was one mad river of water rushing down to find its level in the "bottoms" bordering the Lough road. Ah, here was the curved brae just underneath Lynch's place where the sturdiest of donkeys invariably halted for a rest before attempting its climb. Many and many the time I had put my youthful shoulder to the tail-board to aid the little beast of burden over this stubborn incline. Doherty, you will be surprised if ever you go home to note how steep those Irish hills are. Reaching the top of the brae, I stood before the house over which my cousin Annie presides as Mrs. James Lynch. There it was, the same old four barred iron gate with its heavy latch between the house and the lane. A large two-story thatched house it was, priding in two chimneys and looking comfortable and neat in a recent coat of whitewash. June roses, rich and odorous, clung gracefully about the doors and windows in the front, blending delightfully with laurel and woodbine hedges on the garden wall which separated a

flowery front yard from a rich and luxurious vegetable garden. I chose the back way to enter, noting the large farm yard lined on the North and West sides with the inevitable string of "outhouses" peculiar to all Irish homesteads. From the scullery I stepped into the kitchen to stun Mrs. Lynch into a state of speechless joy. The shock was but momentary, for regaining her composure she rushed into my arms proclaiming her *caede mille failthes* in a sobbing and hysterical Irish welcome that brought tears to my eyes.

"Lukie, Lukie, Lukie! An' is it you at last?" she asked again and again embracing me in a trembling clasp that held nearly fifty years of Irish affection in it.

Scenes of childhood days crowded her memory as they did mine, actually overcoming her, and her friendly husband who stood by a silent but anxious witness thoughtfully brought forth a chair where he gently persuaded his swaying spouse to be seated until the shock had passed. Then James Lynch, bent, bald and venerable looking in the late sixties stretched forth a calloused hand of genuine welcome as the tears of joy flowed down his furrowed face. The contrast was amazing. Fifty years ago James Lynch was the terror of the Coolkill young lads, large of stature and mischievous to a degree of wildness, how often had he terrorized us. Never were we sure what he might do next and it was ever with fear and trembling we passed the house under whose hospitable roof I was now being welcomed. His presence or voice on the premises was enough to send us scurrying home. But now I could not help contrasting the great difference. Kind, gentle, friendly, James Lynch is the pride and joy of the little ones who race to him to

be cuddled and petted and to cling to his long legs until they are hoisted aloft his broad but bended shoulders to smile down on the world the affection they have for this man. I had ample proof of all this ere I departed his hospitable abode.

Seated at last, when the hubbub was over, events of fifty years ago were discussed between sighs and laughter aided appreciably by the man of the house whose retention of past events astounded me a little less than his genuine wit. My cousin Annie had taken up her household duties where she had left off on my appearance and I had ample proof of the old saying that a woman's work is never done, especially an Irishwoman's work, for as the verbal chatter kept up, Mrs. Lynch, a slight little woman, prepared more meals for the hens, ducks, geese and pigs, made porridge, baked bread and hung more kettles and pots over the turf fire in three hours time than I have ever seen one woman do before. And despite all of this daily drudgery, cousin Annie still possesses the youth and appearance of a girl in the thirties. Doherty, Annie Reilly and I are practically of an age but she could easily pass for my daughter. Her husband, about ten years her senior, has been taken for her father on more than one occasion, a fact which when introduced into the household conversation, is the cause of many a witty remark with the man himself always coming out on top. For quick thinking and repartee I have yet to meet the equal of Cousin Lynch. He proved to be a source of great pleasure to me and I found in him a link between the very old and very young, having a knowledge and memory of both generations which aided materially in the many questions I had to ask.

Evening was fast approaching and soon the "lads" as their father always termed them would be here. Finally they came in pairs. Matty and John from the hay-making in Tullyboy where Lynch had another farm and lastly Paddy and Michael from Ahaloor Bog where they had been "clampin' " turf. A finer quartette of young Irish manhood could not be found in all Erin. Well set up, blue eyed, smiling, merry and bubbling over with humor they arrived, hungry and dying with the "hate." Doherty, the "hate" was so intense that despite a cozy turf fire over which I leaned I could not get warmed. But these lads were freely perspiring and immediately sought the lower portion of the kitchen between two open doors to cool off. I could not understand it for to me the day was no hotter than many a November day here in New England. But all of Cavan was dying with the "hate" and to hear these boys telling of this one and that one who could not bear the "hate" and who had to quit their work was really laughable. Their father, however, agreed with the "lads" and commended them for their bravery in sticking to their tasks. Then came the customary questioning about the turf and the hay. Did Matty think the "medda" they were working would yield ten cocks o' hay? "Aye, just so. That's what I figured meself." Did he think young Coyle would come on "the morra" with the machine to cut the "far medda?" "Were the Paddy Neddy's mowin' the day, I dunno? Ha! the lazy pack! It's two weeks ago that field should ha' been mowed. Throth and I didn't forget to tell Mickey that yesterday when I met him in the town. Well, Well! An' how is the turf comin', Paddy? How many clamps did ye put up today? Very good, very

good, throth and that was a dale this hot day," and James Lynch looked to his wife who nodded her approval. "Tell me, Paddy, an' were the Parra Mores on the bog th' day? Th' warn't! Ha, it's just like them. But faith, they'll be sorry, for if the wet saison comes on, the divil as much as a clamp will they be able to save. But come now, and have yer suppers. Shan, I would not go to that dance th' night if I were you. Yer tired enough after the hate th' day."

Doherty, they say that the Irish people eat too much but one cannot blame them for that. The odor of that home cured bacon, its delicious flavor, the taste of new cabbage and the tenderness of fresh young onions, called in Cavan "scallions" just melted in one's mouth. In Ireland they eat the tops as well as the beads which are considered the better part of the scallions and you cannot blame them for the tops are as tender as a banana. And the potatoes, Tommy, oh, they are so different and the flavor so much better than ours!

The evening meal ended and the customary after-dinner chat followed. It is astonishing how quickly news travels in a place where there are no telephones. The Lynch boys had known ere they left their respective places at work that I had arrived at their father's house. Indeed, I was hardly an hour at Lynch's when we had a caller in the person of a poor woman who came to see the son of little Phil Callan and Kitty Reilly. She was known as Lizzie the Skiver, the wife of Mat McCabe who in the old days was a noted whitewasher and was better known as Matt the Skiver. Lizzie had survived Matt and was living on the charity of the neighbors. I learned more in ten minutes of the goodness and charity

of Phil Callan and Kitty Reilly, "God rest their souls," than I had ever known before, from the suave lips of Lizzie, who "remimbered" me "right well" and in her estimation I was by far the most lovable and "frindliest wan o' the Callan gossoons." A sly wink from my cousin Annie was sufficient so I fished out a shilling which I considered ample remuneration for the Blarney and poor Lizzie departed calling down blessings on me and all belonging to me. The boys had word from the town that a son of Paddy Flynn's the tailor, had come home that morning from America. He was a policeman in Philadelphia and had come from Galway with five other men who had passed up the Lough road headed for Bally-Jamesduff. You may be sure there was considerable guessing as to their identity but the very next day everyone in Coolkill had known who they were and what they worked at in America, and how long they intended staying in Ireland.

We were smoking and chatting by the fire. Mrs. Lynch arose and I could see the eyes of her four boys and little Bab, a niece who has been part of the Lynch household from infancy, a beautiful child of eight, following her. Presently my cousin returned with Rosary beads which she passed around. I was offered one but refused to accept it for I had one of my own. I could see them wondering at that for I learned later that they were laboring under a false impression that Yankees never say their beads. They seemed so pleased when I picked up one of the mysteries and recited the decade. Doherty, we do say the Rosary in America, but we do lack the devotion and fervor in the recital that the folks in Ireland put into it. Their whole heart and soul goes

into every Hail Mary. No wonder there is so much peace and harmony in every home in Ireland. The Mother of God is invoked in their joys as well as their sorrows. We talked over old times and recounted the pranks of our boyhood and girlhood days until broad daylight. Tired as the boys must have been they remained to listen open-mouthed with never a wink of sleep coming on them so interested were they in the recital of their father's and mother's youthful didoes.

CHAPTER IX

STROLLING

NEXT morning I was the first one up. Having remained indoors since my arrival I was anxious to get out and view the country around. It was a delightful morning as I stepped out the north door. Coolkill, you may know, is very high land, and the view from even the lowest part of it is simply ravishing. Mullycastle, a neighbouring town-land, similar in height and cultivation to Coolkill, stood before me robed in the verdure of its growing crops. I could see the home of Hughey Reilly and I thought of Patrick and Joe. Beyond Reilly's I could see Matthew Cusack's and I recalled Eddie and Phil and little Andy who had died before I left home, and Pat and Farrell and James and six or seven girls whose names I had forgotten, with the exception of Mary and Ellen. I could see the stolid house of Con Sheridan and I remembered Nickey, a bachelor brother of Con's who always visited in Coolkill and could sing a good song. Con's children were too young to remember much about them except that they were particularly fat and big for their age. Up Mullycastle lane which bisected the townland I could make out the old homesteads of Terry and Phil Boylan. I remembered that Phil was a bachelor and lived with a maiden sister but Terry had a family of boys and girls. There was Mattie, and Pat (the rabbit) who bested me once in a boxing match, and Maggie and Bridgey of the crooked neck because of a burn in her childhood. I thought of

them all in the dim past and wondered what had become of them. I visioned a cluster of houses back of the hill where the McEvoy's, another family of Cusacks and a family whose name I could not recall, who had been evicted and for whom the Landleaguers built a temporary house on the property of a neighbor. Then farther down on the back of the hill in my mind's eye, I could see Con Flood's, the house of him who could step-dance so gracefully for a large man and I could see Pat and Matthew the twins, who knew every step their father had and were the pride of Mullycastle. And I thought of poor Owen the biggest of them all and the best dancer of them all who had just died in New York where for years he had been known as the biggest motor-man in America. And below Con Flood's, I could see Pat and Henry Callan's places. To my right on another hill I could see the Protestant church and minister's house where a Rev. Lindsey lived in the old days. I remembered well his well-kept house that we knew as the "glebe" and I had not forgotten that on every St. Steven's day, we made our last call as wren boys at the minister's, in fact the only time we ever ventured near his premises, but, whatever else he had done, he never sent the wren-boys away empty-handed. There it was buried in a cluster of trees on the summit of the hill. Farther on to the right I could see Crosserlough chapel—new chapel—where with pride I had helped in digging the foundation and did my share of the hauling and carting, ably abetted by Dolan, Pat Harry's donkey. That was enough for a northerly view and I re-entered the house to inquire of Cousin Annie what had happened to Crosserlough graveyard, whose tombstones I could

see from her back yard. Unfortunately a recently appointed pastor had every tree in the handsome burying place cut down and I thought if I should meet up with him ere I left for America I would give him something to think about, for his overt act had so changed the aspect that I had no mind to visit the last resting place of my grandparents. I did however, and left almost in tears. It did not look like the same spot at all.

After viewing these memorable scenes of my boyhood, my appetite was whetted for more and I had determined to begin my rambles so soon as I had breakfasted. Fifteen minutes later I was strolling over the lane bent on an intensive exploration of every hole and corner of my beloved Coolkill. I had made up my mind to visit every habitation in the townland, caring not who the occupants might be. The first house above Lynch's on the lane was Peter Callan's in my time, and now after a lapse of forty-two years a grandson bearing the same name is doing business at the same stand. I dropped in to greet my cousins to whom I was a rank stranger. In the good old days a visit to Peter Callan's was a veritable treat for us youngsters. The Peter Callans were then looked upon as the most comfortable family in all Coolkill and because of a very close relationship we of the lesser Callans had the call over the other Coolkill lads when the weeding and haymaking and turf raising seasons came around. Many and many a happy day had I spent in the employ of Big Phil, a title which suited his stature and served to distinguish him from my father. Phil, as I had known him, was a bachelor nearing the forties and took upon himself the duties of looking after the farm while his brother James, familiarly known as Jemmy,

acted the gentleman, consorting freely with the gentry for miles around, who admired him because of his knowledge of horse-flesh. He, too, was a bachelor, but, being the elder of the two, was heir to the property. He had not married until a few years after we had come to America. The present occupant of the old homestead is the eldest son of Jemmy. Both Phil and Jemmy have been long since dead but the place has never looked the same since poor Phil's demise and little wonder, for he was an indefatigable worker and took great pride in its upkeep. After the death of their mother Jemmy married, taking over the property because of his seniority and settled down to enjoy the fruits of his brother Phil's years of hard labour. Their mother, Rosy Boylan, a first cousin to my grandmother, which left us doubly related, was a woman of sterling character and greatly beloved of the neighbourhood for her charity which was liberally dispensed to all irrespective of creed. She had a heart as big as her head and is lovingly remembered by me for her buttercakes which she cut unstintingly and layered with butter an inch high over which she invariably spread yet another inch of sugar. I can taste them yet.

The next house in line was little Phil Callahan's. I knocked for admittance here but there was no one home. I stood on the premises looking around on old familiar scenes and recalled the days when this same house was fairly alive with children of all ages, boys and girls galore, twelve or more in number who, between death and emigration, had dwindled to the sole occupant, Mickey, who chose to remain on the place and eke out a living for himself and Bidy his comely spouse with never a child to brighten their hearth. I could not help think-

ing of old times when the babble and laughter of children rang incessantly through this house and I should have added song, for every member down to the toddler of the Callahan crew could sing like canaries, a gift they all inherited from Little Phil, their warbling father, who could sing like an Irish thrush and for sweetness and melody could outrival that king of Irish songbirds. Now all was as silent as Crossulough graveyard and I thought so deeply I was close to tears.

Across the way, on the right, in a few perches off the lane was Mickey Paddy's, but to strangers, Mickey Reilly's. I did want to make a call here but preferred not to because a veterinary doctor was attending a sick cow which in Ireland is a very serious matter and I preferred to wait until another time when Mrs. O'Reilly and family would be in better spirits to receive me. I spent a few minutes, however, looking over the surroundings recalling happy boyhood days when I was permitted to drive Mickey's lively jennet and again my disappointment on not getting to Oldcastle on that long ago day returned and I sighed a heavy sigh for old times and said a pater and ave for the repose of Mickey's soul who was the hardest working man in Coolkill and as inoffensive as a baby.

Strolling along a little farther I came upon the Coopers. Charley the Cooper or Charley Reilly was my uncle by marriage and did a thriving business at his trade. A squatty little man of rounded features he was to me the very embodiment of good nature and was the darling of every boy and child in Coolkill. A tireless worker he was up early and laboured into the night. He turned out firkins, tubs of every kind, troughs and

churns. The Cooper's workshop was a rendezvous for neighboring men on rainy days and his house a calling place for half the townland by night. It was at the Coopers the newspapers were read and eagerly listened to by men and women. I can see them now gathered around the hearth before a rousing fire on a Winter's night, for the Cooper had plenty of logs and shavings ever handy to keep the blaze roaring up the chimney and I fancied I could see the sparks flying up and out to wonder that they had not set the world afire. Many a time I was one of two gossoons sent to Kilnaleck for the *Weekly Freeman* which my father read to eager listeners. Ah, it was then we dared not open our mouths for fear of being sent home immediately. I can remember, too, their disappointment whenever we came back empty-handed because the papers had not arrived in Kilnaleck from Dublin. I can see the ever busy Cooper astride his "mare" with drawknife in hand shaving the staves he would use the next day for the tubs and firkins; for, lest he would lose a bit of gossip or news, he took his "mare" into the kitchen where he could labour and enjoy the company at the same time. I fancied I could hear him say to no one in particular, "Mobile," and how often I had wondered what that meant and why the cooper used it so meaninglessly. But it was years after I had come to America that the solution came to me. The cooper used oak logs for making churns that came from Mobile, Alabama, and whenever he had contemplated sending in an order for logs he invariably kept repeating, "Mobile, Mobile, Alabama," which meant much to him and precious little to us. I could see him lift his eyes from his task whenever I approached

his shop and ask me to "come here" when he, without fail, would feel of my stomach and exclaim aloud, "Oh, be the! Rosy, here's a gossoon who hasn't had a bite to ate today! Haven't you a buttercake for him, Rosy?" And my aunt would reply: "Send him here to me, I want a bucket o' water from the well." I fetched the water and received my buttercake but not before I had received a reprimand from my aunt for being away from home where I should be doing the tasks which she rightly surmised I had run away from, and always with the admonition, "Wait until I see your father." I was ever in dread of Aunt Rosy but doted on my lovable uncle, Charley the Cooper.

As I stood before the house that I once thought was the biggest in Coolkill, I was astonished to note how it had shrunk. There was no one at home so I explored the premises. Gone was the old workshop in the rear, a new one having taken its place in the front yard. The great logs of timber that used to line the front of the house and could be counted by the dozens were missing. The new cooperage was empty save a few old tubs, and the inevitable iron hoops and wooden ones together with the numerous tools that one time cluttered the old shop were conspicuous by their absence. Something had gone awry surely, and not until Cousin Phil later explained could I account for the great change which had practically wiped out this once flourishing trade. Ever since the dairies have been set up throughout Ireland, Tommy, the coopers have been driven to the wall and all of them have had to resort to farming. Like the old time shoemakers in America, the Irish coopers have nothing to do in their line except a little mending now

and then, or in other words a little cobbling. Tin and pewter vessels now take the place of wooden ones and are to be seen at all farm houses. And as for churning there is very little of that done by farmers any more. A small churn little bigger than a toy is sufficient to turn out enough of butter for the family supply, the rest of the milk being taken daily to the creameries. Cousin Phil proved a veritable bureau of information when it was a question of what had transpired in the past fifty years and the readiness with which he recounted my boyhood pranks in and around Coolkill amazed and amused me. I left him and his fine young motherless family with a promise to return and spend a whole day with him, which I did later.

Continuing my journey I came to the "Scarthur" an intersection of Coolkill Lane and the Red Bog road, an angle memorable for the location of our annual bonfire on the eve of the feast of St. John. "Scarthur," I had learned, was an Irish word signifying a damp or wet spot and indeed so it was rightfully named for, barring a few months in Summer, the "Scarthur" retained its usual quota of water. I stopped a minute to view the place where in olden times we gathered around the bonfire of whins and logs of deal and oak which we collected from the neighboring fields and bogs for weeks before the great event to fuel the fire with. On one corner was Pat Lynch's meadow, the scene of many a spirited Sunday hurling match in an angle of which we stored our collection for the intended blaze and I remembered how we gleefully watched the pile grow higher and higher. I could see again in the light of the fire the crowd of young and old encircled about the ditches comfortably

seated or leaning against the surrounding hedges, the young men courting their colleens, the old men smoking and chatting with their spouses, and, strange to say, offering no words of protest to the public love making of their sons and daughters, an act that on other occasions would be severely frowned upon. I could hear again the songs that were sung and the stories that were told with a far away sound to the voices caused by the intensity of the blaze which stood between us and the entertainer. I recalled the early hours of the morning, reluctantly leaving the subdued fire and in imitation of our elders carrying glowing embers which we tossed into different fields along our way as an assurance for bumper crops. And how we envied the "bigger fellas" who remained and went down to Kill and Corglass loughs to fish in the early morning. On the North corner of the "Scarthur" there was the stile that led into Pat Harry's haggard a near cut to the house which was set in off the lane. I crossed the stile and walked along the path under the same old apple trees which used to anger me because they had never borne any fruit. And, ye gods! The first to greet me was Dolan, the famous donkey. But it could not be possible. Dolan, if he still romped about in his assinine flesh, would be at least forty-eight years old. Large and of a light brown color this youthful duplicate of the ancient Dolan pricked up his ears and glared me a welcome. I learned later that this amiable beast of burden was the fifth edition of his memorable forbear, for Pat Harry had seen to it that the race of Dolan was perpetuated in time to grace his famous stable of donkeys. I crossed another stile and entered Pat Gilligan's unmolested, for in the old days he needs be a courage-

ous man who crossed Harry's threshold unarmed. A breed of vicious dogs ever and always guarded the premises with unflinching and terrifying faithfulness. I was one of the very few who had boasted of the friendship of unfriendly Fly and her bitter offspring of which she had two at least that had all the propensities of their cruel mother. The inimitable Pat and Maryann welcomed me with many pent up sighs and "well wells." Pat Harry, despite his graying beard, appeared astonishingly spry for his years but poor Maryann looked and acted the part of the veritable old woman that she was. Gaunt and bent over she trudged about her household duties dolefully recalling better days while she marvelled at my youthful appearance. Pat whom I had once thought a veritable giant looked almost puny now and his high pitched voice disillusioned me further and I could not bring myself to think that this man could have ever been the terror of the neighborhood, which he was in his younger days. Grit and stamina were his two great characteristics and Pat Harry was known to have never gone down in defeat. I strolled about the premises with Pat and went down a bylane to James Coyle's. We did not enter the house because a stranger from below Ahaloora abides there now. Patsy, Tommy, Johnny, Rosanna, and Maggie were dead and poor Jemmy has been more than forty years in Monahan asylum. Brian, the only living member still resides in Enniskillen. In fact, he was there long before I had left Coolkill. Maggie's husband is now lord and master over James Coyle's property and having come from down near the Leitrim border he is still considered a stranger in Coolkill.

I left Pat Harry at his own gate and stepped across the stile into Mickey Briany's back yard. Entering the house, which had not changed one whit in forty-two years, I was greeted and welcomed by Brain's wife although it was the first time we had ever met. Mrs. Smith was alone in the house and while we talked on one thing or another, my mind had reverted to the long ago when Mickey Briany and Biddy Gaffney, his friendly wife, who was always in poor health, presided over their youthful brood. There was Mary the eldest, who because of her mother's ill health was wise beyond her years, and Brian, the present occupant, who was over big for his age, and Johnny, slim and hardy, nearer to my own age, who was ever ready for play and for that reason dear to my heart, and the youngest, Charley, the news of whose demise in Brooklyn, N. Y. had reached Coolkill ere I had been a week there, God rest his soul. I thought of them all, and memories of a late night in the Fall flashed through my mind when playing with Mickey Briany's children. Mickey and Biddy, God rest them, came in from their Kaily at the Cooper's and wondered that I had not gone home with my father and mother who, they said, had left the Cooper's ahead of them. This dreadful news threw me into a state of consternation and visions of the banshees and ghosts which nightly roamed the Lane between Mickey's and my own house loomed in terrifying proportions. I tarried on purpose thinking that Mickey would order Johnny and Brian to accompany me home, but instead, he lengthened my stay by a solemn discourse on ghosts whose nocturnal habitations lay directly in my path and whose nightly appearances frightened even Patsy Coyle,

a man who dreaded nothing and who once had fought the devil to a fare-thee-well down below at Shamus' old house. Shamus' old house was just half-way between my house and the spot where, as an unwilling listener, I sat riveted by Mickey's weird tales. I arose from my stool crumpling my cap between nervous fingers waiting and hoping for the order which never came. Brian and Johnny I could see had no notion of leaving home, and I could not blame them after the frightful tales they had heard recounted by their truthful father. I hope God has forgiven Mickey Briany, but not until I had heard of his demise could I make up my mind to forgive him. Despairingly, I bolted out into pitch darkness and rain. Cap still in hand I sped over the rough road bed, skitting the "clauber" over my head, the mud hitting the back of my neck as regularly as the raindrops. Taking the curve at Hughey Fay's on one wheel, I raced over the straight stretch down the hill just above Shamus' old house, dreading to look either to the right or left of me. Without looking I could tell I was about opposite the dreaded spot when without any warning I bumped into something soft, wet, and woolly. The impact sent me backward on the flat of my back. Slowly and fearfully picking myself up, I could discern in the dimness the form of Charley Faddy's donkey, mouching toward the ditch to allow me to pass. Sally, as poor old Charley had named her, had selected the center of the lane to have her nightly nap, but asleep or awake, our contact awoke me from a horrible state of nerves and, being old friends, for her thoughtlessness I leaped aboard her and rode the remainder of the way home. It is astonishing how comforting the company of even a dumb ass is to a nightly

sojourner in Ireland. Our meeting, unusual as it was, had driven all fear of ghosts out of my heart and like a conquering hero I rode on unafraid to my own gate.

I said my farewells to Mrs. Smith and came out upon the lane again opposite Lynch's meadow. There it lay as natural as it did fifty years ago. Never tilled in the memory of the oldest native, Pat Lynch's meadow has ever been the playground for the youth of Coolkill. I crossed the ditch and stepped within its level and spacious acres. I thought of the good old days when as a boy I raced up hill all the way and breathlessly tumbled in over the ditch lest I might miss even one stroke at the ball, should the play be on. Ah, I thought of the Sundays when Lynch's meadow was certain to be crowded for the matches with the lads from Kilnaleck and Mullycastle, aye, and sometimes from Crosserlough. How uneasy we would be to be off and the restlessness we would display should the mother be a little late with the Sunday dinner! Caressing our "cammans" drawn from the thatched eaves of the house, how anxiously we awaited the sizzling of the bacon, the first reminder that the dinner was almost ready. And when the last bite was swallowed, away we dashed like deers to see who would arrive at the trysting place first. Dear, oh dear! The fond memories that flashed across my mind as I stood there a youth once more. I walked along the headland and crossed the stile by Hughey Fay's onto the lane again. I entered the short driveway into Hughey's old place and ducked under the spreading laburnum bush overhanging the passageway laden with small and yellow blossoms with the peculiar scent, and rounded the corner to the street and door. The house was empty,

its sole occupant, Hughey's eldest boy, having gone to work for a neighbour. The place looked lonesome, even in broad daylight, and I thought that it must take more courage than I possessed to live here alone especially at night. I felt if I had volunteered to remain there one night alone I would be sure to encounter the shades of the spare Hughey and the big rawboned Susie who would be sure to greet me with her, "Ambrambut, if it isn't little Lukie Callan!" I am sure poor Susie would be certain to measure me for a checker bib and offer to cut my hair which more than once she had done in bygone days with a huge scissors that always dangled by her apron. Poor Hughey of the chinless chin and Susie of the voracious appetite, ah dear! "Ambrambut, Kitty, but that's fine bread!" was her oft repeated compliment to my mother as the ever hungry mantua-maker devoured slice upon slice of soda cake liberally dispensed for my dear mother always got a great treat from the antics of the redoubtable "Shusie." But, as I have said, Hughey and Susie were no more and the house being shut against intruders, I left the premises, filled with many thoughts, and returned to the Lane. The vista now before my joyous eyes was magnificent. I could see the Moat of Granard over in the County Longford and the glitter of the slated roofs of Granard town in the distance which appeared to be about level with the spot where I stood. To the South, Lough Sheelin's silvery sheet gleamed through the trees and, to the West, Browse and Bally-Connell Mountains lay against the horizon thirty miles distant but I was exploring Coolkill for the present and had little interest in distant places. Standing on the brae above the ruins of Shamus' old

house, across the field on my right I could see Little Charley's, and Padna's a little behind that. Gelsha's, or Frank Reilly's, lay before me on the left but I looked in vain for Charley Fadda's which, if it were standing, would be across the lane from Frank's. Proceeding, I came abreast of the few large stones by the side of the lane, the sole reminders of Shamus' old house and thought again of the night I so unexpectedly ran against the woolly Sally which, thank God, was no ghost after all. Coming before Frank Reilly's I stood to gaze and wonder at the house which once belonged to my grand uncle, Shamus Callan, whose daughter, Big Ann, this same Frank Reilly had married, and after whose death he had become sole owner of Shamus' land. Frank, in my day, was a bitter old man who always wore the conventional frieze coat and knee breeches with the brass buttons on the outside by the knees, which I coveted so much, but could never possess. Tall and bent, we always heard Frank before we saw him because of a hard, dry cough that could be recognized a mile away. The same old iron gate separated Frank's from the Lane but, as the gate was opened only on rare occasions, the very stile I had climbed over hundreds of times was still in use. Over this I entered the premises to discover that the lower room which had fallen down in my boyhood days had never been rebuilt. The garden, where apple trees and luscious gooseberries flourished once, now lay stripped of trees and bushes. Oh, many the times I purloined the forbidden fruit at the risk of a horse-whipping from the wily Frank. Once only had I tasted the sting of Gelsha's lash, but I forgave him from my heart, because he saved me a far severer punishment by not tell-

ing my father. The boy who had the temerity to call him Gelsha, wounded his dignity far more than if he had tumbled his battered Caroline from his gray head with a clod. That I never could understand, for Gelsha was harmless, inasmuch as it meant nothing more than the town-land where he had been reared, in the County Longford. As I crossed the threshold into the house I had visions of the day when poor old Frank had been evicted and I thought I could see the lanky and polished rogue of a bailiff, Charley McClean, carrying out the last pan of coals to deposit them one side of the door, and his audacity when he called for a basin of water to wash his two-faced face with when the unhappy ritual was ended. I don't know how evictions were carried out in Galway, Tommy, but in Cavan a man was not dispossessed until the fire on the hearth had been removed to the outside. I could see again the crowd collected about the timorous bailiff as he made his ablution and poured forth blarneyed sympathies to the evicted family. We were not many years in America when the good news of poor old Gelsha's reinstatement reached us and I recall my poor mother's fervent, "Thank God!" at the glad tidings. Yes, Tommy, Frank Reilly, despite his great age, lived a good many more years and died happily in his old home in Coolkill, the well-beloved place of his adoption. I was about to say that I crossed the threshold to be greeted by Frank's Maryann and Bridgey, the only daughters of the venerable Frank and his second wife, the youthful Ann Coyle, who, counting years, could easily have passed for his granddaughter. If my wife could have seen the manner of affection with which the red-headed Maryann and the dark-haired

Bridgey welcomed me she would soon forget the case of the Galway lass, Doherty. Both fell upon my poor neck *en masse*, as the French would put it, and it was here that my experience in football served me well. No sooner had I broken away from one tackle than I was seized again about the neck and it was several minutes before I made my first down—on a stool by the fire. Talk about your whililoos and Boo-hoos, hysterics and what not! I thought my cousin Annie's antics were bad enough when we met, but hers were tame in comparison. I was not prepared for this but it remained for me to discover that the affection of old playmates surpasses by far the love of even one's cousins. I was glad that Maryann's husband was away at the market, for I heard afterwards that he packs a mean wallop in either fist, a trick he learned on the Cunard docks in New York. Anyhow, the hysteria passed and while Bridgey made tea we talked about the good old days when their uncle Phil and Andrew Coyle came up from Ahaloorra to help with the hay or turf. And they remembered well how Andra played the flute for us and put us out on the floor to dance. They recalled too, the day I had fallen out with them over some foolish prank or broken toy and how I stood upon the stile out of harm's way to bellow at them and my dear sister Katie, God rest her, harmless names. And they remembered, and I have never forgotten, the severe lacing I got over the head of the innocent denunciations from my perch on the stile. Across the road lived Kitty Brady, Charley Fadda's wife, who, to my childish memory, had never been on good terms with any of her neighbours, and to avenge herself on us she went straight to my father and com-

plained about me standing on Frank's stile and hurling defiance and foul names at her. My oft-repeated "Kitty curleggy," meant for my dear sister, Kitty interpreted as being aimed at her while she fed a flock of hens in her yard. Such a thing was farthest from my youthful mind and were it not for the timely arrival of the lovable Frank's Ann, God rest her dear soul, I would not be living today to tell about it, for never in all my years in Coolkill can I remember seeing my father in such bad temper. I can feel the sting of the horsewhip around my bare legs yet.

"Callan, your father was a wise man, but the trouble is he didn't give you half enough. Am I right, Mrs. Callan?"

"You are always right, Mr. Doherty. But I am sorry I did not make the trip to Ireland with him."

"So am I, so am I. Continue, Callan."

Reluctantly leaving Maryann and Bridgey, I gazed upon the ruins of Charley Fadda's and stepped into the premises to look for the sundial on the garden wall. There it lay, buried in moss and weeds, and I wondered that someone had not taken it years and years ago for a souvenir.

CHAPTER X

A YOUTHFUL JOCKEY

ALTHOUGH every trace of Charley Faddy's little habitation had been wiped out, the walls separating it from the junction of the two lanes remained intact. I was about to step over the old stile, which still had its place in the northerly wall, when memories of the first time I had crossed it loomed as clearly as on that far-off day when hand in hand with Susie Fay I toddled over it on forbidden ground. I say forbidden territory because hateful Kitty Brady, Charley Faddy's wife, had never permitted a neighbour's child, nor beast for that matter, to set foot on one inch of land belonging to her. But I was in the company of one who always had access to the abode of the uncongenial Kitty. The valiant Susie was bent on one of her many peculiar enterprises. One morning she came to my mother and after much whispering and mysterious confidings, my mother took me in hand, or rather lap, for I was little more than an infant at the time, and after divesting me of every last garment set about re-investing me in Sunday bib and tucker. Scrubbed, combed, and looking my "purtiest" I was handed over to the loquacious "Shusie" who, between "Ambrambuts" and "God bless yous" left my mother standing in the doorway shaking with laughter. Susie halted before Charley Faddy's and, indeed, so did I. She placed a foot on the stile to cross over and as she did I broke away on the dead run, and, small as I was, I

gave poor Susie the race of her life. But Susie, being long of limb, overtook me before I had covered half the distance home. Snatching me up like a sod of turf she tucked me under a vise-like arm and deposited me safely in Faddy's front yard. Charley and Kitty greeted us with a laugh—it was the first time I had ever seen the terrible Kitty smile and it was that smile that saved the day for poor Susie, for much as I dreaded Kitty I could see a deal of sunshine in her laughter which allayed my fears so that I laughed myself even if it smacked of hysteria. After a few minutes consultation with Charley and Kitty, Susie drew from the interior of a very large pocket, yards of calico strips which she measured from the top of my head to my waist and once around my body. This demonstration seemed satisfactory to Charley who went off immediately and came back from behind the house leading Sally, the donkey, by her bob. I never see a picture of the bald-headed American eagle that I do not recall Charley Faddy's donkey. White of face, brown of back, and white of belly, Sally stood meekly by while the resourceful Susie measured her for her first halter. While you would be saying it she had Sally equipped as far as facial requirements were necessary, but when it came to a matter of reins, alas and alack—for me—Susie had run out of calico and Sally and her rider must navigate with half a rein which Susie tied on the right foot side of the wondering Sally. Charley laughed and Kitty laughed with him which sent Kitty's stock soaring in my estimation. Susie, who seemed to be in a hurry, took me by the crop of the neck and placed me none too gently on Sally's woolly brown back. "Be the lorbus,

Shusie, yar a grate woman," commented Charley. Facing Sally about, I was in a state of terror lest she would head for the stile, and wondered how I could hold my seat while the shoeless ass would be manipulating the climb. But no, there was Charley drawing the bush out of the gap and I was that delighted I am sure I crossed myself in thanksgiving. "Gyp, Sally!" admonished Charley, smacking Sally with a palsied hand on the rump, and she Sallied forth in a trot of four paces which sent me bobbing up and down, rightwise and leftwise, until I was forced to cling to a healthy fistful of Sally's wool to remain aboard. Charley laughed again and I am sure Kitty laughed with him and for the second time I had my doubts about Kitty Brady's meanness.

Bringing up the rear, Susie seemed in high spirits, and sang the "Bulldog and the Buck," with lilting gusto. Susie helped Sally up Shamus' brae with a love tap on the rump from a stout stick which she had picked up along the way and which I am sure she had not gotten from Charley or Kitty. On past Susie's own gate, by Pat Lynch's "medda," past Mickey Briany's and down to the Scarthun we went with never a mishap. "Up the Red Bog lane," commanded the general in the rear. Being a right turn I had no trouble and Sally responded willingly because to the Red Dog was Sally's one and only beaten path. It chanced that the bog lane was much narrower than Coolkill lane and Sally, because of her shoeless hooves, chose the right-hand car track to shuffle along in. All was well until we reached a ditch whose bank was covered with briars. Doherty, I could show the marks on my right leg from the laceration I

received that day from my ever memorable first horse-back—or would it be permissible to say, ass-back—ride? I suffered silently lest Susie might be tempted to apply her cant too freely and Sally, to escape punishment, might take it into her long head to trot another trot, for I was certain that that would end my career as a jockey had she done so. Rounding a sharp curve, soon we were opposite Kate Callery's. Busy as Kate was among her brood of white ducks, she found time to approach the gate to greet the enigmatical Susie. Charley Faddy's donkey and her infantile jockey were too much for the curious-minded Kate, and she set herself in Susie's path bent on finding out if possible the whys and wherefores of Susie's business. I cannot say whether Kate succeeded or not but she held Susie in tow long enough to permit me and Sally to reach Jemmy Betty's one hundred yards ahead when Sally's eye lit on a grassy patch by the left hand side of the lane where traveling was more congenial to her tender hoofs, and she bolted for the coveted path. Putting all my tender muscle into one strenuous pull on my one rein I succeeded so well that I turned Sally completely around and with fear and trembling came marching back to where Susie and the wondering Kate stood. Without as much as a fare-thee-well to Kate, Susie came striding menacingly to greet us and with a well-directed aim of her cant on Sally's unprotected nose she spun the in-offending ass about so quickly that her rider was tossed ingloriously to the ground. But, God bless you, a little mishap of this kind served only to ruffle Susie's equanimity to a point where she laid hold of me with one free hand and tossed me back in the position I had

“no business in falling from” and with the other swung a devastating cudgel which found a resting place along Sally’s right ribs which sent that creature in a loping motion on to the left hand side of the lane until I feared she would eventually drop into Phil Cusack’s bottoms ere she had straightened out. With a speed that satisfied the jubilant Susie, that surprised the slow-motioned Sally herself, no doubt, and terrified the jockey, we gained the highway, or what is known as Aghnahederna road. Another sharp command from behind for a right turn and we faced South on a road that for height and unprotection on either side sent a quiver of terror through my childish heart. Self-preservation is the first instinct in animals as well as humans and the wily Sally picked out a grassy strip on the right side of the road for her own comfort. Shuffling along contentedly, Sally showed no fears of dropping twelve feet below into the Red Bog, but as I looked down from my elevated perch I had visions that would not down of tumbling at any moment into the recesses of the Red Bog which from fear looked redder and redder every second to me. I thanked God more than once that Susie had held her peace as well as her shillalah until we came abreast of Neddy the fiddler’s and past all dangers of the threatening Red Bog. “To the lift! To the lift!” bellowed the general, coming out of her dream and hastening with uplifted kippeen to our right side. More by good luck than good guidance Sally took the turn and I was saved another humiliating downfall for which I was grateful. We were now on the Boreen Buie road, oh, hundreds of miles from home and I thought, very close to America.

I thought of my mother and wondered if I would ever see her again. On and on we travelled in silence until Susie at last, coming from her place in the rear stepped alongside us. I thought by her silent mien she too was sorry we had left home and Coolkill. Susie now took Sally by the halter and drew her up before a large iron gate at the head of a shady driveway which led down to a house at its wooded extremity. Once inside the gate Susie led the way, and as we approached the house five or six hounds came charging at her but the valiant woman beat them off until the voice of the Widow Farley called off the attack. The congenial Widow welcomed Susie and took me in her motherly arms to deposit me by a blazing turf fire in the kitchen. Susie seated herself on the opposite side of the hearth and watched with wistful eyes the "Widda" deal me out a buttercake of great dimensions along with a porringer of sweet milk. Whatever business Susie had with the "Widda" Farley was done while I ate my buttercake. The transaction, it seems, terminated with the finish of the cake, and the "Widda" for whom I had suddenly taken a great liking, lifted me in her arms and placed me astride the patient Sally who was munching a lock of hay given her by the thoughtful "Widda." On our return home we had extra baggage in the shape of a sack of feathers, for the "Widda" was known near and far for her splendid breed of geese and ducks. The extra baggage was so light that I have been wondering from that day to this why poor Susie should have gone to all the trouble of commissioning Charley Faddy's donkey to carry a sack of feathers from Aughtherera to Coolkill, a task which I, young as I was,

could have accomplished with ease. But Susie, God rest her soul, always had mysterious ways with her. There was something far deeper and heavier behind Susie's motive than a sack of feathers for she showed her disappointment in more ways than one on our way home from America.

CHAPTER XI

THE TENDEREST SCENE OF ALL

THE temptation to continue down the lane to my old home, which lay but two hundred yards farther on, was great indeed, but I wanted to make the rounds of all the near neighbours first so that, undisturbed, I could give a full heart and mind to the tenderest scene of all. Little Charley's stood on a by-road a field's length away, so I faced westward over the breen that I had trod daily for years on my way to school. A hedge flourished on the left hand ditch where once a smooth path lay, on whose surface as a barefooted lad I had loved to race. I would have preferred to see it in the old way but here I was before Little Charley's. Mary, the daughter, greeted me at the door and as I entered, a feeble old lady arose from her seat by the fire to give me a warm welcome. It was Ellen Fay mistress of the house looking too fat for one in the eighties. I looked at her a long time before I recognized in her the mantua-maker of old with the peculiar shy laugh. We talked of the far-away days when she made my checker bibs and the Easter times when she designed the rosettes out of varied colored cloth and topped them with a cross to pin on our shoulders for Easter day. The dear old lady was in her dotage so I left her for a look about the premises in company of Mary. We went into the Well field where her brother John and I flew our kites and kicked the first real leather football that had been introduced in Coolkill, kicking it all day and half of

the night by moonlight until poor John had visions of fairies in the next field which I could not see at all, but which, bad cess to them, put an end to our play by moonlight. We viewed the well whose limpid waters had time and time again quenched my youthful thirst. We went on to Padna's, the other and last house on this by-lane. The Padna's, or James Fay's, stood on the side of a hill which we designated as Padna's Brae overlooking Kilnaleck and the surrounding country for miles. There was no one at home but I could not resist looking in the window to see again the hearth and fire by which dear old Jane Fay dried my clothes the day I had fallen into McGivney's river. Into an adjoining field and down to the brae we went. Kilnaleck chapel lay straight ahead and the school stood off a little to the right. I thought of the days we had raced in break-neck speed down the Brae when the school bell would be ringing its final warning and of how we dreaded the slaps we were sure to get unless the Master was in good humor. Over on the left I could see the little three-cornered field where one Saturday I "mitched" from school. Oh, indeed they do Tommy, they still have a half-day session at school on Saturdays in Ireland. That was the first and last day I had ever "mitched," Tommy, and strange to relate I was never found out. But as I jooked among the whin bushes which I noted still decorated that three-cornered piece, I thought twelve o'clock would never come. It was the longest three hours I have ever spent since or before and, even if through some miracle my sin had never been found out, I was amply punished because, for nearly a full year, I had lived in dread lest my father in some unexpected manner would have discovered my

deceit. Poor old James Padna was the only living human who had a knowledge of my sin but, God rest his soul, he kept it to himself and how I loved him for it. Standing on the brow of the hill and following the path that leads into Larry Galligan's field and crosses McGivney's river on to the chapel and out on Mullycastle road, I visioned old Larry with his silvery hair and heavy outside coat, with rope around it, and staff in hand as he prowled about his farm and I fancied I could see him as he stopped us to question who we were, and when we had told him I could hear his droll, "Oh, de-e-ar!" Even to this day the old folks can often be heard to say, "Oh, dear! says Larry." It is still used as a bye word. And after inquiring what class we were in he would be sure to ask us to spell him Aughtherera and when we were stuck he would go off oh dear-ing to himself leaving us chagrined and shame-faced. Ah, dear! Many a time had I rolled hoops down Padna's Brae until the shades of evening and hunger drove me home to the sally rod that was sure to be "in sour" for me.

I parted with Mary Fay on the Brae and cut across the fields to the longed-for scenes of my birth-place. I wanted to be alone with my thoughts when I arrived there, hence my reason for leaving my all too willing escort. I strolled over to the three-cornered field and had a good look at the spot where in dread I spent unhappy hours peering through the furze bushes down at Kilnaleck school for the dismissal of the scholars who, I thought, would never, never make their noisy appearance. I stretched myself prone beneath what I thought was the very same furze and as I gazed at the distant school what memories flooded my whirling brain! I

would have remained here longer but the unwelcome memory of my sin smited me and despite the charm of the place somehow I had no mind to tarry there longer. Following the line of least resistance, for I was no longer a youth, and meticulously picking my steps I managed to gain Little Charley's field and recalled the days we searched the surrounding hedges for the "wran" the tiniest of Ireland's many birds for our St. Stephen's day frolick. Before climbing over the stone wall into Charley Fadda's field which lay between me and my old home I could not resist the urge to see the sodded ditch separating Little Charley's land and Charley Fadda's domain, for reasons you will think very foolish. For two solid weeks I visited this spot and spent hours at a time trying and trying to clear the obstruction in one bound. Finally there came a day when I cleared it with never a foot touching its pliable top. Over and over I went gaining confidence with each successive leap. The feat to me was all the greater because of a dyke more than a yard in width on the other side of it. Racing back to the house I breathlessly broke the wonderful tidings to my elder brother who unbelievably came out with me to witness the herculean feat. Before his very eyes I sailed easily and cleanly across into Little Charley's meadow. Never a word of admiration escaped my brother's lips, instead he took a short run to it and landed with ease in the meadow three feet past my best mark. In one try he had done what it took me three whole weeks to accomplish. He scoffed at my weakness and made me uncomfortable for the rest of the year. Back into Fadda's field, I approached the old home, the ruins of which lay hidden behind a tall and very close

hawthorn hedge which topped the head of Fadda's field along the Lane. I could see no good reason of this unnecessary overgrown hawthorn fence which hid from my searching eyes the dearest object of my love. In my anxious heart I almost hated the man who was responsible for its planting. I found a gap in the extreme corner and stepped out on the Lane almost directly in front of all that remained of the old homestead. With tear filled eyes I gazed at the desolation spread before me. Remnants of what was once a well built wall separated the front yard or what they call in Ireland the "street," from the lane and rank weeds and luscious nettles now filled its every foot of ground. Part of the side and end walls of the old home looked deathlike in their bareness above this weedy growth which only added to the forlorn aspect of the whole. I sat down beneath a tall and spreading ash tree on the corner of what was once the vegetable garden, the only object which still retained a semblance of the past, and I thanked God that it had not been removed. I was forced to close my eyes ere I could vision a true picture of the dear dead past. Where I now sat was the end of a neat stone wall with coping stones and rounded pillars between which was hung a four-barred gate. A laurel hedge peeped over a white-washed wall. The house whose ruins I declined to look upon was once the pride of Coolkill, for my father was a tireless husbandman. It had always looked neat and white and uncommonly well-thatched and from its elevated perch on Coolkill's brow it could be seen for miles and miles from every point of the compass. From the hill of Fore in Westmeath on the South; from Carnine Mountain on the East; from the Moat of Granard in

Longford in the southeast; from Browse Mountain in the West and Arkhill Mountain in the North, car-men pointed their whips with pride to the house which now was no more and which was ever distinguishable from neighbouring habitations by a row of great ash trees that bordered its haggard. It being summertime, I dreamed of the summer seasons of long ago. I could see the vegetable garden back of where I sat with its beds of carrots and parsnips and onions, luscious in their growth and glittering in the sunshine after a shower of rain. I could see a boxwood bordered path in its center leading up to a laurel summer house to the left of which was a plantation of raspberries that I thought it took all too long to ripen. I remembered the far away Sunday when a photographer from Kilnaleck came to take our pictures before the summer house and how the gable of the barn behind it showed in the picture. I could see again the rows of gooseberry and black currant bushes that divided the garden from the haggard, and I recalled a rainy afternoon when, running up to the barn, I slipped and sprained my right ankle which has never been the same from that day to this. I could see the haggard behind the house with its hayrick and turfrick and stacks of oats around which we loved to play hide and seek. Ah, and I could vision the semicircle of ash trees whose great trunks we could not span but somehow managed to climb to their branches on which we sat to be rocked by the wind. And I saw again the big ash in the middle of the ditch where the magpies had their yearly nests but which we never molested lest these black and white birds of prey might avenge themselves by stealing mother's chickens.

Awakening from my dreams I crossed the obstruction and viewed the ruins at closer range. I stepped within the sacred walls and found a large stone among the nettles on which I sat for a long time in profound meditation. There was the spot where the hearthstone once held the fire around which we gathered and around which we recited the nightly Rosary, and woe it was to him or her who had the temerity to be late for even one decade. I thought of the stories that were told and the songs that were sung, the advice that was given and the lessons that we learned by the dying turf fire and they had been legion. Overcome with dejection I found relief in a flood of tears. Tears for my dear departed father and mother, tears for my dead sister who, but a few short years ago had gone through the same experiences I was now facing; tears for the many companions of my boyhood who had shared my joys and childish tribulations in this very spot but who have long since left this vale of tears. Dejected I arose to make a tour of the farm every inch of which I knew so well and every inch of which I now explored. And the sun was dipping a very red face behind Slieve Glah Mountain ere I returned to my Cousin Annie's.

CHAPTER XII

MINCE AND THE PRINCE

THE next day I was up and out early and strolled over the Lane leisurely taking in again the same scenes I had gazed at in wonderment the previous day. Somehow the road did not appear so narrow as yesterday. House after house and field after field began to take on a more familiar aspect and I felt that I had but to pass here a few more times when scenes and things could look to me as naturally as they had forty years ago. There was no one abroad so, undisturbed and alone with my thoughts I traversed the long lane until I came abreast again of the old home. Here I passed a long and lonesome quarter hour visioning happy boyhood days until the voice of an old neighbor broke in upon my dream.

“It doesn’t look much like the purty place it was in the ould days, does it, Lukie?” asked Pat Fay in a voice that trembled with emotion. Pat felt and regretted as I did the uncalled-for neglect that had changed what was in reality the newest and best kept home in Coolkill to a mass of ruins and desolation. “And there was no need of it,” he reiterated mournfully ere I left him to pass on to Pat’s, the next and last place on the long lane. Pat’s, as we used to call it, or Pat Callan’s, was but a field’s length farther down the lane. The well from which we drew water stood at back of Pat’s in a semi-circular enclosure by the side of the lane. We knew it by the familiar name of, The Spout. The spring from

which its limpid waters trickled through for about two hundred yards was located in Pat's middle field and found an outlet here over an oaken spout to tumble into the basin beneath. Many a night when the home supply had run low I remembered how we had grumbled when the task of going to the Well had been passed on to us. But it was not because the task was a heavy one that we demurred. Oh, no. Rather was it that the "spout" was ever known to be the haunt of ghosts and fairies. And one could not blame them, for a more ideal resort for the playground of spirits could not be found in all Coolkill. Once, and only once, had we made a nightly trip to the "spout" unafraid. My father had come home from one of his many evening visits at the "Master's" bringing with him a very handsome little brown dog which as school children we had always looked upon with covetous eyes. The Master, who possessed several canines, to rid himself of Mince, gladly passed him on to my father who took him, not because of any love for the mischievous little fellow but more out of respect for the good and kindly school Master. It was after ten o'clock and so anxious were we to have a run outdoors with the pretty little Mince that we surreptitiously emptied whatever supply of water there was on hand for an excuse to go to the Spout. Away went my brother and I in company with the frolicking Mince. Fairies and ghosts were farthest from our minds that night and there was no hurried dipping of the bucket in the well, neither did we close our eyes against possible apparitions nor run so fast that half the water was spilt ere we reached the house. Oh, no, Mince was with us, and more, he was ours now to have and to hold and what

greater joy could come to boys than the possession of the handsomest little dog in all Ireland? Ah, Dear! There it was, the old Spout, but the fairy bushes that once enclosed it had been cut and it looked bare and strange now. And like my own old home, Pat's had disappeared, with the exception of the gable next the lane. Childhood days when I romped about here with Lizzie and Katie and Maggieanne and Julia, for Pat Callan had no boys, raced madly through my mind. But what of them now? Dead, every last member of them. I roamed about Pat's land and into Judy McCabe's field where once I had discovered a blackbird's nest in a hawthorn hedge; but, alas, that hedge was no more. I went down into the bog, Pat's bog, to find that that, like the hedge, had disappeared forever. Where once there were turf banks, flourishing corn and potato crops now grew. I recalled the day when my brother James sobbingly tied a cord about Mince's neck and with a heavy rock attached dropped the pride of the Callan boys into a hole in that very bog. That was the last of Mince who had no one to blame but himself because he had gotten into his canine head that farmyard poultry were made to be killed by dogs. It was all very well until it became a matter of the neighbours' chickens. That was too much and something had to be done. That something was done and Mother cried, James cried, I cried, and every member of the Clan Callan cried except father who declared that he was good rid-dance, but there was a tremor in his voice. Continuing, I came to the end of the lane and stopped at Tully bridge to look once more at the swallows' nests beneath it. Near the bridge the old road and the new

“line” into Kilnaleck meet. I selected the old road which is part of Coolkill for I wanted to call at the Painter’s. Paddy Smith’s and Brian Smith’s adjacent houses on the old road were ever known as the Painters. The elder Smiths were, to be more correct, interior decorators of no mean ability and had travelled the British Isles plying their trade. Brian’s, the first house on the road, was vacant, John, the only living member of that branch of the Painters, was away. He lives alone. I stopped at Paddy’s and was greeted and welcomed by Paddy’s granddaughter, Katie Clarke, now a Mrs. Galligan and heiress to the property. I lingered here a little longer than my schedule for the morning allowed but I was so pleased and impressed with the upkeep of the old house, where as a boy I had loved to romp and play about its premises, that I would not be content with a passing or hurried glance at things and places. I must look into every last room in the house recalling scenes of my boyhood as I passed from one to the other. Here was the neat little parlour where I had served my first Mass in fear and trembling and where I got so mixed in the Confiteor that John, the sick man for whom the Holy Sacrifice was being offered, had to come to my rescue by making the responses from his bed of pain. Ah, the gentle John who, to my memory, had died a dozen deaths. Forced to come home from a seminary in France, a victim of asthma, where he was preparing for the priesthood that he never attained, John, despite the dread disease which brought him to death’s door so often, lived to see every member of his family pass on with one exception, his sister Bridget, Mrs. Galligan’s mother, who by this time may have gone on to join John

and Tom and Julia and two brother priests. This family was known far and wide for their learning, piety and culture, and John on his well days taught us the serving at Mass and drilled us in the Latin beginners, Swain and Hoole, until we knew them by heart. I looked at photographs of old Paddy and Aunt Pebby which were taken fifty years ago and they looked so natural in their eighties that one felt like speaking to them, Paddy small, neat and of sandy complexion and Pebby sweet, plump and smiling through her cap and borders. I recalled the time of their demise, the crowded wake house and their very large funerals which a great many priests attended. I visited the flower garden laden with its numerous plants and rich in red and white roses. The haggard too I could see was well stocked and the farm outhouses in splendid repair. But I must not leave without paying a visit to the granary, a tall slated building in whose large and spacious loft as children we delighted to play and tumble in the hay and straw which were ever stored there. For the moment I was a boy again, but what of my old playmates? There was one at least by my side, Katie Clarke, but of the others, God only knew. Ah, God be with them, living or dead!

I took leave of Mrs. Galligan and soon came abreast of the next house on the road. It was once the abode of the "Widda Conaty," the good-natured Rosey whom I cannot remember ever seeing in ill humor. I stood before it and recalled the far away days when the "Widda's" hospitable abode was alive with boys and girls of which Peter was the youngest and my best beloved school-mate. He and I began and ended our school careers in

unity and peace. The memory of a day—a sad day for Peter and me—crossed my mind. It was our last day at Kilnaleck National School when, glory be, both of us had failed in the final examinations. Our proud parents could not understand it; Pat, the Master, could not account for it, and poor Peter and yours truly, publicly disgraced, were flabbergasted and hung our heads in shame for a year afterwards. Peter took it to heart more than I had but nevertheless declared despite this failure he would become a priest. Peter was a model altar boy at Kilnaleck Chapel before he set out for America with his pious mother where he pursued his studies in the public schools of New York, graduated from Manhattan College, and entered Dunwoodie Seminary where he reached the great ambition of his boyish heart the day he was raised to the holy priesthood. I would love to have met him here where a few years before he had made his first visit home, and I am willing to wager that as he stood where I was now standing the same thoughts filled his priestly mind that were now crowding mine. Memories of a Sunday long ago when, with the redoubtable Pat Harry as leader, we raided the “Widda’s” orchard flashed before me. Pat, who was our elder by fifteen years, engaged Rosey in conversation while some eight or ten of us played havoc with the ripest apple tree in the garden. It seemed just like yesterday that Brian Smith, the most desperate of the raiders, had placed a heavy foot against the most prolific little tree in the orchard and shook down about our delighted ears a golden shower of the largest and sweetest apples I have ever tasted since or before. Laden with forbidden fruit, we scrambled madly through a hedge to

safety and ate with guilty consciences the plunder while the wiley Pat Harry kept the unconscious "Widda" interested, no doubt, in the charms he had lately discovered in one of her fair daughters, for more than one mother in Coolkill had an anxious eye out for Pat as a very promising son-in-law. Dear, oh, dear! A small garden separated the "Widda's" from Charley the Prince's, but not a stone was left upon a stone where the Prince's once stood. Charley the Prince, or Charley Smith, to my memory, was a very old man whose dress would indicate that he had seen better days. A battered silk hat stuffed with a red bandana with which he occasionally wiped a wrinkled brow, a Prince Albert green with age—not envy—swept down to his low-cut shoes, neat shoes, for the Prince was a notable shoe-maker and advertised his profession by wearing a pair fashioned by his own hand. Here you have a word picture of the Prince at his Sunday best. The Prince in my time must have been drawing close to the end of his earthly career for he worked only occasionally at his trade and had a frequent habit of dying. He was married to the third wife, a sprightly woman who could easily be his granddaughter. Margaret the Prince, worked their little farm as thoroughly as a man, smiled at the world and tenderly cared for her Prince as if he were in reality the scion of a royal house. But, as I have said before, he of the regal name took to dying at intervals. One night my father who pitied poor Margaret in her loneliness had brought me to sit up with her while she attended the Prince who to all appearances lay on his death bed. My task as nurse was to moisten the dying man's lips with a feather dipped in water. It was all very well until the poor man took a

fit of coughing and in his struggle, or, I should have said, strangle, hung helplessly out of the bed in which position I was certain he was dying. Racing in my terror to the next room I awoke Margaret and dashed out of the door for home with the ghost of the dying Prince at my heels all the way. I told my father that Charley Smith had died, and rising from his bed in the dead of night he hastened to console and comfort Margaret. My mother, too, arose early and was preparing to go to Margaret's relief when back came my father wreathed in smiles to say that the Prince had passed the crisis instead of passing out of this world and had promised to sole a pair of shoes for him if only he brought them along on the morrow. "But," said the dying man, "I want to tell you something. That lad o' yours will never make a doctor. Send him to me and I'll make him a shoe-maker before I die." The Prince lived to make more than one pair of shoes but I avoided him religiously after that for he was a veritable wit and I knew full well he would be sure to shame me before others. The Prince eventually died from senile decay and Margaret married again but died quite a young woman in the end.

I left the scene of what was once the house of the Prince and proceeded on into the town. I passed Johnny the Boo's old place which today looks one hundred per cent better than it did fifty years ago. On the right side of the road below Johnny Masterson's or Johnny the Boo's still remains the famous Curry Well which from time immemorial has supplied the inhabitants of Kilmaleck with a brand of spring water that for purity and health giving qualities would be hard to equal even in Ireland. Here was one object that had not changed in

approach or appearance in forty-two years. The same narrow passage between whitewashed walls not a stone of which was missing; the same floor of well worn flag stones a trifle thinner perhaps and the Well itself no deeper nor wider than of yore. I sampled its waters and thought of the days when time and time again I had come here to draw water for the lovable wife of old doctor Brady who rewarded me with a penny and the inevitable slice of buttercake. Dear old Mrs. Brady was a widow and the mother of the late Bishop Brady of Boston and she had ever a predilection for the Callan boys whom she invariably selected to run her errands on their way home from school. I recalled her daughter Rose, staid but dignified, who taught school in Drumkilly and who oftimes in the absence of her mother chose me to do the errands but who, because of her sense of refinement and limited knowledge of a healthy boy's appetite, always cut the cake far, far, too thinly. I could see again the lovely Annie, the Doctor, the granddaughter, tall, comely, gentle, ever smiling through the long lashes of her very blue eyes. Sweet, tender and provokingly attractive I doted upon Annie and never was more pleased than when she took my chubby face between velvety hands to kiss me. I had vowed more than once to marry Annie when I would reach man's estate and was actually jealous of young policeman Pine when he came to Watty the tailor's a-courting the winsome Annie. In spite of an occasional penny from the bribing officer I had threatened more than once to tell Mrs. Brady, Annie's grandmother. Ah, dear! I had no notion of telling but in my boyish heart I had hoped by my repeated threats to drive away the persistent

Pine so that I could have all the loving Annie's attention for myself. The first sad news to reach us in America was the untimely death of the handsome Annie, the Doctor. All Kilnaleck deeply mourned her demise and dear old Watty the tailor and Kitty were inconsolable. I was saddened myself but found some consolation in the fact that she was now beyond reach of officer Pine.

"Bedad, he began his sparking career at a tender age, Mrs. Callan, and I have my doubts about him ever getting over it to this day. Proceed, Callan, I am interested and I am sure your Missus is also."

"I *am* interested, Mr. Doherty, and it is only now I am beginning to realize that I have married a veritable Lothario."

CHAPTER XIII

THE ABBEY OF FORE

WELL, I got into Kilnaleck for the second time and was bent on making a satisfactory investigation of all the old places of business when it occurred to me that on the evening before I had arranged a meeting with a farmer, who had offered to drive me to Kilnacrott to see Morton's Big House which of recent years had been purchased by the English White Friars and converted into a monastery. While standing outside McGinnis's Hotel awaiting my man, who should happen to come along but little Dan Corr from New York looking as unconcerned as if he had never left Kilnaleck and reached me a hand which his well nigh fifty years in greater New York had not softened in the least. If I showed surprise, Dan did not, for he had been in Kilnaleck two weeks ahead of me and had known that I was home and at the Lynch's. So Kilnaleck for the nonce could boast of a little Dan and a big Dan Corr. We strolled up to the creamery which, by the way, stood across the road from Big Dan's undertaking establishment where we learned that the man I sought had departed a few minutes before for Kilnacrott having despaired of my coming. We called on Big Dan whom I had not seen in more than thirty years and he looked even larger than he appeared when I last saw him on Third Avenue N.Y., in the '90's. While the cousins Dan argued over their respective ages I could not help comparing them to a picture in the old

second book of the Lion and the Mouse. Coming back to the hotel corner we tarried a few minutes in conversation, until Patrick Sheridan and an American priest bore down on us. Patrick had met me a few days before and I knew by the way Little Dan had greeted him that it was not their first meeting, either, but the clergyman was a stranger to both of us. To me, however, there was something very familiar about this smiling and good looking cleric. Immediately Father James O'Reilly reached me a warm hand of welcome recalling as he did our first meeting in St. John's rectory Peabody, Mass., some eight years previously. Doherty, you may recall this same Father O'Reilly who headed a band of Vincentian Fathers that conducted a mission here and who because of his love for athletic sports, especially for the Irish games, made such a hit among us.

"Indeed an' I do, and, for that matter, every man in the parish still remembers him. If the good man was a lover of clean sports he was also a great lover of poor sinners. And how that priest could preach! I will never forget the great sermon he preached wherein he compared us all to athletes in the great race for eternal life. That picture will never leave my mind. And so you met him in—in Kil—Kilnaleck—is that how you say it? More of his luck, Mrs. Callan!"

Yes, Tommy, I met Father O'Reilly in the very place we had talked about at our first meeting in Peabody when we had discovered that we were almost neighbours in Ireland. Father O'Reilly hails from Granard in Longford, about ten miles from Kilnaleck. His brother is married to a sister of Patrick Sheridan, the man he was calling on when I met him the second time. Like

myself, Fr. O'Reilly was home for the Eucharistic Congress. I gladly accepted Mr. Sheridan's invitation to dinner with Father O'Reilly. Little Dan Corr regretfully declined the invitation because of business reasons and boarded the oncoming bus for the town of Cavan. Father O'Reilly had heard much about Molly Brady and her brother Father Pat but never had the pleasure of meeting them. Evincing a desire to meet Molly I took him in and introduced him to the congenial mistress of the Brady's establishment, before whose door the bus for Cavan stood and from a window of which Little Dan Corr waved us a farewell. Miss Brady received Father O'Reilly as graciously as only Molly can and we spent a very pleasant half hour in the Brady parlour before leaving for dinner at Sheridan's.

I was anxious to meet Mrs. Sheridan, for I had heard her praises sung far and near. In my school days she was a mere child whom we had known as Sissy Tormey whose father kept a "shop" in Kilnaleck. Mrs. Sheridan is the mother of eighteen children all of whom are living and hale and hearty. I was forewarned to look for a surprise and I got it in earnest. Mother and daughter were attending store when we entered and Father O'Reilly put it up to me to point him out the mother. I must confess that it was more by accident than good judgement I selected the right one. Doherty, I was flabbergasted, and even when I was certain that I was conversing with Mrs. Sheridan I had hard work to convince myself that I was speaking with the mother of eighteen children. Mrs. Sheridan would pass for a girl of twenty-eight or thirty at most. If there is such a thing as the Fountain of Youth Mrs. Sheridan certainly

has discovered it. But according to all truthful accounts she has drunk nothing stronger or better than the sparkling waters from the famous Curry Well, during all her fifty years of permanent youth and, according to the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Kilnaleck, no such extraordinary virtue as the imparting of perpetual youth has ever been attributed to the waters of Curry Well. While strangers come to marvel at the girlish figure and appearance of a mother of eighteen children and cannot distinguish between mother and daughters, I fear they go away without discovering the secret behind it all, or, at least, part of it. Doherty, I have said something about the Irish children earlier in my story. Their obedience, docility, and natural bashfulness and their wisdom in keeping their proper places under every circumstance have much to do with the youthful permanency of many Irish mothers, especially those who marry young. I venture to say that Mrs. Sheridan has never had an anxious hour because of one overt act on the part of a single member of her exceptional family. Peace and harmony seem to be the rule and not the exception in all Irish families. And is it to be wondered at when, every night without fail, all gather round the family hearth and recite Ireland's own prayer, the Rosary? The man who said that it was as easy to raise a family in Ireland as it was to raise a field full of turnips said, in jest, a mighty truth.

When Father O'Reilly and I had dined and wined of the good things set before us, Mrs. Patrick had an automobile awaiting to hie us off to Westmeath to view the ruins of the famous Abbey of Fore. This was a surprise treat, about which nothing had been said pre-

viously, and I was overjoyed because our route would take us to Oldcastle in Meath and past those places I have tried to describe to you on my way home, and I was anxious and glad to get another look at them. One of Mrs. Sheridan's boys drove the car and a daughter came along, too. Mrs. Sheridan graciously pointed me out the different houses and gave me the names of the present occupants where ownership had changed hands. Because Father O'Reilly wanted to see Oldcastle's new Catholic Church we drove into that old-fashioned town in Meath and made a thorough inspection of the handsome Gothic structure and, indeed, it was well worth the trouble of going several miles out of our itinerary to see. The pastor and parishioners are to be congratulated, for a finer nor better is not to be found in Leinster. Bearing Westward, soon we were encircling the hills of west Meath and came suddenly upon the town of Castlepollard nestling as snug as a cat in a blanket between surrounding hills. It was Saturday, but as far as Castlepollard was concerned it might as well have been Sunday for not as much as a cat or dog, to say nothing about a human being, could we sight in this squat little town built around its famous Fair Green. Winding about some more hills, that shot upwards to great heights from rich and lovely valleys, we soon came in sight of the rotund hills of Fore between which lay the object of our search. Rounding a bend in the road we passed beneath a spacious arch high above our heads. It was what the natives call the Eastern gateway to the ancient Abbey. In the distance we could detect a like span across the road and this we were told was the Western gateway. We were now within the domain of

the famous monks and, Doherty, I am sorry I cannot give you the name of the renowned community to which this Order of Monks belonged, but they must have been men of great industry and exceptional talents, for after hundreds of years the traces of their handiwork remain to be seen and marveled at. A beautiful little stone chapel, apparently of recent construction, well, not any more than fifty years old, stood by the side of the road. We dismounted and made a visit here to marvel at the furnishings and decorations which compared favorably with the newer and more expensive furnishings of the larger Oldcastle edifice. It was so compact and cosy in its completeness. Parking our machine here we made the rounds of the ancient ruins. Next to the chapel was a country public store, and I entered here in hope of finding some literature on the Abbey of Fore, but, bless your heart, Mr. Fagan, the proprietor, had never heard of such a thing. However, he did the next best thing and gave us all the information which local tradition had handed down to him.

“Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, aye, maybe thousands of years ago, the Friars came here, hunted and penniless, and built themselves in. An’ sure if th’ travelled all Ireland th’ could’nt ha’ picked a better spot. The hills to the North and South served protection and sure all th’ had to do was to wall in the East and West inds o’ the vale which the’ did. Ye see thim two arches, one behind ye here, an’ ’tother out over there? Well, these are the remains o’ the gateways, for ye see even as today this same road must ha’ run from the East to the West an’ sarved as an outlet and inlet to the Monks’ domain. But there they are, as you can see,

standing today in spite o' the hail, the rain and sometimes the snow, as good as new barrin' the lack o' cimint. An' isn't that a miracle in itself? If ye go down near the arches ye can see indeed here and there bits o' the great walls which the monks built from mountain to mountain. Yes sir. The' tell us that the Good Friars hemmed themselves in from contact with the world for they wanted peace and quietness an' by the looks o' things the' must ha' found it. But think o' the years it must ha' taken to build sich trimendous walls and arches to say nothin' of their monastery and chapel and then the barns an' byres and grist mill for, ye must know, the' had a dale o' cattle an' sheep to feed and house. Sure, the patience those poor monks must ha' had for all that labour was a miracle, in itself. Indeed, before the whole was complete some o' the younger min must ha' been ould and gray, so the' must. Have ye seen any o' the bowlders in them arches? Well, be sure and take a look at them. How, in the name o' God, did min in them far off times hoist such weighty rocks up so high whin machinery was not h'ard of? I don't know, neither do you or anybody know. God only knows, but there the' are before yer eyes. It was just a miracle an' that's all one can say about it. Look down there on that swamp! There are the ruins of the Abbey. See the size o' it, an' the width o' it, an' the height o' it. Go over an' see the size an' the hift o' thim stones an' just ask yerselves how thim min, God rest their sowls, hauled thim up there. An' see where the monastery is built, in a swamp, no less. An' tell me, if you can, how sich trimendous weight hasn't sunk in that swamp. But it hasn't, for if it had more than half o't couldn't be seen the day. But there

it is afore yer eyes. Now, wouldn't that get ye a thinkin', an' thinkin' deep? An' there a few perches away, is the ruins o' the grain mill. An' see the flush stream o' water running across the road an' into the mill sluice by the ind o' the ruin where the mill wheel used to be. Well, that runnin' water is a miracle in itself. Whin the friars had the mill built the' discovered to their dismay that there was no water to run the mill with. An' what did they do? Led by St. Feighan the piousest monk among thim the' set to prayin' when, lo an' behold, there before yer very eyes is the miracle. That water—an' 'tis as fine spring water as there is in Ireland—comes up from behind the mountain from a little lake that's thirty or forty feet lower than the water ye see running across the road there. That's gospel truth for surveyors from all over the world came here time an' again and they'll all testify to the truth o' that. That water there is runnin' up hill as sure as yer standing here. An' that's not all. Look across the ruins o' the ould mill an' see that bush in the swamp with all the rags hangin on its branches. Well, at the foot o' that bush is what we call St. Feighan's Well. An' maybe that isn't quare spring water, too. Take a pot o' that water an' put it over the hottest fire that was ever lit an' it can hang there till doomsday but never the boil will it boil. Oh, that has been proven time an' again but I wouldn't advise ye to try it, oh no. The last man that tried it was a Black an' Tan sargent—bad luck to thim, the' wor here with us a year, an' that was exactly a year too long—but about the sargent, o' coorse he laughted at us whin we tould him not to attempt to boil the water. But that I may never sin he hadn't the kittle over the fire ten

minutes whin he was lying dead beside it on the hearthstone in that little house over there forninst ye. An', if ye don't believe me, ask the first man or woman ye meet. So there's three things to remember. The monastery built on a shakin' scraw, the water that runs up hill, an' the water from St. Feighan's Well that never can be boiled. Ah, yes, thim decorations on the bush are souvenirs left there by people who were cured of some disease after suppin' of the water. They are silk kerchiefs, neckties, and what not that people leave behind thim, for one o' the conditions for a cure is that ye must part with somethin' very dear to ye, or somethin' ye are very fond of. So there ye are now, gintlemin, an' ladies, ye may go home to Amerikay an' tell yer folks all about the ould Abbey o' Fore. An' may God be with ye!"

We parted with the Fagan man and inspected every foot of the premises. It is long since I climbed so many ruins or crossed and recrossed so many rickety stone walls. Indeed, Father O'Reilly and myself more than once regretted our fading youth and when the last crevice was explored we were glad to call it a day. About three-fourths of the walls of the old abbey are yet standing, but roofless of course, and, indeed, if one wishes to add another miracle to Mr. Fagan's three, he surely can do so, for, to my mind, the greatest miracle of all is that so much of the ancient house of worship stands after hundreds of years of exposure. The ruins are typical of all Irish monastic ruins, the same outlines of church and oratories are to be found in Fore as were evident at the scene of the Seven Churches in the Vale of Avoca. We drank from the water of St. Feighan's Well and found it no different in taste to any other spring water,

but, as to the authenticity of the remarkable propensities attributed to it, we were satisfied to take Mr. Fagan's words for that. We had no desire to die, even in Fore, a spot hallowed by the prayers and penances of saintly monks. Mr. Fagan must have forgotten to tell us of a very ancient cemetery where lie the sanctified bones of more than one holy abbot. It is enough to say we came across it. It is a small enclosure of not more than an acre in whose center is a small but ancient chapel remarkably well preserved. The outside stone work is yet in fine condition but its interior is fast falling into decay. However, the marble lined interior walls would indicate an attempt to preserve it, but at the present the cement holding the slabs in place is crumbling fast and has allowed several pieces of the rich marble to topple to the floor. Beneath is a vault wherein the body of a Richard Nugent, Earl of Westmeath, lies interred. Poor Richard may have been all right in his day and as far as his English title goes, no doubt he was rich in worldly goods, so we left him at rest in the hope that his spiritual side had been equally well looked after. On the gable above the main door is a representation of what the natives like to call an oaten-cake. The inscription on it was in indecipherable Latin, but Father O'Reilly was of the opinion that the cake is a portrayal of the Bread of Life emblematic of the Holy Eucharist, and no doubt he is right. Reluctantly enough we were about to leave when a native son happened along to ask if we had seen the famous stone of Ben. We had not. Pointing out the spot where it lay, we decided to have a peep at the monster boulder which, according to tradition, had been tossed across the hill of Ben by an alleged saint who wanted

to confound a sceptical enemy by an exhibition of extraordinary strength which, rumor had it, was his. The story has it that this feat had settled for aye whatever doubts the enemy entertained and, upon witnessing the same, he turned tail without any attempt at molesting the peace of the community. After crossing many more stubborn ditches and squeezing through several hedges we came upon the moss-covered boulder in the side of which can be seen five round holes the imprint of the holy one's fingers which fitted Father O'Reilly's hand after an effort at expansion, but the stone was so heavy that our combined strength could not budge it. We left it wondering what manner of man that Monk had been who, with one hand, had tossed it from the far side of Mount Ben to where it has lain from that day to this. As we scrambled back to our machine Father O'Reilly jokingly remarked that it was well for Matt McGrath and his cousin John Flanagan that this scholastic prodigy was not in athletic competition in their day, else they would not have worn for long the weight thrower's crown.

CHAPTER XIV

MY DREAM CITY

STAND on Coolkill Fort and look to the North, and you see Arkill Mountain, about seven miles in the distance. One would never suspect that it was as far away as that, but behind Arkill, and three miles below it, nestles the quaint town of Cavan. From this point of vantage as a boy often had I gazed longingly Northward and in my childish heart had hated the mountain that hid from my view the County's chief market center which I had fancied must be—barring London—the world's greatest city. And after ever so many years of longing and dreaming the day at last arrived when I should be privileged to first enter the golden gates of my dream city. Doherty, I remember it as well as if it were only yesterday. It was in the winter season and, guided by the pale light of a setting half moon, I sat beside my father in a donkey cart and proudly wielded a guiding rein and "cracked" a wicked whip in close proximity to Nanny's woolly back as that willing little beast of burden put every ounce of strength into a none too comfortable collar as if she knew that the earlier we arrived on the Fair Green in Cavan the greater would be my father's chances to dispose of the two fat porkers which grunted their disapproval behind us through the slats of the crib which contained them. It must have been around half past four or five in the morning and fields and hedges looked weird in the light of the moon. I am sure a million fairies peeped at us from behind as

many bushes but I had not the least dread of them for was I not on my way to Cavan town for the first time, and the thought that it lay at the other end of the world and that leprehauns hung on every branch had no terrors for me. Porra Ruah's dog barked lonesomely in the distance and Dan Terry Dan's Sailor answered him in a baser voice with no challenge in it. We passed through the town of Kilnaleck and I felt that the echoing klick of the axle and the cart's rattle over the cobblestone street must have awakened all of its slumbering population. Two idle policemen greeted my father in friendly words and I wondered how they could have recognised him in the darkness. On the Drumminesklin road, from a side lane, came another donkey and cart and fell in behind us, but not before Jemmy Galligan had bidden my father a "Good morra, Phil," and again I marveled that my father could be so well known by strangers. We passed a crossroads and turned on to the Arkill road. From that point on I was in a strange country. Cart after cart with their burden of pigs and sheep seemed to pop out of nowhere and ere long we began to catch up with men afoot driving cattle and sheep before them. Occasionally a mischievous bullock tangled horns with a neighboring heifer and I was glad to be at a safe distance from the melee. Up over a long steep hill and soon we were in the shadows of the towering Arkill. Daylight was breaking behind the mountain, and my father pointed out Lurgan School on the left, a tall two-story building looking queer in the dim light in its coat of pink. The road now was thick with traffic and the mooing of the cattle and the squealing of pigs had a lonesome effect on me and I had naught but pity

for the dumb animals. Soon we were passing Moyne Hall, a beautiful estate on our right, and my father did not forget to remind me that that was the handsome residence of John Fay, our landlord. Near the junction of two or more roads we came to a halt before Finnigan's public house. Even at that early hour of morning this inviting hostelry was alive with business. Vehicles of every description crammed the spacious yards surrounding it. Cattle and sheep and even porkers were crowded into every available space for a short respite. Hungry men and boys sought out the dining room and thirsty individuals preferred a visit to the busy bar. While enjoying a sweet-cake and cup of tea by the warm kitchen range I thought Finnegan's the busiest and liveliest public inn in the world.

Rested and fed, both man and beast left Finnigan's in a long and straggling procession for the Fair Green. Less than a mile of graded road separated us from the enchanted city of my dreams. Past mud-wall row, a long string of pink houses, on the top of the road, and I was looking for the first time down on Cavan town nestling snugly in the hollow from which it takes its name. The cattle green occupied the summit of the famous Gallows Hill from which one could see every inch of the picturesque town and I thought the vista the most magnificent in all Ireland. Ten minutes after we had entered the market grounds we had disposed of our well-fed porkers and twenty minutes later we had transferred them on to a freight car at the railway station and my youthful eyes had taken in for the first time the marvels of a railroad terminal and its equipments the cynosure of which were the busy engines which shunted

forward and glory be—backwards as well to my consternation. That day of days has been indelibly impressed on my mind. I ate my first restaurant dinner and did not fancy the taste of the soup which I considered too insipid and could not be compared to the broth my mother made. The beef, however, was tender and palatable but the bread was fresh from the baker's oven and to that I attributed the very severe colic which seized me and would have spoiled my initial entry to Cavan town had not my resourceful father taken me at once to a nearby spirits and wine emporium where a generous glass of something or other had put me to sleep so soundly that I had completely forgotten colic and Cavan town and awoke to hear the glad and friendly voice of my long-lost mother saying: "The poor ladeen, God love him, he must be perished with the cold," and she gathered me into tender arms to deposit me, bewildered, at my own fireside in Coolkill.

Doherty, I am repeating those far-away memories of my first visit to Cavan town because I had gone over the same route this time and the scenes and incidents that I have just recorded filled my mind to the overflowing and I relived them again after an absence of fifty years as if they had taken place but yesterday. I found little, if any, changes in the enchanting town of Cavan. It is needless to say that I explored every foot of ground in the historic, and I might well add, lovely metropolis in whose ancient Abbey lie interred the bones of Owen Roe O'Neil one of Ireland's greatest warriors. I visited the old Catholic Cathedral and Cullus College where young men are pursuing their arduous studies for the priesthood for the diocese of

Kilmore. I saw the ruins of the once formidable jail where in a few more years will be erected a new Catholic cathedral that will compare favorably with the best of Ireland's diocesan sanctuaries. I saw again the beautiful Farnham Gardens with the ivy clad walls and magnificent floral display and generous hedges of laurel which lent a richness and a verdant charm to this park-like enclosure. The statue of the infamous Lord Farnham still stands on its pedestal a shattered remnant of what it once was. The recent troubles in Ireland had more or less to do with the near obliteration of what was considered a splendid piece of art, but one can hardly blame Young Ireland for that, for the old and hated Lord Farnham had been in his day a fanatical promulgator of perversions. I passed the courthouse, a spacious building with the same great cannon and the inevitable heap of cannon balls along side of it. I recalled the morning that my father had pointed it out and gave me a resumé of its history. I had no desire now to delve into its record and cared little whether it served at Sebastapol, Balaclava, or Inkerman. Had it been employed in defence of old Ireland I would have gladly and anxiously tarried long enough to jot down its history.

Having satisfied my curiosity in respect to Cavan town I suddenly remembered that I had another mission besides the desire to see its many points of interest. For more than a decade I have been in correspondence with one of Cavan's young merchants which chance and a recent visit of my brother James to the town of the Caves had brought into my life. Never having met Edward McCormack in the flesh, and learning from my

brother that there was some sort of blood relationship existing between the Clan Cormack and Clan Callan, I could not think of leaving the premises without paying a visit to this young man whose letters to me had long since aroused within me a desire to meet this enterprising and well-thought-of young business man of Cavan. I had met Eddie's two sisters in New York, a fact that had served to connect more closely our corresponding relations and a communication had previously warned him that he might expect a call from me anytime after the passing of the great Eucharistic Congress. I kept in mind the address, which was 35 Pearse Street, but which had previously been 35 Main Street. The change in name was due to the love and respect the town's fathers had for one of Ireland's best beloved poets and heroes, the inimitable Patrick Pearse. I not only had the pleasure and honour of greeting my lovable, if distant, relative, but had also the pleasure of meeting his highly respected and adorable mother, the "Widda" McCormack, who possesses all those endearing and unforgettable qualities which characterize Irish mothers, especially the mother of a priest. I could not have selected a more opportune time to call on the McCormacks. Father Tom was home from his mission in Wales for the Congress and the stately Bee, physically alert and mentally clever, graced the McCormack household with a poise that well became the sister of a charming young cleric, and wore a maidenly modesty that fitted the daughter of a mother Machree, and that also lent a charm to her ten years of American culture. I was given here a welcome and reception that will linger

in my memory as long as I live. Add to a whole-hearted Irish *caide mille fáilte* that indescribable charm which religion and refinement give to it and you will have some idea of how I was received at the hospitable and well-kept home of the McCormacks. It is, indeed, needless to say that I was very proud of the remote consanguinous ties that bind our two families.

The admirable Eddie brought the family car into use and drove me about the beautiful suburbs of Cavan town and I had the pleasure and delight of seeing charming spots that would have escaped me had not Eddie's desire to honor me prompted him. While passing over the highway to the town of Belturbet I casually remarked to Eddie that I had met a young man by the name of Michael Hill aboard the Samaria who claimed Latt House as his residence. Latt, young Hill had told me, was somewhere close to the town of Cavan and he insisted that, should I come to Cavan during my stay at home, I must call on him. While I was speaking Eddie stopped his machine and pointed to a house topping a very steep hill. "That residence yonder is the house of the young man you refer to and is known about here as Latt House. I have heard that Michael and his sister are home from America and, since the Hills are respected acquaintances of ours, we will call on them if you so desire it. I was delighted at the opportunity and immediately we drove up the steepest avenue in the County Cavan. Latt House, a spacious and comfortable farm dwelling, was alive with company. Song and music issued from its open doors and windows and a bedlam of mirth and many voices hushed as the genial

young Michael Hill led us into a handsome parlour. And, glory be, the first to greet me was Father Pat Brady, a Soggarth from Mannington, West Virginia, U.S.A., and one of the many priests I had met on the *Samaria*. The next was a Father James McEvoy, a young priest of Brooklyn, N.Y., who was visiting with his parents' relatives in Cavan. Two young misses from Virginia, or near there, and pilgrims to the Congress smiled me their welcome. I had met them before on board the *Samaria*. And, to my surprise, a Miss Smith from the Cross of Arkilmore, a cousin of my own whom I had met the previous Sunday for the first time, amazed all present and scandalized the clergy by kissing me. The Misses Hill made up the rest of the party, and so there we were in a grand reunion and I will never forget the frolic we had that day at Latt House. Young McCormack, who had to attend to business, left us reluctantly with a promise to call back for me in the evening, which he did. One of the delightful results of the party was the fact that after a little delving into the history of all families concerned in the gathering the clever and comical Father Brady, who was the life of the gathering, discovered that we were all related more or less—mostly less.

“I can see that his usual luck is still with him, Mrs. Callan.”

“Yes, Mr. Doherty, Lady Luck seems to be as fond of my handsome husband as the blond Miss Smith from Arkilmore. He tells me she was home from Dublin on a vacation and, no doubt, had learned the art of kissing in that city which is famed for its culture. I

am sure it must have thrilled my romantic husband beyond words."

"Ow, wow! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Romeo—or is it Lothario? Fire away, Callan, we are swallowing it all even if some of it does not go down any too well with your Missus."

CHAPTER XV

BELFAST

Next day, I set out for Belfast. The train ride took me through part of County Cavan, Monahan, and Armagh. I was greatly impressed with the rural beauty of the three counties and the fertility of the land. The approach to the Northern Capital had all the appearances of an entry into any one of our great American industrial centers. Portadown, Lisburn, Lurgan and all of Belfast's neighboring towns loomed as familiarly important from a manufacturing standpoint as the cities of Lawrence or Lowell or Worcester do to a stranger coming into the city of Boston. Long strings of linen mills border the railroad on either side, their tall smoke stacks and the inevitable rows of mill houses of like design lending to a visitor from New England an aspect to which his eyes have long been accustomed. The railway terminal, too, had all of the bustle peculiar to any of our own industrial centers. One notices at once a decided difference in the mannerisms of the people. Cab men vie with one another in their solicitations, news boys put their wares under your nose and constantly sing out the latest printed occurrences in the same breath that they offer you assistance in the carrying of your luggage. Immediately you got the impression that the boys and men of the North are born salesmen who know how to sell their wares and services.

Doherty, I am not going to annoy you with a lengthy

description of Belfast. It is enough to say that I saw most of it and liked it; while not nearly so ancient and charming as Dublin there is that about Belfast that appeals to every American, not because it is different, but rather because of its likeness to our own New England mill cities. Like every great city, Belfast's residential and recreational divisions are comparable in size and beauty to those of other great cities. And for rural beauty and attractiveness Belfast can boast of a goodly share of nature's own embellishments. Of these, Cave Hill to the North is the most conspicuous, not only because of its size and beauty but also from an historical standpoint. The terraced parkway and gardens, not to mention a splendid golf course sweeping beneath its frowsy head, are things of beauty and well worth the two extra pennies you pay the conductor of the double decker to reach there. The streets of Belfast are wide and clean and the down-town, or business section can show you a city hall that, for size and architectural beauty and design, would be hard to equal in any part of the globe. Stores, hotels and churches, are splendid and are on a par with any I have seen in Dublin. Belfast has its share of theatres and I spent an evening at one of its oldest and most frequented places of amusement where I thoroughly enjoyed old-fashioned sketches and vaudeville acts which reminded me of the plays I had so often seen in America more than thirty years ago. I visited her docks on the mouth of the spacious Lagan and saw ships in her harbor from every country under the sun. I marveled at the network of cranes and gantries on the east bank of the River Lagan which, without asking, I knew to be the great Belfast ship

works. Here it was where some of our greatest sea rovers had been built, and I thought of the ill-fated *Titanic*. Doherty, I had always thought that Belfast was built within the confines of Antrim, but I was soon to learn that almost a third of the great city extends into the County Down. Beyond the Lagan, across a splendid bridge, there lies a section known as Dundonald which is a little city in itself. Far on the outskirts of this division may be seen the new parliamentary building where the official business of six Ulster counties is conducted. And, from what I have seen of it, it is large enough to conduct the world's business, let alone the business of a few paltry counties of Ulster.

Doherty, I think I have said that I liked Belfast; I want to make that statement a little stronger. I loved Belfast. I loved it not for what it was or is, but for the people I had the good fortune of meeting there. I have met great and good Irish patriots both here and in Ireland, but for genuine patriotism, one will have to go to the Orange city to find it and rejoice in it. In a few days stay in the great industrial city, I have heard more patriotic and rebel songs, listened to finer and more soul-stirring Irish music, applauded and encored more dramatic and inspiring Irish recitations than I had ever heard before, and witnessed the most intricate and most delightfully executed step-dancing by Irish children I can ever hope to see again. Despite the terrible odds in numbers there is little to be feared that the Orange city will eventually prevail in her endeavours to Anglicize entirely her population. I have actually heard in the city of Belfast more Gaelic spoken and more songs delightfully rendered in the Gaelic tongue than I had

heard later in the Rosses in Donegal. It would not be too much to say that the Catholics of Belfast are the most cultured, the most intelligent, the most intrepid and the most forgiving of any other persecuted peoples on the face of God's earth. The devotion of Belfast's Catholics is a joy and a delight to behold. I had the privilege of attending 11:45 Mass at St. Patrick's pro-cathedral one Sunday morning and the sight that met my astonished eyes will long remain for a memory of my first Sunday in the Presbyterian city. The spacious St. Patrick's was emptying thousands of worshipers of the previous Mass, who flowed on to Donegal Street in a flood of humanity that choked that spacious boulevard. Encircling this milling crowd, hundreds of eager worshipers stood patiently awaiting entrance for the next Mass. I was going to say that I entered as fine a church edifice as I had ever put foot in, but it would be better to say that I was swept into it on a tidal wave of worshipers. I want to remind you again that this was the 11:45 Mass. The services began on time. We arose at the gospel, and it was at this point I ventured a look about me. Every available seat was occupied and the aisles both above and below, for there are galleries in old St. Patrick's, were jammed with devotees. A splendid sermon followed the recital of the gospel. Upon resumption of the Mass came two assistant-priests to aid in the distribution of Holy Communion. The celebrant had reached the portion of the Mass known as the Communion and yet the stream of Communicants was coming in a steady stream to the altar rails. Three priests were now engaged in giving Holy Communion. It seemed to me that every man and woman present had

partaken of the Bread of Life. I marveled at this but was told that it was an every Sunday occurrence in Belfast. I had the pleasure of attending Mass on the following mornings and, to my surprise and edification, found it a repetition of Sunday with the exception of numbers, but even at that I found worshipers at holy Mass enough and more than I have seen at Sunday services here in Peabody. But Sunday or week day it would seem that all who attended the holy Sacrifice in Belfast approach the banquet table. It was all so inspiring and edifying that I came away from Belfast almost regretfully but with a promise to return again ere I left for America.

When I had found that travelling in Ireland was so convenient and so reasonable I made up my mind to do further visiting in the "Black North." I had been promising Pat Ward and the Dohertys of Salem that, if ever I reached Belfast, I would extend the trip into Donegal. My second day in Belfast I was one of a delegation who had gathered at the railroad station to bid god-speed to a train load of boys and girls who were leaving for the Rosses in Donegal to spend their school vacation among the Gaelic-speaking farmers in that delightful corner of Ireland where the purest Irish in the Green Isle is spoken. Those children by their industry and application had earned for themselves this privilege, and I was told that each succeeding year the number who qualify grows apace, so intense is the rivalry among them. The certificate admitting them covers all expenses. Two priests from Belfast accompany them and see to it that their distribution among the farmers of the Rosses is carefully selected and that the health and

spiritual welfare of each boy and girl are solicitously guarded against all dangers. The youngsters take a pledge to speak never a word of English from the time they set foot on the train until their return to the city. Any infraction of this rule is punishable by the immediate return of the offender. These annual excursions to the country have been going on for several years and strange to say not once has the rule been broken. After hearing all of this I was not surprised that the youth, the Catholic youth, of Belfast were so proficient in everything that tended to nourish and advance the cause of Irish nationalism. It was not strange that, after witnessing all of this, I craved to be off to Donegal.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SAINT OF THE ROSSES

I BID my Belfast friends a short farewell next morning and boarded a coach for Londonderry. The day was clear and the scenery as we passed along was a joy to the eye and a delight to one's artistic sense of the beautiful. I do not know how much of Antrim we passed through, neither could I learn when or where we had entered the County Derry but it mattered little for wherever we were or whenever we went, the same lovely vista persisted. One time it was a wide sweep of a beautiful valley dotted with white homesteads with a hill or mountain for a background across whose ridges shadows chased each other to lose themselves in a flood of sunlight that inundated the vale. An occasional river or lake glimmered in the sunlight adding a silvery streak and patch on the verdant bowl. At another time it was a quaint little town or village with its inevitable one street and narrow sidewalks and a rustic bridge at its entrance, underneath which flowed a gurgling mountain stream. A lonesome church and dull parsonage topping one of its hills looked sadly down on the weedy little cemetery in their rear. More hills and more valleys smiled and wept in turn. More towns and more villages gave us a brave but quiet welcome until Eglinton, a handsome suburb of the ancient city of Derry, received us with its well-trimmed hedges surrounding prosperous looking farms and a wide and winding boulevard lined with handsome residences. Trees galore on either side

of the road, a sharp curve to the right, and suddenly and unexpectedly we were pitching down a steep hill, the main thoroughfare of the Eastern half of ancient Derry. It all happened so quickly that one had little if any time to view that half of Derry. At the foot of the incline we turned sharply to the right and crossed the bridge spanning the Foyle which brought us into the larger and Western half of Derry, which crept up a hill higher if anything than the hill we had come down. I was sorry I did not have time for a stroll about this historical spot. I found time, however, to view the famous Derry Wall which reminded me a good deal of an elevated railroad, but as to its length or circumference, I can say but little for our bus to Lifford and way stations was about ready to pull out. My impression of Derry was a city divided against itself. Each half was beautifully situated on high hills and from a distance lent a charming view that increased in loveliness as the coach drew away from them.

Had there been a bus road directly from East to West one would not have more than an eighth of the journey to travel, for the Rosses of Donegal stood West from Derry in a direct line. However, I was not disconcerted in the least for I was out to see all of Ireland that my stay there would allow. We followed the Foyle on its right bank into Lifford and from there to Strabane in Tyrone whence we turned back to Donegal again and proceeded in a southwesterly direction to the towns of Ballyshannon and Donegal, a course that took us in a half circle around three-fourths of the County.

The eastern portion of the county in contrast to the Northwestern section is of very fertile soil and many

very prosperous looking houses can be seen there. The same may be said of the Southwestern part up to and including the section about Glenties. Fortunately, for us, we stopped long enough in Donegal town to see the far-famed Castle of the O'Donnels, the ruins of its Abbey, and a view of the beautiful Donegal Bay. The ruins of the castle and Abbey are very similar to other ruins and strongholds throughout Ireland. On our way to the Rosses we passed through many famous Donegal towns one of which was Mount Charles, the home of the well-known Irish writer, Shamus McManus. Someone graciously pointed out his residence, a handsome two-story slated house, and I had the good fortune of seeing the redoubtable Shamus himself who was standing before his home on the sidewalk talking to someone. I cannot say for sure at what part of the journey through Donegal we encountered a very hilly district the charm and beauty of which will linger long in my memory. We wound around the base of giant hills as the declining sun bathed the peak of one in an aureole of gold while its neighbour looked dark and foreboding, the contrast was weird and made one think of fairies and goblins in some of McManus' tales of Donegal. This shifting scenery as we skirted the foothills was such as to baffle description. Over to the left a fog enveloped one mountain while a passing shower hid for a moment a peak to the right, but only for a moment, for the sun in a fulgence of glory suddenly lit up its head and in pranks of rainbow and old gold drenched the headland in a splendour that neither brush nor pen can describe. I was sorry when this truly magnificent display had ceased

for sooner or later we were forced to leave all this loveliness behind us.

Glenties, a town made famous by the resourceful pen of the Mount Charles genius, was the end of the bus ride for me. At an earlier date Burtonport in the Rosses was the terminus, but the failure of the men from the Rosses to cooperate with the bus company in keeping the roads in repair had resulted in a discontinuance of transportation to Burtonport. To reach the Port in question before dark I was forced to hire a private car for the remaining twenty miles. Over a rough and narrow road skirting the sea we recklessly rounded more and sharper curves over a twenty-mile course than I have ever encountered in all of my travels by machine here or abroad. Small wonder that the bus company had cut off this dangerous and treacherous section from its schedule. Luckily for us, not once did we meet another machine or vehicle of any description. Coming into the Rosses at twilight, the scene that met one's eye was one of sheer barrenness and indescribable wildness. Acres upon acres of moorland, lovely in its very desolation, swept before us to the right and left creeping gradually up the sides of the hills and mountains in monotonous sameness. Clamps and ricks of turf by the thousands dotted the hills lending a sombre aspect to the whole and intensifying by contrast the whiteness of innumerable rocks. Black and white, white and black, rocks and turf, turf and rocks everywhere in the vales and on the hills. Bare, treeless hills and dales stretched in endless fashion in a region of untamed loveliness of black and white, white and black. A mile outside Dunglow, the market center of the Rosses,

a deflated tire called for a halt. A shower popped up from nowhere and at the advice of my driver I reentered the machine while the small flurry lasted and looked out on the weirdest scene I had ever gazed upon. Summer seemed to have changed in an instant to Winter. The wind whistled madly past us, carrying with it a sheet of rain across the plain and over the distant mountain. Rocks glistened in the twilight and the Rosses assumed, indeed, a very Wintry aspect. The tire being replaced we shot into the straggling town of Dunglow. I was permitted one glance up its long and narrow main street before we dipped hurriedly down to the very foot of the same thoro-fare. Turning sharply to the left we sped up, up a steep hill relieved of its bareness by a few trees with a beautiful and verdant dale below it on the right. The few remaining miles to Burtonport were covered in semi-darkness.

Doherty, the Rosses in Donegal and Connemara in Galway are considered the poorest and most primitive parts in Ireland but it remained for the Rosses to present to me the finest and most up to the minute residence I had seen in my travels through fifteen of Ireland's Counties. The only hotel in the "Port," for some unexplained reason, at the moment was not accommodating travelers. However, that very inconvenience resulted in yet another bit of luck which persisted in trailing along with me. Mr. O'Donnell, the hotel proprietor, directed me to the house in question and I was lodged for the night in a room that surpassed the one I had occupied in Dunleary in size and specially in furnishings and bedding comforts as much as a room in one of Boston's best hotels excels any one of my own

humble chambers. I was astonished. There were electric lights, handsome wall-paper, costly draperies, easy chairs with foot stools before them, a spacious mahogany bed with spring and heavy mattress covered with so fine a silken case that I was tempted to discard the linen sheet, so inviting was its downy touch. A bath attached, with its hot and cold water, was so welcome that I could not resist having a plunge and treated myself to one whether I needed it or not. The whole was a delightful bit of America transplanted in the Rosses by the owner, one O'Boyle, who had spent a number of years in Bayonne, N.J. I was so interested that I had asked to view the whole next morning. It had all the appearances, accommodations and appurtenances of a wealthy man's home in America, even to the kitchen, storeroom and, mind you, the basement, a rare thing in Ireland. A paltry half crown covered the cost which included a delightful and appetizing breakfast of bacon and eggs preceded by a dish of the most palatable oatmeal I had ever tasted. The waiting maid was so pleased with her two-shilling tip that she raced to the dock and arranged with the mail man of Aranmore for a sail across to that island, for I had promised Pat Boyle of Salem to call on his parents, should I get as far as the Rosses.

I had heard so much about Burtonport from Pat Ward and Pat Boyle that I was anxious to be up and have a look at the town which I had seen so often in fancy. Like every dreamer, I was sadly disappointed and greatly disillusioned. The lively Port with its thousands of inhabitants, busy main street, crowded and mast-strewn wharf and chugging motor fleets and

ferries, dwindled to a hotel, general store and Post office, police barracks, a private shop or two and a warehouse. Add a few private residences to the house I had slept in and you have Burtonport, in reality. The Burtonport of my dreams had vanished for aye. A few, very few, insignificant skiffs bobbed with the tide and tugged ineffectually at their anchor ropes. No wonder I was disillusioned. Aran Island, or as it is more familiarly known, Aranmore, loomed high in the distance. Rutland Island stretched long and narrow between it and the mainland, its sand-swept surface looking white and bleak and uninviting. A red cottage of recent build and design was its one redeeming feature and contrasted strikingly with the sand-swept ruins of an ancient salt mill. I learned that the owner of the cottage had never occupied it, and I hardly blamed him for that. The mail toter and I had passed Rutland; and Aranmore, with no obstruction between us and it, arose majestically high and grand from the water. Its eastern face dotted with white cottages looked down on us from a height that filled me with awe. Yet another disillusionment, for I had pictured Aran to be flat and fertile but here I was looking upon a veritable mountain and I have since wondered why it has not been named Aranmore Mountain instead of Aranmore Island. Yet despite its towering rugged mountainous aspect, Aranmore is an island of great proportions which its more than four hundred homesteads will testify to. It requires a good-sized church and resident priest to care for its spiritual needs, and two tidy school houses with their attendant teachers to educate its youth. Because of its exposure to the Atlantic, Aranmore is perhaps the

most storm-swept island in the world. One wonders at first glance how such a large number of families can eke out a living from the uncongenial rocky soil whose spare cultivated patches dot its rock-strewn side. But, so soon as one learns that the hardy islanders are Ireland's most intrepid fishermen and trade continuously with the mainland, it can be seen that the necessities of life are easily provided for. Despite its pranks, nature has its own way of providing well for the Islanders, for the Western and Northern ends of the Island are rich in a soil whose spacious acres supply grasses for hundreds of sheep and cattle that wax fat upon its substance. This land belongs to no one in particular and is used in common. Naturally, a stranger would wonder why this rich and congenial tract is not used for the raising of crops, but never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has one crop of any kind ever been successfully raised there. The hardiest vegetable that has ever been planted there cannot resist the fury of the winds. The peak of the island is rich in peat, enough to render the fuel supply safe for centuries. This, like the grazing land, is used in common, too. The most substantial, and without a doubt, the finest light-house in all Ireland for years has laughed at the thousand furies that have assailed it. The view from the top of Aranmore is magnificent and there was more truth than mirth in my guide's remark when he said: "The view from here is so good that you can see from Patrick's Day to America." Owey Island lay to the North, like a wisp of wreckage, beyond which Bloody Foreland on the mainland stuck its head into the ocean and I fancied I could see it still crimson with the blood that of yore

drenched its soil in the most heated conflict that has ever been waged on Irish ground when the chieftains of the North fought and defeated Cromwell's hordes in the bloodiest battle on record. Farther up I could see Gweedore, made famous by the intrepid Father McFadden and his 'pay no rent' slogan of the eighties which resulted in the killing of Inspector Martin when he threw caution and good advice to the winds and attempted the arrest of the priest as he came from the altar after celebrating Holy Mass. Despite the pleading of the good man when he divested and gave himself up on the outside of the church, an enraged woman rolled a rock in her shawl and, the moment Martin put a hand on the man of God, she swung her weapon with the strength and force that only an infuriated person can, and Martin fell dead at the feet of his captive. The innocent priest served time in jail for the crime he had so heroically endeavored to prevent.

I left Aranmore with only one regret and that was the disappointment of not meeting Pat Boyle's father, a man who, I am told, would have kept me over night and given me all the stories and traditions of the Island as no other man in Aranmore could. I deeply regretted it and I have heard since that Mr. Boyle has deplored it, but I sailed back to the mainland in a yawl which was making her maiden trip and I had the privilege and honor of naming her. I christened her with a bottle of salt water in lieu of the customary champagne, "The Sail-em Witch."

Immediately upon setting foot on the mainland I set out for Kaedue, the home of the lovable John the Master, a venerable retired school teacher and father of Pat

Ward of Salem. I had been listening for years to the praises of the Master from former scholars and neighbours of the congenial pedagogue and the principal reason for my visit to Donegal and the Rosses was to pay my respects to the father of my best beloved companion, Patrick J. Ward. The townland of Kaedue lies about one mile from Burtonport, and the day being a pleasant one I made the journey on foot. The country round about was typical of the Rosses, bleak, rocky and treeless. The scattered little homesteads nestled in the midst of small scraggly farms reclaimed from peatland after years of patient, unremitting toil. Finally I came upon a schoolhouse by the left side of the road, situated close to a granite ledge, part of which had been blasted away to make room for Kaedue's new school. Across the road only a remnant of the old schoolhouse remained where the congenial John the Master ruled judiciously for nearly forty years. Proceeding over a stretch of road with the prevailing aspect of black and white I came to a crossroad where a boy astride a donkey a trifle bigger than a Saint Bernard dog shyly pointed me out the home of "the Master" the slated roof of which showed above a hill on whose slope it cuddled behind the first trees I had seen in Kaedue. I approached "the Master's" by a near cut shown me graciously by the lad on the donkey who pocketed the sixpence I gave him, smiled his thanks and unconsciously showed the whitest and most perfect set of teeth I had ever beheld. Another minute and I was clasping the welcoming hand of John, the Master, the friendliest, the most intelligent, and saintliest man I had yet met in Ireland. Small of stature, neat in attire, with a trim

pointed gray beard that lent distinction as well as a professional air to its wearer, the venerable John Ward ere he had uttered a dozen words made a deep impression on me. Instinctively I was aware that I stood in the presence of one of God's own gentlemen. Kindliness beamed from his eyes that lit up with a rare intelligence as he discussed the affairs of the world. Like all Irishmen, his faith in American leadership to pull the world out of its present slough of depression is strong and abiding. His grasp of international affairs astounded me and he discussed the conditions in central Europe, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, and far away China and Japan with the sureness and ease of a prime minister, which proved to me that the makings of a renowned statesman had been lost in "John the Master." But it is not my purpose to picture to you the humble schoolmaster of Kaedue as a great student and scholar, which undoubtedly he is and has been; I want rather to show him as he is today, the Saint of the Rosses. And from what little I have learned from the natives of the Rosses, it is not today or yesterday that "John the Master" began the career that marks him the holiest man in Donegal. Hating vice, pitying sinners, deploring dissensions, helping the poor, and visiting the afflicted, John Ward has practiced all those virtues from the day he first began teaching school up to the present when old age has put an end to some of his charities. But if infirmities have retarded his missions of love at the age of eighty-three, he makes up for this by his prayers. I spent two days and nights at "John the Master's" hospitable abode and had the grace to be present at two nightly recitations of the Rosary led by the Saint

of the Rosses. Doherty, I would prefer to hear one Hail Mary from the lips of John the Master than to listen to the best sermon that has ever been preached. When John the Master prayed, he took me to heaven with him for he truly goes there with every Hail Mary. His very attitude, the look on his countenance, the fervor and pleading in his voice and the smile on his face all went to prove that he was actually talking face to face with the Blessed Mother of God. Doherty, you would have to witness it to comprehend what I mean. And the best part of it was he transported his hearers with him. I can truthfully say that in all my life I have never felt so close to heaven as I did on these two memorable nights. Kneeling side by side with mature men and women, the sons and daughters of the saintly ex-schoolmaster, I was edified with their childlike simplicity and obedience. Today they enter into the spirit of the holy Rosary with the same docility and meekness and respect for their father that they must have shown thirty years ago as children. There was no place in Ireland I slept as soundly and securely as in the neat and simply furnished bed chamber on the second floor of that peaceful retreat of the Master's. The peace of heaven pervaded every last room in it. From a beautifully designed little altar Christ the King raised His hand in benediction and seemed to smile lovingly down on the statues of His Holy Mother, St. Joseph, St. Patrick and the Little Flower, who kept Him company in the flickering light of a vigil lamp. No wonder I slept like a child.

One morning I crossed the famous Kaedue Strand, often the scene of many a heated football game and spirited foot race to say nothing of the hundreds of duels

in the role of boxing matches that from time out of mind have been settled there. When the tide is out this is a near cut to Kincasslagh Chapel, the parish church of the Rosses, and to save steps and time I visited it. In the most extreme corner of Ireland stands a good sized chapel set in the midst of a graveyard where the dead of Kaedue await the day of judgement. By the number of headstones and memorials it is safe to say that the dead of Kaedue outnumber by far the living. The chapel, cruciform in shape, is well kept and its three aisles and gallery neatly and comfortably pewed accommodate a goodly few. Three altars and a handsome sanctuary adorn the interior and on the whole, Kaedue chapel is a credit and a joy to the old and young of the parish. But why a parish church should have been built on the edge of the ocean is a puzzle to me, but the Irish people are so happy and contented and so sacrificial that I doubt if it had even entered their minds to ask themselves or others that question. Cruckmore mountain to the east looked so inviting that I would not be content until I had climbed its peaks. It took some time and a good many weary steps to reach it, but it was well worth the trouble and the corns I developed. The vista from the head of Cruckmore was magical and entrancing. From here Kaedue assumed a beauty lovely beyond description. Hundreds of white cottages dotted the vale beneath and looked no bigger than just so many eggs. Lough-na-Waugh to the right diminished to the proportions of a mere pond, while the long and narrow Lough-a-Waskill to the West appeared no wider than a stream. Gola Island looked like a dot in the ocean, while Aranmore seemed to have shifted

her position and loomed near enough to be reached by a rifle shot. In the north-east Arrigle's hooded head shot into the clouds, and despite a brilliant sunshine refused to uncover its bald pate which, I am told, is the pride and delight of the natives whenever it resolves to doff its vapory hood, which is seldom.

Tommy, it does not seem natural to me that you should claim Galway as your birthplace, because it struck me that every tenth family in Donegal was either a Doherty or an O'Donnell. While I gazed into the valley I am sure that every other house in Maenbanid at the foot of the mountain belonged to an O'Donnell and a Doherty. I know whereof I speak for, on the previous day, I traversed every foot of ground in Maenbanid in search of the old homestead of Grace and Mary Doherty of Salem, Mass. It is more than fifty years since the Salem Dohertys left the Rosses and, before I set out for Ireland, I promised Grace and Mary that, should I get as far as Donegal, I would make an effort to pay a visit to their old home in Maenbanid, and I did.

If I had considerable trouble in untangling Clan O'Doherty down to a certain Hughey who had left the premises for America, with his wife Grace and two children, half a century ago, it was well worth the annoyance for when I called on Grace and Mary after my return I received a far warmer welcome than awaited me here in my own home. You may not believe it, Tommy, but Mary Doherty actually kissed the soles of my shoes because they had touched the soil round about her beloved Irish homestead. You may call it what you may, but if that is not genuine patriotism, what is?

“Do you hear that, Mrs. Callan? ‘The soles of my shoes’—how are you! Tell that to a policeman, Callan. I repeat that that handsome man o’ yours needs watching, Mrs. Callan. I’ll say that it was well worth all his trouble. The soles o’ his shoes—G’wan, Callan!”

CHAPTER XVII

RAMBLING

NEXT day I left the Rosses with the hope that I would return there another time, not to see the glory of an uncrowned Arrigle, but to spend another day with the learned and saintly 'John the Master' and to hear and see him lead one more Rosary—a full one—for his son Anthony had informed me that in deference to a stranger he had left out the "Trimmins."

A change of busses gave me a ten minute stay in the lovely town of Enniskillen, famous for its dragons, not one of which I had encountered, but I saw the end of the winding Erne tumbling toward the ocean in a volume befitting the Shannon and I wondered how much of the waters it had picked up at its source in my native Coolkill flowed over the falls near the bridge in Enniskillen. The drive into Cavan town was delightful through a rich and level country where the roads were lined with trees heavy in foliage and we passed several handsome estates now running to seed, evidently once the property of a titled gentry. In another hour we were crossing the tiny bridge at the entrance to Kilnaleck under which ran the initial waters of the River Erne, and I prided in the fact that at least I had seen the beginning and the end of "The Winding Banks of Erne."

I had seen many new and strange places in Ireland to the neglect of my native heath. There were many nearby places of interest I had longed to be seeing, places that as a boy were too distant to visit, so I resolved

to satisfy a fifty year old yearning and visit them. One of these, the town of Virginia, which lay in an easterly direction from Coolkill some twelve miles away I decided to see the very next day. Early in the following morning I set out, determined ere I returned to put foot in Virginia. The town of Ballyjamesduff was half the distance but this and the country leading to it was familiar to me as a boy. To reach Virginia I knew I could get there by bus from Ballyjamesduff. Crossing Fields I followed an old trail to Crosserlough Chapel which I could see from Lynch's back yard but which I had not visited up to now. I reached there after a half hour's tramp through sodden fields and many hardships with contending hawthorn hedges and barbed wire fences over which as a youth I passed with ease, but, ye gods, how I deplored my fast fading elasticity. When I reached Briody's lane I heaved a sigh of relief and recalled the long ago days when this march to Sunday Mass was a pleasure and a joy. I rested for a moment against the ruins of a cabin at the dead end of the lane which in other days was the habitation of Robin and Sally Reilly. Memories of these far away days flashed through my mind, when my dear mother, on our way home from Mass, leaned over the half-door to greet Robin or his aged spouse with words of cheer, and I fancied I could see the venerable Robin drag his ninety odd years infirm body to the door and, with repartee that matched my mother's threw down the cudgel for the battle of wits which invariably followed. I thought I could hear again the asthmatic laugh from within as old Sally gave vent to her pleasure at the defeat of her boastful husband. And the only thing I fancied about the weazened Robin

was the brass buttons of his home-spun waistcoat and on the outer edge of his frieze knickers. Ah, God be with old times, Doherty, it would not take much to make me cry just then. Over the lane I plodded my thoughtful way past Master Reilly's on the left, a comfortable dwelling still despite the fact that the pedagogue of that name lay mouldering in Crosserlough graveyard for nearly fifty years. Another house on the left, the owner of which I could not recall, looked as natural as of yore. Ah, the next dwelling, a long low building set well in off the lane on the left, also recalled happy days when I proudly rode Mickey Paddy's lively jennet thither to be shod by Crosserlough's famous blacksmith, Jemmy McKiernan, better known as Jemmy the Jingler. The Jingler's looked the same to me, but whether the jingle of the anvil echoes there still I could not say, but, if it does, it is not the ponderous arm of Jemmy the Jingler that wields the hammer for, even in my boyhood days, he was well advanced in years. May God rest his soul. Unconsciously, he was the source of much joy to me on different occasions whenever Mickey Paddy's Spanish horse cast a shoe. The Briody's, after which the blind lane was called, was the last house off to the right a bit and then came Crosserlough road. I stepped out upon it and gazed about me. Before me on the left stood the home of Pat Dowd overlooking the little lough in the hollow. To the right up a short lane lay the homestead of Charles Bird at back of which arose the stately new "chapel" of Crosserlough. A stubble field and a heap of silver came to my mind instantly. Stubble fields are to be found in Cavan as well as Galway, Doherty, but silver in Galway, well—but why a heap

of the precious metal should be awaiting the hardy toes of one Johnny Smith and Lukie Callan to stub against it in Bird's field is yet a mystery to two barefooted lads. Taking a near cut from the "chapel" where we were attending a mission, to our amazement one of us kicked up a sod of earth and with it a shiny array of coins, and good old Queen Vic must have smiled at the desperate scramble that ensued to possess her homely face. I cannot say which of us succeeded in collecting the most, but it is enough to say that never since or before have Johnny Smith or yours truly held so many Queens in one hand. I do not know if there is any such thing as the keeping of cross-country records but whether or not I am certain that in the history of cross-country racing, never since, or before, have ditches and hedges receded so speedily from two bare pairs of heels. Breathlessly we deposited our treasure in the laps of our mothers who, to our utter disappointment, carried the same back to the "chapel" where the find was duly announced from the altar and, since the loser or the hider of the treasure put in no claim, we were duly rewarded with a shilling apiece. The delay, however, took away most of the glamour and we spent our "fortune" rather abstemiously, to the disgust of our many young admirers. Around a sharp curve I came upon the old graveyard high above me on the right. I did not enter here, but could see the irregular array of ancient headstones mostly of the slab variety leaning forward and backward some buried deeply and all moss-covered and indecipherable from age and exposure. I could see the very spot where lay the remains of old Charley Faddah and the unpleasant recollection of the cold rainy day he was laid to rest

smote me with terror as real as on that long ago day when, with neighbours, I accompanied the funeral procession and for the first and last time entered the old burial place in which, even then, few were buried. A skull and crossbones on the brink of the grave added to the misery of the event and made such a lasting impression on my childish mind that from that time till the present I associate with cold rainy days, skulls and crossbones, sticky yellowish clay and the wails of women mourners. Not caring to entertain for long unhappy thoughts I proceeded and presently came upon a fine two-story house at the end of the old cemetery. This, I learned, was the abode of the schoolmaster and was new to me. Across the road was yet another dwelling which was strange to me. This, likewise, has been erected in recent years and boasted of a sort of general store. A little beyond the Master's stood the school which had been erected in my time as a boy and is still known as Crosserlough school. I gazed on this commodious building and recalled a pleasant night of the long ago when, in company with my father, I had attended a concert there and marvelled at the vastness of the crowd that paid tu'pence apiece to witness the fun, and wondered what Fr. John could do with all that money. The partition separating the boys' and girls' apartments was unfolded for the first time and I thought it the largest hall in the world. The next scene to meet my wounded eyes was the new graveyard divested of all that tends to make even a place of burial pleasing to look at. Not a tree lined its white walls, not a fir or yew wept over hundreds of graves, nor shrub nor flower to break the bleak monotony of headstones and monu-

ments. But the same wide iron gate opened on the broad and once shaded walk that led of yore to Crosserlough chapel door, one stone of which was not to be seen. I well remembered the old "chapel", or all of it that remained after the fire which nearly destroyed it. Two wings remained to serve the heart-broken parishioners for years afterwards. It was in one of these I attended catechism classes, and how well I remembered the glad and glorious day that good Fr. John patted my head and gave me the ticket that admitted and permitted me to receive the sacrament of confirmation. It was sacred ground but not too sacred to permit me to drub a one Hody Smith from Rasan, a bully who attempted to lord it over the Coolkill lads. I accepted his challenge as he flapped his wings and crowed from the topmost step of the granite stairs that led to the gallery of the West wing. It is enough to say that I toppled him from his perch with one well-aimed blow and for the remaining sessions of the catechism classes we had peace. It was rumored afterwards that it was because of this that poor old Fr. John was so lenient with me in his examination of me, for he had asked me but one question which every lad knew: "What is Confirmation?" He was a secret witness to the deed and besides he was a cousin of my father's, exemplifying the fact that blood is thicker than water. After praying at the graves of my grandfather and grandmother I left the bleak plot of the dead and went up the Ballyjamesduff road a few hundred yards to the new chapel hoping to encounter the present pastor and determined to give him a piece of my mind on the destruction of the once beautiful place of burial. I was delighted at the appearance of the new chapel,

which compares in size and furnishings with any city church in New England and far bigger and better than most of them. Fond memories again flooded my mind and I recalled happy and industrial days when as a youth I did my share with the aid of Pat Harry's Dolan in hauling to and fro the clay that filled up the hollow places and the sand that helped to make mortar for the busy masons.

I could not think of leaving the premises without a visit to the handsome parochial house, the present beautiful grounds and gardens surrounding it I had helped in my little way to make possible. It was just as well that the pastor was not home for I had an axe to grind and our meeting might not have been one to be long remembered for its congeniality. I left the good-natured housekeeper regretting the absence of the parish priest, and proceeded to go over the Latnidrona road whose long stretch I had traversed once before as a very small boy in company with my brother James on our way home from Keeldhra bog where we had worked one long day with some cousins making turf. This was one end of the parish I knew little about and my first and only invasion of long ago served to whet my appetite and so I was bound to see more of it in broad daylight. The residence of Charles Boylan stood on the corner of this road, opposite the cemetery, and I must say it was one of the very few houses in Cavan, that I had pictured as imposing and grand, to line up with my conception of them. Before a fine lawn, rich in shrubbery and flowers, this handsome two story house of the "magistrate" rested on a knoll and its many windows and panelled hall door looked over the garden to the Crosserlough

road and graveyard. The youngest son, one of a large family and a bachelor to boot, is the present occupant. I called in the hope of meeting him but learned from an old housekeeper that the Master was attending a distant fair and would not return before night. I was rather disappointed because I was desirous to learn about the other members of that family all of whom had shown great promise because of their exceptional talents as boys and girls. Charles Boylan, their father, was one of the most respected men in Crosserlough parish and, as magistrate, presided over the local court where his learning and wisdom, to say nothing of his sense of justice, had won for him the love and respect of the whole community. It was on this very lawn, as a small boy, my father lifted me on his shoulders one far away night to welcome home Father John, Charles' brother, who had spent some years in America gathering the money which later helped to build Crosserlough new "chapel" and the schools I have spoken of. Like his brother, Father John Boylan was beloved by everybody.

Last November twelve-month I visited New York City and had the pleasure of meeting a Miss McConnon, a County Cavan colleen, whose culture and talents impressed me greatly. She was a fluent Gaelic speaker and an artist in the grace and expression of all the ancient intricate movements that go to make up Irish stepdancing. I had promised her, if I got to Ireland for the Eucharistic Congress, I would surely call on her mother whom I had known in the old days as Miss McCabe and who taught in Drumrora school. So, you see, Doherty, I had a double object in going to Latnidrona, one to satisfy my own curiosity and the other to call on Mrs.

McConnon. Here again I had another example of 'down the road a bit' except in this case it was 'up the road a bit.' Although I had travelled this road once, I had always pictured it as a level stretch. I had made several inquiries for Mrs. McConnon's and in each case got the same answer, 'up the road a bit.' The distance surprised me and I marvelled that I could have walked so far as a boy, but after climbing a long steep hill, a man by the side of the road pointed out to me the abode of the retired school-marm, which set in off the road on the top of a hill. I was weary, and good old Mrs. McConnon must have noticed it for she innocently brought forth a bottle of stout which to say the least put new energy in me, and the venerable ex-schoolmistress and I chatted over old times and the present times for an hour in the cosiest little parlour in all Ireland. I found her, despite her years, very much up to the times both at home and abroad.

I arose to leave, but Mrs. McConnon would insist on leaving me down the road a bit. We came to a cross road by the side of which lay all that was left of Keeldhra bog. Here the venerable ex-schoolteacher bade me farewell. I strolled along this road in an easterly direction looking in vain for some familiar land mark. I encountered a man rearing hay, or I should say tending a few swaths of scraggly grass in the 'bottom' where in earlier years turf had been cut. He bade me a "good day, sir," and to clear up the doubt that had possessed me I asked him if the land on which he stood was not known as Keeldhra bog. "Yerr ah, no," said he, "Keeldhra bog lies by the road yonder," pointing across the marsh where he stood. I thanked him and continued

my journey. While disappointed that I was not on the right road, he comforted me by saying that I was but a short distance from the Ballyjamesduff highway and would reach it below by Bohannah's Gate. Farther on I met a lone scholar coming from school. He was one of the few children attending Kiffa School and told me his name was Samuel Gordon and was one of about thirty pupils at that institution. I was not surprised that the attendance at Kiffa had dwindled so, for it was a Protestant school and since the recent uprising in Ireland the greater part of the native Protestants had moved into the northern counties. Soon I came face to face with Bohannah's Gate and the road leading to Lidonish where hundreds of times I had travelled as a boy to my cousin's, a three-mile journey from Coolkill, and thought nothing of it, ah, dear! I went on up past Kiffa school house and thought of old Master Cuff a stout middle-aged man who, whenever we chanced to meet him greeted us so kindly that we almost wished that he was Master at Kilnaleck school and pitied him because he was a Protestant. To the left of the school stood Spink's house a little off the road. It looked down on a large field with a gravelled driveway leading to the hall door. It was run down and deserted and its slated roof needed repairs badly. It was evident that the Spinks, like many of their neighbours, had gone to more congenial quarters during the troublesome days. Kiffa school is on a height and, looking before me, I could see Rasan school and, behind it over in the fields, I could see, high above the surrounding country, the home of my uncle, one Patrick O'Rourke, where as a lad I loved to visit and about whose premises I had spent some of the happiest days of my

youth. Once more I could see my Aunt Rose, kindly and friendly beyond words, as she raced down the lane to greet us. I fancied I could see her no less friendly husband smiling and with witty words of welcome he received us into his awaiting arms to toss us over his broad and stately shoulders in a way that bespoke his genuine delight at our coming. Ah, there it is over in the fields to the left, Fairymont, tall and white, the priest's house, always the home of one of the curates of Crosserlough Chapel. As I trudged on toward Rasan crossroads many oft-repeated tales of the good curates came to mind. There was the story of the saintly Fr. Bernard McManus who was never known to close a door in his house so that the good fairies from Fairymont fort could have free access to his house during the night and help themselves to the food laid ready for them at his bidding. Simple, kindly, strong in Faith, no wonder the good parishioners mourned his loss and invaded his grave to take away the clay that covered him and apply it to aching parts, and little wonder that their child-like faith was ever rewarded with a cure. And then there was Fr. Pat Brady, the very antithesis of Fr. McManus, a practical business man who believed not in fairies and scorned the idea of leaving his doors open nights despite the warning and advice of the old people. And, ye gods, despite his disregard for the "good people" Fr. Pat spent many prosperous and happy years in Fairymont until he was sent to a parish of his own away down at Bundoran. Ah, there it is, Rasan Crossroads and below it on the left Rasan School—new school—yet another modern seat of learning reared there through the untiring efforts of the industrious Fr. John Boylan.

I gazed long and contemplatively at this school, which was very new in my days, and thought of the pupils that filled its comfortable desk chairs in the olden days, whose seats were now occupied by their children. I wondered just how many of them had remained at home and how many had sought other lands for their livelihood. With this thought in mind I came to the lane leading up to my uncle Patrick's place. At its very entrance once stood the little thatched cottage of Pat Donohue. Gone was this cottage that housed Mary and Katie and James and Tom Donohue and in its stead was reared a comfortable two-story slated house. I entered here to be welcomed by a Mrs. Thomas O'Rourke, a cousin to my cousins who once lived at the head of the lane. I was surprised until I bethought me that the Donohue cottage was always the property of the O'Rourkes whose son Tom and his handsome young wife were now living on the site in far more habitable quarters. Mrs. O'Rourke sent a courier post haste after her husband who was rearing hay in a field close to the old homestead. Tom O'Rourke lost no time in arriving and gave the "Yankee" a royal welcome. Tom, a man about my own age, looked youthful for his years. Like all Irishmen, he took things for granted and never worried about the future. His four or five children looked hale and hearty and, like all Irish children, displayed a shyness and an innocence of manner that was a joy to behold. Anxious to get a glimpse of my Aunt's old place which has been left in the custody of Tom, soon we were traversing the lane leading up to it. Perched on the summit stood the mother house of the O'Rourke clan now scattered over the earth with one exception, the man by my side. I was

proud and delighted to find the old place whole and entire, looking grand in its transformation, and I deplored the mal-usage and ruins of my own home in Coolkill. Shining bright in a recent coat of whitewash and with a certain air of pride in its new roof of slate and its enlarged windows, this inviting house of my Aunt Rose and Uncle Patrick awaited the coming of her American sons and daughters to occupy it if they cared to for a time or for good. Ready it was and fit to house even the son who was the last to leave it and under whose roof he studied the classics which later admitted him to the Seminary where he was elevated to the priesthood. Father John O'Rourke of Pawtucket, R.I., will find here a retreat from the busy cares of his parochial duties any time he chooses to visit the scenes of his birth. The view from here, like the panorama from all of Ireland's hills, was glorious. Away to the East swept the valley in whose center sat Curnagrove Lough like a diamond. To the South Carnin hill looked down into the town of Ballyjamesduff, its wooded sides speckled with white homesteads among which rested in a clump of trees the Sisters of Mercy convent, the roof of which gleamed through the trees. Derrylaghan to the North swept in a long ridge above the little river which ran its course on to Lough Sheelin and skirted the foot of the O'Rourke land. Many a time, at the risk of being caught and fined, with the help of the O'Rourke lads we stemmed its course to catch the handsome trout that infested its sparkling waters. The view to the west was broken by the high land of Rassan and the still higher ground of Kiffa. I traversed every field belonging to my uncle, to marvel at the steepness of their hills, and came at

last to the famous Lidonish fort after which the townland derives its name. Here if anywhere in Ireland is to be found a perfect sample of the ancient defenses which clutter Erin's magnificent hills. Two circular walls of defense are thrown up and a deep ditch lies between them. A half acre of land in the center is level with the outer walls and one can easily imagine the chieftain treading this plot and giving out his commands as the exigencies of the moment called for. I traversed every foot of the marvelous fortification because, as a boy, I had always dreaded to enter its enclosure even in daylight, so much was I imbued with the traditions of the fairies that inhabited it. For a verification of the fairy tales in connection with this well-known fort I consulted with my friend Tom O'Rourke. He truthfully told me that he had explored every foot of ground at all hours of the night in search of a stray calf or sheep and not once had he encountered anything by sight or sound that would have him think it was supernatural. I was disappointed, for I stood ready for a hair-raising tale in which the fairies played a prominent part. And, Doherty, let me here tell you that in all my travels of the Green Isle not once did I hear mention of ghost or fairy. I cannot blame it on the depression for the only depression or sign of it in Ireland is to be found between her hills.

I remained over night with my friend O'Rourke and the next morning we set out for Virginia. I have good reason to remember that day about which I will tell you later. It was the twelfth of July. By the aid of a good looking horse and van we reached Ballyjamesduff in half an hour. It was slow moving for less than two miles and it seemed to me that the work horses of Ireland

are emulating to a provoking degree their less speedy brothers, the donkeys. I was greatly disappointed in Ballyjamesduff. Once upon a time I thought it a little less in longitude and latitude than London. If its market square was taken out of it, it would be no bigger than my own Kilnaleck. To be sure there are more streets shooting off the Square whose acreage is worthy of a Chicago market place, but they are short and insignificant. Twelfth of July and all not a dozen people could be seen upon the streets. While passing the southerly corner of the Square, memories of a day when I was but a child came uppermost to my mind. It was fair day in Ballyjamesduff. I came with my father who had something to sell. After the sale had been consummated my father had left me munching a "sweet cake" seated in a donkey cart. It was all very well while the sweet cake lasted—and, by the way, Doherty, today you cannot get, for love or money, those palatable buns which went down so easily and splendidly with children in the old days. I tried to purchase one and I know. But to come back to the donkey and cart. I thought my father must have gone home, so long was he away from me. To make matters worse our donkey had finished his "lock o' hay" and spying a bundle of the tempting grass in a neighbour's cart he set out to help himself. It was all very fine until the owner of the hay discovered the perpetration and without any ado treated the thief with a stinging blow on the snout from the butt of a whip and, without a thought of the consequences, Mr. Donkey headed up the thorofare for home. I yelled so lustily for my long-lost parent that a policeman came to the rescue just as my father, out of breath, caught up with us. He thanked

the Queen's emissary and turned Roger back to the place he so unceremoniously vacated. Hitching Roger to a lamppost he reached for me and I think I can hear his "Good Lord" when he discovered that I had, even unknown to myself, wet a brand new pair of corduroys which, only the day before, poor old Watty the tailor had pronounced, "the grandest pair o' nickers a boy ever wore." The result was a seat by the fire in the house by the corner and another "sweet cake" to allay my terrors. After much jolting and a tendency on the part of the horse to turn back every few hundred yards, we arrived in the famous town of Virginia. That journey took more out of me than a ride I had once to Niagara Falls from Peabody. Virginia, while small, was without a doubt the handsomest town I had set foot in while in Ireland. Like most Irish towns it consisted mostly of one street but that was wide and immaculately clean. At the entrance to the town where O'Rourke hitched his horse was the Protestant church set in well from the two roads at whose junction it stood high and imposing, and two rows of trees bordered the avenue leading to it. I do not know what kind of trees they were but, like rows of beehives, they towered conically, lending to the place a unique, not to say fine, shelter and a beauty all its own. A beautiful Catholic church was situated about half way down the principal street on the right. We visited here to discover that the altar end of the edifice faced the street. Upon approaching it I wondered that the entrance was not from the street and not until I was within its handsome and sacred interior did it occur to me that we had gone in by its main door and that the sanctuary backed instead of faced the street.

Indeed, until I was kneeling within, I harbored the feeling that we had entered the basement, forgetting that there are no basements to Irish structures. Doherty, like the church in Dunleary, it is a pity that this imposing structure has not its approach from the street. I will always believe that there was more mule than horse in that stubborn equine of O'Rourke's for, when Tom faced him for a trip to Mahera, to see and enter the chapel where Cardinal O'Connell's father and mother were married, he balked and neither coaxing nor whip could compel him to take a step in that direction. However, from the wooded shores of beautiful Lough Ramor, I saw the chapel in question and left for Lisdonish well satisfied with my long desired visit to Virginia.

The return journey was fast and furious; indeed, far too much for our fifty odd years of flesh and bone. While passing Lurgan Chapel I requested Tom to rein in the now all too lively Nancy Hanks because on our way up, despite my visit to the handsome chapel, I had forgotten to put in my little book the date which was inscribed on a slab over its door. I had a special interest in Lurgan chapel, not because Cardinal O'Connell had addressed a congregation there the Sunday before, but because the late Pastor, Father Bernard Gaffney, who was responsible for its present handsome appearance and decorations, was buried near the entrance. Fr. Gaffney was a cousin of my own. Tom halted Nancy Hanks and thoughtlessly tossed the reins on her back. I reached into my back pocket for my diary but, just as I had done so, Nancy took a notion to be on the move. Tom left his end of the seat, which was not stationary and, as he did, the improvised seat

tilted and I with it. I smiled at the thought of the picture I must make falling into the rear of the van. But, glory be, I had forgotten that I was in an Irish cart and not an American wagon. I had no time for further thought and when I came to, O'Rourke and a young woman were standing over me by the roadside where they had dragged me. It is enough to say that I was rendered unconscious for a few minutes and I will not be convinced but that it was the prayers of my saintly cousin, in whose interest I was endeavoring to get the date of his beloved chapel, that saved me from instant death. God rest you, Father Bernard, you will ever be looked upon as the saint of Lurgan in life and in death. Enough to say I was hors de combat for a whole week and I can blame that accident for not seeing thirty-two instead of fifteen counties of enchanting Erin.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOUGH SHEELIN

THANKS to the unremitting care of cousin Annie and the almost uncanny medical knowledge of her husband I was soon on the road to recovery. My stay in Ireland was now limited to one week and, so anxious was I to visit places of interest near home, that on my second day out of bed, cripple that I was, I hired an automobile and made a hurried excursion to historical Lough Sheelin. Many a time as a boy I had played about its sylvan shores and bathed in its placid waters. Lough Sheelin is not only noted for its natural setting and beauty but has ever been known as a paradise for knights of the rod and reel who come from all parts of the British Isles to angle for the trout that infest its waters. The famous Lough was all and more than I had pictured it. Seven miles in length and three in width it stretched lengthwise from East to West, beginning near the village of Mount Nugent and ending at the historical bridge of Finea in Westmeath. A place beloved of antiquarians, Lough Sheelin boasts even to this day many ruined churches and castles which dot its vast expanse of wood and water landscape. Sir Walter Scott, while travelling past it on his way to Longford in the old days, grew enthusiastic about its picturesque charms and has said somewhere in his writings that there was more romance around its borders than in all of Scotland. On a wooded island in the Lough are the ruins of the Church of St. Bride, and

Ross Castle, famous in song and story, peeps through the trees on its southern shore. Here in the sixteenth century lived the stern chieftain, Edward O'Reilly, who in his day carried everything before him, and who now sleeps his last sleep in Ballymachugh ancient churchyard on the northern shore of the Lough opposite his far-famed stronghold. And here also slept the intrepid Miles O'Reilly, the Cavan Slasher, the night before he was killed at Finea.

In my time as a boy, the northern shore of Lough Sheelin was not only admired for its sylvan loveliness but was the show place for many beautiful summer homes of the gentry. Years ago, as a lad, many a St. Stephen's day, unafraid, we stormed these privileged places to sing and dance and boldly demand "three ha'pence or tuppence" else we would bury the "wran", the interment of which was sure to bring dire misfortune on the premises of all who had the temerity to refuse our request.

Here ruin upon ruin met my astonished gaze. Gone were the handsome homes of the Maxwells, the Cummings, Tanners, and others, and peasants now till the grounds that at one time were too private for even the daring "wran" boys to tread upon one day in the year. While I deplored the destruction I felt little compunction for the landlords who for ages had a paradise on the delightful shores of lovely Lough Sheelin at the expense of the native Irish to whom the congenial soil rightfully belonged. We sped past The Four Half Moons, a crossroads once so shaded with enormous trees that even on the sunniest days, it looked gloomy and cold, but how different it appeared now. Denuded of its shade it

looked strange in the sunlight. Fortland great house, at one time the marvel of that part of the country, was a mass of ruins; the once shaded avenue leading up to it was stripped of every last tree and the expansive lawn before it was sheared of its laurel shrubbery and handsome flowering trees that were ever a delight to the eye. Even the quaint old gatehouse at the eastern entrance reminded one of a skeleton, and glared at you from windowless windows. How many times on my way to Ballymachugh Latin School through the forest that surrounded this mansion of the Maxwells I stood in dread of the severe looking caretaker lest he would take me to task and point a warning finger to the trespass sign that hung on every second tree. But gone for ever are those dreaded days and the shouts and laughter of little children now echo through the spaces that at one time heard only the bark of aristocratic canines. We passed the western gatehouse which looked as unlovely as its twin, and turned on to the Ballymachugh road on the left. In a few more seconds we were halted before the ruins of the well-known Latin School. Here, indeed, I had passed many happy days in the company of boys that today are scattered over the face of the globe from California to Australia and most of whom as far as I could learn are yet living. The gable and part of the side walls are still standing and, as I gazed on the regretted ruins, fond memories of many a hard-contested game of handball came to mind. The late Master Brady and the later Fr. Sherlock turned out from this humble academy scholars who in later days have made a name for themselves in the pulpit and the various professions in Ireland and abroad. The next place of interest was

the ancient church and burying ground of Ballymachugh. The old episcopal church looked gloomy in its setting of shrubbery and trees and ancient tombstones. Many heroes of old sleep their last sleep here, the most famous of whom being the renowned and fearless chieftain Edward O'Reilly, and I am not sure but that the later, and equally intrepid, Miles O'Reilly has here his last resting place also. This ancient church, like many more in Cavan, was at one time the property of Roman Catholics, and, even to this day, the graveyard is used as a place of burial for their dead. A little beyond this church is the townland of Bellsgrave, called after the infamous landlord Bell, who in the olden days met the fate of all tyrants and, despite the vigilance of the Crown, his assassin evaded apprehension. Passing through here I made the driver halt to see if I could distinguish the land that my grandfather, Phillip O'Reilly, once owned, a lovely piece of property, but which he was forced to yield to the avaricious Bell who coveted it for an addition to his domain. I do not know how near I came to divining the exact acres but I felt a certain satisfaction that at least somewhere beneath my wandering eyes lay the fields that once belonged to my grandparents. Even today it is a charming location, overlooking the calm waters of Lough Sheelin, and I could appreciate the love and longing my dear mother ever had for this Eden, for she had spent her childhood days close to the shores of the enchanting Lough Sheelin.

Leaving the rural beauty of Bellsgrave in the rear, soon we were passing the Counselor's Crossroads and in another minute we were in view of Carrick Rock at whose base nestles the ancient school and chapel of

Carrick. A mile of straight level road was all that now separated us from the historical bridge of Finea. Acres of bogland spread out to the right and left, the dull brown of which intensified the whiteness of the ribbon-like road. To the left Lough Sheelin gleamed in the sunlight and narrowed to river proportions toward its end. A sharp left turn brought us on to the famous bridge of Finea where the gallant Slasher made his last stand against Cromwell's hordes and where history records his desperate struggle against tremendous odds. Pitted against three of the enemy's dashing warriors single-handed he slew the triple foe, but not before the sword of his last antagonist had pierced his jaw. In a death-like grip the brave O'Reilly bit into the steel and ere his adversary could extract the weapon the undaunted Slasher cut him down with one fell stroke. It was, however, the Slasher's last blow for his beloved Ireland, for he died the same day from his wound. Slabs commemorating his great deeds are inserted on either wall of the bridge. A handsome monument erected in the heart of the village in recent years has been raised to his memory. The granite of this memorial, I learned, has been taken from the Castle of Ross, where the gallant O'Reilly slept the night before the famous battle. It is a fit, if belated, remembrance of one of Erin's noblest defenders.

I left the historical village of Finea satisfied that I had the privilege of visiting once more the hallowed spot, and fond memories of a St. Patrick's Day more than forty years ago crowded my mind for I had attended my last fair in Ireland at Finea, a few weeks before I sailed for America. Ah, God be with old times, Doherty!

CHAPTER XIX

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE

IT WAS my last Sunday in Coolkill and Kilnaleck and I was beginning to regret that I had not spent more time in the environs of Crosserlough and Ballymachugh and Ahaloora, for my hurried visit to Lough Sheelin and Finea had aroused an interest in places near at hand and I was aware of many more very ancient and historically renowned spots that my limited stay would not permit me to visit. Coming out of Kilnaleck chapel after the ten o'clock Mass, I was accosted by the congenial young schoolmaster, Peter Martin, who chided me for not paying him a promised visit, declaring that he had seen so little of me he surmised I had gone back to America. This practical man of letters is not only one of the cleverest Gaelic scholars in Northern Ireland but, as a student of antiquity, has but few equals in all Ireland. It was from him I had first learned that the River Erne, made famous by Allingham's "Winding Banks of Erne," had its source in the very townland I was born in, Coolkill. And McGivney's river, into whose swollen waters my brother ages ago had purposely dropped me because I refused to remain in school on my first day, constitutes the infant waters of the Crooked Erne; indeed the same healthy stream runs today as of yore but a scant fifty yards from the chapel where the interesting schoolmaster had my willing ear. The day being fine and sunshiny, he immediately suggested a few hours run about the country in his machine. A little

more of the luck that persisted in wooing me, Doherty.

The friendly schoolmaster, his pretty young wife, a sister of Mrs. Martin and yours truly left Kilnaleck immediately after a noon meal and set out on the trail of the "Winding Banks of Erne." Doherty, I would like you to keep count of the number of times we crossed the Erne while I am endeavoring to give a hurried description of that Sunday afternoon's drive through the high and low lands of exquisite County Cavan. To be sure, I realize that you have beauty and charm galore in your native Galway but it is a beauty and a charm that only rugged hills and mountains bare can give you and of course cannot be compared to the mellow and comfortable elegance that overspreads the delightful rolling hills of the fertile County Cavan—Ahem! Are you ready, Tommy? About thirty yards from the Master's handsome new cottage at the westerly end of Kilnaleck, we first passed over the youthful Erne on its curving way to Kill and Corglass Loughs about a mile and a half distant, the highest of the Erne's water supply, where it drank copiously ere it left on its devious way to Lough Erne in Fermanagh whence it derives its name. Leaving the baby river and Kilnaleck behind, we continued on the Ballinagh road and presently came to Guthries Crossroads where we halted beneath an immense ash tree which has always been known as "the monument". Here the master informed us that the tree in question was the sole survivor of a number of like trees which were planted several miles apart along the way from the County Meath to the ancient cemetery of Kill which lay from this point about a quarter mile westward. It was the custom in the olden days to halt the funeral

procession beneath those trees where the corpse was keened (caoin—a cry) by relatives and professional mourners and no doubt gave a much-needed rest to the marchers, for in those far-off days hearses or coaches at a funeral were unheard of. So, after all, the tree is in reality a “monument” of ancient days. A short distance from the tree on the roadside is a tombstone on which is inscribed: “Pray for ye soul of Patrick Murphy who departed this life Feb. ye 2nd 1743.” I am indebted to Master Martin for the following legend anent “Ye Patrick.” It seems that a man building a house close by and wishing to have a smooth hearth stone in his house stole the slab, but (serve him right) while building the first fire upon it in his new habitation he suddenly passed on and no doubt was taken to task for his desecration by “Ye Patrick Murphy.” Years after as the ruins of this house were being removed for the plough the stone was resurrected and placed by the roadside where, till this day, it preaches its stern sermon.

At Derrens Bridge, a mile further on, we again crossed the Erne. Here its width and volume were considerably increased, having drunk copiously from the twin lakes of Kill and Croglass. Turning west, in a few more minutes we crossed it again at a place called Drumikanoe. Somewhere near here the master pointed out a house where a former pupil of his was reared. The lad in question is of Hebrew extraction and according to his tutor was the cleverest lad who had ever come under his supervision. He is now a young man in America and is well on the road to fame as a composer of popular songs. I regret that I have completely forgotten his name. Upon the death of his father his mother who

is a Cavan woman, brought him to Drumikanoe where he attended school and became a proficient Gaelic scholar. On our way to the village of Brusky Mr. Martin pointed out the homestead of Al Smith's ancestors on the opposite bank of the Erne. We stopped for a good look at the house where the grandfather of the genial Al once held sway. It is a long low thatched cottage, having the appearance of a double dwelling because of its length, but it has ever been a single residence. Bachelor brothers occupy it today and are the closest relatives of the inimitable Al now living on the paternal side. While viewing the premises the erudite pedagogue broke into story again. In the old days when shooting landlords was considered a little less than a virtue in Ireland, a man from the adjoining county Leitrim, was selected to "pop off" a certain Bell in the County Cavan, the very tyrant who, as I have said a little while ago, appropriated my grandfather's property on the shores of Lough Sheelin. While prowling about Lough Sheelin he aroused the suspicion of the yeomanry who gave him chase. The poor man would have evaded them nicely for he jumped the river Erne opposite where we were now halted, but a man by the name of Smith—I hate to think he was one of Al's relatives—captured him as he was passing through his land and handed him over to the authorities. Another Leitrim man was chosen to go to Brusky and shoot the Smith who was guilty of such unheard-of crime. He came but returned promptly with the news that there were so many Smiths in Brusky that he would have to shoot a hundred of them and then he would not be certain that the guilty one was among them.

The district around here is very historic. In the year 1314 Edward Bruce passed along here on his way to Granard in Longford and burned that ancient town when the inhabitants refused him provender for his horses. About eighty years ago a box containing a number of gold coins was unearthed near Glas Drummond Rock a few miles from the Smith homestead. The coins were of Scottish mintage and bore the effigy of King David of that country. Before us in the distance rose a beautiful rounded hill which the Master for our benefit called Crocamore, the hill of gold. Here in the old days the great Owen Roe O'Neil trained a branch of his army and because his gladiators were invariably paid their stipends on this hill it has ever since been designated Crocamore or the hill of gold. Not far from here, we again crossed the Erne. Less than a quarter mile to the westward we came upon the village of Kiladown, and here once more we passed over the persistent Erne. Near Kiladown, not far from the winding banks of Erne, is an ancient Cromlech or dolman which marks the burial place of some prehistoric hero. This was only one of many such Cromlechs to be found in this neighbourhood but the great mystery attached to them is, how, without mechanical aid, were such enormous slabs of stone chisled and set up in a circular position to be topped off by the largest stone of the group? While we were discussing the problem the witty Master winked a comical eye and asked us if we were not forgetting the long line of Irish giants and reminded us that the biggest of them, Fin McCool, had visited in Cavan more than once. That information settled the debate for the nonce. Proceeding to the quaint little town of Scrabby, now called

Gowna, where we again crossed the Erne at Dignan's Bridge, we came to the long low level of beautiful Lough Gowna where, turning sharply to the left, we crossed for the last time the Erne, the windigest little river in the world.

Here we bid adieu to the "Winding Banks of Erne", leaving it to swell its tide from the liberal Lough Gowna and wind its winding way northward to Enniskillen and the ocean. The graceful spire of Granard's Catholic church backed by the mighty Norman Moat in the distance beckoned us and, sure, our trip would not be complete without a visit to that historical town. Through five miles of delightful landscape over a beautiful road shaded with trees and bordered thickly with hawthorn hedges we drove along to Granard. The approach to the town was not marked by the customary rows of little homes which denote the entrance to most Irish towns and, before I realized it, we were on the top of Main Street and before the loveliest church I had yet seen in Ireland. Opposite the church the great Moat loomed like a mountain in the face of which was inset a handsome replica of the grotto of Lourdes. It is claimed by artists to be the nearest approach to the original Lourdes in the world. After several minutes spent in admiration of the "petite Lourdes" we ascended the massive and ancient fortification. A recently erected statue of Christ the King surmounts the summit of the Moat, the right hand of the Master being lifted in benediction over the surrounding countryside. The sun was wheeling gradually to his bed in the West and while light flooded the land we must hasten to feast our eyes on the matchless panorama set before us. To the North,

Arkill's brown head has changed to a lovely bronze in the light of the sinking sun. Coolkill, my birthplace, a little to the East, rose high and grand, its white cottages glistening in the sunlight contrasting beautifully with the green of its fields while over all the little fort with its rounded clump of trees looked very much like a crown on the head of a queen and the sunlight playing among their branches glittered like diamonds in her coronet. To the East, Carnin Mountain blended into the hills of Westmeath to the South at the foot of which could be seen the silvery ribbon of the River Inny streaking its way to Lough Sheelin whose expanse of water reflected a setting sun in molten grandeur. To the West the O'Farrell country undulated gently to the Shannon. And what the eye could not see could easily be imagined. Beyond the O'Farrell country to the South the plain will merge into the great Bog of Allen and the Curragh of Kildare. The church bells toll for vespers but my eyes had feasted on loveliness enough for a life time and it was with a feeling of gratitude I entered the handsome edifice to receive the blessing of Christ the King and thank Him for the privilege of enjoying so much beauty, only one of the many masterpieces from His Almighty hand—and a little bit of heaven.

CHAPTER XX

AU REVOIR

IT IS a long leap, Doherty, from the Moat of Granard to the *Laconia* of the Cunard line, but I know I have bored you to death and it is high time I was on my way back to the U.S.A. and Peabody, Mass. I will pass up the farewells to Cavan and Coolkill for the very good reason that I really did not say good-bye to the places that I intend to revisit just so soon as the world becomes normal again; and I have great faith in what the Holy Father says, that things will be far better financially and spiritually at the conclusion of the Holy Year. Of course I said *Au revoir* but I shed no tear because, with the help of God, I will revisit Ireland where I will religiously avoid travelling in carts or spring-vans and set foot in every county, when I will have a far longer and more interesting story to tell you. But let us get back to Belfast where the sister ship of the *Samaria*, the *Laconia*, lies beyond the Lagan, ready to receive me.

The Prince of Wales on his visit to the Orange city received no more royal welcome nor was he accorded a more generous send-off. For two days I had ample opportunity to taste of the generosity and splendid patriotism of the Catholics of Belfast. I have already spoken of their sterling catholicity but that was on a par with their wonderful friendship, and the happy combination makes the Irish of Belfast the very finest in all Ireland.

I have knelt to more than one Rosary offered up in the tidy home of John and Susan Liddy, which for fervor and devotion was surpassed only by the schoolmaster of the Rosses. In the same house, previous to the Rosary, I was charmed with the songs of Erin rendered delightfully in English and Gaelic, twenty-six in number—I made it my business to keep count of them—and never have I listened to a more soulful rendition in or outside concert hall. Twenty boys and girls composed the party, and jollier nor happier nor wittier gathering could not be assembled in any other country under the sun. All were true artists in their chosen line and refinement exuded from their every word and deed. I was never so proud of Ireland as at that moment with the exception of the day of the closing of the Eucharistic Congress, and everyone present in the room had taken part in that greatest drama of Faith in the world's history. Next evening these boys and girls assembled on the Lagan's dock and piled onto the tender and with songs, that had the ears of the crowded boat, sang me a farewell for ten miles and it was with regret I parted their company to board the *Laconia*. As they sailed away, the words and stirring air of: "We Won't give up the Old Land without Another Blow" rang over the waters of Strandford Lough and has since been ringing in my ears.

The voyage home was not as lonesome as I expected it would be, for many of the *Samarians* were aboard the *Laconia*. Quite a few got on at Belfast and hundreds boarded her at Galway. It was like meeting college companions, seeing these familiar faces coming up the gang plank, every one with a smile and a hearty hand-

shake ready for you even if they could not call you by name. Priests and prelates shipped from Galway and, because of the morning Masses and other devotions, made the trip home very like the voyage aboard the *Samaria*. The lovable Bishop Brennan of Richmond, Va., Fr. Patrick Durcan of Boston, and Fr. McGucken, Towanda, Pa., were but a few of the clergymen returning with us. But despite that, there was a sense of loneliness gripping my heart I could not get rid of. It remained for the familiar islands in Boston Harbour and the welcome sight of the custom house tower to dispel that feeling when anticipation of meeting my loved ones in Peabody filled my thoughts.

It is safe to say that I met some of them at the pier, herself here preferring to save her welcoming kiss for our own bungalow.

You are right, Doherty, she would not be seen kissing such a homely little man in public.

THE END