

How IRELAND SHALL BE FREED. A SAINT PATRICK'S DAY STORY.

BY P.J. TANSY.
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Oh, the sight was entrancing when green plumes were dancing and horses were prancing in marshaled array and the banners of green waved over the sheen of the trappings of battle, the blare and the rattle, that fired all our hearts that St. Patrick's day!

I stood in the sidewalk crowd that St. Patrick's day, a young newspaper man at duty, thrilled, like all the rest, because of my Irish blood. Ah, but how suddenly each rising cheer was stilled, and each tear filled eye flashed and each reverent longing as the leading band of the parade, swinging into Main street, changed its lively tune to one which spoke to Irish memory in tones of shame and helpless anger, the old homeland refrain:

She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen;
They're hanging men and women there for weeping of the green.

A well dressed young woman, tall and graceful, blue eyed and dark haired, darted into the roadway out of the mass of police penned sidewalk enthusiasts. Facing the oncoming band and horsemen, she raised her hand with a gesture as imperious as graceful.

"Stop!" she cried. The band leader signaled, the wailing dirge of freedom



ELLEN CALLS FOR THE PLAN THAT WILL FREE IRELAND.

stopped and the command of "Halt!" thundered along the whole line. The grand marshal galloped forward on his fiery horse, a picturesque figure of green and gold, to where she stood. As he did so another good looking young man left the sidewalk and took her gently by the arm.

"Come back, Ellen. What's the matter?" he cried in chiding wonder.

"Let her arm go, McGowan," cried the grand marshal, angrily jumping from his horse and sweeping loose the other's hold of her. "What is it, Ellen, dear?" he asked her gently.

"It's just this," cried she, trembling now in her waning passion and with the tears starting from her fine eyes, "that I and plenty more like me object to seeing Irishmen having no better to say for Ireland than that she's a country distressed. Crying over it in music or any other way won't do. If the hope of freeing our country was in your hearts, 'twould sound from your hands on St. Patrick's day, of all days. Stop crying, men. Do something! And let your music tell the world that you mean to do it!"

The crowd, breaking bounds and swirling around, had heard most of this impassioned speech and approved mightily with cheering and waving of hats and flags. The young grand marshal looked very sheepish. He shook McGowan roughly by the shoulder.

"I want you, Mr. Michael McGowan," said he, "to keep away from this young lady altogether."

"I want you to understand, Mr. Pat O'Hara, that while Miss Ellen Morris is engaged to no one you're welcome to pay attentions to her, but I'll win her, come, Ellen."

The crowd murmured approval of the more manly declaration of McGowan. O'Hara, goaded to ferocity, advanced upon him, but the fair cause of the awkward situation stepped back between them and, with a hand of restraint against each man's shoulder and cheeks aflame, cried:

"In presence of all here I pledge myself to be the bride of the man that brings me on this spot next St. Patrick's day the plan that'll free Ireland."

There was a deep silence. The eyes of McGowan and O'Hara shot each other a fierce acceptance of the condition imposed. The fiery young woman, leaning back in the throng with McGowan, raised her hand once more and said instantly a thousand words ringing forth that good old song of hers:

Yes, Ireland shall be free
From the center to the sea;
Then hurrah for liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

The whole column took up the chorus, the hands all did likewise, but the music of brass and sleepskin was drowned and lost in that swelling sea of Irish vocal melody.

"You'll see misfortune come of this," whispered old Mulvihill to me. I edged away from him with a shiver such as the March wind could not cause. Mulvihill had the reputation of possessing second sight and some ability in fairy sorcery. The last marching body had just gone by. I turned out of the crowd and made my way home to my own Ellen, my young bride.

"Ellen Morris!" she cried when I told her the story. "Oh, can't you find out where she lives? I'd give the world to see her. We went to school together in Ballanashree, and we were such great friends!"

I promised to ask old Mulvihill, who would be sure to find out, even by the normal method of inquiring, if he did not already know. As I had often told my wife something about his alleged powers, this caused her to say:

"Well, I'm no more superstitious than you, but they used to say in our neighborhood that one woman in the family of this Ellen Morris in every generation must be a bride of the dead. I never got it clearly into my head what they meant, but her mother, a beautiful woman, died when Ellen was born, and they used to speak of her as having been taken away in some supernatural way. But tell me now, don't you think Miss Morris is much handsomer than your own little Nellie?"

Every husband and every wife, too, knows my answer. I grew in esteem. Mulvihill found Miss Morris for us. She was keeping house for her father a few blocks away. He had come to America a few years before, bringing with him plenty of money and his one child.

"She's in love with O'Hara, but her father doesn't like him," confided my wife to me after the queenly Ellen Morris had visited her one day.

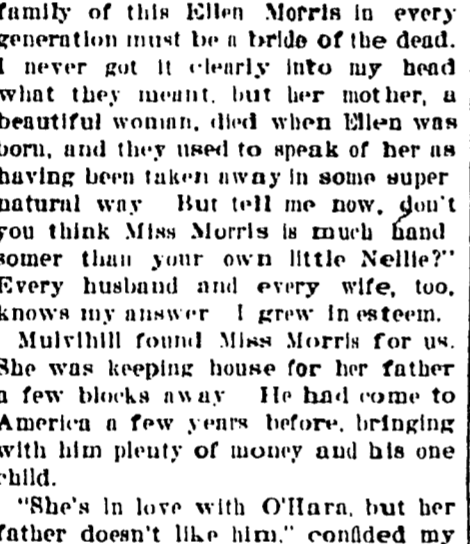
"That means that McGowan will have to be content with the presidency of Ireland when he frees it," laughed I.

"No; she'd marry him. You don't know her spunk. She'd keep her word, though she's growing to hate the sight of him."

"We must invite O'Hara to dinner," said I. "and her majesty also. I'm curious to know what steps he's taking in the direction of winning glory and the bride."

I came to know that he was a thrifty young man, who kept a downtown grocery store. He was born in America. His rival had the seeming advantage of being from the same townland with the Morris in Ireland. The latter filled the humble post of a street railroad conductor.

We had the dinner one Sunday close to Christmas. My wife and I found O'Hara a very fine fellow, full of fun and good nature and pretty well versed in affairs. But, oh, how hungrily his eyes devoured the regal beauty of Ellen Morris, and how he gloried in the brilliancy of her wit, which was a



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match for her physical charms! Half jokingly, I asked him whether his project were formed.

"No, no," interrupted Miss Morris. "He must not speak of it in my presence, not until the appointed time. I want him to perfect it, and I want him to have no advantage over any and all others."

"All others? I understood there was but one other," I ventured.

"No," she said; "what I pledged was that I would be the bride of him who brings me the right plan, whoever he may be."

"And why," asked I, "did you form this strange resolve?"

"It was not a resolve. It was a sudden impulse which I could not control," I remember old Mulvihill's words



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and my wife's story, and my skin crept.

O'Hara, as we sat alone over our cigars, told me his plan. He also told me of McGowan's, deriding it. His own was to organize an invincible Irish army in America and land it in Ireland under the guise of a grand influx of tourists and visitors to a great national fair and series of fetes, which he would also organize. Arms would be landed from France.

"McGowan," he said, with a sneer, "would wring home rule from England by parliamentary obstruction, backed by an Irish made boycott of goods made in England."

He talked as if the enemy had not their eyes on spies.

"Poor Ireland!"

I stood unseen in the grand parliament hall of Tara, where gold studded standards hung high on the walls above the assembled chiefs, bards and law givers and their noble king. I heard the harps of the seven chief musicians ring out the royal welcome to the priestly Patrick. I saw the shamrock symbol upraised in his hand.

Swiftly passed his discourse, and king and chief and bard smiled proudly as he told of the coming grandeur of Erin, of her teachers going forth from numerous schools to spread that civilization wherein the maid in the golden girdle walks safely alone in city and glen by night or day. Quickly passed he to a day of dread and desolation, and the harps seemed to murmur low in a peculiar strain the sadness, shame and fury of an outraged, helpless people! "Percey the chiefs leaped to their feet and swore by Baal, the sun god, it could never be; that they would rise from the dead and fight to fortify it if enough live manhood were not left in Erin to do it. The king raised his scepter to bid the priest cease."

"Noble king," said the old man, and the words burned themselves into my brain. "I prophesy a further day of glory, the day when the womanhood of Erin will make itself the wedlock blessed prize of patriotism. In that day the oppressor will be strongest of nations upon the waters, but for that cause the weakest of the nations beneath the waters. Irish genius will discover the engine of war that beats beneath the sea. It will be within the power and command of the weakest of peoples, it will be no more than launched when the oppressor will fall as conqueror the victim of 700 years of tyranny, and the rancor of ages will give place to brotherhood beneath the kindling rule of a whole people, to be linked in time with another such brotherhood beyond the sea."

The cheers of the assemblage awoke me. I was fully awake at once and pondering over the strange dream or vision. It clearly related to the submarine boat to which as a possible means of Irish liberation I had never given a thought. Why had the idea come in sleep? Why to me?

"That man I will have, no matter who he may be!" That was the sense of what she said, with her burning eyes fixed on me.

Misfortune was to come of it. So said old Mulvihill. God help me!

But, bless my own Nellie, how straight a path her woman's wit plotted out to me when I told her at breakfast about the vision. Clapping her hands in joy, she said:

"Go straight down town and tell Mr. O'Hara. It's a plan to be proud of. 'Twill win the bride, and it may win more!"

I saw my friend O'Hara at noon that day, told him of the vision and added many suggestions which had occurred to me all morning as to how the submarine scheme could be best utilized. I had written the plan out so that he might study it, illustrating it with a rough sketch of a submarine boat.

"Boats could be built in France," I wrote, "as an intended present for the French government. They could be prepared for operation in the channel. I firmly believe that by the possession of a few of them Ireland could get all her demands for the asking."

O'Hara leaned toward me across his counter and laughed loud and long. "Dream again!" said he, slapping me on the shoulder.

"I will send this to Mr. McGowan," said I in a huff, putting the paper in my pocket.

"Oh, do; do me the favor!" he cried merrily, and then, as if suddenly seized with an important idea, he gravely said:

"No, no, old man; let me have it." I gave it to him, wondering.

On St. Patrick's eve Mr. O'Hara and his bride to be were our guests at tea. I read the faces of both eagerly when they came in for a sign that they had heard the dreadful news which I was withholding from my wife lest the very horror of it should attract her to the place of the contest next day. She was in delicate health, and I feared that the scene there arranged for might kill her.

Old Mulvihill had told me about it. The whole town was talking of it, yet no one seemed to have told these two. O'Hara joyfully mentioned McGowan, and the queenly one merrily held up a reproving finger. It was certain that they had not heard the news.

On going O'Hara lingered to whisper: "McGowan is sick. He won't be there tomorrow. But he has had his plan all on paper for a week past and in Mulvihill's hands. I win anyhow. Good night."

Why didn't I tell him? Did fate forbid?

Next morning I was standing in a dense crowd at the Main street corner. It was a greatly excited crowd. Soon I saw stir, noble and beautiful, sitting in a carriage with her father. I saw the evil eye of Mulvihill hovering near. Vainly my eyes searched for O'Hara. Mulvihill approached me just as I had meted with a great quantity of

away. Down Main street sounded faintly the first notes of the paraders' band.

"I have it here in this paper," said old Mulvihill, showing an envelope. "It was poor McGowan's last wish, and I must do it. It was attending meetings and making speeches that killed him."

To the proud, triumphant notes of "O'Donnell Aboo," telling of glorious deeds on the banks of the Bann, swung into view the gay plumes of green, the prancing steeds and all the splendor of the parade. John Moran was grand marshal. As he reached the corner the funeral procession came forward as if to meet him. He gave the signal to halt.

I saw Miss Ellen Morris arise, alight, ghastly white, and go to the open door of the hearse. I saw Patrick O'Hara approach and stand beside her with his hands clasped to his eyes. Then she turned to the people, and, leaning a hand to support her on the edge of the coffin, she said faintly:

"I had a vision. I saw St. Patrick himself. He told me how Ireland might be freed by a boat."

Old Mulvihill crept up and, whispering a word put an open letter into her hand.

It was not the letter he had shown to me. It was my plan! O'Hara with a look of terror and agony on his face snatched the paper from her, but before she had glanced at the picture on it. Her father, muttering, "What's all this; what's all this?" elbowed his way to her. Upon her face there was a look of horror terrible to see as she slowly stretched her arms toward her father, kissed him and shrieked:

"I am the bride of the dead!"

She fell against the coffin through the open door of the hearse. They thought it was but a swoon. No.

Mulvihill defied the upraised fist of the furious O'Hara. "If you do, I'll tell that you paid me to do it!" was the threat he screamed.

The parade moved on without music. The funeral turned back. These two were buried together.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

THE PEN FAIRY.

Her Sad Story That Had a Happy Ending at Last.

There was once a fairy who lived in the hollow part of a quill pen. It was a very pretty palace for a fairy, with half transparent walls. And hers was a happy life. The only thing that troubled her was that the man who used the pen only wrote logic and grammar and really sensible things.

"Oh, why can't he write poetry and fairy stories?" she used to say. "Oh, what beautiful things this dull man could write if he only knew that there was a fairy in his pen!"

So one day when the man who used the pen had gone to a dull lecture she wrote on the blotting paper, "There is a fairy in your pen!"

And now she thought he will surely let me help him write poetry and fairy stories.

But the stupid man thought the child had written the words on the blotting paper, so he sent them to bed, and the fairy cried till the ink was quite pale from having so many tears mixed with it.

And the man, finding that his pen wrote worse and worse, threw it into his waste paper basket. His house-keeper picked it out.

"I will mend this pen," she said, "and use it for my books."

"Oh, now" thought the fairy, "some one is really going to write fairy stories and poetry with me!"

But the house-keeper only used the pen for adding up baker's and butcher's bills, and the fairy got very angry. So she left the quill and came to live with me. And I try to be kind to her and never hurt her feelings by writing logic or grammar or anything that is really sensible. Frances Mac Reemers (Aged Thirteen in Chicago Record Herald).

Down and Up Hill.

When Jack and Will went up the hill, Then Will was always boasting Of what a useful charm Jack was. When there was snow and coasting.

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On Jan. 1, 1782, soon after this incident of the medal presentation, Washington was entertained at a dinner given by the society in Philadelphia. The most distinguished generals of the allied armies of America and France were present; also the foreign ministers then at the American capital.

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St. Patrick's Grave

After ages of neglect the traditional resting place of the remains of Ireland's patron saint in the cathedral graveyard in Downpatrick has been

covered with a memorial stone, a rough, weather beaten bowlder of granite, weighing about seven tons, from the mountain side of Sli Ene-na-Largie, where it rested at a height of 600 feet. Upon the upper surface of this bowlder is cut an Irish cross, faithfully reproduced from one cut on an equally rough, unworked stone found on the island of Inisclonnan, one of the islands of Lough Ree, where St. Diarmid founded his famous ecclesiastical settlement about the middle of the sixth century. Under the cross the name "Patric" is cut in Irish characters copied from the earliest known Celtic manuscripts. This simple treatment is considered to be the nearest approach to the form of monument which would have been constructed about the year 465, the supposed date of St. Patrick's death.

Erin Redivivus

By Kate M. O'Brien

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The night of our sorrow we think of the day
When sunshine and gladness made lightome our way.
When the saints and the sages of Erin's Green Isle
Shed the light of their faith on the savage and vile.

the shrine of our freedom lies low in decay;
Our hopes, though still buoyant, have oft felt dismay,
And in Tara's lone hall, where our kings once held state,
Moaning winds sweep through tenanted halls of the great.

our harp now is mute save to grieving's low tone,
All alone and unheeded our poets may moan,
For ruin has swept o'er dear Innishall
Since the Saxon has lived in the halls of the Gael.

gem of the ocean, let catfish deny
Their language and land who enslaved wish to die.
But, uncrushed by oppression, unfettered by chains,
We fling back defiance—our country remains!

the wrongs of our race, our unheeded complaints,
We shall never forget, dear old island of saints,
Till thy soil, rendered sacred by saint and by bard,
Can in freedom exult and its fetters discard.

SAINT PATRICK AND HIS SONS. BY MICHAEL MURPHY. Copyright, 1902, by Hamilton Mush.

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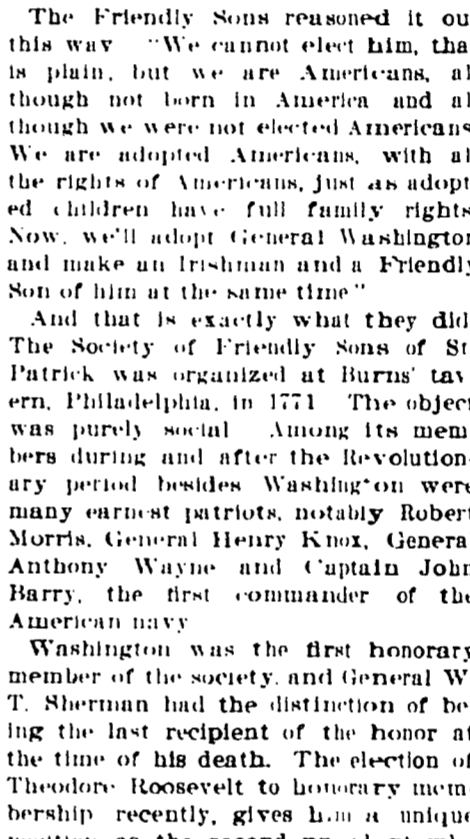
An active member had to be of Irish birth or descent, the number of honorary members was limited by the constitution to ten, and the ten places were filled. And George Washington had not Irish blood in his veins either through paternal or maternal lines of descent.

There was the puzzle. It was highly desirable to have him as a member, and he greatly desired membership. Yet how could it be done?

The Friendly Sons reasoned it out this way: "We cannot elect him, that is plain, but we are Americans, although not born in America and although we were not elected Americans. We are adopted Americans, with all the rights of Americans, just as adopted children have full family rights. Now, we'll adopt General Washington and make an Irishman and a Friendly Son of him at the same time."

And that is exactly what they did. The Society of Friendly Sons of St. Patrick was organized at Burns' tavern, Philadelphia, in 1771. The object was purely social. Among its members during and after the Revolutionary period besides Washington were many earnest patriots, notably Robert Morris, General Henry Knox, General Anthony Wayne and Captain John Barry, the first commander of the American navy.

Washington was the first honorary member of the society, and General W. T. Sherman had the distinction of being the last recipient of the honor at the time of his death. The election of Theodore Roosevelt to honorary membership recently, gives him a unique position as the second president who has accepted the honor. The society presented its distinguished adopted son, George Washington, with a gold medal.



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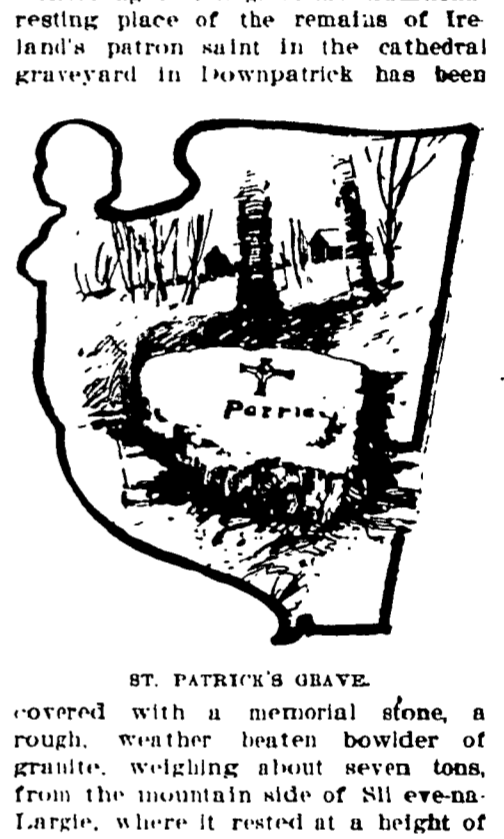
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