

quite enough to show us what may be the value of this author's work, the standard authority amongst certain classes on the subject. Father John Murphy, we know, notwithstanding, to have been a man in every way unlikely to have taken part in any violent movement, unless he had been, as he was undoubtedly, forced into it. He was a graduate of the University of Seville; in all his habits a gentleman, and possessed of learning and accomplishments. He had used his influence with his people, when the preliminary symptoms of the insurrection first became apparent, in persuading them to give up their pikes and firearms, and it was not until the cowardly yeomanry, believing the peasants to be fully disarmed, set upon them, burning their houses with many of the inhabitants, and committing atrocious outrages of every description, that the priest, whose chapel also had been reduced to ashes, considered it his duty to set himself at the head of his defenceless flock in order to organise a lawful resistance. Father Murphy was at length taken prisoner, when the affair had resulted everywhere in failure, tried by martial law at Durrow, and after he had been cruelly scourged, was hanged.

DEATH OF JOHN O'MAHONEY, THE FENIAN LEADER.

COLONEL JOHN O'MAHONEY, the Fenian leader, died in New York on Feb 6th. Col John O'Mahoney, the Fenian leader, whose exploits occupied a large share of public attention some ten years ago, was born in county Cork, Ireland, about 1820, and belonged to a revolutionary family, his father and his uncles being implicated in the rising of 1798, and barely escaping hanging therefor. After receiving his education at Trinity College, Dublin, he removed to Tipperary, and in 1848 enlisted in the unsuccessful Young Ireland movement of that year which was led by Smith O'Brien. Young O'Mahoney had influence enough to gather around him about 1,500 peasantry, who encamped on the Tipperary hills and maintained their position for three weeks, till, being completely surrounded by the military the futility of further resistance became apparent, and they quietly dispersed. O'Mahoney and some of his friends escaped to France, and after residing there six years he emigrated to this country. From the Carbonari and other secret societies of the Continent, he learned the art of organising secret political societies, which he put into practice in this country. In conjunction with Corcoran and Doheny, he worked quietly for several years in organising the Fenian Brotherhood, which finally assumed such proportions that it held a convention in Chicago in 1862. The great strength which it there exhibited, together with the fiery declaration of principles published by the convention, kindled all the enthusiasm of the Irish residing in this country. Men and money flowed in a constant stream, and at the close of 1865 the Brotherhood numbered over 3,000,000 members, who contributed so liberally that the annual revenue of the organisation was then estimated at \$2,500,000. Military companies were raised, balls and picnics were given, and all went on swimmingly. The arrest of the leaders of the movement in Ireland in 1865 only gave fresh impetus to the Brotherhood here. John O'Mahoney had been confirmed in the leadership by the Chicago Convention. The Moffat Mansion, on East Seventeenth street, New York, was hired to serve him as an executive headquarters, and Fenianism swiftly reached its highest tide-mark. The surroundings of "President" O'Mahoney were brilliant and attractive for a time. But before long, dissensions sprang up in the Fenian ranks, and in 1866, after a convention held in New York, a large section of the "Brotherhood," under Colonel Wm. R. Roberts, separated from Colonel O'Mahoney, and founded that party which was afterwards identified with the Canadian raid. All was now chaos, the money melted away, and in 1868 John O'Mahoney, disgusted with the Fenians, resigned his head centreship and retired into private life until 1872, when he again consented to assume the leadership of the skeleton of the once formidable Fenian body—a leadership he continued to hold up to the time of his death.

At one time Mr. O'Mahoney was recklessly charged with dishonesty, but we understand that he successfully vindicated himself and that his later years were spent in straitened rather than in luxurious circumstances.

During the Rebellion O'Mahoney assisted in organising the Corcoran Legion, and a militia regiment of his own, which he commanded for three months. In appearance O'Mahoney was formerly very remarkable. He wore his back hair in long ringlets, which parted at his shoulders and hung down to his breast in front. At one time he became so devoted to Spiritualism that his mind was deranged and he was confined for four months in a lunatic asylum.

The body of John O'Mahoney, the Dead Fenian Head Centre is laid in state at the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, corner of Ludlow and Grand streets. The room is appropriately dressed in mourning, and over the body is laid the sword and sash of the deceased. The Irish and American flags also cover the coffin. The remains will be in state until Tuesday morning, when they will be taken to St. Francis Xavier's Church, where the funeral services will be held.

The remains are guarded alternately by the Sixty-ninth regiment, the Irish Legion, and the Irish Volunteers. The funeral procession will form on Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, and the line of march will be down Fifth avenue to Sixteenth street, to Broadway, to Canal street, and then to the wharf. Large numbers of persons visited the armory yesterday and viewed the remains.—*Catholic Standard.*

The Catholic Church in the British Possessions is very influential. In British North America there are 4 Archbishops, 25 Bishops, and 1,645 priests, 3,139 parish schools, and 1,882,000 Catholics. There are double the number of parish schools in British America than there are in the United States, although the Catholic population is only one-fourth. In other words, we should have 12,000 schools, instead of 1,600, the present number.—*Catholic Standard.*

Poet's Couquet.

DIRGE FOR DEVIN REILLY.

The following beautiful and powerful poem is one of the best relics of the genius of poor Joseph Breman. Another such poem—possessing such rare pathos—burning with such fire in its irregular rhymes—abounding with such grand and majestic metaphors, it would be difficult to find in the language.—*Pilot.*

"God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the place of your choice!
Where the blessed dew is falling, and the flowers have a voice;
Where the conscious trees are bending in homage to the dead,
And the earth is swelling upward, like a pillow for your head;
And HIS rest will be with you, for the lonely seeming grave,
Tho' a dungeon to the coward, is a palace to the brave;
Tho' a black Inferno circle, where the recreant are bound,
Is a brave Valhalla pleasure-dome where heroes are crown'd;
Oh! God's rest will be with you in the congress of the great,
Who are purified by sorrow, and are victors over fate;
Oh! God's rest will be with you in the corridors of fame,
Which was jubilant with welcome when Death named your name!

"Way 'mongst the heroes for another hero soul!
Room for a spirit which has struggled to its goal!
Rise, for in life he was faithful to his faith,
And entered without stain 'neath the portico of death;
And his fearless deeds around like attendant angels stand,
Claiming recognition from the noble and the grand.
Claiming to his meed, who, from fresh and bounding youth
To the days of manly trial, was truthful to the truth,
The welcome of the hero, whose foot would not give way
Till his trenchant sword was shivered in the fury of the fray;
And brave will be that welcome if the demi-gods above
Can love with a tithe of our humble mortal love.

"Have you seen the mighty tempest in its war cloak of cloud,
When it stalks thro' the midnight so defiant and proud—
When 'tis shouldering the ocean till the crouching waters fly,
From the thunder of its voice, and the lightning of its eye;
And the waves in timid multitudes are rushing to the strand
In a vain appeal for succor from the buffets of its hand?
Then you saw the soul of Reilly when, abroad in its might,
It dashed aside with loathing all the creatures of the night!
Till the plumed hosts were humbled, and their crests, white no more,
Were soiled with the sand, and strewn upon the shore!
For the volumed swell of thunder was concentrated in his form,
And his tread was a conquest, and his blow was like a storm!

"Have you seen a weary tempest, when a harbor is near,
And its giant breast is heaving from the speed of its career?
How it puts off its terrors, and is timorous and weak,
As it stoops upon the waters with its cheek to their cheek—
As it broods like a lover over all the quiet place,
Till the dimpling smiles of pleasure are eddying in its trace?
Then you saw the soul of Reilly when, ceasing to roam,
It flung away the clouds, and nestled to its home;
When the heave and swell were ended, and the spirit was at rest,
And gentle thoughts, like white-winged birds, were dreaming on its breast;
And the tremulous sheets of sunset around its couch were rolled
In voluptuous festooning of purple lined with gold.

"Oh! sorrow on the day when our young apostle died,
When the lonely grave was opened for our darling and our pride;
When the passion of a people was following the dead,
Like a solitary mourner with a bowed uncovered head;
When a nation's aspirations were stooping o'er the dust;
When the golden bowl was broken, and the trenchant sword was rust;
When the brave tempestuous spirit, with an upward wing, had passed;

And the love of the wife was a widow's love at last:
Oh! God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the shadow of that love,
And God bless you with His bliss, in the pleasure-dome above!
Where the heroes are assembled, and the very angels bow
To the glory of eternity which glimmers on each brow.

"Lay me on a hillside, with my feet to the dew,
Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing thro',
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night;
Would it were a hillside in the land of the Gael,
Where the dew falls like tear-drops, and the wind is a wail;
Where the winged superstitions are gleaming thro' the gloom,
Like a host of frightened fairies to beautify the tomb!
On the slope of a hill, with your face to the sky,
Which clasped you like a blessing in the days gone by;
When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of the night,
And the reaches of the future throbbed with constellated light!"

The signs of disunion between the Greek and Slav population of European Turkey continue to manifest themselves. The inhabitants of Adrianople, Greeks as well as Turks, have petitioned the Government to be allowed to take up arms against "the common enemy." From the Porte the address was sent on to the Sultan himself, who replied by ordering the Grand Vizier to thank the petitioners and tell them that he still hoped to maintain peace, but that in the event of war he meant to place himself at the head of his Army, and counted on the co-operation of all Ottoman subjects without distinction of race or religion. Sultan Abdul Hamid is already showing himself much more accessible than his predecessors, and has actually written in the *Levant Herald*—so it is alleged—an article on the reforms.