

GLASNEVIN.

TOMBS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

[From the Dublin 'Nation.']

THERE is no son of Ireland in any part of the world who has not heard of Glasnevin, the great Catholic cemetery of Dublin—not one whose mind does not picture it as a beautiful, a solemn, and a holy place. It well deserves all these designations. As a spot in which the relics of humanity are crowded together awaiting the Resurrection Day, it is entitled to reverence from all humanity; but on the affections of many thousands of Irish hearts it has a special and most tender claim. The dust of their kindred lies beneath its green turf, and wherever they go over the wide world, that fact is not forgotten. To still great numbers of their countrymen, who have no such personal interest in its soil, it is dear as containing the relics of the great political leader and liberator of their race, and of several other brave and gifted, distinguished and famous, sons of Ireland.

Beautiful indeed it is, but with a beauty befitting its solemn and pious uses. Calm, and silent, and somewhat sombre is the place, yet not all gloomy. The care and neatness with which it is kept attract the attention of the visitor at once. Its walks are hard, dry, and clean; some of them, which extend in straight lines nearly the whole length of the cemetery, are sheltered and over-arched throughout the entire way by flourishing evergreens, giving a perspective through which the opening at the end seems scarce large enough for a rabbit to run through; others there are the sides of which are lined not by the trees or shrubs, but by handsome and costly monuments, tokens of fond love, of public regard, or of great sorrow. The whole cemetery, viewed from any point on its higher ground, especially when the sunlight is glowing on the place, has a strange and quiet beauty peculiarly its own. The white spires of marble or limestone monuments, the shining panels of many headstones, the massive shafts and arms of gigantic Irish crosses, rising up amid the dark foliage of cypresses, and hollies, oaks, laurels, beeches, and willows, make altogether a very suggestive and impressive scene. One cannot help reflecting that amidst all those acres of graves there is not a little plot, nay, scarce a blade of grass, that has not been wept upon. Sad hearts have bowed not only before those handsome erections, some of which have cost several hundreds of pounds, but over even the humblest of those little mounds in the poorest quarter of the cemetery. There beneath a little iron cross stuck into the ground, or maybe between two little trees marking the limits of the grave-plot, lie dear little children for whom the parents' hearts have not yet ceased to bleed; in another spot lies the good mother whose life perhaps was shortened by her loving care and generous self-sacrifice for her little ones; another space may hold the mortal remains of a good husband and father, the bread-winner for a helpless little flock, now feeling the pangs of cold and hunger because of his loss. And yet others—what tales may be associated with them—wasted lives perhaps—squandered wealth—talents misapplied—untimely death. The mind turns from such a train of thought; the consolation of Christian faith comes to us and stirs us with an emotion of thankfulness and a solemn and holy joy; we remember the monition of the apostle that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," and we exclaim, with our living mother Church *Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

THE O'CONNELL TOWER.

The most prominent object in the cemetery is the round tower, raised to the memory of O'Connell, and in the crypt beneath which his body is laid. It is solidly built of cut limestone, and stands 150 feet high from the ground to the top of the cross on its summit. This tower is only part of Dr. Petrie's design for the O'Connell monument, which was to consist of such a "group" as is to be seen in many of our ancient churchyards—a round tower, a church, and a stone cross. The tower has been built, but the rest of the design seems to have been abandoned, which is very much to be regretted. When the body of the Liberator was brought to Ireland from Genoa, where he died in May, 1847, it was deposited in a temporary resting-place—a vault in the centre of a circle at the north side of the cemetery, which thence received the name of "The O'Connell Circle." That circle then became the "fashionable" place of sepulture, and so continued until the removal of the remains of O'Connell to the crypt under the tower, in May, 1869. O'Connell in life could make a circle for himself wherever he went, and his inanimate remains appear to have the same power; the locality of the round tower is now the fashionable, quarter of the cemetery. Grave-plots in that neighborhood can only be obtained at six or eight times the amount for which they might be procured in other well-situated parts of the cemetery, but the expense is little thought by wealthy people who can have costly monuments erected over their family burial-places, and who wish those monuments to be where they will attract the notice of visitors, and perhaps evoke from the more thoughtful and pious among them prayers for the dead who repose beneath.

To the O'Connell monument are first directed the steps of all visitors to the cemetery. While the coffin lay in its former location, it was visible to all through the iron gate of the vault. It lay on a sort of stone-table, and was always kept covered over with fresh green leaves and flowers. Sometimes this gate was opened, and visitors were allowed to enter the vault and stand close by the coffin containing the remains of the great Irishman. Travellers from England, America, and more distant places were delighted when they could obtain from the attendant a few of the leaves or blossoms that had lain upon the coffin, and many of those little mementos, though now dry and withered, are, we dare say, still preserved by Irish men and women in all parts of the world. In its present location the coffin is less in view, but it is better protected; only a few inches of it can be seen through the apertures in the stonework that surrounds it, which are just large enough to

let one put in his hand and touch the oaken case which encloses some two or three others. The crypt in which it lies is very tastefully colored and decorated. Small bannerets, with appropriate inscriptions, hang around, and on the walls appear the words in which the deceased Christian and patriot in his last days expressed his pious hope and wishes with regard to his whole being: "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to heaven."

In the adjoining vaults under the tower are deposited the remains of two of O'Connell's sons, and several other members of his widely-extended family.

MONUMENTS OF DR. SPRATT, DR. YORE, FATHER FAY, JOHN B. DILLON.

Immediately on the verge of this O'Connell circle, one on each side of the flight of steps by which access is gained to the crypt, stand two very handsome memorial crosses, of recent erection. One of these is to the memory of the venerable, pious, benevolent Dr. Yore, whose funeral some years ago was one of the largest that ever wended its way to Glasnevin; the other is to the memory of another good priest, who spent many years in the sacred ministry, was associated with O'Connell in all his great movements, was a faithful disciple and co-laborer of the great apostle of temperance, a prominent supporter of many of our public charities, the founder of some benevolent and highly useful societies, and the performer of countless good works—the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt. There is a peculiar fitness in having the entrance to O'Connell's tomb lie straight between the monuments of those worthy aids of his, those true friends of the people, those holy priests and good Irishmen—Dr. Spratt and Dr. Yore.

In the same neighborhood are many other memorials which possess great interest. Near at hand is the handsome marble statue of Father Fay, executed by Mr. James Cahill. The good priest, who was the founder of a large orphanage in a crowded and poor part of the city, is appropriately represented in the act of praying for the welfare of two scantily-clad little children who are close by him. Father Fay was a true *soggarth aroon*, pious, charitable, and patriotic, so warm a sympathizer with the '48 movement that it was more than once reported that the Government were about to have him arrested under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. By many hearts in Dublin his virtues are well remembered, and his memory still fondly cherished.

Within a few feet of Father Foy's monument stands the gigantic Irish cross erected to the memory of the true-hearted John B. Dillon, one of the most unassuming and gentle of men, and a most earnest laborer in the cause of faith and fatherland. John B. Dillon dared all for Ireland in dark and sad days; he spent years in exile a banned and banished man, returned to his country were the stress of the political persecution had passed away, was returned member of Parliament for gallant Tipperary, and so died "with harness on his back." Long shall his memory be green in the land to which he gave the services of a warm heart and a finely-cultivated intellect.

A GENUINE HERO.

THE fire in the mine at Osage City, Kan., broke out about midday, and, when first discovered, the main shaft in the mine was in a blaze with thirty-two men and boys nearly forty feet below the level of the earth. In a few minutes the whole population of the place rushed to the scene, and a thousand or more men, women, and children—the relatives, friends, and neighbours of the entombed miners—were gathered at the mouth of the burning shaft, stupefied with fear and anguish. All the wells in town had run nearly dry, weeks before, and scarcely enough water could be secured to subdue the heat above ground, much less to arrest the conflagration inside the mine. Thus matters stood for two awful hours, when a railroad engine arrived with a full tank, which was hurriedly emptied into the shaft, and a great shout of hope went up from the people.

At this juncture a man emerged, like a spectre, from the blaze and smoke, and fell in a swoon at the very edge of the shaft. An hour later, two more men cried up through the flames for help, and a ladder was lowered to them, on which they made their way to the top, and were dragged forth alive, but burned and blackened beyond recognition. Three were now saved, but twenty-nine others were still below, and the fire was not yet under control. The terrified crowd stood aghast for a few minutes, and then suddenly a panic of despair seemed to seize them, the stifled moans of the women and children breaking out afresh, and the men drawing back from the mine with blanched and averted faces. The supreme moment of the emergency had come, and the one man to meet it was there. His name was William Marks, and he stepped to the front with the promptness and modesty of a true hero. "Fasten a rope round me, and let me down into the shaft," he said. The proposition was appalling, but down he went into the horrible cavern without another word, and, reaching bottom, freed himself for his search in the entries diverging from the main shaft. At almost the first step into the stifled darkness, he stumbled upon the inanimate form of one of the miners in a coal car, which he pushed to the entrance, secured the rope around the body, called to those above to hoist away, and in a moment the man was safe. Further search soon revealed the whereabouts of the remaining twenty-eight, and slowly, but surely, Marks piloted them to the mouth of the mine and delivered them, one by one—many insensible, but all alive—out of the jaws of death into the hands of their wives and children. Then, when the last one had been rescued, he came himself to the surface, scorched and blinded, and nearly suffocated, and stood there silently among the cheering towns-people, the master of the situation.

Thus the peril was surmounted without any sacrifice of life; but the heroism was there all the same. The rescue of the helpless miners, and the escape of the man who gave death scorn to save them, spoiled the perfection of a tragedy; but the destruction of all concerned could not have added to the radiance which belongs to the unselfish bravery of William Marks. He was a common working man.