

Sacred to the Memory of
STEPHEN O'DONOGHUE,

A patriot of Ireland, who lost his life at Tallaght, on the 6th of
March, 1867, in the 30th year of his age.

R.I.P.

On another panel is the following:

STEPHEN O'DONOGHUE.

This memorial has been erected by his admiring compatriots
to perpetuate the memory of his devotion to his country.
God Save Ireland.

The scroll on which one of these inscriptions is engraved hangs
over a representation of a sword, and in another place are sculptured
the usual Irish emblems—a round tower, wolf-dog, ruined
abbey, and a rising sun.

That is a full description of this forbidden cross, and the
wonder is what anyone can see in it to cause its exclusion from the
cemetery.

The cemeteries' committee have done many generous and
patriotic acts. The remains of John Philpot Curran were brought
to Ireland, and interred here at their expense; so also were the
remains of the Liberator. They made a free grant of a plot of
ground sixteen feet square for the burial-place of MacManus. The
plots in which O'Curry and some other eminent Irishmen are
interred were also given for the purpose free of charge. For this
the committee deserve credit. But their exclusion of this
O'Donoghue memorial is a strange proceeding, the motive or mean-
ing of which quite passes the public understanding. Some people
fancy that pressure must have been brought to bear upon them
from the Castle; but the Castle itself could scarcely object to the
placing of this cross, in its present condition, over the grave of a
Catholic Irishman. May we not hope that the committee will re-
consider their determination in this matter? Standing where it
does, close by the high-road to the cemetery, this forbidden cross
attracts much attention, is visited by great numbers of persons,
and gives rise to strong feelings in the breasts of those who learn
its history. We trust it will shortly be removed to the place for
which it was intended, and that this will end a tale which is
almost the only one of an unpleasant nature which can be told in
relation to the management of our great national cemetery at
Glasnevin.

CELTIC VOYAGES.

ST. BRENDAN'S SEARCH FOR THE LAND OF PROMISE BEYOND THE WAVE.

PROFESSOR O'Looney recently delivered a course of lectures on
Ancient Irish Literature at the Catholic University, Dublin. On
Friday evening, June 10, the second of the series was given by Mr.
O'Looney. His numerous listeners were well rewarded by assist-
ing at a lecture in which was displayed an intimate acquaintance
with a portion of the old lore of this country that has engaged
much attention. After a few introductory remarks, he proceeded
to unfold, in very lucid language, a class of tales set down in
Leabhar na k-wirdhre as *Imraims* voyages. He pointed out their
value in showing the fallacy of a well-known charge against the
Celtic character. Celts, and especially Irish celts, are represented
as indisposed "to go down to the sea in ships." They don't, it is
said, take freely to the adventures of the great deep. This has
been so often repeated as to have passed into the common saying
that "Celts never make sailors." This accusation, so far as it re-
garded his own countrymen, was indignantly repudiated by the
learned lecturer. That "Britannia rules the main," is the greatest
of England's glories, and Irishmen, he maintained, largely con-
tributed to that proud result. But he did not care to appeal to the
present; he would go back to the beginning, and show that the
Irish race, at the very outset, had a great love for life on the
ocean. The manuscripts before him proved this, and what is more,
furnished remarkable instances of the skill of the early Irish in
nautical matters. The first and most important of these *Imraims*
is the voyage of St. Brendan. The story goes that the Saint long
yearned for the land of promise, or, as it is expressed in the text,
Uir Tairugire, beyond the wave. He set out at last in the Atlantic
with a small company, and after wandering for seven years over
the mighty waste of waters, now and again meeting a solitary
island, he discovered the Paradise he was seeking. The tale has
been turned into most charming verse by Ireland's sweetest living
poet, Denis Florence McCarthy. It is thus he sings of the
voyage:—

We were alone on the wide, watery waste,
Nought broke its bright monotony of blue,
Save where the breeze the flying billows chased,
Or where the clouds their purple shadows threw.
We were alone—the pilgrims of the sea—
One boundless azure desert round us spread;
No hope, no trust, no strength, except in Thee,
Father, who once the pilgrim people led.

The land itself which had been discovered was a beautiful
island, abounding in everything that made it a perfect Eden. Its
teeming delights were enchantingly given by the lecturer from the
original, and compared with the poem from which we have just
quoted. This was a theme worthy of the genius of Denis Florence
McCarthy, whose poem on the subject, published in the *Dublin
University Magazine* of January, 1848, is, said Mr. O'Looney, alone
sufficient to make his name immortal. What could be more sub-
lime than the following:—

The wind had died upon the ocean's breast,
When, like a silvery vein through the dark ore,
A smooth, bright current, gliding to the West,
Bore our light barque to that enchanted shore,
It was a level plain—spacious and fair—
And blest with all delights that earth can hold;
Celestial odours filled the fragrant air
That breathed around the green and pleasant wold.

The original of this story was translated into Latin by
Monsieur Jubinal. Another Latin version was published in 1871,

by the eminent German scholar, Dr. Carl Schroder, who appended
four translations which he found in his own language. The Catholic
Bishop of Ossory (Dr. Moran) collected as many as seven Latin
versions. Two of them he found in the Vatican Library and one
in Marsh's Library. Monsieur Jubinal's Latin text was carefully
collated by the Bishop with the seven Latin versions in his posses-
sion, and published in an amended form in 1872.

The lecturer then made graceful allusion to the literary
labours of Dr. Moran. No scholar, he said, in these days has done
more to throw light on the hagiology of Ireland. There is an
English translation of "St. Brendan's Voyage," published by Mr.
Thomas Wright in 1841. The original in our Irish MSS is not
complete. Many detached pieces were found scattered up and
down through old Irish manuscripts by Mr. O'Looney, by which he
has been enabled to fill up the gaps in the original, and thus place
on record a full account not only of the voyages, but of the whole
life and acts of the saints, whose history is one of the most inter-
esting chapters in early Irish literature. The lecturer then referred
to St. Ita. She was the nurse of St. Brendan, and called in the old
Irish records "the Mary of Munster." Many striking instances of
her piety were told and listened to with religious silence. They
furnish a useful glimpse into the fervor and simplicity of cloistered
life in what is generally regarded as the barbarous age of
Ireland.

On the evening of June 19th, Professor O'Looney delivered
another of his lectures. He traced the history of navigation
among the early Irish from *Imraims* or voyages described in the
old Irish manuscripts. Foremost among these voyages is that of
St. Brendan. The lecturer touched upon it now only to show the
value of the subject he was handling. This story of St. Brendan's
voyage, he said, supplied Dante with materials for his immortal
poem of the *Divina Comedia*. Professor Villari, of Pisa, in his
able analysis of that poem, states this, and adds a long chapter on
it. Another *Imraim*, or voyage, not less important to throw light
upon the passion for discovery of our ancestors, is that of the sons
Ua Corra. It appears this Ua Corra was a Connaught squire, not
one of the jolly, fox-hunting, rakish "gentlemen" of more modern
times, but a professor of the black art, who did not hesitate to hold
direct communication with the devil, and to drag his wife into part-
nership in necromancy. Like the three witches in Macbeth, they
had their vessels, and spells, and charms, and pit of Acheron.

And now about the cædron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

These worthy parents had three sons in due time, who also
surrendered themselves to the evil spirit. It was not confined to
words. Its sincerity was proved by action, and action of a most
desperate kind. These three brothers at the head of a band of des-
peradoes, burned the church and the monasteries, and murdered
their inmates. While their hands were still red with the blood of
their victims, God, in a vi-ion, gave them a glimpse of the un-
speakable torments of hell, which aroused them to a deep sense of
their guilt, and to an earnest wish to repent. They entered the
monastery of Magh Bile, where, after expiating their crimes by a
long course of penance, they resolved to make restitution, as far as
possible, for the ruin they had wrought. Accordingly they set to
work to restore the churches they had demolished.

While engaged on the church of St. Camin, at Ceauun Marn, now
Kinvara—a little town pleasantly situated on the Bay of Galway—
they witnessed a sunset of unusual magnificence. The bright orb, as
it descended into the Atlantic, turned it into a stripe of gleaming
gold. The gorgeous sight inspired the idea of an Elysium, and the
enthusiastic brothers determined to go out under that distant horizon,
float over those golden waters, and be near the sun as it sank into the
wave. Having fitted up a bark they set sail from Kinvara and roamed
over the mighty waters for many years. In their wanderings they
came upon islands teeming with nature's richest and rarest gifts.

Some of the moral reflections and the extraordinary phenomena
in connection with spirits must be received with due regard to the
early Pagan education of the brothers. The third example of *Imraim*,
or voyage, proposed, was that known as the "Wandering of Mael-
duinn's boat." The son of a Munster prince, Maelduinn earned a great
military reputation. With a small band he often destroyed mighty
armies, and in single combat he met and defeated nearly all the famous
warriors of his time. At last, seized with the spirit of adventure, he,
too, resolved "to plough the raging main," and, having embarked at
the well-known spot on the coast of Clare, he rounded the Arran-
Islands, and swept westward over the ocean. For seven long years
he was tossing on the billows, and, like the three sons of Ua Corra,
discovered many enchanting islands, and witnessed various phenomena.

The lecturer remarked that in dwelling on these tales he was, no
doubt, wandering in the mystic regions of mythology. At the same
time he reminded his audience that in such specimens were to be
found the cream of the ancient literature of this country. What
would the ancient literature of Greece be without the *Illiad* and the
Odyssey? What would the ancient literature of Rome be without
the *Æneid*? And yet they were conceived and begotten in myths.
Besides, these old Irish tales not only are an evidence of the nautical
skill of the early Irish, but also throw immense weight on the social
condition and comparative civilization of Ireland at a period about
which a large number of our countrymen shake their heads, and
doubt seriously whether it is not better to let the Ireland of that day
lie in the shade.

Mgr. Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines, is the first member of
St. Alphonsus de Liguori (Redemptorists) who has ever received the
dignity of cardinal. Archbishop Manning is the first convert from
Protestantism who has been admitted to the Sacred College; Dr.
McCloskey the first American, and Mgr. Ledochowski the third pre-
late who has been created a cardinal whilst in prison, the other two
being Mgr. Maillard de Tournon, who was imprisoned in China, and
Bishop Fisher, who was decapitated by Henry VIII.