mighty shipping here, there and everywhere, invisible a few yards away in their shrouds of dead and clammy mist, the very dirges from their foghorns all but inaudible. I am afraid that, apart from the unsportsmanship of leaving comrades in misfortune in the lurch, and steaming away in triumph, I should unhesitatingly have preferred to turn into bed and wiat until the fog rolled by, only for that unlucky shout of exultation: "You shan't get him!" from the hurricane deck. To make them eat their words became for the moment the one thing that made life worth living. I verily believe that if that tug were fated to wander into the night to the end of my days, with no other provisions except clammy condensed fog on board, I should joyfully embark for the satisfaction of teaching the patriot pokermen that all the arrangements of the universe are not necessarily dictated by a growl from the British lion.

But there is no making sure what is happening amidst the hurry-scurrying and the confusion of Babel at the steerage gangway. I am told the Medical Officer of Health is descending the wooden ladder placed loosely against the great shipside to the tug. The vessels seem to be about to part company. Bewilderment reigns on board the tug. The scoffs and jeers of the poker party recommence. There is nothing for it but to shout, and I shout over the side: "My name is William O'Brien. Do the people on board want me?" There came an answer in which all the wild yearning passion of the Irish exiles' hearts—all the pent-up emotion of three days' indomitable groping in the fog—spoke out. "Do you wish me to land to-night?" Another roll of thunder from the tug. "Then I shall go," and I am ashamed to say the old Adam within me could not refrain from chortling: "if it was only to spite some cowardly creatures here on board." Another outbreak of snorts and goans of disappointment from the hurricane deck sounds now as feebly as a foghorn amidst the roar from the tugboat and from the Irish emigrants who are by this time crowding around with clenched fists and brows of thunder, not knowing precisely what has been going on, but divining it was an occasion anyhow when clenched fists might come in handy.

There is but a moment to clamber on the ladder which is swaying in a dizzy sort of way, to and from the ship's side with the heaving of the sea. Somebody attempts to drag me back. There is a moment's pause, and a confused conflict of voices in my ear. Fortunately, the delay is only for a moment, the next I am rapidly swinging down the rungs of the ladder. Not a whit too rapidly, for while there are still five or six rungs to be descended, the hawser connecting the tug with its huge neighbor snaps with a whirr, an angry swell sends the little craft lurching far apart, the ladder loses its grip on the Umbria, and ladder and self come tumbling down at a run. Had my weight been on it a few rungs higher up, this narrative would end here, or rather would never have been begun. As it is, massive General O'Beirne, with the agile instinct of the practised Indian fighter, is at the bottom of the ladder and unerringly "fields me out," so to say, in his brawny arms. "Had some miscreant cut the rope?" is now the angry thesis among the bronzed and rugged soldier-men who press around in the half-light. I never harbored a thought so injurious to human nature—even the human nature of a Briton's "Kazoo Band" in the sulks. None the less it is a comfort to hear it established on the verdict of General O'Beirne's prompt drumhead court-martial on the subject, that the rope was severed at a point closer to the tug than to the Umbria, and that its strands were doubtless wrenched asunder by the violence of the sea, and not by the gash of a knife.

Our friends have permits to bring off Kilbride and Bishop Ireland as well, but we have now been flung far by the tossing sea, and it is hopeless to re-establish communications. We can only hear a wild tumult of cheers, groans, and conflicting national anthems, raging along the decks of the Umbria, while with volleys of Irish-American war-yells we bid good-bye to the monster liner, as to a nightmare as high as a mountain swallowed up in the belly of a still higher nightmare of solid fog. In the topsy-turvey little cabin of the J. E. Walker, men with burly forms and fierce moustaches—old comrades of death and hardship—gather around for the inevitable citizens' address and solemn reply, the while the boat's mad motions toss a few of the weaker vessels into sea-sickness, and send other weary vigil keepers fast asleep, and the reporters who never sleep, nor sicken, pin me into a corner for my "impressions." Surely, more affecting than any address ever penned by human hand was it to learn how my gallant friends had spent their three days and two nights circumnavigating the fog in search of the Umbria at instant peril of their lives, groping in this direction and in that, hailing the wrong ships, hornblowing to distraction, in hourly danger of some mortal collision, and never giving up until at long last their wild halloo was answered from the Umbria—and all in order that a messenger from Ireland, bound on a hazardous mission, might get up, like a prince, a tide in advance of common men!

(To be continued.)

Funeral Oration at Burial of Michael Collins

GENERAL MULCAHY'S MORAL FROM THE TRAGEDY.

General Richard Mulcahy, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, commenced his oration at Glasnevin on Monday in Irish (says the *Irish Catholic* for September 2). Speaking in English, he spoke at length, and in the course of his remarks said:—

Our country is to-day bent under a sorrow such as it has not been bent under for many a year. Our minds are cold, empty, wordless, and without sound, but it is only our weaknesses that are bent under this great sorrow that we meet with to-day. All that is good in us—all that is strong in us—is strengthened by the memory of that great hero and that great legend who is now laid to rest. We bend to-day over the grave of a young man, not more than 30 years of age, who took to himself the gospel of toil for Ireland—the gospel of working for the people of Ireland and sacrifice for their end, and who has made himself a hero and a legend that will stand in the pages of our history with any bright page that was written there. Pages have been written by him in the hearts of our people that will never find themselves in print. But we lived, some of us, with these intimate pages, and these pages that will reach history, meagre though they be, will do good to our country, and will inspire us through many a dark hour. Our weaknesses cry out to us: "Michael Collins was too brave!" Michael Collins was not too brave. Every day and every hour he lived, he lived it to the full extent of that bravery which God gave him, and it is for us to be brave as he was, brave before danger, brave before those who lie, brave before those who speak false words, brave even to that very great bravery that our weakness complained of in him.

Page From His Diary.

When we look over the pages of his diary for August 22, we read:—

Started 6.15 a.m.—Macroom, Ballineen, Bandon, Skibbereen, Rosscarbery, Clonakilty."

Our weakness says he tried to put too much into the day. Michael Collins did not try to put too much into the day. On Saturday, the day before he went on his last journey to Cork, he sat with us at breakfast, writhing with pain from a cold all through his body, and yet he was facing his day's work for that Saturday, and facing his Sunday's journey and Monday's journey, and his journey on Tuesday. So let us be brave, and let us not be afraid to do too much in the day. If all that great strenuous work of his was intemperate, it was the only thing that Michael Collins was intemperate in. Often with a shout, he used to get out of bed in the morning at 5 or 6 o'clock crying, "All the time that is wasted in sleep!" and would dash around the room or into some neighboring room where some of us lay in the hope of another hour or two's sleep, and he would clear all the blankets off us, or would pound vigorously at the door that prudence had locked. Crossing the square of the barracks on the Saturday morning that I mention he told of his visit to one of the barracks in the South on his first trip there, and of finding most of the garrison in bed at 10 o'clock; and of his thinking of all the lack of order, lack of cleanliness, lack of moral strength and efficiency that goes with this particular type of sloth,