

## O'MAHONY'S FUNERAL.

SUNDAY'S PROCESSION.

(Freeman).

After a month's migrations in two hemispheres, through files of Irish-American soldiers, in New York churches, and through crowded streets of Irish cities, the remains of John O'Mahony were at last laid to rest in their native earth on Sunday, in the chief burial ground of his nation. The public funeral march to Glasnevin was a remarkable sight. It would be folly to underestimate its proportions, and gross injustice to attach a stain to its conduct. Some five thousand able-bodied men must have fallen in behind the chief marshal, and it would take the eye of a Napoleon to number even roughly the tens of thousands more who beset the procession at every stage of its progress. If we said that the bier passed under two hundred thousand more or less friendly eyes, we could not be greatly exaggerating, for the whole population seemed to have emptied itself along the route. The mere serried column on the march has often been outnumbered. The M'Manus funeral, the Manchester funeral procession, the march to the Clontarf amnesty meeting—still more, the endless lines of the O'Connell Centenary parade—were vaster; some of them immeasurably. But is it doubtful if even on the Centenary day, when the whole Irish race seemed to be condensed in the metropolis, the streets swarmed with more men, or there reigned better order. For the great majority of the lookers on, it was of course indebted to the weather. It was, for the best part of it, a heavenly spring day, with just enough of the wind and showers of March, when all was over to give zest to congratulations. The centre of the roadways was still coated with the mud made by the last few days' rain; but hard as this was upon the processionists who had to trudge through it for five miles, it unembarrassed sight-seers who basked on the sunny pathways. Although the line was not variegated with glittering banners, nor roused with the clash of merry music, it was an impressive sight in its sober mourning suit of craped flags, muffled music and slow tread. Nor was it severely without ornament. Stars and stripes waved by the side of the sombre black bannerets. Green and gold trappings now and again peeped through their dark draperies. Thirty-two companies of musicians were distributed through the ranks, very many of them as gaily uniformed as soldiers. Some wore only a uniform cap. One, the Emmet Band, of Dundalk, was arrayed in the complete United Irish equipment—plumed cocked hat, frogged tunic of bright green, white frill, buff breeches, and top boots—seven guineas worth per man as we are told. A universal viridescence seemed to have overspread the populace. Never before, save on the O'Connell day, was there such wearing of the green. Every man in the procession wore a crape armband, tied with green ribbon. Green twined about the coffin. The stewards' wands were tipped with green. Three-fourths of the multitudes along the sideways wore something green—a rosette, a ribbon in the buttonhole, even a green leaf. While some hawkers turned an honest penny with portraits of O'Mahony, others drove a roaring trade in laurel leaves. The fair sex was quite as prodigal of its favours. The girls had their hair tied or their necks clasped with green ribbon. Green dresses, green shawls, and green feathers turned up everywhere. All sections of the democracy contributed to the array. Fenians (it is to be supposed), Home Rulers, Repealers—old associates of '48, and young disciples of '67—many of both periods who were neither associates nor disciples—came together in honest tribute to a man who, agitating with O'Connell, or taking to the Tipperary hills, from the evening he made the first Fenian in Mike Corran's backshop until he almost shook an empire from his Presidential chair in Moffat Mansion, and down to the moment of his unregarded death in a garret, gave up a romantic life at least courageously and unselfishly to his creed in Irish politics. Whatever the thing may be worth as a political manifestation (and with that we have no concern here), it was a source of pride to all who saw it, merely as a display of the numbers, respectability, and bearing of the trades of Dublin who formed the staple of the procession and its ornament, as well as its strength. It is no small thing to say that for six hours a great city was in possession of an innumerable mass of workmen under circumstances of excitement and toil, that their gathering dissolved without one act of misconduct or offence, without a symptom of turbulence or the sight of a drunken man. And this we can say from pretty close observation of yesterday. The proper self-respect of the people was helped by the fact that the public-houses along the entire way were voluntarily closed until after the passage of the funeral. Nothing short of military discipline probably could have kept quite an open road for the procession. In places it was a physical impossibility. For instance, when the column poured through Sackville-street for the first time on to the northern line of quays, that whole great thoroughfare from Earl-street to Carlisle-bridge seemed to be paved with heads and thence to beyond Grattan-bridge; turn where one would, there was an unbroken surface of spectators along the route. Between them the funeral train had with difficulty room to wedge its way without falling into confusion. Towards the end of the tedious march, also, many of the bodies began to flag and break up. And despite the express prohibition of the committee the bands got in the end so intermingled that four of them now and again could be heard playing away together in different keys and different tunes. But these are small matters of discipline where the great tests of order, solemnity, and endurance were creditably fulfilled. There was no trace of the juvenile black-guardism that disgraced the scene at the King's-bridge terminus on the arrival of the remains, and the bands played none but elegant strains. Amongst the numerous bodies which marched in the procession one that attracted considerable attention we have reserved to the last. It was the newly-established "98 Club," marching with the Gas Company's brass band, with furled American and Irish flags, and a black banner, inscribed "1798—Wexford."

The cemetery, Glasnevin, was reached about five o'clock. Sufficient has been said as to the character of the procession through the city, but before leaving this point it is only justice to say that along the route from Abbey-street to the graveyard sobriety, good conduct, and an anxious desire to preserve propriety were the characteristics of all who took part in the proceedings. From a drag close to the hearer Mr C J Kickham rose to deliver the funeral oration. There was slight applause, which was directly hushed into respectful silence; hundreds took off their hats, and to the limits of the enclosure on every side was to be seen nothing but a solid floor of upturned faces, closely packed, almost wedged together, except where the carriages and cars were stationed, while the neighbouring windows and roofs, and walls and even gateways, were utilised as affording an opportunity from which to see or hear the speaker. Mr Kickham spoke with great feeling and energy in a manner that touched very much those near him; his voice was by no means powerful enough to reach one-tenth of his vast auditory, nevertheless the solemnity of the occasion, and the appearance of the orator, who has in his own person suffered so much for his devotion to the cause of his country, sufficed to still them. He spoke as follows:—It has never been the custom in Ireland to eulogise the illustrious dead over their graves; and for my own part, I have always thought that the grave of the patriot was not the fitting place for oratory, even for eloquence the most chaste or the most inspiring, but rather for the prayer and the tear and the resolve. I have not forgotten the address read in Glasnevin Cemetery upon a memorable occasion, when the ashes of Terence Bellew M'Manus, after being carried over two oceans and a continent, found a resting place in his own land (hear, hear)—nor do I forget the eloquent panegyric more recently spoken in the cemetery of our southern capital (hear, hear); but "God's acre" seems to me like God's house; and for this reason alone I will venture to express a hope that public speaking at funerals may continue among us to be the exception and not the rule. You will easily understand from what I have just said, it was with the utmost reluctance I consented to address a few words to you even here, rather than embarrass by my refusal the committee who have given so much time

and labour to the organising of this most impressive and significant manifestation of a people's gratitude and a people's faith. But I am sure you will agree with me that this is not the moment, nor is this the place to delineate, or try to delineate the character of the perfect patriot, the earnest worker, the able and prudent dealer, who lies dead in our midst to-day; or to speak at any length of his labours and sacrifices in the undying cause of this unhappy but unconquered nation (prolonged applause). The name of John O'Mahony is a household word in Ireland, and in every clime where her scattered children have found a home. His whole life was given to his country. True, he was never in chains, never knew the cruelties, the insults, the untold horrors of a British convict prison, nor was he strangled upon a British scaffold. Yet was John O'Mahony a martyr for Ireland; and from my knowledge of the man—and I believe he showed me his whole heart—his tender affectionate nature, his yearning love of home and kindred, his sensitive pride, it is my firm conviction that no patriot living or dead ever endured more intense or prolonged suffering for the sake of the land that bore him, than was endured for Ireland's sake by him around whose lifeless clay we are now assembled, and whose name will live for ever in the affections of a generous people, who reject with loathing the cold-hearted suggestion that honour should be accorded only to the successful and the victorious (applause). During the latter years of his life of sacrifice he had to struggle, and he did struggle long and courageously, against bodily disease. Yes, his constitution if not his heart was broken; and feeling that his end was near, he reluctantly loosed his grasp of the old flag, and said, "I'll go home and die." Oh! it is a sad, sad, story. Less happy than Mitchel, he was never again to see his beloved Erin of the streams—never to rest his eyes on the fair hills of holy Ireland. It was hard; but when he saw even this last fond hope fade away, thank God he at least knew that his dust would be Irish earth; for in the knowledge he had the assurance that he had not lived in vain. When the head of Robert Emmet fell upon the scaffold in Thomas street, from that moment the great organization founded by Wolfe Tone was a memory; an inspiring memory, no doubt; a memory to enkindle and keep alive the aspirations for liberty in the hearts of after-generations; but still only a memory. When the imprisoned leaders of '48 prohibited any attempt to rescue them, and O'Mahony, his heart torn with disappointment and anguish, broke up his camp on Ahinna, and with a price upon his head escaped to France, from that hour Young Ireland lived only in its songs. But in spite of denunciation and calumny, of dissension and disaster and derision, in spite of the dungeon and the gallows the movement the foundations of which were laid by Doheny, O'Mahony, and Stephens, more than twenty years ago, is not a memory, it is an existing thing (applause). Behold the proof in these precious relics borne to us over three thousand miles of ocean, in the ordered lines which followed them through the streets of the great city on that ocean's far off shore, in the hosts of men, who, from the moment of their arrival in Cork Harbour, have thronged round them as to a holy shrine. Behold the proof that his has been no wasted life in the abounding love that says to every man in Ireland nursed, "Join with us in honouring the memory of the dead, share, as we mean that you shall share, in the priceless blessing for which he has taught us how to labour—which he has showed us the way to win." And you who expect to obtain from an alien Parliament some semblance of self-government, some security for the tiller of the soil, some right to educate your children in a way of which your consciences can approve—why can you not see, why have you not the justice to acknowledge, that you dare not even speak with bated breath of these things, if the country had not been lifted out of the lower deep of hopelessness into which venality and condoned treachery had plunged her—by men who knew how to dare and to suffer, as their fathers before them had dared and suffered, and who have demonstrated to friend and foe that—thanks to the progress of education—our people are at length capable of earnest, persevering, intelligent, self-sacrificing endeavour for the attainment of a possibly remote end! (Applause). No, we have not failed! John O'Mahony has not laboured and lived in vain (cheers). And, oh, how he did love Ireland! She was his mother, his queen, his idol, his all the world! And in the long roll of her patriot martyrs and confessors no name will shine with purer lustre than his (cheers). Let us dry our tears; and standing round the bier of our dead chief, let us resolve to watch and labour and unite, always trusting in the justice of God, who has implanted this immortal longing for Nationhood in the hearts of our people, and hopefully remembering that—

Freedom hath arisen  
Oft from prison bars,  
Oft from battle flashes,  
Oft from hero's lips,  
Oftest from his ashes.

His travels are all over, and gently he rests in the bosom of his adored motherland, and as that sun goes down, millions and millions of the Irish race, remembering that its last beams will rest upon the grave of John O'Mahony, will join in our prayer—God rest the soul of the true and the brave!

At the conclusion of the oration the coffin was lowered from its carriage, and, resting on the shoulders of willing bearers, was carried to the grave of Terence Bellew M'Manus, which had been opened to receive it. It was lowered down and flowers strewn on the lid. The prayers appointed by the Catholic Church for the burial of her dead children were then recited by Mr C G Doran, and devoutly joined in by the kneeling multitude; and the last kind offices having been discharged, the earth closed on the common grave of M'Manus and O'Mahony, and the National funeral was at end. It was six o'clock, and half an hour later the last of the processionists had left the cemetery and was on his way homewards. The bands had marched away much sooner, and as they were each attended by an admiring following, it helped very much to relieve the pressure on the narrow thoroughfares when the general return to the city commenced. After seven o'clock hardly a straggler was to be seen in that neighbourhood, and thus ended a demonstration, which though it could not in numbers compete with the M'Manus, yet for good order and impressiveness is worthy to take equal rank with any funeral procession which has been held in Dublin within the memory of the present generation.