

Obsequies of**PÁDRAIG O' RIAIN and SEÁN O
FREATHAIL.****FROM CAHERLINE TO MURROE****—A—****SYMPATHETIC APPRECIATION.**

As aptly expressed in the eloquent, impressive and touching oration delivered by Brigade Commandant Liam Forde, those soldier boys died that Ireland might live. By those who knew them intimately—their brother campaigners—those two plucky and daring youths possessed all the characteristics that our country produces from age to age to fight for the emancipation of our people. Those heroes sprung from generous, kind-hearted, peace-loving folk, but when the call came to strike a blow for Dark Rosaleen they heartily embraced the opportunity and met their deaths facing the foe. The most remarkable and striking phase in the late struggle for freedom was the prowess, bravery, and resource in military work displayed by so many of our youth like Pádraig and Seán notwithstanding the shortness of the training period carried out under great difficulties. Such noble youths came from the peaceful and happy family associations in hill and vale, bog and dale, to the cause of Roisín Dubh, and the forces they were up against—long experienced in war and equipped with every class of war missile—testified in many districts to the courage, manliness and spirit as shown by our young Volunteers. When history comes to be written the deeds of this noble Army will shine forth in letters of gold, as showing the acts of daring which could not be eclipsed under the sun.

The sorely stricken and deeply bereaved relatives naturally feel the pang of separation from their loved ones, but they certainly must be consoled somewhat with the knowledge that their dear ones could not die in a nobler cause. Tuesday's touching exhibition of such widespread sympathy that covered miles of our road from Caherline to Murroe was the most feeling, solemn, and inspiring sight ever experienced in North Munster. Standing at the cross of Caherline it would strike the mind of the onlooker that a new spirit has arisen in our land. The noble and impressive cortege, led by a long line of our clergy, followed by thousands of brother-soldiers of the Mid-Limerick Brigade marshalled by their officers in their picturesque uniforms with hundreds of every type of vehicle from the char-a-banc to the pony trap—all assembled to practically show their highest admiration for the noble sacrifices of Pádraig and Seán our country's altar—should have a marked effect on the most apathetic and indifferent of our race. This inspiring spirit portrays clearly the spirit of the new movement. As I dwelt on this never to be forgotten scene the picture that appeared in my mind's eye would apply to many Irish youths and districts during the past five years. I recalled a youth as he advanced from childhood to barely manhood. He was kind, gentle, and rather reticent. His genial smile was never to be forgotten. Passing through his school-days he was a general favourite. Like many of the brave fellows who have made the supreme sacrifice he was rather of a retiring disposition. Those young men who have made history did not talk, they acted. Such was my friend Pádraig. He passed through his college courses and a bright future opened before him. He withdrew from prospects of material gain, handled his rifle, joined his parish company, became an officer in the Brigade, and crowned all by becoming a martyr for our dear old land. I saw the other youth Seán as he wielded his camán and struggled off to bring honours to his parish. He was imbued with the spirit of the Gael. Seán dopped the camán for the time being when more serious work had to be done. His joviality and pleasant companionship was as much in evidence in the hour of danger as when associating with his playmates in Murroe. He shouldered his rifle, became an officer in the Brigade, and consummated his life work, like his fellow parishioner, in giving all for Ireland. To-day they rest side by side in that lonely spot in the Murroe churchyard so carefully laid out and beautified by loving hands. Later on a monument will crown their last resting place. But no monument of wood, stone or marble is required to keep in the memory of our people the brave lives and noble deaths of Pádraig O Riain and Seán Freathail. Generations yet unborn will bring their little ones to pray over the graves of the two Murroe heroes who gave their lives that Ireland may live. May the sod rest lightly on those two brave I.R.A. youths.

W. F. L.