

In Memoriam.

A List of the names of those connected with Seagoe Church and Parish who have laid down their lives in the Great War.

He that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it.

—Matt. xvi, 25.

“Beati Virtute, Tuti Beatitudine.”

[Happy in Valour, now secure in Bliss.]

Thomas Joyce Atkinson.

Robert Taylor Montgomery.

William James Allen.

Harry Armstrong.

Robert Henry Brown.

Samuel Clayton.

Thomas Gordner.

William Gordy.

David Dunlop.

Samuel Fox.

John Girvan.

David Gracey.

Samuel Gracey.

Thomas Hewitt.

Henry Alexander Holmes.

Thomas Kilpatrick.

Joseph Malcomson.

William Malcomson.

Edward Marshall.

John Matthews.

Alexander M'Cabe.

Frank M'Kerr.

Herbert Mayne Murray.

Joseph Parkes.

Henry Sinnamon.

Jackson Stothers.

Maxwell Stothers.

Joseph Stothers.

James Weir.

Robert Whiteside.

A Month in a Cellar.

The Rev. G. Bloomer sends us the following interesting account of his experiences at the front—

August 6th, 1917.

I have got into the open air again. I did one calendar month in the cellar, and was much relieved when it ended. I think I can say when I return that I have been a sojourner in dens and caves of the earth. The French for cellar is cave. Though it was not a pleasant experience in the brewery basement, still I think it was the most profitable month I have had in France. I can now tell you where it was. It was in a place called Laventie, and at one time it must have been a very pretty place. Now it is for the most part a wreck. I have now moved further North, but am

STILL IN THE MIDST OF WAR'S ALARMS.

I am about the same distance from the line. My colleague, who has been out here for 8 months, and I have charge of two huts and two dugouts. The dugouts are just behind the reserve trenches. In them we serve out free drinks to the lads. I visit these three or four times in the week, and every time I go I have to follow your advice about dodging the shells. You would not think it possible to dodge them, still you can to some extent at any rate. I fear you could not get out of the way of one that is coming straight for you. You can hear it coming but you cannot tell how near it is until you see the burst. There is a prevailing belief among the boys that

IF A SHELL HAS YOUR NAME AND NUMBER

on it you cannot escape it. Old Fritz is particularly nasty at times, and sends them over with what seems to us to be unnecessary frequency. His gas shells are abominable things, and he sends them over at times in great numbers. Two of our Y.M. workers further along the line have been gassed within the past week. It is a new kind of gas and its effects are not yet fully known. It was thought at first that they were not too bad, but now it seems they are very bad. It takes several days for the full effects to appear. I suppose you have been greatly interested in the advance in Belgium; we just got the side-wash of it here. The boys among whom I am working suffered rather severely from gas shells. The ones in the line were safe and the ones back in billets were caught. I cannot explain to you here just how it happened, but the lads were complimented by the General on their contribution to the great attack. I am not so very far from where

THE PORTADOWN BOYS

were two months ago. Now unfortunately they have moved, as far as I can gather, so that there is not much chance of my getting near them. If they had been within ten miles of me I might, with an effort, have managed to get to them. We have parade services in the hut every Sunday. Yesterday they were conducted by a former Curate of Whitehouse; his name is Elliott, I don't know whether you know him. We had the same Pastoral that you had at home. We are well looked after by the Padres, to

whom the huts are a great convenience. I am enclosing you a copy of

THE BAND PROMENADE PROGRAMME

that we had on Saturday last. We have a band in every week and sometimes two.

HAEREMAI HUT.

PROGRAMME BY 57th DIVISIONAL BAND.

March	The Bullfighters	<i>Kottuum.</i>
Overture	Raymonde	<i>A. Thomas</i>
Waltz	Dream on the Ocean	<i>Gungl.</i>
Fairy Dream	The Phantom Brigade	<i>Myddleton.</i>
Selection	H.M.S. Pinafore	<i>Sullivan.</i>
Incidental Music	{ Monsieur Beaucair	} <i>Rosse.</i>
	{ (6 numbers)	
Selection	Bound to Win	<i>Pether.</i>

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Conductor:—Sergeant J. J. Hodgson.

The work here is much pleasanter than in any place I have been. I have no serving at the counter to do, and that is a tremendous relief. Handling the "filthy lucre" of the French is not by any means a pleasant thing. Well I think I have written as much as you will be inclined to read. I must stop now and go out for my afternoon walk round the dugouts. I am glad to say I am in the best of health.—I remain, yours faithfully.
 GEORGE BLOOMER.

PARISH REGISTER for AUG., 1917.

Baptisms.

The following were Baptized in the Parish Church on August 4th, 1917:—

Mullen—Leah, daughter of Harris Henry and Christina Mullen, of Portadown.

Sponsors—Evelyn Reid, Christina Mullen.

Best—Florence Primrose, daughter of James and Anne Best, of Drumnacanvey.

Sponsors—Elizabeth Anne Boyce, Florence Hughes.

Anderson—Thomas George, son of Francis and Susan Anderson, of Drumgor.

Sponsors—Elizabeth Jane Beckett, Susan Anderson.

Marriages.

Gilpin and White—10th August, 1917, Richard John Gilpin, of Tarson, to Ellen White, of Lylo.

Burials.

Webb—5th August, 1917, Sarah Webb, of Belfast, aged 40 years.

Stevenson—10th August, 1917, Samuel Stevenson, of Drumgor. Interred in Old Shankill Graveyard.

Dynes—11th August, 1917, Margaret Dynes, of Crossmacaghley, aged 86 years.

Hughes—21st August, 1917, William Robert Hughes, of Kernan, aged 39 years.

Offertories for August.

Sunday—Mornings,	£5 4 10
Evenings,	1 7 11
Week Days	0 6 8

	£6 19 5

Captain Dobson in Macedonia.

Our readers will be glad to hear news again of Capt. Dobson, who is serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. He writes as follows, under date July 9th, 1917—

The heat out here is very great indeed; work, except what is absolutely necessary, is suspended during the day between the hours of 08-30 hrs. and 17-00 hrs. (5 p.m.) For so far the heat agrees with me quite well.

We have a great variety of fruit—millions of peach trees, the fruit of which is just ripe now. The vine grows wild in every tree and hedge, the fruit of which will not be fit for use until, say, the first of August, and is very small. Maize and tobacco is grown very extensively. I should think the tobacco, in peace time, was mostly sent to Egypt to be cured.

I was quite interested to see the oxen treading out the corn. To me it seems there is very little change in the methods of doing things since primitive times—wooden ploughs, wooden wheels on the carts, and wooden hay forks, and in winter the people in the country where I am mostly wear wooden shoes.

The spring wells all over Macedonia are very fine indeed. They were made by the Turk many years ago. Only for these I do not see how we could live at all, especially in this hot weather.

I think if I remember aright you were always a keen biologist. Well, if you were out in these parts you would always get subject-matter for your fascinating pursuits, as there is simply no end of flowers, plants, birds, animals, and insects. I should ever so much like to make a collection, but it is out of the question, as it's just as much as I can do to get myself carted from place to place.

Nearly every native man has a very small donkey for taking him about, and while he goes gaily along his wife or wives have to walk, carrying parcels or perhaps a small bag of meal. These chaps are not as gallant as they might be.

I am resting now (or what is called resting), that is to say, I am back from the firing line.

Kindest regards to all friends. Faithfully and sincerely yours,
J. J. DOBSON.

Certificate for Gallantry.

Private William Crossley (49th Trench Mortar Battery, B.E.F., France), of Florence Court, Edenderry, has been awarded a Certificate for gallantry on the Field of Battle. Private Crossley, though not yet twenty years of age has been twice wounded, and has received this special Distinction for conspicuous bravery. We offer him our hearty congratulations. He adds another Honour to the long list of Military Distinctions, won by the men of Florence Court.

ITEMS.

Many trees are being cut down in the Parish owing to the high price obtainable for Timber. We hope that wherever a tree is cut down another will be planted in its place.

A house-to-house collection for Missions will be made through the Parish during September.

We announce with deep regret the death of Sam Stephenson, of Drumgor. He passed away after a long illness of two years, borne with great patience and resignation. Always so bright and happy he will be sadly missed in his own home and in the Parish.

The Latin Motto at the head of the "In Memoriam" List in this issue is taken from a Roll of Honour, seen in a Parish Church porch in Sussex. It is very expressive in form and meaning. The English sentence which follows it in brackets is a translation of the Latin.

Old Seagoe Notes.

The Strange Case of Margery McCall, 1695.
—In recent issues of this Magazine we have made large extracts from the "Lurgan Parochial Magazine," which was published under the editorship of the late Mr. Mehaffy, of Lurgan, in the years 1879—80. Interesting notes on Seagoe Parish were contributed to it by the late Dean Dawson, several of which have been reprinted from time to time in these columns. A very close connection existed in former days between the Parishes of Seagoe and Shankill (Lurgan), owing to the fact that from 1444 to 1878 the boundary of Seagoe Parish reached to within 200 yards of Old Shankill graveyard. We make no apology for publishing in detail the following strange story, which appeared in the pages of the Lurgan Parochial Magazine for 1880, the main features of which were enacted in such close proximity to the Parish of Seagoe.—In or about the year 1695 there lived in Lurgan a man named Richard McCall. He occupied a good social position in the town, and was highly respected by all who knew him. His wife, whose name was Margery, was also well-known and liked by her neighbours. On a certain day in the year above-mentioned, she fell ill. The Doctor was called in, but from the first took a serious view of her illness. In the course of a few days, she suddenly lapsed into a state of unconsciousness and died. Her husband who was devotedly attached to her was overwhelmed with grief. When the body was being prepared for burial it was found impossible to remove from the finger of the dead woman a ring of great value which she wore constantly and prized greatly. The interment took place in Old Shankill Graveyard, and was attended by a large number of the townspeople. Mr. McCall returned home disconsolate and hopeless.

But now the story changes. A tramp of disreputable character chanced to be in the town on the day of the funeral and overheard from the conversation of the mourners that it was found impossible to remove from the dead woman's finger, before burial, the costly jewelled ring. Being of a reckless and thievish disposition he determined to secure the ring. Under cover of darkness he made his way to the Old Graveyard on the evening of the day of the funeral, and with a spade which he found

began to remove the shallow covering of earth which had been thrown in upon the coffin by the grave-diggers. In a brief space he had uncovered the lid of the coffin and loosened the screws which held it down. He then raised the lid, and drawing back the shroud saw upon the woman's finger the precious ring. With a great effort he tried to force the ring from the finger, but failing in this he drew a knife from his pocket and proceeded ruthlessly to amputate the finger which held the ring. Scarcely had he begun his awful deed when he noticed that the body of the dead woman had begun to move, and was showing signs of life. Then to his horror the woman sat up and with dazed eyes looked at him. He fled in abject terror at the uncanny sight. The rest of the story comes from the lips of the dead woman. When she began to realise her actual surroundings she rose up from the grave, and clad in the garments of Death, made her way in the darkness of the night to her husband's house. She knocked at the door. He was seated in the parlour surrounded by his sorrowing friends. When he heard the knock at the door he said "Only that darling Margery is dead I would have said that was her knock at the door." Going to the door he opened it, and seeing the ghostly apparition he shrieked and fell in a deathly swoon. Others hearing his cry rushed to the door, brought in his wife, so literally "raised from the dead," and received back to life one whom they had so lately mourned as dead. With good nursing and care Margery McCall soon regained strength enough to tell to her amazed but joyous relatives the weird story of her passage from Death to Life. Her husband also after a brief space recovered from his frenzy of grief and amazement, and received his wife back from the grave with glad embraces. He then understood how that his wife had fallen into a trance which had been mistaken for death, and from which she had been roused by the sudden pain caused by the thief's effort to remove the finger which bore the ring.

Margery McCall lived for many years after, and a son born to her after these strange events is said to have entered the Ministry. She died in the fullness of years, loved and respected by all, and upon the stone which was erected to mark her last resting place in Old Shankill, these words were inscribed.

"Here lies Margery McCall twice buried."

Seagoe Parochial School, 1858.—The following interesting letter regarding the building of the present Seagoe School was received by the Rector in 1909:—

Farnly Road, Caton,
nr. Lancaster, England,
July 22nd, 1909.

Rev. J. E. Archer, Seagoe, Portadown.

Sir,—Your letter and cards to hand; also Seagoe Magazine, October, 1907, with portrait of the Very Rev. James Saurin, A.M., Rector of Seagoe, Arch-deacon of Dromore. Words fail me to thank you as I would wish for sending me this Magazine with the portrait of one of the best of Ireland's sons, one who never made an enemy.

I remember very well when Sunday School was held in the Church before the School-house was built. The Rev. Capel Wolsey was then Curate, a noble man, who worked hard for the good of the children in the Parish, and looked forward to the time when the new School would be opened. But, alas! he was taken ill and had to go abroad, and the opening of the new School fell totally on the shoulders of Mr. Saurin, and I may say that he put his whole heart and soul into the work, and was so generous and loving with both scholars and teachers that he was beloved by all.

I see another reverend gentleman mentioned in the Magazine—the Rev. James Beers—one who was ever ready to hear any trouble of a Parishioner of whatever creed. I remember a very complicated case between two landholders, in which he took a great interest while he was there, and got it satisfactorily settled. Many of the old generation will remember him as a dear gentleman and a follower of his Master, and I pray God may bless your labours in the Parish.

I may say no person fought against Mr. Gladstone more than I did over the Irish Church, and I say God will punish the Liberal party yet for their foul work.—I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,

W. REAVEY.

"No Surrender"—July 12th, 1817.—The Centenary of a Famous Song.—The following interesting article on the late Colonel William Blacker, appeared in the "Irish Times" of Saturday, July 7th, 1917:—

"Again, when treason maddened round,
And rebel hordes were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found
For King and country arming:
Forth, forth they rushed at honour's call,
From age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their virgin wall,
And sung out, "No Surrender."

To-day the cry of "No Surrender" is on the tongues of Ulstermen, but how many are acquainted with the source of the song or its author? Who wrote the song of "No Surrender"? All our acknowledged authorities differ on the point. Sparling, in his "Irish Minstrelsy" (1887), attributes it to "Charlotte Elizabeth" (Mrs. C. E. Tonna), who is also credited with the authorship by the late D. J. O'Donoghue, in his excellent "Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland" (1897). The song appears anonymously, under the title of "The Crimson Banner" in Robert Young's "Orange Minstrel" (1832), while such an ardent Orangeman as William Johnstone, M.P., of Ballykibbeg, in his "Boyne Book of Poetry and Song" (1859), attributes it to the Rev. John Graham.

All speculation has been set at rest by the discovery, independently of each other, by Dr. John L. Crone, M.R.I.A., and Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood, that the song was undoubtedly written for the 12th of July, 1817, by Lieutenant-Colonel William Blacker, of Carrickblacker, Co. Armagh. It was published in 1817.