

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A TRULY GREAT AND GOOD SON OF ERIN.



HERE is such a wealth of treasured names to recall in connection with Ireland's great day one must stifle the desire to invoke them all, cherishing none the less each beloved claimant for a souvenir in this feast of reason and flow of soul. Let me, because the desire is irrepresible, recall the ever regretted John Boyle O'Reilly, sure that all of Ireland's dear departed are honored in him, and may the following condensed appreciation of this gifted and beloved man suffice,—it is only a fragment of the many splendid eulogies evoked by his too early death. We all are still in deep mourning for John Boyle O'Reilly, and though we do not refuse to be comforted as those who have no faith, it is safe to assert that we all want him. Men who knew him admired him for his splendid courage, his generosity, his invincible sense of honor; women admired him for his great personal beauty, his daring and his tenderness. He was a poet, too, not a long-haired mope, but a mighty six-footer who cropped his hair. He was a Fenian when he was a wild Irish boy. They arrested him, tried and sentenced him to death. He was so young that they commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and they sent him to Australia. He escaped, with the assistance of the gaoler's daughter—God bless her!—and put to sea in an open boat. An American sailing vessel—good luck to her Stars and Stripes!—picked him up and landed him in Boston. He turned newspaper man and afterwards owned a journal. A great light went out when the fine Irishman closed his eyes. There was this inscription on a portrait of him :

Races and sects were to him profanity—
Hindoo and Negro and Celt were as one ;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity—
Large in his record, the work he has done.

What a tribute! what a fine epitaph! Well may all the world miss this mighty Celt, miss him as they loved him. His own tribute to Robert Emmet seems the most fitting of his many poems to quote here.