

MOUNT JEROME.

DUBLIN'S PROTESTANT GRAVE-YARD

William Carleton, the Irish Novelist—
His Life—His Works—From the
People Not of the People—
Carved Eulogies.

(Written Specially for the TRUE WITNESS)

(We find it necessary to add the above line. We have now published some two dozen of these sketches; they are written purposely for our paper and the author would not give them to any other publication. They are constantly being reproduced, and in the two-thirds of the cases no credit is given to the TRUE WITNESS. The *nom-de-plume* might be any one, in any country. A Western paper had "College Green" last week, apparently written for its columns. Ed. T. W.)

"So you have three more days to spend in Dublin, Mr. Lecky," said honest keen-witted Mickey.

"Well, yes," I replied, "in that time I will bid good-by to your Ireland."

"Don't you think it's the finest land under the sun, sir?" and Mickey's eyes glistened.

"That, Mickey, I will not say. I fear that every man loves his own land the best, but he it enough that next to my own great land your little Isle lies closest to my heart."

"You're a genuine gentleman," shouted Mickey. "May the Lord preserve your health, and if you ever come here, I'll be waiting for you at Morrissey's. Would you be after going out to-day?"

"Do you know where Thomas Davis is buried?"

"Did I know where my own head is; why, he is buried in Mount Jerome. I'll bring Betsy for you to the door, sir."

I slipped into my big frieze, warranted rain-proof by Crampsc of Derry, and seated myself on the car. Mickey whistled "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and away went Betsy. This drive.

I WILL LONG REMEMBER.

To-day, as I write in this cosy room of mine on San Sebastianello street, with the Pineian and those indescribable beauties around me that so strangely fascinated the melancholy genius of Hawthorne, and the city of the seven hills beneath me, the memory of that day steals over me like a breath of Irish air that has stolen the scent of a dozen clover fields. Oh, had I the wings of a bird, would I not fly from these classic lands, the prey of anarchy unjust and unbearable taxation, to the beauties of Dublin and the witticisms of my Mickey. Something of this longing must have inspired the poet when he asked.

Are Italy's fields more green,
Do they teem with a richer store
Than the bright green breast of the Isle of the West
And its wild, luxuriant shore?

I believe the poet answered his own question by writing

Ah! no! no! no!

You may object to the number of No's, but poets now-a-days must be emphatic to be heard. At any rate, I feel myself, to-day, in the same mood as the poet. If I write No, fifty times you cannot object to the poetry of it, until you have settled Walt Whitman's place in literature. By that time these sketches will be as much read as Tupper's Tales,—a blessing you say; so say I. But listen to Mickey:

"I'll open the gate sir—Mount Jerome Cemetery. This path will take you to the Superintendent's house. They'll charge you a shilling for a guide."

I stuck my hand deep in my vest-pocket, fumbled amid the half-crowns for a shilling, and having found the showing coin, with its likeness of Victoria Regina, that bears no likeness to the original—a curious want to artistic taste in the keeper of the mint—I set out at a brisk pace in the direction of the superintendent's office. Who says Europe is free when they charge a shilling to walk through

A CITY OF THE DEAD?

I was received in the office by a lank, lean, pallid man, with a bulging forehead and cool gray eyes. He seemed a fit man to keep an eye over the dead. One would almost believe that the only part of him that belonged to the living world was his gold-rimmed spectacles and a blue skull cap, that looked fantastic, perched on the bald pate of this melancholy keeper of dead and musty records. I made my mission known, paid my shilling; my only receipt, a cadaverous

smile. A little silver bell rang out a few trembling notes, and by my side there stood a man dressed in a kind of dark navy blue, relieved by huge glinting brass buttons. "Show this man the cemetery," said the man with the blue skull cap.

"This way," said the man with brass buttons, and we were soon treading a gravel walk curiously sided with box-wood and other pretty shrubs. "Turn to your right," said the guide—"a very interesting grave, sir."

"Why is it interesting?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir, that's not my business. The superintendent says so, and what right have I to say against him?"

Here was an honest man paid to do a certain duty, and doing it well. I complimented him on his faithfulness to the superintendent's trust, and gave him a sixpence to show my warm approval of his conduct. The giving of money is the only way you can show your gratitude to a cemetery guide. Although passing their lives amid the wealthiest of our race, it is only the curious, straggling strangers that treat them to the coin of the realm. He was evidently pleased, and to show it, he scraped the faded straw-colored moss from the large awkward letters. While he did so I could not help smiling at the vanity of all things human. If there is anything that can check man's ambition, it is the crumbling monuments with the golden lettered hopes of one generation forgotten and sneered at by the one that follows.

"His memory and fame," we write, "shall be eternal," and fifty years after some obscure traveller pauses before the fast decaying stone, whereon we herald our boastful prophecy, and sadly mutters, "What fools these mortals be." The little monument before me was a plain block of Irish sandstone, cut in the well-known form of an Irish mile-stone. On it was engraved the name of William Carleton, Novelist, and this curious inscription: "One whose memory needs neither carved stone nor sculptured marble to preserve it from oblivion." This stone and its inscription was the work of a sorrowful weeping widow to the memory of a devoted husband, at least these things would come to the charitable critic. The eulogy might have been perfectly natural to the disconsolate lady who mourned a genius dead, and

WHO WILL DENY HER RIGHT,

so long as she paid for it, to carve this eulogy on an Irish mile-stone? She may have cheered the gloom of some poor idle stone-cutter by a week's work and undoubtedly she brought sunshine to the quarry man. For these things, being of their nature good, let us be thankful. The question is, will the world agree with the carved eulogies of friend or friend, and the mural tablets of enthusiastic municipalities? We can hardly say yes in the face of history. The world has been a smasher of tomb-stones. She has ever on her cynical lips "the presiding angel of grave-yards is Fulsome Flattery." And the world,—who will be strong enough to fight against her verdict? What has this dame to say of Wm. Carleton, whose name and fame grace this monument? I confess she has little, and that, to my mind, is a sufficient reason that she has almost finished smashing that which was "to preserve from oblivion his name." That little is easy to remember. He was born of "poor but honest parents," so says a biographer, and as he should know where of he writes the phrase may stand. The date of his birth 1794, the day and month I have forgotten but it matters little. Those who are curious in such things may pull down their encyclopedias and open at Car next letter I and they will find their curiosity satisfied. His parents were thrifty folk as befits the half scotch of "Tyrone among the bushes." They wished to make their son a clergyman. He should study Latin, Greek in ponderous tomes with some far-famed hedge school-master and after the so many quarters, paid for in so many pounds, shillings and pence, he should go to Dr. Drydust's famous omnium gatherum academy to put on the last touch for Maynooth. This was the Castle in Spain of the anxious parents. That this castle was ruthlessly pulled down by their son is another fact that the biographer feels proud of. In truth biographers as a set seem to have little respect for the fourth commandment. At an early age Master Carleton bolted the parental authority, and like many another youth, dreamed that his mission in life was to

undo the things of the world by a goose-quill and a black fluid men call ink. The charm of such men's lives is in the fine disdain with which they treat the ordinary convictions of society. Master Carleton prepared himself for his mission by abandoning a literature that told of the bloody frays of a detestable set of Greek ruffians, men and gods, and plunged into the more exhilarating frays around him. It would be hard to give a graphic picture of the lawlessness of those times. Hunting, whiskey-drinking and duelling were the common occupations of the rich. The poor had unfortunately learned the vices of their masters—they had no virtues to teach.

INTO THIS TURBULENT SOCIETY,

with little ballast to keep him off the shoals, went Carleton. If he had any of those finer qualities that are said to herald a vocation to the sanctuary, he soon lost them, and later became recalcitrant to the faith of his fathers. In this society the young imaginative peasant boy cut a figure. He could drink his toady "at a swallow," that is the curious way they have of expressing it in Ireland. The man that could drain his bumper in this way was ranked among the monks of the screw, the particular screw being a huge pocket one, that would neither break itself nor let the cork go until it knew the neck of the bottle no longer. He could follow the hounds all day over the dreary moorland, and at night pledge "a bumper to Squire Jones." During these years he was taking notes of the strange society that he moved in. After a manner he was peculiarly suited to do so. He knew the atmosphere he was to depict, an indispensable thing for the novelist whose works should live. He was as capable as Scott of entering into the habits and manners of the peasantry, and knew them much better than Scott knew his middle-men or aristocrats. He was not deficient in dramatic grouping, possessed a keen eye for the warps and bores of human nature. His style was not deficient in beauty. It was rich, poetical and by times irresistibly powerful. Nature had equipped few men better fitted to draw for all time, the passing picture of Ireland's peasantry. The canvas was ready, the colors at hand, and the brush in the hands of a great painter. What happened? What happens when men are false to their trust? Speak it by any name you will—there is but one word for it, and that word is failure. The "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" might have been a work to have endured as long as the race it depicted. It might have been a treasure for the exiled countrymen to have borne over the seas to more prosperous lands. In the shelf with such books as Cervantes, Manzoni, Scott's and Lorra Doone, it might have found no unworthy place. It is useless to speculate on the might have been. We must take books as we find them, not as we would have them. We are not the controllers of an author's brain, and if he chooses to give us chaff instead of grain, well he must pay the penalty. We scatter the chaff, while we jealously guard the grain. I do not say, that all that Carleton has written might be termed chaff, there is a little grain mixed, but it is so little, that it would not pay for the winnowing. It is the business of the novelist to depict life as he finds it, to bring men and manners before us, in such a way, that we become one of them, and enter into their joys and sorrows, now condemning a hero, now finding an excuse for a ruffian. Carleton gave us a broad and

UNGENEROUS CARICATURE.

of the peasantry. The people surely had a sufficient number of traducers without their friends joining hands with them. Carleton from the people would not be of the people. He missed the principle of art, telling the truth, and hence when his peculiar and bigotted age had passed his reign was ended. He could not plead guilty to the impulsiveness of youth, as his first book, printed through the efforts of an enthusiastic clergyman, whose hobbies were archaeology and the conversion of papists, appeared, its author was in his thirty-sixth year. With the founding of the *Nation* and its strong appeals to the better natures of Irishmen to rouse from their lethargy and do something for their debased country, Carleton's earlier and better nature was aroused. Was it too late to do something for the land and people that he had so malignantly traduced? He offered his services to the *Nation*, and wrote for that journal

"Valentine McClutchy," an indictment against the cruelties of landlords. It was too late; the hand had lost its cunning. Sickness came, friends were dead, his children emigrated; no wonder the old novelist became sad and lonely. His figure now and then was seen wending its way to the book-stalls; men made way for him, for had he not in "Valentine McClutchy" tried to make amends for other years? One day a funeral cortege passed into Mount Jerome; it was that of William Carleton. A few weeks later his veiled widow brought the milestone and placed it at his head, and what he would have loved more, Lady Wilde begot a poem and printed it in her little green volume. From the first verse may you judge:

Our land has lost a glory! Never more,
Tho' years roll on, can Ireland hope to see
Another Carleton cradled in the lore
Of our loved country's rich humanity.

So with this Wilde flower placed on his grave we pass to one wetted by the tears of a nation.

WALTER LECKY.

As It Ought To Be.

A writer in the *Philadelphia Times*, describing "The American Home," neglects to qualify her praise as she should, and speaking of what, there is too much reason to believe, is rather an ideal than a portrait. This is what she says:

There is nothing a true American has to be more genuinely grateful for than the home, the memories which linger with us wherever we may go, and always bear in their shadowy outlines a color and light that stamps the home life of no other nation.

Our home means a spot where a father dwelt, loved and respected by the children growing up about him. A father whose word governed the little enclosed between the four walls of the habitation, either grand or simple, that lives long in the heart and mind when other memories have passed away.

The typical American home is the throne of the sweet-faced woman whom childhood reverence as mother and whom man fondly loves as wife. She, as in no other land, is the sovereign who rules with the sceptre of her womanly influence. She teaches the children those abiding principles of obedience to law that in after years make them honored and respected citizens. Her counsels are sought, her advice respected. She is a queen, loved, honored and obeyed, and it is just in this sovereignty of woman that there lies the difference between the home life of our own and other nations.

Men cannot make a home. They may pay for its furnishings, but the deft feminine know how to add those touches that transform it into a heavenly habitation. It is the wish of a woman's gown, the graceful pose as she pours the coffee, the fragrance of her own womanliness which she sheds all abroad that makes abode the dwelling place of an angel, whose gentle presence lends to the humblest structure that grace and beauty that marks its present hospitality, its future greatness and its happy memories with the instinctive qualities of the American home.

In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions.

It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Clara—What shall I sing for you, Jack?

Jack—Have you a song with a refrain?

Clara—Yes.

Jack—Well, then, please refrain.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

When a person gets into hot water you may be sure he furnished his share of the fuel to heat the same.

Dr. A. T. Slocum's
OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD
LIVER OIL. If you have a Cold,—Use It.
For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

The More Precious Article.—Mary, during a moving: The missus is very particular about this bricybac mantel-clock, and says we'll have to carry it; I'll take it. Jane: No; you take the baby an' I'll carry the clock. You might let the clock fall with your awkwardness.