THE SOLDIERS OF THE CELT

(By P. J. Coleman)

The following lines were composed at the request of the Rev. Dr. Henry E. Mekel, of Philadelphia, who, consolidated by President McKinley, to identify the graves of the American dead on the battlefield of San Juan, in Cuba, found that the nearest grave to the Spanish line was that of Michael Daly, a private of the Seventy-first New York regiment, "an Irish man by birth, an American by adoption."

Sweet Erin, long in sorrow bowed
Exalt and lift thy drooping head!
The triumphs of the West are loud
To-day with pulses of thy dead
Who sleep with Freedom's stars for shroud,
With glory's laurels garlanded.

Not thine Britannia's haughty boast
Of war drums rolling round the world,
The sun that sets from coast to coast
Does not thy tyrant flag unfurl,
But, oh! thy heroes lead her host,
Where freedom's thunderbolts are hurled.

Poor wanderer from thy distant isle,
See where thine exile lies to-day
Shot down in Freedom's foremost file
Where flamed the lightnings of the fray,
Upon his dying lips the smile
That blessed thee, mother, far away.

Their doom is thus since time began
The children of thy gallant race
Have ever led the battle's van
Have forward set their eager face,
Have ever for their brother man
In danger's gap held honored place.

Oh, bitter, bitter is thy loss
Grey mourner by the sea-fenced west!
They fell to field, and foot, and fosse
For others, they they might not rest
God rest them, where neath stone or cross
Their lonely burial places be!

More dear, perhaps, an Irish grave
With shamrocks sweathed from head to feet;
But in the soil where comrades brave
Have hallowed him his winding sheet
Who died to free his fellow slave
His slumber April will make sweet.

Beneath the palm tree let him rest
Where o'er him moans the tropic dove!
His soul is happy with the blest
Who wear God's amaranths above.
His body lieth in the west,
But thou, sweet Erin, hast his love!

JOHN MITCHEL.

The Leader of the Patriots of '48—An Eloquent Tribute to His Memory by Justin McCarthy.

Once, and once only, I saw John Mitchel. I was a small boy in New York, the occasion was some crowded meeting in, I remember rightly, the Cooper Institute; the interest to me, I know, central in the stooped, gray-haired man who sat upon the platform, and whom I knew to be John Mitchel. It is something to have looked even once upon the lineaments of a great man, something to reflect that once, for a moment, two lives touched, and that the eyes of the child beheld the face of the hero, the exile, the man of genius who had loved Ireland so well and whom Ireland will love and honor forever. Of all the men of that wild movement of 1848 Mitchel saw his way most clearly; he was the peer of all of them in energy, in determination and in patriotism; he was superior to all of them, save only Meagher, in his masterly command of language, in the passion and eloquence and beauty which his genius could kindle from the mechanism of human speech. Ireland had never produced a man who possessed a greater mastery of prose, who could better manipulate the harmonies of well-ordered words, and wing home his thoughts and teachings to the hearts of his readers with a more magnificent or more convincing style. The eloquence of Meagher was the eloquence of the platform; his speeches were made to be delivered, and those who read them seem to hear resounding in their ears as they read the eloquence of the orator. Mitchel's eloquence is the eloquence of the consummate man of letters, and yet we are told on the authority of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy that "in the beginning he wrote clumsily and even feebly." These seem to a generation steeped in the Jail Journal amazing adjectives to employ towards Mitchel. We may assume that they were in some measure deserved, for although Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has no great affection for Mitchel, he endeavors to be an impartial historian. But if they could have ever been applied and deservedly to one of the most remarkable writers of his age, what encouragement they offer to honest endeavor struggling against disappointment. No man need despair at being criticised as clumsy or feeble in his prose style if he remembers that Mitchel at thirty was accused of the same defects.

There are few passages in literature that are, in their way, more beautiful than "Mitchel's Journal." "All my life long," says Mitchel, "I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents tearing their rocky beds, gliding, dimpled brooks kissing a daisied margo. The tinkle or murmur or resounding roll, or raving roar of running water, of all sounds my ears even hear now, the most homely. Nothing else in this land"—he is speaking of the land of his exile—"looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue, the very trees whisper in accents unknown to me. . . . . They can never, never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr whisper as it will, never let they whisper quiver, sigh or sing to the beeches and sycamores of old Tyrrevor." A little farther on he recalls with wonderful fancy an this same river of the new world—her Tasmania—Shannon which recalls in its name the dearer river of his home. "In the days all the gash my heart and brain are bathed, and I hear in its plaintive chime all the blended voices of history, of prophecy, an poesy from the far Spring. Not exile on Po ever was the Tiberius Horace and place Were Alone and Pharpar not more one out and yearnings to Father Nile. Beneath the cool floor of the Tuscan alcove were not discarded to the jubber of the pines of shade beneath the dusky wave not fated that epistle Horace wrote on Ulysses the dark of home but Elm trees his fondly moonlit river in Tiber of Star mere reflected yet upon it be seen a pillar tower, or I and the chime from its Seven Churches, this river was rushing Thought fated such place to the Southern Sea—was sounding its mystic song to its supernatural worlds . . . I could invite as whole shoals of rivers, and to that I do love that sweet singer though whose sweet lay and with the gash of his native Aufidus for ever stream and flushed. How some perennial bud let crusted glimmer of forever through all his day dreams, how he years I to marry his own humanity with the otherworldly pouring flows of that bright Hindustan found. Wisely, too, and learnedly, did Charles Morgan discourse with the rivers, attune his notes to their wonderful music.

This is really exquisite, perfectly finished, kindly wrought prose, one of summaries skilful as anything that the English language has produced. It might well rank with Meagher's farewell address to Colonel Court house and with Sir Patrick's subtle apostrophe to the memory of the unfortunate Duke of York, as one of the three stars in the Order's belt of Irish prose literature. Yet Mitchel is proverbially unknown in England, except in a few cities where as a foreign exile who was not what he might have been, but who to the letter wears the mantle of his friendship into the sanctuary of St. Stephens. In the pages of publications a volume of extracts of the Eloquence, beauties of the English language, half hours with the authors, and all such great prose necessarily out of the mouth of the one of their bright singers by the means of Irish intellect. Burke and Goldsmith, Sheridan and Swift could thus be quoted by gleaner, but of the man who was the peer of the proudest of these in the mastery and magic of his language, you will not find a passage, not a paragraph, not a sentence, no, not a jot or tittle of all the magnificent eloquence which marks the "Jail Journal," one of the abiding glories of Irish and of English literature. It is to be hoped that with the better understanding now born and swiftly thriving between the two countries, an understanding which, paradoxical thought it may appear, is in no small measure due to Mitchel!—there may come a truer appreciation in England of our Irish literature and of the men of genius who made it what it is, and among the best of whom is this same John Mitchel.

When O'Connell's vast agitation fell to pieces after the suppression of the meeting of Clontarf, and the subsequent imprisonment of O'Connell showed that the Liberator did not mean ever to appeal to the physical force he had talked about, Mitchel and O'Brien became the leaders of different sections of the Young Ireland party, as the men of '98 Northern were now called. Thomas Davis, the sweet chief singer of the movement, died suddenly, the movement which he had done so much for had taken direct revolutionary shape. Mitchel went on The Nation in his place, and advocated revolt on and republicanism. He followed the traditions of Emmet and the men of '98; he was in favor of independence. His doctrines attracted the more ardent of the Young Irelanders, and what was known as a war party was formed. There were now three sections of Irish agitation. There were the Repealers, who were opposed to all physical force; there were the moderate Young Irelanders, only recognizing physical force when all else had failed, and there were now this new party, who saw in revolution the only remedy for Ireland. Small wonder if men like Mitchel believed in the possibility of the thing. There had been encouragement abroad. Vast meetings, organized and directed by men like Seward and Horace Greeley, had threatened England with "the assured loss of Canada by American arms," if she suppressed the repeal agitation by force, and at one time Horace Greeley was one of a directory in New York for sending officers and arms to Ireland. In France the Republican party had been loud in their expressions of sympathy for the Irish, and Ledru Rollin had declared that France was ready to lend her strength to the support of a suppressed nation. No wonder the leaders of the National party were encouraged in the belief that their cause was pleasing to the fates; no wonder if Mitchel, weary of delay, believed that in action, distinct, desperate action, lay the only hope for the movement which had drifted from repeal into Young Irelandism and from Young Irelandism into Mitchelism, with all its fierce, vehement, fiery energy. Mitchel's scheme has been bitterly blamed. "At least," says one who shared in the agitations of the time, "it may be called the only scheme which had the slightest chance of success, we do not say of success in establishing the independence of Ireland, which Mitchel sought for, but in inserting a genuine rebellion afoot. Mitchel was the one formidable man among the rebels of '48. He was the one man who distinctly knew what he wanted, and was prepared to run any risk to get it. He was cast in the very mould of the genuine revolutionist, and under different circumstances might have played a formidable part. He came from the northern part of the island, and was a Protestant Dissenter. It is a fact worthy of note that all the really formidable rebels Ireland has produced in modern times, from Wolfe Tone to Mitchel, have been Protestants. Mitchel was a man of great literary talent, indeed, a man of something like genius. He wrote a clear, bold, decisive prose, keen in its scorn and satire, going directly to the heart of its purpose. Its mere prose of it is worth reading even to-day for its cutting force and pitiless irony. Mitchel lectured in his paper week after week a challenge to the Government to prosecute him. He poured out the most fiery sedition, and used every incentive that words could supply to arouse a hatred of English government. Government to prosecute him. Mitchel was quite ready to make a sacrifice of himself if it were necessary. It is possible even that he hoped for it. I hope it may be that he had that satisfaction because the Government acted most successfully.

Mitchel had by defiant the Castle, and practically challenged it to arrest him. He lived in the country with his wife, and could have had no peace, but when he felt capable to conspire without any of the conditions of revolution of his countrymen he sent a pitiful blunder. He dared the Castle to arrest him and the Castle answered the dare.

Mitchel was arrested, tried and transported to Bermuda. This was the turning point of the revolution. The Mitchelites wished to rise in rescue. They urged, and vehemently urged, that if revolution was meant at all, then was the time. But the less ardent men held back. An autumnal rising had been decided upon, and they were unwilling to anticipate the struggle. They carried their point. Mitchel was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. When the verdict was delivered, he declared that, like the Roman, Scaevola, he could promise hundreds who would follow his example, and as he spoke he pointed to John Martin, Meagher, and others of his associates who were thronging the gallery of the court. A wild cry came out from all his friends. "Promise for me Mitchel!—promise for me!" There is not a more impressive, a more dramatically tragic scene in the whole of history. With that cry of a nation's promise ringing in his ears, he was borne from the court, heavily ironed and escorted by a strong army of detectives. In the war boat Shearwater, that had been waiting for the convict and the man. As the war steamer went out of Dublin harbor, the home of the Young Irelanders went with her, sad and consistent, from that hour north, as the smoke that floated in the steamer's wake. There is a pathetic little story which records his looking out of the prison cell and first drove from the court, and seeing a great crowd and asking where they were going and being told that they were going to a flower show. There were plenty of men in the movement who would have gladly risked everything to try and rescue Mitchel. But nothing could have been without unanimity, and the too great caution of the leaders prevented the effort at the only moment when it could have had the faintest show of success. From that hour the movement was doomed.

Mitchel escaped from prison under circumstances which raised a controversy into which I shall not enter. He settled down in America as a journalist. He lived for awhile in Paris, and a fellow-countryman, who is at once a bright and a witty writer, John Augustus O'Shea, has left in one of his books a most interesting account of his acquaintance with Mitchel during those Parisian days. During his American life, when the civil war, the great American war, broke out, Mitchel found himself on the opposite side in politics from his comrade, Meagher. Meagher wore the blue uniform of a Federal officer, Mitchel's two sons met their death gallantly while wearing the grey cloth of the Confederate service. Years and years later Mitchel came back to the land of his birth. He was elected to Parliament for Tipperary, his election was disqualified after a fierce, angry debate in the House of Commons; he was re-elected only to die nine days later; he lies buried in his birthplace, in the County of Derry.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who has given pen portraits of his colleagues, thus depicts Mitchel. "He was rather above the middle size, well-made, and with a face which was thoughtful, and comely, though pensive blue eyes and masses of soft, brown hair, a stray ringlet of which he had the habit of twining round his finger while he spoke, gave it perhaps too feminine a cast." Another friend of Mitchel's has spoken to me of his wavy hair drawn across his forehead; of his eyes, very bright, and often half closed in an almost languishing fashion, and of his soft, semi-caressing, attractive manner. He was at all times of a curious, impetuous humor.

Shortly before he brought out his new newspaper he was standing in the printing room of a well-known newspaper in the South of Ireland, talking to its editor, an able and sincere Irishman who played a conspicuous part in Parliament, and who is now dead. The editor was objecting to the name of Mitchel's paper, which he thought might be likely to raise dissension or disapproval. "My dear fellow," Mitchel answered swiftly, "I would call my paper The Thug if I thought by so doing I could arouse more general attention to Irish wrongs." On another occasion he met in society at some public dinner or such matter a well-known English writer and politician, David Urquhart. Mr. Urquhart was a gifted, opinionated, vehement man who had lived much in the East, and was an impassioned Russophobist. He, of course, got into an argument with Mitchel, and began pointing out to him that Mitchel's scheme could not and ought not to come to anything because of the complications with Russia which might ensue. Mitchel listened to him for a while with decent patience, but at last he could stand it no longer, and when Urquhart came to a pause in one of his lengthy tirades, Mitchel said, sharply and decisively, "I don't care in the least about Russia, and I don't care in the least about you." This ended the argument then.

BARON D'ESTE JOINS THE CHURCH

Baron d'Este, son-in-law of the late General Harney, renounced the Protestant faith to-day and was admitted to the Catholic Church in the Chapel of Visitation, St. Louis. Mass and services were performed and the First Communion administered by the Rev. Father Sullivan, S.J., of the St. Louis university.

Baron d'Este is past sixty and his wife nearly as old. Baroness d'Este was Miss Eliza Harney and married the Baron nine years ago in Paris. Her first husband was Count de Noue, whom she married in Paris. Baron d'Este was an Episcopalian.

CHEERING TO THE ENEMY

Kilkenny, Ireland, Nov. 6.—The funeral of Sergeant Kearney, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, who died in Dublin yesterday, was made the occasion for a demonstration in his native city. Thousands of people lined the streets, and the coffin was literally covered with wreaths and crosses. The cortège was composed of the Inniskilling Dragoons, the Kilkenny Militia, and bands, and the procession was the most numerous that ever passed through the city. The Dragoons offered to carry the remains to the cemetery, but the offer was declined, the pall bearers being all Kilkenny men. The Dragoons then fired three volleys over the grave, and the bugles sounded the last post. The Kilkenny Militia then fired three volleys, and the bugles sounded the reveille. The Dragoons then fired three volleys, and the bugles sounded the "Cease Firing." The Kilkenny Militia then fired three volleys, and the bugles sounded the "Cease Firing."