

THE CELTS.

(BY THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.)

Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years;
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oak and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deer,
With winds and waves they made their
bidding place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their Ocean-God was Manu-ma, M'Liir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships;
Came their Day-God, and their Thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse;
He was their Queen of song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-lit lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and
their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic
forts,
Not yet overthrown;
On calmwood hills they held their coun-
cil-courts;
While youths alone,
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song
Over the chambers of all change is heard,
Sweet-scented and strong;
Fin once overtook Gomer, the golden-haired,
The fleet and strong;
From her the lovely, and from him the fearful,
The primal poet-spring.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and
chance
Survived thy name—
Thy Finian bones now no longer range
The hills of fame,
The very name of Fin and Gomer sound
strange—
Yet time the same—
By matted lake and desecrated granite—
Remains, and shall remain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of olden days;
Save your majestic song, which hath their
speed,
And strength and awe;
In that old song, they live and love, and
bloom—
It bears them on thro' space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold
In our own time
One fit to speak your spirit on the world,
Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty soul'd
As in the prime,
Wrote the fond and beautiful, and bold—
They, of your song sublime!

THOMAS DAVIS.

A SKETCH OF THE "MINSTREL OF MALLOW."

One of the Founders of the "Dublin Na-
tion"—Poet, Essayist, Historian
and Patriot.

CARLYLE, in his Essay on Burns,
has said, "The inventor of a song-
melody is a petty sure of his
reward in his own day; but the writer of
a true poem, like the apostle of a true re-
ligion, is nearly as sure of the contrary."
This remark can be applied with singular
appropriateness to Thomas Davis, but
that a just and equitable retribution which
Carlyle regarded as an exaggeration of his
justice has not come yet. Forty-three
years have passed away since Thomas
Davis died, and no biography of him has
been given to the world. Great men have
in all ages experienced ingratitude and
neglect from their country, but eventually
there came atonement, or "posthumous
retribution," as Carlyle termed it,
in the form of monuments, biographies,
and such like stones, instead of bread,
but why it has been delayed in Davis
case is not easy to determine. It is this
absence of any form of biography that
was induced the present writer to pen
this sketch, which may fill the gap until
a biography more worthy of the man is
written.

Thomas Osborne Davis was born at
Mallow, in the county of Cork, October
14, 1814. Davis was not an Irish name; but
Welsh; his father, James Thomas Davis,
a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, and
Acting Deputy Inspector of Hospitals in
the Peninsula, was the representative of
a Buckinghamshire family, originally
from Wales, and married a lady who in-
herited old Irish blood, both of the Nor-
man and Celtic stock. This lady's family
was a branch of the Atkins of Fiverville,
in the county of Cork, sharing also the
blood of the O'Sullivan. His father
died at Exeter, in 1814, the year in which
his son Thomas was born at Mallow,
whither the family had gone to reside.

The boyhood of Thomas Davis appears
to have been marked by peculiarities
which have distinguished the youth of
nearly all poets and thinkers. He was shy,
retiring, unready and self-drawn; he
was, in fact, a dull child. He could
scarcely be taught his letters and it is
stated that when he had grown up, if
you asked him the day of the month he
could not tell you. He did not take
part in the outdoor games to boys of his
age, and was sometimes seen sitting in
a drawing-room as if he were in a
dream, when other young people were
enjoying themselves.

After preliminary schooling at home,
he was sent up to Dublin and entered
Trinity College. Here he was chiefly
noted as a steady reader, and it was re-
marked afterwards with wonder how
little impression he made on his fellow-
students, some of the most brilliant of
them, it is said, entertained a lively con-
tempt for the silent devourer of books,
who never competed for the social or
rhetorical success so dear to Irishmen.
But his friends of those early days state
that his character and temper underwent
a remarkable change after a year or two
at college; from being cold and retiring
he became frank and winning. His col-
lege career was solid and respectable
rather than brilliant, though he won a
silver medal for ethics in an unusually
severe examination; mathematics and
modern history were his favorite studies,
and he graduated with distinction in
1835. About this time he made his first
appearance as an author, with a pam-
phlet entitled *The Reform of the House of
Lords*. By a Graduate of Dublin Univer-
sity, Dublin, 1837. This pamphlet, which
advocated an elected Upper House, was
written in a style wholly wanting the
color and animation which characterized
his latter writings. In 1838, being then
four-and-twenty, he was called to the
Bar; but his was not a nature fitted for
forensic warfare, and Mitchell, in his
Last Conquest, tells us that "he was a
mere silent student till his twenty-fifth
year." Daniel Owen Madden, who first
met him in the College Historical So-

ciety after his call, was of opinion that up
to this period he had not yet felt any
sympathy with Irish Nationality. He
described him as being more like a young
Englishman than an Irishman. He was
always at work, and was distinguished by
broad, massive, and robust qualities,
rather than the brighter and more bril-
liant characteristics of his nation.

In 1840 he was elected auditor of the
College Historical Society, its highest
executive officer; but some of his asso-
ciates of that time confessed afterwards,
not without self-reproach, that even then
he was not understood or appreciated.
The society, which was founded by El-
mund Burke nearly a century before,
did not at this time meet within the col-
lege which gave it a name, but in Rad-
ley's Hotel, Dame street, and here a
number of young men, who afterwards
became distinguished in various depart-
ments of public life, were attracting at-
tention by their vehement eloquence.
Isaac Butt, Thomas Wallis, and Thomas
McNevin were amongst them. Madden
says of Davis at this time: "He was as
delightful a young man as it was possible
to meet with in any country. He was
much more joyous than when he became
immersed in practical politics. His good
spirits did not seem, however, so much
the consequence of youth and health as
his moral nature. His cheerfulness
was less the result of temperament than
of his sanguine philosophy, and of his
wholesome, happy life. The sources of
enjoyment were abundant to a man of
his large faculties, highly cultivated, pos-
sessing, what a body which supplied
him with vigor and energy."

The Repeal Association, headed by
O'Connell, was then holding sway in Ire-
land; but it was an exclusively Catholic
body, and not until 1841, when Davis
joined it, were there any Protestants
amongst them. The accession of Davis
caused other young men to join the
Association, and it had the effect of con-
vincing the Protestants by divesting the
agitation of a certain suspicion of sectar-
ianism, which, though disavowed by
O'Connell, was naturally connected with
it.

This was practically the first step in
public life taken by Davis, and his in-
fluence began to be felt in the Repeal
Association; he plunged into politics
with all the fervor of his disposition, and
although he and his party, for he had
come to have followers, were fully alive
to the fact that the liberties of the coun-
try would have to be fought for, they
fully supported O'Connell. The need
of a journal that could act as a guide to
the country in the period through which
it was passing became evident to these
young men, and the Nation was projected.

The history of the founding of this
paper has often been told, and briefly, it
is this: Davis and his friend, John Blake
Dillon, had for some time in their minds
the idea of a literary and political journal
of the highest class, that would fill the
want just mentioned; and Mr. (now
Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy, being then in
Dublin, on business connected with a
provincial newspaper of which he was
editor in Belfast, was introduced, in the
Hall of the Four Courts, by Dillon to
Davis, and the three proceeded to take a
walk together. They strolled along the
quays until they found themselves in the
Phoenix park, and having conversed about
the state and prospects of the country,
the matter of the newspaper was dis-
cussed; they were seated on a rule
bench, under an elm-tree, and facing Kil-
mainham.

Having decided on the character of the
proposed paper, many names were sug-
gested and rejected. Davis finally suggest-
ing the name of the Nation. "This name,"
was regarded as both happy and signifi-
cant—they desired to make Ireland a
nation, and the name would be a fitting
prelude to the attempt. This was in
July, 1842. No time was allowed to be
lost, arrangements were immediately
begun, a prospectus was drawn up (the
one actually printed and circulated was
drawn up by Davis in Belfast, in August,
1842), and a flourish of trumpets,
the first number appeared on the 15th
of October, 1842. The muse of Clarence
Mangan hailed its appearance in glowing
verses, and Mitchell in his *Last Conquest*
remarks on it that "for three years, it was,
next to O'Connell, the strongest power in
Ireland on the national side." "What-
ever," he adds, "was done, throughout
the whole movement, to win Protestant
support, was the work of Davis. His
genius, his perfect unselfishness, his ac-
complishments, his cordial manner, his
high and chivalrous character, and the
dash and impetus of his writings, soon
brought around him a gifted circle of
young Irishmen, who were afterwards
christened 'Young Ireland,' their bond
of union was their proud attachment to
their friend. It was very safe to say, that
to the personal influence of Davis, to the
grandeur of his aims, to his noble tol-
erance, to his zeal, and the loving trust
which all generous natures were con-
strained to place in him, they were in-
debted for their fate; placing captivity,
long exile, death in jail-houses, or
foreign graves. Yes, to them and hun-
dreds more he was indeed a Fate; and
there is not one amongst them still alive
but blesses the memory of the friend
who first filled their souls with the pas-
sion of a great ambition and a lofty pur-
pose."

Of this paper, which wielded so small
influence on the destinies of the country
Charles Gavan Duffy was, at the propo-
sition of Davis and Dillon, installed
editor. But the principal writing was done
by Davis. Duffy is described by John
Mitchell, in his *Last Conquest*, as having
"good literary talent, great ambition,
abundant vanity, but defective educa-
tion." Dillon, he adds, "was a man of
higher mark and greater acquirement;
but both were indolent; and, in fact,
Davis took upon himself the burden
of the labor." It was a herculean task
he set himself, but he did not flinch;
the amount of work he got through at
this time is incalculable, and he would
heap work on his friends, Pigot and Hud-
son, in a most surprising manner. Here
is an extract from one of his letters to
John Pigot: "Here are two fairy tales.
Here is an air for you to criticize. By
the way, as Hudson will be leaving town,
I want you to read the music of the
fourth and fifth numbers of the Spirit;
and I want you to copy the Sean Bhean
Veohd, *Delicately Contented I Am*, and the
other airs needed for them, in your clear-
est MS. Will you also write out, with
open lines for a bass, the Go no More a

Roving, as I have a weakness for the
words. Am I not imposing work enough
on you?" But he met with a staunch
co-operation from his fellow-workers.
The Library of Ireland: collections of
the speeches of Irish orators (to which
series he contributed Curran's Speeches,
carefully edited with a very good me-
morandum), and the Spirit and Voice of
the Nation, were all his own ideas, and
writing to his friend John Pigot, 17th of
February, 1845, he says, "Madden's
Grattan is out, and is the best specimen
of printing ever seen in Dublin. Half
of the sheet is in type, and my Curran will
be next; the intervals will be two
months."

This will give some idea of the quan-
tity of work he got through; all the
labor connected with the getting out of
the numerous volumes that appeared at
this period, was his. "He was so busy,"
says Mitchell, in his *Last Conquest*, "sup-
plying information and suggestions to
his fellow-laborers that he had no leisure
to apply himself to regular literary labor
and, as for his editorial articles, he often
wrote them with a pencil, using for a
desk, the top of his hat."

Those editorial articles were always
short but pithy, going at once to the sub-
ject with which he was dealing, without
any waste of words, or tricks of literary
ornamentation. For writing for his own
sake he cared nothing, and what he had
to say—and he always had something to
say in the shape of counsel, encourage-
ment or warning—he said in the fewest
possible words, which always struck
home to the root of the question; his
essays are, of their kind, good, but as
this kind of writing was nearly always
done in a hurry, the printer's boy wait-
ing for copy, there is no masterpiece
of literature left to which the reader can
be referred; "if there is enough," says
his friend Wallis, "to make men love
him, and guess at him—and what more
can the best of readers do with the su-
premiest writer, though he lived to the
age of Sophocles or Goethe. The true
less is of the oak's timber, not of its
acorns, or of the flowers at its base. The
loss of its immediate influence or the
events of his time and on the souls of
his contemporaries by guidance and ex-
ample—that is the true bereavement;
one which possibly many generations to
come will be suffering from and ex-
piating, consciously or unconsciously." But
his poems are the outcome of genius;
the simple pouring out of a mind filled
with the true poetic feeling, without any
straining after effect, or obscuring of his
meaning in mystic phraseology. Poetry
with him was a passion, not a fashion.
It was not till after the establishment of
the Nation that he turned to poetry, and
then only at the earnest request of his
friends who felt sure that he had the gift,
although he had written nothing of the
kind, not even school-boy verses; but
his *national non fit*, the time, called for
some poet who would awake the people
to enthusiasm and induce them with a
humble love of country, and the Lament
for the Death of Owen Roe O'Neill ap-
peared. Then came the *Men of Tipperary*,
and the *Vow of Tipperary*, to both
of which his friend William Elliot Hud-
son wrote music. His *Fountain* is con-
sidered to be his finest poem; but of his
poems not exclusively national, nothing
can exceed in sweetness and pathos My
Grave, of which I cannot refrain from
quoting the concluding verse:

"On an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn, not too wide;
For I love the open spot, not the wall;
I love not the gates, but a gentle breeze
To sweep the turf; put no tombstone there,
For green sods decked with daisies fair,
Not so deep, but so soft, that the dead
The matted grasses may tread through—
By my epitaph on my country's mind,
'He saved his country and lost his kind,'
Oh! two sweet meters, and that grace to go,
From were sure to be buried so."

In addition to his labors on the
Nation, he also undertook to write a
memoir of Wolfe Tone for the Library
of Ireland; but beyond the gathering of
materials for it, nothing was done about
it; his multifarious labors delayed its
preparation, and death cut short his
task. In a letter to John Mitchell, dated
7th July, 1845, he says, referring to the
memoir of Tone, "What between the
Nation and the bigots, and the quantity
of exercise needed to keep me in health,
there is small chance of my writing at
all for the series, though I would greatly
like to do so."

Again writing to Mitchell, he says:

My Dear Mitchell, C. G. D. told me you
had heard many particulars as to Wolfe
Tone, from the Rev. Mr. Blackley, of Dundalk.
Would you spare an hour to put them down,
especially anything as to his manner and
character? I have a few notes, but I think
they would answer no more, but seem to
disfranchise his memory.

Truly yours, THOMAS DAVIS.

P. S.—The sooner I hear, the better.

The meaning of this postscript is clear,
—ten days later Thomas Davis was dead.
It was towards the end of 1842, that
Mitchell first met Davis, and a warm in-
timacy sprang up between them, which
death alone severed. Davis it was, who
first encouraged Mitchell in his writings,
and urged him to write that life of Aodh
O'Neill, which is one of the most admi-
rable works that gifted author produced,
and has a new charm for the reader on
each perusal. Sometimes Mitchell would
continue an article in the Nation, that
Davis left unfinished, and then Davis,
with that perfect unselfishness and gen-
erosity which was such an endearing
trait in his character, would regret that
he had not left the writing of the whole
article to Mitchell, and afterwards, when
he collected those articles of his own,
and republished them in the Nation,
over his own initials, he was careful to
exclude Mitchell's portions, although a
vain man would have left all in, and
taken to himself the honor of the more
brilliant writing of his colleague. Those
articles appeared signed T. D., and his
poetic *non-de-glam* was always "The
Celt." His personal appearance, as thus
described by one who knew him inti-
mately at the time: "A man of middle
stature, strongly, but not coarsely built,
with a complexion to which habitual ex-
ercise, for he was a great walker, and
habitual temperance, gave a healthy
glow. A broad brow and strong jaw
stamped his face with a character of
power, but except when it was lighted
by thought or feeling, it was plain and
even rugged. His carriage was not
good; a peculiar habit of leaning to-
wards you when in familiar conversa-
tion, arising from the eagerness of his
nature, gave the appearance of a stoop,
and he dressed and walked as carelessly

as a student is apt to do. His glance
was frank and direct as a sunbeam, he
had a cordial and winning laugh, the pre-
valing expression of his face was open
and genial, and his voice had tones of
sympathy, which went straight to the
heart."

Mitchell says, in his *Last Conquest*:

"His figure was not tall, but compact and ac-
tive. He walked fast, and with his head held
slightly forward, as is the wont of eager and
impulsive characters. But he was no more
nationalist. In the antiquarian sessions at
the academy, none was heard with more re-
spect; in the drawing-rooms of Dublin, none
was a more welcome guest. He laughed sel-
dom, but heartily. He had not time to marry;
but he loved passionately, as such men must,
and over his early grave a fair woman shed
tears."

Of this love episode in his life, but
little is known, and only once in his let-
ters to his friend, John Pigot, does he
allude to it, and then in half jest. "I
wish I was in love, but I cannot find any
one glorious enough; this is all I have ever
written or said about it that we can find.
Some time in 1844 he became engaged to
a lady whose remarkable beauty,
great intellectual gifts, and noble char-
acter, had fascinated him. This lady
was Miss Annie Hutton, daughter of an
English gentleman then residing in Dub-
lin; (her brother Mr. Thomas Maxwell
Hutton, J. P., is still living, a much re-
spected citizen of Dublin). His acquain-
tance with, and introduction into this
family was one of the happiest events in
his life, and many pleasant hours did he
spend in the society of this elegant lady,
whom he hoped to make his wife. Writ-
ing to John Pigot, in September, 1844,
he says, "You have liberalized the
Huttons so much that they have bor-
rowed a lot of my collection of Irish
Airs, and the lady whose name you
wrote so flippantly sings the *Bonny
Cuckoo*. Are you very vain for all this?"
His admiration for this lady grew into
love and he proposed for her; she re-
turned his love, and they were to have
been married; but death came with
cruel suddenness, and carried him off,
and this so effected her health, which
had always been delicate, that she never
recovered the shock, and she died, un-
married, on the 7th of June, 1853, at the
early age of twenty-eight.

Sarah Curran will ever be remem-
bered as the betrothed of Emmet; let his-
tory likewise ever treasure and preserve
the name of Annie Hutton, the betroth-
ed of Thomas Davis.

On the 27th of May, 1845, a violent
scene occurred at the Repeal Association
between O'Connell and Davis, which had
the effect of alienating the Nation party
from O'Connell. "He (O'Connell) was
very wrath," says Davis, writing to
Pigot, "at the time of the Nation of
Saturday, where I treated him as an
equal." The truth of the matter was
that O'Connell had grown jealous of the
growing power of the Nation, and the
men who worked on it, and he began to
fear that the sceptre which he had so
long wielded was passing from him, and
he thought that by picking a quarrel
with them, he would be asserting his
supremacy in the Association; but they
did not want to usurp his authority,
they only desired to see the Association
working for the ends for which it had
been established. The question of
Catholic education was almost the only
subject now discussed in Conciliation
Hall. Repeal had taken a back seat
from the time O'Connell was released
from prison, and Davis saw too well that
his dreams of years were to be dissipated,
and though he never relaxed his exertions,
the disappointment preyed upon him.
He still continued his labors at the
Nation office, and towards the end of
summer, 1845, was the only one left at
the post, the others, including Duffy,
had gone to take a well-earned holiday;
and when Duffy, who was first to return,
wanted to relieve him at his post to en-
able him to take a rest, he would not
hear of it, said he did not need holi-
days, whereas none stood more in need
of thorough rest and relaxation.
Shortly afterwards he sent a note to
Duffy from his house in Baginbun-street,
saying that he was "not very well," but that
he would be all right in a few days; "the
tone of the letter was so careless and un-
concerned that Duffy attached no impor-
tance to it; but he had known that the
writer of it was tossing on a bed of fever,
he would have been filled with well-
grounded alarm, for his constitution was
in no condition to wrestle successfully
with typhoid fever, worn out as he was
with over-work and disappointments. All
too soon the end came, and on the morn-
ing of Tuesday, the 10th of September,
1845, he died in the arms of his faithful
servant Neville, at the early age of thirty-
one. Three years incessant labor and
excitement, operating on an ardent tem-
perament and unsteady brain, had done
their work; disappointment and despond-
ency, too, had their share in wear-
ing down his frame. He saw the powerful
organization in which he had trusted
gradually weakening, and lowering its
tone; but it was happy for him that he
passed away before the famine had de-
vasted Ireland, before the exodus of her
people to America, the spitting up of
parties, and the imprisonment and scat-
tering of his friends.

The genuine sorrow which pervaded
the country when the news of his death
became known cannot be described; it
was no mere conventional sorrow, passing
away before the subject of it is cold, but
real grief for the loss of one who was the
best liked and most generally admired
and looked up to of the men of his day.
It was at once resolved to give him a
public funeral, and on the day his re-
mains were laid in the family vault, in
Mount Jerome Cemetery, the streets of
Dublin presented an imposing spectacle;
all the members of the Eighty-Two Club,
the Corporation of Dublin, and the mem-
bers of the Repeal Association took part
in the funeral procession. The Royal
Irish Academy, the Archaeological So-
ciety, and the various other societies and
public bodies sent deputations; and an
eye-witness states that he never saw
more strong men shedding tears. "Many
a tear shall I shed in the memory of that
noble youth," said O'Connell; "but how
vain are words or tears when such a na-
tional calamity affects the country." Duffy,
who almost idolized Davis, seemed for a
time bewildered and stunned by the
blow. Mac Nevin never recovered him-
self, but, drifting aimlessly about, even-
tually became hopelessly insane, and
died in a lunatic asylum.

Such was the life and death of Thomas
Davis, one of the truest, purest, and best

Irishmen who ever breathed; and whose
loss, it is not too much to say, can be
seen and felt in Ireland even to-day. Spe-
culating upon what might have been, is
ever a fruitless task; but one cannot help
thinking that had Thomas Davis lived,
the destinies of Ireland might have been
different. But the destinies of countries,
as well as of men, are in the hands of an
all-seeing Providence, so let us

"In His decisions rest,
Secure, whatever He gives, He gives the best."

Charles Gavin Duffy, writing in July,
1866, says of Davis: "It never has been
my good fortune to meet so noble a
human creature; so variously gifted, so
unaffectedly just, generous, and upright,
so utterly without selfishness, and with-
out vanity; and I never expect to meet
such another."

The *Warder*, a Dublin newspaper, and
a bitter antagonist of his views, wrote
thus when he died: "With a scholarship
in general literature, as well as in history
and in politics, the extent of which was
absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis com-
bined the finest and the noblest natural
endowments of mind and disposition; he
was a constant, earnest, and guileless
honest laborer in the cause of his choice;
and in its service he lavished, with the
unreserve of conscious genius, the inex-
haustible resources of his accomplished
and powerful intellect. He was undeluded
by the scheming of ambition, untainted
by the rancor of faction; and if we pass
by the error of a wrongly chosen cause,
he was entitled truly to the noble name
of patriot. Young though he died, his
life had been long enough to impress the
public with a consciousness of his claims
upon their admiration and respect; his
admirers were of all parties, and in none
had he an enemy."

I cannot more fittingly conclude this
sketch than with the lines of John Fisher
Murray to the memory of Davis.

"Heavy and quick my sorrows fall
For him who strove with might and main
To leave a lesson, and a path to all,
How we might live—not live in vain.
O'er thy grave,
Thy spirit dwelleth in the air;
Thy passionate love, thy pure brave,
Thy hope assured, thy promise fair,
Generous and wise, farewell!—Fare-
Thee for the glorious dead and gone!
Fare-ye, friends, and bid adieu,
For comrades and slaves living on."
Dublin, Ireland.
P. A. LILLARD.

THE COOLUN.

(BY MARTIN McDERMOTT.)

[The Coolun is the name of one of the most
beautiful of ancient melodies; the Avonmore
is the Minster Blackwater.]

The scene is beside where the Avonmore
flows—
'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near
its close,
And an old woman sits with a boy on her
knee—
She smiles like the evening, but he weeps like the
dew;
The heart is as cold as the day, and the sun's
sparks
Show as you see that is fading the sun!
Beside the bright river—
The calm, glassy river,
That's sliding and gliding all peacefully on.

"Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing
me a song."
The old woman, calm, so sweet and so low,
For I love to sit to you more than blackbird
or thrush,
Though often the tears in a shower will rush
From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny,
say why,
When my heart's full of pleasure, I sob and I
cry.

To hear the sweet Coolun—
The beautiful Coolun—
An angel first sang it above in the sky."

And she sings, and he listens; but many years
pass,
And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-
yard grass;
And a young man seated upon the same stone,
Where the boy sat and listened so out to the
evening,
'Tis the boy—'tis the man, and he says while he
sings:
To the girl his side with the love-streaming
eyes,
"Oh! sing me the Coolun, she sings—
My beautiful Coolun,
Oh! sing me the Coolun," he says and he sighs.

"That air, *Ma Star*, brings back the days of
my youth,
That flowed like the river there, sunny and
smooth;
And it brings back the old woman, kindly and
dear—
If her spirit, dear O'Grady, is hovering near,
Heigh ho! to hear the old melody rise,
Warm, warm on the wings of our love and
our sighs."

Oh! sing me the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun—
Is the dew of a tear-drop is moistening his
eyes?

There's a change on the scene, far more grand,
far fair—
By the broad road, the Hudson are seated the
bair;
And the dark hemlock-air waves its branches
fair—
As they sigh for their land, as they murmur
their prayer,
Hush—the heart hath been touched, and its
musical strains—
Vibrate in song—'tis the Coolun, she sings—
The beautiful Coolun—
The beautiful Coolun—
The well of all men's deep-dwelling springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down
by-side,
When he was a bridegroom and she was a
bride;
The pulses of youth seem to throb in the
strain—
Old loves, long vanished, look kindly again—
Kind voices that touched them, and grand
illusions are—
Their feet have not touched them, this many a
year—
And as he rises the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun—
Not the air, but their native land faints on the
ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped
in hand—
Then to God send up prayers for the far-off
land—
And while grateful to Him for the blessings He
sent—
They know 'tis His hand that with-holdeth
content—
For the Eble and Christian must evermore
sigh
For the home upon earth and the home in the
sky—
So they sing the sweet Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun,
That mothers of both homes—they sing and
they sigh!

Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom
were nursed
Emotions that into such melody burst!
Be thy grave ever green—'tis the softest of
flowers—
And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its
flowers—
Oh, oh, be it moist with the tear-drops of love,
And may angels watch round thee, for ever
above!

Oh! bard of the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun,
That's sobbing, like Eric, with sorrow and
love!

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An Adventurous Franco-Irishman.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

A LARGE majority of the Irish who
made France the land of their
adoption were by education and
tradition more royalist than the royalists
themselves. They had a chivalrous, but
a no less absurd notion of the loyalty
they owed to the persons of kings and
princes. At home some of these brave
men had fought in Limerick and at
Aughrim, in defence of an Anglo-Saxon
churl who was struggling to regain his
crown. Despite the final overthrow of
James, Irishmen still clung to the Jaco-
bite cause, and carried with them to
France that intense feeling of king wor-
ship which is even still a predominant
characteristic of the Irish gentry and
Castleshopkeepers of to-day. When the
star of "Bonnie Charlie," the last of the
Jacobite pretenders, sank behind the
horizon, the Irishmen in France trans-
ferred their undivided allegiance to the
Bourbon kings, none of whom showed
any particular interest in any project
started for the independence of Ireland.
Thus the devotion of the Irish to the
Jacobites on the one hand, and to the
Bourbons on the other, was in every
sense of the word a thankless as well as
a profitless one—so far as the realization
of their country's national hopes was
concerned. Yet, when the Bourbon
flag fell begrimed with dust and blood in
the awful revolutionary cataclysm of '93,
these men of Irish blood or origin, clung
for the most part with a splendid fidelity
to the shattered crown and the broken
sceptre. Like other children of their
race on other occasions, they had the
peculiar misfortune of linking their
destinies with those of a losing cause.
And they paid the penalty of their devo-
tion in death; for hundreds of Franco-
Irishmen, like Dillon and others, died
under the blade of the guillotine, shout-
ing, "Vive le Roi!" Their descendants in
France to-day still believe in the chimeric
of loyalty. The Revolution in that coun-
try has made but very few Irish prose-
lytes—not, perhaps, because the Irish
loved liberty less than the French, but
because revolution in France often meant
atheism; and the Irish who were and
are intensely Catholic, were unable to
join hands with men whose gospel was
the *Encyclopaedia of Voltaire or Diderot*.
Nevertheless, there have been and there
are exceptions; and one of these latter-
day exceptions is no less a personage
than Monsieur Michael Morphy, who
was one of the leading lights of the
Boulangist movement in Paris