

THE GRAVE OF DAVIS.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF POETS

His Poem, "My Grave"—The Superintendent of Mount Jerome—The Statue of the Bard and Its Situation.

"The grave of Mr. Davis, sir," and the man in navy blue disappeared, while a middle-aged man—plump as a pudding, with bronzed face, telling of out-door life under fiercer than Irish skies, and eyes of twilight gray, set in a broad, massive skull that rose like a well-proportioned dome, bare of hair and shiny as a piece of burnished silver—took his place. There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and as he stands under the dark looming sky, that, like a fretful child, gives sunshine or tears at times, one foot resting on the monument, the other on the green sward, hat tilted back on his head and thumbs and index fingers in his vest pocket, gazing at the Yankee note-taker, I will ignore him, pleasant as he looks, for business is business was my father's odd phrase, and time and tide, says the copy-book, wait for no man. Such maxims are like genuine nerve-steadiers. You can always apply them to yourself, and they do make you seem less peccant.

I WAS DISAPPOINTED.

and felt angry with the man in navy blue. Had he said Davis' grave, or the grave of Davis, anything but that horrid Mr. It does seem so unseemly to tack on that common, every man's mouth-word, to a poet. It is like hiding a delicate-tinged flower with a piece of lead, made into the form of a crocodile. Poets' lives are the only ones that we love to fashion on our own anvil. The hard-headed mathematician may die the most picturesque death, we will not grant it: but let the poet die even so unromantic as to be cut off by a piece of hard crust, entangled in his hungry throat, and out-comes our anvil and down comes the hammer of fancy, and the crust becomes gold. Gold is a more poetical word than crust, as any rhyming dictionary will tell. Well it is good in this scientific time to have a little fancy left, to conjure up a dream and as we know

"Fancy in dreams is as uncontrolled
As a horse without a bridle."

It will cause less wonder then, that the graves of poets are so often disappointing. He may have been wrapped in a two-penny yard cotton shroud, a common white deal coffin, and buried in some desolate spot. Fancy, that played such a prank on the genial Miss Kilmansegg as to make her believe that she was a Golden Idol, will play the same tricks with us. Our poets died amid splendid scenes and they lie under green-wood trees. It is sad to shatter an ideal, but as life's way is paved by their fragments, and as we must succumb sooner or later to the real and stern I cast mine away by the grave of Davis, and found this real, which I give to you. It is not as fair as the ideal was, but it is true and the charm of truth lasts longer than that of fiction:—

"Whilst above the sod these poets were miserable enough. But charm hangs over their graves. The sternest pedestrian, even he who is most bent, on making his river by the precise path he has, with much study of the map, previously prescribed for himself, will yet often veer to the right or to the left, to visit the lonely churchyard where, as he hears by the way, lie the ashes of some brother of the tuneful quill. It may well be that this brother's verses are not frequently on your lips. It is not the lot of every bard to make quotations. It may sometimes happen to you, as you stand mournfully surveying the little heap, to rack your brains unavailingly for so much as a single couplet; nay, so treacherous is memory, the very title of his best known poem may, for the moment have slipped you. But your heart is melted all the same, and you feel it would have been a churlish thing to go on your original way, undiminished of the fact that—in yonder grave a Druid lies."

THE GRAVE OF DAVIS

has few things of interest to stamp on your memory. It is a little way from the superintendent's house, amid a nest of common graves gaudily decorated with uncommon tombstones, cut into by eulogies that show the fine swoop of the Celtic imagination. And where will you find it in all its fulness, other than in an

Irish graveyard? The Davis monument is a shapeless lump of Irish sandstone as thick and clumsy as a millstone of yesteryear. It covers the allotted grave space, and much more making verdure as scant as on a coral reef. There were no flowers, nor green grass to soften the harshness of the huge boulder. Getting on my knees, by no means a comfortable winter position, when the place is an Irish cemetery, I scraped from out the ill-shapen lettering the rank-green moss, the only emblem of life that seemed to vegetate in this plot, and copied the prose inscription which follows.

The bronzed-faced man smiled and shook his head. Head-shaking often denotes wisdom, and as for smiles, are they not tolerated by the very pinks of politeness. He might even laugh, give the full blown flower of which a smile is the bud, it mattered little. I had come to the Druid's grave and would read the guide-post of his friends. Scratched above the lettering was a woe-be-gone artistic attempt to etch a Celtic cross and then:

Them Also Which Sleep in Jesus
Will God Bring With Him
In Loving Memory of
Charlotte
Widow of John Frederick Ridley
Surgeon R. A. I.
Born 6th Nov., 1779. Died 12th Feb., 1844.
Also
Thomas Osborne Davis, B. A.
Barrister At Law
Born 24th Oct., 1814. Died 18th Sept., 1845
"He Served His Country And Loved His
Kind,"

This last line came back to me with the same sort of deliciousness as some long forgotten melody suddenly awakened to remembrance by the lute of a straggling player. Yes, that same line I had heard it was Davis' own, and then came the sad thought that the friends who had that befitting line on their heart beneath the shrine of their bard, could have buried him amid such mediocrity, and have covered his gentle spirit with such a massive stone, while in the same cemetery there was a green hill-side, a flowery daisy nook, shadowed with majestic elms. Had they buried him there they would have fulfilled his wishes, as is known to his every reader. Relatives are a queer set, and the worst of it, they have the best of us when we are dead. He may leave a hundred dying wishes, a fig for them, when we are gone. The strong hand of the Relative holds the reins and governs.

THE TROT TO THE GRAVE.

Here is one of Davis' dearest wishes. It was like the majority of such requests, laid on the table. If his land will become emancipated from her long night of bondage, in her freedom and quiet, she may reopen the subject. The poet asks a question, an old one if you will, a common one, that now and then we all ask, "Where shall they bury me?" Your ordinary man would answer it by going to the cemetery corporation and buying so many feet of parched mother earth and erecting upon it a conical headstone representing a kind of winged creature, dubbed an angel, that the angels above, nor the demons down under the sea would not fellowship with. If he is a man of wealth he might prefer Gates Ajar, Broken Shafts, Anchors, something of a pagan flavor. Wealth runs to the pagan in art, and as our cemeteries are mere curiosity shops, it is right for every man to mount and ride his hobby. Not in this wise will the poet. He mounts his Pegasus, and here are the hoof-prints:

On an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze—
Freshen the turf—put no tomb-stone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
He served his country, and loved his kind."

The poem practically ends here, but poets are prescient beings, and while he revelled in the beauty of such a grave, his mind had sad misgivings as to how his wishes would be carried out by the living. These misgivings take body in the couplet affixed to his pretty little poem:

"Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

Merry is the word. I have a keen hankering after such a grave, but some years since, during a will-contest I lost all faith in my relatives as fit persons to carry out a dead man's intention. To ask for such a grave would be in the eyes of the bench Solon lunacy, and what relative, be he ever so pleasant, will care to carry out a lunatic's wish. Poor Davis fared ill in Mount Jerome; might

he not have lain beneath the giant elms, with green sods and daisies above his manly heart. It is otherwise, and with a last look at the grave of the most loving nature that Ireland has had among her bards, covered with the ill-shapen boulder, I button my big coat and hasten to join Mickey.

"Poor weather lately," said the bronzed faced man, as he prepared to accompany me. I shook my head. "A good many of you Americans lately come to have a peep at Davis' grave. You know more about it than the Dublin folk. There's not ten in the city that could locate it. Well, its going to rain, Irish rain, a mean miserable kind. It will come in drops for an hour, then clear up; if you are a stranger, you will leave your umbrella at home—foolish, once disarmed it changes its tune and comes down in bucketfuls. Come over to my wigwam. You look like a journalist, in fact you are, I saw you at Jury's dining with a man that has been over here writing letters on Irish questions for three months. It's wonderful that you can listen to that everlasting Irish question. Patience, aye, you are noted for it. I am a Unionist, you are a Gladstone man, else Davis' grave would have escaped your note-book. If you had been here a few minutes sooner, I could have shown you Davis' brother. He comes here often, and although he has wisely outgrown his brother's beliefs he treasures his genius. He bears a great resemblance to the poet. Come to the wigwam or else we will be submerged."

THE INVITATION

was expressed in so hearty a manner that to the wigwam we went. Some men have a peculiar habit of (as they say in Ireland) nicknaming everything. It may have been a peculiarity of my guide, as wigwam in this instance meant a neatly furnished house, one room of exceeding interest, from its choice cabinet of rarities gathered in all the lands that had bronzed his skin. He introduces himself, and now that I know his name, permit me to introduce him as Major Gamble, Supt. of Mount Jerome. Rarely have I met a more pleasant man, brimful of quaint lore and sparkling Celtic wit. When I had partaken of his hospitality and inspected his curios, noting the warmth of the man, I cast aside all functionary restraint and asked his opinion of Davis. It was frankly given with other Davis matters then made known for the first time. He considered Davis a rare genius, a poet of no mean make. "His work was left unfinished, fragmentary, but from it we could have a tolerable estimate of the house the poet would have given us had he lived. The loss of Davis was to be deeply mourned by all classes. He was a man." I was shown the statue of Davis in front of the house. Its former location was by the grave, but owing to its perishable qualities it had been removed to its present more shaded position. It shows the bard in a stiff conventional position, and if some prints shown to me in Dublin are to be taken (as I believe they are by the poet's friends) as a speaking likeness, then the sculptor caught not in stone the features of the founder of the Nation. Davis had an extraordinary face; in the play of thought it was positively beautiful. The face in front of the Supt.'s house in Mount Jerome is a very ordinary one. You might look at it to doomsday without gaining a single speck of the poet's character.

THIS STATUE WAS NEVER PAID FOR.

Ireland is not noted for erecting tributes to her great men. The poor sculptor may have had fame, but no bread, for this piece of work. A few committees—such things in Dublin are as common as crows in a rookery—made long-winded speeches and passed serpentine resolutions, pledging themselves, on behalf of Davis' memory, Irish patriotism and coming events, to rescue from the trustees of Mount Jerome the statue and give it a more fitting home in the Corporation Hall. Despite this acrobatic word display it stands there, and owing to its decaying condition and the weather effects, may be in smash by the time the dull corporation has found funds enough to pay the original debt. We hear a great amount of clap-trap of the reverence of Irishmen for the memory of Davis. In the capital of their country they allow his only monument to perish for the sake of a few pounds. It was ever thus, as Grattan, O'Connell, etc., found in their life time, and lesser lights

may have long since discerned from better lands. More fickle than the Grecians, their gods of to-day are to be the crushed victims to-morrow. It was the Poet Priest, who wrote:

"The stranger's face makes the friend's forgot."

The history of his race passing through his mind made that line fall from his pen. It was growing dark, and the rain fell in torrents, the wind swept through the mighty elms, making them groan human-like, and now and then a flash of lightning made the tombstones like ghosts arising from their gloomy haunts. "Good-by, Major." "Good-by, sir, and health and happiness wherever you go." I joined poor drenched Mickey, patted patient Betsy, and took my seat. "Your last drive in Dublin, sir." "My last, Mickey." "God bless you, sir." "Amen, Mickey," and away went Betsy.

LECKY.

WHEN IN DESPAIR.

When in despair of being cured of lung troubles, there is still a hope, and a strong hope, of perfect cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This medicine cures even after all others have failed, and no one suffering from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainable.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

A most wretched lie-awake of thirty-five years, who thought himself happy if he could get twenty minutes' sleep in twenty-four hours, says in regard to his experience with hot water as a cure for sleeplessness: "I took hot water, a pint comfortably hot, one good hour before each of my three meals, and one the last thing at night naturally unmixed with anything else. The very first night I slept for three hours, then turned over and again slept till morning. I have faithfully and regularly continued the hot water, and have never had one bad night since. Pain gradually lessened and went, the shattered nerves became calm and strong, and instead of each night being one long misery spent in wearying for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet, refreshing sleep I now enjoy."

ENDORSED BY THE LEADERS.

When a remedy is endorsed by ministers, editors, merchants, farmers and leading men of all classes, it is strong evidence that that remedy has great merit and does what is claimed for it. Such a remedy is Burdock Blood Purifiers, its wonderful success as a cure for dyspepsia, bad blood, etc., is well known to young and old.

Positivism.

Positivism was put into shape by M. Auguste Comte, some fifty years ago. Himself by right a Catholic, Comte had a great love for the Catholic ritual, which he wished still to preserve after having forsaken its Divine Object. He invented accordingly a human object of worship, namely, the whole multitude of great and good men of all creeds and parties, that have been since the beginning. This collective flower of humanity he called the *Grand Etre*. Positivists in England are divided into two camps, the one under Dr. Cosgrove, who strictly keeps up the Comtist worship, the other under Mr. Frederick Harrison, who finding himself hard pressed in controversy, has so explained and whittled away the word worship, as to have nothing left in his hands but the bare name. It has come to this, that Mr. Harrison honours the memory of the good and brave of old, and so do we all. He calls that worshiping them, which we do not.

A serious drawback.—"Jack, my dear fellow, your cousin is a delightful creature. I wish I had her for a wife." "You needn't wish anything of the kind." "What? Why not?" "She can't play the piano." "Well, you don't think she is any the worse for that, surely?" "I said she could not play the piano, but the mischief is she will play, notwithstanding."

Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption.

—Teacher—"Who was Atlas?" Boy—"Ooo! He was the biggest highwayman there ever was. He robbed everybody." Teacher—"Nonsense!" Boy—"Well, the book says he held up the earth."—Good News.

She: Do you love me for myself alone?
He: Yes; and when we are married I don't want any of the family thrown in.