

**SOME OF THE POETICAL  
WORKS OF THOMAS  
DILLON JONES**

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Some of the poetical works of Thomas Dillon Jones by Thomas Dillon Jones

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SOME OF THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS DILLON JONES

COLLECTED AND EDITED  
WITH SHORT MEMOIR BY HIS DAUGHTER

JANE MACER

ABERDEEN  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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## MEMOIR OF THOMAS DILLON JONES.

THE poems which it has been possible to collect for publication after so long an interval as forty-three years from the death of the Author are necessarily fragmentary. In his time Thomas Dillon Jones was a prolific writer of both poetry and prose, and contributed to the leading magazines of the day. Several of his songs were set to music by Lindley, and enjoyed considerable popularity, e.g. "Oh! then I'll think of thee".

Thomas Dillon Jones was born at Benada, in the County of Sligo, in 1819. He was descended from an ancient Welsh family through Sir Roger Jones, who was knighted on 6 June, 1624, by Viscount Falkland, and who eventually established himself in Ireland. Sir Roger Jones lived in the Castle of Ballydhricath, the ruins of which are still extant, and a bridge in the neighbourhood is still known as "Lady Jones' Bridge".

Educated at the Sligo School under Dr. Elliott, he carried off a number of prizes. At that time he was the heir to the Benada estate, and the subsequent birth of a direct heir to his uncle, when the latter was well on in years, made a considerable difference to his prospects.

Having taken up medicine as a profession he studied at the Royal College of Surgeons, and a brilliant

career appeared to be opening before him. Unfortunately in 1840 he burst a blood vessel, was compelled to abandon his studies, and take complete rest for a period of two years. Undoubtedly this period of rest gave an impetus to his literary inclinations, as during this time he was a frequent contributor to "The Warden," "Sligo Chronicle," and other newspapers and magazines. During the ten years from 1842 to 1852 he was a classical and mathematical tutor at Dublin, and sons of some of the principal Irish families passed through his hands.

In 1852 he took a great part in the organization of the Dublin Exhibition, of which he became chief financial officer. At the close of the Exhibition he received from the Committee an illuminated vote of thanks with a service of gold plate, together with a testimonial and cordial expression of thanks from the exhibitors. During the two years 1854 and 1855 he was engaged in the service of the Crystal Palace Company of London.

Subsequently he became general superintendent of the Falcon Life Assurance Company, but he left this appointment in 1856 to take up a partnership in the engineering firm of C. D. Young & Co., who were largely engaged in erecting buildings for the various exhibitions which were so popular at the period. Some of the works for which he was responsible were De Trafford's Bridge, Manchester; Fairbairn's Roof, and a large contract in connection with the Manchester Exhibition. In 1862, when the Oporto Exhibition was being organized, Mr. Jones submitted designs and plans in competition with the leading engineers of the day, and these were accepted by H.M. the King of Portugal.



In 1864 he was elected a member of the Society of Civil Engineers.

He died on 17th April, 1869, leaving a widow and seven children—three sons and four daughters. His widow and the whole of his children still survive him.

JANE MACER.

*June, 1912.*

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## THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

Pictured in memory's mellowing glass 'tis sweet  
Our youthful days, our youthful joys to greet ;  
'Tis sweet when all the evil shuns the gaze  
To view the unclouded skies of other days.

H. K. WHITE.

In the summer of youth, when sweet hope is entwining  
A garland of pleasure to festoon the brow,  
When the beautiful spirit of promise is shining  
With all the indulgence of liberty's glow,  
There are calm stilly moments of delicate sadness  
Which tinge the young heart with despondency's tone,  
When the juvenile spirit will turn with gladness  
To gaze on the light of "The days that are gone".

When the fleet wing of time wafts us over youth's morning,  
And life's misty scenes are revealed to our view,  
When the world, with its heartless reflecting and scorning,  
Unshrouded appears in reality's hue ;  
Even then, when the soft eye of memory gazes  
On scenes that have faded away one by one,  
It is sweet to look back through time's vapoury mazes,  
And revel in thought on "The days that are gone".

When the tremor of age, and the countenance dreary  
Bespeak the damp mildew of drooping decay,  
When the cold heart is sad—when the spirit is weary  
And joy's lucid tints are departing away,