











Most faithfully your friend

A. F. Magner

BRIGADIER-GENERAL

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER:

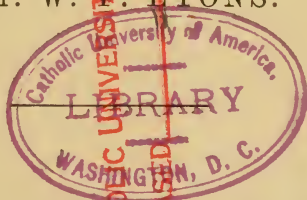
HIS POLITICAL AND MILITARY CAREER;

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

HIS SPEECHES AND WRITINGS.

BY

CAPT. W. F. LYONS.



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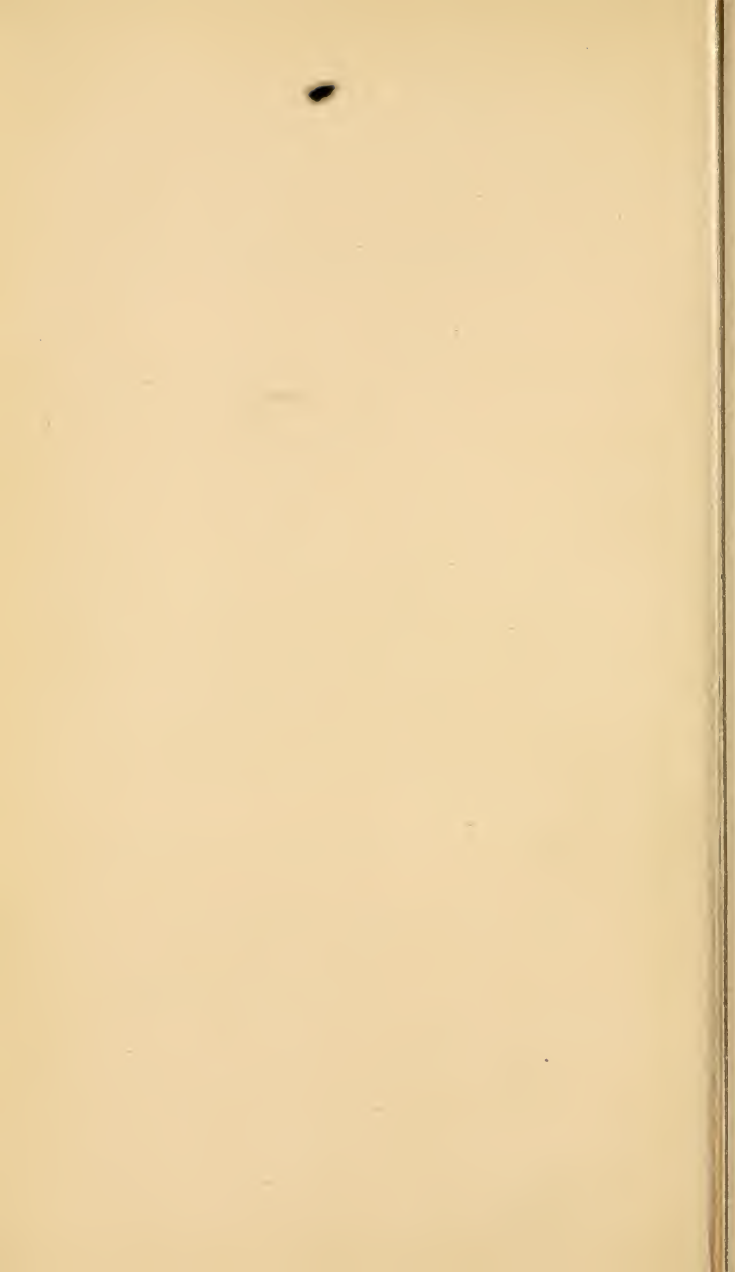
MEAGHER was a soldier before he girded on the sword. He was a soldier in the cause of liberty from the time when he stood upon the battlements of Antwerp, as he described in that famous speech, delivered in Dublin, July 28th, 1846, when he declined to stigmatize the sword, because "at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!" The fortunes and the honor of the brave men of his race who took up arms all the world over, "in any good cause at all," were always dear and near to his heart.

In sympathy with this feeling, therefore, I dedicate this volume to

The Irish Soldier Everywhere.

W. F. LYONS.

NEW YORK, December, 1869.



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INTRODUCTION.

WHY the life of Thomas Francis Meagher should be written requires no explanation. The career of a man who has made so interesting a part of the history of twenty remarkable years, who participated prominently in two revolutionary struggles—a bloodless one in the Old World, and a sanguinary one in the New—whose eloquence has thrilled two peoples by a fervor not common to the orators of our time, but almost peculiar to himself, and by a redundancy of classic beauty, both in thought and language, which distinguished his oratorical efforts from those of any contemporary; the career of such a man should not be left to the mere memory of his words and works.

Thousands who watched his course, from his first entry into public life in the very flush and exuberance of early manhood, down to the hour of his death;—who saw with what self-sacrifice

he flung behind him the pleasures and honors of a wealthy home, to share in the labors and dangers of the patriots then battling for the cause of his country; and who remember how manfully he faced all the buffets of ill-fortune which followed—the disasters of defeat, the solemnity of condemnation to the scaffold, and the penalty of eternal exile :—all these thousands living in two hemispheres who loved him for the grand chivalry which clothed him like the armor of a knight, and the tenderness which permeated every fibre of his genial nature, will, perchance, appreciate this volume, however imperfectly its pages may present the story of a remarkable, and not fruitless life.

How it comes to pass that the author has undertaken the task can be briefly stated. It is, with him, a work of love and duty. A tribute to a friendship cemented in years gone by, and enduring all days, even to the sorrowful end.





BRIGADIER-GENERAL
THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY CAREER—THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT OF '48.

“ It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver. If it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised.”

SHAKESPEARE'S CORIOLANUS.

IN writing of the life, character, and genius of Thomas Francis Meagher, we have to treat of one whose name is familiar in two hemispheres. It has made part of the history of Ireland and of America for the last twenty years. In Ireland it has been associated with events which characterized an epoch not rare in the story of that country,—an epoch of rev-

olution. What Lord Edward Fitzgerald was to the period of '98, and Robert Emmet was to the unfruitful though gallant movement of 1803, Meagher was, in a great measure, to the revolutionary attempt of 1848.

Endowed with the same gifts of youth, fortune, and a highly cultivated mind, he was not deficient in the gallantry to lead, and the fortitude to suffer, which were conspicuous qualities in the character of Fitzgerald and Emmet. In America he has not only been recognized as a prominent representative of the genius, oratorical talent, and chivalry of his race, but he has contributed much, by the brilliancy and efficiency of his services as a soldier, to maintain the permanency of the Government.

Born in the city of Waterford, Ireland, on the 3d of August, 1823, he was placed, at the age of 11 years, under the care of the Jesuits, in their famous college at Clongowes Wood, in the county of Kildare. Here his young mind received the first impressions of classic lore, and of the skill and power of oratory which afterwards made him so distinguished, and of which, even in those early days, he gave extraordinary evidence in his own school-orations. He left Clongowes College to complete his education at that

of Stoneyhurst in Lancashire, England, from which, after an assiduous course of study, he entered upon the world in 1843, with a reputation for ripe scholarship and rare talents which his future career in public life has permanently established. The transition from the serenity of collegiate life to the busy scenes of political strife upon which the young student entered, upon his return to Ireland in 1843, was as sudden as that which the mariner, basking in the luxurious calm of the Indian Ocean, experiences when the fearful simoom sweeps down from the coast, converting the placid sea into a boiling caldron. The Repeal movement was then agitating the country. Every town and village was in a ferment. O'Connell, playing with the passions of the people, which he controlled with a potency equal to the wand of Prospero, had constructed a gigantic organization upon the hopes he inspired, which promised to the aspirations of the most enthusiastic a national life, but which, after the incarceration of O'Connell in 1844, was only redeemed from the obloquy of an ignominious collapse when the youthful vigor of the country, which had been uncorrupted by the hackneyed ways of the politicians, stepped in, and declared that revolution, and not agita-

tion, nationality and not "amelioration," was what the country needed. In the band of these true and earnest men who made this their Evangel, of whom John Mitchel, Thos. Davis, W. Smith O'Brien, Devin Reilly, Doheny, John Martin, McManus, O'Gorman, Dillon, were the leading spirits, Meagher stood in its front rank. What need to repeat the story of '48? I do not propose to do so here. The effort and the failure are but too sadly familiar. It had its heroes and its martyrs: the former could be numbered by thousands; the latter, who fell directly under the bann of British "law" and obtained a place in history, may be but few; but the exiles who staked and lost all,—whose chairs are vacant by the fireside at home,—whose family ties are dissevered,—and the sun of whose fortunes is overclouded, count by hundreds. Though their names may not be found in the honored roll of patriot martyrs, their sacrifices are none the less.

It was at this period that John Mitchel first made the acquaintance of the "Young Tribune," as people afterwards learned to call him. They met in Dublin, after Meagher's return from his English college, at the time when the marvellous effect of 'Thomas Davis' genius was awak-

ening the land to a consciousness of the innate power of the people, and recalling to mind the traditions, the valorous deeds, and the civilization of ancient Ireland, in trenchant prose and musical verse. When and where Meagher and Mitchel met, John Mitchel tells in the columns of his *Irish Citizen*, thus:—

“It is difficult now, for those who did not know Davis, to understand and appreciate the influence which that most puissant and imperial character exerted upon the young Irishmen of his day. Meagher had never known him personally, but had been inspired, possessed by him. In speaking of Davis, his Lancashire accent seemed to subside; and I could perceive, under the factitious intonations of Cockaigne, the genuine roll of the melodious Munster tongue. We became friends that evening.

“Next day he came to me at the *Nation* office, in D'Olier street: we walked out together, towards my house in Upper Leeson street; through College Green, Grafton street, Harcourt street; and out almost into the country, near Donnybrook. What talk! What eloquence of talk was his! how fresh, and clear, and strong! What wealth of imagination, and

princely generosity of feeling! To me it was the revelation of a new and great nature, and I revelled in it, plunged into it, as into a crystal lake. He talked no "politics," no patriotism; indeed he seldom interlarded his discourse with those topics; but had much to say concerning women and all that eternal trouble, also about Stoneyhurst and his college days. We arrived at my home, and he stayed to dinner. Before he left he was a favorite with all our household, and so remained until the last.

"Soon after, bound by his allegiance to the memory of Davis, he fairly committed himself to the party nicknamed 'Young Ireland;' and that cost him, what we all know. But, young Ireland, or old Ireland, he was always Irish, to the very marrow."

Meagher's services in the national cause of Ireland were compressed into the period of a few years. It was the stormiest time in the history of the country during all its struggles against foreign domination, since the days of the volunteers in 1782, when Grattan and Charlemont were the master spirits, and the revolution of 1798, of which Wolfe Tone, and Fitzgerald, and Emmet, Bond, Hamilton Rowan,

and the other leaders of the "United Irishmen" were the inspiration.

From 1845 to 1848 Meagher labored zealously in conjunction with the other leaders of the party upon which was at first somewhat sneeringly bestowed, but of which it may feel justly proud, the title of the "Young Ireland Party,"—proud of its title because its young heart presented itself as a barrier against the tide of political corruption, place-hunting, and snivelling "patriotism;" and because it advocated the only thing known in Irish politics that rose above the genius of political tricksters—a national sovereignty. Meagher's participation in this struggle is already well known. The enthusiasm which his fervent eloquence and personal daring created in the people, contributed perhaps more than any other agency to impart vitality to a cause which was only unsuccessful because it lacked the physical strength to compete with a power untrammelled by foreign wars or diplomatic combinations, which might have reduced its capacity to resist revolution within its own borders. In the Summer of 1848 Meagher was captured, with arms in his hands, in the county of Tipperary, while engaged in an effort to array the peasantry against the au-

thority of the British crown, after O'Brien's attempt at Ballingarry. He was tried for high treason, in conjunction with Smith O'Brien, Terence Bellew McManus, and Patrick O'Donoghue, at a special commission in Clonmel. He was convicted, of course, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his remains to be placed at the disposal of her majesty the Queen, to be dealt with according to her royal pleasure. His speech on the passing of this barbarous sentence will long be remembered for its unflinching spirit, its calmness, dignity, and splendid justification of the acts for which he was condemned to suffer. It was as follows:—

SPEECH IN THE DOCK AT CLONMEL.

“My Lords, it is my intention to say only a few words. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, shall be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter when I shall be no more, the country which I have tried to serve, would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn mo-

ment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them ; and, by the country, the sentence which you, my Lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. :

“ Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my Lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made, in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the efforts may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people.

“ With my country then I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood in-

dicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of the scene; but, earnestly beseech of you, my Lord, you who preside on that bench, when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have all past away, to appeal to your conscience and ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial, and indifferent between the subject and the Crown?

“My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it might seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have done,—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it; even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave, in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here,

encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my old country, her peace, her glory, her liberty! For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up,—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world,—to restore her to her native power and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and my ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal,—you (addressing Mr. McManus) are no criminal,—you (addressing Mr. O'Donohue) are no criminal: I deserve no punishment,—we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt; is sanctified as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice!

“With these sentiments, my Lords, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty—having spoken what I felt to be truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to

the country of my birth, my passion, and my death,—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I have sought to still—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for freedom,—the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honor, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce then, my Lords, the sentence which the law directs—I am prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart, and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and where, my Lords, many—many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.”

By special act of royal clemency, however, the prisoners were released from the extreme penalty, their punishment being commuted to transportation for life to the convict settlement at Van Dieman's Land. In the spring of 1852, after nearly four years of penal exile, he made

his escape, and landed in New York in the latter part of May. He was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm by all classes. The corporation presented him with a congratulatory address, through a joint committee of both boards, at the Astor House, on the 10th of June, and tendered him, on behalf of the metropolis, a public reception. Meagher, on that occasion, made a most dignified and modest reply, declining to accept any public entertainment in his honor, but gratefully acknowledging the sympathies expressed for him and the cause he had espoused and for which he suffered. He said: "Whilst my country remains in sorrow and subjection, it would be indelicate of me to participate in the festivities you propose. When she lifts her head and nerves her arm for a bolder struggle—when she goes forth like Miriam, with song and timbrel, to celebrate her victory—I too shall lift up my head, and join in the hymn of freedom. Till then, the retirement I seek will best accord with the love I bear her, and the sadness which her present fate inspires. Nor do I forget the companions of my exile. The freedom that has been restored to me is embittered by the recollection of their captivity. My heart is with them at

this hour, and shares the solitude in which they dwell. Whilst they are in prison a shadow rests upon my spirit, and the thoughts that otherwise might be free throb heavily within me. It is painful for me to speak. I should feel happy in being permitted to be silent. For these reasons you will not feel displeased with me for declining the honors you solicit me to accept."

While the disappointment of the public was great, these noble words were received with profound admiration; nor was there any hesitancy in accepting them as evidence of a true, a manly, and a magnanimous nature.

Meagher soon became distinguished as a popular lecturer. His first subject was "Australia," and was a brilliant effort of elocution. Other subjects followed, principally upon affairs relating to Ireland—her poets, orators, statesmen, and men of letters—until Meagher became a favorite lecturer in every State and city in the Union, where his voice was soon familiar to the ear of his countrymen. As a public writer and speaker, also, his reputation became very great. In September, 1855, after studying with Judge Emmet, he was admitted to the New York bar, where he made at least one famous effort in the United States Court, in the case of Fa-

bens and the other Nicaragua "filibusters." He soon conceived the idea of undertaking an expedition to Central America, for the purpose of exploring that wild and luxuriant country, much of the wealth of which was still undeveloped, and through whose entangled forests new pathways had to be cut to facilitate the transit to the Pacific. Accordingly, accompanied by Señor Ramon Paez, son of the late venerable President of Venezuela, Meagher started for Costa Rica, and made a most valuable tour through that country, encountering vast difficulties in traversing the hitherto untrodden wilds, amidst which he discovered a new line of transit, which may be one day made available. On his return to this country, the information he had thus acquired was communicated to the public in a series of lectures admirably illustrated in panoramic form, and was subsequently published in a more permanent shape in *Harper's Magazine*. Some of the passages in these papers exhibit his brilliant descriptive powers.

In 1853, Meagher published, from the press of Redfield, New York, a volume of his speeches on "The Legislative Independence of Ireland." This collection, together with its introduction,

furnished to the American public the salient points in his antecedent history, as well as the motives which impelled him to his patriotic career in his native country. The speeches were the reflex of Meagher's mind in its youthful vigor, and we know of nothing which he has since spoken or written that excels them in that ornate language so peculiar to him, or that fervor which the inspiration of '48 only could supply. In the poesy of words with which his eloquence clothed every idea—the fine pictorial effect and rich coloring that adorned everything he said, Meagher probably had no model. If he followed the style of Curran or Grattan—and he inclined most to the latter—he invested it with an originality of thought and expression that made his glorious eloquence all his own.

In the "Preface" to this volume of speeches Meagher not only gives the reason for publishing them, but the motives which brought them into life. He says :

"The anxiety will not be censured which induces me to save from injury the proofs of an interest early taken in the condition of my native land. Nor will it be wholly ascribed to vanity, if the hope escapes me that even yet

these words of mine may conduce to her advantage. To some extent the speeches may be considered out of date. The tone inspired by a people in the attitude of resistance sounds strangely upon the ear when the chorus which hailed the coming of the contest has ceased and the fire upon the altar has been extinguished.

“To revive in Ireland the spirit which, in the summer of 1848, impetuously sought to clear a way, with an armed hand, to the destiny that lay beyond an intervening camp and throne, may be for the time forbidden. But in the pursuit of humbler blessings—in the endurance even of defeat, the vices which adversity engenders or exasperates may be resisted—hope, activity, and courage be awakened—all those virtues be restored and nourished, which, in a loftier mood, were loved so dearly for the strength and ornament they bestowed. The suppressions of sectarian feuds—the blending of the various races that have at different seasons been cast upon our soil, and have taken root therein—the love of truth, liberality, and labor—the necessity of disinterestedness, integrity, and fortitude amongst the people—the necessity of a high order of intellect, honor, and propriety amongst our public men—these

were the lessons taught,—these the virtues encouraged and enforced—when, breaking through a corrupt system of politics, the young Democracy of Ireland claimed for their country the rank and title which was hers by natural law, by covenant, and prescription.”

In the month of April, 1856, Meagher made his first and only essay as a journalist. On the 9th of that month he published the first number of the “*Irish News*,” in New York. In this enterprise he was assisted by two worthy gentlemen, Messrs. Richard J. Lalor and Gerald R. Lalor, who continued to publish the paper until its decline in July, 1860. For some time after the paper was started, John Savage was amongst its most active contributors. Meagher himself wrote much for the journal in its early days, furnishing many humorous reminiscences of his Irish life, but not exhibiting in his other articles, to any remarkable degree, that vigor of thought and richness of language with which his lectures and speeches abounded. Journalism was, in fact, not Meagher’s best field of action, and I think he had become convinced of that before he abandoned it for the stormy life of the soldier and the politician.

There were many incidents in Meagher's life in Ireland which seemed to identify his future connection with the American Republic. One of them had a peculiar significance. During the height of the Irish famine of 1847, the ship "Victor" from New York arrived in Dublin, loaded with corn for the starving Irish. The captain of the ship was entertained at a splendid banquet in the Pillar-room of the Rotundo, Dublin, over which the venerable Richard O'Gorman, now deceased, presided. Meagher, in proposing the health of the ladies of America, concluded his beautiful speech with these words—"Should the time come when Ireland will have to make the choice, depend upon it, Sir, she will prefer to be grateful to the Samaritan rather than be loyal to the Levite." These were prophetic words. The pledge they inspired, Meagher kept to the death. On one occasion during the war he happened to meet the captain of the "Victor." Meagher had then fought his brigade all through the Peninsular battles. Captain Clark was a lieutenant on one of the gunboats. Their meeting was of the heartiest kind. The captain recalled what Meagher had said in the Pillar-room, and, shaking him with both hands, exclaimed—

“General, you have nobly kept the promise you then made.”

During his visit to Central America, Meagher made many friends among the most distinguished men of that country; and some of the most enthusiastic congratulations upon his gallant conduct in the war were afterwards bestowed by these gentlemen.

When the war in the South broke out, Meagher entered, as we have seen, promptly into the army of defence; but he did not take this course with undue precipitancy, as from his ardent nature might be supposed. On the contrary, it was not until his conscientious judgment determined him that it was his duty, that he took up arms on the side of the Government. But, his resolution once formed, he never for an instant wavered or grew cold. Both morally and physically his support of the Union was genuine and vigorous, such as any patriot or soldier might stake his reputation upon. When he returned after his resignation of the command of the brigade, and with it his commission, the enemies of the Administration counted surely on his siding with them,—partially at all events, for it was the general opinion that neither he nor his brigade had been justly treat-

ed. They were grievously and bitterly disappointed. At the dinner given him in the Astor House by a number of distinguished citizens, June 25th, 1863, on which occasion a magnificent gold medal was presented to him, he flung his private vexations, whatever they may have been, to the winds, and made one of his most impassioned and splendid appeals in favor of the National cause. It has been the positive characteristic of Meagher never to give up either a cause or a friend until he found the one to be false and the other to be bad. So true did Meagher prove himself to the National cause, both in and out of the field, from first to last, and all through the conflict, that President Johnson, in a communication addressed to the Adjutant-General, United States Army, setting forth Meagher's claims to promotion, urged them in the strongest language.

Meagher's bearing as a soldier, from beginning to end, was the subject of universal admiration, which was equally shared by the men he commanded, the generals associated with him, and even by the enemy, from whom many acknowledgments of his courage and daring emanated on several occasions. His devotion to his men was unceasing. While observing all

the rules of military discipline rigidly, as an efficient commander should do, he was always frank, joyous, and considerate with them ; careful of their wants when sick or wounded ; cheering them by pleasant words and smiles on the dreary march, and inspiring them in the hour of battle by his example. It has been alleged against the character of Meagher as a careful general, that he often exposed his brigade to unnecessary danger ; but it was never yet asserted that during the whole period of his command he ever took his men into a dangerous place without being the first to go himself. As Col. McGee said in his speech on the occasion of the presentation of colors to the Sixty-Ninth Regiment at Carrigmore, the residence of the late Daniel Devlin, Manhattanville, in December, 1863 :—“The words of our general when danger had to be faced were not, ‘Go, boys, go,’ but ‘Come, boys, follow me.’ Yet, as we have stated, slanderous insinuations were bruited abroad, such as those of Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, and as substantially squelched, by the denial of those who had the best opportunity of knowing their utter falsity. However it may have been sought by jealousy or malice to fasten upon Meagher charges of recklessness in

time of danger and indifference to the safety and comfort of the men under his command, every such charge has been amply disproved and repudiated by those best qualified to bear testimony. When the general was appointed to a command in the West under Gen. Steadman, the revered Principal of the St. Xavier's Jesuit College, Sixteenth-street, New York, in his letter of introduction to the Father Provincial at St. Louis, said of Meagher that "in all the battles to which Gen. Meagher led his soldiers, he acted as a true Christian gentleman, with a truly Irish faith." On the eve of Gen. Meagher's departure for Montana to assume his position as Secretary of that Territory by appointment of President Johnson, in the month of July, 1865, the author had the satisfaction of hearing another estimable clergyman say, in taking leave of the general—"You may take this assurance with you, which I give from my own knowledge, that every soldier of the Irish Brigade speaks of you with the utmost affection; and that being so, you need not care who speaks otherwise." If further evidence were necessary to rebut the stories of the many gossips and unthinking people who weakly assailed a gallant soldier's reputation, it can be found in

the address presented to Gen. Meagher at the headquarters of the Brigade by all its officers, upon the occasion of his taking leave of them. It was written by Col. James E. McGee, then commanding the Sixty-Ninth, and is as follows :

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS F. MEAGHER,
Late commanding Irish Brigade.

The undersigned officers of the original regiments of the Irish Brigade, in the field, having learned with deep regret that you have been compelled, by reasons of paramount importance, to tender your resignation as General of the Brigade, and the Government having accepted your resignation, you are about to separate yourself from us, desire in this manner, as the most emphatic and courteous, to express to you the sorrow we personally feel at your departure, and the sincere and heartfelt affection we entertain, and shall ever entertain, for you under all circumstances and changes of time and place.

We regard you, General, as the originator of the Irish Brigade, in the service of the United States ; we know that to your influence and energy the success which it earned during its

organization is mainly due; we have seen you, since it first took the field—some eighteen months since—sharing its perils and hardships on the battle-field and in the bivouac; always at your post, always inspiring your command with that courage and devotedness which has made the Brigade historical, and by word and example cheering us on when fatigue and dangers beset our path; and we would be ungrateful indeed did we forget that whatever glory we have obtained in many a hard-fought field, and whatever honor we may have been privileged to shed on the sacred land of our nativity, that to you, General, is due, to a great extent, our success and our triumphs.

In resigning the command of the remnant of the Brigade, and going back to private life, in obedience to the truest dictates of honor and conscience, rest assured, General, that you take with you the confidence and affection of every man in our regiments, as well as the esteem and love of the officers of your late command.

With this sincere assurance, we are, General, your countrymen and companions in arms.

P. KELLY,
Col. 88th N. Y. Irish Brigade.

JAMES SAUNDERS,
Capt. 69th N. Y.

R. C. BENTLY,
Lieut.-Col. Com'd'g 63d N. Y.

JOHN SMITH,
Major 88th N. Y.

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| JAMES E. MCGEE,
Capt. Commanding 69th N. Y. | MILES McDONALD,
1st Lieut. and Adjt. 63d N. Y. |
| WM. J. NAGLE,
Capt. Commanding 88th N. Y. | P. J. CONDON,
Capt. 63d N. Y., Company G. |
| RICHARD MORONEY,
Capt. 69th N. Y. | JOHN H. DONOVAN,
Capt. 69th N. Y. |
| JOHN H. GLEESON,
Capt. 63d N. Y., Company B. | JOHN J. HURLEY,
1st Lieut. 63d N. Y., Company I. |
| MAURICE W. WALL,
Capt. and A. A. G. Irish
Brigade. | EDW. B. CARROLL,
2d Lieut. 63d N. Y., Company B. |
| THOMAS TWOHY,
Capt. 63d N. Y., Company I. | JAMES GALLAGHER,
2d Lieut. 63d N. Y., Company F. |
| JOHN I. BLAKE,
Company B, 88th N. Y. | JOHN RYAN,
1st Lieut. 63d N. Y., Comp. G. |
| ROBERT H. MILLIKEN,
Capt. 69th N. Y. | MATTHEW HART,
2d Lieut. 63d N. Y., Comp. K. |
| GARRETT NAGLE,
Capt. 69th N. Y. | BERNARD S. O'NEIL,
1st Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| JOHN DWYER,
Capt. 63d N. Y. | MATTHEW MURPHY,
1st Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| MICHAEL GALLAGHER,
Capt. 88th N. Y. | LUKE BRENNAN,
2d Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| LAURENCE REYNOLDS,
Surgeon 63d N. Y. | ROBERT LAFIN,
2d Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| F. REYNOLDS,
Surgeon 88th N. Y. | W. L. D. O'GRADY,
2d Lieut. 88th N. Y. |
| RICHARD POWELL,
Asst. Surgeon 88th N. Y. | P. J. O'CONNOR,
1st Lieut. 63d N. Y. |
| JAMES J. PURCELL,
Asst. Surgeon 63d N. Y. | EDWARD LEE,
1st Lieut. 63d N. Y. |
| CHAS. SMART,
Asst. Surgeon 63d N. Y. | PATRICK MAHER,
1st Lieut. 63d N. Y. |
| RICHARD P. MOORE,
Capt. 63d N. Y., Company A. | DAVID BURK,
Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| JOHN C. FOLEY,
Adjt. 88th N. Y. | MARTIN SCULLY,
1st Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| JOHN W. BYRON,
1st Lieut. 88th N. Y., Comp. E. | RICHARD A. KELLY,
1st Lieut. 69th N. Y. |
| D. F. SULLIVAN,
1st Lieut. and B. Q. M. 69th N. Y. | JOSEPH M. BURNS,
Lieut. 88th N. Y. |
| JAMES I. McCORMICK,
Lieut. Quartr. 63d N. Y. | JAMES E. BYRNE,
Lieut. 88th N. Y. |

JOHN O'NEIL,
Lieut. 88th N. Y.

DOMINICK CONNOLLY,
2d Lieut. 63d N. Y.

WM. McCLELLAND,
2d Lieut. 88th N. Y., Comp. G.

JOHN J. SELLORS,
2d Lieut. 63d N. Y.

JOHN MADIGAN,
Lieut. 88th N. Y.

WILLIAM QUIRK,
Capt. 63d N. Y.

JAMES I. SMITH,
1st Lieut. and Adjt. 69th N. Y.

PATRICK CHAMBER,
1st Lieut. 63d New York.

EDMUND B. NAGLE,
Lieut. 88th N. Y., Company D.

PATRICK CALLAGHAN,
1st Lieut. 69th N. Y., Comp. G.

PATRICK RYDER,
Capt. 88th N. Y.

P. M. HAVERTY,
Quarter-Master 88th N. Y.

At the banquet given to the returned veterans of the Brigade in Irving Hall, January, 1864, Gen. Meagher boldly appealed to his comrades, demanding from them a denial of all these charges. He said, (we quote from a daily paper)—“Comrades! officers, and privates of the Irish Brigade, now that you are assembled together publicly in this city, I call upon you to answer me plainly, unreservedly, and honestly, whether the charges which have been circulated concerning me are true or false. It has been said of me that I have on several occasions wantonly and recklessly exposed the lives of my men. Is this true or not? [Cries of ‘No, no,’ in all parts of the house.] Have I ever brought you into the face of danger except when ordered there? [Renewed cries of ‘No.’] When I brought you where danger was to be encoun-

tered, was I not always the first in myself, and was I not always at your head? [‘Yes, yes,’ and the most uproarious applause.] Having brought you in, was I not the last out? [‘Yes, yes, yes,’ and a cry of ‘first and last in the danger,’ from one of the men.] I thank you for this contradiction of the malicious falsehoods which have been asserted against me, and I hope that this answer of the Irish Brigade will be sent not only over this land, but over to Europe, where the enemies of this country have many sympathizers and abettors.”

That will suffice upon this subject. It is not an agreeable task to have even to appear to enter upon a defence of a brave soldier, whose laurels are the proudest as well as the strongest rebutting testimony to all charges or insinuations, but as matters of history I have chosen to put these facts upon the record.

Meagher was the recipient during the war of many well-deserved honors from the citizens of New York. We have already seen that he was entertained at the Astor House by a large number of his friends and decorated with a magnificent medal, a description of which will afford some idea of the taste of design and skill of execution displayed in its manufacture. It is

wrought in the finest gold and is about three inches in diameter, the centre being formed by a beautiful miniature of an ancient Irish Cross; in fact it is a perfect fac-simile of the old Cross of Monasterboice, the tracery on the original being faithfully represented on the gold. Round the outside and bound with wreaths of Shamrocks to the points of the Cross, is a scroll or ribbon of gold, edged with enamel, and bearing the motto of the general's family—" *In periculis audacia et firmitas in celo*," (Boldness in dangers and trust in Heaven.) Behind this appear rays of glory emanating from the centre and typifying the "Sunburst." The medal is suspended from a military "ribbon"—red, white, and blue, edged with green—fastened by two pins: the upper one bearing the words, "Irish Brigade, U. S.;" the lower one is formed of a bundle of ancient Irish *skenes* and *sparths*, bound together by a wreath of laurel, which forms the loop in which the ring of the medal is inserted. On the ribbon are twelve clasps, each bearing the name of one of the battles at which the Irish Brigade was present, in the following order:—"Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Gaines' Mill, Peach Orchard, Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Antietam,

Fredericksburg, Scott's Mills, Chancellorsville." On the reverse of the medal is the inscription—"Gen. Meagher, from Citizens of New York, June, 1863."

The officers of the Brigade also presented him with a splendid gold medal with the Irish harp resting on the American and Irish flags, surrounded with a wreath of Shamrocks—as a token of their high appreciation and esteem. The presentation was made at the residence of Gen. Meagher, Fifth Avenue, by Col. Nugent, in the presence of a large body of the officers of the Brigade and a number of distinguished citizens. The hospitalities of the city were tendered to him by the Common Council, through a committee headed by Mayor Opdyke, at the Astor House; and on that occasion the "Kearney Cross," upon which was the inscription—"To Gen. Meagher, of the Irish Brigade, Kearney's friend and comrade of the Old Division." The Cross was presented by Alderman Farley on behalf of the Corporation.

When the Irish Brigade was more than decimated, after the series of battles which preceded that of Chancellorsville, Meagher resigned his command; tendering his services to the Government at the same time, in any other

capacity. He was soon after appointed to the command of the military district of Etowah, where he distinguished himself by the skill with which he held Chattanooga secure from the attacks of the enemy, with a small force, at one of the most critical points of Gen. Sherman's grand movement towards the Atlantic, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Thomas Meagher, the father of the subject of this memoir, was a wealthy retired merchant of Waterford, which city he represented for some time in the British Parliament. Here, too, Meagher's son, the issue of his Australian matrimonial alliance, was born, under the roof of his grandfather. Describing a visit to the quiet old home in the *Urbs Intacta*, in company with Meagher, during the '48 movement, John Mitchel refers to the boy, in these delicious terms:—

“In those same sombre rooms,” says Mitchel, “surrounded by the same solemn environment, there grows up at this moment another young shoot of that old Tipperary stock, a youth now of fifteen years, and with many subjects for thoughtful musing, if he has a head for thought, as is likely. Perhaps he occupies at this day his father's little study, surrounded by his fa-

ther's books, and haunted by his father's fame. What reflections must have passed through that youthful head, as the news used to arrive from day to day of some desperate battle on the Rappahannock or Chickahominy—and of the Green Flag of the Irish Brigade fronting the red Confederate battle-flag (no unworthy match). Did the boy see in thought his father's dark plume careering through the battle, amidst the smoke and thunder, and the tempest of crashing musketry and fierce shouts of the onset? Did the young heart swell with pride, and hope, and a longing and craving to be riding that moment by his father's side?"

The loss of Meagher's mother, almost in his infancy, was supplied by the maternal care of a most pious and exemplary aunt, whose heart was interwoven with the life of the boy. From her care he passed to the charge of the Jesuit institutions, where his education was completed. His reverence for these institutions, and the system practised there, never faded. Writing, years after he left them, he says:—

“All over the world the colleges of the Jesuits are precisely alike. I have spent six years

in Clongowes, their Irish college. I have spent four years in Stonyhurst, their English college. I have visited their college in Brussels, their college in Namour; their college in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia; visited their college in Springhill, a few miles from Mobile, in the State of Alabama; visited their college in New Orleans, on the banks of the great Republican river of the Mississippi; and in each and all, whether as an inmate or a visitor, the prevailing identity in each and all, no matter what the clime, what the government—the prevailing identity has been to me not only very perceptible, but singularly striking. Not only singularly striking, but from the completeness of its identity, suggestive of a grand belief—the belief that there is, or can be, with all the strifes, vagaries, incongruities, or enmities of the world, a code of moral excellence, gentleness, and beauty which may reconcile and blend the diversities and antipathies which our common nature, diseased by the fatal Fall, has thrown out and multiplied malignantly.”





CHAPTER II.

MEAGHER'S SOCIAL AND PERSONAL CHARACTER— HIS WIT AND COURAGE.

MEAGHER'S nature overflowed with the spirit of wit and humor. His wit was exquisite at times, and his humor always irresistible, yet he loved more to listen to wit in others than to display it himself. The pleasant, hearty, and almost silent laughter with which he enjoyed a happy joke, a quick repartee, or a brilliant thought thrown off spontaneously by his companions, will not be easily forgotten by those who shared with him the hours of sunshine which formed a part of his life in that interregnum in New York which existed between the stormy passages of his political career in Ireland, his penal exile in Australia, and his advent upon a new battle-field as a soldier. During that period it may be said that Meagher had

no well-defined purpose in life, except the grand one which was born with him, to be something great and useful in the world. While he enjoyed a comparative leisure in New York at this time, he was never idle. His lectures, his public speeches, his short journalistic labors, his Costa Rica pilgrimage, divided his thoughts with great schemes for the future;—schemes concerning which he was always hopeful, but few of which, unhappily, were destined to reach fruition. His law studies and his brief practice at the bar, were yokes which he bore, not without a little fretting to be sure, yet with infinite good-humor. He had the pluck to meet every difficulty in the path that lay towards the fulfilment of his aspirations. He was rarely down-cast; for indeed such good fortune as falls to a man's lot from the love and approbation of his friends was always present with him. The *crème de la crème* of New York society entertained him and courted him. He lived in that atmosphere as well as in the affections of his own people. He may have been, in a measure, spoiled by it; but I am not willing to give my testimony to that fact. Meagher was a gentleman—an Irish gentleman—and no flattery could add to the consciousness which he already pos-

sessed, that he represented, and was always ready to represent that class the world over. There was that innate material in him that could neither absolutely bend to flattery, nor submit to the approaches of vulgar familiarity. Everything small and mean in official or in private life he detested; and while he accepted, he could smile at the ovations bestowed upon him. Hence he had some enemies. And why not? What man wants to go to his grave without placing on record his enemies as well as his friends? If one's friends can be noted down amongst the good, and honest, and virtuous, and manly in society, it makes little difference where his enemies are placed. And this was precisely the case with Meagher. Here, therefore, I leave this branch of the subject.

There are many of his friends who remember with what indifference he regarded such hostility as came only from small and unworthy minds; how little he was affected by criticisms that sprung from an ignoble source. Sensitive as he always was to everything touching in the most delicate fashion his honor and his name, he could treat with good-natured contempt, expressed in an easy, and sometimes in a jovial way, attacks that even some of his friends re-

garded as severe and unjust ; dismissing them with a laughing but point-blank hit at the petty slanderer. But with what trenchant force he could defend himself when assailed from quarters worthy of his ire ! How boldly he could meet an attack, whether it came from a mob or a newspaper ! Mark his bearing in the turbulent scene at Belfast, when, in company with Mitchel and Smith O'Brien, he confronted the burly butchers of Hercules-street. As joyous as he was fearless in his bravery, he saw all the fun of the thing, while he did not think much about the danger. In Limerick, too, at the famous banquet given to O'Brien, Mitchel, and himself, on the 29th of April, 1848, when a senseless mob, instigated by an influence—which was powerful in proportion as it was regarded as sacred, and coming from a reverend source—made an assault upon the building, smashed the windows with stones, set fire to the structure, without one chivalrous thought for the safety of the hundreds of ladies who were within. Here, in the midst of the tumult, Meagher's calmness did not forsake him. While O'Brien, with his usual impetuous courage, went out of doors into the midst of the surging and howling mass, by whom—it is shameful to re-

cord—he was grossly maltreated, hoping to cow them by his boldness, Mitchel and Meagher remained within, awaiting the opportunity to say what they had to say, and were not going to leave without saying it. O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher had just been arrested on a charge of sedition, and were then under bail to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench at the approaching term. When the tumult was stilled, Meagher uttered this magnificent vindication of sedition, than which few nobler words ever came from his impassioned lips:—

“The occurrences of this evening do not dishearten me. I am encouraged by your sympathy, and can, therefore, forgive the rudeness of the rabble.

“Nor do I conceive that our cause is injured by these manifestations of ignorance and immorality. The mists from the marshes obscure the sun—they do not taint, they do not extinguish it.

“Enough of this. The wrongs and perils of the country must exclude from our minds every other subject of consideration.

“From the summer of 1846 to the winter of 1848, the wing of an avenging angel swept our

soil and sky. The fruits of the earth died as the shadow passed, and they who had nursed them into life, read in the withered leaves that they, too, should die; and, dying, swell the red catalogue of carnage in which the sins and splendors of that empire—of which we are the prosecuted foes—have been immortalized. And, whilst death thus counted in his spoils by the score, we, who should have stood up between the destroyer and the doomed—we, who should have prayed together, marched together, fought together, to save the people—we were in arms—drilled and disciplined into factions—striking each other across the graves that each day opened at our feet, instead of joining hands above them, and snatching victory from death.

“The cry of famine was lost in the cry of faction, and many a brave heart, flying from the scene, bled as it looked back upon the riotous profanation in which the worst passions of the country were engaged.

“You know the rest—you know the occurrences of the last few weeks. At the very hour when the feud was hottest, a voice from the banks of the Seine summoned us to desist. That voice has been obeyed—we have trampled upon the whims and prejudices that divided

us—and it is this event that explains the sedition in which we glory. The sudden reconstruction of the regenerative power which, in 1843, menaced the integrity of the empire, and promised liberty to this island, dictated the language which has entitled us to the vengeance of the minister and the confidence of the people.

“Nor this alone. It is not in the language of the lawyer or the police magistrate that the wrongs and aspirations of an oppressed nation should be stated. For the pang with which it writhes—for the passion with which it heaves—for the chafed heart—the burning brain—the quickening pulse—the soaring soul—there is a language quite at variance with the grammar and the syntax of a government. It is generous, bold, and passionate. It often glows with the fire of genius—it sometimes thunders with the spirit of the prophet. It is tainted with no falsehood—it is polished with no flattery. In the desert—on the mountain—within the city—everywhere—it has been spoken, throughout all ages. It requires no teaching—it is the inherent and imperishable language of humanity. Kings, soldiers, judges, hangmen, have proclaimed it. In pools of blood they have sought to cool and quench this fiery tongue. They

have built the prison—they have launched the convict-ship—they have planted the gallows tree—to warn it to be still. The sword, the sceptre, the black mask, the guillotine—all have failed. Sedition wears the crown in Europe on this day, and the scaffold, on which the poor scribes of royalty had scrawled her death-sentence, is the throne upon which she receives the homage of humanity, and guarantees its glory.

“Therefore it is, I do not blush for the crime with which I have been charged. Therefore it is, you have invited a traitorous triumvirate to your ancient and gallant city, and have honored them this evening.

“In doing so, you have taken your stand against the government of England, and I know of no spot in Ireland where a braver stand should be made than here, by the waters of the Shannon, where the sword of Sarsfield flashed. Whilst that old Treaty stone, without the Thomond gate, attests the courage and the honor of your fathers, the nerve and faith of Limerick shall never be mistrusted.

“No, there could be no coward born within those walls, which, in their old age, instruct so thrillingly the young hearts that gaze upon them with reverence—whispering to them, as

they do, memories that drive the blood, in boiling currents, through the veins—telling those young hearts, not to doubt, not to falter, not to fear—that in a sunnier hour the Wild Geese shall yet return from France !

“ These sentiments are, no doubt, seditious, and the expression of them may bring me within the provisions of this new felony bill—the bill, mind you, that is to strike the nation dumb.

“ Yes, from this day out, you must lie down, and eat your words ! Yes, you—you starved wretch, lying naked in that ditch, with clenched teeth and starting eye, gazing on the clouds that redden with the flames in which your hovel is consumed—what matters it that the claw of hunger is fastening in your heart—what matters it that the hot poison of the fever is shooting through your brain—what matters it that the tooth of the lean dog is cutting through the bone of that dead child, of which you were once the guardian—what matters it that the lips of that spectre there, once the pride and beauty of the village, when you wooed and won her as your bride, are blackened with the blood of the youngest to whom she has given birth—what matters it that the golden grain, which sprung from the sweat you squandered on the soil, has

been torn from your grasp, and Heaven's first decree to fallen man be contravened by human law—what matters it that you are thus pained and stung—thus lashed and maddened—hush!—beat back the passion that rushes from your heart—check the curse that gurgles in your throat—die!—die without a groan!—die without a struggle!—die without a cry!—for the government which starves you, desires to live in peace!

“Shall this be so?”

“Shall the conquest of Ireland be this year completed? Shall the spirit which has survived the pains and penalties of centuries—which has never ceased to stir the heart of Ireland with the hope of a better day—which has defied the sword of famine and the sword of law—which has lived through the desolation of the last year, and kept the old flag flying, spite of the storm which rent its folds—what! shall this spirit sink down at last—tamed and crippled by the blow with which it has been struck—muttering no sentiment that is not loyal, legal, slavish, and corrupt?”

“Why should I put this question?”

“Have I not been already answered by that flash of arms, which purifies the air where the

pestilence has been? Have I not already caught the quick beating of that heart, which many men had said was cold and dull, and, in its strong pulsation, have we not heard the rushing of that current, which, for a time, may overflow the land—overflow it, to fertilize, to restore, and beautify?

“The mind of Ireland no longer wavers. It has acquired the faith, the constancy, the heroism of a predestined martyr. It foresees the worst—prepares for the worst. The cross—as in Milan—glitters in the haze of battle, and points to eternity!

“We shall no longer seek for liberty in the bye-ways. On the broad field, in front of the foreign swords, the soul of this nation, grown young and chivalrous again, shall clothe herself, like the Angel of the Resurrection, in the white robe, and point to the sepulchre that is void; or shall mount the scaffold—that eminence on which many a radiant transfiguration has taken place—and bequeath to the crowd below, a lesson for their instruction, and an idol for their worship!”

Of a similar character as the scene of the Limerick Banquet, though not as violent or as

savage, was that which occurred in the Cork theatre on the night of the 20th of September, 1847. The galleries were taken possession of by a crowd, representing the "Old Ireland" party, whose Shibboleth just then was—"Who killed O'Connell?" This crowd made but a trifle of breaking down the doors when opposition to their entrance was presented. They formed a solid phalanx in the gallery, and seemed determined that no speaker on that stage should be heard. With considerable difficulty O'Brien, Meagher, and their friends obtained entrance through the stage door, so dense was the brawling mass outside. Denny Lane vainly attempted to obtain a hearing for the speakers. Michael Joseph Barry, who was then popular with his townsmen, was equally unsuccessful. O'Brien made a stubborn effort to get a hearing, in which he only partially succeeded, and finally retired from the scene. He made his speech, but it was imperfectly heard. When Meagher advanced to the front of the stage, he was received with a storm of yells from the upper regions, mingled with cheers from the pit and boxes, to which the ladies heartily added their approbation of the young orator. For five-minutes he looked silently on the tu-

mult. Then, striking his clenched hand upon the railing which was temporarily constructed to prevent a rush of the crowd upon the stage, he cried out—"If I have to stand here until to-morrow, you *must* hear what I have got to say." The sound of his voice stayed the outcries, and he proceeded to deliver an oration, the peroration of which is perhaps one of the most finished efforts, as well as the strongest illustration of his power over the masses. The writer remembers well the effect of that burst of eloquence, for he stood by the orator's side. It fell amongst those stormy elements like the voice upon the waters, bidding them to be still. Italy was at that time in the throes of an insurrection. Pius the Ninth, then in the first year of his pontificate, was planning measures of political amnesty and amelioration. Meagher seized upon the news to give effect to his speech, which he did in the following splendid language :

"Ah! is there nothing, at this day, at this very hour, to stir the blood within you? Do you not hear it? Does it not ring through the soul, and quiver through the brain? Beyond

the Alps a trumpet calls the dead nations of Europe from their shrouds!

“Italy! at whose tombs the poets of the Christian world have knelt and received their inspiration—Italy! amid the ruins of whose forum the orators of the world have learned to sway the souls of men, and guide them, like the coursers of the sun, through all climes and seasons, changing darkness into light, and giving heat to the coldest clay—Italy! from whose radiant skies the sculptor draws down the fire that quickens the marble into life, and bids it take those wondrous forms, which shall perish only when the stars change into drops of blood, and fall to earth—Italy! where religion, claiming the noblest genius as her handmaid, has reared the loftiest temples to the Divinity, and with a pomp, which in the palaces of the Cæsars never shone, attracts the proudest children of the earth to the ceremonies of her immortal faith—Italy! the beautiful, the brilliant, and the gifted—Italy! Italy is in arms!

“Down for centuries, amid the dust of heroes wasting silently away, she has started from her swoon, for the vestal fire could not be extinguished. Austria—old, decrepit, haggard thief

—clotted with the costly blood of Poland—trembles as she sheathes her sword, and plays the penitent within Ferrara's walls.

“Glory! Glory! to the citizens of Rome, patricians and plebeians, who think that liberty is worth a drop of blood, and will not stint the treasure to befriend in other lands a sluggish, false morality!

“Glory! Glory! to the maids and matrons of Rome—descendants of Cornelia—inheritors of the pride and loveliness of Nina di Rasseli—who, working scarfs of gold and purple for the keenest marksmen, bid the chivalry of their houses go forth and bring the vulture, shadowing their sunny skies, reeking to the earth!

“Glory! Glory! to the High Priest, who, within the circle of the Seven Hills—whose summits glitter with ten thousand virgin bayonets—plants the banner of the Cross, and, in that sign, commands the civic guard to strike and conquer!

“And what can Ireland do, to aid this brilliant nation in her struggle? In rags, in hunger, and in sickness—sitting, like a widowed queen, amid the shadows of her pillar towers and the gray altars of a forgotten creed—with two millions of her sons and daughters lying

slain and shroudless at her feet—what can this poor island do?

“Weak, sorrowful, treasureless as she is, I believe there are still a few rich drops within her heart that she can spare.

“Perish the law that forbids her to give more! Perish the law that, having drained her of her wealth, forbids her to be the boldest spirit in the fight! Perish the law which, in the language of our young apostle—‘our prophet and our guide’—compels her sons to perish in a climate soft as a mother’s smile—fruitful as God’s love! Perish the law which, in the language of one whose genius I admire, but whose apostasy I shall never imitate, ‘converts the island, which ought to be the most fortunate in the world, into a receptacle of suffering and degradation—counteracting the magnificent arrangement of Providence—frustrating the beneficent designs of God.’”

During the interval between his arrival in New York and the breaking out of the war, Meagher’s mind was unembarrassed by the graver thoughts which preceded and followed these two epochs, and it was then that his fine social qualities were best displayed. While

reading law, and skimming over novels in Judge Emmett's office;—while practising his legal profession, with Malcolm Campbell, under the title of Meagher and Campbell, in the third story natty office in Ann-street, with Bartholomew O'Connor, ex-judge and good fellow, for a joint tenant;—while laboring, or gossiping in the editorial sanctum of the *Irish News*, in the dingy little double room, partitioned off, and well pasted over with maps and Irish illustrations, up a crooked stairs, he found time for an occasional hour of social enjoyment, at which times his heart would open to his friends, and all the genial humor of his nature would pour forth in a bubbling flood. Public entertainments, too, engrossed a portion of his leisure, for his splendid eloquence was welcome everywhere. He was the guest of every organized society in the city; but the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" claimed him annually, first as a guest, and afterwards as a member, until, in 1856, he could no longer wash down their British loyalty, even with the very best champagne, and, as about this time that sentiment was becoming paramount to all national Irish feeling, Meagher left the body, so far as to withdraw his presence from its banquets in future.

I have alluded to Meagher's infinite fund of humor and light-heartedness. They never left him in all the trying circumstances of his life;—not even under the most trying of all, when he had listened to the sentence to be hanged, drawn, and quartered!

A writer in the "*Dublin Nation*," describing Meagher in his cell in Clonmel jail, while under sentence of death, says, "His wit, his genial fun, his talents and accomplishments, even his high health and spirits, were the inspirations of his companions.

"There was no feverish glare in his gayety,—no strained effort. It was of that natural, healthful sort, that infects others spontaneously. Nothing in his person marked the captive of romance,—neither hollow cheeks, nor furrowed brow, nor neglected beard, nor ungartered hose. The frank features had, from long confinement, lost the florid complexion which formerly had rather vulgarized them, and were further improved by a shade more of thoughtfulness. But the bright smile lingered on the lips, and he was still to be distinguished by a certain fastidious neatness of person which, in one of less intellect, would have degenerated into dandyism.

“ ‘Will you come and visit my cell,’ cried Meagher, after he had played innumerable games of ball, with all the ardor of a boy of fifteen, until brow and bosom glowed with animation. ‘Yes, do, pray, show us how you manage to disguise the fetters,—to drape your situation, as the French would say,’ gayly replied one of our party. We ascended a stone staircase, the walls of which were so painfully white they made one wink. The very cleanliness of a jail has something cutting and icy about it. At length Meagher called out, ‘Halt,’ and we found ourselves at the end of a long corridor, which contained about twenty cells. At the door of each hung an enormous iron padlock, to secure the prisoners at night. ‘*That is mine,*’ said Meagher, pointing to the fourth or fifth in the row. Was it magic, or a dream, or what? This a place of punishment! Why, I never saw anything so coquettish, so graceful, so fanciful, so fairy-like as this tiny boudoir. Imagine a little room, about the size of an ordinary pantry, lighted from the top by a large skylight, with bare whitewashed walls, neither fireplace nor stove, and a cold stone floor. These were the materials Meagher had to work on, and this dreary spot, which would have struck a less

brave heart with helpless despair, he had with his own hands converted into a genuine expression of the poetry which formed the basis of his character and genius.

“ A warm crimson cloth lined the walls, and at once removed the fever-hospital look of the place. Handsome French prints hung in rich profusion, whose lively colors and fresh gildings were fresh and animating.

“ A pretty sofa bedstead completely filled the farthest end of the cell. Round three sides of it were ranged well-stored book-shelves, just within reach of his hand ; he thus lay nestled in books, and in the long winter evenings, deprived of fire, could still read comfortably. Just over the foot of the bed, so that it was the object his eye most constantly greeted, was placed a magnificent crucifix carved in ivory—so much for the ‘ infidel.’

“ Here and there among the pictures hung souvenirs or trophies he prized. A battered hat of O’Gorman’s which had seen the hill-side ; an enormous pipe—which had belonged to Robert Blum, *the Frankfort patriot* ; a chaos of netted purses, segar and watch cases, and many other female tokens of interest in the young rebel ; a bright warm carpet, a table,

and two or three chairs, all of tasteful form—completed the furniture. An exquisite propriety of cleanliness gave a singular look to this pleasant spot. An atom of dust seemed never to have rested on it. The snowy coverings of the bed and dressing-table—the vase of spring flowers, so fresh and sparkling, which stood beside his open book—the gay pictures, many of them beautiful female heads—the newly bound books—all spoke of repose and order. It was utterly impossible to imagine one's self in a condemned cell; and such is the influence of external things on the mind, that we were all talking and laughing as merrily in ten minutes as if the scenes at Clonmel, with Monaghan and Blackburne as principal figures, had only happened in a Christmas pantomime."

Thus was Meagher in prison—with a doubtful, although judicially pronounced fate before him. The scaffold with all its horrors had no depressing influence upon him. He was as cheerful in the prison of the condemned, as he was resolute in the dock. Having performed his duty with fidelity to his country, he was willing to accept all the responsibility—be it death, or be it perpetual banishment. It was but a few days after the interview above described

that the four condemned prisoners—Meagher, O'Brien, McManus, and O'Donoghue—were conveyed to Dublin under an escort of Dragoons. They were hurried off from the Clonmel jail at three o'clock in the morning, and were far on their route before daylight. There was a design planned, and partially prepared, to effect a rescue; but, through treachery on the part of the prison chaplain, the purposes of the "conspirators" were divulged to the Government, and hence the prisoners were carried off with great haste. It was stated, but I have no authority to vouch for the statement, that the clergyman referred to made a personal visit to Dublin Castle to unburden himself of the news, confidentially intrusted to him. At all events, the facts were communicated to the authorities, and several young men were arrested by the military at night, while holding a secret (but premature) meeting in "the Wilderness," a little glen outside the town of Clonmel. The writer, who was a participant in the scheme, as representative from the Cork Council, was not one of the arrested, being in the mountains holding converse with the Mulcahies, three gallant and gigantic brothers, and other stalwart Tipperary farmers, about that time.



CHAPTER III.

CONVICT LIFE IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND—ESCAPE AND ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

MEAGHER'S life in Van Dieman's Land was not marked by much variety, if we except the fact of his marriage, which occurred some time before his escape. The district allotted to him, under the privilege of his ticket-of-leave, was a mountainous region in the highest point of which there nestled a charming piece of water called Lake Sorel, and upon the banks of this stood the cottage in which he spent his convict life, except when he was out on the mountain with his gun and his dog, both of which the "authorities" condescendingly permitted him to own; or traversing the mountain roads on his fleet-footed horse, not a "two-forty" animal of this day, but something better—a natural creature, with the breath of heaven in his nostrils. No one who ever saw Meagher in the saddle

could fail to be struck by his masterly horsemanship. He looked ever like one of that—

"Host which Jason might have led
On the plains of Thessaly!"

In his solitude at Lake Sorel he sometimes luxuriated also in a little yachting, in the small boat for which some loving memories of the literature of 1848 suggested the name "Speranza." Sometimes, too, he would scamper off into the convict semi-civilization of Hobart Town, which lay within his district, and dash into the merriment of a local election with all the gusto, but less of the hearty earnestness, with which he flung himself into the Galway election, a few years before, when Antony O'Flaherty was running against the Castle nominee—then Attorney-General and now Chief-Justice Monahan. The location of Meagher's "ticket-of-leave" home in Van Dieman's Land, and perhaps as much as it is necessary to give here, in order to supply a picture of his mode and habits of life, is furnished by the following sketches from John Mitchel's "*Jail Journal*." Describing the first interview with Meagher, after their parting in the Green-street Court-house, in Dublin, Mitchel—who, in company

with his friend and fellow-prisoner, John Martin, started from Bothwell to visit Meagher in his high mountain home—says in his *Journal* :

“It now began to grow dusk, for we had been four hours and a half on the way ; and the evening was fast growing dark, when we heard the gallop of three horses, and a loud laugh well known to me. We went to the door ; and in a minute Meagher and O’Doherty had thrown themselves from their horses ; and as we exchanged greeting—I know not from what impulse, whether from buoyancy of heart, or *bizarre* perversity of feeling—we all *laughed* till the woods rung around ; laughed loud and long and uproariously, till two teal rose startled from the reeds on the lake shore, and flew screaming to seek a quieter neighborhood.

“ I suspect there was something hollow in that laughter, though at the time it was hearty, vociferous, and spontaneous. But even in laughter the heart is sad ; and curses, or tears, just then, might have become us better.

“ Both these exiles looked fresh and vigorous. Kevin O’Doherty I had scarcely ever met before ; but he is a fine, erect, noble-looking

young man, with a face well bronzed with air and exercise."

At a later period Mitchel paid another visit to his friend at Lake Sorel. This time Mrs. Mitchel was with him. She had but recently come with her children to share her husband's exile. This is the way Mitchel describes their meeting with Meagher on that occasion :—

"We still ascended, the mountain becoming wilder and steeper at every mile, until we were full two thousand feet above the plain of Ross. Here an opening among the trees gave us a view over the low country we had left, wide, arid, and parched in aspect, with ridge after ridge of rugged-looking wooded hills stretching far towards the Pacific eastward. High and grim to the northeast towered the vast Ben Lomond; and we could trace in the blue distance that valley of St. Paul's, where we had left O'Brien wandering on his lonely way. We were now almost on the ridge where our track crossed the summit of the western range; we had dismounted, and I was leading the horse up the remaining steep acclivity, when we suddenly saw a man on the track above us; he had a gun in

his hand, on his head a cabbage-tree hat, and at his feet an enormous dog. When he observed us he sung out *Coo, ee!* the cry with which people in the bush make themselves heard at a distance. *Coo, ee!* I shouted in reply; when down came bounding dog and man together. The man was Meagher, who had walked four miles from his cottage to meet us! the dog was Brian, a noble, shaggy greyhound, that belonged to McManus, but of which Meagher had now the charge.

“We continued our ascent merrily, and soon knew—though the forest was thick all around us—that we had reached the mountain-top, by the fresh breeze that blew on our brows, from the other side.

“And now—how shall I describe the wondrous scene that breaks upon us here—a sight to be seen only in Tasmania, a land where not only the native productions of the country, but the very features of nature herself, seem formed on a pattern the very reverse of every model, form, and law, on which the structure of the rest of the globe is put together; a land where the mountain-tops are vast lakes, where the trees strip of bark instead of leaves, and where the cherry-stones grow on the outside of the cher-

ries. After climbing full two thousand feet we stand at one moment on the brink of the steep mountain, and behold the plain of Ross far below; the next minute, instead of commencing our descent into a valley on the opposite side, we are on the edge of a great lake, stretching at least seven miles to the opposite shore, held in here by the mere summits of the mountain-range, and brimming to the very lips of the cup or crater that contains it. A cutting of twenty-five feet in depth would, at this point, send its waters plunging over the mountain, to form a new river in the plains of Ross. At another part of its shore, to the northwest, a similar canal would drain it into the Lake river, which flows along the foot of the mountains on that side. As it is, the only outlet is through Lake Crescent and the Clyde; and so it comes to fertilize the vale of Bothwell, and bathe the roots of our trees at Nant Cottage.

“We pass the Dog’s-head promontory and enter a rough, winding path cut among the trees, which brings us to a quiet bay, or deep curve of the lake, at the head of which, facing one of the most glorious scenes of fairy-land, with the clear waters rippling at his feet, and a dense forest around and behind it, stands our

friend's quiet cottage. A little wooden jetty runs out some yards into the lake ; and at anchor, near the end of the jetty, lies the "Speranza," a new boat built at Hobart Town, and hauled up here through Bothwell, a distance of seventy-five miles, by six bullocks.

"On the verandah we are welcomed by the lady of this sylvan hermitage, give our horses to Tom Egan to be taken care of, and spend a pleasant hour, till dinner-time, sauntering on the lake shore. After dinner a sail is proposed. Jack is summoned, an old sailor kept here by Meagher to navigate the boat ; the stern-sheets are spread with opossum skins, rugs, and shawls ; the American flag is run up, and we sally forth, intending to visit the island, and see how the oats and potatoes are thriving. For Meagher means to be a great farmer also ; and has kept a man on the island several months, ploughing, planting, and sowing. The afternoon, however, proves rough ; the wind is too much ahead, and when a mile or two from the shore we give up the trip to the island and put the boat about. She stoops, almost gunwale under, and goes flying and staggering home. The afternoon had become raw, and we enjoyed the sight of the wood-fire illuminating the little

crimson parlor and the gayly-bound books that loaded the shelves. Pleasant evening of course, except when we spoke of Ireland, and the miserable *débris* of her puny agitators, which are fast making the name of Irishman a word of reproach all over the world."

And so Meagher passed his life in the Tasmanian wilderness until, by the help of Providence, and P. J. Smyth, and the New York Irish Directory, and, more than all perhaps, by his own daring courage, after he resigned his parole, defied the British jail authorities to arrest him, intrusted himself to the buffetings of a stormy sea in an open boat, braved the desolation of an uninhabited island for some hours, and, after much weary travail, reached Pernambuco, and from thence finally landed in New York, as we have already stated in a previous chapter.





CHAPTER IV.

MEAGHER AS A SOLDIER—HE RAISES AND TAKES COMMAND OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

THE first overt act of civil war in the United States—a war which endured from April, 1861, to April, 1865, occurred on the 12th day of April, 1861, when a formal demand was made by Gen. Beauregard, then commanding the Confederate forces at Charleston, upon Maj. Anderson, of the U. S. army, to surrender the federal stronghold, Fort Sumter, and the property of the general government which it contained, into the hands of the government recently established at Montgomery, Ala., and claiming recognition as the government of the "Confederate States of America." How the demand of the insurgent general was met by Maj. Anderson, and the result which followed in the terrific bombardment of Sumter, from the forts at Moultrie, Sullivan's Island, and Cummings' Point, and its surrender on the 13th, are known. It is not within the

province of this volume to dilate upon the political causes which led to the civil war, the preliminary acts of which called into existence Meagher's Irish Brigade in the Army of the Potomac, an organization which, by its valor in the field, in its patient endurance on the march, its invaluable labors in the fortifications, and its promptness to participate heartily and unflinchingly in every battle fought while it continued disintegrated by the fearful losses sustained by the regiments composing it, have entitled every man who stood in its ranks to the highest honor which a true soldier covets, and to the lasting gratitude of the country which it helped to preserve from a disaster the most deplorable that could befall any country—national dissolution.

Previous to the attack on Fort Sumter, it was a matter of some doubt whether the secession of the Southern States would be resisted by force of arms. In the latter end of March and the early part of April great indecision was said to prevail in the Cabinet councils, and it was only on the 2d of the latter month that orders were issued to put the army and navy of the United States on a war footing. Even when an expedition was fitted out in New York, con-

sisting of eight vessels of war and transports, with 26 guns and 1,380 men, it was still rumored that the object was to settle our claims with Spain, and not to make any coercive demonstration against the South. But with the echo of the first gun at Sumter, all doubt as to the course to be pursued was dispelled, and if any hesitancy existed in the minds of Mr. Lincoln or his Cabinet it vanished then. The conciliatory policy of Gen. Scott to let our erring sisters depart in peace received no favor. The whole people of the North rose as one man to resent the insult offered to the National Flag. Hence the call issued by the President on the 15th of April for 75,000 of the militia of all the States, was answered with a unanimity with which no appeal of a similar kind was ever received before. The quota of New York under this call was about 13,000 men; and they were speedily furnished. In the Metropolis the most ardent enthusiasm prevailed amongst all classes. The ranks of the militia regiments were rapidly filled up. Men of all professions and occupations hurried forward to sustain the national cause—judges, lawyers, merchants, journalists, men of all parties, all religious denominations, and all nationalities. Foremost among them were

to be found the citizens of Irish birth and extraction, who almost *en masse* flung themselves into the movement, which had set the heart of the entire nation throbbing with patriotism.

The Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York State Militia, then commanded by Col. Michael Corcoran, was among the first to respond to the call. This regiment and its gallant colonel had just made themselves famous by refusing to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales on his visit to New York, for which act Col. Corcoran was subjected to the form of a Court Martial, the proceedings of which were abandoned subsequently, public opinion strongly sustaining him in the alleged violation of military rules. The Sixty-Ninth was composed exclusively of Irishmen, all of whom had experienced the malignity of British rule in Ireland, and some of them being political exiles from their native country. Under these circumstances their refusal to participate in a fulsome ovation to the representative of the British Crown, was heartily sustained by the great majority of the people. While they thus declined the service demanded of them in a street parade, on the 11th of October, 1860, the Sixty-Ninth were among the foremost in 1861 to proffer their services in

the field of battle in defence of the Constitution and the flag of their country. The same spirit which animated them permeated all classes of Irish citizens. Although by conviction as by tradition united to the party of the Democracy, and politically opposed to the party then in power, no factious opposition restrained the Irish citizens from giving a generous support to the Administration in its attempt to suppress rebellion. In the ranks of nearly every regiment in the Federal army, but more especially those raised in New York, citizens of Irish birth were largely represented.

The services of the Sixty-Ninth being accepted the regiment left New York for Washington on the 23d April, 1861. Rarely was there witnessed such a scene of enthusiasm in the Metropolis as when this gallant regiment, numbering a thousand rank and file, marched down Broadway from their headquarters *en route* to the National Capital, to participate in its defence. So great was the anxiety to join the ranks that 3,000 men offered themselves, but by orders from headquarters Col. Corcoran was compelled to accept only the regulation number of one thousand, which, with the officers and band, made in all 1130 men. At that critical

period the departure of the Sixty-Ninth, as well as the other militia regiments who started about the same time, was an important event. From an early hour in the morning immense crowds of men, women, and children from all parts of the city might be seen flocking into Broadway until, as the day advanced, that highway was so completely blocked up that neither omnibuses, carriages, nor carts could find a passage-way. Through the long weary hours of the day, under a sun almost as hot as that of July, this dense crowd filled the side-walks. They had come from Jersey City, Hoboken, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and from localities all along the Harlem railroad as far as Hartford, Connecticut, to witness the departure of the sturdy Sixty-Ninth. The march from the headquarters in Prince street, which took place rather late in the day owing to the delay on the part of the authorities in distributing arms to the men, was a perfect ovation. The fire companies were drawn up in line and saluted the heroes as they passed. Several civic societies joined in the procession. At Canal, Grand, and Cortlandt streets the excitement was intense, and when the steamer James Adger moved off from the pier amid the plaudits of the multitude, the fir-

ing of cannon, and the vessels at the docks dipping their flags in recognition of the valor and self-sacrifice of the gallant fellows who so promptly threw themselves into the front of danger, the scene was equally sublime and exhilarating. Many were the thrilling scenes enacted on that day which must have tried the souls of the departing heroes; the final grasp of the hand from friendly bystanders as each recognized an acquaintance in the column; the warmer salute of wife, and sister, and sweetheart, who would occasionally burst through the ranks to take a tearful and passionate farewell, with a demonstrative eloquence of grief peculiar to the Irish female heart. When the James Adger moved off from the pier amid the tumultuous plaudits of the assembled masses, there was many a one in that vast crowd who had no voice to speak her pride, or utter her lamentation, but who might well have said, as she gazed on the fast-fading deck of the vessel,—

“ So long

As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on—
How swift his ship.”

We dwell upon the participation of the Sixty-Ninth in the opening scenes of the war, because in that regiment was in a measure to be found the nucleus of the Irish Brigade, subsequently commanded by Thomas Francis Meagher. It was upon the officers and men who shared the perils of the first three months' campaign, and acquitted themselves so splendidly at the first battle of Bull Run, that Meagher depended for the frame-work of that Brigade whose name shall be ever memorable in American history. And well was the Sixty-Ninth represented in the new organization by such men as Patrick Kelly, James Cavanagh, James Kelly, Col. Quinlan, Lieutenants Hart, Smith, McQuade, Maxwell O'Sullivan, and other officers who distinguished themselves in the three months' campaign, and nearly all of whom subsequently sealed their devotion to the Irish Brigade, and the cause for which it was organized, with their blood, and some of them with their lives.

It was at this juncture that Thomas Francis Meagher entered the military profession, in which he since performed such signal service to the country, and won so much honor for his own name as a soldier. Resolved not to remain behind those of his countrymen who in their ca-

capacity as a portion of the State militia had already gone forth to battle at the cry, then hourly repeated, "Washington is in danger!" Meagher raised a company of Zouaves for the Sixty-Ninth, a band of dashing intelligent young Irishmen, a hundred and forty-five strong, and being chosen captain he proceeded with them to join the regiment, then stationed in the vicinity of Washington.

After the disastrous battle of Bull Run a cloud overshadowed the National cause. The enemies of the republic, both in the North and South, were jubilant; its friends, for a time, disheartened. The monarchical element of Europe exulted in the anticipated decay of our institutions, and its statesmen pointed with scoffing fingers at what they, in their shallow philosophy, believed to be the failure of "the experiment" of self-government. But the inestimable prize of a great united nation, a government and laws which protected alike those born under the national flag and those who voluntarily swore allegiance to it—and thus made the country their own, not by accident, but by choice—was not thus easily to be surrendered. The clouds of fear and doubt soon broke into a storm of patriotic inspiration. The

people, who were for the moment stricken with the vain fear that the Union could not be held together, because a few thousand untrained and inexperienced troops, who had never been under fire, were defeated in the first shock of battle, soon returned to their faith in the solidity of the Republic, and resolved that its integrity must be preserved at every sacrifice. Fresh troops were raised almost spontaneously, and preparations were made by the Government to bring an effective army into the field.

Even upon the Irish mind, which was always faithful to the flag, and from its natural temperament was never inclined to be despondent, an impression of partial alienation was made in this critical period. Party predilections and prejudices for a time swayed it, and almost got the better of it. Many of those with whom Irish-American citizens were accustomed to act in political life, entertained doubts of the capacity of the Government to maintain the Union unbroken. Some honestly questioned the wisdom of enforcing an alliance which was obnoxious to one of the parties interested; and a few held that there was no constitutional power existing in the Government to compel the Southern States to remain within the Union after

they had declared by the voice of their legislatures and conventions to withdraw their consent to the original compact. It was at this critical moment, and under these somewhat inauspicious circumstances, that Meagher appealed to his countrymen to form an Irish Brigade, which it was intended to place under the command of Gen. James Shields, a soldier who had already prominently established in his own person the military reputation of his race. With this intention Meagher applied to the Secretary of War for authority to raise a brigade, which he immediately received by telegram. As an evidence of the vehemence with which Meagher at this time conjured his countrymen to join the ranks of the national army, I will quote a few extracts from a speech delivered at Jones' Woods, at the festival for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the Sixty-Ninth who fell at the battle of Bull Run :

“ Never, I repeat it, was there a cause more sacred, nor one more just, nor one more urgent. No cause more sacred, for it comprehends all that has been considered most desirable, most valuable, most ennobling to political society and humanity at large. No cause more just,

for it involves no scheme of conquest, or subjugation, contemplated no disfranchisement of the citizen, excluding the idea of provincialism and inferiority, aiming only at restoration of franchised powers and property, which were enjoyed by one people and one republic, and which, to be the means of happiness, fortune, and renown to millions, must be exercised and held in common under one code of national laws, one flag, and one Executive.

“No cause more urgent, for intrigues, perfidies, armed legions, the hatred and cupidity of foreign courts assail it; and every reverse with which it is visited serves as a pretext for the desertion of the coward, the misrepresentation of the politician, whose nation is his pocket. The proffered compromises of men who, in the name of peace, would capitulate to treason and accept dishonor; encourage the designs of kings and queens and knaves, to whom this great commonwealth, with all its wondrous acquisitions and incalculable promise, has been, until within the last few weeks, a source of envy, vexation, alarm, and discomfiture, presenting as it did nobler scenes of activity and progress than their estates could show—sheltering and advancing the thousands whom their rods and

bayonets had swept beyond the sea, and, like the mighty genius of the ocean confronting the ship of Vasco de Gama, uprising here to repel the intrusion which would establish on the seas and islands of the New World the crowned monopolies and disabling domination of the Old. Will the Irishmen of New York stand by this cause—resolutely, heartily, with inexorable fidelity, despite of all the sacrifices it may cost, despite of all the dangers it may compel them, despite of the bereavements and abiding gloom it may bring on such homes as this day miss the industry and love of the dead soldiers of the Sixty-Ninth, but in some measure to console and succor which the festivities of this day have taken place? For my part, I ask no Irishman to do that which I myself am not prepared to do. My heart, my arm, my life are pledged to the national cause, and to the last it will be my highest pride, as I conceive it to be my holiest duty and obligation, to share its fortunes. I care not to what party the Chief Magistrate of the Republic has belonged. I care not upon what plank or platform he may have been elected. The platform disappears before the Constitution, under the injunction of the oath he took on the steps of the Capitol the day of his

inauguration. The party disappears in the presence of the nation—and as the Chief Magistrate, duly elected and duly sworn, is bound to protect and administer the national property for the benefit of the nation, so should every citizen concur with him in loyal and patriotic action, discarding the mean persuasions and maxims of the local politician—and substituting the national interests, the national efficiency, the national honor, for the selfishness, the huckstering, or the vengeance of a party.”

Meagher at once set to work to organize a brigade. He authorized Col. Nugent to raise the first regiment, to be known as the Sixty-Ninth New York Volunteers, which the colonel did most efficiently and with little delay. The Zouaves, which served under Meagher in the three months' campaign, were called together by their old commander, and from among them he selected the officers of the Second Regiment of the Brigade. He then proceeded to organize the batteries. Captain William Hogan, an experienced artillery officer, who formerly commanded the “Napper Tandy Light Artillery,” of Brooklyn, enlisted one battery, and took command of it. Captain McMahan, who served

as first lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth militia, enlisted men for the second battery, and also took command of that organization. Enlistment went on briskly in New York. Men flocked in crowds to the headquarters of the brigade at No. 596 Broadway, above the Metropolitan Hotel, and were enrolled. The press of the city was loud in its commendation of the patriotism of the Irish citizens. At that time—it is worthy of note and highly honorable to the gallant fellows who then joined the service—there was no bounty offered by the State or the Government, as at a subsequent period; and that there was not one of those who enlisted who could not have earned at his ordinary civil occupation ten times more than the scanty soldier's pay of thirteen dollars a month. Yet they cheerfully resigned everything—home, comfort, and competence, to accept the hardships, discomforts, and dangers of a soldier's life; many of them to meet the stern terrors of death in defence of their country. There were busy scenes in that long unfurnished room, where there was little, one would suppose, either to attract or inspire. A solitary chair, a few benches, a single desk, a few placards on the walls announcing that men would be received there for the Irish Brigade—

this was the extent of the furniture. Yet here, with all its uninviting interior, was created that historic brigade which so often turned the tide of battle, and in so many bloody fields won an imperishable renown. But there was a mind at work in that room—unprepossessing as it was—endowed with marvellous gifts to control by its firmness, and to win by its genial instincts,—to draw towards itself all that was refined, manly, and honest which came within the circle of its wondrous fascination ; for Meagher was present there day by day, attending to all the details of the organization, until the brigade was sent to Fort Schuyler.

The organization in New York being in a condition of progress which left no doubt of its success, Meagher proceeded to Boston, and at an immense meeting held in the Music Hall, presided over by Gov. Andrew, called upon his countrymen to rally in defence of the Constitution. In his speech on that occasion he aroused the enthusiasm of the Boston people to the highest pitch. The *Boston Post*, in speaking of it, said :—“ His speech ere this has been read by thousands, yet its effect upon his auditors can only be guessed at. More argumentative throughout than he is wont to be, he plainly told

the Irish-American his duty at this crisis. * * * * * We are gratified that Col. Meagher has received so solid and satisfactory an assurance of the interest the citizens of Boston take in the new Irish Brigade, and of their desire to see the gallant Shields in command of a body of men of which he may feel proud."

The organization of the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Regiments was the result of Meagher's efforts in Boston. But when their organization was nearly complete, Gov. Andrew, breaking faith with Col. Meagher and the gallant Irishmen who responded to his appeals, took possession of these regiments for a time, and they were therefore altogether separated from the Irish Brigade. True to the mean and miserable instincts begot of ignorance, and that ungenerous and stupid policy which has controlled all his actions in regard to citizens of foreign birth, Gov. Andrew endeavored to withhold these regiments from the Irish Brigade, and appointed natives of Massachusetts as their officers, to the exclusion of every Irishman. Meagher, however, had afterwards the satisfaction of having both regiments under his command—first the Twenty-ninth, and then the Twenty-eighth. The Twenty-ninth, which

had become exclusively a Yankee regiment, fought with the Irish Brigade all through the Peninsular campaign from Fair Oaks to Harrison's Landing, and subsequently at Antietam, and fought so gallantly and assimilated so heartily with the Brigade, that Meagher used to say that they were "Irishmen in disguise." The Twenty-eighth Massachusetts was substituted for the Twenty-ninth a few days before the first battle of Fredericksburg. The Twenty-eighth had always preserved its Irish character and organization. It carried the green colors, and at the time it joined the Irish Brigade was commanded by as splendid a specimen of an Irishman and a soldier as ever served a friend or confronted a battery, Col. Richard Byrnes. He was formerly a sergeant in the regular United States Cavalry, and was killed at Fredericksburg while in command of his regiment. A more gallant or devoted officer never fell in the ranks of battle. He was endowed with all the social and sterling qualities which endear a man most closely to his fellows.

While in Boston on this mission, Meagher made a magnificent speech in the Music Hall on the 23d of June, which was intended as an ample explanation of the reasons which induced

him to enter the army on the side of the Government. As a brilliant piece of imagery, remarkable also for its lofty sentiments, it has never been excelled by the brilliant orator himself. It is thus worthy of a place in full in this volume, but I must reserve it for a new chapter.





CHAPTER V.

THE BOSTON SPEECH AT MUSIC HALL.

ON the 23d of June, 1863, a vast crowd assembled at Music Hall, Boston, to hear an appeal from Col. Meagher in behalf of the Irish Brigade.

Meagher commenced his speech by referring to the many battle-fields on which the Irish soldier has distinguished himself in Europe and the far East, claiming that his footprints have been left in almost every camp, and on almost every battle-field of modern times. "In most of these quarrels which I have enumerated," he said—"in most of these causes to which I have referred, it is not exaggeration for me to say, that the Irish have distinguished themselves pre-eminently. Some of these quarrels, and some of these causes have been excellent, exemplary, unimpeachable; others have been of little, or no consequence; others have been

bad; the last that I have mentioned has been execrable.

“To build up the power of England, to establish her ascendancy in every part of the world, this I, for one, can never estimate as a cause for which I would hand the laurel to a single Irish soldier. But good or bad, weighty or trivial, commendable or execrable, the valor of the Irish soldier has been eminent and conspicuous, though there may have been some misgivings, and ‘compunctious visitings’ on the part of those who fought, that the cause was not all that they desired. But at last, having traversed the world, and flashed his sword under every sky, the Irish soldier has here, upon this continent, at this hour, a cause, the justice, the sanctity, the grandeur of which can neither be exaggerated nor impeached.

“What is that cause? Is it the cause of the Government, which, legitimately elected, the expression of the popular will, should be implicitly, unequivocally, and absolutely obeyed? They who affront this Government, and they who refuse to it allegiance, strike not at the Government, but at the people.

“Who is at arms, and who strikes against this Government? The hot, violent, and inordinate

Southerner. And why? What charge of oppression has he to base his armed resistance to the Government upon? What single grievance is recorded upon his banner to justify his revolt? What inch of his territory was invaded before his overt act of treason? What single guaranty for his State rights which the Constitution gives him, was in the slightest degree violated or impaired? In vain in all their speeches; in vain in all their apologies for their revolt; in vain even in all their rhapsodies, which their partisans here and elsewhere pour forth, shall we look to find the least substantial reason for that armed rebellion which has convulsed the country. So far from having been the wronged party, so far from having been the party in subjection, the Southerner has been the dominant party. For over five-and-fifty years he has been the ruling party. He has sat in the Presidential chair during that period, extending over half a century, and more than two-thirds the existence of this Republic. But in this very fact we find the provocation, or, at all events, the reason (if it is not a perversion of terms to use that word in this connection) for his revolt; for so accustomed was he to the luxuries of office, to the domination

and power that it brought, that he could not reconcile himself to the decision of the popular will, which transferred the Executive power to other hands. In other words, he substitutes—instead of the ballot-box, which has heretofore been considered not only sacred and inviolable, but conclusive—he substitutes for the rule of the ballot-box, the Mexican rule, which is the rule of the bayonet and the cartridge-box. But against the will of the majority of the people, freely and constitutionally expressed as it was, and announced emphatically, by one who, on account of his private character and his high intellectual attainments, I wish to speak with all due respect—announced by John C. Breckinridge (who is now the boldest and most dauntless apologist for the revolution) to be the fair and conclusive expression of the popular will, the Southerner rises up and declares, that rather than submit to this decision, he will rend the Commonwealth in twain; and although the result may be to doom him to political inferiority, still his ambition is such, that he is almost ready to exclaim with Lucifer, that he would ‘rather reign in hell, than serve in heaven.’

“‘But,’ they say, ‘a man by the name of Abraham Lincoln was elected.’ Well, was not

Abraham Lincoln qualified? Was he not of the proper age? Was not he perfectly white? Was his blood attainted? Was there a curl in his hair? Physically, was there the slightest incident which would have impaired or impeached the validity of his election? 'Well, no, he was elected on an obnoxious platform!' What was that platform? I really forget what that platform was. No matter what it was, no matter upon what platform the President may have been elected; no matter by what processions of illuminated men his campaign may have been conducted; no matter what appeals may have been made to what some gentlemen may have considered an excess of humanitarianism,—the moment he took the oath from Chief Justice Taney to support the Constitution of the United States, that moment the platform disappeared from view, and we beheld nothing but the Constitution. But whether this was the case, or would have been the case, or not, with an impetuosity characteristic of the region in which they live, the Southerners gave the President no opportunity either to make good his oath, or to prove that in his estimation the Chicago platform was superior to the Constitution of the United States. They advanced

still further; and, granting what I have said, that the Constitution of the United States is superior to any platform, however elaborated or stringent, which a party ever constructed, they point indignantly, and with some irascibility, to the doing and saying of some political writers and speakers in this latitude, and they say—‘ Our favorite institutions have been vilified; there has been Horace Greeley, in New York, writing against us with all the gall which his pen can distil; and there has been Wendell Phillips, still further North, venting his vicious eloquence upon these institutions, and upon our system of society and labor.’ Well, are Southern sensibilities so exquisite that they cannot stand the vilification of their institutions? Does abuse, however virulent and vicious it may be, justify in any case revolution? What good, I might ask with some humor and a good deal of sense, what good are democratic institutions, if, under those institutions *philippics* are not tolerated? Besides, might not we reciprocate (I will not say recriminate) these accusations? But I will only remind the South that their speakers have been just as abusive of the North as the Northern speakers have been abusive of the South.

“In a word, we find that there is not one substantial reason or pretext for this revolution. If Wisconsin, in some of her State laws, has been unfaithful or hostile to the South—if Massachusetts (I say it with all respect) has been unfaithful or hostile in any of her State laws to the South—if Indiana or Illinois has been so—the Union, at all events, cannot be accused of such hostility; the Union has been faithful to the South. So said the Emperor of Russia the other day; so say we here to-night; and so will impartial history inexorably decide.

“But here is war—war amongst citizens—war amongst brothers—war that brings destruction into families that have been interwoven, and States that have been almost identified by commerce and by social relations with each other. How unnatural this war! How infamous! How horrible! But who began it? Does not South Carolina stand this day in the presence of all that blood which is rising up from the fields and woods of Virginia, from the mountain gorges of the Alleghanies, from the prairies of Missouri—does not South Carolina stand to-day, as these red mists rise to Heaven, and feel conscience-smitten that it was she who commenced this deadly fray?

“It is unnecessary for me to historically recapitulate the incidents which step by step—each step quicker than the other—have brought the country to the terrible pass in which now its honor is at stake, and its dearest interests are imperilled. But the apologist of the Southerner, admitting all this, granting that the violent South has been the first to strike the internecine blow, in paroxysm of sanctity exclaims, ‘But, let us have peace!’ Peace! Peace! when the ships bearing that flag which no foreign enemy ever insulted without redress being demanded and obtained, have been taken into the rebel ports as prizes, or burned, or sunk! Peace! when forts which would have been impregnable to any force but that of fraud have been captured! Peace! when mints, which in other countries would have had armed guards at the doors to protect them from the suspected people, have been invaded and our treasure carried off! Peace! when our custom-houses have been ransacked! Peace! when the inoffensive messengers of commerce that Maine, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania have sent forth upon the seas, have been overhauled, and their crews carried into port as though they were pirates, instead of those who

laid violent hands on them! The Government that would counsel peace at such a moment, under such circumstances, with such a load of dishonor upon its head, with such a harvest of insult to thresh out, such a Government would indeed deserve to perish.

“But whence comes this cry of peace? It comes from conspirators at the North, in secret league with the more honest and courageous recusants at the South. Who are they? Nobody will accuse me of unfairly aspersing the Democratic party. On the two occasions when I had the honor as a citizen of recording my vote in a Presidential election it has been recorded for the Democratic candidates. Upon all occasions I have been identified with that party, and probably when we shall resume our former condition of peaceful strife (if it is not an Irishism to make use of such a phrase) I shall vote as I have hitherto done. But now I am no Democrat. Of me, at all events, it shall not be written upon my grave, should I fall in this cause, as was written of an illustrious countryman of mine—‘He gave up to party what was meant for mankind.’

“Having said so much to dissipate any growing impression that there might be that I am

radically hostile to the Democratic party, or that I have swerved away from it, I do not hesitate to say that the conspirators of the North are Democrats. The editors of the *New York Daily News* are Democrats, or profess to be so; so the editors of the *New York Day Book*, of the *Journal of Commerce*, and also of the *Freeman's Appeal*—who, making his last appeal—was gratified by seclusion within the aqueous walls of Fort Lafayette. And why this cry? Because they see that the Government, prosecuting this war with vigor and intrepidity, and sustained by earnest enthusiasm, and the liberal resources, by the treasure and blood of the people, will maintain itself. Unable to grapple with the great question of war or no war; not bold or frank enough to stand up without disguise, and claim that the Southerners are in the right and the Northerners are in the wrong—for we must use these geographical distinctions in speaking of this matter, though I shrink from them with aversion—these men come forward with the word 'Peace' on their lips, that so they may deal a mortal blow on this Government and its just rights. With them is the injunction of Lady Macbeth—

‘To beguile the hour, look like the hour—
Bear welcome in your lip, your eye, your hand ;
Look like the flower, but be the serpent under it.’

“ Not content, however, with this general exclamation of peace, which as a natural consequence they well know finds an echo in almost every generous and even every soldier breast, they address themselves especially to every Irishman. They have a particular partiality for us ; they have a most keen and affectionate solicitude, lest we should commit ourselves, or compromise ourselves ; should take any step which might injure our position in the Commonwealth hereafter, and they bid us to remember, first of all, that in the States of Connecticut and Massachusetts, some few years ago, four or five, it may be six, some Irish military companies were disbanded. Of that act, you know that here or not far from this place I did not hesitate to pronounce my unqualified condemnation. It was an act in violent contradiction to the spirit of our American institutions and the American Constitution ; and if it had been imitated in the other States, it might perhaps have deprived the Federal Government at this hour of the most willing hearts and quickest arms that are now engaged in maintaining the honor and suprema-

ey of the national flag. But for my part, I would consider that my allegiance to the United States, to its Chief Magistracy, and to its flag, was an equivocal and capricious allegiance if it did not forgive even such insults; and if, forgetting them, I did not with a generous enthusiasm resent by a more loyal adherence to the Constitution the insult which was in contradiction of it.

“The impatient and intense alacrity with which the adopted citizens of the United States, German as well as Irish, have bounded into the conflict, proves how unworthy and unjust, and false and scandalous was this proscription. Here at this hour I proclaim it in the centre of that city where this insult was offered to the Irish soldier—‘Know-nothingism’ is dead. This war, if it brought no other excellent and salutary fruits, brought with it this result, that the Irish soldier will henceforth take his stand proudly by the side of the native-born, and will not fear to look him straight and sternly in the face, and tell him that he has been equal to him in his allegiance to the Constitution. But then, on a par with such arguments and partaking of their character, arguments have been addressed personally to myself. These peace-makers,

these apostles of submission, these propagandists of national dishonor and national ruin; these meek and yet these mischievous gentlemen say to me, 'Oh, you were once a revolutionist, and why should you not be a revolutionist now?'

"Now it is a most distressing thing if a gentleman appears once in a certain character, that he is never to change that character, but under all circumstances, in every climate, and on every stage, is to be the same. If that were so, you could not give me credit for versatility of genius, to which, perhaps, I may lay claim, because, having been a revolutionist in Ireland, I am a conservative in America. And what I say of myself, I say of hundreds and thousands of my countrymen and of Germans and other European nationalities—as they were revolutionists in Europe, they are conservatives in the United States. And the reason why, here in the United States, under this Constitution, under the working of its equal laws, under the popular sanction, which industry, and intellect, and all just claims and enterprises obtain, the European revolutionist finds that security for his individuality, and without surrendering honor in the nation which he faced death to

acquire for himself, and his country across the sea, is because here the dream, which was to him a burning dream, by day as well as by night, has been realized; it is because here, no wasting theories—impeding which were bayonets and dungeons, and ultimately scaffolds—disturb his heart or brain; and in the consolidation of that republicanism to which he aspired at home, he beheld all that his ambition ascended to, all that his arm would strive for; it is because here the avenues to honor, to fortune, to civic renown, and to political power, which were inexorably closed to him by the kings and queens of the Old World, have been flung open to him by the genius of the Constitution, the angel of liberty which stands at the gates of those avenues, not as the angel stood at the gate of Paradise, with flaming sword, to repel approach, but to invite all to enter, and share the advantages which are beyond.

“As for the cause of Ireland, and for the cause of the South, to these same apologists of the South—these peace-makers, these apostles of submission, these propagandists of national dishonor and ruin, when they ask me how it is possible that while I contended for the independence of Ireland, I am opposed to the inde-

pendence of the South, I answer this,—and I trust there is not a single Irishman here who will gainsay it,—had Ireland been under the enjoyment of such privileges and such rights, and such a guaranteed independence as South Carolina enjoyed, I would not have been here to-night, the scaffold would not have been stained with one drop of martyr's blood, and Ireland would have been spared many a generation of martyrs and exiles.

“But not only by the apologists of the South, but by Southern gentlemen themselves, by writers, arguments similar to those which have been mentioned, and yet more personal perhaps, have been addressed to me. It would seem from statements which appeared in some of the Southern papers, before the postal communication was cut off, as if I were under some obligation to join the South and pledge to them my sword. My friends know that I have a somewhat retentive memory, and I have taxed and vexed this memory to know by what means I have incurred the slightest obligation to the South, unless, indeed, it be this—that one winter's day I took the steamer from New York to Charleston, and there gratuitously delivered a lecture which added eight hundred dollars to

a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of Calhoun.

“Perhaps, indeed, that act of mine in attestation of my respect of the character and abilities of John C. Calhoun, imposed an additional obligation on me, and I must also give up my blood, whatever value there is in that. As the South have distinguished themselves of late by their financial transactions, I will not pretend to differ from them on this question of finance, but I am not prepared to draw my sword with them. I shall only do so on one contingency, and that is, when the South joins the North. I have had, indeed, many true and devoted friends in the South, and have spent many pleasant days there. Some of my countrymen had done me the honor, there, to enrol themselves in a military company under my name; but the moment I organized a company in New York in favor of the Government, they passed a series of indignant resolutions, stating that, inasmuch as I had proved recreant to the principles which had endeared me to my fellow-countrymen and the world, the name of the ‘Meagher Guards’ should be blotted out from the colors and the books of the company, and that of the ‘Emerald Light Guards’ be substituted therefor. The

'Hibernian Benevolent Society' of Charleston, I saw by a paper, passed a resolution erasing my name as an honorary member of the society, which was the first intimation I had that such a membership was conferred upon me. It must have been very honorary, inasmuch as, on one or two occasions, when in Charleston professionally, I had to pay a considerable rent for the use of their hall. I speak of these things in perfect good-humor. I must add that no hospitality or honors which could be lavished upon me would justify, on my part, even inactivity where the Federal Government, stricken at by Southern friends, was in peril. In such a case my duty to the Government supersedes all other considerations.

"Hence it is that I have appeared in arms for the National Government; and hence it is that I have already and do now invoke my countrymen to take up arms in the same righteous cause. Will they not obey this invocation? Will they not press on and imitate their gallant countrymen who recently, under the gallant Mulligan, with only nine hundred men sustained themselves for four days against four thousand men, and surrendered at last because for two days they had no water, and who there-

by gave the most convincing proof of their fidelity to their country. Ought we on the Eastern frontier to be less decided in our devotion to the country or less generous in our evidence of it?

“I will not appeal to the gratitude of Irishmen in this invocation to arms. I will not remind them that when driven from their own land, when their huts were pulled down or burned above their heads, when turned out by the roadside or into the ditches to die, when broken in fortune, and when all hope was lost, the Irishmen came here and had a new life infused into them, a fertile soil beneath their feet, a favoring sunshine over their heads, and found thousands to give them encouraging and sustaining hands.

“I will not remind my countrymen of the sympathy and substantial aid which the people of America have given them in all their political struggles. I will not remind them of the sympathies then eloquently and enthusiastically expressed, what thousands upon thousands of dollars they showered into the popular exchequer, when, under the championship of a mighty tribune, the great contest for Catholic rights and the removal of Catholic disabilities was

raging. I will not remind them that while Brazil, Buenos Ayres, New Grenada, almost any country with a favoring soil or climate is equally open to them, this is the only country where the Irish people can reconstruct themselves and become a power. I will not remind them that whilst at home no Irishman, however bold, dare speak in public the name of Robert Emmet, to do that name the sacred honor which it deserves; here in America his last speech is to be found in nearly all the school-books of the common schools, so that the American boy may be fired into patriotism by the recitation of his words and the remembrance of his death. I will not appeal even to your pride by pointing to the houses you have built for the rich and fashionable, to the lines of railroad you have constructed, to the fields you have cultivated and which fling forth their golden stores through these iron arteries of railroads, and these other arteries of canals, to sustain the army at this moment on the Potomac.

“I will not appeal even to the pride of Irishmen in the contemplation of these great works, and ask them if the country shall be dishonored where such industry has been expended, and such great works have been accomplished.

“Neither shall I appeal to your resentments, to your inveterate and unquenchable hatred of England. I will not remind you that England is with the South ; that even the anticipation of that disastrous affair which occurred the other day in Virginia was a matter of rejoicing to her ; that all the articles of her leading papers were such as to disparage the character, the resources, and the cause of the Federal Government.

“I will not remind you that she sent here one of the first novelists of the day to throw brilliancy of fiction over the arms, and character, and resources of the South, and with colors equally fictitious, somewhat more lurid and dark to obscure those of the North. ‘Oh!’ I hear some of those idolaters of England exclaim, who up to this crisis have had their temple of worship in this region, for methinks between the Music Hall and Exeter Hall there was a railroad, not under ground, but over the ocean. It is a fact that after all her denunciations and horror of slavery England is for the South, where slavery is in full blast, and against the North, where it has been long extinct. Who would believe it? I would scarcely do so. Yet perhaps it would not be difficult for me to be-

lieve anything of England. Who would believe that this beneficent apostle of public morals and universal emancipation would have been guilty of such tergiversation? Not that England is influenced by a spirit of revenge; not that she remembers what was done at Cambridge when George Washington took command of the revolutionary forces under the old tree there; not that she remembers New Orleans, and that raw levies, which are now the subject of so much criticism, met the flower of her army and laid it low as the mower lays down the grass with his scythe; not that she remembers on whose side the sympathies of the American people were in the Russian war: not at all. In spite of Shakspeare and Bacon, England is no sentimentalist, no poet, and no philosopher; the sturdy old fellow in mahogany tops is a practical man of business, a positive and absolute Gradgrind, a man for hard facts, and nothing else, who makes war only for considerations which lie deep in the bottom of his capacious pocket; and as he went into India in search of diamonds and to open a very extensive market for his Brumagen ware and calico prints, and as he bayoneted the Chinese to force opium down their throats, so now he en-

courages, favors, and stimulates the South in this revolution, and threatens to force the blockade, because cotton is more precious to him than political principle ; and he prefers this to his own consistency and decency, and the obligations of good faith and good-will which he owes to the nations with whom he has relations of commerce and diplomacy.

“ In view of all these circumstances, I shall not remind you that every blow dealt against the revolution at the South is a blow dealt against the plots and schemes of England. I strike a loftier strain. *Paulo majora canemus*. Were the Irishman an outlaw here—were he divested of all rights of which he is now invested—had he no home—even were he proscribed and victimized by some political party in power ; still would I invoke his arm this night, and insist that the cause which is now calling forth all that is generous and chivalrous in Missouri, all that now awakens the eagles of the Alleghanies from their eyries, all that now arrays the youth and manhood of the country along the banks of the Potomac, is well worth fighting for, is well worth dying for. Look ! look to that flag. This day I stood on Bunker Hill, and, casting my eye along the stately shaft I saw it there, with noth-

ing between it and God's own sun, and I thought as those glorious hues reflected the favoring sunshine that there burst from it memories which would kindle the dullest into heroism. Let no one, however practical he may be, however sensible or sagacious he may be, sneer at a nation's flag. A national flag is the most sacred thing that a nation can possess. Libraries, museums, exchequers, tombs, and statues of great men—all are inferior to it. It is the illuminated diploma of its authority; it is the imperishable epitomization of its history. As I cast my eye along that shaft of granite, what did I see there? I saw Cornwallis deliver up his sword. I saw the British troops evacuating the city of New York. I saw George Washington inaugurated as the first President of the United States. I saw the lofty brow and gaunt frame of Andrew Jackson. I saw the veterans of the Peninsular war reeling before the fire of Tennessee rifles in the swamps of Louisiana. I saw the thunders and lightnings of Lake Erie, when Perry commanded them to go forth and sweep the friend of the South and the enemy of the North from its waters. I saw the American sailor pursuing his desolate and heroic way up the interminable stream of the Amazon, dis-

closing a new world even within the New World, to the industry and avarice of the age. I saw, in the Bay of Smyrna, the hunted prey of Austria rescued beneath the Stars and Stripes. I saw the towers of Mexico and causeway over which Cortez went. I saw those towers and that causeway glistening in a glory greater than even Cortez brought to Spain. I saw the white bird floating, when the explorer stood upon the shore of the land which the human eye had never before seen mirrored. These and a throng of other grand incidents passed like a vision over those stars as I stood beneath them this day. Oh, may that flag never incur another disaster! May the troops who carry it into action die where they receive the fatal fire, rather than yield one inch of the soil over which it has a right to float! May the troops who carry it into action henceforth have this motto written upon its folds—'Death if you will, victory if God will give it to us, but no defeat and no retreat!' Oh, if this is not worth fighting for, if that flag is not worth fighting for, if the country which it typifies and over which it has a right to expand its folds, if the principles which it symbolizes—if these are not worth fighting for—if the country which Mirabeau, with his

superb diction, spoke of glowingly even during its infancy, which De Tocqueville recommended with such calm wisdom and accurate philosophy to the acceptance and respect of the statesmen of the Old World, which Burke, with the magnificence of his mind, pictured in its development, even when there was but the 'seminal principle,' as he said himself, of its magnitude upon the earth—if this and these are not worth fighting for—ininitely better worth fighting for than all the kings and queens, than all the Gibraltars and seraglios, than all the jungles and pagodas which Irishmen have fought for under European flags, then I stand in the minority. But it is not so. If in a minority I stand to-night, uttering these words and this invocation, it is in a minority of twenty millions against ten. This, too, I know—that every Irishman this side of Mason and Dixon's line is with me. If there is one who is not, let him take the next Galway steamer and go home. And, I believe this—that he will not only have his expenses paid, but something left in his pocket to enable him to praise England when he gets there.

“Let me mention to you one incident, which may be taken as an indication of the sterling devotion of Irishmen, in this contest, to the

Government of which they are so proud. I met an Irishman to-day who, by his steady habits, his quiet but persistent industry and attention to his duties, has been enabled to put by several thousand dollars, and he told me that, not only because he had faith in the power of the Federal Government, but because, even if he had not such faith, it would be his duty to support it when threatened, he would to-morrow buy five thousand dollars' worth of treasury notes.

“And here also I will remind you, that for every Irishman south of Mason and Dixon's line there are hundreds and thousands of Irishmen north of it. Here upon these northern shores does the Irish emigrant first touch the land of which many an evening, gazing on the descending sun, he has dreamed and thought it was a land of glory. Here it is that his rights have been restored. Here it is that the genius of his race has displayed itself effectively, and has been honorably compensated and crowned.

“Here was the scene of Fulton's triumph, and here Thomas Emmet matured the honors he had gathered in his own land. I cannot find in my heart to disparage my countrymen down South; but here we Irishmen have the mercantile ac-

tivity, the intellectual vigor, the professional prowess, and here we Irishmen multitudinously preponderate. Never mind the foolish cant about 'Irishmen fighting against Irishmen.' It is not the first time they have done so. There is nothing at all new in that feature of the case. That argument has no weight at all with any reader of Irish history, or any one personally acquainted with Ireland. At Fontenoy they crossed bayonets.

"In '98 brothers met brothers face to face and foot to foot. In the American Revolution, while there was one gallant Fitzgerald riding side by side with Washington, there was another charging against him, and that was Lord Edward. The thing to be ascertained is, *the right cause*. That ascertained, stand by it; fight for it, though your brother strike against you; die for it, though one half of your people curse you, while the rest accord to your memories their tears and grateful benedictions. We have the right, for we have the Constitution, which has come down to us unimpaired from the day it was first formed. We have the flag under which this country has made such marvellous progress and won such achievements. We have all that constitute national guarantees, national honor,

and national history. Then up, Irishmen! up! Take the sword in hand! Down to the banks of the Potomac! Let those who can, do so; and I believe I speak consistently with the views of your esteemed Chief Magistrate, when I say that every facility will be accorded those Irishmen who wish to enlist under the banner of the State; and I have no doubt that, somehow or other—indeed with every facility—the Irishmen regimented together, carrying the green flag with the Stars and Stripes and the State arms, will one day find themselves in the Irish Brigade under the command of General James Shields.

“An Irishman never fights so well—it is a prejudice, and if not a laudable one, it is, at all events, pardonable—an Irishman never fights so well as when he has an Irishman for his comrade. An Irishman going into the field in such a cause as this—in any field, in any cause—has this as his strongest impulse, has this as his choicest consolation, has this as his richest reward in anticipation—that his conduct, if it be exemplary and courageous, will reflect honor upon that land which he will see no more. He therefore wishes that, should he fall, it may be into the arms of one of his own faith and blood,

so that kindred lips may convey to his family and relatives, and to all who care to hear of him, and how he behaved on the fatal day, that he died in a way worthy, not only of the cause in which he fell, but of the country that gave him birth.

“This is the explanation why Irishmen desire, earnestly and passionately desire, to be together in the fight for the Stars and Stripes; and I am sure that there is not a native-born citizen here, with doctrines however adverse to this individualizing of nationalities, in the great mass of American citizens, who will not confess that it is a natural, a beautiful, a generous, and a useful prejudice.

“The only apprehension which gives me any anxiety is, that the Irish Brigade may arrive even later than did their prototype at Fontenoy. They were the last to come up then, but they did the business. I am afraid that the business will be over upon the Potomac before our Irish Brigade arrives. I trust not—I trust that we shall, at all events, participate in the dangers as well as in the honors of that conclusive victory.

“It will indeed be a victory worthy of record, not merely by such historians as Prescott, who

wrote with so luminous a pen upon the imperishable page, but (if it be not profane to say so) it will be a victory worthy to be recorded on the pages of the Book of Life itself.

“The picture unfolds itself to me. The returning army with that banner;—the woodsman from Maine; the raftsmen from the Upper Mississippi; the farmer and mechanic from New England;—all of them in their tattered uniforms, and with their riddled flags;—and amidst that crowd, the Green Flag of Ireland, the laughing voices, the kindling eyes, the hearty nature of those whose vitality is never greater, whose intellect is never more vivid than when danger threatens. Oh, may this picture, roughly and imperfectly sketched, be realized; and in the presence and high above the remnants of this victorious army, bearing with them the Ark of the American covenant, may the National Capital expand its grand and graceful proportions, its dome perfected, the great image of Liberty standing more erect, and stately, and august, and adored than ever; and high above it, announcing victory over the wide world, and an auspicious omen that there shall be victories from henceforth of no less consequence to the United States, the symbolic Eagle of

the Republic, soaring upward and upward to the sun."

General Meagher had repeatedly expressed to the author an earnest desire that the above address should be preserved in a more permanent form than the columns of the newspapers of the day. By printing it in these pages, therefore, I have but carried out the wishes of the departed in a matter concerning which he felt very deeply.

From Boston Meagher proceeded to Philadelphia, where he set on foot two more regiments, one of infantry, the other of cavalry. Owing to circumstances beyond the control of Gen. Meagher, and to the fact that the Irish Brigade had gone through the entire of the Peninsular campaign before these regiments were prepared to take the field, neither of them ever joined the Brigade for which they were intended.

Meantime the New York regiments went into camp at Fort Schuyler, on the East River. At this picturesque point they passed several weeks amid all the glories of a splendid Fall season, and here Meagher was in his glory. The scenes at the Fort were varied,—full of the life-bustle

and activity attendant upon a new military organization. The Sundays were especially brilliant, when the friends of the soldiers came in hundreds from the city to visit them, and witness the dress-parades which usually took place on those days. The old gray walls of the Fort gleamed in the brightness of the sunshine;—the glacis crowded with anxious and proud faces;—broad-breasted, firm-set, bright-eyed soldiers drawn up in line outside the fort;—the blue waters sparkling in the unbroken sunlight of an Indian summer;—the little revenue cutter reposing upon the unruffled river just below the Fort;—white sails of pleasure boats flashing along;—the green shores of Willett's Point opposite, with the white houses and spires peeping up from the many tinted foliage;—the inspiring music of Dodsworth's band, which discoursed most eloquently from within the fort;—the happy groups of visitors who wandered to and fro in search of some beloved friend or relative;—all these combined to make a picture of the last Sunday of the Sixty-Ninth at Fort Schuyler, which the memory of those who witnessed it will not soon part with. While the Brigade had its rendezvous at Fort Schuyler, Meagher constantly visited it, when

his labors at the recruiting office permitted. He would devote his time during his sojourn to supervising the discipline of the men. He would speak bright and hopeful words to them of the cause in which they had enlisted; point to the glorious flag that floated from the ramparts, and tell them, in the eloquent language he knew so well how to employ, that they must sustain it in the fight with manly arms and stout hearts, and bring it out of the storm of battle without spot or stain of dishonor. How thoroughly they imbibed his inspiration, and how faithfully they obeyed his behests, the record of many a terrible field attests. From Fair Oaks to Chancellorsville, when the Irish Brigade almost lost its identity, with its gallant commander, the Stars and Stripes and the green flag were borne in every fight, and came out riddled with shot; torn with shells; ripped oftentimes into shreds; but they came out unsullied. During the entire fiery ordeal to which Meagher's Brigade was subjected, not a single Green Flag fell into the hands of the enemy.

Above the busy crowd, while the lines were forming, Gen. Meagher stood many a Sunday upon the ramparts, surrounded by a host of friends, with his beautiful and gifted wife be-

side him—*née* Miss Elizabeth Townsend, to whom he was married Nov. 14th, 1855, who loved the Brigade no less than the Brigade loved and honored her. Such were the scenes presented at Fort Schuyler before the Brigade broke camp, and hastened to participate in the deadly strife in which they afterwards played such a gallant part. It is proper to mention here, that the organization of the Irish Brigade was in a great measure facilitated by the cordial assistance rendered by several gentlemen of known worth and patriotism; foremost amongst them the late Daniel Devlin and Judge Charles P. Daly. To their earnest co-operation the Brigade was largely indebted, in conjunction with the indefatigable labors of Gen. Meagher, for the efficient services it was enabled to render in the field.





CHAPTER VI.

THE GENERAL AT THE HEAD OF HIS BRIGADE—
APPOINTMENT BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AND CON-
FIRMATION BY THE SENATE—THE FIRST BATTLE.

ON the 18th of November, 1861, Meagher left for Washington with the first regiment of the Brigade. The others soon followed. A splendid set of colors were presented to each regiment at the residence of Archbishop Hughes, on Madison Avenue, prior to their departure. Meagher in his most eloquent style made answer for his command that the men would do their duty faithfully. He made no hasty pledges.

The colors received on that day, with the motto "No Retreat," were returned unsullied, though torn and battle-stained. The motto inscribed upon them received a magnificent verification ; for, in the fiercest conflicts, and through

all peril and suffering, the men who fought under them never turned their backs upon the enemy. Even throughout the harassing campaign of the Peninsula they formed the rear-guard of the Army of the Potomac, protecting it from the repeated assaults of the foe. To them at least each day brought victory, but "no retreat!"

It is not out of place to state that General Meagher did not raise the Irish Brigade with the view to command it. All along he wished, and, so far as he was concerned, intended that General Shields should take command. Meagher was not only willing but determined to occupy no other position than that of *Aide* on General Shield's staff. Shields was at this time in California. He was written to to come on to Washington. But he had left California for Mexico, and the Brigade was ready to take the field without his having been heard from. Under these circumstances, Meagher yielded to the earnest solicitations of the officers of the Brigade, and consented to accept the command of it, should the Brigadier-General's rank be conferred upon him by the President, as it subsequently was on the 3d of February, and confirmed by the Senate during the same month.

Proud of his military success, at this moment, and enjoying exuberant anticipations of the career before him, he wrote the following letter to the author :—

“ HEADQUARTERS IRISH BRIGADE, }
 “ SUMNER’S DIVISION, Camp California, }

“ Feb. 21, 1862.

“ MY DEAR LYONS :

“ Of all the congratulatory letters which I have received since my confirmation by the Senate, not one was more welcome than yours. Coming from a true friend of mine, and an earnest friend of Ireland, I accept cordially your happy salutations for myself and my Irish Brigade. Our actions in the future will not, I feel confident, disappoint the brightest expectations of our friends, of whom we count you one of the worthiest and most estimable.

“ Very sincerely, your friend,

“ THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

“ Brigadier-General U. S. V.

“ Commanding the Irish Brigade,

“ Army of the Potomac.”

To follow the fortunes of the Irish Brigade is no part of my task, except in so far as the subject of this biography, in his character as a sol-

dier, becomes individually conspicuous in the many varied chapters which comprise its history. Meagher was, of course, the living presence of the Brigade all through its career, from its first encampment in the brushwood at Camp California, to the fatal battle of Chancellorsville, where, like a dissolving vision, it melted away into the shadow of death. The Brigade, upon its arrival in Virginia, was soon ordered, with its division, to Warrenton Junction. This movement afforded Meagher an acceptable opportunity for indulging in a description, in his peculiar, light-hearted, graphic manner, full of humor, but not by any means devoid of pathos. "When we arrived at Warrenton Junction," says Meagher, "orders were given to encamp, and in five minutes the orders were carried out. All we had to do was to stack arms, and throw ourselves down in the mud. Let me tell you what kind of a camp we had. There were no tents, and this spared us the trouble to pitch them. Our camping-ground was in a deep wood of very tall, dark, bare pines. The sharp winds of the winter had stripped them of their leaves, and shivering and groaning in their nakedness, they stood up there like the frozen skeletons of so many Noah Claypoles that had

been shaved, and whipped, and starved to death. All day, through their wide open net-work of leafless branches, you saw the watery clouds sweep by in the leaden sky. All night, through the same sort of gridiron overhead, you saw the pale stars trembling in the darkness; and now and then you caught a glimpse of the sickly moon, as she thrust her face through her curtains, and then, as if disgusted with the prospect, suddenly drew it back again. The red and yellow leaves lay thick upon the ground. Were it dry underneath, they would have made a delightful bed. As it was, they not only covered, but were saturated with, the mud which welcomed us, not to our gory beds, but to rheumatic sheets. It was five inches only better than a confirmed swamp we were ordered to encamp in. There was little or no grumbling about it, however. Indeed, it gave rise to more jokes than moans. Picking your way through the poor fellows as they lay there on the broad of their backs in their blankets, with their toes to the sky and their knapsacks and coffee-kettles under their heads, you'd hear one of them say—

“‘Sure, Peter, we might as well be in a bog.’”

“And then another—

“ ‘Oh, then, begorra, they might as well have drowned us at once.’

“ Whilst a third would ejaculate—

“ ‘Well, one consolation, we’ll all be in the hospital to-morrow, and anyhow that’s a thrifle better than this.’

“ The officers were just as pleasantly situated as the men—though some of them contrived to improve on the mud and the leaves. One of them knocked a cracker-box asunder, and laying the nice smooth even-edged pieces together, so as to form a stretcher, had something else than his blanket and braided blue overcoat between him and the morass. Another of them—a gentleman of the most ingenious turn of mind and wonderful research—quietly slipped the cushions out of an ambulance, to the dismay of a most benevolent surgeon who came a little too late to look them up for himself.

“ General French had his head in a hen-coop. General Richardson had his between the protruding roots, well up against the shelving trunk, of a very big tree. As for my headquarters—nothing under the circumstances could have been finer. Half a dozen pioneers from one of the regiments cut a couple dozen of strong tough stakes, eight or ten feet long, and

planting them firmly in the bog in the form of a circle, the diameter of which was fully twelve feet, interlaced them closely and tightly with a quantity of branches or twigs, which, when the enclosure was complete, gave the structure the appearance of a kish or basket of noble dimensions. Being tasteful as well as useful, however, the pioneers were not content to leave the walls of the stockade in all the cold simplicity of wicker-work. So they hunted about the wood, and finding a lot of dark-green bushes of some kind or other, interweaved them with the wicker-work, and thus gave the edifice a warm and summer-like appearance. Although they were Irishmen, the architects didn't forget to leave a door-way. It was a beautiful door-way—arched and ample—the arch being decorated with a sheep's skull and horns—a relic of the more peaceful and plenteous times of old Virginia. Yet the most important part was now to be done. The flooring had to be laid. 'One can't hang himself up as he does his coat on a wall, and go to sleep in a dry quilt, however warm and summer-like the wall may be. 'Twould be infinitely better to pull the wall down and fall to sleep on it flat, than have it standing up there walling in mud. A little way off from the camp

was a barn, and in this barn was a short ladder and a loose door—that is, a door that wasn't on hinges and looked as though it was going astray. The poor pioneers thought it no harm to borrow the ladder and door, without letting any one know of it. So what with the short ladder, the loose door, and three bags of oats, the sleeping arrangements of the headquarters of the Irish Brigade were as dry as a rock. Fortunately they were on such a scale as to enable the lessee to accommodate over a dozen. It would have done the heart of the Sanitary Commission good to have seen that dozen and over laid out for the night, and answering in their deep slumbers the music of the mules, and any astronomical observations they might choose to make. There they lay without slats or stitch between them—on the ladder, on the door, on the bags of oats—ranged all round the beautiful rotunda—forming a vocal surbase to it—with their saddle-bags serving as bolsters, and a crackling, red-hot, huge, kitchen-like fire shooting up its sparks and sending forth its incense in the centre of the temple. The temple was the admiration, the wonder, the envy of surrounding quarters. General Richardson thought it altogether too good for the times. General French, burn-

ing with poetic ecstasy, declared it was a Druid's grove. One of the regimental commissaries said it was just the place for his hard-tack and vinegar; whilst a demure hospital-steward, putting in his head and sweeping the circle with his spectacles, exclaimed—'Oh! what a nice place that would be for my plasters and bottles!'

The first battle in which the Irish Brigade was engaged was at Fair Oaks, fought on June 1st, 1862. The battle of Seven Pines had been raging, close by, all the previous day, and here Meagher's best effort as a military historian was displayed. The Brigade, then stationed half a day's march from the battle-field, was indulging in steeple-chases, and other camp jovialities in true Irish fashion, while Gen. Casey was fighting the confederate forces under Longstreet, Hill, Huger, and Smith, on the Williamsburg road. Next morning the fight was renewed at Fair Oaks, and the part played by his command is thus described by Gen. Meagher. Alluding to the festivities in camp, the General writes—

“In the midst of the preparations for this per-

formance, the order came for the Brigade to fall in. In half an hour the Brigade was on the march. It was a cold and gloomy afternoon. The tremendous rain of the previous night had flooded the low grounds on both sides of the Chickahominy, whilst it had swollen the river to such a volume that only one bridge was found available for the passage of the troops. French's brigade, which marched on a line parallel to ours, was compelled to wade, up to the middle, through the widespread waters, and the deep mud over which they swept. After a little it was found impossible to bring the artillery along.

“Close on twelve o'clock, the head of the column reached the field where Sedgwick's Division, rapidly coming up an hour or so before sundown, had met and checked the enemy. The night was the blackest night ever known. Not a star was visible. One vast cloud filled the sky, producing so dense a darkness you would have thought it was through a coal-pit, in the bowels of the earth, that we were marching. Here and there, however, you could catch the yellow glimmering—or at times the broad and sudden flashes—of the lanterns of the surgeons, as they groped and stumbled over the

field in search of the wounded. The saddest moans were heard on every side. A dull, heavy, woful murmur deepened the tramp of the regiments passing on through the darkness, over the slain and dying. Now and then, a shot from the pickets struck the ear; and this was sometimes quickly followed by a burst of musketry in the woods to the right and front. Had the sky been clear—had the stars and moon been glistening over it—the scene, perhaps, might have been dismaying. As it was, the horrors of the battle-field were buried in the depths of that impenetrable night, and the wearied men of the Brigade lay down to rest, upon the drenched and torn ground, in the midst of the havoc of the day, hardly conscious of the ghastly companions who slept among them, bathed in blood.

“ But the dawn revealed it all. Here was a Georgian—a tall, stout-limbed, broad-shouldered fellow—lying on his face; his head half-buried in the mud; his long thick brown hair soaked and matted with the rain and mire; his long white fingers grasping a broken musket; his canteen and drab felt-hat flung a few feet from him; his haversack, with two or three biscuits breaking through it, tossed over his

back; and a coarse hempen shirt, all clotted and starched with blood, sticking out from under his empty cartridge-box and gray jacket. Not far from him was a dead horse; his distended eyeballs glaring in the pale light; and a thick crust of blood and foam edging the open mouth that had grown stiff in the last writhings of the poor brute's agony. Nearer to us, close to a burned stump, lay one of our own artillerymen; his bold handsome face black with sweat and the smoke of battle; his right leg torn off by a shell above the knee; his black hair flattened back and streaming from his forehead, as though he had been shipwrecked and washed ashore; his brass-hilted short sword bent under him; and as he lay there upturned, cold and rigid as though he were made of stone, he seemed to be gazing, with the wild, fixed look of an idiot, at the clouds floating through the watery sky.

“The root of a withered and whitened oak was the Headquarters of the Irish Brigade this morning. Behind this root was a pile of muskets; some with bayonets fixed; others without lock or bayonet; many of them bent and twisted; two or three of them coiled into hoops, as though they were pliable as leaden

water-pipes ; all more or less befouled and damaged. Blankets, too, were strewn everywhere around. Knapsacks—some of them torn open—others as tidily packed as they would be on an inspection—lay all about. Further down the field, within a few hundred paces of the railroad, a gun-carriage was upset, and had the muzzle of its rifled piece sunk into a patch of black swamp, thickly set with short green grass. To the rear of the Headquarters—a musket-shot from it—was an ambulance with one wheel only, and a blood-smeared stretcher slipping out of it behind, underneath the tarpaulin curtain.

“I was quietly and mournfully noticing these and a hundred other evidences of the battle of the previous day—was, by the by, talking to a young Irishman from South Carolina, whom I found propped up against a mouldy old tree, disabled by a musket-shot in the side, and manfully suppressing the expression of his pain—when there broke from the lofty deep woods in our front a deafening volley. Again and again was it repeated. Then there was a like volley from the woods on our right—then from the woods on the left—and then a volley from the entire front, sharp and crackling as a thunder-

crash in the sudden outburst of a thunder-storm, but far more prolonged.

“ Waking up from the profound silence and darkness of the night, to their utter astonishment the enemy found us within pistol-range of them ; nor were we less astonished at finding them, without any intimation or warning whatever, so close at hand.

“ The Pamunkey and Richmond railroad ran within five hundred paces of the Brigade line, and almost parallel to it. Two miles to our rear was the Chickahominy. Richardson’s division, of which mine was the 2d Brigade, occupied in two lines a wide cornfield, the crop on which had been thoroughly trampled out of sight, nothing in the way of vegetation remaining above the soaked and trodden surface but the blackened stumps of the pines that formerly covered it. To the right were tall, beautiful, noble woods : to the extreme left the same. Between the left of our line and the railroad was a smaller wood. On the other side of the railroad was a long thick belt of handsome trees—robust, straight, towering trees—full of glittering and rustling leaves—the beams of the dawning sun veiling them with transparent gold—not a breath of wind wakening them from

their grand repose. This superb belt, however, concealed an ugly swamp, and the perplexing and almost impervious undergrowth with which it was interwoven. Richmond was but four miles distant from the colors of the Sixty-Ninth New York Volunteers, the right of the Brigade. One of the pioneers of the regiment—formerly a sailor—an immense, shaggy, iron-built fellow, with a tanned skin and a tempestuous eye, agile and daring as a tiger—darting up a towering pine close to the railroad, saw the dome of the Capitol flashing through the smoke of the city, the church-spires, and shining fragments of the bridges over the James river.

“The object of the enemy was to drive us from the railroad, back to the Chickahominy, and into it if possible. They had surprised General Casey the day before, on the other side of the railroad, and had nearly cut his Division to pieces. Sedgwick, however, coming up rapidly on the right, and Kearney on the left, the enemy were promptly checked, and fell back for the night. At daybreak he resumed the attack.

“A few minutes after the volley I have mentioned, Howard’s Brigade had crossed the railroad and were blazing away at a Brigade of Georgians in that magnificent forest in front of

us, forcing and tearing their way through the under-brush, through the swamp, over fallen trees and mangled bodies, in the full blaze of a blinding fire. French's Brigade followed. Our turn came next.

"The Sixty-Ninth swept down to the railroad, and reaching it, deployed into line of battle on the track. This they did under a hurricane of bullets. Once in line, however, they paid back the compliments of the morning with the characteristic alacrity and heartiness of a genuine Irish acknowledgment. The exchange of fervent salutations was kept up for an hour. The chivalry of Virginia met its match in the chivalry of Tipperary.

"In the mean time, the Eighty-Eighth New York, piercing the small wood which, as I have said, lay between the railroad and the left of the Brigade, debouched from it into a pretty deep cutting of the road, in which the regiment threw itself into line of battle, as the Sixty-Ninth had done a little higher up, and got to work with a dazzling celerity. In front of the cutting was an open space, some ten or twelve acres in extent, forming a half-circle. A rail-fence ran across it, a hundred paces from the railroad. Here and there, behind the fence,

were clumps of shrubbery and wild blackberry bushes. The whole was girt by a cincture of dark pines, closely set together, in the limbs of which, hidden by the leaves and shadows of the trees, were swarms of sharp-shooters; whilst the wood itself, and the clumps and bushes, were alive with Rebels. Climbing the embankment of the cutting, so as to enable them to rest their muskets and plant their colors on top of it, the Eighty-Eighth threw their first fire in one broad sheet of lightning into the fence and wood. From both fence and wood came, an instant after, a scorching whirlwind, tearing and ploughing up the grass and cornstalks in the open space, and ripping the colors, as it made them flap and beat against the flag-staffs.

“Close to where the colors were planted stood a log-built cottage—the property of a lethargic German with pink eyes and yellow hair—and two or three auxiliary structures devoted to pigs, chickens, and bees. These served as an excellent cover for a company of the Eighty-Eighth, detailed for special practice against the sharp-shooters.

“On the opposite embankment there stood a very dingy and battered little barn, abounding in fleas and mice, and superabundantly carpet-

ted with damp hay. This was appropriated as the hospital of the regiment. The red flag was displayed from the roof, and in a few minutes it was the scene of much suffering, tenderness, devotion, thought and love of home, heroic resignation, and calm bravery under the inexorable hand of death. There, indeed, were to be seen in many instances the sweetness, the cheerfulness, the strength, the grandeur of character which proved the fidelity of the private soldier to his cause, the disinterestedness with which he had pledged himself to it, the consciousness of his having done well in the face of danger, and leaving to his home and comrades a memory which would brighten the sadness of those who knew, loved, and honored him. There was to be seen the good, kind, gentle priest of the old and eternal Faith, calming the fevered brain with words which at such moments express the divinest melody, and gladdening the drooping eye with visions that transform the bed of torture into one of flowers, and the cloud of death into a home of splendor.

“Driven back on the right by Sedgwick—on the centre by Richardson—on the left by Kearney—baffled, broken, routed at all three points at the one and the same time—at noon that day

the Rebel forces were pursued by Hooker. Had he been permitted, he would have followed them into Richmond. Kearney was mad for the pursuit—so was Sumner—so were French and Sedgwick—so was every one of our officers and soldiers. It was the instinct and passion of the entire army.

“ ‘ Now that we’ve got them on the run’—as a Sergeant of the Eighty-Eighth knowingly observed—‘ the thing is to keep them running.’ ”

“ It would have been the telling game to play. Followed up briskly and with the determination to win, the enemy would not have faced about this side of Richmond. As it was, his retreat could hardly have been more fearfully disordered. Thousands of muskets were flung away—cartridge-boxes, blankets, everything that ever so slightly checked or slackened the rapidity of that wild flight—for it was nothing short of that—were torn off, dropped on the road, or whirled impatiently into the woods. General Joe Johnston, who commanded the Rebel forces, had been previously wounded, but the fact was concealed from his men. But the impression that he was still at their head had no effect. The fragments of his army hurled themselves, through the choking dust and blistering sun of

that tumultuous hour, into the streets of the Confederate capital; and it was not until they were well assured that the Federals had stacked arms, instead of keeping the bayonet to their heels, that they drew breath and bridle, and came to their wits again. All this I have had from a gentleman—a South Carolinian by birth—who was in Richmond at the time; and witnessing the thorough disorder and dismay of the Rebel forces, was utterly astonished at not finding the Federal columns in hot pursuit.

“Followed up with impetuosity that day, the Army of Northern Virginia would have received a staggering blow, the city of Richmond was ours, General McClellan would have inaugurated a reign of victory with an achievement of incomparable advantage. Never shall I forget the fierceness with which General Kearney used to condemn and curse this blunder—never forget how that quick, stormy, imperious eye of his used to flash its lightnings, then cloud up and darken, and then flash out again with a more scathing fire—never forget how that proud frame of his used to swell with vehement vexation, with a furious impatience, with a savage resentment almost—as he spoke of the opportunity that was so heedlessly and blindly lost,

and cast to the idle winds that day. A splendid soldier, full of animation, full of electricity, full of daring, he could not brook the caution which satisfied itself with half a victory, and inflamed with faith in the power of enthusiasm and rapid action, chafed and beat the air with anger when a tamer policy prevailed.

“As it was, however, the result of the battle of Fair Oaks enabled General McClellan to establish the left wing of his army behind intrenched works within four miles of Richmond. The right wing, under General Fitz-John Porter, extended the other side of the Chickahominy. Had General McDowell effected a junction with Porter, the Federal lines would have proved impenetrable, and the capture of Richmond would have inevitably closed the campaign of the Peninsula.

“The three weeks we spent behind those intrenched works, were busy weeks. In the woods, fronting and flanking us on the right, the pickets were unremittingly engaged. At *tattoo* and *reveillé* the enemy's drums were punctually heard, beating as loudly and spiritedly as our own. There were frequent alarms. During the night, the crackling of firearms was incessant. At times—generally in the afternoon—a

sudden dash of the enemy in considerable force, would throw our pickets back upon their reserves, and the reserves back upon the breastworks into the hideous *abattis* in front of them—a distorted mass and monstrous net-work of tangled trees that had been levelled and flung into the most bothering confusion by the western axe-men of Richardson's Division.

“One way or other, there was excitement enough to counteract in a great measure the vitiated atmosphere and water of the vile swamp in which we lay intrenched. The camp itself, in those calm beautiful days of June, was ever and always a brilliant picture—full of life—abounding in a variety of incidents, points of interest, and all the striking coloring and grouping of a military drama on the largest scale.

“There, on every side and close to us, were those fatal woods, which seemed to follow us wherever we went, and hem us in wherever we pitched our tents. Here were the breastworks—in some places built of huge logs—for the most part of red earth—stretching in zigzag lines, from the railroad over towards the river, with a deep ditch outside them. Between the breastworks and the woods, the *abattis*, just mentioned, covered the intervening ground with

a wreck of splintered trunks and broken limbs, and a torturing web and trap of stumps and branches, as impervious and inextricable as an Indian jungle. Here again, at salient angles of those zigzag lines, were batteries of brass Napoleons and brown Parrots in position, with their ammunition stored in bomb-proof magazines, and the artillerymen grouped about them. Within the lines, and all over a vast area, were the long white streets of the camp, glistening in the blue sunshine. Close to an interval of log-built breast-work were the tents of the Sixty-Ninth Pennsylvania—a stubborn Irish regiment, with its heart as big as its muscle—proud as a true chief of some old Celtic clan could be of the Green Flag it carried, and sworn that foe, as well as friend, should have to speak of it as the symbol of a gallant race and do it honor. Next to them was a solid German regiment, the Seventh New York, with the gorgeous tri-color of the Rhine flying at the Colonel's quarters—the band filling the dreamy air with the liveliest eloquence of war—the soldiers themselves filling it with the pungent incense of their brier-wood pipes and *meerschaums*, or with the savory fumes which curled upwards from the bubbling frying-pan and kettle, sweetening the miasma of

the swamp with the fragrance of pork and onions. As one glanced at the colors displayed at the headquarters of the different regiments, and recognized in their splendid blazonry the mottoes and insignia of the several States they represented, as well as the mottoes and insignia of the various nationalities that diversified the character of the national army, he could not but call to mind the noble lines in which John Savage describes the glorious uprising of the North in vindication of the national authority."

So much for Meagher's powers as a military historian, but the opinion which he states as having been shared equally with himself, by General Kearney, and others, that a rapid pursuit of the Confederates into Richmond, after the battle of Fair Oaks, could have been successfully and easily accomplished, was not entertained by General McClellan; for he says, in his report, after describing the swollen condition of the river, and the destruction of the bridges—"The only available means therefore of uniting our forces at Fair Oaks, for an advance on Richmond soon after the battle, was to march the troops from Mechanicsville and other points on the left banks of the Chicka-

hominny down to Bottom's Bridge, and thence over the Williamsburg road to the position near Fair Oaks, a distance of about 23 miles. In the condition of the roads at that time this march could not have been made with artillery in less than two days, by which time the enemy would have been secure within his intrenchments around Richmond. In short, the idea of uniting the two wings of the army in time to make a vigorous pursuit of the enemy with the prospect of overtaking him before he reached Richmond, only five miles distant from the field of battle, is simply absurd, and was, I presume, never seriously entertained by any one connected with the Army of the Potomac. An advance, involving the separation of the two wings by the impassable Chickahominy, would have exposed each to defeat in detail. Therefore I held the position already gained, and completed our crossings as rapidly as possible."

After the battle of Fair Oaks, Gen. Meagher had the gratification to receive the compliments of General McClellan, and of the now famous Spanish leader, General Prim, upon the valor of his troops. It is told that when riding up the railroad with General Heitzelman, General Prim passed by the Sixty-Third and Eighty-Eighth

regiments drawn up in line. General Meagher, with some of the members of his staff, were in front of the regiments. Struck with the stalwart and muscular appearance of the men, as well as with their military bearing, the old Castilian inquired through his aid-de-camp interpreter, "What troops are these?" The General replied, "A portion of the Irish Brigade." The Marshal's eye brightened, his olive complexion could not hide the pride of the soldier at sight of such fighting-material. In a dignified manner, characteristic of his race and nation, he complimented the Brigade and its commander, who replied that "Spain had reason to appreciate Irish valor; that Spain and Ireland were old friends from ancient times, and their soldiers had often stood side by side together on many a hard-fought field." The generals, accompanied by their brilliant staffs and escort of cavalry, galloped off amid the thundering cheers of the Eighty-Eighth. In a conversation at the Headquarters of the Army, after visiting the troops, General Prim said—"I don't wonder that the Irish fight so well: their cheers are as good as the bullets of other men." General McClellan, accompanied by his staff, visited the Corps of General Sumner. On coming to the

Brigade, he was met by General Meagher and staff at the right of the line. On reaching the left, after using the most complimentary terms in reference to the men, he especially charged General Meagher to return, and thank the regiments for their gallant and steady conduct in the action of the 1st of June at Fair Oaks. The General conveyed the message to the Brigade, adding that General McClellan also desired him to say that when he called upon them again, which he would do in case of need, he had the fullest confidence that they would emulate the brave efforts of that day. The trust thus so confidently reposed in the men of the Irish Brigade was never violated. The approbation which they won from the Commander-in-chief in the first battle-field in which they "fleshed their maiden swords," was also gallantly earned in all the desperate conflicts which succeeded it.

The trying hours for Meagher and his Brigade approached when the famous retreat of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula was decided upon; for, as will be noticed, they had to bear much of the fighting from White House to Malvern Hill, in the battles whereof I have now to speak:

The Battle of Mechanicsville had been fought

on Thursday, the 26th of June, between 60,000 Confederate troops, under General R. E. Lee, supported by Generals Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and Gustavus W. Smith, and a force of 35,000 men of the national army under Fitz-John Porter and General McCall, who held positions at Beaver Dam and Mechanicsville. The conflict began in the afternoon and only ended at nine at night, leaving the Confederate troops in position. Both sides were exhausted and slept that night upon their arms. This was the first of the celebrated Seven days' battles. After this, commenced the retreat from White House on the Pamunkey, at that time the base of General McClellan's army, to Harrison's Landing on the James River. In this well-conducted movement,—which will ever redound to the credit of all who shared in the heroism, the patience, and the sufferings of the retreating army,—the Irish Brigade participated from first to last.

The abandonment of White House, and the destruction of all the stores that could not be removed, immediately took place. Gen. Stoneman with his cavalry and flying artillery, which had just been called from his position, at Hanover Court House, when the retreat was deter-

mined on, was ordered to burn all the depots of stores between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy, which he executed with great vigor, much to the chagrin of the enemy. Colonel Ingalls, the quartermaster, sent nearly all the stores to Savage's Station. On Friday morning, the 27th, General McCall fell back on the bridges crossing the Chickahominy, where he was ordered to make a stand against the approaching enemy, while the main body of the army was commencing the retreat. The force consisted of 30,000 troops, under Generals Fitz-John Porter, Morrell, Sykes, Martindale, Butterfield, and Griffin. The artillery consisted of sixty pieces of cannon, which were posted on the heights surrounding the position which occupied a line of battle extending two miles from the Chickahominy to Coal Harbor, Fitz-John Porter commanding the whole force. General Reynolds, with his reserves, held the right; at Coal Harbor and in the rear were the troops of General Seymour and General Cook. In the neighborhood of the fight stood Gaines' Mill, from which this bloody and desperate engagement took the name it has since borne. In this position, from early morning until near noon, the national forces awaited the shock of battle,

resisting, at the same time, the skirmishes of the advancing enemy, who were moving in three columns with an aggregate force of nearly 80,000. The first column marched on the line of the Chickahominy; another a short distance inland, and the third advanced straight on our right at Coal Harbor.

A little before 12 o'clock the conflict opened with the thunder of a hundred and twenty cannon on both sides, shaking the earth for miles around. It was not long before the whole scene of action was enveloped in smoke, and under the mantle which shut out the light of a bright summer day commenced the deadly struggle of the contending hosts. Charge followed charge on the part of the Confederates, desperate and almost reckless in their fury, but they were met by our troops with a stubborn front and repulsed one after the other, with immense destruction to the assailants. Large masses of men swayed to and fro over the undulating ground, like the surges of the sea illuminated by lightning; gleaming bayonets and flashes of musketry being visible through the dense cloud that overhung the scene. Now the cavalry come into play; for 20,000 Southern reserves come fresh into action upon our flank, and our infantry are

getting exhausted, and what is worse, they are running out of ammunition. The contest of three to one is too much for them, with the artillery matched nearly gun for gun. The order for the Fifth regular cavalry to charge is at length given. The French Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Chartres, and Comte de Paris, were near the spot, and the former describes the charge as a glorious sight, and a terrible slaughter. It absolutely failed to retrieve the ground the troops were evidently losing fast. Every reserve we had was by this time thrown into the field, while fresh troops of the enemy came pouring in. Our lines were wavering at different points, though they were not yet broken. The round-shot and shell from the batteries were tearing up the ground, so that the contestants were carrying on the sanguinary conflict in an atmosphere of dust and smoke, through which the confusion seemed greater. At this juncture it became evident that General Porter must be re-enforced, or his little army of protection must fall before the superior numbers of the foe. Accordingly, General McClellan ordered General Sumner, whose corps was at Fair Oaks, to send up two brigades to support Porter. Sumner selected

the brigades of French and Meagher. They started at double quick, making short time of the five miles that lay between them and the battle-field. The order was given at five o'clock in the afternoon. They reached the scene of action soon after to find General Porter's troops retiring stubbornly, though considerably broken and disordered. General French being the senior officer, commanded the two brigades. Meagher led the Irish Brigade. Forcing their way through the retreating masses of Porter's command, they gained the crest of a hill, formed into line, and with one wild shout, swept down upon the enemy, then flushed with victory. Through a storm of shot and bullets they went—on, on, to the very faces of the foe. The shock was almost instantaneous. The enemy made a momentary stand. They were wholly unprepared for the impetuosity of the Irish troops, and after a fierce struggle, the whole force fell back, both infantry and artillery. The retreating forces of General Porter began to fall in in the rear of the victorious re-enforcements, and Meagher's Brigade stood, panting and elated, between the army they had saved and the enemy they had vanquished.

It was Fontenoy repeated!

The whole description of the battle reminds one of the lines of Southey:—

“ Then more fierce
The conflict grew ; the din of arms—the yell
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguished horrors ; while the sun,
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.”





CHAPTER VII.

THE BRIGADE GOES INTO ACTION WITH ECLAT—
PERILS OF THE REAR-GUARD—MEAGHER IN THE
THICK OF THE FIGHT.

WHEN the safety of Fitz-John Porter's army was secured, French's and Meagher's brigades were withdrawn,—just at the dawn of day, but not before the whole of Porter's army, including all the wounded, were transported across the Chickahominy. General Meagher with his staff were the last to cross the river. The retreat of the Army of the Potomac was now fairly commenced. The Irish Brigade had rejoined Sumner's Corps. On the 29th General Sumner broke camp at Fair Oaks, and took up a position at Allen's farm, between Orchard and Savage's stations. The enemy here made a furious attack on the right of General Sedgwick's division, but were repulsed. They next fell on the

left of Richardson's division, but were forced, after some hard fighting, to retire in some disorder. Three times they attacked, and each time were repulsed. This fight is known in the record of the Brigade as the Battle of Peach Orchard. Next day General Franklin communicated to General Sumner that the enemy were advancing on Savage's Station, after crossing the Chickahominy upon the bridges which they had repaired. Sumner hurried up, and soon after noon formed a junction with Franklin, and, as senior officer, assumed command. The troops under Sumner and Franklin were drawn up in an open field to the left of the railroad, the right extending down the road and the left resting on the edge of the woods. Hancock's brigade was in the woods on the right and front, while the brigade of General Brooks held the woods to the left. General Burns was on the Williamsburg road, and it was here that the enemy made the first attack, at four o'clock in the afternoon of an intensely hot day. The fight soon became general along the line. Hazard's, Pettit's, Osborne's, and Bramhall's batteries were briskly engaged. Here the Irish Brigade especially distinguished itself. During the battle the Eighty-Eighth, then commanded

by Major James Quinlan, made a splendid charge, which in a great measure turned the tide of battle. Major Quinlan dashingly led the charge in person, inflicting a stunning blow upon the enemy at a critical point in the action. General Richardson and General Burns complimented the Eighty-Eighth on their valor and efficient services on the field. The battle raged until between eight and nine o'clock at night, when, after an obstinate fight, the enemy were driven from the field.

The battle of Savage's Station having thus terminated successfully for the national army, the retreat was continued across the White Oak Swamp, in the direction of Harrison's Landing, on the James River, which McClellan had selected as the new base. The retreat was not a leisurely affair. It was a vigorous campaign. Richardson's division, to which the Irish Brigade was attached, formed the rear-guard, and therefore had to meet the enemy—who was pressing on the flank of the army—in every attack. The rain was falling in torrents when the Brigade commenced its march through the White Oak Swamp. By midnight, on the day of the battle at Savage's Station, the troops were on the road to White Oak Swamp bridge,

which was reached by daylight. The Brigade had been now five days in action: had during that time but little food and no rest. General McClellan states that the whole army was at this time exhausted. How then must it have fared with the rear-guard? Harassed by the foe by day and by night, hungry and weary, suffering from the scorching heat of the sun at noontide, and the heavy rains at night, the Brigade still went cheerily on, sustained by the presence of its commander, who shared every discomfort and braved every danger with his men; sustained, too, by the consciousness of duty well performed, and not a little proud that, despite all the hard work and the fearful risks to which they were exposed, the post of honor and of danger was assigned to them.

After the dreary night-march came the battle of White Oak Swamp, which opened vigorously about noon on the 30th by the enemy shelling the divisions of Generals Richardson and Smith, and Naglee's brigade, at the White Oak bridge. Generals Sumner, Heintzelman, McCall, Kearney, Franklin, Hooker, and Slocum were all engaged in this action. Richardson's division suffered severely. The principal attack was made by the enemy under Longstreet and Hill,

nearly 20,000 strong, on McCall's division, who fought bravely for an hour, but were compelled to fall back ; but Generals Sumner and Hooker gallantly supported him. The enemy renewed their attack on Kearney's left, but were repulsed with heavy loss. About five o'clock in the afternoon, Meagher's Brigade was ordered to move up in quick time to Glendale, near Charles City cross-roads, at which point the enemy were pushing down in great force. As the Brigade advanced at a run, General Sumner, who with his staff was on the road, greeted them in passing most cordially, saying—"Boys, you go in to save another day." The Brigade also received a lusty cheer from the splendid regiment of Lincoln Cavalry, commanded by Colonel McReynolds, as the Irish troops swept past them, going into the field. The battle of Glendale was not finished until dark. It was but the continuation of the conflict at White Oak Swamp, and lasted without interruption for ten hours of that eventful day. The Federal loss was heavy, and Generals McCall, Burns, and Brooks were wounded. The line of battle extended two miles and a half. The struggle at Glendale was the bloodiest conflict since the day at Fair Oaks, and was continued into the

darkness of night, but it ended by the enemy being routed at all points and driven from the field. A writer, describing the battle of Glendale, says :—“ Meagher’s Irish Brigade rendered itself very conspicuous by the gallantry with which it rushed, with cheers that made the welkin ring, upon the swarming Rebels.” During the passage of the army through White Oak Swamp, which was at the same time a march and a series of battles, the sun of a fiercely hot June day beat down remorselessly upon the heads of the men, many of whom flung away coats and knapsacks, and not a few, who escaped the effects of shot and shell, fell sun-struck by the road-side. The dead and wounded were compelled to be left behind. Every available spot at Savage’s Station was crowded with the sick and wounded, where they had to be abandoned.

On the first of July the last and most desperate of the seven days’ battles was fought at Malvern Hill.

The conduct of Meagher’s Brigade at the battle of Malvern Hill was superb. Three times it went into action, and each time won the applause of all who witnessed the gallant bearing of the men, and their General, who with his

green plume dancing, and his sword flashing in front of the line, went conspicuously into the fight. On this occasion General Meagher had one of his narrowest escapes from death which, amid all the dangers and vicissitudes through which he passed, most miraculously spared him. A rifle-ball passed through the rim of his hat, within quarter of an inch of his right temple. Called up a third time during the battle, the Brigade went in at the last moment, when the fortunes of the day were in the balance, and saved the left wing of the army from being turned, at a period in the progress of the battle when such a disaster might have been irreparable. Their loss, as may be supposed, was very heavy, both in men and officers. Lieutenant Reynolds of the Sixty-Ninth fell dead, while Captain Leddy, and Captain O'Donovan, and Lieutenant Cahill were dangerously wounded. The horse of Major James Cavanagh of the Sixty-Ninth was shot dead, pierced by several balls.

This was the last of the famous seven days' battles, in which Meagher showed his fine soldierly qualities. The Peninsula campaign was concluded. The Army of the Potomac had reached Harrison's Landing, and the next thing

in order was a total change in the plan of attack upon Richmond, and a change of commanders, which, as events proved, resulted in disasters that were only retrieved by the restoration of General McClellan to the command and the superseding of General Pope.

The Federal army having been ordered to withdraw from the Peninsula, General Meagher visited New York in order to obtain recruits to fill up his regiments. He was accompanied by the gallant Lieutenant Temple Emmet of his staff. He was warmly received in the city, but found considerable difficulty in obtaining recruits, as were also the efforts of General D. E. Sickles, who was engaged in a similar duty. Several new regiments were then being raised in the metropolis, and it was difficult to obtain men for those in the field. Other circumstances also militated against recruiting for the veteran regiments. Meagher made several stirring appeals to his countrymen to join the standard of the republic. He made a magnificent address at the Armory of the Seventh Regiment New York National Guard. He was invited to the theatres, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On these occasions he announced that he accepted the invitations with

the hope of stimulating recruiting. His efforts, however, met with little success. But while their General was in New York endeavoring to recruit their exhausted ranks, the Brigade, as usual, was busy. The enemy still held an annoying position, on Malvern Hill, and frequent scouting parties were thrown out in that direction, in many of which portions of the Brigade, the Sixty-Third and Eighty-Eighth in particular, played a conspicuous part. General Meagher returned to Harrison's Landing only to find the army on the eve of moving, and to direct the retrograde march of his command through Williamsburg and Yorktown back to Fortress Monroe.

After this came the famous battle of Antietam, in which Meagher's command played a glorious part. In the preceding actions, at Centreville and Manassas, the Brigade was not engaged. But in the battle of Antietam it fought gallantly, and made some terrible sacrifices.

How the action at Antietam commenced with Richardson's division, of which Meagher's was the Second Brigade, General McClellan thus relates :—

“ General Richardson's division of the Second

corps, pressing the rear-guard of the enemy with vigor, passed Boonsboro' and Keedysville, and came upon the main body of the enemy, occupying in large force a strong position a few miles beyond the latter place.

“It had been hoped to engage the enemy during the 15th. Accordingly, instructions were given that if the enemy were overtaken on the march they should be attacked at once ; if found in heavy force and in position, the corps in advance should be placed in position for attack, and await my arrival. On reaching the advanced position of our troops, I found but two divisions, Richardson's and Sykes's, in position ; the other troops were halted in the road—the head of the column some distance in rear of Richardson.

“The enemy occupied a strong position on the heights, on the west side of Antietam creek, displaying a large force of infantry and cavalry, with numerous batteries of artillery, which opened on our columns as they appeared in sight on the Keedysville road and Sharpsburg turnpike, which fire was returned by Captain Tidball's light battery, Second United States artillery, and Pettit's battery, First New York artillery.

“The division of General Richardson, following close on the heels of the retreating foe, halted and deployed near Antietam river, on the right of the Sharpsburg road. General Sykes, leading on the division of regulars on the old Sharpsburg road, came up and deployed to the left of General Richardson, on the left of the road.”

This was on the 16th of September. During that afternoon and night Antietam creek was crossed at several points, but not without terrible fighting. At daylight the battle was fairly begun by General Hooker's corps, who drove the enemy from the open fields into the woods near the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg turnpike. The fighting soon spread over the whole line, and the action became general. For several hours the conflict raged. The loss of officers was becoming serious. General Mansfield fell mortally wounded. Generals Hooker, Sedgwick, Dana, Crawford, and Hartsuff, were also wounded. The enemy were being gradually forced back into the woods. While the hottest portion of the battle was on the right, General French was making a diversion to the left, by order of General Sumner. In this direction the enemy was

forced back almost to the crest of the hill, but he was there posted in great strength in a sunken road or natural rifle-pit. In the rear were strong bodies of the enemy drawn up in a cornfield. From the sunken road and the cornfield our men had to take a terrific fire of musketry, which they returned fiercely. Here the Irish Brigade came most conspicuously into the fray.

“On the left of General French,” says General McClellan in his report, “General Richardson’s division was hotly engaged. Having crossed the Antietam about 9.30 A. M., at the ford crossed by the other divisions of Sumner’s corps, it moved on a line nearly parallel to the Antietam, and formed in a ravine behind the high grounds overlooking Roulette’s house; the Second (Irish) Brigade, commanded by General Meagher, on the right; the Third brigade, commanded by General Caldwell, on his left, and the brigade commanded by Colonel Brooks, Fifty-Third Pennsylvania volunteers, in support. As the division moved forward to take its position on the field, the enemy directed a fire of artillery against it, but, owing to the irregularities of the ground, did but little damage.

“Meagher’s brigade, advancing steadily, soon

became engaged with the enemy posted to the left and in front of Roulette's house. It continued to advance under a heavy fire nearly to the crest of the hill overlooking Piper's house, the enemy being posted in a continuation of the sunken road and cornfield before referred to. Here the brave Irish brigade opened upon the enemy a terrific musketry fire.

“All of General Sumner's corps was now engaged: General Sedgwick on the right; General French in the centre, and General Richardson on the left. The Irish brigade sustained its well-earned reputation. After suffering terribly in officers and men, and strewing the ground with their enemies as they drove them back, their ammunition nearly expended, and their commander, General Meagher, disabled by the fall of his horse shot under him, this brigade was ordered to give place to General Caldwell's brigade, which advanced to a short distance in its rear. The lines were passed by the Irish brigade breaking by company to the rear, and General Caldwell's by company to the front, as steady as on drill.”

Severe indeed was the loss of the Brigade. Captain John Kavanagh of the Sixty-Third—

one of Smith O'Brien's companions at Balin-garry—was shot dead at the head of his company, while charging on the concealed works of the enemy behind a fence at the crest of the hill ; and here fell many other gallant officers.

The battle of Antietam lasted fourteen hours. Nearly two hundred thousand men, and five hundred pieces of artillery were engaged. The shroud of night enveloped the struggling hosts. The battle may be said to have been fought upon the very threshold of the North, with Pennsylvania, and indeed the National Capital itself, almost at the mercy of the enemy. The invasion was checked there ; for the Confederate army retired south of the Potomac on the next day, having lost severely in men and war material, from the time at which they occupied Frederick, the capital of Maryland, on the 7th of September, to the defeat at Antietam on the 17th.

And so from battle-field to battle-field Meagher led his troops, even to the deadly assault on the hill at Fredericksburg, until the last fatal fight at Chancellorsville, after which he had no longer a brigade to command in the Army of the Potomac. Let me tell the story of this last grand battle of the Irish Brigade.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE—DECIMATION OF 'THE BRIGADE—MEAGHER'S FAREWELL.

THE battle of Chancellorsville, in which the Irish Brigade played so conspicuous a part, was fought on Sunday, the 3d of May, in the vicinity of Mr. Chancellor's house. About 8 o'clock in the morning the Brigade, which had been marching for three days, through forests and swamps, was ordered to the front to support the Fifth Maine battery. Shot and shell were tearing through the woods as the men advanced. Meagher, who led the column, had several miraculous escapes. For two hours they maintained their position in support of the battery, which was placed in front of the woods, commanding the plain towards Chancellorsville. It was terribly exposed to the fire of the enemy, but held its ground until all the horses and men were either killed or wounded. Corporal Le-

broke and one private, finding that they could no longer work the guns, blew up the caissons. The Irish Brigade, under the immediate direction of General Meagher, then rushed to save the guns. The men seized the ropes, and in the midst of a terrific fusilade drew the guns into the woods. Several of the gallant fellows were shot down, but their comrades pursued the work steadily until the battery was out of danger. It was the fourth battalion of the Brigade, One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, assisted by several of the Sixty-Ninth and Sixty-Third New York, under command of Major St. Clair Mulholland, which accomplished this important service. Had the battery fallen into the hands of the enemy, it would have been turned upon the Federal troops, and undoubtedly have done terrible havoc upon their lines. This was the second essential service which Meagher's Brigade performed in this protracted fight. On the previous day, when the Eleventh Army Corps was endeavoring to hold a position on the Gordonsville road, the assaults of the enemy were so terrific that it broke in a panic, and fell back pell-mell towards United States Ford,—General Howard doing his utmost, in vain, to reorganize them. Meagher's Brigade

intercepted the fugitives by throwing a line across the road and into the woods at Scott's Mills. Finding their retreat cut off, they rejoined the army.

When the men of the Brigade had drawn the guns of the Fifth Maine battery off the field, General Hancock rode up to General Meagher, and called out, "General Meagher, you command the retreat!" In this action the Irish Brigade numbered only five hundred and twenty men. It had ere this time been reduced by continual fighting to only half a regiment. In this battle fell Captain John C. Lynch, of the Sixty-Third New York Volunteers, a gallant officer, a genial, social, and estimable gentleman. While leaning against a tree in the woods, directing the fire of his company, he was struck by a ball in the arm, but though seriously hurt, he refused to leave his post. In a moment a shell came hurtling along, and striking the brave young officer in its course, literally dashed him to pieces. The scabbard of his sword, bent like a hook, was all that was left. His remains were never recovered.

Chancellorsville was the last grand battle in which the Brigade fought under its old commander. Reduced in numbers from its once

flourishing condition, it presented now not men enough to comprise a regiment. From the first moment that it became a component part of the Army of the Potomac it shared every danger, and participated in almost every conflict. No portion of that grand army endured more hardships, or cheerfully made more sacrifices. There was not a camp, however dismal and cheerless; not a march, however weary and painful; not a picket-line, however exposed; not a turning point on any battle-field, that the green flag was not seen, that the steady tramp and the ringing cheer was not heard, and the stalwart arm of the Irish soldier was not felt with terrible effect. More than decimated as it was after the battles of Chancellorsville and Scott's Mills, its efficiency as a brigade was no longer possible, and no one was more conscientiously convinced of this than General Meagher himself. After the heroic but destructive assault on the enemy's batteries at Fredericksburg, which left his command sadly reduced, he appealed to the War Department for permission to withdraw his Brigade from active duty in the field for a brief time, to enable the regiments to fill up their thinned ranks; but the Secretary of War gave no heed to the request; did not even condescend

to reply to it, although the facts embraced in General Meagher's statement were undoubtedly well known to the War Department.

The operations of the Irish Brigade in the battles on the Rappahannock were communicated to the author at the time, in the following terms, in a letter from General Meagher :—

“ Four days previous to the main body of the army crossing the Rappahannock, the Brigade was occupied in guarding Bank's and the United States Ford,—the latter being seven miles above the former, and the former four miles distant from the camp of the Brigade. On the night of the 29th, the regiments of the Brigade at the United States Ford moved down to Bank's Ford, and there rejoined the rest of my command. Two hours later, the entire command moved off to the Upper Ford, effecting a march of nine miles in utter darkness, with great alacrity and spirit ; arriving on the ground where the rest of the army were bivouacked, within a mile and a half of the Ford, at break of day. That evening the Brigade crossed the river. Four of the regiments (or rather four of the poor little skeletons of regiments) composing the Brigade were ordered to take up a

position two miles off the main road from the Ford to Chancellorsville, and hold it firmly; that position being on the extreme left of the Federal line, and approached by an excellent by-road leading from Fredericksburg. The fifth regiment—the Eighty-Eighth of the New York Volunteers—was detached by order of Major-General Hancock, commanding the Division, and proceeded to the front, where they occupied a position until the morning of the 3d of May, being stationed on the extreme left of the front at Chancellorsville, in support of a section of Thomas's battery (Fourth United States Artillery), which commanded the main road leading from Fredericksburg, through Chancellorsville, to Gordonsville. On the evening of the 1st of May, the four regiments of my Brigade were ordered to the right, and there took up a strong position, under my immediate command and instructions. My little force was posted to the best advantage, and established two guns of Pettit's famous rifled battery in position. Whilst at this point (and it was a most important one, and vital to be held because it commanded the main road to the Ford and Chancellorsville, and in the hands of the enemy would have been fatal to our army) the Brigade

rendered the most valuable service in driving back the torrent of fugitives from the Eleventh Corps, whom the sudden onslaught and terrific musketry of the enemy had routed, and completely struck them with panic. About 8 o'clock the following morning, May the 3d, orders were received to march my command at once to the front, which was effected promptly and with the greatest enthusiasm—the little Brigade passing with a truly soldierly step and dash through long lines and masses of troops drawn up on either side of the road leading to the front. Taking up a position, in line of battle, a few paces to the rear of the large brick house at Chancellorsville, which had been until a few minutes before General Hooker's headquarters, the Brigade was exposed for two hours and a half to a most galling fire of rifle-balls, canister, shrapnel, and shell. Nevertheless, without swerving an inch, they held their ground, until General Hancock, riding past from the front, where he had bravely stood until the enemy's infantry were but a few hundred paces from him, ordered me to form my command at once in column and bring up the rear. This was steadily and fearlessly done,—the Eighty-Eighth New York Volunteers, under Colonel

Patrick Kelly, being the very last regiment of the Federal army to leave the front. They had only done so ten minutes before the enemy's infantry dashed over our breast-works and took possession with tremendous cheering. Previous to the Irish Brigade bringing up the retreat, a considerable portion of it—chiefly the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Major St. Clair Mulholland—were engaged in hauling off the abandoned guns of the Fifth Maine battery, which had been utterly destroyed, within ten minutes after it had taken position at the front, by the terrific fire of the enemy's artillery. Three of the Eighty-Eighth mounted the horses attached to one of the pieces (the gunners and drivers having all been killed or desperately wounded), and rattled off with it in glorious style.

“For the two days and nights intervening between this disastrous morning and that of the 6th of May (the morning the army recrossed the Rappahannock), the Irish Brigade, along with the other brigades of Hancock's Division, was right in front on the new line of defence, and held their ground, under the incessant fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters and pickets most nobly.”

In the position which the Brigade was placed after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Meagher resolved to tender his resignation as commander of the remnant left to him, which he did in the following words :—

“ HEADQUARTERS IRISH BRIGADE,
- “ HANCOCK’S DIVISION, COUCH’S CORPS,
“ Army of the Potomac, May 8th, 1863.
“ MAJOR JOHN HANCOCK, ASSIST. ADJ’T GEN’L.

“I beg most respectfully to tender you, and through you to the proper authorities, my resignation as Brigadier-General commanding what was once known as the Irish Brigade. That Brigade no longer exists. The assault on the enemy’s works on the 13th December last reduced it to something less than a minimum regiment of infantry. For several weeks it remained in this exhausted condition. Brave fellows from the convalescent camp and from the sick-beds at home gradually re-enforced this handful of devoted men. Nevertheless, it failed to reach the strength and proportions of anything like an effective regiment.

“These facts I represented, as clearly and forcibly as it was in my power to do, in a memorial to the Secretary of War ; in which memo-

rial I prayed that a brigade which had rendered such service, and incurred such distressing losses, should be temporarily relieved from duty in the field, so as to give it time and opportunity in some measure to renew itself.

“The memorial was in vain. It never even was acknowledged. The depression caused by this ungenerous and inconsiderate treatment of a gallant remnant of a brigade that had never once failed to do its duty most liberally and heroically, almost unfitted me to remain in command. True, however, to those who had been true to me—true to a position which I considered sacred under the circumstances—I remained with what was left of my brigade; and though feeling that it was to a sacrifice rather than to a victory that we were going, I accompanied them, and led them through all the operations required of them at Scott's Mills and Chancellorsville beyond the Rappahannock.

“A mere handful of my command did its duty at those positions with a fidelity and resolution which won for it the admiration of the army. It would be my greatest happiness, as it would surely be my highest honor, to remain in the companionship and charge of such men;

but to do so any longer would be to perpetuate a public deception, in which the hard-won honors of good soldiers, and in them the military reputation of a brave old race, would inevitably be involved and compromised. I cannot be a party to this wrong. My heart, my conscience, my pride, all that is truthful, manful, sincere, and just within me forbid it.

“In tendering my resignation, however, as the Brigadier-General in command of this poor vestige and relic of the Irish Brigade, I beg sincerely to assure you that my services, in any capacity that can prove useful, are freely at the summons and disposition of the Government of the United States. That Government, and the cause, and the liberty, the noble memories, and the future it represents, are entitled, unquestionably and unequivocally, to the life of every citizen who has sworn allegiance to it, and partaken of its grand protection. But while I offer my own life to sustain this good Government, I feel it to be my first duty to do nothing that will wantonly imperil the lives of others, or, what would be still more grievous and irreparable, inflict sorrow and humiliation upon a race, who, having lost almost everything else, find in their character for courage and loyalty an in-

valuable gift, which I, for one, will not be so vain or selfish as to endanger.

“I have the honor to be most respectfully and truly yours,

“THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

“Brigadier-General Commanding.”

On the 14th of May, General Meagher's resignation was officially accepted. In his withdrawal from the honors and emoluments of his command the grand old passion for the dignity of his race asserted its supremacy over all other sentiments, save that of averting the wanton slaughter of his brave soldiers.

It may be imagined how keenly the resignation of General Meagher was felt by the men he had so long been associated with in scenes of honor and of danger—who arrayed themselves under the war-worn flags—

“Few, and faint, but fearless still!”

Though no longer Meagher's Irish Brigade, the fragment of the original organization had still some work to do, and they lost none of their old prestige on the battle-fields that succeeded Chancellorsville.

Colonel Patrick Kelly, of the Eighty-Eighth,

assumed command of the Brigade, as senior officer, after General Meagher's resignation was officially announced. On the same day, the officers of the Sixty-Ninth, Sixty-Third, and Eighty-Eighth made application for the consolidation of the few men they commanded into one regiment. Alas! there was not a full regiment left of the once glorious Brigade. Captain W. J. Nagle, of the Eighty-Eighth, writing from the camp near Falmouth, on the 18th of May, 1863, to a New York journal, says:—"The Irish Brigade has ceased to exist. The resignation of our beloved chief, General Meagher, has been accepted, and with him go our hearts, our hopes, and our aspirations. The history of the Irish Brigade in the United States Army is closed!"

The parting of the General and his comrades was sorrowful and affecting. It was more than this—it was sublime. The Commander who shared equal risks and endured equal privations with the humblest soldier in the ranks, when necessity demanded it; who had cheered the weary column on the march; enjoyed and inspired the pleasures of many an encampment; who had confronted danger on the battle-field, the foremost amongst those who never knew

fear, and who trusted to his leadership, was compelled by a sense of duty, from which there was no appeal, to sever the ties of long association and companionship, which mutual danger and mutual suffering had rendered sacred. We cannot be surprised, then, that tears rolled down veteran cheeks in that column which received the farewell of its chieftain; that a sad and solemn—“God bless you”—in broken voices accompanied the kindly grasp of the hand which General Meagher gave to every man in the line.





CHAPTER IX.

THE ETOWAH COMMAND—DEFENCE OF CHATTANOOGA—RECOGNITION OF MEAGHER'S SERVICES.

THE Government was not long in accepting Meagher's proffered services in a new scene, from the battle-fields of Virginia. When in November, 1864, Major-General Steadman joined the forces of General Thomas at Nashville, the command of the Etowah District was transferred to Acting Major-General Meagher. The headquarters were then at Chattanooga. The district was quite an extensive one, and comprised nearly three hundred miles of railroad, and fully two hundred miles of river communication; all of which the new commandant had to protect with a force of 12,000 infantry, two hundred guns, on the forts and in the field, and three regiments of cavalry. In this position he was isolated from other portions of the Federal

army, and had to depend entirely upon his own resources. Here came into play Meagher's capacity for meeting emergencies, a capacity which was never wanting when self-reliance and resolute action were the most effective weapons. As he calmed the passions of the crowd in the streets of his native Waterford at a moment when one word from his lips would perchance have precipitated an act of useless bloodshed; or when he marched defiantly, in company with Devin Reilly and his other colleagues, through the mass of armed police in the streets of Dublin, at a time when the Viceregal Government would have been only too glad to provoke a collision with the populace; or as he calmly stood face to face with ignominious death in Clonmel Court House; so did he meet the responsibility of the Etowah command. He had no army to back him. His district was fairly overrun by guerrillas, with whom he sometimes dealt with the full severity of martial law. He had to furnish supplies to General Steadman through an unprotected country, which he did promptly as fast as they were needed; and thus, for seven weeks he held that part of Tennessee, until, on the 7th of January, 1865, General Steadman returned to relieve him—Meagher then being

ordered to join the army of General Sherman, on its famous march to the sea. But Meagher did not participate in that expedition, and was therefore spared the horrors from which his generous nature would have shrunk with as much revolt as from the desolation in Ireland which he was compelled to witness years before, in 1847, and which tinged even his most genial moods with sadness.

Before his departure from Chattanooga, General Steadman tendered to General Meagher a full recognition of his services in these words:—

“ HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF THE ETOWAH, }
 “ Chattanooga, Jan. 12, 1865. } ”

“ MY DEAR GENERAL—

“ As you are about leaving this Department with your command, to take part in the projected campaign of General Sherman, I beg leave to express to you my profound regret that the fortunes of war call you from this Department. Your administration of the affairs of the District of the Etowah, while communications were interrupted, and your command isolated by the presence of Hood’s army before Nashville, as well as your splendid success in protecting the railroad and telegraph to Knoxville

and Dalton, the steamboat transportation on the Tennessee river, the public property exposed to capture by the enemy's cavalry, and the harmony and good order maintained by you throughout the District, during the trying period in which all these responsibilities devolved upon you, have given me much satisfaction, and secured for you the confidence and esteem of the Major-General commanding the Department, as well as the officers of the entire command.

“ All deeply regret the necessity which takes you from us ; but the hope that you may be pleasantly situated, and have a command worthy of your splendid abilities, reconciles us to the separation.

“ I am, General, with esteem, your friend,

“ JAMES B. STEADMAN,

“ Major-General Commanding.

“ BRIG. GEN. T. F. MEAGHER,

“ Com. Prov'l Div., Army of the Tennessee.”

General Meagher's response was of course characteristic, and rich in glowing language. For example, in alluding to the good-will of the citizens of Chattanooga, and the civil officials of the Department, he says :—

“The former proved, with the liveliest good-humor and enthusiasm in their spontaneous acceptance of the proposition of a civic guard, and all the obligations and penalties attached to it, their readiness to fall in with the regularly organized garrison, and fight to the death, side by side with their enlisted brothers, at a moment’s notice, should the daring of the enemy of the American flag, its honor, and its glory, have summoned them to the defence of Chattanooga, and the vindication of the heroic memories that crown the mountains that guard it, and render sacred, as well as notable for all time, the waters that chaunt without ceasing—whether wildly in the storm, or solemnly in the beautiful calm night, or lovingly in the sunshine, in the midst of green leaves and the perfumes of the summer—the eternal lyrics of the dead and living conquerors to whom they owe their fame.”

And much more he said in the same strain; speaking all the while modestly of himself, but sparing no gallant words of praise for those who served under him. This was his wont throughout his whole military career. He left his own praise, his valor, his devotion, to be recorded by those who loved him; but for his

men and officers he reserved the right to speak himself, and this he did in his official reports, and in his public and private correspondence, most lavishly. His fresh, hearty, frank nature did not change with time or exile. From boyhood until death, it was the same rare jewel which sparkled so brightly in the dual crown of the hero and the martyr which pressed his forehead almost before the fulness of manhood was upon him.





CHAPTER X.

HIS CAREER IN MONTANA TERRITORY—MEAGHER APPOINTED SECRETARY AND ACTING GOVERNOR—HE FIGHTS THE POLITICIANS—RAISING THE MILITIA—JOURNEY TO FORT BENTON—HIS DEATH.

MEAGHER's career as a soldier ended with his brilliant services in the command of the Etowah district. The President, Andrew Johnson, recognizing his merits, and acknowledging the obligations of the Government, tendered him the Secretaryship of the Territory of Montana, which he cheerfully accepted. Life in this new, wild, grand territory, with its unsettled population, the possible dangers attaching to the position, the fresh developments in mineral resources which the territory then promised, and which it has since realized, all these were charms irresistible to Meagher. The unavoidable absence from the territory of the Governor, Hon. Sydney Edgerton, the interregnum pend-

ing the appointment of Green Clay Smith, necessarily imposed upon the new Secretary the duties of Acting Governor, and from his induction to office until the sad close, he held that position.

Previous to his starting for the West, Meagher was passing some days at the delightful residence of the late Daniel Devlin in Manhattanville. Dating a note from this place on Sept. 22d, 1864, he urged me to come there and see him, saying—"Do come, and bring any true friend (or two) of mine along with you, you can find. It may be the last time (God *only* knows) that you shall see me, for I go to a fierce and frightful region of gorillas!" But I *did* see him later than that, for owing to delays in the Fiske expedition he did not depart until the following summer. The last interview was at his residence in East Twenty-third street, when I grasped his hand at what proved to be a final parting. There was no sadness on either side, because the veil was not lifted from the dismal future, nor could we penetrate its mists. Neither dreamed that it was a last meeting. Meagher, indeed, was particularly joyous that day. I found him leaning against the mantel-piece, perusing a letter which he had just re-

ceived from his boy in Waterford, a fine photograph of whom was before him; looking in almost every lineament a counterpart of his gallant father. He was laughing at the pleasant and loving things the lad had written, and handed me the letter, with a proud allusion to the manliness of its style. As this youth was born in Ireland, of course Meagher had never looked upon his face. He lived only upon the memories of his childish correspondence, and such delineations as this one, furnished by the hand of art.

On his westward journey the impression seemed to grow upon him that he would never return, though his subsequent correspondence was more hopeful. Writing to me from St. Paul's, Minnesota, on the 27th of July, 1865, while *en route* to Montana, he says, in reference to a work relating to the "Irish Brigade," on which the present writer was then engaged--

"Now that I am on the eve of starting on what may be a dangerous expedition (for the Indians, we understand, along the route are fiendishly ferocious), and I may not live to vindicate myself, I am justified, I think, in entreating of you, as one of the very truest friends I have

known in America, that you have full justice done me. Apart from this consideration, I desire that this little monument, at least, will be dedicated to the memory of our brave boys, and that in the permanent commemoration of their generous and heroic services to the nation, an argument shall be planted deep and irrefutably in the history of the times against those who hereafter, in social or public life, may be disposed to disparage our race, or assail it in a proscriptive spirit.

“Very affectionately yours,

“T. F. MEAGHER.”

The reputation of his “brave boys” never seemed to pass from his thoughts! The heroic record of “our race” must not be disparaged, if sword or pen can shield it from tarnish! This latter idea was the passion and purpose of all his later years. He wrought it into practical life on the field of battle. He preached it, in words of rare and fiery eloquence, from every rostrum. He dreamed of it, and clung to it, as his words just quoted show, during his distant journeyings on the path to those new scenes and duties from which he never returned.

His arrival at Virginia City, the present seat

of government in Montana, he announces in this hurried and exuberant fashion, after being three months on the tedious route from the Mississippi to the interior :—

“ VIRGINIA CITY,
“ MONTANA TERRITORY, Oct. 6, 1865. } ”

“ MY DEAR LYONS—

“ The enclosed slips from our local paper—the ‘ Montana Post ’—will inform you of my arrival at my destination at last, and my being *Acting Governor of the richest territory of the Union*. I want you, like a good fellow, to have this announced in the ‘ *Herald* ;’ and, if you can, it would gratify me to have the extracts transcribed. I have not time to write anything more to you just now—will do so, however, before long.

“ Believe me, with truest regards,

“ Most cordially your friend,

“ T. F. MEAGHER.”

Of course he had no time to write more just then ; for were not the duties of state falling thick upon him, and the politicians and place-hunters hemming him in with a cordon of greedy applications ? But he did write afterwards to all his friends pleasant and cheerful letters, enough to keep the territorial post-offices busy.

With fidelity to his trust, and in strict accordance with the political opinions he conscientiously entertained, those duties were performed. He had difficulties to overcome which to a man of less firmness might have proved insurmountable. The Territory of Montana, young as it was, was not exempt from the dire mischief of partisanship. The papers, on heralding his approach in words of enthusiastic praise, did not fail to drop a hint about "hireling agitators and selfish politicians" whose influence he would have to combat. All these he had to meet and grapple with on the very threshold of his career, in September, 1865. For the matter of that, his whole Governorship embraced a constant struggle, bravely and persistently conducted with all Meagher's known courage and undaunted obstinacy, for the recognition of popular rights, and his own authority to defend them. He had a subtle party to contend with; a party that showed in their bitter opposition to his manly, honest policy, the disappointment they felt on finding in the new Governor a man who, though he was a "soldier of the Union," was not a slave to faction, and could not be moulded to their purposes; nor could his fine spirit be dragged through the muddy channels

of partisanship. The politicians could not get hold of him, and so the radical portion of them set to work to secretly abuse him, and intrigue against the measures he proposed for the good government of the Territory. Meagher's political opinions at this time cannot be better expressed than in his own words, contained in a letter written to a Democratic Convention in Montana. He says :—

“As a Democrat I took the field—as a Democrat went through the war : the war over, I am precisely the same I was when it broke out. The Democratic party, from the day of its foundation to this hour, was essentially the party of the Union, the party of national aims, civil and religious liberty—Americanism in its broadest, loftiest, grandest signification. Satisfied of this, I could belong to no other party. Belonging to it, I feel that I belong to the nation, to its great traditions, and that patriotism which saw in the Constitution and the well-defined government of the States, peace, honor, and prosperity for the nation throughout its length and breadth. There are few people who can forget, though there may be many who will deny, the delight with which the Democratic support, given to

the Republican Administration from the outset to the close of the civil war, was acknowledged by the partisans of the Administration. Without that support, it was admitted, and by none more readily than by the President and his Cabinet, that the war for the Union must prove a failure."

The first official action of the Acting Governor, for the purpose of voting supplies for the expenses of the Government, was to call together the Legislature. His constitutional right to do so was disputed, and indeed he at first doubted it himself, but on consideration, like Andrew Jackson, Governor Meagher "took the responsibility," called the Legislature to assemble, and defended his course afterwards very ably in his Message, and in a speech delivered at the Democratic Convention in Helena, February 21st, 1866. The details of this part of his official career would be tedious. It is enough to know, and for those who knew and loved him, to feel proud of, that his official career was characterized by great firmness and discretion, and a personal boldness which was the distinguishing feature of his whole gallant and stormy life. The attacks by the Indians upon the residents

of Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, compelled him to call for volunteers, as there was no militia in the territory. As he said himself with his usual good-humor, which was never suppressed, even in moments of difficulty or danger, "I am Commander-in-Chief, not of an invincible, but of an invisible militia." It was in procuring the armament for these volunteers, who responded cheerfully to his call, that the circumstances occurred which led to his death, a lamentable event, of which—with poignant sorrow—I shall have to speak hereafter.

Beset as he was by the Republican politicians who sought to rule the Territory, and hoped to control him, Meagher was unyielding in his design to govern for the people, and in favor of their interests, despite what he called the "malignant hostility of the more conspicuous and dictatorial of the Republican party." According to the means at his command, and the time allotted to him, he succeeded in doing this to the fullest of his expectations. Charges were laid against him by his political enemies touching his "loyalty," that he was not unfriendly to the South—which the bigots expected he would be—and somewhat favored the interests of Southern men in the Territory of Montana. To

these inuendoes (for they never extended beyond that wretched class of slander) Meagher answered with this noble declaration of his sentiments, clothed in that beauty of language which, like the silvery tongues of angels, flowed as freely from his lips as mountain streams bubble forth in spring-time when loosed from the frosty chains of winter. This is what he said in his speech at Helena, on the 21st of February, 1866 :—

“ On the battle-field, which they had heroically held for four tempestuous years, the soldiers of the South had lowered their colors and sheathed their swords. The spirit in which they had surrendered, as well as the spirit with which they fought, entitled them to respect, honorable consideration, and the frank confidence of their adversaries, and the generosity of the colossal power to which they had been forced to capitulate. These were no new sentiments of his. A few days after the assault on Fredericksburg, December, 1862, at a public entertainment in the city of New York, he proposed, ‘The heroism of both parties—united they could whip the world.’ What he had said and done during the war, the same was he now

prepared to repeat, should another rebellion be set on foot, and the Republic be declared in danger. But the war over, he, for one, would not have planted thorns in the graves where the olive had taken root. Here, at all events, here among the great mountains of the New World, no echoes should be awakened save those that proclaimed truthful and glorious peace, the everlasting brotherhood of those who had been foes upon the battle-field, the triumphant reign of industry, and another pillar and crown of gold to the nation that had been restored. In the Divine sacrament of forgiveness, love, and patriotism, let them dedicate, with an irrevocable pledge, that beautiful and superb domain of theirs, to the growth of a stalwart Democracy, the consolidation of liberty with law, the vindication of the Republic against the malevolence of faction, nationality against sectionalism, an enlightened civilization, religion without puritanism, and loyalty without humiliation."

And thus it was that Meagher talked to the people of Montana with all his ardent fiery eloquence, in public halls, and conventions, and through the columns of every available newspaper, just as he talked in Ireland "twenty

golden years ago," when he had a "cause" to advocate which gave force and action to every fibre of his heart and brain. There was really no "cause" in Montana except the assertion of manhood in opposition to political intrigue, and we may be sure that in Meagher's hands that cause was well taken care of.

For a long time before the close of his career General Meagher contemplated resigning his official position. He began to weary of the unproductive labors of public office, and in sooth he had good reason; for his services and sacrifices, though graciously acknowledged, were not abundantly repaid. With what exuberant joyousness he wrote to me announcing the arrival of his wife at Fort Benton—although with a weary journey over the plains still before her—when she was on her way to rejoin him in his new home beyond the Rocky Mountains; and what a new life he pictured for himself in the future, when, as he said, strengthened by her presence, the burden of his public duties would be lightened, while they continued, and the prospect of carving out a fortune for himself, which was just opening up, would be all the brighter because she was there to cheer and encourage him! But Fate had willed a different

termination to his new hopes and prospects. While still in harness, before his resignation could be accepted, the Indian troubles, and the necessity of raising and arming militia to protect the settlers, compelled him to undertake the arduous duty which led to his death. He had travelled thirty miles in the saddle, under a scorching July sun, after superintending the arrival of arms and munitions for the equipment of the militia. He reached Fort Benton in the evening of July the 1st, 1867, wearied out from several days' labors. There being no accommodation at the post, he took up his quarters in a state-room on board the old battered Missouri steamer G. A. Thompson, which was lying at the levee, preparatory to making her trip down the river. Tired as he was he undertook to write to some friends before retiring—one of whom, at least, Richard O'Gorman, received the epistle addressed to him. The state-room was on the upper deck, and the guards in front of the door were broken by a previous accident. Between nine and ten o'clock he left his room. The night was dark. Obscurity partially enveloped the boat. There was a coil of rope on the verge of the deck, over which he stumbled, throwing him off his balance, and while grasp-

ing vainly for the guard,—which was not there,—he fell into the dark, rushing river, then flowing towards its destination in the mighty Mississippi at a rate of nearly ten miles an hour. He struck the guard of the lower deck in his descent, which probably disabled him, as the men on the boat declared that he uttered a fearful groan before they heard the splash which announced the accident. Gallant swimming for life—and he battled bravely for it—availed nothing. The efforts of willing hearts and hands could bring no succor. His calls for aid were promptly responded to. For a few brief moments all was activity, on the deck and on the shore, and with such light as a few lanterns could throw upon the turgid waters, the struggling form of the gallant soldier, the polished orator, the fiery, ardent patriot, beloved by friends and honored even by foes, was seen, and was swept forever from the sight of man.

Consternation and grief followed the announcement of this calamity as the news spread throughout the country. Those who remembered Meagher in his early years, and watched the development of his rich and rare mind, through all the vicissitudes of an extraordinary

and eventful life, recalled the words of Byron on the death of Richard Brinsley Sheridan :—

“ E'en as the tenderness that hour distils,
When summer's day declines along the hills ;
So feels the fulness of the heart and eyes,
When all of Genius that can perish—dies.”

A magnificent Requiem High Mass was celebrated at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Sixteenth street, New York, on the 14th of August, for the repose of the soul of the departed General, under the auspices of his brother officers of the Irish Brigade. On the same evening, Richard O'Gorman delivered a eulogy on the character of the deceased at Cooper Institute, in which, after detailing the circumstances of Meagher's death, as above related, he closed with the following touching peroration :—

“ So he died. ‘ Would that he had died on the battle-field,’ I think I hear some friend say. Would that he had fallen there, with the flag he loved waving over him, and the shout of triumph ringing in his ears ; would that his grave were on some Irish hillside, with the green turf above him. No ; God knows best how, and

where, and when we are to die. His will be done. But Meagher has bequeathed his memory to us, to guard it, and save it from evil tongues, that might not respect the majesty of death. What matter to him now whether men praise or blame? The whole world's censure could not hurt him now. But for us, the friends who are left behind; for you, his companions in arms; for me, who was the friend of his youth, and who have loved him ever; for the sake of those who are nearer and dearer to him, of whose grief I cannot bring myself to speak—of his father, his brother, of his son, on whose face he never looked; for the sake, more than all, of that noble lady whose endearing love was the pride and blessing of his life; for all this we do honor to his memory, and strive to weave, as it were, this poor chaplet of flowers over his grave. His faults lie gently on him. For he had faults, as all of us have. But he had virtues too, in whose light his errors were unseen and forgotten. In his youth he loved the land of his birth, and freely gave all he had to give, even his life, to save her and do her honor. He never forgot her. He never said a word that was not meant to help her and raise her. Some

things he did say from time to time, which I did not agree with, that seemed to me hasty, passionate, unjust. When men speak much and often, they cannot help sometimes speaking wrong. But he said always what he thought; he never uttered a word that was unmanly or untrue to the cause that was darling to his youth. In Ireland, in America, he invited no man to danger that he was not ready to share. Never forget this: he gave all, lost all, for the land of his birth. He risked all for the land of his adoption, was her true and loyal soldier, and in the end died in her service. For these things, either in Ireland or America, he will not soon be forgotten, and the grateful instinct of two people will do him justice and cherish his memory in the heart of hearts. If it be, as we of the ancient faith are taught to believe, that the highest heavens are joined to this earth by a mystic chain of sympathy, of which the links are prayers and blessings which ascend and descend, keeping ever the sacred-communion eternal and unbroken—if thus fervent prayer on earth can reach the throne of God, the friend of my youth can never be forgotten there. His battle of life is fought. His work is done; his

hour of repose is come, and love can utter no fonder aspiration than that which was chanted in the sad ceremonies of this morning. ‘May he rest in peace. Amen!’”

There are few men in our day—but still there are a few—whose lives were more varied by remarkable incidents, more checkered, more twisted and tortured by the whirlpools of fate than was that of Meagher, and yet he bore himself gallantly through it all. Not always prosperous in worldly things, yet he treated adversity with a disdainful pride, even at the moment when his unselfishness inspired him to give, while prudence might have whispered him to retain. But he knew little of prudence in these matters. Generosity mastered him always. The brilliancy of his wit, the love of all that was gallant and noble, and his detestation of all that was ignoble in human nature, that constantly pervaded his social life, those who have shared his companionship will not forget. The fresh bright memory of these attributes will remain, with the recollection of his joyous laugh, the flash of his deep blue eyes, sometimes sparkling with merriment, oftentimes intensified by some passionate thought, and not unfre-

quently clouded with a shadow of compassionate regret,—for Meagher never heard of sorrow or want in one of his race, that his heart did not respond, no matter what the condition of his exchequer might be.

To those who knew him I leave these thoughts to be hoarded in the corners of their memory. To the readers of these pages I submit the story of one in whom genius and gallantry combined to make a notable, a loveable, and an enduring character, which will not be obliterated from the records of future history.





APPENDIX.

ALTHOUGH, in the text of this volume, many of Meagher's most characteristic speeches, and occasional fragments from his writings, were necessarily interwoven to complete the story of his life, and give it a consecutive form, there remains much of what he has spoken and written that should be embalmed in the memory of his countrymen. While it would be impossible to embody in these pages all the splendid efforts he has left behind him,—most of which have already been printed from time to time,—often imperfectly,—in the columns of newspapers, which are read and forgotten—there are yet numerous selections which should properly find a permanent place here. They might perchance be more wisely chosen, but the intention is to reproduce a few illustrations of Meagher's ear-

lier oratorical efforts, when his genius illuminated the pathway upon which his young manhood was leading him to heroism and to martyrdom ;—illustrations, also, of his more mature thoughts, and his almost unaltered method of expressing them, when at a later period he spoke and wrote in America.

It is proper here for the author to acknowledge the kind interest which many friends have taken in the progress of his labor, by placing manuscripts and documents at his disposal. To my friend John Savage, who was, perhaps, Meagher's closest associate in social life for many years, and who was his editorial colleague when the *Irish News* was established, I am indebted for some valuable material carefully preserved since its publication in 1849. There are others whose voluntary kindness should not be forgotten ; among them Mr. John McCrone of Washington, Mr. John T. Doran of St. Louis, and Mr. George Mellen of New York.

With these prefatory remarks, the following selections from Meagher's speeches and writings are submitted to the reader.



SPEECH

ON THE TRANSPORTATION OF MITCHEL.

1848.

CITIZENS OF DUBLIN—Since we last assembled in this Hall, an event has occurred which decides our fate.

We are no longer masters of our lives. They belong to our country—to liberty—to vengeance. Upon the walls of Newgate a fettered hand has inscribed this destiny. We shall be the martyrs or the rulers of a revolution.

“One, two, three—ay, hundreds shall follow me!” exclaimed the noble citizen who was sentenced to exile and immortality upon the morning of the 29th of May.

Such was his prophecy, and his children will live to say it has been fulfilled.

Let no man mistrust these words. Whilst I speak them, I am fully sensible of the obligation they impose. It is an obligation from

which there is no exemption but through infamy.

Claiming your trust, however, I well know the feelings that prevail amongst you—doubt—depression—shame. Doubt, as to the truth of those whose advice restrained your daring. Depression, inspired by the loss of the ablest and the boldest man amongst us. Shame, excited by the ease, the insolence, the impunity with which he was hurried in chains from the island to whose service he had sacrificed all that he had on earth—all that made life dear, and honorable, and glorious to him—his home, his genius, and his liberty.

In those feelings of depression and shame I deeply share ; and from the mistrust with which some of you, at least, may regard the members of the late Council, I shall not hold myself exempt. If they are to blame, so am I. Between the hearts of the people and the bayonets of the government, I took my stand, with the members of the Council, and warned back the precipitate devotion which scoffed at prudence as a crime. I am here to answer for that act. If you believe it to have been the act of a dastard, treat me with no delicacy—treat me with no respect.

Vindicate your courage in the impeachment of the coward. The necessities and perils of the cause forbid the interchange of courtesies. Civilities are out of place in the whirl and tumult of the tempest.

Do not fear that the forfeiture of your confidence will induce in me the renunciation of the cause. In the ranks—by the side of the poorest mechanic—I shall proudly act, under any executive you may decree. Summon the intellect and heroism of the democracy, from the workshop, the field, the garret—bind the brow of labor with the crown of sovereignty—place the sceptre in the rough and blistered hand—and, to the death, I shall be the subject and the soldier of the plebeian king!

The address of the Council to the people of Ireland—the address signed by William Smith O'Brien—bears witness to your determination. It states that thousands of Confederates had pledged themselves that John Mitchel should not leave these shores but through their blood. We were bound to make this statement—bound in justice to you—bound in honor to the country. Whatever odium may flow from that scene of victorious defiance, in which the government

played its part without a stammer or a check, none falls on you. You would have fought, had we not seized your hands, and bound them.

Let no foul tongue, then, spit its sarcasms upon the people. They were ready for the sacrifice; and had the word been given, the stars would burn this night above a thousand crimsoned graves. The guilt is ours—let the sarcasm fall upon our heads.

We told you in the Clubs, four days previous to the trial, the reasons that compelled us to oppose the project of a rescue. The concentration of 10,000 troops upon the city—the incomplete organization of the people—the insufficiency of food, in case of a sustained resistance—the uncertainty as to how far the country districts were prepared to support us—these were the chief reasons that forced us into an antagonism with your generosity, your devotion, your intrepidity. Night after night we visited the Clubs, to know your sentiments, your determination—and to the course we instructed you to adopt, you gave, at length, a reluctant sanction.

Now, I do not think it would be candid in me to conceal the fact, that the day subsequent to the arrest of John Mitchel, I gave expression to sentiments having a tendency quite opposite to

the advice I have mentioned. At a meeting of the Grattan Club, I said that the Confederation ought to come to the resolution to resist by force the transportation of John Mitchel, and if the worst befell us, the ship that carried him away should sail upon a sea of blood.

I said this, and I shall not now conceal it. I said this, and I shall not shrink from the reproach of having acted otherwise.

Upon consideration, I became convinced they were sentiments which, if acted upon, would associate my name with the ruin of the cause. I felt it my duty, therefore, to retract them—not to disown, but to condemn them—not to shrink from the responsibility which the avowal of them might entail, but to avert the disaster which the enforcement of them would insure.

You have now heard all I have to say on that point, and with a conscience happy in the thought that it has concealed nothing, I shall exultingly look forward to an event—the shadow of which already encompasses us—for the vindication of my conduct, and the attestation of my truth.

Call me coward—call me renegade. I will accept these titles as the penalties which a fidelity to my convictions has imposed. It will be

so for a short time only. To the end, I see the path I have been ordained to walk, and upon the grave which closes in that path, I can read no coward's epitaph.

Bitterly, indeed, might the wife and children of our illustrious friend lament the loss they have sustained, if his example failed to excite amongst us that defiant spirit which, in spite of pains and penalties, will boldly soar to freedom, and from the dust, where it has fretted for a time, return in rapturous flight to the source from whence it came. Not till then—not till the cowardice of the country has been made manifest—let there be tears and mourning round that hearth, of which the pride and chivalry have passed away.

I said, that in the depression which his loss inspired, I deeply shared. I should not have said so. I feel no depression. His example—his fortitude—his courage—forbid the feeling. All that was perishable in him—his flesh and blood—are in the keeping of the privileged felons who won his liberty with their loaded dice. But his genius, his truth, his heroism—to what penal settlement have these immortal influences been condemned?

Oh! to have checked the evil promptly—to

have secured their crown and government against him and his teachings—to have done their treacherous business well—they should have read his mission and his power in the star which presided at his birth, and have stabbed him in his cradle. They seized him thirty years too late—they seized him when his steady hand had lit the sacred fire, and the flame had passed from soul to soul.

Who speaks of depression, then?

Banish it! Let not the banners droop—let not the battalions reel—when the young chief is down!

You have to avenge that fall. Until that fall shall have been avenged, a sin blackens the soul of the nation, and repels from our cause the sympathies of every gallant people.

For one, I am pledged to follow him. Once again they shall have to pack their jury-box—once again, exhibit to the world the frauds and mockeries—the tricks and perjuries—upon which their power is based. In this island, the English never—never, shall have rest. The work, begun by the Norman, never shall be completed.

Generation transmits to generation the holy passion which pants for liberty—which frets

against oppression. From the blood which drenched the scaffolds of 1798, the "felons" of this year have sprung.

Should their blood flow—peace, and loyalty, and debasement may here, for a time, resume their reign—the snows of a winter, the flowers of a summer, may clothe the proscribed graves—but from those graves there shall hereafter be an armed resurrection.

Peace, loyalty, and debasement, forsooth! A stagnant society—breeding in its bosom slimy, sluggish things, which to the surface make their way by stealth, and there, for a season, creep, cringe, and glitter in the glare of a provincial royalty! Peace, loyalty, and debasement! A mass of pauperism—shovelled off the land, stocked in fever-sheds and poor-houses, shipped to Canadian swamps—rags, and pestilence, and vermin! Behold the rule of England—and in that rule, behold humanity dethroned, and Providence blasphemed!

To keep up this abomination, they enact their laws of felony. To sweep away the abomination, we must break through their laws.

Should the laws fail, they will hedge in the abomination with their bayonets and their gibbets. These, too, shall give way before the tor-

rent of fire which gathers in the soul of the people. The question so long debated—debated, years ago, on fields of blood—debated latterly in a venal senate, amid the jeers and yells of faction—the question, as to who shall be the owners of this island, must be this year determined. The end is at hand, and so, unite and arm!

A truce to cheers—to speeches—to banquets—to “important resolutions” that resolve nothing, and “magnificent displays,” that are little else than preposterous deceptions. Ascertain your resources in each locality—consolidate, arrange them—substitute defined action for driftless passion—and, in the intelligent distribution and disciplined exercise of your powers, let the mind of the country manifest its purpose, and give permanent effect to its ambition.

In carrying out this plan, the country shall have the services of the leading members of the Council, and from this great task—the organization of the country—we shall not desist, until it has been thoroughly accomplished. When it is accomplished, the country shall resume its freedom and its sovereignty. To the work, then, with high hope and impassioned vigor!

There is a black ship upon the southern sea

this night. Far from his own, old land—far from the sea, and soil, and sky, which, standing here, he used to claim for you with all the pride of a true Irish prince—far from that circle of fresh, young hearts, in whose light, and joyousness, and warmth his own drank in each evening new life and vigor—far from that young wife, in whose heart the kind hand of Heaven has kindled a gentle heroism—sustained by which she looks with serenity and pride upon her widowed house, and in the children that girdle her with beauty, beholds but the inheritors of a name which, to their last breath, will secure to them the love, the honor, the blessing of their country—far from these scenes and joys, clothed and fettered as a felon, he is borne to an island, whereon the rich, and brilliant, and rapacious power of which he was the foe, has doomed him to a dark existence. That sentence must be reversed—reversed by the decree of a nation, arrayed in arms and in glory!

Till then, in the love of the country, let the wife and children of the illustrious exile be shielded from adversity.

True—when he stood before the judge, and with the voice and bearing of a Roman, told him, that three hundred were prepared to follow

him—true it is, that, at that moment, he spoke not of his home and children—he thought only of his country—and, to the honor of her sons, bequeathed the cause for which he was condemned to suffer. But in that one thought, all other thoughts were embraced. Girt by the arms and banners of a free people, he saw his home secure—his wife joyous—his children prosperous and ennobled.

This was the thought which forbade his heart to blench when he left these shores—this the thought which calls up to-night, as he sleeps within that prison-ship, dreams full of light and rapturous joy—this the thought which will lighten the drudgery, and reconcile his proud heart to the odious conditions of his exile.

Think!—oh, think! of that exile—the hopes, the longings, which will grow each day more anxious and impatient!

Think!—oh, think! of how, with throbbing heart and kindling eye, he will look out across the waters that imprison him, searching in the eastern sky for the flag that will announce to him his liberty, and the triumph of sedition!

Think!—oh, think! of that day, when thousands and tens of thousands will rush down to the water's edge, as a distant gun proclaims his

return—mark the ship as it dashes through the waves and nears the shore—behold him standing there upon the deck—the same calm, intrepid, noble heart—his clear, quick eye runs along the shore, and fills with the light which flashes from the bayonets of the people—a moment's pause! and then—amid the roar of cannon, the fluttering of a thousand flags, the pealing of the cathedral bells—the triumphant felon sets his foot once more upon his native soil—hailed, and blessed, and worshipped as the first citizen of our free and sovereign state!





SPEECH

ON AMERICAN BENEVOLENCE — IRISH GRATITUDE.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—I almost hesitate to thank you for the high honor you have conferred upon me, in requesting me to speak to the health of the Ladies of America, for, in doing so, you have imposed upon me a very serious task. This I sincerely feel.

Not, indeed, that this toast is suggestive of no inspiring incidents, but that the character of this assembly is such as to induce the fear, that I may clash with the opinions of some who are present here this evening, in giving full expression to the feelings which the sentiment inspires.

In this assembly, every political school has its teachers—every creed has its adherents—and I may safely say, that this banquet is the tribute of united Ireland to the representative of American benevolence.

Being such, I am at once reminded of the dinner which took place after the battle of Saratoga, at which Gates and Burgoyne—the rival soldiers—sat together.

Strange scene! Ireland, the beaten and the bankrupt, entertains America, the victorious and the prosperous!

Stranger still! The flag of the Victor decorates this hall—decorates our harbor—not, indeed, in triumph, but in sympathy—not to commemorate the defeat, but to predict the resurrection, of a fallen people!

One thing is certain—we are sincere upon this occasion. There is truth in this compliment. For the first time in her career, Ireland has reason to be grateful to a foreign power.

Foreign power, sir! Why should I designate that country a “foreign power,” which has proved itself our sister country?

England, they sometimes say, is our sister country. We deny the relationship—we discard it. We claim America as our sister, and claiming her as such, we have assembled here this night.

Should a stranger, viewing this brilliant scene, inquire of me, why it is that, amid the desolation of this day—whilst famine is in the

land—whilst the hearse plumes darken the summer scenery of the island—whilst death sows his harvest, and the earth teems not with the seeds of life, but with the seeds of corruption—should he inquire of me, why it is, that, amid this desolation, we hold high festival, hang out our banners, and thus carouse—I should reply, “Sir, the citizens of Dublin have met to pay a compliment to a plain citizen of America, which they would not pay—‘no, not for all the gold in Venice’—to the minister of England.”

Pursuing his inquiries, should he ask, why is this? I should reply, “Sir, there is a country lying beneath that crimson canopy on which we gaze in these bright evenings—a country exulting in a vigorous and victorious youth—a country with which we are incorporated by no Union Act—a country from which we are separated, not by a little channel, but by a mighty ocean—and this distant country, finding that our island, after an affiliation for centuries with the most opulent kingdom on earth, has been plunged into the deepest excesses of destitution and disease—and believing that those fine ships which, a few years since, were the avenging angels of freedom, and guarded its domain with a sword of fire, might be intrusted with a kindlier

mission, and be the messengers of life as they had been the messengers of death—guided not by the principles of political economy, but impelled by the holiest passions of humanity—this young nation has come to our rescue, and thus we behold the eagle—-which, by the banks of the Delaware, scared away the spoiler from its offspring—we behold this eagle speeding across the wave, to chase from the shores of Old Dunleary the vulture of the Famine.

Sir, it is not that this is an assembly in which all religious sects and political schools associate—it is not that this is a festive occasion in which we forget our differences, and mingle our sympathies for a common country—it is not for these reasons that this assembly is so pleasing to me.

I do not urge my opinions upon any one. I speak them freely, it is true, but I trust without offence. But I tell you, gentlemen, this assembly is pleasing to me, because it is instructive.

Sir, in the presence of the American citizens, we are reminded by what means a nation may cease to be poor, and how it may become great. In the presence of the American citizens, we are taught, that a nation achieving its liberty acquires the power that enables it to be a

benefactor to the distressed communities of the earth.

If the right of taxation had not been legally disputed in the village of Lexington—if the Stamp Act had not been constitutionally repealed on the plains of Saratoga—America would not now possess the wealth out of which she relieves the indigence of Ireland.

The toast, moreover, to which you have invited me to speak, dictates a noble lesson to this country. The ladies of America refused to wear English manufacture. The ladies of America refused to drink the tea that came taxed from England. If you honor these illustrious ladies, imitate their virtue, and be their rivals in heroic citizenship.

If their example be imitated here, I think the day will come when the Irish flag will be hailed in the port of Boston. But if, in the vicissitudes to which all nations are exposed, danger should fall upon the great Republic, and if the choice be made to us to desert or befriend the land of Washington and Franklin, I, for one, will prefer to be grateful to the Samaritan, rather than be loyal to the Levite.



SPEECH

AT THE MITCHEL BANQUET IN THE
BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK,
JANUARY, 1854.

I WAS one evening on the Ohio—an evening I shall not easily forget. The river had been swollen with recent rains. The current was passing quickly, but with the placidity which reminded one of the old proverb, that “smooth water runs deep.” It was early in May. The sky was pale. Thin clouds, with softened outline and mingling gently with one another, were moving towards the north. There was something in the air which, if not vivifying—if not genial—was quieting. It was such an evening that good hearts might have been touched with great tenderness, if not with mournfulness. Not with the mournfulness which comes from anguish and pervades our nature as if with the faint pulsation of a subsiding struggle, but with that mournfulness which accompanies the recol-

lection of home, and is tempered and sweetened, and lit up with the love of old scenes and faces, and the hope of seeing them once more. From the various incidents that were going on in the boat about me, and the varying features of the scene through which we were gliding, I turned to one object, which, far more forcibly than the rest, attracted my attention. It was a sycamore tree—a noble-looking tree—noble in its proportions, noble in its profusion, noble in its promise. And the birds were in it, on its topmost branches, striking out their light wings, and uttering their quick notes of joy. Oh! with what a sweet trill came forth the liquid song from that waving, sparkling foliage; and how confident it made the looker-on, that the tree from which it gushed in a hundred mingling streams would stand, and flourish, and put forth its beauty, and rejoice in the fragrant breath of the summer, and stoutly defy the shock of the winter for many years to come! It was a dream. I looked downwards—the roots were stripped. The earth had been loosened from them, and they glistened like bones—whitened, as they were, with the water which tumbled through them, and about them, and over them. One hold alone it seemed to have. But the sleep-

less element was busy upon that. Even whilst I looked, the mould slipped in flakes from the solitary stay which held the tree erect. And there it stood—full of vigor, full of beauty, full of festive life, full of promise, with the grave, perhaps a fathom deep, opened at its feet. The next flood—and the last link must give! And down must come that lord of the forest, with all his honors, with all his strength, with all his mirth; and the remorseless river shall toss him to the thick slime, and then fling him up again, tearing his tangled finery, and bruising and breaking his proud limbs—until, two thousand miles below, on some stagnant swamp, tired of the dead prey, the wild pursuer, chafed and foaming from the chase, shall cast a shapeless log ashore. “Such shall be the fate,” I said, “of the European kings!” It is now summer with them. The sunbeams gild the domes in their palaces. The helmets, with the crimson manes, burn along those white lines, within which legions, countless as those of Xerxes, are encamped. Prayers are going on in a pavilion on the field. It is the camp near Olmutz. The golden lamps, and cross, and vases of the votive altar, fill the air, like the branch of Avernus, with a yellow lustre; and the silver trum-

pets, sounding the thanksgiving, flash their shadows on the purple curtains of the chapel. Elsewhere—I believe in Paris—bridal feasts are going on ; old cathedrals shake from vault to belfry with swelling organs, and surging choirs, and rolling drums, and clanging chimes ; and the sun, streaming through the painted windows, mingles its rays with the perfumed smoke of thuribles, and the colored haze of embroidered copes and chasubles, and pennons of silk, and flowers fresh with luscious fragrance. Beauty is clustered there in snowy vesture ; and the princes and warriors of the cities, bearded and plumed, are harnessed for the field ; and there are senators, and councillors of state, and grand almoners, and doctors of the law, and ministers of police, and other functionaries, assembled there likewise, in holiday costume. The market places, and the public squares, and all the public offices, are decked out with floral wreaths, and painted shields and pendent flags. And there are gay processions through the streets ; and market choruses ; and barges with carved and gilded prows, and silken awnings fringed and tasselled richly, and all laden with revelry, gliding up and down the river. The sun goes down, yet the sky is bright—brighter than at

noon. There is a broad avenue, walled on either side and arched with fire. There are fountains of fire, pillars of fire, temples of fire—"temples of immortality" they call them—arches of fire, pyramids of fire. The fable of the Phoenix is more than realized. Above that mass and maze of flame, an eagle, feathered with flames, spreads his gigantic wings, and mounts and expands, until tower, and dome, and obelisk are spanned. Visions of Arabian nights visit the earth again. The wealth and wonders of Nineveh are disentombed. The festival costs one million six hundred thousand francs. All done to order. It is summer with the kings. Aye! summer with the kings. Bright leaves upon the tree, and life and song amongst them; but death is at the root. The next flood, and the proud lord of the forest shall be uprooted, and the waters shall tear him away, and when they have stripped him of his finery, they shall fling him in upon the swamp to rot. Such shall be the fate of the European kings—European aristocrats—European despotisms. Who will lament it? Who would avert it? Let us see them, and what they have to say. They will lament it, and they would strive to avert it who say that "order is to be maintained." As-

cribing, thereby, to absolutism the credit of preserving order, and to republicanism imputing the iniquity of its violation. To republicanism imputing its violation! For as the word "order" with them does signify, in truth, the conservation of aristocratic and egotistic power, in like manner the word "republicanism" is used by them to denote the subversion of society, morality, the arts of peace, all the precepts of religion, all the excellences, proprieties, and felicities of life. Order! Republicanism! They use the one to expound their paradise—they use the other to express the confusion, darkness, and agonies of the abyss. "Even so," said they in the Convention, "did the Tarquins call the Senate of Rome an assembly of brigands. Even so did the vassals of Porsenna regard Scævola as a madman. Thus, according to the manifestoes of Xerxes, did Aristides plunder the treasury of Greece. Thus did Octavius and Antony ordain—with their hands full of spoils and dyed with blood—that they alone should be deemed clement—alone just—alone virtuous."

To resume—Order must be maintained! Absolutism is order. Republicanism is chaos. So says the dictionary, published by royal appro-

bation, at Paris and Vienna—the corrected edition, with a new preface, by a late prisoner at Ham. It is compiled from the Greek version of the Bible, the original being for many years in the possession of the devout schismatic of Russia. Order must be maintained! The streets swept with lancers in white cloaks. The press set to work in manacles. The key of the public treasury given to a desperate spendthrift. The men who will not break their oaths must be shipped off to swamps teeming with pestilence. The men who will not surrender the charter they have sworn to defend, must be lashed together and shot down in bales. A swarm of spies must be let loose, like locusts, through the land. There must be a thief, with a note-book, commissioned to every house. The national sovereignty was not inviolable. Neither shall the household gods, with their traditional sanctities, love-gifts, and worship. Menace, terrify, paralyze the people, and, with a soldier at the ballot-box, call upon them to exercise the franchise. Legitimize infamy. Proscribe posterity. Pronounce that it shall be born dumb. Erect a throne on the suffrage of seven millions. Boast that it is erected by the people; and then, to prove your magnanimous submission to

the national will—how dutifully you respect, how profoundly you reverence, how sincerely you regard it as the source of all legitimate authority—declare that it shall speak, that it shall act no more.

Nominate the inheritors to the throne. Circumscribe, arrest, annihilate the power to which you refer your crown and sceptre, by willing, declaring, and enacting that the gorgeous furniture, title, and trappings shall be irrevocable, and to your furthest heirs transmissible. Do this. Do it boldly. Do it without pause. Do it without scruple. Do it without mercy for the living, without any decency for the dead—heedless of the past, indifferent to the future—despite the oath that binds you—reckless of the God who watches you! Do it! Do it with the hardened heart and the savage arm! Do it! Order must be maintained! Order! There is order in the hospital; there is order in the poor-house; there is order in the jail. Order! There is order in the mine, where men, and women, and children drudge like cattle—where the breath of morning never comes, and the sun shall never shine. Order! There is order in the vaults, where the dead have been stored, and the terrible silence is broken only by the

scrambling of the vermin, or the thick moisture trickling down the arches on the coffin-lids and pavement. Order! There is order in the desert, where no brown brook tumbles, and no verdure drinks the dew at sunset. Out upon such order. It is insensibility, decay, desolation. It is sterility—stagnation—death. Life is to be a labor—life is to be a struggle—life is to be a warfare. Such the necessity of man—such the ordination of Providence. In the material world—in that world which men call inanimate—the operation of this law to the least thoughtful is ever visible. Behold the forest!—it never slumbers; each day chronicles within it a fresh growth. Behold the sea!—it is in motion ever; if it ebbs, it flows again, replenishing the waste from which for an interval it retired. And thus it is, and has been, and must be, with the vitality of nations—ever active, recuperative, progressive. Such the law. Where this law is in force there is health and beauty, and great glory, and vast advantages. Where the law is checked, there is decrepitude, decay, bitterness, imbecility, corruption. Look to Austria—look to America. Look to Italy—look to America. Look to Russia, with her territory, traditions, fanaticisms, millions. Place her beside America.

Who will have the temerity to say she stands the competition? And why? Because the vitality of the one is the vitality of freedom. Because the vitality of the other is no more than that with which an enormous mechanism may be cunningly endowed. The one is the original soul; the other but the temporary impulse. I shall not go into history to substantiate these views. When a nation is free, the nation is active, adventurous, occupied with great projects, competent to achieve great ends. When a nation is enslaved, she is spiritless, inert, and sluggish; is stirred by no proud conception; her strength enervated, she is unequal to an industrious career. The most prosperous days which nations have enjoyed have been those in which their freedom was most conspicuous. More than this: the consciousness of freedom endued them with a vigor which not only repelled but appalled their enemies. Prussia, when it was less than Portugal in population, encountered successfully the greatest of the European powers. Holland, with an area of a few thousand square miles only, and resources in proportion, bore up against the empire of Spain when Spain had at her command the mines of the New World and the chivalry of the Old.

Switzerland, without a colony, without an ally, without a gun upon the seas, stands secure in the midst of foes—a citadel of freedom impregnable as the Alps. Carthage reckoned more years than the Macedonian States; Venice had a longer pedigree than kingly France.

Where, in such a condition of life, are the activities of the mind, the grand passions of the heart, the adventurous purposes of the soul? Where, as we find them here, are the noble sympathies which link one nation to another—link them together in adversity, in victory, in affluence, in ruin, in martyrdom, in conquest? Where the expansive fire of intellect, which, fed by the sages and poets, by the sculptors and painters and statesmen of the old republics, mounts to meet the beams of the sun, and, made glorious by the contact, distributes and communicates itself to other lands—dispelling the shades of night, and quickening the spirits of those that are in captivity, and the darkness of bondage? Where, as we find it here, is the intrepid spirit which penetrates, reclaims, and populates the wilderness; by which the valley is filled, and every mountain and hill brought low, and the crooked is made straight, and the rough ways made smooth; before which the

reptile and the wild-man recede ; in whose breath the golden grain multiplies ; where the hawk, and the sour weed, and the bittern have been ; at whose touch cities, wealthier than those the gates of which were of bronze, spring up ; at whose mandates fleets whiten the wilderness of ocean, bury the harpoon in the snows of the north ; gather the fruits and shells of the coral islands, outstrip in capacity and speed the ships of the oldest commonwealths, knock at the gates of the Amazon and demand admittance, through regions of untold wealth, to the rampart of the Andes ; threaten the wooden walls of Austria, and from the muzzle of their murderous gun rescues the forlorn worshipper of freedom ; and, at last, consummate the magnificent design of the Genoese—breaking the mystic seal which has so long shut out the world from that empire which, we are told, is fragrant with the camphor, the cedar, and the laurel—than which China has not been so inscrutable nor India more opulent, nor Athens better skilled in the gentler sciences and arts ?



LECTURES IN CALIFORNIA.

ON the 24th of January, 1864, Meagher delivered the following splendid and learned lecture in the Music Hall at San Francisco :

“ Previous to my entering on that course of lectures which I propose delivering in your city, a few introductory words may not be out of season. I am the more inclined to speak them, since the welcome you have given me has been so cordial, and the interest evinced in my regard has been so earnest.

“ To the coldest stranger, such words might be spoken with propriety and effect. Where there are more friends than strangers round me, the propriety of my doing so becomes the more obvious; and the effect, I anticipate, will be to knit more closely those ties which your hospitable spirit has so brightly woven, and

which, like golden chords vibrating with genial melodies in a social circle, unite us at this moment.

“Of that course of events to which my presence here this evening may be in the main ascribed, by most people in this Republic the narrative has been read. On this account, it is unnecessary for me to recite it here. Besides, it is in great part a gloomy one, and the recital of it would be more likely to excite painful than pleasurable emotions. Let it be a sealed book, until some glowing hand, pulsating with a delight almost delirious, shall open it to write therein, and at the foot of the last page, the imperishable word of ‘FREEDOM!’

“In connection with it, however, let it suffice for me to say, that, with others who shared a common hope, calamity, and peril, I have been cast from a wreck upon these shores, and here, in this broad domain consecrated unto liberty with all the rites and sacrifices of a holy war, have I set down my household gods, and laid in hope the foundations of my future home.

“It could not be expected that, from out of such vicissitudes; having had to conspire against, to confront, and take issue with a formidable government; having had to undergo,

for four years, a dull, a deadening, an exhausting isolation from all the scenes, pursuits, and duties of society; having had to beat through the waves and winds of the two great oceans, and, through strange climes and visions, to gain this upper world, and clasp old friends, and breathe the vivifying air once more; it could not be expected that from out of such vicissitudes I could emerge in a condition anywise more prosperous than that in which most men find themselves at last, who have been cast adrift on the sea of life, and been made the sport of fortune. Which being so, nothing remained for me but to set to work, and, so far as my brains could creditably serve me, to do the best.

“Hence I made up, with what materials my experience had gathered, and my memory retained, and with what workmanship it was in my capacity to bestow upon them, a box of trifling wares, and brought them with me into the country, there to sell them to the best advantage. This is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

“Hence it is that I am here this night, in the land that is sown with gold; a land which in my dreams I often thought might have been

once the site of cities like those of Tyre, and Nineveh, and Tarsus; cities whose people were clothed in purple, and whose temples were inlaid with the cedar, the amethyst, and pearl; and that, having been buried, and the rugged growth of centuries having covered them, and their remains having slept for generations in desolation, you were conducted here, and were busy disinterring the fragments of palatial pillars, and broken sceptres, and the diadems of kings, and pieces of glittering armor, and pieces of chariots that had flashed in the sun through crowded streets, and cymbals that had sounded, and sacred fountains that had played their silver showers, and chalices that had shone through the dusky silence of majestic shrines—dreamt often that you were busy disinterring here the vestiges of a gorgeous creation, which a deluge of fire had sunk in shapeless ruin and inscrutable oblivion.

“ But even if the necessity of my disposing of these wares—these lectures—had been less urgent, I do not think that it would have been less pardonable in me to make whatever use which, to a just extent were possible, of the faculties I may possess through the goodness of Heaven, and which, inconsiderable as they

may be, were given, as all things on this earth are given, to promote some useful purpose.

“In this Republic, no man is idle. Labor is the conspicuous order, instinct, passion of the day. Everywhere throughout this immense community; everywhere upon this prodigious territory, within which so many families, races, nationalities, under a generous system of laws, are indissolubly blended—everywhere an irrepressible vitality is evident.

“In the forests of Maine, where the white flakes of the winter cling so long to the limbs of the pine, and the snow so long buries the green hope of the spring, and the breath of the North, even when summer has come, ripples the brown lake and river, and chafes the red lips of the fruit, and saddens the song that would otherwise hail with an exquisite ecstasy the birth of the flowers—even there that quick vitality is evident.

“In the lowlands of Louisiana, where death accumulates his poison at the root of the sugarcane, and the waters of the Mississippi devastate, in sudden inundations, the rich fields for miles, and the homesteads of the farmer, and the gardens of the planter, and the hot sun,

whilst it generates those luscious clusters of vine and foliage, deadens our whole being with so deep a languor—there, too, that vitality is evident.

“In every quarter—no matter what the soil, no matter what the climate, no matter what the discouragement may be—a vigorous and exhaustless industry is visible. What it has achieved, need not be here described. What it is yet destined to achieve, I shall not venture to predict. Let that devolve upon one of the statesmen of the commonwealth to do.

“For me, it is enough to say, that, sharing in some degree this active spirit; inhaling it, as I do, the free air which lifts the folds of your inviolable flag; strengthened, exhilarated, stimulated by it, as I am by that consciousness of freedom, which touches, penetrates, gladdens, vivifies, endows with courage, and with a robust manhood invests, all those who settle here, and to citizenship aspire; I have long since resolved to throw myself amongst the laborers; and devoting myself to the business for which I felt myself best fitted, to contribute my portion to that aggregate of enterprises and results, which, even in her infancy, encompasses this empire

with so much opulence, and brings her out so prominently before the jealous audience of her contemporaries.

“It matters little, if it matters anything, what his influence may be—the man who idles here is regarded as an outcast. In other countries—in countries where a territorial aristocracy preponderate, and the working-classes constitute little more than a servile power, by which the state is nourished, but which the state ignores; in such-like countries a man may wash his hands in costly kalydors, and from the dust and scars of labor, keep them, without reproof, immaculate. But here such exemptions, such conceits, such royalties, are at a discount. Here Labor is Nobility—here Democracy is sovereignty.

“It is not the social aspect, but the intrinsic worth, which here obtains. It is not the condition of life, but the integrity and zeal with which life is made conducive to high ends, that here invite respect, win honor, command obedience. It is the brain, and not the head-piece which covers it, that attracts and governs. It is the heart, and not the vest, the blouse, the flowing robe which hides it, that girdles itself with praises and with benedictions. It is not

the gilding nor the drapery ; nor yet its position in the temple, the saloon, the senate-house, which gather the multitude to the statue of the noted citizen ; kindle them into rapture as they gaze upon it ; and evoke, in présence of it, their anthems, their love, and reverence. It is the memory of good deeds done, clinging like a perfume to it ; the achievements of which it is the monument ; the immortal spirit which speaks from the marble, and plays in subtle sunlight on the consecrated brow. Behold here the spirit which actuates the Republic ; which through every portion of it distributes an activity so healthful, so adventurous, so intrepid ; which into such magnitude develops its proportions ; and, even before they have been matured, illuminates its features with so bold a beauty !

“ This activity, of which I have spoken, takes different shapes ; manifests itself in various ways ; in a variety of results makes itself more or less conspicuously known ; susceptible of positive interpretation ; worthy, in most instances, of the most creditable and joyful recognition.

“ Some men build ships, which outstrip the swiftest messengers of the old world ; and

through the lightnings, and the waves, and the winds ; and from islands sparkling with colored shells and fragrant with the gourd and bread-fruit ; or from coasts inlaid with ivory and embalmed with spices, but girt with deadly vapor ; or from colossal cities whose age is made glorious with the traditions of the past and the conquests of modern science ; guide their homeward flight to these shores—bearing in their broad bosoms burdens richer than the Spanish galleon or the Venetian argosy, in the plenitude of their prowess, ever before. These are the merchants of the Republic !

“Other men, axe in hand, cut their way through forests, where the tread of human foot never before has startled the reptile from his sleep amongst the thick shrubs and the dead and matted branches, and where unknown birds have for ages built their dusky nests in the depths of the impenetrable darkness ; and these brave men level the gaunt pillars of the forest, and let in upon the stagnant soil the vivifying light, and the sweet dews that trickle from the stars ; and they breast the river, from which none save the red-man and his wild kindred of the plain and thicket have drunk before ; and from crag to crag they climb, until they scare

the eagle from the topmost peak ; and from thence look down and out, far and wide, into a land of promise, through the shadowy valleys and glittering plains of which, deep waters, as they roll, reflect the clouds of a milder sky, and the dim coast-line of which, in the haze through which they look, sparkles with the rising and falling waves of an ocean they call—the great Pacific. These are the pioneers of the Republic !

“ Other men, again, spread their tents in pleasant places, where the rough work has been done before them ; the ground cleared ; the swamp drained ; the scrub thinned ; the rock uprooted ; the ponderous trunk laid low ; and there they feed the fresh earth with the yellow seed, and bid it conceive and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold ; and there they plant and dress the vine ; and there they set down the hive, and with liquid violet, and thyme, and saffron-cups, invite the bees to swarm ; and the green marshes, and soft slopes, and the shaded hills are fragrant with the breath and musical with the bells of gentle rambles. Behold the simple children of the Republic ! Men like those who dwelt amongst the Arcadian oaks, or drank the nectar of Hymettus, or fed on herbs amongst the

rough fleeces on the summits of Lycæus, or those who, near the plains of Enna, dyed the fountain with the blood of oxen, and lit their torches in honor of the daughter of Vesta!

“To those who betake themselves to the study of the laws and constitution of the Republic; who, through ‘patient search and vigil long,’ make themselves familiar with the history of the country, expert in estimating its resources, calculating its expansive force, and predicting what the progress, the acquisition, the future of the commonwealth will be—to such men, I need not, in this place, at this time, allude. It is known, wherever the name of America has been syllabled, that such men, in goodly profusion, have been here—that such men still exist, improve, and multiply. The old world, in her darkest hours, has been consoled, enlightened, and encouraged by them. Her young sons have heard their precepts, and been instructed. They have heard their instigations, and in the struggle for the right have been incited. They have caught their lofty intonations, and even in defeat have been inspired. From their captivity and ruins, the children of Europe have beheld the glory of these names mingling with the effulgence which mounted from the

prosperous cities in which your great orators and statesmen dwelt, and though sinking under the most galling calamities which all that is most remorseless in human nature can inflict—they, through their prison bars beholding it, have been upheld by the sight of the growing constellation in the western sky; and yet, and yet again! their faith in the redemption of humanity has been sustained. A little while, and I may revert to them; for their labors and their triumphs illustrate the theme on which, this evening, I have thought it fitting I should speak.

“But there is another class of workmen in the Republic, to whom it is proper I should make an immediate reference; for, without being guilty of much conceit, I may rank myself amongst them; and, in speaking of them, I explain my own purpose and position. These are the public lecturers.

“Chateaubriand, writing in his *Memoirs* of his visit to America, when George Washington was President, and lived in Philadelphia, ‘in a small house with all the simplicity of an ancient Roman,’ and where he showed the distinguished French nobleman ‘a key taken from the Bastille,’—Chateaubriand, writing about this visit of his,

and mentioning these incidents, observes, that 'strangers need not look in the *United States* for that which especially distinguishes man from the other beings in creation, and which constitutes his highest glory, and the ornament of his days. The American (he continues) has substituted the practical art for intellectual culture. Thrown from different causes upon a desert soil, agriculture and commerce have necessarily engaged his whole attention. Before cultivating the taste (he concludes), it was necessary to provide sustenance for the body; before planting trees, it was necessary to cut them down, in order to clear the ground for tillage.'

"Whether the accuracy of these remarks may be confirmed or disputed, it is, just now, beside the question to inquire. In any case, I do not consider myself competent to determine. But whatever may have been the progress of America in the higher departments of intellectual culture—at the period to which M. de Chateaubriand refers—there can be no second opinion regarding the success of the Republic, in those same departments during the last half-century.

"That success has been rapid, regular, brilliant. In a little time it has covered a great space.

With few hands to rear it, the imperishable monument of the mind has ascended, until now the light which plays upon the summit is visible from the furthest shore.

“Some great orator of the Republic might here enumerate the names which, in characters of ineffable splendor, are registered upon that shaft. It would be a theme for such a tongue as that which has grown cold in the clay of Marshfield. In a tone not less lofty, perhaps, than that in which, as he stood at the base of that mighty obelisk on Bunker Hill, he called forth the first martyrs of the Revolution and placed an immortal crown on the bleeding head of each, might he, if breathing on the earth this day, enumerate the scholars, who in the varied walks of learning—profane and sacred eloquence, the more subtle sciences, the study of mechanics, in the pulpit, on the stage, searching the heavens for the story of the planets, or mastering the law and method of the winds—have conquered for the Republic a glory not less luminous than that which consecrates the torn and withered relics of her wars, plays upon the white wings of her commerce, and compensates her sons as they explore the wilderness and subjugate the wildness of nature.

“Chateaubriand beheld the Republic, when, like the suckling of Alcmena, it had killed the serpents in its cradle. Before he died, the strong child had sprung into the noblest attitude and proportions. He had achieved the measure of the twelve labors.

“He had not only strangled a lion, terrible as the Nemean: he had freed from the multiplied plagues swamps not less deadly than those of Lerna; he had tamed the savage children that swept the boundless plain—fiery, swift, and sanguinary as the steeds of Diomedes. In coming here—here to those yellow sands—he had made himself master of a treasure more costly than the golden fruitage of the Hesperides. But like another divinity of the ancient times, he rests in his winged chariot, now that all these victories have been accomplished, grasping a burning torch—it is the torch of Liberty!—and on his forehead wearing a resplendent star—the Hyperion star of Genius! So stands the Republic at this day! Citizens! behold your country in the plenitude of her glory!

“In the presence of history, I shall not assert that the achievements of the Republic in the fields of literature and science transcend those

that are set down to the credit of older nations. On this subject I shall not offend the good sense of the community with any inordinate assumption. I shall not say that the Republic has done more through the cultivated intellect of her sons and daughters, than England has done—more than Spain has done—more than Italy has accomplished—more than old Germany, with her deep thought, her intense logic, her high-toned sympathies, and the prodigious resources of her language, has with such stately grandeur and serenity achieved.

“These countries, all of them, have gray hairs. The green garlands that bind them have been the growth of many a prosperous summer. The pedestals on which the veteran monarchs stand have been the workmanship of generations. But the elders have listened to the youngest of the nations. Their hearts have been stirred with the fresh harmonies of the voice speaking to them from the shores of the New World. Their faces have shone with the light which fell upon them from that column, glowing with great names and memories, of which we have just spoken.

“There is Cooper, whose tales of the red-men,

and the pioneers, and the soldiers of the Revolution, and the seamen who dashed your flag in through the rocks and breakers of the English coast, and cut it out again as gallantly, have been read as widely as the border lyrics and romances of the Laird of Abbotsford. There is the faithful memorialist of Rip Van Winkle—the kindly chronicler of the legends of the Sleepy Hollow—the historian of Columbus—the author of Astoria—whose utterances, in a common language, are as sweet as those of Goldsmith, and whose pictures of the Alhambra are glowing with the colors and sombre with the shadows of the adventures, the times, and architecture they perpetuate. There is Prescott, Bancroft, Bryant, Emerson—a multitudinous litany of bright names!

“But it is not possible to enumerate them all. The range of my excursion is too limited for me to light upon all those flowers, all those trees, all those mountains, which springing, blossoming, towering into the azure light, have diversified the face of your broad history, beautified its aspect, drunk the ambrosial dews, caught the resplendent hues, and over seas, and streams, and islands, and crowded cities, and colossal continents, have diffused the tints,

the perfumes, the quickening influences of a higher, a purer, a more effulgent, a diviner region.

“ I am not speaking in detail ; am not speaking with the analytical minuteness of a botanist ; with the categorical consecutiveness of an appraiser. I have been impressed with the grand spectacle of the intellect of the country disclosing itself amply, vividly, in a multiplicity of forms, in a profusion of beauties, in the midst of uncongenial circumstances—in what might be considered a primitive, or, at all events, a transition state of society—in the midst of great solitudes, enterprises, haste and tumult—and I give to you but the shadowy outline of the great impression wrought upon my mind. It would take a consummate artist to fill up the details and impart the colors.

“ But nobly as the intellect of this country has made itself known in the higher ranges of art and knowledge, and widely diffused as the popular intelligence appears to be, yet, from the rugged, vehement, absorbing labors in which the people throughout the States are for the most part engaged, the observations of M. de Chateaubriand may, without any disparagement to the Republic, be still considered, in some

degree, correct and applicable. The practicable pursuits, as they are generally termed and understood, do supersede the intellectual culture. It is no calumny to say so. Neither does it convey an ignominious imputation. The same is true of all new countries.

“It was true of Rome, when the walls of Rome were walls of mud, and long after the summit of the Aventine was crowned with the regal castle. It was true of Athens for many years before her last hero sacrificed himself, to realize for his country the promise of the oracle, and the citizens were governed by leaders of their own election. It is true of that nation, which, in the lifetime of the youngest of us, has been baptized in the same waters that wash your sands, and which, endowed as you have been, even from the moment of her birth wears a golden circle, set with five stars, upon her infant brow.

“Before cultivating the taste it is necessary to provide for the sustenance of the body. ‘Before we plant the trees,’ writes the great Frenchman, ‘it is necessary to cut them down in order to clear the ground for tillage.’ When the strong foundations have been set, when the main walls have been raised, we may lift the

fluted pillars of the portico, and crown the structure with the frescoed architrave. First accumulate the means; then dispense and appropriate. The wagon first—then the carriage. The leather leggings first—then, if you like, the newest fashions. This is the law of progress; this the safe instinct of nations; this the practical lesson of all history. Chateaubriand is right!

“But again, deeply as the people throughout the States are immersed in business—in trade, agriculture, mechanism, commerce—and slightly as they are enabled to addict themselves to the higher occupations of the mind, there is amongst them a keen appetite, an intense avidity for intellectual pleasures. Hence it is you find every one in the railway-car or steamboat, with the newspaper, the monthly magazine, the cheap edition of the latest novel; hence it is that public speaking is so much in vogue; hence it is that this profession of public lecturing prevails to so great an extent. When the people have little or no time to read for themselves, they come for an hour or so to hear read out the notes of those who have had the time to read, and whose tastes addict them, as their faculties adapt them, specially to that pursuit.

“It was thus, perhaps, that the system of periodical reviews arose. People who could not afford, so far as either time or money were concerned, to make themselves familiar with ancient, recent, or contemporaneous literature—with past or passing events—with the ruins of antiquity, or the discoveries, in various fields, which enrich the present day—found it feasible and profitable to hear what men, endowed with libraries and leisure, had to say, in a few pages, upon such subjects. The writer in the review collected, arranged, set forth in a striking light and form the principal materials, excellences, or defects of works, which, to be read, studied, analyzed by people generally, would entail great expense, and demand from them a larger exemption from other occupations than they might with facility afford.

“The lecturer differs from the reviewer in this only—the one prints the results of his researches—the other speaks them out. The one communicates himself to the public through the eyes—the other through the ears. It would not be delicate, neither would it be easy for me to determine which of the two is the better mode of supplying information. Let me compromise the matter—since it is the age of com-

promises—and say, it is well for us to be in the possession of both facilities.

“This brings me to what may not be inappropriately styled the programme of my business ; for I do not this evening enter upon any one particular subject of the series I propose to lecture on ; but having spoken so far respecting the capacity in which I here appear ; having alluded to the circumstances in which my visit to your city may be said, though somewhat remotely, to have originated, and the circumstances of the country which have legitimized the duties I have undertaken to perform ; it remains for me to indicate the events and personages, which, to the best of my knowledge and ability, I desire to illustrate, and the spirit in which I shall regard them.

“It is my intention, then, to give a few lectures on the lives, times, and characters of the Irish orators — Grattan, Curran, O’Connell, Shiel, and Sheridan.

“These lectures will not be criticisms—I do not feel myself authorized to criticize such men. Conscious that I am, by many degrees, the inferior of the least of them, it would be an indecorous presumption on my part to sit in judgment and pronounce upon them. Had I,

in the cause of liberty, services like theirs to point to ; victories such as they achieved proudly to recount ; honors such as they won to show ; even did I lack the ability to search and elucidate their nature and their genius, I might be pardoned the vain attempt.

“ Sincerely speaking, then, I promise little. Each of the proposed lectures will be confined within the natural boundaries of a simple narrative. Here and there, however, reflections may grow out of them, and expand beyond the narrow limits. Here and there, perhaps, hopes may spring up, sorrows may arise, conjectures may escape, and thus the field may be diversified, and the atmosphere about it changed and colored.

“ But I come to speak of those whose memories are the inalienable inheritance of my poor country, and in the possession of which—even though she sits in desolation in ‘ tattered weeds,’ and though ‘ sharp misery has worn her to the bones’—a radiant pride tinges her pale cheek, and over her aching head rays of inextinguishable glory congregate. I come to speak of those who, with the beauty, the intrepidity, the power of the intellect that dwelt within them, rescued the country of my birth from the obscurity

and inanition to which the laws of evil men had doomed her, and which, having conquered for her intervals of felicity and freedom, left her with a history to which the coldest or the haughtiest of her sons will revert with love and pride, and on which the bitterest of her calumniators cannot meditate without respect.

“It is well that the story of such men should be simply told. Their grand proportions need no cunning drapery. It would be worse than useless to gild the glowing marble. Like the statues in Evadne, each has a noble history; and dead though they be, in their presence virtue grows strong, heroism kindles in the weakest, and the guilty stand abashed.

“There is an old man—with stooped shoulders, long thin arms, the sparest figure, haggard face, lips firmly set, and an eye with the searching glance of an eagle—that is Henry Grattan!

“What of him? He had a great cause—a great opportunity, a great genius. The independence of Ireland—the cause. The embarrassment of England with her colonies—the opportunity. With the magnitude of both, his genius was commensurate. He was equal to his friends—as he himself said of his great

rival, Harry Flood—and was more than equal to his foes. When he spoke, the infirmities and deformities of man disappeared in a blaze of glory. His eloquence was more than human. ‘It was a combination of cloud, whirlwind, and flame.’ Nothing could resist it—nothing could approach it. It conquered all or distanced all. Like the archangel of Raphael, it was winged as well as armed. His intellect was most noble. His heart was not less divinely moulded. Never before did so much gentleness, so much benignity, so much sweetness, so much courage, so much force, unite in one poor frame. The brightest event of Irish history, is the great event of that great man’s life. If it is the brightest, let us refer it to his genius, his spirit, his ambition. His love of country was intense. ‘He never would be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland had a link of the British chain clanking to his rags.’ Thus he spoke, moving the declaration of independence. The last time he appeared in the Irish Parliament was at midnight. He had come from a sick-bed. They gave him leave to sit whilst he addressed the House. For a moment—for a moment—his agony forsook him. Men beheld before their eyes a sublime transfiguration. ‘I

rose,' said he, 'with the rising fortunes of my country—I am willing to die with her expiring liberties.' Had he been at that hour inspired with the republicanism of Wolfe Tone, his career and glory would have been complete.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Immediately succeeding the previous lecture Meagher delivered another in the same Hall, on Curran, of which the following is a synopsis.

“Ruins, blossoms, sterility, vegetation, storms, silence, vitality, desolate repose—such the history of Ireland—such the character of the people by whom that history has been written. Of that character John Philpot Curran is the fullest and truest expression. His endowments were many, and were great. His gentleness, exquisite sensibility, deep mournfulness—a mournfulness which no festivity, no triumph, could ever thoroughly dispel—his noble eloquence, heroism, honesty—all in him were lovable and great. Then the circumstances in which we find him so often, win us to him, and make us love him. Look at him in London,

where, as Harry Grattan had done before him, he is eating his way to the bar. There he is, without a friend—‘without one affectionate soul (the poor little fellow piteously ejaculated) in whom he could take friendly refuge from the rigors of his destiny.’ What could one so sensitive, so miserable, so lonely, do? Is not the road to fame and fortune too steep, too bleak, too rough, for that poor outcast child? We shall see, by and by. Yet, as if he hadn’t enough on his own account to trouble him, look how lovingly he shares the sorrows of the poor French doctor, who had just lost his wife, and was nursing a little orphan on his knee. For himself, he cares not that he is a beggar! But, for that poor father—for that poor sickly child—oh! how the heart of the poor Irish lad beats, and how fondly he wishes he had something, he had plenty, he had a fortune for them! ‘Surely,’ thus he meditates and moralizes, ‘for such a purpose it is not sinful to wish for riches.’ This sensibility accompanies him all through life, and so does that mournfulness and dejection of spirit. He tells Grattan, one day, it is his wish ‘to go to Spain and borrow a beard, and turn monk.’ Then Charles Phillips shows him to us in the decline of life, wandering about his

beautiful grounds at midnight, hopeless, weary, and sick at heart. And then, again, Thomas David pictures him weighed down by grief, in sickness and utter desolation of spirit, weeping over the fate of Ireland, beside the grave of his little daughter. A deep tone of sadness vibrates through all his life—through all his words. His flowers seem to have sprung from the soil where the dead are sleeping. His liveliest songs come out from the sad foliage of the yew and cypress.

“Yet through all, and over all, there shines the light and is heard the voice of a genius most divine. Here Mr. Meagher alluded to the scenes and incidents of his birth, ascribing most of his grand picturesque traits to their influence. He was born in a town called Newmarket, in the parish of Clonfert, in the barony of Dahallo, in the county of Cork, in the province of Munster, in the kingdom of Ireland. There were babbling brooks, and moory uplands, and ‘large lonely mountains,’ and ruins of castles, and ruins of chapels, all about where he was born; and his mother was stored with grand old traditions, and legends, and wild stories—stories of outlaw, and hero, and saint, and rapparee, and fairy. No wonder, then, that

through the golden atmosphere of his genius, there was ever floating that pale mist, and that there were black and stormy clouds amongst the crimson, and violet, and purple masses, when the sunset came. But that sadness of his was lit up, ever and anon, with mirth and drollery. He jokes about his poverty—jokes about not having a shilling in his pocket—jokes about his seven shirts (all his wardrobe!)—and writes to his mother to say he ‘wants only five more to make up the dozen’—jokes about having ‘a family for whom he had no dinner, and a landlady for whom he had no rent.’ That Irish heart! That heart, proof against the worst disasters, conflicts the most worrying, defeats the most dismaying! Which, not only, as Whiteside says, carries our people over fields of peril, and sustains them in their poverty and persecution, but sweetens the cup of misery they have, from father to son, been doomed to drink. The lecturer then gave a minute and a most amusing description of the famous ‘Monks of the Screw’—a convivial club (composed of the best and noblest spirits of the time), of which John Philpot Curran was the worthy Prior. At the table of the Monastery, in Kevin street, in the city of Dublin, he showed the

assembled brotherhood 'in their skull-caps, drab cloth gowns, hempen girdles, and the blessed spoon and cork-screw dangling by their sides.' Dean Kirwan, Chief Justice Burke, Hutchinson, (Provost of the University of Dublin), Henry Grattan, Lord Avonmore (Chief Baron of the Exchequer), and many more of the brightest and loftiest intellects of the period, belonged to the grotesque and jovial order. But Curran was the master spirit. They did right to consecrate him Abbot of the order and ruler of the feast. His profuse, exuberant, exhaustless wit qualified him for the post. Of that wit the whole world has heard. Every one, in fact, has a specimen of it, and wears it in a locket, as it were, of Wicklow gold set in Irish diamonds, as a charm against the heartache and the 'blue devils,' though their name were 'legion.' Mr. Meagher, however, repeated a number of the humorsome sayings of Curran, and several humorsome anecdotes told of the great orator, saying in reference to him and his rich, racy wit, 'that the darkest river will ripple and laugh, and sparkle sometimes—ay! even when it is nearing the fathomless solitude in which it disappears forever!' But Curran had something more than wit; something more than genius;

something more than a genial, generous, loving nature. He had an unconquerable, defiant courage. For the crown, the bench, the castle, the yeomanry—for all the auxiliaries and appliances of the tyranny of the day—he had a spirit that could confront, repel, and defy. For the wealthiest, boldest, most desperate criminal of them, he had a blow which made them reel, and the mark of which they bore with them to the grave.

“The lecturer here entered into a most graphic and effective picture of the times—those that immediately succeeded 1798. ‘Dublin (said Mr. Meagher) under Cornwallis, suppressing an insurrection, was a sight more terrible than Paris, under Robespierre, completing a revolution.’ Curran’s conduct and bearing, all through those terrible times, was most noble. Lord Clarendon hinted to him that he might lose his silk gown (which he wore as one of the king’s counsel) for daring to appear in defence of the ‘United Irishmen.’ ‘Well,’ replied Curran, ‘his Majesty may take the silk, but he will have to leave the stuff behind.’ Ireland should never forget Curran. He was true to her to the last. The night the Irish Parliament was dissolved, he was standing, wrapped up in a

large cloak, close to one of the great pillars of the portico. One of the United Irishmen was passing near him; Curran seized him by the arm, and looking him wildly and fiercely in the face, asked him, 'Where are now your 300,000 armed men?' The echo of the voice has not yet died in Ireland!"

CATHOLICISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

UPON the question of the compatibility of the Roman Catholic faith with the principles of Republicanism, Meagher took occasion to express his views in a lecture delivered in San Francisco in 1854, during the course which he had then entered upon.

On this occasion he said:—

“There are some men not to be argued with. For there are some men who cashier honesty as a folly, and addict themselves incorrigibly to the subtleties of logic and the ambiguities of language. They speak of ‘religion,’ when in their inmost hearts they mean ‘despotism.’ They speak of ‘insubordination,’ ‘turbulence,’

‘licentiousness,’—when it is the sagacious spirit of liberty which interrogates them, disputes their position, and advances to dislodge them. They speak of ‘Atheism,’ when it is the ‘Truth’ operating through the intellect which confronts them, and the awakened dupes cry aloud that they see no sanctity in servitude, no virtue without manhood, no humanity without intelligence, no worship of living creatures without a conviction of their worth. With such men I shall not argue; with such men argument is impracticable; with such men, the world over, it is their nature obstinately to reject the Right, as it is their interest cunningly to coalesce with and conspicuously represent the Wrong. They move in another orbit. Their motion for all time is determined—their destiny immutable. Farewell to Lucifer! But there are some few honest men who will say, that ‘religion’ with ‘republicanism’ is incompatible. With them I desire to speak. The rectitude of their hearts will reject the sophistry of the schools. Over their cherished prejudices their honest intelligence will predominate. Once stationed in presence of the truth, they will recognize it with gladness, and publish it without trepidation. And who are these honest men who say that

‘religion’ with ‘republicanism’ is incompatible? For the most part, they come from the country in which I had my birth; they profess the religious faith I myself profess. They are Irishmen and they are Roman Catholics. Their doctrine of incompatibility—the incompatibility of religion with republicanism or republicanism with religion—applies for the time being exclusively to Europe—applies to Italy, Germany, Sicily, France. From any application to this country it is scrupulously—and I believe, in the majority of instances, it is heartily—excluded.

“As to Ireland, I know not if the proposition to which I allude has any peremptory reference. If not, it is well. If otherwise—if the ‘authorities’ upon such matters do not design republicanism for Ireland, but contemplate some shapeless scheme of independence—some scheme which shall disturb and not remodel—shall be nothing more than a vague expression of restless aspirations—shall be nothing more than a waste and demolition—active with nothing but disorder, and defined only so far as ruin can be accounted a definition. If so, permit me in refutation of this difficulty on the score of religion, to plead for republicanism in Ireland. In a word, let me include my country in the sis-

terhood of Europe, and, pleading for one, let me plead for all. In doing so, it will be borne in mind, that when I speak of 'religion' I refer specially to Roman Catholicity—for it has been in the name of Roman Catholicity alone that objections, on the score of religion, to the republicanism of Europe has been urged. What then are these objections? Is religion safe only under the shadow of the bayonets? Is the mitre unsafe without the crown above it? Is the cross in danger unless the gibbet of the malefactor looms beside it? Must the cathedral have a camp, and the crozier be crossed or quartered with the sword? Is this the doctrine? This what the Bible tells us? This what history teaches—what faith inspires? Is the caricature of the Duke of York (Commander-in-chief and Bishop Osnaburg) an original by one of the oldest masters? Is religion to be a mere master of the ceremonies to the military ball? Dependent on the providence of a Prince—in peril when the people are supreme—guaranteed only when a vagabond leaps upon the evacuated throne? Such was not the teaching—such was not the experience of the first expounders of the Gospel. The Captain of the Temple and the Sadducees, and

Gámaliel, and the Doctors of the Law were against them; yet it came to pass that many heard, and thousands were converted, though Herod sat upon a throne in royal apparel and made an oration to them. Is the patronage of the sceptre required? Such was not the teaching—such was not the experience of the children of the Fishermen. They were driven to the dwellings of the dead—underneath the palaces of the emperors—driven where the funeral torches were quenched in vapor. But there was one torch which could not be extinguished—it was lit when the sun darkened over Calvary! The circus flowed with blood, but the immortal spirit walked the red surge and foam, and led the sinking to eternal rest. Is, then, the patronage of the sceptre required? Such was not the teaching—such was not the experience of our heroic fathers. They were hunted as the wild fox was hunted. The cave was their cathedral. The crucifix on the rude chief ever admonished them of the penalty which awaited them. But the seed took root amongst the stones and thorns—‘it sprung beneath the axe and blossomed in the blast.’ Is, then, the patronage of the sceptre needed? Essential, is it, to the stability of the Church against which, it was

promised, the gates of Hell should not prevail! But it is well to have the Church and State incorporated! Is this the proposition? If so, we protest against any such identification. We forbid the banns. We do so out of our reverence for religion—we do so from our jealous watchfulness of freedom. I speak in the full spirit of the Constitution to which, upon the Gospel, I have pledged irrevocably my allegiance; which Constitution, in the first article of Amendments, declares that ‘Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.’ I speak in the broad spirit of the Signers of the Declaration, and in concurrence with the expressed sentiments of the Roman Catholic, Carroll, of Carrollton. A friend of mine, Mr. Samuel Pierce, of Troy, in the State of New York, sent me, a few days previous to my leaving for this city, the copy of a letter written in 1827, by this memorable patriot. The letter is addressed to the Rev. John Stanford, Chaplain of the Humane and Criminal Institutions in the city of New York. It is as follows:—

“ ‘ DONGHORAGEN, Oct. 9th, 1827.

“ ‘ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :

“ ‘ I was yesterday favored with your friendly letter of the 10th past, and the discourses on the opening of the House of Refuge, and on the death of Jefferson and Adams. The former I have not yet read. With the latter I am highly pleased, and I sincerely thank you for your pious wishes for my happiness in the life to come.

“ ‘ Your sentiments on religious liberty coincide entirely with mine. To obtain religious as well as civil liberty, I entered zealously into the revolution, and observing the Christian religion divided into many sects, I founded the hope that no one would be so predominant as to become the religion of the State. That hope was thus early entertained, because all of them joined in the same cause with few exceptions of individuals. God grant that this religious liberty may be preserved in these States to the end of time, and that all believing in the religion of Christ may practise the leading principle of Charity, the basis of every virtue.

“ ‘ I remain, with great respect, Reverend Sir, your most humble servant,

“ ‘ CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton,

“ ‘ In the 91st year of his age.’

“Glorious old man! Even to the setting of the sun, faithful to the principles which gave splendor to the morning of his life. Closing that letter, and having noted down the number of his days, well might he have exclaimed, ‘I have been faithful to the lessons of my youth, and in my old age have not departed from them.’ In the full spirit, then, of your noble Constitution, and in hearty concurrence with the words I have now quoted, I set my face against an alliance of Church and State—here and elsewhere—now and for all time. I protest against it for Belgium, if Belgium so wills it. I protest against it for Ireland, if Ireland so wills it. I protest against it for Rome, if Rome so wills it. Is this to be an infidel? To maintain for these countries that religion is best served when disencumbered by temporalities and unconnected with the State—is this to claim for these countries an exemption from the practices taught, the duties and responsibilities imposed by the testament of Christ? If this doctrine of the voluntary system—of thorough disconnection of Church from State, and State from Church—be good and orthodox in Ireland, why not in France? If good and orthodox in America, why not in Italy?—why not in Rome? I speak

it plainly, so that there may be no mistake about it. I am opposed to the exercise in political affairs of any and every clerical influence whatsoever ; and to the eradication of that influence whenever it does operate in the secular organization of this or any other commonwealth, I would heartily contribute my strongest efforts. Speaking in this spirit—eager as I am to see these good principles carried out to their fullest extent, and in every instance—eager to see religion disencumbered of its temporalities and politics (by which I mean the science and practice of Government) relieved from ecclesiastical control—speaking in this spirit, I raise my voice for the Republicanism of Rome. If the majority of the Roman citizens declare for a Republic, I pronounce emphatically for the deposition of the temporal power of the Pope. Let the Forum be rebuilt—let the Senate and the Roman people resume their ancient rule ! Let the city of the Gracchi put on once more the civic crown ! Who upbraids me with apostasy in thus inciting exclamation in the war of freedom ? Who ejaculates ‘it is unholy ?’ Does it involve a recantation of the faith in which I was baptized ? Involve a repudiation of the teachings of the Fathers ? Denial of

the Sacraments? Irreverence of the Ceremonies? Infidelity—Impiety—Apostasy? What is it? If it be a crime, let us have a definition—if it be a crime, let us have an exposition of it—the law, the logic, and the evidence. If it be a crime, I am guilty through excess of ignorance—for neither in creed, nor gospel, nor the Fathers, have I discovered the verse, chapter, note, article, or passage, which forbids me, as a Roman Catholic, to claim for Rome what it is lawful and highly righteous and creditable in me to claim for Sicily, for Sydney, for Mexico, or Moscow. Here, in this instance and at this day, I stand prepared to resist the temporal power of the Pope as strongly as it is more than probable I would have done had I lived in the days of Adrian the Fourth, when, according to Augustine Thierry and others, his Holiness commissioned the Plantagenet to ‘enter the kingdom of Ireland, and there procure payment to the blessed Apostle Peter, of the annual tribute of one penny for each house.’ Yes! I raise my voice for the freedom of Rome—for its disenthralment from that executive and policy which all intelligent and honest men concur in stigmatizing as most ruinous—ruinous to the activity, the morality, the manhood, the attitude of the

people—and the most powerful repudiation of which is to be found in these wise and beneficent reforms which Pius the Ninth, on his accession to the pontifical throne, deemed it salutary and expedient to introduce. Yes! I raise my voice for the freedom of Rome—for its resurrection from that decrepitude, that debasement, that ignominious inactivity, that debilitating repose, in which the noble city is held down by those fratricides of France, who with ‘Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity’ on their Tri-color, slew that younger brother of Republicanism, the smoke from whose altar was just ascending. Yes! I raise my voice for the freedom of Rome—for its inauguration amongst those fortunate communities of the earth, which, proceeding upon the simple precepts of republicanism, exhibit upon the broadest scale the capacities with which our being is endowed, and without any of the pagantry or mysticism which encircle royal estates, contribute, by their marvellous achievements in civilization, industrial art, and commerce, to the splendor of history and the happiness of humanity.”



EXTRACTS FROM
HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

[From *Harper's Magazine*.]

ENTRANCE TO COSTA RICA.

THE principal entrance at present into Costa Rica is from the Pacific, at Punta Arenas, in the Gulf of Nicoya. The *Columbus*, a deliberate old barque through which a screw has been thrust, brought us, early in March, 1858, from Panama to Punta Arenas in less than three days.

The trip was delightful. The coast-range of Veragua, the northernmost province of New Granada, was within sight—often within stone's-throw—the whole of the way. There were the mountains of the promontory of Azuero, glowing through the blue haze all day long. There were the rocks of *Los Frailes*—

gray rocks belted with sparkling breakers, in and out, and wide over the spray of which thousands of sea-birds sported—flashing in the sunset. There were the stars when the sun was gone—the white beach gleaming beyond the line of purpled waters—and here and there the fire of some lone hut in the forest high above the coast. At all times the sea was smooth—smooth as a lake in summer in the midst of warm wooded hills—and at noon it was wondrously beautiful and luminous; so luminous that, looking down into its depths, one might have been wooed to fancy it had a floor of diamonds, and that the pink and yellow sea-flowers, loosened and floating upwards from it, bubbling as they rose, were made of the finest gold.

As for the company on board, ever so many nationalities, professions, phases of life and destinies, were comprehended in it. St. George had his champion in Mr. Perry—an affable, intelligent, high-spirited young Englishman, who had just been gazetted to the British Vice-Consulate at Realejo, Nicaragua, and was on his way to Guatemala to receive his instructions from Mr. Wyke, the Consul-General. The Eagles of Napoleon were sentinelled by a vehe-

ment Frenchman—a short, hardy, wiry, flexible, swarthy fellow, in nankeen trowsers, glazed pumps, and Panama hat—who kept perpetually gliding up and down the deck, emphasizing his opinions on music, politics, and commerce to a lanky German with a pale mustache, who, as though he were condemned to it, limped the planks beside him.

This Frenchman was singularly active, adventurous, daring. He began life as a fisherman. From his cradle on one of the terraces of Brest, he was cast adrift into the fogs of Newfoundland, and there blossomed into manhood on grog and codfish. Slipping away from the Banks, he took to the world at large. He had been everywhere—been to the Antipodes—been to the Poles. With frogs and crocodiles, snake-charmers and ballet-girls, icebergs and palm-groves, he was equally familiar. Five years ago he found himself in the town of David, in the province of Veragua, two hundred miles above Panama; and there, falling in love with a radiant Indian girl, whom he married at sight, concluded to settle. Since then it has fared well with him.

His was, in truth, a golden wedding. It brought him herds, plantations, ships, vast

plains and forests. Some will have it that he is in secret possession of certain gold mines—a veritable *El Dorado*—in the mountains of the Isthmus. The day previous to our leaving it he arrived in Panama, fresh and lithe, after a ride from David of eighteen days through the wildest region. Raging rivers, too deep to ford, oftentimes broke his path. Into these, his clothes bundled up in a turban on his head, he had to plunge, and, battling across them, take his mule in tow. He was bound for San José, the capital of Costa Rica, as we ourselves were.

Venezuela was somewhat disparagingly represented by a tough and squalid merchant doing business in Panama. Importing silk-stuffs and wines, sardines and prunes, he is largely concerned in the pearl-fisheries of the *Isla del Rey*, and the other islands off the coast. His heart is as close as an oyster, and his face as expressionless and coarse as the shell. Guatemala was more fortunate. Señor Larraonda appeared for her. His figure and complexion do injustice to his liberality and graciousness. He is a tall, parched, sallow-faced gentleman, with a patch of gray whisker under each ear, and the fingers of a skeleton; but those fingers

have clutched many a broad doubloon. A sugar-planter on the princeliest scale, his estate has yielded him \$200,000 every season for the last four years.

Close to the wheel-house, immediately after breakfast every morning, two priests invariably took their seats. Both were from Spain. The one was a Catalonian, the other an Aragonese. The Catalonian was a Capuchin. The Aragonese was a Jesuit. The Jesuit was the more remarkable of the two.

He had a freckled face, a blood-shot eye, red beard and whiskers, a faded velvet skull-cap, threadbare *soutaine*, and plain steel buckles in his sprawling shoes. But underneath that threadbare gown we are told there throbbed a zealous heart. Underneath that faded velvet skull-cap there glowed a fertile brain. The Jesuit was learned, eloquent, and pious. A profound Divine, a commanding Orator, an adventurous Soldier of the Cross, he, too, had seen most of the world. He had been to China, the Philippine Islands, Paraguay, Brazil. There was more than one on board whom his history had reached. His labors, his sacred rhetoric, his heroism in all those lands, had made him famous.

The morning of the third day out from Panama, the Gulf of Nicoya opened to admit us. Away to the left, Cape Blanco, the eastern pier of this great gate-way, glimmered through the mist. Away to the right, the volcano of Herradura, with the brown island of Cano sleeping in its shadow, stood as a watch-tower at the entrance. Farther up the Gulf, as the mist thinned off, the loftier mountains came forth and shone above the waters. There was the dome of San Pablo, with masses of white cloud resting on it. There was the peak of the Aguacate quivering in the sun. Beyond, and high above them all, were the mountains of Dota, blending—as though they were vapors only—with the deepening glory of the sky. All along the opposite shore, clusters of little islands—the Nigrites, San Lucas, and Pan Sucre—scrubby, barren islands, the roots of which are rich in pearls—one by one peeped out and twinkled. In the mean while the breeze freshened and grew warm; and the sea, broken into little hillocks, lisped and throbbed around us. At noon it was thronged and bustling. We were at our destination. * * * *

THE FORESTS.

The evening of the day following our arrival from Panama we set out for the mountains. An hour of brisk galloping, along the beach which connects the town of Punta Arenas with the main land, brought us to Chacarita, an outpost of the Custom-house at the Garita. It is here that all foreign goods, destined for any point between the port and the Garita, are subjected to inspection, are weighed, and paid for. The outpost consists of a spacious hut, built of bamboo and wild sugar-cane, a banana-patch, and a poultry-yard. In the smoky interior of the hut, as we rode up to it, an Inspector of Customs, with a stump of a *puro* between his placid lips, serenely oscillated in his shirt-sleeves in his hammock of *agave* straw. Having satisfied him that the blue California blankets strapped to our saddles contained a change of linen only, the calm Inspector, without rising from his hammock, with a gentle wave of his discolored hand, signified that we were at liberty to proceed. A moment after we were in the heart of the forest.

Here, in all its varieties, we had the palm—the prince of the vegetable kingdom as Linnæus

has called it—ever waving those plume-like branches which recall so many scenes of Scriptural beauty, festivity, and triumph—so many scenes of hopefulness and succōr in the desert and of life in the midst of death—and which, as many a carving and vivid painting on sacred walls attest, grew to be, in the red epochs of Christianity, the emblem of Martyrdom for the Faith. Here was the *ceiba*, or the silk-cotton tree, the shaft of which swells to such a girth that the largest canoes are hewn out of it, while Sir Amyas Leigh, the romantic buccaneer, likens it to a light-house, so smooth and round and towering is it. Myriads of singing-birds build their nests in it, while from the topmost branches, to which they have climbed in search of light and air, the rose and yellow and red *bigonias* in luxuriant tresses and festoons uncoil themselves. Here was the *matapalo*, or wild fig-tree, spreading out its long, tender, flexible stems over the surrounding trees in quest of some temporary support, and having found it, and grown strong enough to sustain itself, turning upon and killing its protector in its serpent-like embraces. Here, too, were several species of the *acacia*, such as the *guanacaste* and *saman*, the delicate feathery foliage of which was interwoven and blended

with the orange-blossoms and the large lanceolated leaves of the *cincona*. And then we had the parasitical *cactuses* in endless varieties, with their pink and violet and cream-colored flowers, clustering the moss-covered columns of the forest, and flooding the golden air with the richest fragrance. A deep, solemn, beauteous, yet majestic forest—one of the vast cathedrals of Nature—one fashioned of materials, living, efflorescent, fruitful, imperishable—imperishable, since they perpetually renew themselves—to which the gold of the Sacramento is but as the dust of the road, and the marbles of Carrara are but the types of death—one down through the complex aisles of which, as through no stained window, however wonderful its magic, the light of Heaven, colored with a thousand intermediate hues by day and by night, and for all time, with an ever-varying infinitude of splendor, plays—one studded with pillars, spanned with arches, such as neither Zwirner of Cologne nor Angelo of Rome, with all their genius, with all their power, with all the resources of which, with the patronage of kings and pontiffs, they were the masters, could rear, elaborate, nor so much as in their divinest dreams devise!

In the midst of all this—winding through the

mazes of this superb labyrinth—hundreds of carts, in the months of February and March, move down. The noble oxen have their foreheads shaded with the broad shining leaves of the *pavel*. They come from Cartago, from San José, from the great plantation of Pacifica, in the valley of the Tiribi, in the shadow of the mountains of San Miguel—from the *plateaux* beyond the ruins of Ujarras, and overlooking the cataracts of the wild Berbis—descend four thousand feet into this forest, and so wend their way to Punta Arenas, at which port—with the exception of a few bags which find their way to the Serapiqui, and thence to the Atlantic—the entire coffee crop of Costa Rica is shipped to Europe and the United States.

* * * * *

TO SAN JOSÉ.

An hour after dawn we were in our saddles, on the high road to San José once more.

Having passed the *Puente de las Damas*—a bridge of massive masonry, spanning with a single arch, at an aching height, the black waters of the Jesus Maria, which here reel on through a chasm, from the crevices in the mighty walls of which the glossiest laurels and other shrubs spring forth in sparkling clusters—and having

ambled or galloped all the morning through the forest, we came at last to the *venta*, or road-side inn, of San Mateo. Anselmo, our guide, was there before us, for we had loitered at the farm of Las Ramadas to have a chat with a gipsy group at breakfast under a magnificent *guapanol*, the thickly-leaved limbs of which on every side extended full forty feet above the camping-ground.

Anselmo was a silent boy of Indian blood. His broad face, deeply punctured with the small-pox, was the color of a ripe walnut, while the expression of it was meditative and morose. He wore white check trowsers, a brown *scapular*, and a pink check shirt. His bare heels displayed a pair of spurs the rowels of which were the size and shape of a star-fish. Sauntering along—equally insensible to the dust, the beauty, the red mud, or the straining steepness of the road—with one of our fowling-pieces slung behind him, and some few necessary articles of toilet tied up in a coffee-bag before him—Anselmo, dispensing with stockings, held on with his toes to the stirrups. The most of the way he kept in the rear. The pilot of the party, he sat in the stern and steered from behind. It is the custom

of the country. The guide is seldom in advance—often out of sight—never within hail.

Under the dome-like *mangos*—under the coolest and darkest of them—Anselmo relieved the mules of their girths and cruppers, and gave them water, corn, and *sacâte*. The room in which we breakfasted, floored with baked clay—clay done to brittle crust—was wainscoted with cedar. This sounds fine. But cedar is cheap in Costa Rica, and in such houses as the *venta* of San Mateo displays no polish. The breakfast consisted of fresh eggs, fresh bullock's tongue, a cup of sour coffee, a saucerful of *jacotes* or hog-plums, and the usual amount of *tortillas*, the ubiquitous slap-jacks of South and Central America. We were joined at table by an officer of the Costa Rican army. He was on his way from Nicaragua to San José with dispatches to his Government; the *San Carlos*—one of the steamboats taken from the Filibusters, and flying the Costa Rican flag on Lake Nicaragua—having thumped ashore and there stuck fast. He had come by the Guanacaste road, and to this point had been eight days in the saddle. He was a modest, intelligent, delicately-whiskered, mild, fair-faced gentleman.

Eminently gallant, too, for he had fought at Rivas, at Masaya, at San Jorgé—all through the war in Nicaragua—and at its close had been honored with the command of the troops on board the steamboat which had just been wrecked. Over his right shoulder was slung a broad green worsted belt. To this a tin canteen was hooked. Underneath the belt was his blue frock-coat. The coat stood in need of a good scouring. His sword, jingling in a steel scabbard at his heels, would have been all the brighter for a little sweet-oil and brick-dust. Having hastened with his breakfast and lit his *puro*, he mounted his white mule with the gay grandeur of a cavalier, gracefully lifted his drab *sombrero*, dashed through the gateway, and disappeared up the mountain. Up the mountain! For the shadow of the Aguacate was upon us. High as we were amidst the *mangos* on the ridge of San Mateo, this noble mountain stood, four thousand feet erect, between us and the sun.

Haughty, opulent, superb—ravines and valleys, two thousand feet in depth, are, to its glowing, but dim crevices at its foot, while the forest we have spoken of—that between Chacarita and the Barranca—seems no more than a quiet shrubbery, blossoming and sleeping in a silvered mist!

Haughty, opulent, superb—it is an enormous mass of gold and silver—“the very dust which our horses spurned with their hoofs,” so John L. Stephens writes, “contains that treasure for which man forsakes kindred, home, and country.” It has made the fortune of more than one bold speculator; has made *millionaires* of such men as Espinac of Cartago, and Montealegre of San José; still, still invites the capitalists of this and other countries; and to the invincible hand of science knocking at its portals, and with the infallible torch, that has already divulged so many of the mysteries of nature, penetrating its recesses, promises an exhaustless issue of incalculable worth! Haughty, opulent, superb—from base to summit it is an aggregation of most of the riches, the wonders, the terrors, the sweetness, and the glory of the earth!

The tropical summer and the spring of the temperate zone equally divide the imperial mountain, and reign there perpetually—the one below, the other above. Each has its attendant flowers, trees, birds, reptiles; each its own wild offspring; each its appropriate harmonies and treasures. The white eagle makes it its home; the wild coffee fills it with its soft exquisite perfume; the cedars crowning it vibrate with the

merry peal of the bell-bird ; monkeys in legions swing themselves down upon the wild cacao to which its warmer slopes give birth ; serpents, such as the *sabanera*, twenty and thirty feet in length, glisten through the gloom of its thickets ; the sleek tiger enjoys the dumb security its vine-woven fastnesses afford ; humming-birds in millions—"those fragments of the rainbow," as Audubon has called them—flash and whirr through the foliage ; while the King of the Vultures, with his gorgeous black and orange-colored crest—an acknowledged chief among the greediest pirates of the dead—owns his oaken palace there, and soars above them all !

Midway up this mountain, at a point called *desmonte*, looking suddenly back over the road we had come, there broke upon us a vision of indescribable peacefulness and grandeur. The Gulf of Nicoya—a silver cord stretched along the horizon—seemed to pulsate with an unheard melody ; while the ships we had left at Punta Arenas looked as though they were sea-birds clinging to it. Between the Gulf and the promontory of Nicoya, a white unbroken range of clouds extended. Beyond this range were the dark purple mountains of the promontory. It was the funeral procession overlooking the bridal

train. To the left, the mountains, which up to this had walled in the road, suddenly gave way, and a vast ravine abruptly opened. Across the head of this ravine rose a wall of yellowish-brown barren hills; and beyond and far above them again, flinging off the white clouds which floated between it and the sun—the crown of glory it aspired to—at a height of 11,500 feet above the sea, towered the volcano of San Pablo!

This noble feature was never absent from the scene. As we entered the Gulf of Nicoya at the dawn of day, there it was, hailing us in tones of thunder, a Cyclopean warder at the gate. All day long, ankle-deep in blistering sand, or gasping in some rude veranda, we looked up to it from Punta Arenas—that stifled city of a burning plain—and we sighed for the winds and the rain that have long since cooled its fiery head, for it is an extinct volcano. Hardly had we left the red-tiled roofs, the little orange-groves, the palm-trees, and sweet *huertas* of Esparza a mile behind, when, out of the midst of the morning, there came forth that ever-wakeful sentinel of the night, beautiful and mighty as when the darkness closed around him. All along the road to San Mateo, and far beyond it, we turned from the fences of *erithryna*, interlaced with *cactus*

and wild pineapple, and the sugar-fields and pasture grounds they enclose, and from the several incidents and varying features of the road ; from ox-teams burdened with coffee, as we had seen them in the forest the evening previous ; from spacious farm-houses with whitewashed walls and broad piazzas ; from loving couples snugly seated on the one tough saddle, the *caballero* holding the *señorita* before him on the pommel, a far pleasanter arrangement than that prevailing in older countries when the *pillion* was in fashion ; from droves of drowsy mules, laden with cacao in ox-hide bags, coming up from Nicaragua, whisking their tails and jingling their bells as they plodded before their masters, whose salute, as we rode past them, was gracious and most winning ; from black-eyed groups at breakfast under some lofty *carob*, the black iron pot sending up its fragrant steam of boiling beans, the unyoked oxen munching the tops of sugar-canes outside the domestic circle, and scurvy dogs, at detached posts beyond the camp, showing their teeth, and snarling at the foreigners as they rode by ; from the tall rustic cross, planted on the spot where some deed of blood had been done, some criminal had been shot, or some one had suddenly dropped dead ; from these, the several

incidents, and these, the varying features of the road, many and many a time, all along to San Mateo, and far beyond it, we turned to gaze upon San Pablo. And here at this point called Desmonte—from this commanding height—with this vast ravine below us, in which the Catskill might be buried, and with the intermediate range of lowlier mountains opening wide, so as to disclose it in its magnitude and the absolutism of its glory, San Pablo—the eternal sentinel of the Republic—overwhelmed all rivalry, and with a supreme sublimity usurped the conquered scene! * * * *

INTRODUCTIONS.

The letters of introduction we brought to the President, the Bishop of San José, the Minister of State, and other notable citizens of Costa Rica, obtained an unmolested passage for our luggage. It was on the road, miles behind us, jolting and smashing along in the rear of two ponderous bullocks; but whenever it arrived, the Commandant at the Garita in the pleasantest accents assured us the formality of an inspection would be dispensed with. It was due to literature and science, he said, that the luggage of gentlemen devoted to the pursuit of knowl-

edge should be exempt from the formalities to which Westphalian hams and such gross articles were subject. Moreover, it was due to the son of the illustrious General Paez. This he added with the most gallant courtesy, lifting his hat and bowing, his cavalry sword sliding away in the dust behind him as he did so. He did more. He was hospitable as he was gallant. Stepping into the Custom-house he brought out a bottle of cogniac, a tumbler, and a corkscrew. Without dismounting, we drank his health and prosperity to Costa Rica. Then it was his turn, and he drank ours, ejaculating a sentiment in honor of Venezuela. Two or three minutes more of pleasant gossip with him; about the game in the neighborhood of the Garita, for he was a sporting character; about the Filibusters, for he fought in Rivas, the 11th of April, 1856, and thought it glorious fun; about his fighting-cocks, for he had an army of them; two or three minutes more of this *tête-à-tête*, a warm shake hands and the final *adios*, and up the road we started, leaving the Rio Grande hoarsely roaring in its jagged bed. The deep chasm—the sunset-colored walls overtopping the black waters, the long procession of carts, and mules, and oxen, descending and

winding up the opposing cliffs, the groups of soldiers and *carreteros* at the bridge, the bridge itself, the masses of foliage and blossoms relieving the cold hard face of rock, and softening with their shadows the staring wildness of the abyss—all this was forgotten, when, striking the level ground above the river, a vast amphitheatre opened suddenly, boldly, magnificently before us.

Before us were the Plains of Carmen. To the right were the Codilleras and the volcanic heights of Barba and Irazu. To the left were the mountains of Santa Anna and San Miguel. Breadth, loftiness, infinitude ; no paltry sign of human life to blot the scene ; the sun in its fullness ; the pulsation through the warm earth of distant waters ; the rumblings of the thunder in a sky where not an angry speck was visible ; wonder, homage, ecstasies ; it seemed, indeed, as if we had been disenthralled from the Old World by some glorious magic, and were on the threshold, within sight, in the enjoyment of a new existence !

But what of that vast amphitheatre, overshadowed, and with these immutable sublimities environed ? It was once the bed of an immense lake. Suddenly set free by some violent

volcanic shock, the waters of the lake exhausted themselves through a rent which now forms the channel and outlet of the Rio Grande. Enormous rocks of calcined porphyry, protruding through the soil and blackening it far and wide, are the testimonies of this convulsion. The Plains of Carmen, the lower portion of the amphitheatre, exhibit a loose dark loam intermixed with quantities of volcanic *detritus*. To this day they have been used as grazing grounds only. With a proper system of irrigation—and such a system, fed by the plenteous rains which fall during the months of June, July, August, September, and October, could be easily, cheaply, and extensively carried out—and with, of course, the necessary cultivation, they would yield the sugar-cane, Indian corn, *tapioca*, and other tropical productions in extraordinary abundance. Thus where we have, for the most part, an idle and inanimate wilderness at present, a population of 100,000—in addition to the actual population of the country, computed at something over 130,000—might in this one section alone, be prosperously sustained. Elsewhere—all over the country, from Lake Nicaragua to the frontier of New Granada—whole nations, such as Portugal and Holland, would find the amplest

room and the best of living. The public unappropriated lands, in the northern part of the Republic alone, according to Señor Astaburiga, amount to millions of acres.

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THE CAPITAL OF COSTA RICA.

Sun-burned, coated with dust, sweltering a little and somewhat chafed, in our red flannel shirts and overall boots, both the one and the other rumpled and wrinkled, decidedly the worse for the wear, but nevertheless in the brightest good-humor—returning with smiles, and sometimes with winks, the inquisitive glances which from door-ways and iron-barred windows signalled our coming—between two and three o'clock in the afternoon we rode into San José, the capital of the Republic of Costa Rica.

Jogging past the Artillery Barracks—at the rickety gate of which there stood a sentinel in soiled linen, with sandals of untanned ox-hide strapped to his heels and toes—then past the Palace of the Government, concerning which, and the other notable buildings and institutions of San José, we shall say a word or two in another chapter of our Holidays—we dismounted at the door of the *Hotel de Costa Rica*. Ascend-

ing the staircase as leisurely and gracefully as our big boots and spurs would permit, we leaned over the banister at the first landing, and wished good-bye to Anselmo. At sundown that mysterious creature set out for Punta Arenas, back the road which Nisus and Euryalus had come, with the three mules struggling behind him, the last being tied by the nose to the tail of the next one, and that one again being made fast in the same way to the other before him.

Viewing it from the pretty balcony of the room into which we were shown by an amiable fat boy from Heidelberg, whose name was Charlemagne, the capital of Costa Rica appeared to be a compact little city, cross-barred with narrow streets, roofed with red tiles. There were flag-staffs and belfries too, and tufts of shining green foliage breaking through those red tiles—breaking through them here and there, and everywhere—and beyond and above them, but quite close to us it seemed, were the mountains of San Miguel—brown steeps cloven into valleys, and throwing out other heights, abrupt and black, in the deep shadow of which the smoke of the burning forest rolled up slowly and with a fleecy whiteness, and all over the

slopes of which the fields of sugar-cane fairly glittered, their verdure was so vivid.

May Heaven be with it—the bright, young, brave city of the Central Andes—the silent but industrious, the modest but prosperous, the inoffensive but undismayed metropolis of the Switzerland of the Tropics!

Radiantly reposing there, with the palm-trees fanning it—the *mangos* shadowing its little courtyards—the snow-white and snow-like blossoms of the coffee-tree, the glossy, smooth, rich foliage of the *guayaba* and sweet lemon, the orange and banana breaking through the waste of red tiles, and filling the serene air with perfume—herds of cattle, the finest in the world, grazing in the paddocks or *potreros* without the suburbs, or with a grand docility toiling through its streets, carrying to the market-place the produce of the peasant, or to his home conveying back such accessories to his comfort as the ships from England, Hamburg, Guatemala, and France import, or such as the Panama railroad from more ingenious workshops, for some time past, has hurried up—each one at his business, none idle, none too conceited to trade or work—an independent spirit, aiming at an independ-

ent livelihood, animating all—the machinery of the Government working steadily, and for its ordained ends, with a commensurate success, though not, perhaps, with the high pressure and expansion which Democrats of infinite views, as some of us are, might with an impetuous rhetoric advise—a growing desire for a closer intercourse with the world, dissipating its fears and prejudices, quickening its intelligence, ennobling its counsels, and opening out, as the proposed new road to the Serapiqui will do, even through the wilderness where no white foot until this day has been, new channels for the enterprise, the resources, and the credit of the country—the National Flag, which through the vanishing ranks of no despicable adversaries has been victoriously borne, flying from the Barracks and the Palace of the Government, kindling in every native heart a just pride and a fearless patriotism—with all this before us, how could we do otherwise than invoke for that brave little city of the Central Andes—as I do now and ever shall—the sympathies of the American people and the shield of Providence?

Oh! may that Providence—typified by the vast mountain of Irazu which overshadows it, and which has long since quenched its fires and

become a glory instead of a terror to the scene—protect it to the end of time; and safe amidst the everlasting hills—prosperous and inviolable—through many an improving epoch may it teach the lesson, that nations may be great—great in honest industry, great in the goodness of domestic life, great in the less ostentatious arts of peace, great in patriotism, great in heroism, great in being the living illustration of this inspiring lesson—though no navy rides the sea for them, and their territory be small!

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LIFE IN SAN JOSÉ.

The Police are picturesque. A little after sunset, they are mustered in the Plaza and told off for duty. With a carbine slung across the shoulder, a short brass-hilted sword and cartouche-box, a torn straw hat, and an old blanket, full of holes, as a uniform, they patrol the silent city until daybreak, calling the hours, whistling the *alert* every half-hour, and, as their dreary vigils terminate, offering up the *oracion del sereno*—*Ave Maria Purissima!*—in the most dismal recitative.

They are faithful creatures, however, those ragged Policemen of San José. They are duti-

ful, vigilant, and brave, though a stranger now and then may come across one of them snoring on the steps of a door-way, as we did occasionally in our surveys of the city by moonlight. The first time this occurred to us, the poor fellow was bundled up under the heel of an enormous boot, the original of which stands eight feet high in Chatham-street. The copy, at the corner of the *Calle de la Puebla* in San José, was furnished by an accomplished Filibuster to Mons. Eugénie, the French boot-maker, whose portentous sign it is. The artist was a prisoner of war. But even so, in captivity and defeat he proclaimed his principles. He stuck a spur with an immense rowel into the heel of the gigantic boot, and gave three cheers for General Walker and the Lone Star!

But there is no need of the Police—none whatever. Costa Rica is the most temperate and peaceful of countries, and San José is the most temperate and peaceful of cities. One might be provoked into saying it was stupidly well-behaved and insipidly sensible. The *chiffonnier* would have little to do there. The lawyer from the vicinity of the Tombs would fare no better. The entire rascality of the exemplary place is not worth an affidavit. Cock-fighting is the

only dissipation the people indulge in, and that on Feasts of Obligation and Sundays exclusively.

Being one of the Institutions of the country, it would have never done for Don Ramon and Don Francisco to have overlooked or shunned the Cock-pit. Martyrs to the love of knowledge, they visited it with the purest motives, urged by a curiosity as disinterested as that which might have tempted a perfect stranger—an ancient Briton for instance—to drop into the Roman amphitheatre in the days of the Thracian prize-fights.

Passing a rude door-way, they came upon an elderly gentleman with a rusty mustache. He was sitting in a chair scooped out of a block of mahogany, and held in his left hand a pack of small printed cards, the tickets of admission to the rascally arena. Having paid him two *rials*, he drew aside a torn pink calico curtain, and with a gracious *entren ustedes Señores*, bowed, stroked his mustache, and resumed his collection of *rials*. A second after, the Martyrs found themselves in a windy wooden building, which seemed to them, for all the world, like a cow-shed that had been converted into something resembling a circus.

It was Whitsunday. The place was crowded. All classes of society were represented there. The merchant and the peddler—Colonels with blazing epaulets and half-naked privates—doctors, lawyers, Government clerks, fathers of families, genteel gentlemen with ample waistcoats and gray heads, youths of eighteen and less—the latter peppered with the spiciest pertness, and boiling all over with a maddening avidity for *pesos* and *cuartas*.

The benches of the theatre rise one above another, forming a square, within which, on the moist clay floor, enclosed by a slight wooden barrier eighteen inches high, is the fatal ring. In a nook to the right of the pink calico curtain, stands a small table, upon which the knives, the twine for fastening them, the stone and oil for sharpening them, the fine-toothed saw for cutting the *gaffs*, and all the other exquisite odds and ends, devised for the deadly equipment of the gladiators, are laid out. The knives used in this butchery are sharp as lancets, and curved like cimeters. While the lists are being arranged, and the armorers are busy lacing on the gyves and weapons of the combatants, and many an ounce of precious metal is risked on their chances of life and death, the

gladiators pertinaciously keep crowing with all their might, and in the glossiest feather saucily strut about the ring as far as their hempen garters will permit them.

Don Ramon and his friend remarked, the moment they entered, that the betting was high and brisk. Gold pieces changed hands with a dazzling rapidity. The Costa Ricans are proverbial for their economy and caution. Outside the Cock-pit they never spend a *medio*—not so much as half a dime—if they can help it. Inside this charmed circle, they are the most prodigal of spendthrifts. One sallow lad particularly struck them. He had neither shoes nor stockings—not so much as a scrap of raw ox-hide to the sole of his foot. But had every pimple on his face been a ruby—and his face was a nursery of pimples—he could not have been more bold and lavish with his purse. It came, however, to a crisis with him. Stretching across Don Ramon to take the bet of another infatuated sportsman in broad-cloth and embroidered linen, he staked a fistful of gold on a red cock of the most seductive points and perfectly irresistible spunk. It was all he had in the world. There was a fluttering of cropped wings, a shaking of scarlet crests, a cross-fire of murderous

glances, a sudden spring, a bitter tussel, fuss and feathers, a pool of blood, and the fistful of gold—all that the sallow-skinned pimple-faced prodigal had in the world—was gone!

A ruthless, senseless, ignoble game, it is fast going out of fashion. There was a time, and that not more than five or six years ago, when the President and the whole of his Cabinet were to be seen in the Cock-pit. But it is seldom, if ever, that a distinguished politician, much less a statesman, even on the eve of an election, is discovered there now. Neither the mind, nor the manhood, nor the heart of the people will suffer when it has been utterly abolished.

The morning after our arrival, we called on the Bishop of San José. His residence is an humble one. Two workmen, tip-toe on ladders, were repairing the plaster over the door-way just as we reached it. Stepping across a perfect morass of mortar, we entered the *zaguan*. An aged gentleman softly approached us before we had time to call the *Portero* and send in our cards.

Tall, thin, sharp-featured, with a yellowish brown skin and long spare fingers, his eye was keen, his step firm, his voice distinct and full. He wore a pectoral gold cross and purple silk

cassock. The latter had a waterish look. The purple had been diluted into pink. A velvet cap of the same weak color in great measure concealed his hair, which was short, and flat, and seemed as though it had been dashed with damp white pepper. It was the venerable Anselmo Lorenté, the Bishop of San José.

A door stood open on the left of the *zaguán*. The Bishop pointed to it. He did so with a sweet smile and graciousness. Bowing to him respectfully, we passed into a dull saloon.

The walls were covered with a winterish paper, and would have been woefully bare were it not for three paintings which hung from the slim cornice opposite the windows looking into the street. One of these paintings—a likeness of Pius the Ninth—was really a treasure. A superb *souvenir* of Rome, it had all the softness, the calmness, the exquisite minuteness of finish which characterize the works of Carlo Dolce. The likeness of Anselmo Lorenté looked raw and miserable beside it. The third painting represented the ascension of a devout Prelate in full pontificals from the grave. For so glaring an outrage on canvas, it would have been a just chastisement had the Painter gone down while the Prelate went up.

Between the two windows facing these paintings, there stood a table of dark mahogany. It was covered with faded red moreen, books, pieces of sealing-wax, quills, and papers. An arm-chair stood behind the table. Behind the arm-chair there stood a screen, and from this a canopy projected. Arm-chair, screen, and canopy, everything was covered with faded red moreen. There was neither carpeting nor matting on the floor. The boards, however, were warmly coated with dust, the accumulation of months of domestic repose.

Having read the letters we had handed him on entering, the Bishop rose from the sofa—a sad piece of furniture it was—and cordially welcomed us to San José. The cordiality of the welcome was tempered with dignity. It was the subdued cordiality of age.

Just then there was a tap at the door. The Bishop was called out for a moment. During his absence, a monk of the Reformed Order of St. Francis entered the room. He was from Quito. Heavily clothed in a drab gown and cloak, drab hood and trowsers, all cut out of a wool and cotton mixture manufactured in the Andes of Ecuador, with his cropped head, a face the color of pale butter, and a pair of dark-

blue spectacles—behind which his large black eyes rolled incessantly—he was, in truth, a strange apparition. The Archbishop of Ecuador being dead, and the Archbishop of Panama being absent from that city on a visitation of his diocese, the pious brother of St. Francis had journeyed to Costa Rica to be ordained.

The Bishop, resuming his seat on the sofa, presented his case of *cigarettos*—it was a dainty little case made of colored straw—and invited us to smoke. The holy hobgoblin from Quito taking the *mecha* from the table, where it lay coiled up in the inkstand, succeeded, after a number of failures, in striking a light. Whereupon he knelt and extended the *mecha* to the Bishop. The Bishop having lit his *cigaretto*, the good monk kissed the episcopal ring, and rising with a profound obeisance, solemnly extinguished the fire. Shortly after, having silently glared at us through his purple spectacles, he bent the knee again, kissed the episcopal ring once more, and with head cast down, tucking his drab gown about him, retreated with a confused modesty from the room.

In the midst of fragrant clouds, Señor Lorenté pleasantly conversed with us. He spoke about the country, its drawbacks, its resources

and its prospects, and in a few bright sentences, enunciated with considerable animation, gave us the principal points of its political history.

It was a deep source of regret to him that the churches of San José contained little to interest the stranger. They had no works of art, no paintings, no sculpture, and very few ornaments. The few they possessed were of the humblest description. The Spaniards had concentrated in Guatemala the entire wealth of the Central American church, and, up to this, Costa Rica had been too poor to enrich her altars. In Cartago, however, there were some old and valuable paintings, two or three fine images, shrines, reliquaries, and vestments of costly material and curious workmanship. From the churches, Señor Lorenté passed to the Indians of the country. His statements and surmises relative to the Guatusos of the valley of Frio—a race living absolutely secluded and permitting no stranger whatever to set foot within their mysterious domain—were deeply interesting. Every syllable he let fall upon this subject was eagerly caught up.

In the end, he referred us to the History of Guatemala by the Archbishop, Francisco de Paula Garcia Pelaez. There was a learned and

profound chapter in it devoted to the Guatusos. We should read it. He would give us a copy of the work. It would be a pledge to us of his regard, and of his anxiety to aid us in our laudable researches. He was delighted to find we had been educated by the Jesuits. They were the nobility, the flower, the chivalry of the Church. Her bravest soldiers, they had been her sublimest martyrs. Wherever they were, there was civilization, erudition, eloquence, a disciplined society, an elevated faith, and the loftiest example of magnanimity. It would be well for Costa Rica were they established in the country. But there was an ignorant prejudice against them, and his efforts to obtain admission and a recognized standing for them in the Republic, had proved unavailing so far.

As we rose to take leave, the Bishop opened the door leading into the *zaguan*, and calling to a young student who was reading in the piazza of the court-yard, desired him to take the History of Guatemala from the library, and accompany us with it to the Hotel. We begged him not to trouble the young student. We could easily take the books ourselves. But the gracious good Bishop would have his own way. His consideration for us was relentless. And

so, we returned to our quarters, followed by the History of Guatemala, in three volumes, and a modest youth in a clerical cloak, and a brown felt hat of the California pattern.

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HOLY WEEK.

When evening came, the procession which commemorates the interment of Christ, moved slowly and darkly from the great door-way of the Cathedral, and, descending into the Plaza, entered and passed through the adjoining streets. The *aceras* or side-walks of these streets were planted with wild canes, round which the leaves of the palm and wreaths of flowers were woven, the carriage-way being strewn with the *seimpreviva*, the finer branches of the *uruca*, and the wondrous and beauteous *manitas* of the *guarumo*. Curtains of white muslin, festooned with crape or ribbons of black silk and satin, overhung the balconies of the houses along the line of the procession, and at the intersection of the streets were *catafalques* covered with black embroidered cloth, strewn with flowers, laden with fruit, and luminous with colored lamps and cups of silver. The pioneers of the procession were Brothers of

Charity—*Los Hermanos de la Caridad*—clothed in long white woollen garments, shapeless and loose as bed-gowns, with white or checkered cotton handkerchiefs, tied with a pig-tail knot, about their heads. These Brothers carried the various insignia of the Crucifixion. The two first balanced a pair of green ladders upon their shoulders. One bore a crown of thorns on a breakfast-tray, another a sponge in a stained napkin, the third an iron hammer and three nails. Then came a swarm of boys with extinguished candles. After them, three young men in ecclesiastical costume appeared, the one in the middle bearing a tall slender silver crucifix—the crucifix being shrouded in black velvet—the other two holding aloft the thinnest candlesticks, the yellow tapers in which burned with an ashy flame, melting excessively as they feebly gleamed. Close behind the candlesticks and crucifix there walked four priests abreast, each one in *soutaine*, black cap and surplice. There was a black hood drawn over the black cap, while a black train, the dorsal development of the hood, streamed along the leaf-strewn pavement a yard or two behind. They were the heralds of a large black silk banner which had a red cross blazoned on it, and was borne erect

by a sickly gentleman in deep mourning. Then came another swarm of boys, clearing the road for a full-length figure of St. John the Evangelist, which in a complete suit of variegated vestments, and with the right hand pressed upon the region of the heart, was shouldered along by four young gentlemen, all bare-headed and in full evening dress. A figure of Mary Magdalene followed that of the Evangelist. It was radiant with robes of white satin and luxuriant tresses of black hair, and the noble beauty of the face was heightened by an expression of intense contrition. As works of art, these figures are more than admirable. They are exquisite and wonderful. Guatemala, where they have been wrought, has reason to be proud of them.

But one, loftier far and statelier than those preceding it, approached. Lifted bayonets were gleaming to the right and left of it, thuribles were rolling up their fragrant clouds around it, pretty children in white frocks, and fresh as rosebuds, were throwing flowers in front of it all over the leafy pavement. It was the *Mater Dolorosa*. Sumptuously robed, the costliest lace and purple velvet, pearls of the largest size, opals and other precious stones, were lavished on it. From the queenly head there issued rays

of silver which flashed as though they were spears of crystal. The black velvet train, descending from the figure, was borne by a priest. Behind him, carrying long wax candles, were many of the first ladies of the city, all dressed in black silk or satin, their heads concealed in rich *mantillas*, and these, too, black as funeral palls could be. Some of them were young, tenderly graceful, and of a pearly beauteousness. The matrons, though slim and parched, were dignified and saintly.

All this, however, was but the prelude to the absorbing feature of the pageant. This was an immense sarcophagus of glass, upheld by some twenty of the most respectable citizens of San José, whose step had all the emphasis and grandeur of practised soldiers. Acolytes bearing inverted torches, and smoking censers, and palm-branches covered with crape, went before, flanked, and followed it. And as it was borne along, the spectators at the door-ways, in the balconies, at the windows, on the side-walks, uncovered their heads and knelt. Within the transparent tomb were folds of the finest linen—snowy folds strewn with roses—a face streaming with blood, a crown of thorns, and the outline of a prostrate image. The image was that

of The Crucified of Calvary. As it passed, no one spoke. There was not a whisper even. The swelling and subsiding music of the military band—heading the column of troops with which, colors furled and arms reversed, the procession closed—alone disturbed, at that solemn moment, the peacefulness of San José.

A few hours later there was a very different scene. It was the dawn of Easter Sunday. The clouds lay full and low upon the mountains. San Miguel was a pile of clouds. The dark green base of Irazu alone was visible. The plantations and *potreros* were overwhelmed with clouds. It was a chaos of clouds all round. Nothing else was distinguishable. Nothing—unless, indeed, the lamp at the corner of the *Calle del Artilleria*, the light from which sputtered through the thick smoke with which the glass was blurred. But in the midst of this chaos of clouds, the bells of the Cathedral, the *Mercedas* and the *Carmen*, suddenly broke loose. Briskly, wildly, violently they rang out! Again and again rang out! Again and again, until the riotous air seemed to flash with the strokes! Again and again, until the drowsy earth seemed to reel and quiver!

Then came the rumbling of drums, and the

shrill chorusing of fighting-cocks, and the yelping of dogs, and the moaning of the cattle in the suburbs. In less than twenty minutes every house in San José was pouring out its inmates—pouring them out in *ponchas* and *mantillas*, in shawls, velvet-collared cloaks and shirt-sleeves—down upon the Plaza. And there—as the clouds lifted, and the mountains began to show themselves, and the sun streamed over the broken crest of Irazu—a startling spectacle broke upon the view.

The Plaza was full of people. The spacious *esplanade* and steps of the Cathedral were thronged to overflowing. The balconies and windows of the houses overlooking the Plaza—the balconies and windows of the houses converging on the Plaza—all sparkled and rustled with spectators. Every one was excited—every one was chattering—every one was smoking—every one was laughing—every one was on tip-toe—every one was impatient, fidgety, and nervous. There was something in the wind!

High above the crowd—in the centre of the Plaza—were four lines of gleaming steel. The troops had formed a hollow square, and within this square, overtopping the lifted bayonets by twenty feet at least, there stood a monstrous

gibbet. Fastened together with thongs of raw hide and pieces of old rope, the limbs of this gibbet were gaunt and ghastly enough to scare the boldest malefactor. From the cross-beam there dangled a foul bundle of old clothes. There was a red night-cap—a yellow flannel waistcoat, striped with black, the arms outstretched—a pair of torn brown breeches and musty boots, the latter crumpled at the toes and woefully wasted at the heels. Night-cap, boots, and waistcoat all were stuffed with Roman candles, squibs, and crackers, while the breeches were burdened with a bomb-shell made of the toughest pasteboard and swollen with combustibles. It was the effigy of Judas Iscariot! There—in the dewy dawn, with the faint soft light of the Easter morn playing on the night-cap, in the full strained view of thousands—the *similacrum* of the traitor dangled, slowly turning, half-way round at times, as a puff from the mountains strayed against and elbowed it ignominiously aside.

The trumpet having sounded, a barefooted Corporal stepped from the ranks. Erect, emotionless, with cold solemnity he approached the gibbet, carrying a long spare sugar-cane, at the

end of which was a tuft of lighted tow. As he neared the gibbet, the hubbub of the multitude subsided. A profound calm set in. The boys themselves—the *gamins* of San José—frenzied with fun and mischief as they were—huddled together and held their breath a moment. Step by step, gravely measuring his way, the Corporal still kept on, until at last he came abruptly to a halt right under the cross-beam. The sugar-cane was lifted. It touched the left heel of the scoundrel overhead. In the twinkling of an eye, there was a terrific explosion! The boot flew in shreds—flames leaped from the stomach—the bomb-shell burst and split the brown breeches into a shower of rags and soot—rockets whizzed from the ribs—the outstretched arms vanished from their sockets in a gust of sulphur—the red night-cap shot up clean out of sight, and, a few seconds after, plopped down in cinders over the sign-board of the Restaurant, next door to the Barracks: all this in less than two minutes, amidst the crashing of drums, the excruciating screams of the boys, the crowing of cocks and the yelping of dogs, the tittering of the modest *sigñoritas* and *sigñoras*, the gabbling of parrots, a tempestuous flight of

stones, and the hootings, *maldiciones*, and uproarious merriment of soldiers and civilians, priests, paupers, and patricians.

When the smoke cleared off, the back-bone was all that remained of the exploded ruffian. And that—being of iron—continued to dangle at the end of the rope until the gibbet was lowered. In half an hour, the Plaza had resumed its decorum, loneliness, and silence.

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THE CITY OF CARTAGO.

Dull and desolate as it habitually is, there are two days out of the seven, when Cartago wakes up. There is Sunday, when the Church-bells prove to distraction the metal they're made of, and the Señoras and Señoritas, with their graceful draperies of black and colored shawls, glide to and from the churches, and the militia of the District parade and drill all the forenoon in the Plaza, and the most reputable people, the Judiciary included, indulge in lotteries, *vingt-un*, and draughts, in the widest and longest room of the Hotel, whenever any such institution contributes to the conveniences, the cheap dissipation, and, as in the case of Don Carlos, to the ups and downs, the brandy-smashes and bankruptcies,

the convulsions and woes of Cartago. On Sunday evenings, moreover, the Band of the little garrison performs in front of the house in which the Governor of the Province resides. But the Thursdays are livelier, though, in the absence of the Band and the Bells, a native might say they were somewhat less musical. Thursdays are market-days in Cartago.

The Plaza—the massive white towers of the Parochial Church on one side—substantial one-storied houses, with projecting roofs and bowed-windows, on the other—the *Cuartel* and Governor's Audience-Hall in front, all glistening with whitewash, and close behind them, the volcano of Irazu, the sun flashing from its cloven forehead, and the snowy clouds gathering round it, as the Sicilian flocks crowded to the Cyclops—these are the outlines of the picture. It is a vivid blending of most of the contrasts of Tropical life with the majesty of nature.

The streets leading into the Plaza are thronged—thronged with carts and oxen, with mules and muleteers, with soldiers and wandering minstrels—thronged with booths and beggars, and with cripples who imploringly work out a fortune with their distorted bones. In the Plaza we have innumerable articles for sale, and, pictorially

viewed, the gayest of groups. We have rainbow-colored silk-woven shawls from Guatemala, blankets, and brigand-like jackets with superfluous bright buttons and fringes. We have the cacao-nut in ox-hide bags, which barelegged sinewy fellows have carried up all the way from Matina, and drinking-cups, carved out of the Calabash-fruit with an exquisite nicety of touch and an elaborate richness of design. At other stalls we have English printed-calicoes, *barèges*, penknives, crockery-ware, scissors, smoothing-irons, scythes, and razors. From the United States, I'm sorry to say, we have little or nothing. There are, to be sure, some American drillings. But that, for the present, with a few coils or sticks of Virginia tobacco, is all we have in the market. Cartago herself contributes hats—soft hats made of the fibre of the Century-plant—and gold-work, such as chains and arm-lets, love-knots and votive baskets, the latter with the most tempting delicacy constructed and redundant with pearls—roseate, plump, lustrous pearls—from the Gulf of Nicoya. Then, of course, we have oranges, cocoa-nuts, sweet corn, bananas, *zapotes*, sweet lemons, and *granadillas*, the most liquid and refreshing of fruits, edible palm-tops, which make the most piquant

and delicious of salads, blackberries, the blackest and juciest that ever purpled one's lips, and potatoes as mealy and toothsome as any Irish mouth could desire.

As for the groups and detached figures—filling up, though dispersed, through the picture—there are señoras richly dressed, cooling their bare and glossy heads with the airiest sun-shades, accompanied by their *criadas*, who carry on their plump shining arms baskets for the purchase their mistresses make. At times you come across a German housewife, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and Leghorn bonnet. The *mestizas*—the women of the country—in very loose low-necked dresses of white or colored calico, with bare arms and feet, sit behind their *serones* of fruit and vegetables, behind their blocks of cheese and *chancaca*, the coarse brown sugar of the country, or behind a double row of bottles choked with *guarapo*, the fermented juice of the sugar-cane, and with accents as liquid and refreshing as the *guarapo*, and with a shy gracefulness if the passer-by happens to be a stranger, expatiate upon the merits of their merchandise, and press their varied commodities for sale.

Besides their very loose and low-necked

dresses of white or colored calico, these winsome merchants sport the prettiest pert little hats, some made of straw, others of black, brown, or slate-colored felt. Most of them mount cockades of blue or red silk, and all of them fly, as though they were Recruiting-Sergeants, the most bewitching bright ribbons. They are perfect heart-breakers—those pert little hats—and, to settle the business, the young women of Costa Rica are decidedly handsome. Their figures are full and round, their features regularly cut, their eyebrows richly pencilled, and the well-developed head is set upon a neck which displays to the best advantage the pretty string of beads which few of them dispense with. Their complexion, generally speaking, suggests a *conserve* of cream and roses. The pure exhilarating air of the mountains, in the valleys and up the slopes of which two-thirds of the Costa Rican people have their homes, tones down the carnation richness of the Spanish blood, chastens, and with a pearly hue suffuses it. There are, to be sure, some brown, and yellowish, and bronzed, and mottled faces to be met with, and some cases of *gôitre*, but not enough to contradict what I have said, and make it the exception instead of the rule. The

old women, however, even those approximating the climax of forty—an age, which in these more temperate regions of ours serves only to mature the coloring and give dignity to the stature of womanhood—are the reverse of what they were in their youth. They are octogenarians at forty.

To what this premature overcasting of so much beauteousness and light may be owing, I leave the professors of ethnology, as well as the professors of pathology and the chemistry of common life, to determine. For my part, I own up to a vulgar impression, that if there were considerable less vegetables and esculent roots eaten, and considerable more of the poultry, the mutton, and good beef of the country consumed, the case would be different.

But however that be, it is time for us to wish good-bye to the Señoras and the Señoritas, which, be they young or old, blooming or faded, it becomes us respectfully to do. This done, to the barefooted soldiers, with muskets and fixed bayonets patrolling the market-place, let us give the salute. To the *careteros* and *arrieros*, to the teamsters and mule-drivers, mingling with their mothers, their wives, their pretty daughters and handsome sweethearts, let us

bid the national *adios*—*adios Señores!* Last of all, to the venerable Deacon of the Diocese—a very old and feeble man in faded red silk *soutaine*, with a pocket handkerchief of the largest size coiled about his head underneath his umbrageous hat, for the day is hot, though the clouds are mustering fast on Irazu—to the Deacon of the Diocese, as he wheezes along, and with his gold-knobbed stick shuffles through the crowd, receiving as he passes, from bent and uncovered heads, the edifying homage of the young and old, let us, too, with reverence for gray hairs and aged limbs, and for the filial love with which he is entitled the Father of his People, incline the head—and for the scene from which we now depart, heartily let us wish many and many a recurrence, each succeeding one still happier than the one preceding, in the market-place of old Cartago!

* * * * *

THE VOLCANO OF IRAZU.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, April the 23d, 1858, that, mounted on two strong knowledgeable mules, with the necessary amount of blankets and baskets, we set out from the Hotel de Irazu to the Volcan de Irazu. To our

first stopping-place, the road, though rough and broken by huge boulders and fragments of lava-stone, and crisp, quick, bright streams which crossed it, was a gradual ascent. It was an uninteresting country, however, we passed through. There were corn-fields, potato-fields, grazing-grounds, and, here and there, a stunted tree by the road-side, but that was all. Yet it mattered little. For the sky was blue and speckless, and the air was fresh and bracing, and our mules were nimble and spontaneously progressive, and our hearts were light. That especially of Don Ramon was so, for he had that day heard of the uprising of the people of Venezuela, and the recall from banishment of his beloved and aged father; and his old school-fellow participated in his proud joy, and the two, that glorious sweet evening, ascended the volcano of Irazu, as though they themselves were laurelled heroes making a triumphal march.

The cattle-farm of Cerado belongs to Nicomedes Saëns, a wealthy young Costa Rican, who is at this moment, I believe, completing his education in an Athenian city of the United States. At a height of 1500 feet, it overlooks the dismantled white towers and emerald valley of Cartago. The sea is 7,000 feet below. The

greater part of it, though nominally a cattle-farm, is under cultivation, and yields the finest potatoes, peaches, and quinces, in abundance. From the keen wind which frequently sweeps down from the cone of the volcano, it is sheltered by a broad belt of Alpine oak—*encino* it is called—and the *guarumo*, which closely resembles the Mexican *arbol das las manitas*, the leaf of which, representing the human hand, has been for generations an object of religious veneration with the natives and peasantry of Mexico. This belt is the haunt of tigers, and there are snakes without end or measure there, those especially of the *toboba* species, which, though excessively venomous below, the mountaineers persist in saying are innocuous in these colder regions.

The house itself, like most of the farm-houses of the country, is built of canes and cedar posts, stuccoed outside with mud, and thatched with plantain-leaves and corn-husks. A numerous family occupies it—three daughters, two brothers, a father and mother. One of the daughters is a young widow, whose husband was killed in the campaign against the Filibusters. Her sisters, Manuela and Rafaela, are modest, pretty, white-skinned, black-eyed girls, blushing, smiling, bright-minded, and industri-

ous. Manuela wears a rosary of gold round her little neck. The sons are lithe, picturesquely-featured, unobstrusive, active and hard-working as their sisters are. The mother is gracious, pious, motherly, and wrinkled, sedulous in her attentions to strangers, and proud as a Spartan dame of the son who was slain in battle.

The father is a man whom Salvator Rosa should have painted. His name is Benito. Benito is a wiry, tall, hardy fellow, with a long, curved, quick-scenting nose, and round full eyes which roll incessantly, and flash at intervals. Night and day, blazing or freezing, his neck, and arms, and chest are bare. A loose coarse flannel shirt, striped like the skin of a tiger, a tattered straw-hat, and blue cotton trowsers, one leg of which is tightly rolled up to the knee while the other dangles in fringes, is the only covering he wears. He is the perfection—the Bayard!—of a mountaineer. He knows every rock, every tree, every bird, every root, every beast, every shrub and flower, every reptile, every dead and living thing that Irazu has borne, or still gives birth to. Intelligent in the highest degree, his brain is as quick as his foot, and that has the elasticity of the deer and the glancing speed of the arrow. For years he

has tracked the tiger through the oaks that shelter the *potrero* of Cerado, and elsewhere have root in the rude breast of Irazu, and has wet the lava with the blood of the prowler. Hence he is known as the Tiger-hunter. Far and wide that is his recognized title.

Two o'clock, in the morning—having had a cup of delicious chocolate made for us by Manuela and Rafaela, the Rose and Blanche of our wandering story—we left the house at Cerado. A few paces plunged us into the heart of the forest. It was pitch-dark. There was nothing to light us but the lamp of the Tiger-hunter. For an hour and more, it seemed as though we were making our way through a subterranean passage. There was the precarious glimmering of the blurred lamp—there were the foot-falls of the mules—there was the rustling of the leaves and the crackling of the branches as we brushed or struck against them—there was at times, far apart, the cry or whistle of some solitary bird. Had sheeted skeletons, grinning and glaring, come upon us, we should not have been surprised. Moving up so long through this flickering darkness, we had come to regard ourselves as spectres or outlaws of the earth, and any kindred apparition, instead of striking us with dis-

may, would have been welcomed with a wild and lawless sympathy. When we least dreamed of it, however, the forest opened—tore asunder as it were—and through the light of the mellowed moon, we looked down toward the valley out of which we had come. Clouds were over it. They were white clouds—clouds of the purest fleece and swan-down, one would think—and the light of the mellowed moon, pouring down upon them, made them look like crystal hills veined with gold, rising from an unfathomable lake.

But it was the vision of a moment only. The forest closed upon us as suddenly as it had opened, and there we were, for another hour or more, through the same low, dark, narrow passage as before, stumbling over stones, striking against branches, crouching lest we might be swept off and out of our saddles, coming every now and then to a halt, and leaving the patient mules to their sure instinct. And, finally, the branches growing thicker and spreading themselves lower down—the path narrowing—the bare and brawny roots tripping us up at every step—the stirrup-leathers catching in the thorny undergrowth, the arbutus-briers and yellow-leaved *composita* interwoven with fern and dwarf laurel—forced, at last, to dismount and drag the

mules after us—in the end, scaling a perpendicular ladder a thousand feet high, the rungs of which were fallen trees, deep ruts, shelving stones and rocks—there we were, another hour or more, toiling and aching in the dense darkness—Benito, the Tiger-hunter, with his quivering blurred lamp, phantom-like, leading the way.

A second time, suddenly emerging from the forest, in which we left the blackness of the night imprisoned, there broke the light of morning over us on the bleak dumb ridge of Irazu!

Below us were the dismantled white towers and emerald valley of Cartago—below us were the seven hills and gardens of Paraiso—below us were the three rivers, the ancient Indian village, and the sloping forests of Orosi—below us were the mountains of the Agua Caliente and the nobler Candellaria—beyond us, and above, was the supreme Andean Chain itself. But neither dismantled white tower, nor emerald valley, nor river, nor forest, nor ancient Indian village, nor mountain, nor Andean Chain itself was visible. From the silent, cold, desolate height on which we stood, nothing was to be seen but a wilderness of the whitest clouds—nothing was to be seen but an illimitable frozen

sea, through which, as the sun ascended, the isolated peaks, and then the surging ridges of the loftier mountains, one by one, as though they were newly-discovered cliffs and islands, rose up and glittered. And then—as we breathlessly gazed upon it, and our eyes filled up with dazzling tears, and we sank upon the ashes subdued by fatigue, and from sharp cold and overstraining were incapable of speech, and well-nigh were deprived of vision—over this frozen sea there floated an enormous purple cloud streaked with crimson. A dismasted war-ship, it seemed to us, drifting through fields of ice and icebergs into the Antarctic solitudes. After all our climbing—after all our groping in the dark—after all our stumbling over stones and roots—after all our scrambling through thick-set oaks, fern, dwarf-laurel and arbutus-briers—after all our ups and downs, fears and superstitions, pervading shadows and sudden lights, swimming eyes and reeling brains—behold our goal and recompense in the crater of Irazu!

Exhausted with its convulsions, it yawns there calmly, though coldly and dismally, in the pure sweet light of the morning, the Gladiator in Repose!

Standing with folded arms on the brink of

that abyss, what is the thought that overwhelms and subjugates the mind? It is that of terrific strength entranced in solitude. Standing there, you feel as though you had been spirited from the living world, and were in the presence of a creation which, thousands of years ago, had been lost, and which it had been reserved for you to find, or which, glowing for the first time with the breath of the Creator, was not yet perfect, and had still to be divulged.

It grows brighter and warmer, however, and the sensations and fancies the vision first excited, having, like a wild throbbing sea, gone down, you become reconciled to and familiar with the place—at home, in fact, though frightfully out of the way—and wrapping your blue or red California blanket about you, for there's nothing in this miserable world comparable to it when one's up in the clouds—you commence to take outlines and notes. Don Ramon and Don Francisco, steadying themselves a little, attempted to do so. But, first of all, they found they had to take something.

What is Something?

It depends on tastes and is controlled by circumstances. Under these conditions, it may be Cogniac or Monongahela, brown Sherry,

Apple-Jack, Jersey-Lightning, Bourbon, or Catawba. With us it was old Scotch whisky. And that old Scotch whisky, at that moment, was to us what the *amrita*—the Drink of Immortality administered by the Mÿstic Sisters—was to the warriors of the Sanscrit Mythology. Invigorated and enlivened by it, what was it we pencilled off and noted down? Why this—that we were in the crater of Irazu, which had so horribly disgorged itself in 1723, and had ever since kept grumbling to the disquietude and dismay of thousands—that the crater was an amphitheatre with broken walls, 7,500 feet in circumference, throwing up a cone of ashes and *rapilli*, 1000 feet in height—that the floor on which we stood had exploded, or caved in, to the depth of 50 fathoms—that in the lower floor, loose and shelving as it was, there were four openings, out of one of which came puffs of sulphurous smoke—that we had been warned not to descend, for though the descent was easy, the ascent, owing to the shifting lava-sand, was exhausting in the extreme, if it was not fatally impracticable—that in the last eruption, that of 1841, the flood of lava had rushed over a precipice of 2,000 feet, had spent itself in the densely-wooded wilderness to the North,

and thus spared the city and the valley of Cartago, sprinkling, instead of deluging, the latter in its ravenous ebullition—this is what we pencilled off and noted down. Had the weather been clearer, in one glance we might have seen the two great oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific. This is the crowning recompense of the ascent of Irazu. But John L. Stephens was more fortunate, and he has left us, in his clear and vivid words, the impression of what he saw and felt, when, as we did, he stood on the ridge, and looked out, wide over the remote world from the crater of Irazu.

* * * * *

THE LAST DAYS.

Crossing the valley of Ujarras, we visited the coffee-plantation of Dr. George Guirey, of Philadelphia, where we met with a cordial hospitality, encountered another colony of monkeys, who furiously evinced on our heads their aversion to foreigners, visited the Falls of the Berbis—grander still than those of the Macho, the torrent, leaping from the abrupt ledge above, being but a misty speck in the chasm, five hundred feet below—and where we ate, drank, talked preposterous politics, shouted the *Marseillaise*,

spread ourselves on Manifest Destiny and ox-hides, smoked, drank again, and finally fell off to sleep to the roar of the Reventazon.

Starting from the Doctor's at sunrise, we travelled for miles with Pedro over a narrow quagmire running along the face of the mountains of Cervantes. Gigantic laurels, arborescent ferns, oaks and cedars, wild fig-trees of enormous girth, overspread the soaking path, entangled or towered above it, while, here and there, streams gurgled across it, tumbling into the precipice we overlooked, the profound silence, at times, being broken only by the shrill clarion-notes of the wild turkey, the nervous springing of the deer through the thickets, the booming of the wild peacock, the creaking of the *trapiche*, crushing the sugar-cane in some lonesome clearing in the forest, the cavernous voices of the howling monkeys, or the rumbling of distant thunder. As the day brightened, we entered the sugar-plantation of Naranjo, one of the finest in the country, and breakfasted there on oranges, plucking the fruit from the tree, without dismounting from our mules. This over, away we went, down a break-neck hill, the vegetation growing ranker and the air more sultry, until, at last, looking up from the valley

into which we had descended, we beheld the volcano of Turrialba—the volcano of the White Tower—with its vast pillar of smoke and fire, belted with an impervious forest of palm—remote, mysterious, awe-inspiring, inaccessible it is said—looming against the sky!

That volcano is a terror to the people—the burning agony of it is incessant—no human foot has scaled it—none have dared the exploit—and the poor Indian, with his clouded brain growing darker and stormier with the belief, tells you that the Great Fiend dwells there, and that they are lost who venture to ascend. The dense primeval forest, the ravines and chasms, the vast fields of lava, the perpendicular bare smooth rock, springing up several feet from them to the lips of the surging crater,—all which are clearly visible from below,—these are what to this day have rendered it fearful and inscrutable.

Three weeks after our ride to the valley of Turrialba, I had crossed the Cordilleras, and, having descended the road to La Muelle, and thence floated down the Serapiqui and San Juan in a *bungo* to Greytown, I was on board the *Jamestown*, U. S. sloop-of-war, the guest of

her genial and accomplished Captain. Don Ramon had returned to Panama by the route we had come.

Looking back towards the mountains, among which we had spent these pleasant Holidays, I saw the volcano of the White Tower, high in the heavens, burning in the gray light of the dawn, in another world it seemed to me, so remote and isolated was it. That it was unknown as though it belonged in reality to another world, millions of miles away, and that they, who lived nearest to it, were those who most feared to tempt the solitude which invests it, and that it stands there, to this hour, in its unviolated grandeur, exciting, while it repels, the curiosity and hardihood of those who would add it as another trophy to the conquests of Science and the audacity of the Age, I could not help feeling sad and abashed to think. But, when my thoughts reverted to the country of which the Flag above me was the glowing type, and when the exploits of her explorers at the same time recurred to me, and her pioneers and fleets crowded upon my vision, the conviction arose within me, that the day will come when the gold of the Estrella shall return to light,

and the secrets of the valley of the Frio shall be made known, and Turrialba shall be scaled. In that pillar of smoke by day—in that pillar of flame by night—I read the sublime promise of confirmed liberty to the land, wealth, and power, instead of comparative insignificance and humble fortunes, the wilderness a garden, and for mankind, going up there from the ends of the earth to the high places thereof, a purer happiness, a statelier altitude, and a brighter aspect.

Inwardly to behold this vision, and boldly to disclose it, no gift of prophecy, no hazardous philosophy, deducing its predictions from the laws of science or the analysis of human progress, not even that spirit of poetry, which sometimes gives to the illiterate the wisdom of the philosopher and to the profane the infallibility of the prophet, is wanting. From the great Book of Nature, which is open to all, which all can read, and from which the humblest mind seldom fails to derive lessons of high hopefulness and expansive forethought, for the land of the vanished Aztec I predict an unexampled renovation.

A permanent barrier to the encroachments of the two great seas, and gradually rising from

their level in a series of ample terraces, each exhibiting its peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life, each its peculiar soil and climate, each its adaptability for some special physical condition, thus, step by step, developing the whole phenomena of creation, until, as in Costa Rica, at a height varying from three to four and six thousand feet, it rolls off into extensive *plateaus* or table-lands, divided by parallel and intersecting chains of mountains, crowned with fortresses like that of Turrialba, and pouring down, on their errands of health and fruitfulness, waters that never fail, Central America presents, in the language of Señor Astaburuaga, to the lover of nature, to the man of science, to the agriculturist, to those who prefer the pastoral cares, to those who covet the precious metals, to the merchant, the most ambitious and insatiable, as, indeed, to the industrious and adventurous of every denomination, a field of incomparable novelty and exhaustless wealth. In a word, the forests, the rivers, the mines, the valleys with which it abounds—all teeming and overflowing with the treasures of nature—constitute it in itself a New World, which, in the partial obscurity that encompasses it, seems to

have been reserved, by a Providence of infinite views, for future generations, and for an exhibition of happiness and glory which shall transcend the fortunes and achievements of this day, justly prized and applauded as they are.





MEAGHER'S LAST HOURS.

[THE following is an authentic account of the closing hours of General Meagher's life, and the manner of his death, kindly furnished by Mr. John T. Doran, of St. Louis, who at the time of the unfortunate occurrence was pilot of the steamer G. A. Thompson, lying at Fort Benton, which the author acknowledges with thanks:]

“ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16, 1869.

“CAPTAIN W. F. LYONS:

“DEAR SIR—A very severe illness has compelled me to defer an answer to your letter, but realizing the importance of your request, I reply at my earliest convenience, though my health compels me to call the pen of a friend to my assistance. I will endeavor to communicate without elaboration the circumstances of General Meagher's death, believing that I am conversant with all the facts, as I was with him con-

stantly on the day of the sad occurrence, and was the last man that spoke to him on earth.

“In the spring of 1866 I was pilot on the steamer Ontario, bound for Fort Benton. Among the passengers was Mrs. Gen. Meagher, on her way to join her husband in the mountain country. My position on the boat placed in my power many opportunities of extending trifling courtesies to her; and knowing the high esteem in which her husband was held by the country, and being acquainted with his previous history, I endeavored, as far as lay in my power, to obviate the weariness of the long and tedious voyage. General Meagher attached undue importance to this, and ever after, though it would be presumption for me to say that we were friends, yet I had much reason to believe that he ever entertained the kindest feeling towards me. So much by way of preface, which is not altogether unnecessary, as it partially explains the subsequent events.

“The following year I became pilot of the steamer G. A. Thompson, which left St. Louis in the early part of April, and arrived at Fort Benton June 29th, 1867. On our arrival in port we found there the steamers Guidon and Amelia Poe, about one hundred yards apart from each

other, and we anchored between the two, about equal distance from each. Shortly after landing I went up to the upper boat (Amelia Poe), and while fishing from her lower deck I saw a troop of about twelve horsemen riding into town. I afterwards discovered that they were General Meagher and staff. Wearying soon of the piscatorial sport, I went to the provision store of J. G. Baker, and in a back room of the establishment I discovered General Meagher reading a paper. Looking up and immediately recognizing me, he greeted me most warmly, and both seating ourselves, we engaged in a long conversation.

“He informed me that on his road into Benton he was very sick, at Sun River, for six days—that the object of his present visit was to procure arms and equipments for a regiment he had already raised to fight against the Indians; and learning that the required articles were not there but at Camp Cook, 120 miles below, he expressed his determination to proceed to the aforesaid place the next day. He also spoke in the most tender and affectionate terms of his wife, residing at Helena, saying that in their mountain home they were ‘as happy as two thrushes in a bush.’ Finally, dinner-time com-

ing on, and learning that he was stopping at no particular place, I invited him down to the boat to dine,—an invitation which he accepted. After dinner we walked through the town, and meeting numerous friends, we were invited on several occasions to partake of the hospitalities always urgently extended to strangers in this section of the country ; and on each instance the General politely but firmly refused to accede to their request, saying that his experience at Sun River had given him a distaste for such amusement. Thus, in walking and talking, we spent the afternoon, and towards evening wended our way to the boat (Thompson) to take tea. The sun had just begun to go down as we took our chairs out on the guards of the boat, and as the weather was very pleasant, we lit our cigars and commenced reading. I lent the General a book I had brought from the States ; it was the ‘ Collegians,’ by Gerald Griffin. He seemed to peruse it with great attention for about half an hour, when, suddenly closing it, he turned to me and said very excitedly, ‘ Johnny, they threaten my life in that town! As I passed I heard some men say, “ There he goes.” ’ I endeavored to persuade him that his fears were utterly groundless, as indeed they were, for there was

not one man in the Territory who did not love him. He then asked me if I was armed, and on my assuring him that I was, he desired to see my pistols. I immediately produced two navy revolvers (every one is armed in that country); and he seeing that they were loaded and capped, handed them back to me.* Perceiving that he was wearied and nervous, I persuaded him to retire to his berth. By this time it was pitch-dark, the hour being about half-past nine. He begged me not to leave him; but on my assuring him that it would be only for a few moments, and I would return and occupy the upper berth, he retired. I fixed the clothes about him, locked the door of the state-room, and went down on the lower deck. Now the lock on the door leading into the cabin was very defective, but I did not mind it much as I intended to return without delay. I had been on the lower deck but a short time when I heard a splash in the dark waters below, immediately followed by the cry of 'man overboard.' I rushed towards the water, and the engineer saluted me with, 'Johnny, it's your friend.' To

* During his conflict with the politicians Meagher had been frequently threatened.

have jumped in would not only have been useless but almost certain death, as the river there was about twelve feet deep, and with a current rushing at the rate of nine miles an hour; and furthermore, it was so dark that no object could be discerned. Accompanied by several others I ran down on the shore towards the Guidon, which lay fifty yards below; in the mean time hearing two agonizing cries from the man, the first one very short, the last prolonged, and of the most heart-rending description. We rushed into the wheel of the steamer and lowered ourselves hip-deep in the water, clinging with our hands to the wheel, while others threw out ropes and boards, but all of no avail. The next day cannons were fired, the river dragged, and the shores and islands searched, but all to no purpose.

“The river below is dotted with innumerable small islands, of different and various areas, the activity of hostile Indians preventing us from exploring the ones farthest down; and no doubt the body of the gallant but unfortunate General was washed ashore on one of them, for though I wrote descriptive letters to all the forts below, I never heard any tidings of it.

“These, Captain, are the particulars of Gen.

Meagher's death, of which I know more probably than any one else. Hoping that they may be of some little service to you,

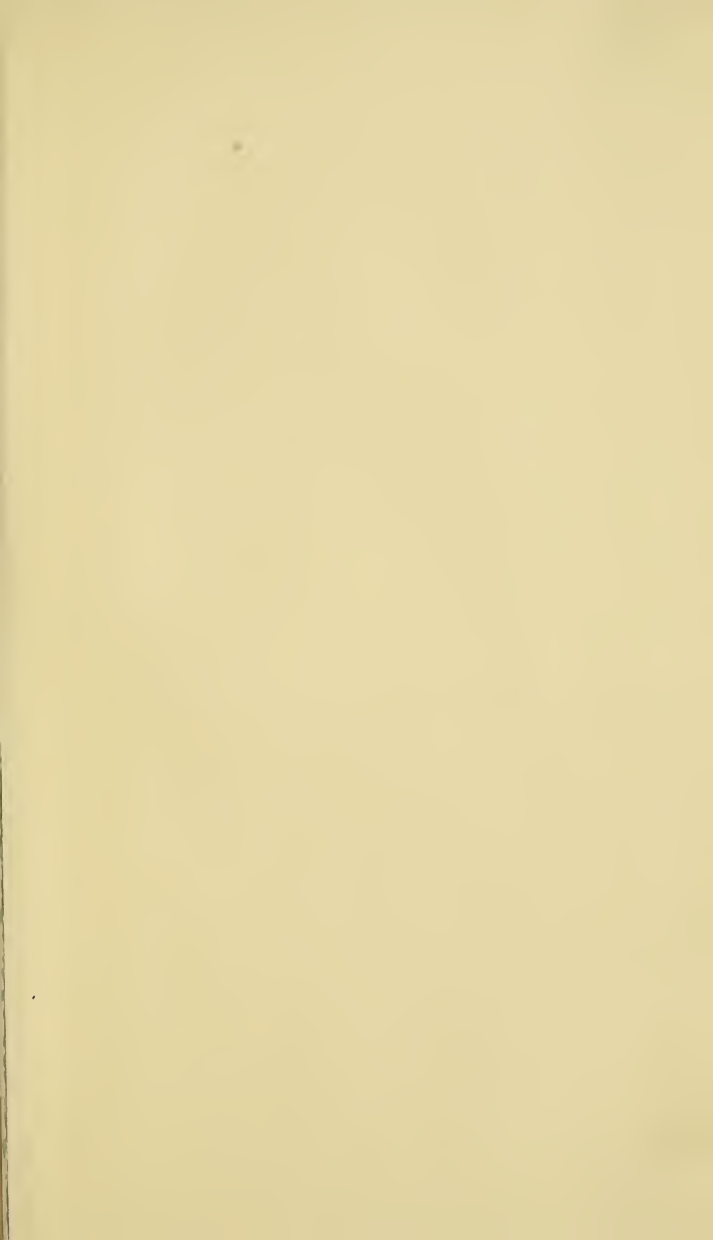
“ I am, yours respectfully,

“ JOHN T. DORAN.

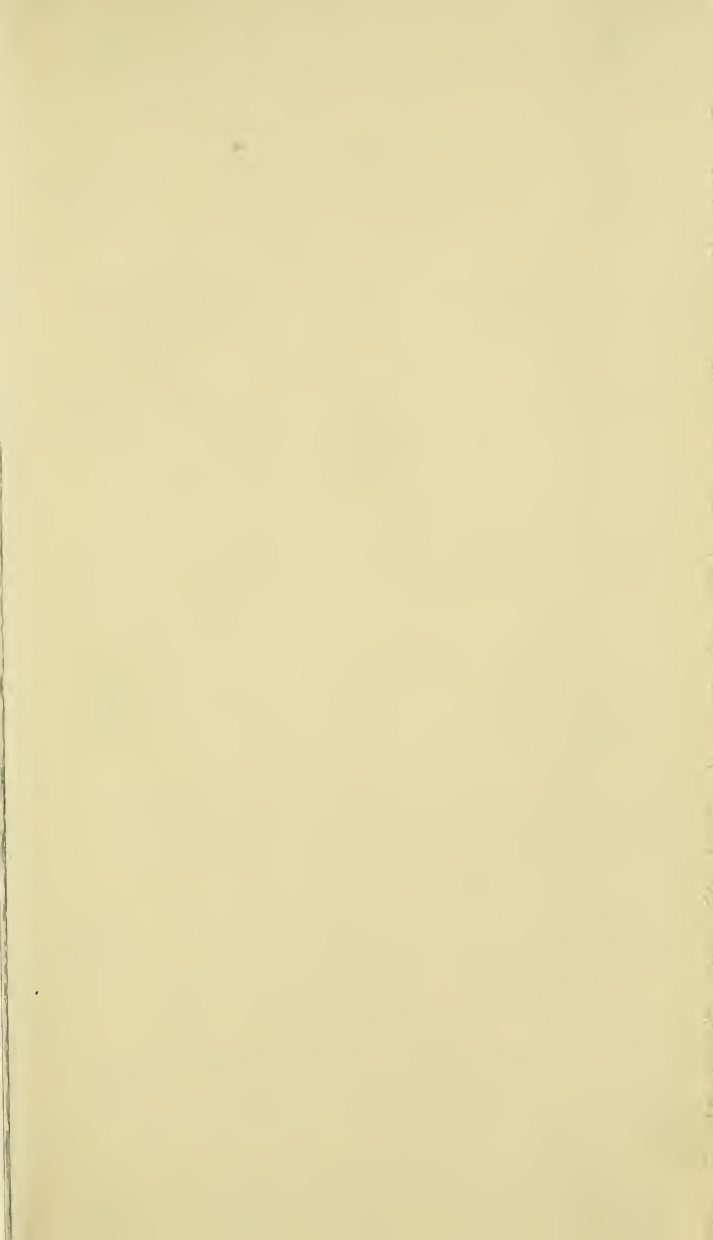
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