

# LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.



By Charles Joseph Kickham.

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## PREFACE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20 – Can it be possible? The announcement has just reached me that the IRISH PEOPLE will have seen the light before the end of November! All friends here to whom I have communicated this piece of news have hailed it with rapturous delight. My own delight is qualified by a feeling of self-reproach. I was slow of faith, and thought that my first letter would be time enough for your first number any time before the beginning of the new year. And now the mail which is to go by the “Edinburgh” tomorrow is about being closed. In my despair I tear out some leaves from a journal, which, in a desultory way, I have kept since I left home. Substitute blanks for the names of private individuals and, of course, you will draw the editorial pen across a good deal of trifling. After this I may hope that my “pencilings by the way” will prove interesting to some of your readers, and that these “leaves” will be accepted as a substitute for my promised letter for the first number of the IRISH PEOPLE.

# CHAPTER I.

TUESDAY, &c. – I have no idea of keeping a regular diary. I hardly expect to have any striking incidents to record; crossing the Atlantic is such a commonplace affair nowadays. Neither do I intend to write down my impressions of men and things very fully. I hope to have some things to think about, which it would be imprudent to have about me in black and white; even such black and white as this first page exhibits a specimen of – the instrument with which I write being a very stumpy lead-pencil. I must be also careful not to unveil my own heart – that is, the particular chamber in it sacred to what I suppose I may call the “domestic affections.”

A donkey’s cart, with an emigrant’s box in it, and followed by a respectable looking country girl, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, was the first object that turned my thoughts from mere selfish cogitations. The scene at the railway station at T— was a sad one. I had time to contemplate it at my leisure, as we waited for the mail train, which, though not reaching T— for an hour after the departure of the first train, arrives in Cork before it. It was not the wail and the sob, and the clinging embrace, as parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister and friend parted – nor the last choking “God be with ye” from the carriage window as the train moved away – that affected me most. It was the *number* of our people flying from this suffering land that well nigh struck despair into my heart. One athletic fellow could hardly reach the cars through the crowd of friends who pressed forward to take their leave of him. He is one of the 450 Tipperary boys who went to fight for the Pope. “One of the men,” I remarked to my friend Dr. —, “for whose return to Ireland you illuminated your house.” And I could not help thinking that his return the next time will be worthy of another illumination, and a bigger one.

Arrived in Cork about two p.m. Drove to —, where I expected letters, but there were no letters there for me.

WEDNESDAY. – I arranged about our passage last evening, after which we had a walk about this beautiful Cove, or, as it is nicknamed, “Queenstown.” We are now on the “tender” out in the

harbour. There are two or three “tenders” all crowded as this is. The people around me nearly all belong to the farming classes. There is an old man sitting next me; and in his look I read an old story. The long patient struggle, the hoping against hope that next year things would mend – the parting, one by one, with his manly sons and darling daughters – the “notice to quit,” and the last look at the old house, the last ramble round the familiar fields, which he and his father and his grandfather moistened with the sweat of their brows – and the last prayer over his wife’s grave in the old churchyard; all this I read in the old man’s face. Surely I have read aright; for as I glance again at him the tears are dropping silently from his dimmed eyes. What a pitiful sight is this of an old man weeping! I must turn my thoughts to something else.

I have a lady (a near relative) and her baby, which I call *our* baby, under my protection. “Our” baby has got among a group of young girls, who have dried their eyes and are trying to smile. They crowd around the child and try to tempt her one from the other with apples, &c. But baby has made her choice of one, and will not be tempted to leave her; so the rest content themselves with kissing her; they kiss her hands and feet. Poor girls! The heart of the little child is not freer from guile than yours. Would that your lot were a happier one.

We are kept here in the harbour an unconscionably long time, waiting for the ship which was due from Liverpool at twelve or one o’clock. Beautiful as the scene is, and though it is *Ireland* (from which the wide ocean will so soon divide us), I was getting heartily tired of the delay. I am now glad of it, as it has given A— an opportunity of bidding us farewell. He came out in a boat, and had ten minutes to talk to us when the ship hove in sight. On we go! The emigrants all stand up and wave an adieu to old Ireland. The women press their handkerchiefs into her eyes and sob violently. I am glad to see that some of them at least have brothers or friends to afford them courage and protection. Is it the Irishman’s nature to relieve his heart with a shout, no matter with *what* the said heart happens to be too full? A cheer has just rung out from our boat, almost as ringing as some I have heard reverberating along a Tipperary hillside. The sombre

night comes down upon us as we pass Spike Island; and I think of John Mitchel.

Got on board ship in the dark amid a scene of awful confusion. There is fearful crushing about the baggage, which comes bumping and tumbling in upon the deck. I give up trying to get mine. The poor emigrants wander about in helpless ignorance of where to go or what to do. There is no food or refreshment to be had tonight, which is hard, seeing that they were in the tenders since noon.

SUNDAY EVENING. – High gales and heavy sea for those first four days of our voyage. Those who know what that death-in-life malady called sea-sickness is, would need no explanation of the blank in my notebook during that time. The captain and doctor insist upon curing me today, whether I will or not. I submit meekly, and swallow something from the medicine chest, after which by a desperate effort I got down some spoonful of arrowroot. What weak creatures we are! Yet I have not been wholly miserable. In spite of wind and weather I remain up on deck from morning till late at night, sometimes drenched with salt water, which ever and anon dashed on the deck and high up, in spray, among the rigging. Surely, the ocean in its fury in the grandest object in creation. I have seen it in all its moods – now sleeping, and, like an infant, smiling in its sleep back at the placid moon, dancing, and sparkling, and quivering, as if in ecstasy —

“In the pride of sunny morn”—

And anon leaping up, and rolling, and tumbling, in obstreperous sportiveness. Then it has its black, portentous, sullen mood, which to look upon, is awe-inspiring. But, above and before all, give me the ocean lashed into anger by the mad winds. To feel its full power though, you must be in its midst, and at its mercy. At such a moment the soul is elevated and expanded to the utmost. All its higher faculties appear brought into full play. Yet is there no discord, no swallowing up of one feeling by another. I can find in nature no similitude wherewith to compare this wondrous harmony. The lark does not sing in the thunder cloud. While tossed upon its heaving billows, with the vast storm-swept waste of waters all around you, you feel what a bubble you are. Yet this consciousness of your littleness does not jar

in the least with an exultant pride, which makes you feel capable of grasping within your limited comprehension all the wondrous works of Him who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand. The spirit of the hero, too, is within you — you are a Columbus, a Washington — what you will. Yet, through all these heroic imaginings, you see the lessened circle around the fireside; and, from among the sad faces there, the laughing one of a blue-eyed child turns to you; and nathless your “fine frenzy,” a womanish tear will drop into the yeasty waves. Such tricks, according to my experience, will Fancy play us when she catches us under favourable circumstances out here among Mother Carey’s chickens.

## CHAPTER II.

May not his sea-sickness after all be a merciful dispensation of Providence to counteract the more crushing sickness of the heart which weighs so heavily upon the exile, borne away from home and country? However, the elements – by which I mean the winds and waves – are in the best of good humour to-day, and all on board seem in a like mood. The captain and officers are exceedingly civil. I find the cabin passengers (though mostly English) amazingly obliging, too. I have just taken up a publication called “London Society,” which one of my fellow-passengers has brought out for his delectation during the voyage, and find one of the writers animadverting upon the proverbial moroseness of his countrymen in their intercourse with strangers. This cockney contributes to “London Society” avers that the Englishman’s look to a stranger, says, as plainly as words — “Who the devil are you, and what brought you where *I* am?” Now, in common justice, I am bound to declare that these particular Anglo-Saxons, among whom fate has cast my lot for the time being, as far as I am concerned, laid aside their Who-the-devil-are-you-looks in toto; my nationality being no secret withstanding. “Give the devil his due” is an excellent maxim. \* \* \* \* \*

The Tipperary brigadier, whom I saw at T—, is among the passengers. On my expressing regret that he, and so many like him, were deserting old Ireland, he vowed energetically that they would come back again. Well this is *some* consolation, Mr. —, another brigadier, who has taken a prominent part in national politics in Dublin is also one of us. I find him a very pleasant companion....

I have made it my business to inquire particularly how the steerage passengers are treated; and (as the opinion I had formed of the captain had led me to anticipate) I find our poor people have nothing to complain of. The females are now sitting round the deck sewing and reading in the bright sunshine. Many of the men are reading, too; card-playing and pitch-and-toss have their votaries too – while some athletic fellows perform “feat of strengths,” under the direction of the captain, who is evidently popular. The weather is delightfully fine, by day and by night – the sea bright and smooth as

a mirror, and blue, save the broad “path of rays” sunward. I scarcely know which to prefer – the sea by sunlight or by moonlight. I think the latter; its mild grandeur is so suggestive of heavenly rest. Last night I had surrendered myself completely to this charm, when I was roused from my dreaming by an unusual movement on the deck below me. I was a little puzzled for a moment, but was not long in discovering the cause and meaning of what at first appeared inexplicable. It was simply this: A rustic musician struck up “Garryowen” upon a fife. He was immediately joined by another with a tambourine. And, though I am sure most of them had retired to their berths, before many minutes had elapsed, there was not an Irish man, woman or child in the ship who was not up on deck. They fell into a closely packed procession, and marched slowly round and round the vessel after the musicians. For a full hour I looked down upon the moving mass, not without emotion I do confess. The music stopped, and the momentary hush was broken by the fife-player exclaiming, as he drew his hand across his eyes – “Begor, boys, I thought the daisies were under my feet.” And the daisies and the shamrocks were under all their feet during that hour. We are a soft-hearted race, heaven help us.

I have examined the list of passengers, and find the Irish are three-fourths of the whole. There is a striking difference too, in the proportion of females to males between the Irish, and English, and Scotch. The English and Scotch females are not one to two males, while the Irish females equal the males in number. Did I mention that when A— came out to see us in Cork harbour he gave a sovereign to the peasant girl to whom “our baby” had taken such a liking, desiring her to take care of the child during the voyage. The poor girl observes her engagement religiously. She is from the west of Ireland, the daughter of a widow, and the eldest of a house full of children. She is going to America to make all their fortunes. When she dropped the sovereign into her little empty purse, I said that as sure as fate the coin or its equivalent would find its way to Connemara before Christmas day. And there will be blessings and tears for the absent one in the poor cabin.

To think of these Irish homes! – of what they are and what they might be! May I not say what they *shall* be? If not better that we had never been born. We are unworthy the name of men, if we leave one stone unturned, one honourable effort untried, one danger undared, to put an end to the hideous misery our people are suffering. Brave Poland! Craven – yet no. We have been groping in the dark, but the scales have fallen from our eyes at last. The *Irish People* for the first time in history have taken for their motto – “*Ourselves alone.*” It is at all events clear that there are only two paths before us; and few, I apprehend, will be found to deny that one of them “leads down to perdition.” If I have read the signs of the times correctly, neither blandishments nor threats can induce the *People* to set foot upon this path. Standing still being out of the question, it follows that the Right Road is straight before us. Will not all just men wish us God-speed on the journey?

## CHAPTER III.

FRIDAY. – Now, here's a difficulty. No fish for dinner; and the steward gives me politely to understand that I cannot have any. A general dispensation to us "Papists" in the matter of abstaining from flesh meat on Friday abroad ship would be a desideratum. However, I go in for obedience in all matters of a purely religious nature. But in matters temporal I am prepared to beard the College of Cardinals without the slightest compunction, when convinced that I have the truth on my side. Columbus on his trial before those learned divines at Salamanca is a fine study. By the way, the image of that mighty man is for ever in my mind's eye while crossing the Atlantic Ocean, of which I cannot help fancying him the lord and ruler for evermore. I imagine him enthroned like a colossus above its heaving bosom. With one hand he points to the new world, and with the other beckons to the old. And the old world appears to obey the signal. One little island I wot of does so "with a vengeance" – as the enemy hath it. But there will be a return of the tide.

What brings that unhappy child of song, James Clarence Mangan, to my mind just now? Yes; I saw a young Irishman on yesterday reading poor Mangan's Invitation — "Cross with me the Atlantic's foam," for his companions. The reader read with considerable spirit, and the eyes of his auditors did light up at certain lines. But they turned away at the end with compressed lips and knitted brows; and, though they *were* going to "make the glorious west their home," as they bent their gaze *eastward* I saw their hearts yearned to their own green isle. Friend Clarence, if thou hadst let drop that mantle of thine upon my shoulders, I, too, should sing "Cross with me the Atlantic's foam" – *backwards*. \* \* \* \* \*

We pass several vessels almost every day. Some of them communicate with us by signals. A few have come within speaking distance. A ship under full sail is a majestically beautiful object. As they bear down upon us, swiftly and yet almost imperceptibly, gliding nearer and nearer, and then bend gracefully away, Byron's line — "She walks the waters like a thing of life" is at once suggested to the mind. The system of communicating by signals is very ingenious. I have

heard and read in song and story of a flag with the proud title of “The Sun-burst.” But do not learned archaeologists make out that this Sun-burst is a myth – the mere coinage of the brain of some crazy old Bard? However this may be – whether the Sun-burst was or was not the recognised emblem of the Irish Nation on the seas – there most assuredly *was* an Irish Nation. Well now I have a vision of a weather-beaten mariner in some latitude and longitude between here and Galway Bay, laying down his “spy-glass,” and rubbing his weather-beaten poll with look somewhat puzzled; and then calling out for the “Universal Signal Book” to look for a flag that is not in it. That would be “jolly” – if I may be allowed to disfigure my genteel notes with such a vulgarism. It does appear to me not improbable that this ocean which I am crossing for the first time will be roused from its propriety by the booming of guns before it grows much older; and through its blue waters will glide the swift-cutting keels of a species of craft with which the name of one Paul Jones is more or less identified. And *then?* What next – and next? – We shall see. \* \* \* \* \*

We were expecting to fall in with a pilot all day yesterday, but no pilot boat appeared. As I had a curiosity to see the pilot taken on board I remained up till one or two o’clock last night – but I got weary of the long watch, and “turned in.” An American newspaper was put into my hand this morning, which I rightly conjectured had been brought out by the pilot; so I missed witnessing the “taking on board.” What has the world been doing? I scan the New York paper eagerly, but learn little as it contains but one day’s news. There has been fighting (of course); but which side had the best of it I cannot make out. Perhaps both sides had the worst of it. A bull that, truly Hibernian; yet it wants not a certain fitness when applied to these terrible encounters. I feel much disappointed to learn that it is by night we are to enter the harbour of New York. As we approach the shores of the Republic – when I think that in a few hours I shall stand, for the first time in my life upon free soil – my pulse begins to beat quick. I feel a strong desire to shake hands with this burly pilot who looks a free citizen every inch of him. The passengers, I find – under the impression that we are to land this evening – have all turned out in holiday trim. Well may it be said that it is the flower of our people

who are flying from Ireland. Surely the destinies of the old enslaved island, and those of this young, proud, and mighty nation, are bound together by a chain of heart-strings! \* \* \* \* \*

We are anchored in New York harbour – masts and rigging on every side, like forest trees in winter. As the light from myriad lamps streams along the water – and the stars shine – as they shone when the lamps were not – what strange visions came upon me. I have always had a reverence for antiquity; a proneness to look back to the past. Perhaps the history of my unfortunate country explains this feeling. We naturally turn from the shame and misery of the present, to recall the “long-faded glories” of bygone days. But away with the hoary past! This land of yesterday, this young giant, with hot blood in his veins, is an object more worthy of reverence, more provocative of high and holy aspirations, than all the crumbling relics of nations that have withered put together. Yet a phantom – a phantom to which I scarcely ever gave a thought in my life – glides before me now. Its presence affects me like the shadow of a sin that must be atoned for. It is the shadow of the Red Man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is it not written that we Irish are an aristocratic people? It is too true; and to this reverence for rank our people owe much of their past and present sufferings and debasement. “The old stock” – *inagh!* Well, I have a sneaking regard for “old stocks” myself when I find them producing something better than old scoundrels. I do remember me, too, of a time – it was in the gladsome morn of life, when one is prone to build castles in the air – when I was wont to have entrancing visions of a Parliament in College-green – “the peasant and the lord ranking in with one accord” – wit, eloquence, and fame – and all that sort of thing – “But ‘tis past – ‘tis past – ‘tis past.”

It was a captivating delusion; and I look back to it with somewhat of the feeling with which one recalls the memory of a fair false love.

And now, magnificent Democracy, I kiss the hem of your garment. Bunker Hill, I worship you.

## CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK – “Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?” I stretch out my legs, and repeat these words of the immortal Falstaff, congratulating myself that I am on *terra firma* once more. But it is all in vain; I am “at sea” still, and by no means at my ease. The first thing that strikes the new-comer who arrives in New York, with his mind full of “the war,” is the utter absence of every sign and token indicative of the great game which is now being played out on this continent. A stray military uniform among the crowd of busy citizens – a mere waif from the camp, thrown as it were by chance upon the rushing tide of commerce – is the only object to suggest “the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.” The most warlike sight I have yet seen is a company of red-shirted, helmeted firemen hurrying with their engine to fight with the “devouring element” (I anticipate the penny-a-liner who hastens to the scene of action from the newspaper office next door); and fine-looking fellows these firemen are. But as for that matter, all the men I have seen here are fine-looking fellows. They stride into this hotel by the dozens, and nobler specimens of humanity, physically speaking, I never set eyes upon. Practically, they are a polite people, too, but altogether deficient in the outward semblances of politeness. Your free and enlightened citizen, flung back in his armchair, with his legs thrown over another armchair, will hand you the newspaper in which he is buried, if you ask for it; but he will do so precisely as if you were a vender of the article, and he did not want it. He will go out of his way, round the next “block,” to direct you on yours; but this he will do much after the manner of a policeman in the performance of his duty. A bow and a smile are not in your free and enlightened citizen’s line, by any means. I observe a sprinkling of the military element here, too; very young men, but with the look and bearing of veterans. This war, I fancy, if it does nothing else, will infuse a dash of chivalry into this dollar-hunting people; which will be an improvement.

There is a sitting-room in this hotel – and even an entrance from the street – sacred to the fair sex. Of course, having a lady with me, I have the right of *entrée*. The first thing that strikes me is, that the

women are tall and well made, with very small waists, richly dressed, but in no showy colours, and rather extensively adorned with the whole paraphernalia of gold chains, bracelets, brooches, *et hoc genus omne*. Their features are generally regular and even handsome, but there is an opaqueness in them quite unlike the “eloquent cheeks” of the daughters of Erinn. The same remark applies to these lithe, graceful children who are gambolling about the room. The long curling tresses of the children are marvellously beautiful. The ladies carry the brass keys of their bedrooms at their girdle. I am given to understand that numbers of American ladies live this hotel life all their days. Mercy on us! Can this be true? ... Dinner at one o’clock, with an army of negroes in waiting. Though I do not remember to have ever been before in close proximity to a black skin, I felt nothing approaching in the slightest degree to repugnance when their sooty hands played round my plate. On the contrary, what I could not help thinking a weak sentimentality crept over me regarding them. For, after all, it is sad to think that any portion of the human race, however dusky or “inferior” should be “born to no inheritance but slavery.” I have always heard that the slaves in the south are exceedingly jolly-looking beings, while these free brothers of theirs are, to my mind – judging from their looks – the very incarnation of sadness; from which remark I mean to draw no inference whatever. Perhaps some virtuous indignation would have entered into my feelings on this subject but for two reasons. First – because the thing has been a little overdone; and secondly – I have been too long accustomed to contemplate another sort of slavery, which well nigh absorbs all the indignation I have to spare. \* \* \* \* \*

I have grasped the right hand of that true son of old Ireland, and my dear and valued friend, John O’Mahony. He is in good health and spirits, and labouring earnestly as ever for the old land. Yet, far away from old Kilbeheny and the lordly Galtees, his life must be a life of suffering indeed, if he be not upborne by the proud thought that he is suffering for oh! how fair a land, and in

“The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal, ever lost or gained.”

We had a long conversation upon the subject nearest his heart.

“But what he said it was na play -  
I will na venture it in my rhymes.”

Nor in prose either. I cannot help mentioning one among the many young Irish patriots to whom he introduced me – Captain Denis Downing. He was one of the batch of rebels who were tried on a charge of high treason in '58. After fighting through many bloody battles he lost a leg at Gettysburg, and is now in the invalid corps. Lieutenant Brennan, who was dangerously wounded at Antietam, and who has got the captaincy left vacant by Captain Downing's retirement, told me that he had heard their colonel declare that Captain Downing was capable of handing a brigade. I hope to see the correctness of the colonel's opinion put to the test yet; - but not in America. How my heart warms to these young Irish soldiers. Yes, the time is coming fast when it must be “Now or Never.” “A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.” Now how many of these young warriors would it take to make a “monster meeting” *rise* into an army? A very interesting problem that. \* \* \* \* \*

I have called with O'M— upon General Corcoran, who fortunately happens to be in New York. Now here is a *man*. Have we duly appreciated the full meaning of his refusal to parade his regiment in honour of the son of the Queen of England? Taking all the circumstances into account, it was an act of heroic courage and self-sacrifice. Then an ovation was given him on his return after his long imprisonment from Richmond, the like of which was hardly ever witnessed in America before; but it did not turn his head in the least. When municipal representatives, and representatives of every sort thronged round him with addresses – while banners waved, and warlike music and the louder music of a hundred thousand throats rent the clouds – he turned to a friend near him and calmly said – “This is not for me; this is America on her knees to Ireland.” I was greatly struck with the unassuming modesty of his manner. And how loving-anxious were his inquiries about what was doing “at *home* in Ireland” – to use his own expression. General Corcoran is the right man in the right place. His devotion to the cause of the Republic was put to a

severe test during his imprisonment; but General Corcoran is not a man to be shaken by trifles. His loyalty to the land of his adoption, and the older and holier allegiance to the land of his birth are entwined together, and strengthen and vivify each other. Happily they are never likely to be torn asunder. General Corcoran intends applying for an extension of his leave of absence in order to attend the Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood in Chicago on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of November.

I regret I shall not have an opportunity of meeting General Meagher, as he is at present some thirty miles away – at the Katskill Mountains. He too will attend the Convention as a delegate, which fact is a sufficient proof that General Meagher has not betaken himself to the Katskills, for the purpose of playing the part of Rip Van Winkle. The melancholy pleasure is still before me of visiting the widow and family of brave Michael Doheny.

In the meantime I will hunt up as many as I can of my old friends and neighbours, who are stowed away in divers quarters of this “almighty” empire city.

## CHAPTER V.

For reasons which it is unnecessary to write down I left New York abruptly; and here I am in Chicago. This great city of the western prairies is one of the wonders of the world. The first wooden home built in Chicago is a good wooden house still. But as a friend has promised me a book, in which I shall find the statistics of the city, and a full account, of its rise and progress (if rise and progress can be applied to what appears to have leaped full-grown into existence) I shall defer further notice of the subject till I shall have conned over the facts and figures in my friend's book. This I believe is one of the reasons why the Fenians have decided to hold their first general convention here. I find opposition railway lines here as I have seen opposition cars or steamboats in Ireland. There are at least two shortest and most direct routes to every place by rail from Chicago. Talking of railways, all the arrangements connected with them appear to be excellent in this country. I got over my 850 miles from New York to Chicago in thirty-six hours, and with as little inconvenience as might be. You can have a bed in a sleeping carriage for a dollar, in which you may enjoy a tolerable night's rest, while making for your destination at the rate of a mile a minute or thereabouts. The carriages – cars is the word in America – are very large, capable of accommodating about fifty persons each. They are comfortably and even elegantly fitted up – velvet cushioned seats, looking-glasses, stoves, private closets, rooms supplied with water, basin, towels, &c., for washing. There is a door at each end of the car, outside which is a platform about two and a half or three feet wide. At each side of this platform are the steps by which you can get on or off the cars. As the behind platform of the first car almost touches that in front of the second, and so on to the end of the train, you can walk through all the cars, even when the train is at full speed. Tickets are good for twenty days, so that if a traveller meets any inducement to tempt him to loiter on his journey he can do so at any point by merely applying to the conductor for what is called a stop-over pass. But the way they manage the baggage is most to be admired of all. There is a brass plate attached to each trunk or bag, or whatever it is; you get a

corresponding plate (about the size of a halfpenny); and though you may have to change trains twenty times during the journey, you never need trouble yourself about the baggage. Present your checks at the end of the journey, and you are sure to have your traps all safe. Little worth noticing occurred during my journey westward. I was rather disappointed than otherwise with the glimpse I got of the country. The wooded portions had nothing of the primeval forest about them; all the old timber having been cut away years ago. The reclaimed land has a half cultivated appearance, which is not pleasing to the eye. The farm-steads, however, are neat and comfortable. There is nothing like what we call a yard attached to them. They appear to have been pitched at random in the middle of the fields or orchards; the trees, or corn, or grass, as the case may be, growing up to the doors and windows on every side. I notice, too, that wherever there is a cluster of houses, however small in America, there is sure to be a tapering church spire in its midst, from which suppose I am to infer that the Americans are a highly religious people. As the greater part of my journey was by night I supposed I missed seeing a good deal that was worth seeing. I recollect being astonished by what I pronounce the most brilliant display of fireworks I ever witnessed. On peering out through the darkness my eyes were dazzled by millions of stars rushing past. It was like being whirled with the speed of lightning through the tail of a comet. However, it was only the firemen shovelling out the red-embers of the wood fire. The white smoke of this fire is very tantalising in the day time, as it perpetually comes like a thick cloud through which you have as little chance of seeing the country as through a stone wall. It is only by a good deal of dodging from one side to the other that you can manage to gratify your curiosity. So much for railway travelling.

I was not many hours in Chicago when a friend called on me to say that a few good Irishmen wished to see me. By the way some of the best Irishmen on the face of the globe are in Chicago. I accompanied my friend, and instead of being introduced to some half dozen compatriots, in a quiet room, as I expected, what was my astonishment to find myself in a splendid brilliantly-lighted hall, in the midst of a large meeting. The hall was the Fenian hall, and the

meeting was the regular weekly meeting of the brotherhood. As the latest arrival from their well-beloved motherland, of course I was warmly greeted; - but enough of this.

It is a mystery how a country, whose children are so passionately devoted to her, has been kept in chains so long. But then all this passionate devotion was allowed to waste itself away in sighs until lately. The Fenian Brotherhood have set to work in the right way to turn it to practical account. I find the "Secret Society" calumny has been levelled against them here, also. Of course, nothing could be more utterly unjust and unfounded than this charge. How reasoning beings could be got to credit such an absurdity is to me a mystery. The attack upon the Brotherhood here was fierce and general, but they have come through the ordeal not only unscathed, but stronger and more earnest than ever. The assault was opened upon them in the early part of last summer. Week after week they heard themselves denounced in one or more of the Catholic churches in the city. At last they resolved to make a demonstration in the shape of a picnic on the Fourth of July. This brought a broadside from all the Catholic churches together upon their devoted heads; the bishop himself in *propria persona*, raising his voice against them this time. (I understand his lordship is related to a certain archbishop in Ireland, who, as far as I can see, is the father of this lamentable proceeding at home and abroad.)

The bishop and clergy implored, warned, denounced; and concluded by threatening all sorts of consequences upon the heads of those who would attend the picnic of the Fenian Brotherhood. The result was that the picnic was the most splendid and the largest affair of the kind ever seen in these parts. So successful was it, that though everything was provided on the most expensive scale, the treasurer found upwards of a thousand dollars in his hands when all was over. This sum has added fifty splendid rifles and bayonets more to the armoury of the Fenian Brotherhood. Since the Fourth of July the faintest whisper has not been uttered either publicly or privately against the organization. They manage these things better in America. As a sincere Catholic, I am convinced that the real enemies of our church are those politico-ecclesiastical autocrats who attempt to

throw dust in the eyes of the people, and all who directly or indirectly aid them in the attempt. I do not deny that the motives of some of these men are good. But if they succeed in defeating this present effort, not only to free but to *save* Ireland – when the grave closes over the Irish Nation, it will be a poor consolation for the Irish people to reflect that their own clergy drove a nail in her coffin – with the best intentions in the world. However, I am not afraid. The people are not so ignorant as not to know that they have a perfect right to judge for themselves in all temporal concerns. Here they see Catholic bishops and priests blessing the banner of the Republic, and urging their flocks to pour out the last drop of their blood in preserving the Union; while Catholic bishops and priests on the other side bless the Southern flag with equal fervour, and call upon their people to go forth and conquer under its folds. So do these good men differ among themselves, as they have a perfect right to do. The Irish people in America have come to the conclusion that *they*, too, have a perfect right to form an opinion as to the merits or demerits of a cause. I don't think we are so far behind hand in this way at home either, as some may imagine. We begin to see that the priest as the minister of religion and the priest as an ally of Dublin castle are quite distinct from each other. Many good priests believe this, themselves; it were time they began to preach it too. \* \* \*  
\* \* \*

I have just witnessed a procession upon a grand scale. It was for the purpose of inaugurating a “fair,” for the benefit of wounded soldiers. The procession was really the most imposing pageant I ever saw- but I'm not going to attempt a description of it. I am assured this fair will produce a very large sum of money. Donations of every kind have been poured in from all parts of the Union. Everything is accepted – from a pin-cushion to a steam-engine, from a bunch of grapes to a barrel of potatoes, from a live canary to a dead goose. The fair sex, ever foremost in the work of charity (by which I do not simply mean alms-giving) contribute most on these occasions. Not only do they ply their needles, and exercise their taste and ingenuity in the production of the useful and ornamental beforehand – but they attend the fair, day after day, as saleswomen, and even as auctioneers. The principal difference I see between this fair and the bazaars at home is

the cartloads of fruit, potatoes, vegetables, corn, &c., sent in by the farmers; and the ploughs and implements of all kinds contributed by the manufacturers. I believe the American people are fond of display, just as they are fond of talk. But out of this display comes hard cash for good and holy purposes. And the “tall talk,” after all, is followed or accompanied by manly deeds at this side of the water. Ah! it is only when men parade and talk and do nothing that parade and talk are contemptible.

## CHAPTER VI.

I am well pleased to find a goodly number of my countrymen occupying respectable positions in this city. Those in the humbler walks of life are, so far as I can judge, well-conducted, and industrious, and as a consequence (in this country) are on the high road to become rich. Yet there are few who have not had to contend with hardship and disappointment. Those who have been inured to suffering at home do not mind this much. But, alas! for those who have been driven from comfortable homes in the old country. That dear old country! how the hearts of her children ever, ever turn to her. I have met grey-haired men who came to this country in their childhood, fifty years ago and more, who are ready to give all they are worth in the world to send the "wild geese" across the Atlantic. The very children talk of the return of the "wild geese." On questioning a little boy how he had come to know so much about this and other kindred topics, I found that he was a pupil at the Sisters of Charity's school, and that the old man who chopped wood for the good sisters, while resting from his labours, was wont to call the urchins about him and hold forth by the hour for their edification, upon the ancient glories of Erin. This old seer believes religiously that *the time* is at hand at last. Heaven send, old friend, that you are a true prophet!

I have always felt a deep interest in the farmer. So, when my friend Mr. Scanlan, president of the Fenian Brotherhood, offered to drive me out some score miles through the prairie, I jumped at the offer. Accompanied by two other friends, we set out on our prairie driver one bright Sunday, in a two horse vehicle called a buggy. A ride over a rolling prairie is a decidedly exhilarating affair. My friends called my attention to a remarkable optical delusion in the shape of a lake where there was no lake. It is said to be reflection of lake Michigan, to which our backs were turned – but I am unable to account for it satisfactorily. The phenomenon differs from the mirage of the desert, inasmuch as it is always there. We passed immense herds of cattle in charge of herdsmen booted and spurred, and mounted upon long-tailed horses. Some twenty thousand cows are kept for their milk in this way, by the citizens of Chicago. They are driven to the owners

doors, morning and evening, to be milked; the while cost of keeping them being only ten cents a week for each cow. From this I may safely conclude that the good citizens of Chicago know what chalk mixture is. The land, for a considerable distance round the city, is of an inferior description for cultivation, so that many thousands of acres remain unenclosed; hence the cost of keeping a cow being only ten cents a week to the herdsman. An hour's drive brought us to the well-cultivated country, and we began to pass by pleasant homesteads, surrounded by apple and peach orchards and trees of various kinds, the hickory (best timber extant for pike handles) predominating. We stopped at a farm house belonging to an Irishman. The house is of wood, as are nearly all houses out west – with a verandah entirely covered by a vine on two sides – the doors of two handsomely furnished rooms open on this vine-screened verandah. The owner showed us over his farm and premises, and I could not help wishing that a much larger proportion of our people would take to the prairie, instead of remaining in the towns and cities, as by far too many of them do. This farm produced wheat, potatoes, Indian corn, &c., in abundance; and from the friable nature of the soil, the labour of cultivating it is very light. And it is only after a dozen years tillage, or so, that manuring is thought of. My attention was attracted to a large wooden building, called “the barn” – though it includes barr, stable, granary, &c., and I had the curiosity to ask what it might have cost to erect it.

“What do you think?” said the owner.

I replied, “About fifty pounds.”

He laughed, and said it cost four times fifty, for that he paid the carpenter who built it ten shillings a day. I remarked that was very expensive.

“We just want to get the work done, and never mind the expense,” said he, “for when ‘tis done – why, you see, ‘tis *our own*.”

“Ah, that’s it!” said I, “you have no landlords here.”

And I thought what a happy country Ireland would be, and how cheerfully the farmer there would pay good wages to the mechanic and the labourer if it were not for these landlords, and the accursed government whose tools they are. While my thoughts ran on in this

way, I turned round to look at the comfortable free home of this man, who was once a serf in Ireland, and my eye rested on a young man in military uniform standing in the doorway. Why should they *not* fight for it? Why should not Irish-born citizens be loyal to the constitution which has given them these free homes? I never could understand why they should not, or how, consistently with honour and dignity, they could have remained idle spectators of the war. I must say, though, that they ought not to be expected to do more than their fair share of fighting. It is useless to deny that “the Irish” are looked upon as mercenaries who will cut throats for pay in any cause. I have just read a letter from a Yankee “Paris Correspondent” of a Yankee newspaper, where the writer coolly speculates upon the acceptance of the Mexican crown by Maximilian of Austria, on condition of his being merely allowed to keep a body guard of fifteen or twenty thousand *Irish*. Here is an American looking on (at a safe distance) while Irish blood was falling like rain on American battle fields, and who evidently never thought of the Irish soldier as a good citizen and patriot, but merely as a soldier of fortune. Good Lord, has it come to this with us? Yet it is better that it should be so. It is well that the Irishman should never be allowed to forget that his own country is a slave and a beggar, and that so long as he allows her to remain in this condition, so long must he submit to share in her degradation. Much good will come to Ireland out of this war. I shall be questioned when I return home, about the war, and what party is right, and what party is wrong, - upon which points I shall be expected to deliver judgment like an oracle. But I must confess that I find it rather difficult to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the question. However I shall try. But there is another subject about which I shall be eagerly questioned too, - which subject is indeed to me the question of questions. Fortunately to *this* question I shall be able to reply in a manner that must prove highly satisfactory to my interrogators; so much so that I anticipate many vice-like grasps of the hand, with other demonstrations of delight when I tell what I have to tell.

## CHAPTER VII.

I am just after having a long conversation with an intelligent Southern gentleman who is enthusiastically proud (as well he may) of the gallantry of the Confederates. Did ever people, he asks, fight more bravely for *liberty*? Their fighting *now* I grant, does look like fighting for liberty; but surely their liberty had not been taken from them, or even seriously threatened, when they first took up arms. My Southern friend admits that the grievances of which they had to complain were not sufficient to justify the extreme step of rebellion. If this be so their rebellion was a crime. It is, however, hard to believe that a majority of the population of any country ever rebelled against constituted authority without just cause. But it is by no means clear that the revolt of these seceded States was not the work of a minority and not of the MAJORITY. If this be so, it since the war commenced the greater portion of the Southern people have come to hate the Federal Government; - for there is no doubt but that they are pretty well agreed on this point now. If this be the fact, President Lincoln is responsible for having driven discontented but loyal citizens into rebellion by the very injudicious course he has pursued in reference to this lamentable disruption of a great Nation. The criminality of the North then in making enemies of the mass of the Southern people may be fairly set against the crime of the Southern planters in rebelling against the best constitution, take it for all in all, that the world has yet seen. The constitution has been violated by both North and South; so that they are quits on this point. The question now, ought to be, not who is wrong or who is right, but how best to preserve, at least, one powerful Republic on this continent. In my humble opinion to let the South go now, after such a tremendous sacrifice of men and money, would be to destroy the Republic utterly. The flag of the Union must be carried in triumph through the length and breadth of the revolted States, or there is an end to the Union. But if these States cannot be brought back to their allegiance, must they not be garrisoned and held as a conquered country? And in this case will they not prove a source of weakness, and not of strength to the republic? Even so, the evil will not be so great as the destruction of the Union. Let the North give up

the struggle before the subjugation of the North is complete, and this destruction is inevitable. The Northern people will lose all respect and reverence for the Federal government. They will no longer be proud of their flag. Each State will only look to its own immediate interests. Every man for himself, will be the order of the day. And then the greatest nation the sun ever shone upon will be rent into fragments. Therefore, do I heartily wish with success to the Federal arms, leaving to Time to decide what is to be the ultimate destiny of these brave Confederates. They would not take a present of their independence now, if we are to believe the *Richmond Inquirer*. A writer in this journal (John Mitchel to wit – for there is no mistaking his Roman hand) declares that nothing short of the subjugation of the Federal states will satisfy them. They will hold the poor Federals in their clutches just long enough to indemnify themselves for all the trouble and loss they have been put to, “and then,” saith the *Richmond Inquirer*, “we’ll let them go about their business sadder and wiser Yankees.” I do not know what effect this style of writing may have in the South; but it is not calculated to make friends for the South in the loyal states. And there is, undoubtedly, a numerous party in the North (embracing nearly all the Irish) who strongly sympathise with their seceded brethren. This party, to be sure, are for prosecuting the war, and bringing back the haughty rebels to the Union; but they condemn the course pursued by President Lincoln, and seem to think that his conduct has gone a good way to make the worse the better cause.

A countryman of mine, who is a member of the New Orleans circle of the Fenian Brotherhood – the president of which circle is now a colonel in the Confederate army – assures me that the Irish in the South are, *if possible*, better lovers of Ireland, and better haters of England than the Irish in the North. Though Irishmen are at different sides in the war, they are united, heart and soul, in the cause of the old land. Well, if all this ends in smoke it is a queer story. But it never will so end. These men who have dared death, and spilled their blood for their adopted country, will never sheath the sword till their own persecuted country is rescued from the clutches of her tyrant – the tyrant who has driven them into exile and pursues them with hatred

and calumny wherever they go. Oh! the return of these men “with a vengeance” will be a fine sight to see.

## CHAPTER VIII.

They are in earnest – thoroughly in earnest. Know it friends and foes; know it all the world – if all the world care to know it – that portion of the Irish race who have found homes and freedom within the bosom of this Republic, are resolved to free the land of their birth. Not to talk about it, but to *do* it. I have not the shadow of a doubt about this now. If I ever had any doubts they have been removed by what I have witnessed during the past three days. I had the honour of being admitted, as a visitor to the first General Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood. The despatch from California designated the assembly the first Irish Congress; and it was worthy of that proud title. In order to attend it the delegates had to travel distances varying from two hundred to *two thousand* miles. During the three days of their deliberations the doors of the Fenian Hall were guarded by sentries with fixed bayonets, and no persons but the accredited delegates were admitted, save a few “visitors,” like myself, who were accommodated with seats on the platform behind the president’s chair. The intelligence, earnestness and capacity for business which characterised the proceedings, were truly astonishing. What a contrast to the noisy, meaningless displays to which we are accustomed in Ireland? The assembly which John O’Mahony presided over during these three days, was worth all the monster meetings and speechifying of old and young Ireland put together – including the cartloads of petitions, “National” and otherwise. I could not help remarking that the true meaning of the organization which this convention represented, was well illustrated by the number of military officials in full uniform who attended as delegates.

“The tribune’s tongue and poet’s pen  
May sow the seed in slavish men;  
But, ‘tis the soldier’s sword alone  
Can reap the harvest when ‘tis grown.”

I do hope that the 3<sup>rd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and 5<sup>th</sup> of November, 1863, will be memorable in Irish history. I was glad to see the Convention unanimous in condemning the criminal folly of all attempts to revive

“agitation” in Ireland. Mr. Martin’s letters had excited their fears upon this point; for it is but too evident that this well-meaning and really good man means, if he can, to inflict a second edition of Conciliation Hall upon his unfortunate country. From what I have seen, I really fear if the people of Ireland are so ignorant as to allow themselves to be deluded again by such humbug associations, that our countrymen on this side of the Atlantic will give up the cause in despair. It is to be hoped that their opinions on this point will have some little weight even with Mr. Martin. In their address to their countrymen at home, they say: -

“We are thoroughly convinced of the utter futility of ‘legal and constitutional’ agitation, parliamentary ‘policies,’ and all similar delusions. These things have brought more suffering upon our people than would be caused by the most protracted and devastating war. The best of them *would but expose the ardent and the brave to the vengeance of local despots*; and be it remembered that *such* sacrifices beget no noble aspirations.”

Whether Mr. Martin will or will not attach any weight to the opinions of his exiled countrymen, I am confident the Irish people are too well schooled by this time to allow themselves to be turned aside from the only course of action by which the independence of their country can be won. Mr. O’Mahony, in his opening address to the Convention, spoke rather severely of some of the “Young Ireland” leaders. I could almost wish that he was not so hard upon them. And yet who can blame him, when we considered that some of these men have done all they could to destroy the organization to which Mr. O’Mahony has devoted so much labour? Besides, he appears to think that these assaults on the Fenian Brotherhood will be repeated. But I venture to hope that he is mistaken upon this point. And yet who can tell? Mr. D’Arcy McGee told his countrymen that they were far happier under the rule of England than they would be if freed from that rule by an “invading” army of Irish-Americans! We heard a good deal, too, of the melancholy consequences which might result to us from a French invasion. So, perhaps, after all Mr. O’Mahony was right in giving expression to his opinions concerning some of these “young Ireland” leaders. By the way Mr. Martin rushed into print a year or two ago to defend this precious Mr. D’Arcy McGee from some

strictures upon his conduct which appeared in a Dublin newspaper. Where was Mr. Martin or any of his colleagues when John O'Mahony was assailed in another Dublin newspaper? The Irish people have long memories, and there are some things which they are not likely to forget.

The Convention was wound up with a magnificent banquet; and the feast of reason and the flow of soul (enlivened by the popping of corks from champagne bottles) was carried into "the wee sma' hours."

The Convention cost, at a moderate calculation, two thousand pounds in money. But it was money well expended. I am now about bidding goodbye to all my dear friends in Chicago. I shall never forget them. Tomorrow evening, accompanied by Mr. O'Mahony, I start for New York.

## CHAPTER IX.

We spent a very pleasant day in a pleasant little town in Ohio, with one of the best Irishmen I have met since my arrival in America. Our host (Mr. S—, formerly of Skibbereen) drove us out some miles into the country to visit a Fenian who owns a large farm, and has built him a handsome brick house in the midst of it. We found our farmer friend occupied about a threshing machine to which ten horses were yoked. The evidences of plenty, and peace, and comfort, which I saw here, confirmed me in the opinion which I had previously formed, that Irishmen in America ought to turn themselves to farming whenever practicable. The country folk here are exceedingly neighbourly, and live during the winter in a constant interchange of hospitality. It is customary for whole families, men, women, and children, to live for weeks together as the guests of some neighbour. Their visits are, as a matter of course, returned, and so the winter time is passed in a continuous round of visiting.

I remarked that all our host's surroundings — his books, his pictures, his blackthorn stick — were Irish. I particularly noticed two portraits in oil which were hung side by side in his drawing-room. They were those of Father Matthew and John O'Mahony; of both these good Irishmen I was proud to avow myself a disciple. Happening to be in Cork last August, I went to see Father Matthew's tomb. It was nightfall when I reached the cemetery; the stars were twinkling in the clear autumn sky. I stood uncovered by the grave of the good, great man. But I was not alone there, for near me was a poor old woman bent in prayer. Perhaps the only ray of sunshine that ever fell upon her path was due to Father Matthew. I walked softly away, leaving the poor woman still upon her knees. Ah! the human heart is the best monument. I wished to visit another grave, but was obliged to seek for some one to point it out to me. A man, who lived near the cemetery gate, conducted me to the handsome Celtic cross which some of the good people of Cork have placed over the grave of the poor poet, Edward Walsh.

Mr. S—, who is a hardware merchant, brought us to his store, and excited our wonder and admiration by showing us many

ingenious inventions, for which Americans “flog creation.” He showed us some beautiful cutlery, too, and assured us that *they* would soon be able to whip Sheffield in that line. I noticed a great pile of gun-barrels in the rough, and Mr. S— informed me that the farmers themselves were able to rifle them, and finish them off – in fact, able to make their own rifles. This fact set me a-thinking. While I was pondering on this subject, a plain-looking old farmer came into the store, and purchased a bird-cage for five dollars – that is, one pound. Old farmers don’t trouble themselves much about bird-cages in Ireland.

We very much enjoyed our rambles about this place. Though November, the weather was delicious – it was the “Indian summer.” Before our host’s pretty cottage was a grass plot which was really green – I lay down upon it in the sun, and tried to fancy that I was on the bank of a certain little river in a quiet green valley not a thousand miles from Slievenamon. We called to see a very old Irish woman who lived all alone in a little room which was her only apartment. When we entered, she threw up her arms with an exclamation of pleasure, and seizing O’M’s hand, bent down and kissed it. Her brothers were “out” with the O’Mahonys in ’98, and she perfectly remembered that disastrous, but withal, glorious year. And how she did pray that the day of vengeance might come before her old heart should cease to beat; in which case they would surely bring her home to die, and lay her in the old churchyard with her husband, and her kindred.

There was an animated scene at the railway station when we were leaving. The militia (under the command of Major S—, brother to our host) had just been called out for active service. A merrier lot of fellows I never set my eyes upon, though they left many a sad heart behind them – if wet cheeks and trembling lips be any proof of sadness. It was quite painful to look into the faces of the hundreds of young girls who waved their handkerchiefs as the train moved away.

We left the direct route at Buffalo for the purpose of seeing the Falls of Niagara. What shall I say of the Falls? I am somewhat ashamed to own that my first feeling was disappointment. Yet I fancy this must have been caused by a sort of bewilderment. But it is positively a waste of words to try to describe any waterfall let alone Niagara. We hired a coach and *did* it between the hours of 10 a.m. and

5 p.m., even to arraying ourselves from head to foot in not a very graceful costume of oilcloth, and descending by a winding stairs to the foot of the falls. Here we were able to walk several yards under the cataract. Giving a last look at the stupendous wonders of Niagara, as the twilight shadows were beginning to envelope them, we hurried to the railway station, got tickets for Albany, which town we arrived at next morning. The scenery along the Hudson, between Albany and New York, is very fine. On reaching the empire city I hastened to the house of a friend where a number of my old neighbours were waiting to meet me. With so many familiar faces around me I could hardly realise that sweet Tipperary was three thousand miles away.

This same evening I visited a friend, some particulars of whose history I shall briefly note down here. I knew Mr. P. in his happy Tipperary home. In that home I have often seen him surrounded by his fine young family of ten children. He held a large farm, was respected and beloved by all who knew him, especially the poor whose idol he was. Owing to a succession of bad harvests, and the loss of his cattle by distemper, he was unable to meet the landlord on the gale day. For the first time during thirty years he owed one year's rent. And though he had expended many hundreds of pounds in improvements the landlord pounced upon him, and would show no mercy. One dismal winter's day the sheriff came, the house was surrounded by military and police, and John P., his wife and children were turned out. They were allowed to occupy the house for a few months; the farm being given to another tenant, who paid the landlord several hundred pounds, as a consideration for the house that was built, and the improvements made by John P.— as is the custom in Ireland. John P.'s eldest son, a fine young man, fell into consumption. He was at the point of death, and two of his sisters in fever when the time which they were allowed to remain in the house, had expired. One day, the dying young man was startled by a loud knocking at the hall door. His father opened the door, and there was the Agent mounted on horse back. This functionary asked with an oath, and in a voice of thunder, "why they were not out of the house on the day appointed."

“My boy is dying,” replied the broken hearted father, “and two of my daughters have fever.”

*“I didn’t care the devil had them,”* roared the agent.

These brutal words roused the old man to anger. His eyes flashed, and his frame trembled with passion, as he commanded the scoundrel to be gone. The cowardly wretch turned pale with fear, and rode away without another word. The young man, whose last moments were so rudely disturbed, was laid in the old churchyard on the hill a few days after, and John P— and his family “went to America.” How often that phrase is used in Ireland! I found the once hospitable, kind-hearted, and jovial Tipperary man a mere wreck in this crowded city of New York, with only three of his children left to him. His wife and six of his children died since his arrival in America. Every word of this sad story is strictly true. Thousands and thousands of cases of far crueller wrong have occurred and are still occurring in unfortunate Ireland. Yet we are branded as a nation of murderers, because a landlord happens to be shot once in half a dozen years!

## CHAPTER X.

How vividly I can now recall the last conversation I had with Michael Doheny? It was late on the night of the 10<sup>th</sup> of November, 1861. A few hours before, in the dusk of the winter evening, T. B. McManus was laid in his Irish grave. The large room of the hotel was filled with Irish Nationalists, whose hopes were raised to the highest by the magnificent demonstration of the day. Every face was lighted with enthusiasm, as the different incidents of the great event were discussed. Men pressed around the American delegates and triumphantly asked "Were they satisfied?" In the midst of this scene Colonel Doheny took me by the arm, and led me to a corner of the room where we had half an hour's talk all to ourselves. Very likely those who saw the veteran patriot laying his hand upon my shoulder, and waiting with an anxious look for my replies to his questions, thought that those questions were of grave political import. Yet such was not the case. He inquired about the companions of his boyhood (most of whom were dead and gone) mentioning numbers of his schoolfellows by name. He described the houses of his old friends, the scenery around them, and even the different members of each household. In fact the man's heart was as soft as a woman's. Yet what a stormy life his was; and perhaps no one man ever had to endure more injustice, misrepresentation, and calumny than Michael Doheny. Yet there he stood, his hair grown grey, after eating the bitter bread of exile for a dozen weary years, drawing near to the close of a life of suffering – with tears in his eyes as he spoke of the friends and the scenes of his early happy days! Everyone who knows any thing of Colonel Doheny's private life, knows how he was adored by his own family. Even those who are only acquainted with him through writings must have remarked something of this. He alludes so often to his wife and children, and more particularly to his sister-in-law, Miss O'Dwyer – the *Eileen Aroon* of his songs. I am just after spending a few hours with them – that is with Mr. Doheny, Miss O'Dwyer, and Miss Doheny, who I think has a look of her father, and some of his intellect too. She is an exceedingly interesting girl, and as Irish and innocent in look and manner as if she had never left their old home

under the shadow of the Rock of Cashel. Miss Doheny is a pupil at a convent in Brooklyn.

A day or two previous to my visit to this interesting family, I called to see some relatives of mine in Brooklyn. One of them handed me a photograph of one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. I felt a deep interest in the fate of this girl – she was so young, so innocent, so surpassingly beautiful. She was obliged (the old story!) to go to America, where she sickened and died, requesting a friend on her death-bed to send a lock of her hair to her widowed mother. A friend of mine made this incident the subject of a ballad which has been admired for its simplicity. My friends said I might keep the photograph, and I look upon its coming into my hands as a remarkable coincidence. I told all this to Mrs. Doheny, who asked me could I remember any of the ballad. I repeated the first two lines –

“She lived beside the Anner,  
At the foot of Slievenamon.”

Miss Doheny at once remarked that her papa had the verses copied into the *Phoenix*, and taking up a large bound volume of that journal, she knew exactly where to find them. I read “The *Celt*, the publication of which was discontinued after the death of Dr. Cane, has been revived under the editorship of Dr. Campion. From its first number we extract the following gem.” I said he was not an impartial critic; for the simplest daisy from the foot of Slievenamon would be a gem in the eyes of Michael Doheny. Here is the ballad: -

## THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.

She lived beside the Anner,  
At the foot of Slievenamon,  
A gentle peasant girl,  
With mild eyes like the dawn.  
Her lips were dewy rose-buds,  
Her teeth of pearls rare;  
And a snow-drift ‘neath a beechen-bough,  
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant ‘twas to meet her  
On Sunday, when the bell

Was filling with its mellow tones  
Lone wood and grassy dell.  
And when, at eve, young maidens,  
Strayed the river bank along,  
The widow's brown haired daughter  
Was loveliest of the throng.

Oh, brave, brave Irish girls,  
We well may call you brave;  
Sure the least of all your perils  
Is the stormy ocean wave,  
When ye leave our quiet valleys,  
And cross the Atlantic's foam,  
To hoard your hard-won earnings  
For the helpless one at home.

Write word to my dear mother,  
Say, we'll meet with God above;  
And tell my little brothers  
I send them all my love.  
May the angels ever guard them,  
Is their dying sister's prayer;  
And folded in the letter  
Was a braid of nut-brown hair!

Ah! cold and well nigh callous  
This weary heart has grown.  
For thy hapless fate, dear Ireland,  
And for sorrows of my own;  
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,  
When by Anner side I stray,  
For the lily of "the Mountain-foot,"  
That withered far away.

Mrs. Doheny is collecting materials for a biography of her husband. She says there is but one man living to whom she would wish to entrust the writing of this book. I need hardly say that this man is S—. A paragraph appeared lately in a Dublin newspaper, the *United Irishman*, which has caused Mrs. D. some anxiety. She infers from it that someone connected with that paper intends writing the life of Colonel Doheny. Mrs. Doheny told me that she had written to the

Editor of the *United Irishman*, to inform him of her wishes on this subject.

Doheny's two sons are officers in the Northern army. I am told they are gallant soldiers, and true Irishmen. Heaven send that they will help to complete the work to which their father devoted all his life.