

GONE, NOT FORGOTTEN.

Some Recollections of the Hon. Richard O'Gorman.

The first time I heard Richard O'Gorman speak in public was at his lecture in Cooper Institute, December 15, 1865, in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd. The subject was "Winter Thoughts." These extracts will show its quality. After thanking the audience for its good reception of him and stating that he was no professional lecturer, he said: "I have been invited to lecture you, and I am here to do it. I am no better than a guerilla, for I have no pet theories of life except that it is a journey that leads now and then into difficulties and dangers, but oftener into pleasant places, where the flowers of love and friendship bloom thick around—a journey where pleasure and pain strangely alternate—that warm heart, cool head, frank tongue, and open hand are good companions in the war; that whether the sky be cloudy or whether it be bright, the sun, though we may not see it, is in the heavens above us all the same. I have no mission that I know of, except to do whatever lies nearest to my hand with all my might, and to trust the result to time and the future before whose awful tribunal all human conduct must pass in judgment. You did not come here to-night so much to hear a lecture as to do a charity. In this charity let me, too, have a share.

"It is winter. Over half the world the ice king reigns supreme. Out on the prairie the wild winds sweep with angry howl, and the long grass bows and shudders as it passes along. Cattle huddle together in barns, and shepherds hurry into straying sheep before the hurricane break in its fury, for just above the setting sun to-night there hung a dark cloud that threatened snow.

"It is winter on the ocean, where the good ship, westward bound, pitches and rolls and surges through the blackness, or stops for a moment when a sea, more than usually wrathful, strikes her, and climbs her bows and leaps upon her decks and sweeps up and down, as if eagerly seeking for some mischief to do, some loose article to seize and smash up and demolish before it makes its escape through the scuppers.

"It is winter in the city—the merriest season of all the year—winter in the brownstone mansions, where wealth and fashion hold their court. It is the age of splendor! It is winter in the city—winter, blackest, bitterest, dreariest season of all the year—winter in the tenement home—winter in the garret, in the cellar.

"Charity must improve the homes of the poor, not break up and destroy them. Charity should seek the poor man at his own home and hold and encourage him there; not drive him to seek help in public asylums, where self-respect is often broken and the pride of individuality lost.

"It seems to me that if you wish to educate the children of this city it would not be amiss to begin with the parents. Improve their condition; improve their houses, for it is at home, after all, that the child gets the education which governs his character for good or ill. Nature provides for that. Laws cannot effectually or safely prevent or control it. This city would be beautiful—it ought to be beautiful; on no other object on earth has nature showered more various blessings and honors than on the island of Manhattan. Its site, indeed, on the waters like a queen, with its ante-dant cities around, crowned with the diadem of the Western world. Beautify it—beautify its parks, squares, public edifices, churches, houses. But if you will take a friendly advice as to where it is best to commence your work, I should say begin by beautifying the homes of the poor.

"I have found in poverty grander virtue than I have ever found in wealth. Angels alone keep count of the countless benefactions of poverty to the poor! This class—this great army of labor—this chivalry of the workshop, the anvil, the desk, the plow and the loom—that, proud in the consciousness of native strength and independent manhood, can put aside temptation and dare the poor for all that—this class is the glory and hope of every society, its support in peace and its sword and shield in war.

"It is winter over land and sea. A change has come over the world; most strange if we have not grown used to it. The year 1865 is dying. Let it die and may no year bring to us again such desolation, gloom and alarm. Let it die! Not because of the great relief its later

days have seen. Because they have seen civil war sheathe the sword; because they have seen the torch quenched, the war dumb, silent armies disbanded, and friends and brothers long parted meet again; because they have seen peace revisit our desolated land. For this let the old year die in the midst of merriment and good cheer, with hosts of revellers around; for to this year, too, Christmas is coming, and from church tower and steeple all over Christendom the chimes shall soon ring out the glorious anthem, Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will!

"It is winter in the city—winter, too, in the charitable asylum for whose sake you and I are here to-night. New York has, if ever city had, a tear of pity and a hand open as day to melting charity.

"Edmund Burke said long ago that the age of chivalry was gone. I don't believe it! The pride and pomp and ceremony of the old age is, indeed, departed. But the true spirit of young humanity still lives to purify society—to ennoble and to save."

Some years afterward, when O'Gorman was Corporation Counsel, in a modest office in Nassau street, I had an interview with him in relation to some Irish national matter, and found him full of patriotic interest for the old land. My next and last personal meeting with him was on board a steamer "down the bay," where a party, including John Mitchell, was proceeding to meet some Irish exiles lately released from British prisons. O'Gorman was very enthusiastic on that occasion, and led the Reception Committee. I well remember his rich, clear voice hailing the steamer as she came to anchor at Quarantine. Conversing with Mitchell on that trip about Irish affairs, he told me, in reference to the outbreak of 1848, that O'Gorman was very reticent as to his personal part therein.—Rev. William McClure, in N. Y. Sun.

AN ARCHITECT'S WIFE.

I.

About the middle of the 14th century Don Enrique de Trastamara laid siege to Toledo, which defended itself with constancy and valor, faithful to that king who by some is named the Cruel, by others Justiciero [the strict observer of justice.]

The brave and loyal citizens of Toledo made many sorties by the magnificent Bridge of St. Martin—one of the richest and at the same time most useful architectural treasures possessed by the City of Monuments; and, falling on Don Enrique's camp, which was pitched on what are called the *Cigarrales*, had inflicted terrible losses on the besieging forces. To prevent the repetition of these sallies, Don Enrique determined to destroy the Bridge.

The Bridge, as has been said, was a precious jewel amongst many others that encircled the city of martyrs, of councilors, and of caballeros; but of what value are artistic or historical monuments in the eyes of ambitious politicians, who are ready to plunge their dagger into the heart of a brother, in order to sit upon the throne occupied by him?

The *Cigarrales* of Toledo, which have been made celebrated by Tirso and others of our great poets, are a number of enclosed pieces of ground where are the summer-houses, gardens, and orchards of the wealthy citizens, with beautiful fountains and shade trees.

One night the trees of the *Cigarrales* were cut down by the soldiers of Don Enrique, and piled upon St. Martin's Bridge. The dawn was beginning to appear, when a bright light illuminated the devastated gardens, the waters of the Tagus, the ruins of the palace of Don Rodrigo, and the Arab tower which even at this day is reflected in the waters of the river. A great fire was consuming the bridge of St. Martin; and the cracking of the heavy stones carved with all the beauty of the chisel that created the marvels of the Alhambra, sounded like the sorrowful groans of Art oppressed by Barbarism.

The people of Toledo, awakened by the ominous brightness, rushed to save the beautiful Bridge from the imminent danger with which it was threatened. But their efforts were in vain; for a fearful crash that resounded mournfully in the hollows and windings of the Tagus, announced to them that the Bridge no longer existed.

When the sun rose to gild the cupolas and towers of the imperial city, the Toledan girls came down the river to fill their pitchers with the fresh, crystal water. But they returned with empty vessels, and with sad indignant hearts; because the current of the Tagus rushing along turbid and boiling, carrying on its furious waves the smoking ruins of St. Martin's Bridge.

The popular indignation arose to the highest pitch; for this Bridge had been the only direct passage to those earthly paradises, the *Cigarrales*, which the citizens inherited from the Arabs, together with their passion for gardens and orchards. Their courage, which had begun to fail, was now increased tenfold, and before long the camp of Trastamara was furiously attacked by the besieged, who put the enemy to flight, and watered the *Cigarrales* with torrents of blood.

II.

Many years had passed since the destruction of the Bridge of St. Martin. Kings and Archbishops had manifested great eagerness to see it replaced by another that would equal it in beauty and solidity; but the zeal and per-

severance of the best architects, both Christian and Arabian, had failed to satisfy the ardent desire of the Toledans, because the rapid current always carried away the scaffolding before the immense arches could be finished.

Don Pedro Tenorio, one of the great Archbishops to whom, as De Latour remarks in his valuable work "Toledo and the Banks of the Tagus," the city owes almost as much as to its kings, sent messengers to all of the cities and large towns of Spain, calling upon all distinguished architects to submit plans for a new bridge.

One day a man and woman, entire strangers, entered Toledo through the Gate del Cambron, and, after examining the ruins of the Bridge, rented a house in the neighborhood. In the course of the same day the man proceeded to the archiepiscopal palace.

The Archbishop happened at the time to be conversing with a number of prelates, who felt great pleasure in his company, being attracted by his learning and his virtue. His joy was great when one of the household announced that an architect from a distant land begged the honor of being admitted into his presence. The Archbishop received the stranger very cordially. The latter was still young, but anxiety of mind and adverse circumstances made him look old and careworn. After returning his salutation kindly, the Archbishop invited him to be seated.

"Your Grace," said the stranger, "my name, which likely you have never heard, is Juan de Arevalo, and I am an architect by profession."

"You have been brought here no doubt through the messengers we sent all over Spain, to search for an architect sufficiently skillful to rebuild the Bridge of St. Martin, which in former times crossed from this noble city to the opposite bank?"

"That summons has brought me to Toledo."

"You know the difficulties that stand in the way of rebuilding the Bridge?"

"I know them, Your Grace; and I think I am able to overcome them."

"Where did you pursue your studies?"

"In Salamanca."

"To what works can you refer us in proof of your skill?"

"To none."

The Archbishop made a gesture of disappointment. The stranger observed it, and added, hastily:

"I served in the army during my youth, but sufferings obliged me to abandon the military profession, and returning to Castile, my native country, I devoted myself with earnestness to the study of architecture—first theoretically, and then practically."

"I am sorry that you can not refer me to any building that would bear witness to your skill."

"There are some buildings on the Tormes and the Duero which reflect credit on others, but which should be attributed to him who stands before you."

"I do not understand you."

"I was poor and unknown, and I found that I must leave the honour to others, and content myself with earning my bread."

"I feel deeply grieved that you have no means of proving to us that if we trust you our trust will not be misplaced."

"I have one way, which I hope will satisfy you."

"What is that?"

"My life."

"Explain yourself."

"When the frame of the main arch of St. Martin's Bridge is removed, the architect who has directed the work will stand upon the keystone of the arch."

"I accept the condition."

"And I will fulfil it, your Grace."

The Archbishop pressed the architect's hand, and the latter returned to his home, filled with joy.

The woman that had come to Toledo with Juan de Arevalo, still young and handsome, in spite of the sufferings that had left their traces on her countenance, was anxiously looking out the window for her husband, and hurried down to meet him.

"Catalina! my Catalina!" joyfully exclaimed the architect, "amongst the monuments of which Toledo is so justly proud, there will be one to transmit to posterity the name of Juan de Arevalo."

III.

The citizens of Toledo, in approaching the Tagus over those rough and steep rocks, where formerly the gardens of Florida displayed themselves in their beauty, could no longer say, "Here was the Bridge of St. Martin"; for the Bridge, even though yet resting upon a solid foundation, was rising from its ruin. The Archbishop Don Pedro Tenorio and the citizens of Toledo showered rich presents of the unfortunate and able architect who had succeeded in joining the three immense arches of the Bridge, in spite of the furious attacks of the river.

On the eve of the Feast of St. Ildephonsus, the patron of the city, Juan de Arevalo announced that his work was finished, and that nothing now remained but to remove the supports from beneath the three arches. The joy of the Archbishop and of the people was great. The removal of the supports on which that enormous mass of delicately carved stones rested was a dangerous exploit; but the tranquility with which this feat was awaited by the architect, who had bound himself to be on the keystone of the central arch of the bridge when the time arrived, inspired all with full confidence. The ringing of the bells of Toledo announced that the solemn benediction and inauguration of the Bridge of St. Martin would take place on the following day, and the citizens from the various eminences that overlook the valley of the Tagus contemplated with joyful emotion their charming *Cigarrales* which for many years had remained sad and solitary, and which were about to be restored to their ancient life and beauty.

Towards nightfall Juan de Arevalo climbed up the scaffolding of the central arch, for the purpose of seeing that things were in readiness for the operation to be performed next morning. He sang joyfully as he examined the work; but suddenly the song died on his lips, the joy faded from his countenance, and he turned homeward sad and dejected.

Catalina came out to meet him, full of happiness and love; but her heart sank when she noticed how pale her husband was.

"My God!" she exclaimed, in terror, "are you ill?"

"No, my Catalina!" answered Juan, making an effort to conceal his dejection.

"Deny it not, for your countenance reveals it."

"The evening has been quite cool, and the work excessive."

"Come then; come near the fire, where the warmth and a good supper will restore your health and cheerfulness."

"Cheerfulness!" murmured Juan, with deep sadness, whilst his wife busied herself in set-

ting the table near the fireplace, in which dry oak chips burned.

Juan tried to overcome his sadness, and made an effort to eat, but in vain.

"For the first time in your life you conceal a sorrow from me," said Catalina. "Am I no longer worthy of the confidence and love that you have always shown me?"

"Catalina, do not afflict me by doubting of the love that I bear you."

"That can be no love where there is no confidence."

"For your own sake and mine, respect my secret."

"Your secret is a deep sorrow of some kind; and I wish to know what it is, in order to lighten it for you."

"To lighten it! That is impossible."

"To a love such as I bear you there are no impossibilities."

"Well, then, since you will have it; to-morrow I forfeit honor and life, which will be buried into the river, together with the monument that I erected with so much care and so many hopes."

"No! no!" exclaimed Catalina, throwing her arms round her husband with the greatest love, and smothering in her own heart the pain caused by his declaration.

"Yes; I have just discovered an error in my calculations, which to-morrow will bury in the Tagus both the Bridge and him who conceived and directed its construction."

"The Bridge shall sink into the waves, but not you, my love; for on my knees I will beg the noble Archbishop not to let you carry out your promise."

"It will be in vain for you to make such a request; because even if the Archbishop should yield to your prayers, I could not live in dishonor."

"Life and honor shall both be left to you," said Catalina in a resolute voice.

IV.

It was midnight. Catalina seemed to be asleep, and her husband worn out by grief and fatigue, had rested for a short time, though his sleep was rather a nightmare.

Catalina arose noiselessly, scarcely venturing to breathe, dressed, and moved towards the kitchen. The window looked out upon the Tagus, and she stood at it for a moment. The night was very dark, except for occasional flashes of lightning. From the direction of the Tagus no other noise was heard but that of the rushing waters, and the wind as it whistled through the woodwork of the Bridge of St. Martin. Catalina closed the window noiselessly, and taking a burning brand from the fireplace she went into the street, still hardly venturing to draw her breath.

Whither was she going in such haste? Did she carry that lighted brand to enable her to pick her steps in the thick darkness with which she was surrounded? Although the darkness was not so great, and the way over which the woman moved was rough and dangerous, she tried rather to conceal beneath her cloak the light she carried, and which might have enabled her to escape the rough places over which she walked with such precipitation. Finally after many difficulties, she reached the Bridge of St. Martin, amongst whose buttresses the waters of the angry river still continued to roar—angry that it could not free itself from obstacles from which Trastamara first delivered it.

Catalina approached the buttress of the bridge, and a feeling of horror came over her. Perhaps it was because she stood at the edge of the abyss, wherein the water was roaring; perhaps because her hand, accustomed only to do good, was then brandishing a destroying torch; or perhaps because at the moment a frightful thunderbolt fell. However, re-uming courage, she waved in the air the brand which thus far she had kept concealed, and applied it to the scaffolding. The refinous wood soon ignited, and the flame, fanned by the wind, spread rapidly, so that in a few moments the entire Bridge was in a flame.

With all possible haste, and favored by the lightning flashes, and the flames that now enveloped the three arches of the bridge, the courageous woman retraced her steps homeward, and entered the house as noiselessly as she had left it.

Her husband was still asleep. Catalina went back to bed, whilst the flames continued to roar, and the stones of the bridge cracked in the heat. Soon a low and prolonged murmur spread through the city, and from a hundred towers the gloomy signal of fire was given; then followed an immense crash, which drew from the Toledans the same cry of pain and horror which they had uttered when the Bridge of St. Martin fell in the fire kindled, years before, by Don Enrique.

Juan de Arevalo awoke with a start; Catalina seemed to be fast asleep. He dressed hastily, rushed to the street, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he learned the bridge had fallen in the flames.

The Archbishop agreed with the citizens in attributing the casualty to the lightning; and great as was their grief at the destruction of the bridge, they felt even greater sorrow at the thought of the despair into which they considered the architect to be plunged at the loss of what was to be for him a grand triumph.

But Juan de Arevalo, who had always been a true Christian, and who placed his trust in Providence, did not for a moment hesitate to believe that the fire was a special blessing from Heaven. Catalina told him that she was of the same opinion. Let us not examine her words in the spirit of severe judges, ready to pronounce the sentence of condemnation on her for this dissimulating; rather let us throw the veil of Christian charity over the fault; considering the circumstances in which she was placed, and the noble motives that actuated her.

The burning of the new bridge retarded the triumph of Juan de Arevalo for one year only, because on the Feast of St. Ildephonsus of the following year the citizens of Toledo crossed St. Martin's Bridge to visit their beautiful *Cigarrales*; and the Archbishop Don Pedro Tenorio, having on his right hand Juan de Arevalo, in whose honor he had given a magnificent banquet, said to Catalina:

"People call three the lucky number; but for your husband, our dearly beloved friend Juan de Arevalo, the lucky number was two."

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