

the sweet, rich flowers of patriotism and pride in all that concerned Ireland, which filled his fresh young nature with the beautiful and fragrant in cloudier days and humbler circumstances. This golden sunshine, pouring down upon so plentifully to requite his industry and enterprise, served rather still further to expand and enrich those flowers, and gave them a strength and splendor which the clouds and chilliness of a condition less successful might have denied them [loud cheers]. He was delighted in having money because he could share it with his friends and assist the cause of Ireland. He gloried in having made his way to so creditable a position in the commercial world of Liverpool because from that position he was enabled, all the more influentially, to counsel, encourage and direct his countrymen living in that great city. He was proud of his popularity and social acquaintance, not limited to his own circle of social acquaintance, sweeping as it was, nor to the wider circle of those who thought alike with him in politics, nor yet to the crowd of merchants with whom he trafficked every day, but extending among hundreds who differed from him widely on public questions, whom he seldom met in private, and with whom he had few transactions, he felt he had more or less the power to mitigate the hostility with which his country and her claims were regarded by the rich and domineering of the city in which he lived, and that he had more or less the power to reconcile them to the assertion of these claims. In all this he shines forth, if not an enviable and exciting example, certainly a reproving and chastising one, to those half-blooded and half-developed Irishmen, in this and other cities of America, who, having climbed from the dirt and indigence to opulence, and having, as they fancy, nothing but a fashionable finish to acquire (laughter) without which all their gold is but a pile of bricks waiting in the streets to be transformed into a shell of architectural nicety (roars of laughter)—conclude that the quickest way to get the polish is to ignore their Irishness, paint a bit of English heraldry on their carriage panels and stamp it on their spousers, turn up their sensitive and dainty noses at every dinner, parade or ball commemorative of some saint or hero of our grand old island, subscribe to the London Times, spread it out flat on their parlor tables for their modern acquaintances to see and infer they are English, and who, with their backs to their poor old mothers' graves, thank God that a Prince of Wales is not afraid of sea sickness or democracy, as it gives them an opportunity to wave their perfumed kerchiefs, air their gentility, and handle their legs in his presence (laughter and tremendous cheering).—Long previous to the arrival of the deputation of the Eighty-Two Club in Liverpool, and his proceeding with them to London to present the address to Smith O'Brien, MacManus had been heart and soul, ever active with his purse, and ever active with all the impulsiveness and prodigality of his nature—had been heart and soul with the last Repeal movement, from its memorable starting point in the Dublin Corporation, in March 1843, when Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt were pitted against each other, and fought with all the grandeur of Greek demagogues in the debate upon the question. When it was announced, in October, 1843, that O'Connell would assemble the people of Ireland on the plains of Clontarf, and there demand the restoration of the National Parliament, with the voice of congregated hundreds of thousands was he already gone at Tara, at Mullaghmast, on the Carragh of Kildare, and at Enniscorthy, within sight of Vinegar Hill; and when it was rumored that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues had determined to disperse this meeting by force and occupy the plains with twenty thousand British troops, in defiance of the warnings of O'Connell, and to the opprobrious discouragement of his followers, the repealers of Manchester and Liverpool resolved to charter four steamers, cross the channel, and with their countrymen, on their own soil, share the fortunes of the day, whatever they might be. The Repealers of Manchester were under the command of Bernard Sebastian Treanor, now a practising lawyer in Boston, and arrived in Dublin on the morning preceding the day the proscribed meeting was to take place.—They numbered one thousand men, and their arrival furnished the authorities of the Castle with an additional reason for the adoption of military measures to suppress the meeting. The meeting was announced for Sunday the 1st of October. The Liverpool Repealers disembarked the morning after, their destination being caused by the seizure of the steamers they had chartered, and the forcible employment of them by the government, for the transportation of troops to Dublin. Terence Bellew MacManus commanded this second corps d'armee of insubordinate Irishmen (loud and prolonged cheers). There was nothing generous or bold to be done, where the rights and honor of Ireland was at stake, that he was not the foremost and the boldest. His vocation on learning the turn events had taken the previous day, was bitter and intense, for he was not one of those who held that O'Connell should have stood his ground, believing that, had he done so, the foreign government would have drawn the sword upon the right of petition and public remonstrance, the blood shed by them upon the plains of Clontarf would have appealed to the sympathies of Europe and execrations of America, whilst it inflamed the vengeance of the Irish race, the world over, to an intensity which nothing could subdue, and nothing could resist.—From the time I first saw him—the time of the deputation to Smith O'Brien—it was my happiness to meet MacManus frequently, for nearly two years. I had occasion to go London six or eight times after I went there with this deputation, and I made it a point to stay a day or two in Liverpool, going and coming for the sake of the thorough enjoyment his frank bright society afforded. On these occasions I invariably found him mounted on a tall, spindle-legged, black leather-bottomed stool, in a dusky little room, in a gloomy, vast, overwhelming sort of warehouse, forty or fifty feet above the level of the rambling and blackened street, up to his eyes in business, at an old mahogany desk, all smeared with ink, sprinkled with blotting sand and otherwise blotched and mottled. There he was dashing through letters, bills of lading, bills of sale, orders on Henderson orders on Manchester, drafts, advices, railway receipts, invoices, columns of figures two feet in height, policies of insurance—a perfect labyrinth of business, enough to entangle the shrewdest old chap.—there he was, dashing through that multifarious business of his, at the rate of one million and a half pounds sterling a year—radiant, healthy, full of black, teeming with brain, and having a fond, proud, delicate, chivalrous thought for Ireland, all the while [loud and continued applause]. No wonder that he had this beautiful and noble thought, and that it never left him. On a shelf in that dusky little office of his, there was a large tin box, painted in imitation of bronze, with the initials "T. B. Mac." in white upon the lid. That box contained his green and gold uniform, a brace of pistols and a rifle—the rifle, of course, dismounted as in a gun case. He never wheeled round on his tall, gaudy, leather-bottomed, old stool, without his eye flashing on that box; and as surely as it did, off went his bounding heart into the romantic hills of Ireland—right slap into the thick of the tempest of fire and smoke—and he was blazing away, charged to and fro, cheering at the top of his voice for the freedom of the land that bore him, ringing out with a reckless ecstasy—

at Birkenhead, a mile or so above the fort, commonly known as the Rock Port, the accessible points of which, for ulterior purposes, he used constantly to study with the eye of a remorseless conspirator. It was a neat, old-fashioned, cozy little cottage—had a green door, a brass knocker, projecting eaves, white muslin curtains to the low square windows, and the shingly beach striking straight down to the water's edge, right in front of it [applause]. The evenings I spent with him in that cozy little cottage, will ever be to me unclouded memories of pleasure. MacManus imperfect as his education was, in a scholarly point of view, had the heartiest relish for literature, provided it was national in its spirit and served to illustrate the heroism and magnanimity of patriotic men—the mountains, the ruins, the old walls, the fields and rivers of a country with which stories of chivalrous deeds were blended. Washington and his Generals, by Headley, was a favorite book of his. He carried it with him to Australia. It was in fact the only book, besides Davis's Poems, he had in his portmanteau the morning he stepped on board her Britannic Majesty's sloop of war, the Swift, and the portmanteau and a carpenter's tool chest was all the baggage he took the trouble to emigrate with. In the way of novels or romances, Miss Porter's Scottish Chiefs was the only one he ever cared to read, but that was the light and rapture of his lonelier hours in prison. Of O'Connell's intellectual power, his humor, his dexterity in controverting an antagonist, his terrible ability in sarcasm and invective, the murmuring music of his pathos, the haughty impetuosity of his earlier days, his triumphs at the bar, the grand, dauntless, defiant, conquering air with which he walked into the Commons of Great Britain, and took them all by storm—of these attributes and achievements of the lordly Irish tribune he was a vehement admirer. For the weaknesses and fallacies of O'Connell's latter days, however, and the groveling doctrine that liberty was not worth one drop of blood, he had nothing but a silent expression or, at most, an ejaculation of reproachful anguish—the recollection of the old man's healthier times and nobler teachings repressing in MacManus an incomparable career provoked. But for Thomas Davis he had an unqualified, unreserved, and unmeasured admiration. Abounding and boundless, it was something more than admiration. It was an enthusiastic, impetuous, exaltive love and worship. The purity, the strength, the fruitfulness, the intensity of that young nature which, in three years, had pervaded Ireland with a renovating fire, purifying and concentrating the public mind, consuming so many rank prejudices that had root therein, and germinating in their stead an abundance of healthful sympathies, and hopes, and lessons, which, for all sects and classes of the country, had a common attraction, and but one high aim. The various and wondrous excellencies of this glorious young nature had kindled in MacManus all the fervor and excitement of an adoration. How his large blue eye used to overflow with a bubbling light, then flash, then gush, as though his very soul were escaping from it—how his handsome haughty head used to tremble and rear itself in frenzy almost—how his hand used to close, and tighten, as though it clutched a sword, and he were crouching in the saddle for a charge—how his whole frame, dilating with all the passions and electricity of his nature, used to quiver like a frigate bending to the gale, then brace itself again, and stand firm as a rock—how glowingly, vehemently, fiercely, grandly, he used to repeat these lines of Davis, I well remember:

"Full often when our fathers saw the red above the green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike and spear,
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish green above the English red."

For Charles Gavan Duffy, too, he had the warmest regard. Born in the same town—reared under the same roof almost, playmates and school-fellows, brothers in companionship from infancy to boyhood—they left their birth-place on the same day together, the one to win an enduring name in the field of politics and letters, the other to launch his heart of Irish oak and prove it staunch and masterly in the roaring thoroughfares of commerce. MacManus took high pride in the fact that the North of Ireland had sent two of the clearest and strongest intellects of the day to serve the national cause—to invigorate the emboldened, and adorn it. Monaghan contributed one of the two; Newry contributed the other. Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," and Mitchell's "Life of Hugh O'Neil" were prized by him beyond all the profits his agency for all the great Irish importers brought him. With those in his pocket, he would have gone through the world, though he had not a shilling to sport with, and been as joyous and radiant as Oliver Goldsmith was, trudging through Europe in an old hat and a threadbare coat, with a yellow flate stuck in one pocket of it, and some dry rubble of bread and cheese in the other. For every young Irishman—who, like Davis, Mitchell, Duffy, Reilly and McNeer, had dedicated his genius to the service of Ireland, and brought imperishable offerings of intellectual beauty and power to the altar of the national faith—for every young Irishman who had proved himself as they had done, MacManus would have a crown wrought of the purest gold, and paid for it himself if his means allowed him. As for Eva and Speranza—for any queeny or child-like one of that impassioned sisterhood, whose harps were heard in their various moods of love, sorrow, tenderness, anguish, sweetness and vengeance—now like Sappho in her wrath, and now like Miriam in her exultation—thrilling and pulsating throughout the surging tumult of the people—for any queeny or child-like one of that impassioned sisterhood, did her happiness or fame require it, did the slightest peril cross her path or a speck of calumny sully the sky above her, MacManus would have flung away his life, and exulted as he expired. Such being his admiration, love and worship of all that was intellectually beautiful, powerful, chivalrous and noble amongst the writers and orators of his own country—as well as of all that was righteous, romantic and heroic in other lands—and such his appreciation of all that redemptive society, improves the man, and exalts the nation, you can readily understand why those evenings, passed with him, were evenings of effulgent happiness, and that the memory of them, with whomsoever it abides, will not dim. The last of them occurred in me in March, 1848. From that out I met MacManus in far different scenes, and we had something else to talk about besides the poetry of Ireland. The French Revolution of February, whilst it turned Louis Philippe and his family out of doors, drove me away from that snug cottage on the beach at Birkenhead. I had to go further and fare worse. Nevertheless, I remember it as though it were but yesterday. I know it stands there in the old place yet—for the bump of desirateness is not so enormously developed any where in England as it is in New York, where whole streets are constantly shrouded like cards, and the Knave of Clubs, just now at the bottom of the pack in Water street, takes the place of the Queen of Hearts up town [roars of laughter]. I know that the little cottage on the beach at Birkenhead stands in the old place yet, and can fancy, that those two low square windows in front, reflecting the lanterns of the shipping in the river, are this moment flickering and glaring across the Mersey, as though, like human eyes, they had kept wide open these twelve years past, watching for the return of the absent master of the dwelling, and that of their long, long, vigil they had grown tired at last. Shut those flickering and glaring eyes, poor, deserted little homestead, and grow dark! Sink deep into the beach, or let the wild waves leap up and carry thee far out to sea; for thy gallant, generous, upright, affectionate noble master lies dead this night eight thousand miles away, and the

cheerful fire that once burned so strongly on thy hearthstone, is quenched for ever. How came that cottage to be deserted? What brought his master so far away? How fared he when he left it? What of his brave, sunny heart? Did sorrow and vexation, and a load of agony fall upon it, and did it droop and wilt and break at last, thinking of the darkened cottage by the Mersey, and of what was dearer to it still, the grand misty hills, the ruins breathing through their rents and rustling iries of a persecuted faith and plundered race, the ancient hospitable cities, the mystic rats and glorious battle fields of a land, upon the warm bosom of which it might never sleep again? Listen to the story—it will soon be told.

One day at the close of July, 1848, I drove up towards a crowd that was gathered in front of a wretched hotel on the Common of Boulagh, somewhere, I believe, in the South Riding of Tipperary. As I approached nearer, I saw that the crowd was armed. It was a cloudy, damp, drizzly, raw, miserable day. But, now and then, there were gleams of sunshine; and one of those gleams lit up for an instant a dozen pikes or so, a dozen bayonets, scythes, and gun-barrels, when I was something less than a quarter of a mile from them. Approaching still nearer, a shout was given—then another, and then a third—the pikes, scythes, and bayonets being thrust upward in the murky air, amid the waving of hats and green branches, and the discharge of pistols.—The next moment I recognized Smith O'Brien, John Dillon, and O'Donoghue [loud cheers]. Smith O'Brien stood with folded arms a little in advance of the crowd, looking as immutable and serene as usual. Dillon, with a large blue military cloak thrown over his shoulders, smiled quietly and picturesquely alongside of him, his mild, dark, handsome features contrasting richly with the plainer and sterner aspect of O'Brien. With a thick, black fur cap—something like a grenadier's ruseed—drawn over his ears and down to his eye brows, with a little black cape hooked round his neck, and a musket hooked to his cheek, O'Donoghue peered through the front rank of the Guerrillas, his sharp black eyes darting in sparks of fire from him, the wild delight excited by the scene and the prospect of a fight.—John O'Mahony, too, was there; and so were Michael Doherty, Devin Reilly, John Kavanagh, James Cantwell, and James Stevens. As I jumped off the car to throw myself among them, a tall, dashing, soldierly fellow—his frank, bold, handsome features flashing with delight—sprang forward, with a ringing and uproarious laugh, to grasp me by the hand. It was his left hand he held out to me—his right hand held a rifle. A green cap, with a broad black band, was jauntily tossed upon his head, and a black glazed leather belt, supporting a cartridge-box, was buckled round his waist. You recognize MacManus at a glance [enthusiastic cheers]. There he is—into the fight, at last, for which he had so often prayed, and of which he had so often dreamt, and with the anticipations of which he had so often swept into such reveries and ecstasies, even in the midst of business, in the dense fog and roar of Liverpool, when he had a million and a half of merchandise to clog and chain him to the earth, its realities and selfishness [applause]. Free he is—free at last—free to his heart's content—free as his proud, generous, gallant, reckless, splendid nature ever prompted him to be. Never did he so warmly, vehemently, wildly, elate and welcome me as that dusky little office, in that vast gloomy warehouse over there in Liverpool—never with such a glowing hand, with such a flood of brightness in his face, with such a rush of blood to his bounding heart, did he clasp and welcome me in that cozy little cottage on the beach at Birkenhead—never so convulsively as he did on that drizzly day, on the roadside, on the Commons of Boulagh, when in arms, with the bridge cut clean down behind him—he stood, as he fervently believed, on the eve of firing his first shot, and striking his first blow for the liberty of Ireland. The *habous corpus* act had been suspended. The Lord Lieutenant was empowered to arrest and imprison every person in Ireland suspected of reasonable designs. The Irish nationalists were driven to bay.—They had either to fight or give up. The manlier alternative was accepted.—MacManus, anticipating that such would be the case, had crossed over to Kingston, in the very steamer which brought the official announcement of the suspension act; and dexterously evading a detective who had pounced on his track the moment he landed, was into Tipperary before his friends in Liverpool missed him (great laughter and cheering). The day before I met him on the Commons of Boulagh, he had been on the barricades of Killenalea, where a troop of hussars had been brought to a dead halt; but, after a while, were permitted to pass through the town, the captain of the troop pledging his word he had not come there to arrest O'Brien. The day after, he was leading the peasantry in the attack on that massive stone house, known as the Widow McCormack's, close to the village of Ballingarry; of which attack the world, through the English press, has heard so much that is false and truculent—(cries of hear, hear).—There, under the fire of fifty constabulary carbines, pouring their shot thick and fast as hail upon him, did MacManus stand his ground; now returning the fire with deliberate aim; now heaping up bay and straw against the door at the back of the house, and trying his best every way to set it in a blaze, so as to smoke the garrison into a surrender or an outdoor fight; at another time urging back O'Brien, who at close quarters was recklessly exposing himself to the murderous shower which came hot and blinding from every window in the building; and then again, beating off the wretched bags that hung upon the outskirts of the fight, thumping their breasts and tearing their hair, calling out to the handful of brave boys fighting there, to give over, and not make their homes desolate. Had MacManus succeeded in setting fire to the bay and straw he had heaped against the door at the back of the house, there would have been a different story told, of Ballingarry than that which is now in circulation, and the Irish rising of 1848 would not have ended there (hear, hear, and cheers.) But it was impossible for him to do so. There was not a match to be had, nor could he get a boy or a girl within reach of him, to run for a sod of lighted turf. Five times did he walk up deliberately and discharge his rifle, loaded with powder only, into the stack; and five times did he retire under cover to load and cap again, stamping his foot, wringing his hands and blustering out something or other, in a frenzy of disappointment and vexation, baffled, as he was, at what he knew to be the turning point of the attack. Side by side with him, under this fierce fire, stood my friend John Kavanagh, until he fell struck by a ball, the scar left by which, as an evidence of his bravery and devotion in the cause of Ireland, every true Irishman must envy him (cheers). The news of this fight was about three months old when the cry ran through the streets of Clonmel that Terence Bellew MacManus had been sentenced to death. And the cry was still ringing from one end to the other of the town, when a vile-looking vehicle, drawn by two sorry horses, and driven by a squallid old vagabond, escorted by an armed body of police, jolted down from the Court House to the jail. When it reached the gate of this scowling pile of stone and mortar—the bare look of which is enough to freeze a Hotentot to death (loud laughter)—a door at the back of the foul vehicle was opened by the sub-sheriff, and out stepped the rebel who had been just condemned,—and as he passed through the double row of lifted bayonets, and the gate closed after him, he looked and bore himself the same proud, dauntless, bright, soldierly fellow he ever was. Ah! it was hard for him to have been thus shut in, when, little more than a month before, he had been upon the sea—the Stars and Stripes above his head—England baffled in her pursuit and vengeance, lowering in his wake—America, with her thousand welcomes, rising like the summer sun in the West before him, on the margin of the ocean (loud applause.) But the winds played false to him, and forcing back the ship when

it had been three days out, delivered him into the hands of the English spies—spies of various parts, wavel and partly vampire, which then infested all the ports of Ireland (derisive laughter and cheers.) After the affair at Ballingarry, MacManus fell in with me near Nine Mile House; and for ten days we were together in the mountains, all over the country, from Slieveanamon to Keener, doing our best to rally the people and bring them to the charge again. But it was too late. The crisis was over.—There was deep prostration instead of the slightest animation. The government were acting with appalling vigor at every point. Wherever it showed itself the Catholic element—influenced undoubtedly by the most benevolent anxiety for the safety of the people—discouraged, forced back, and silenced the revolutionary sentiment. The professional and mercantile classes, who were neutral at first, and whilst the issue was in suspense, hastened in herds to the Union Jack, and there had themselves sworn in as special constables in the service of England—some of the most valiant, the noisiest and sauciest of the Repealers of 1843 being the foremost of the craven and dastardly crowd. Worn out, fevered, outlawed, hopeless at last, we parted at the foot of the Keener mountain. MacManus ascending it at night, accompanied by a wild looking half-naked peasant, and there lighting a huge bonfire, with the vague thought that it might startle the people with the belief that all was not over yet, and so reanimate them to resistance. For a forlorn cabin in which I spent that night—four miles southward of the mountain—I looked out at times; and every time saw that deep red fire glowing up there in the black heavens, and could almost fancy I saw the daring rebel who had flung this last defiance to the enemy, crouching close to the rock amid furze, listening with hushed heart and straining eye—listening through the deep stillness for some answering shout from below, to the signal of battle with which he swept the sky. Oh! that the day may soon come, when, lifting the flag of Ireland, amid the lightnings of saluting arms and the thunders of an artillery such as they have in the Sierras of Spain, we shall all ascend the Keener Mountain in the foot-prints of our lost friend and comrade, and there re-light the fire, the ashes of which now lie cold as those which, but the other day, were mingled with the golden sands of the Pacific (vehement applause.)

With the closing chapters of this eventful story—with most of them, at all events—you are all familiar; for you have heard of the detection of Smith O'Brien and others, under sentence of death and military surveillance, for a twelvemonth in Richmond Prison, within the limits of the city of Dublin—and the escape of four of them, including John Mitchell, aided, as they were, by the free settlers of that colony, who, in assisting them, were perders to mark their reprobation of the base attempt of the English government to enfold the Irish rebels, contending honorably and manfully for the liberty of their country, with such rascals of English society such as Pate, Bates, and Strahan.

Throughout all the scenes and changes—in prison—on that wearisome voyage of five months to a penal island—during his lonesome exile there—MacManus preserved the same generous, courageous, glowing heart, displayed the same rapid and exhaustless activity of brain, showed the same indomitable pluck, carried his head as independently and proudly as he did in Liverpool in the brightest days of his prosperity. It was not in his nature ever to be downcast. He would not have been so, clinging to a spar in the midst of the wildest and blackest sea.—It was not in his nature ever to be listless, indolent, supine. He would have busied himself, somehow or other, and been all energy and excitement, were it the bleakest rock he had been thrown upon, and there was no way to leave it. During our stay in Richmond Prison, having obtained the necessary permission, he was constantly in the garden belonging to the amiable little Portuguese governor of that penitential and highly reformatory institution—was constantly there, pruning the fruit-trees, weeding the walks and beds, hoeing, raking, manuring, digging, swaying the water pot or dragging the rolling stone. On the voyage to Van Dieman's Land, in stormy weather, he was always catching Mother Carey's chickens, Cape pigeons, or those huger birds, such as the albatross, that wheeled and whooped about us when the sea ran highest and the clouds were drifting fastest. In Van Dieman's Land, he never let the fish of the Derwent, nor the birds in the woods of the Western Tier alone for a day (great laughter.) Whether with gun or fishing-rod, he was always armed, always on the tramp, always proving his skill, his ingenuity, his prowess. That box of carpenter's tools I mentioned, some time since, as the sole accompaniment to his portmanteau, he brought out on a speculation, hoping that something or other might turn up on the voyage and give him a job (laughter and cheers.) On several occasions it was called into requisition. As the Pates did not furnish him with work, he supplied it to himself. He damaged two or three articles of furniture in our state room, for the sake of mending them again. He persuaded Smith O'Brien to allow him to operate on his camp-chair, one of the legs of which had got out of order, and from this operation the limb never recovered (roars of laughter.) Strange to say, the same ship that took me round the Horn to Pernambuco, on my way to New York, in 1852, had taken him, on my way to San Francisco, by Tahiti and Honolulu. Many a night, as I sat up with him in his cabin over our pipes and grog, it amused me to hear the Captain—Heaven rest his plucky little soul—tell how MacManus contrived to keep himself employed, interested and excited, the six weeks they were together. One time, the Captain said, he helped the men to patch a torn sail.—Another time he was up the rigging, out upon the yard-arm, spreading canvas or stowing it home. Another time again, he was executing a chart of the voyage from his own observations; and once he undertook to regulate the chronometer—a philanthropic experiment, which, but for the providential interposition of the afflicted Captain himself, might have proved fatal (shouts of laughter.)

One morning early in January, 1852, I awoke in the Bay of San Francisco. It was a drizzly, murky, dismal morning, threatening just such another day as that I had on the Commons of Boulagh. The darkened picture, however, was striking, animated, and impressive. There was a crowd of shipping.—There was a bold stretch of water swarming with steamboats, which flew hither and thither shrieking and foaming with all their might. There was a vast white city, which, in a helter-skelter rush, it seemed to me, had leaped from the water and spread itself, like a gleaming army of Arabs over numberless sand-hills, and an immense tract of desert. There were mountains, beyond there towards the sea, of unknown height, for the huge clouds and they were one and indivisible. There were mountains inland, and they, too, were blended with the blackness of the sky, save where a monstrous dome of snow showed what was mountain and what was cloud, and this they said was Mount Diablo. The wharf was thronged as our enormous steamship dropped broadside to it. There was many a hearty voice greeting the new accession to the Golden State. I, too, had a hand, full as strong and warm and brave as any there, to grasp me not with one, but with a thousand welcomes. The same frank, handsome, beaming face I had seen so often and in such various scenes—in that little cottage on the beach in Birkenhead—in the mountains of Tipperary—in the prison—on the sea for five long months—in the forests of Tasmania—the same was there, glowing with friendship and affection, with the thronging memories of old times, with all the impulsiveness of a nature that was lavish of life as of wealth, as daring as it was hospitable, as vehement as it was confiding. And yet it was not the same, for there were lines impressed upon it which told me at a glance, that despite of all its heartiness and exuber-

ance, the world had gone wrong with him, and that he had found, at last, it was bitter and hard to taste, the bread of exile. Arriving in San Francisco, MacManus resumed his old business. But in a new country it had to be conducted in a new way—more boldly, perhaps, and less scrupulously—with a more dazzling brilliancy, perhaps, but with results less positive and legitimate—and this his sickening mind would not bend to, trained as it had been, to the more prudent, correct, and certain mercantile system which prevails in Europe.—It was all strange to him, he said to me, all wrong, wild, hazardous, false and desperate; and he would have nothing to do with it. Hence, his days in California were days of poverty, and the proud face that once was full of light, and light alone, now had heavy shadows crossing it at times.

SERMON OF THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ROCH, PARIS.

[Paris letter to the Dublin Irishman.]

But the anxiety of the British press was even more painful than that of the prelate of Tuam.—That there should be supposed to be any special distress in Ireland, of all countries in the world, in Ireland, the "most favored portion of the United Kingdom," as Englishmen assure the world; this was too intolerable; and the pretension of a French Bishop to know about those back premises of the British empire, beyond what the *Post* and *Times* chose to reveal, was a thing not to be endured. So, as Lord Plunkett answered the preacher's "calumnies" before they were uttered, the *Post* criticized his sermon before it was delivered—called it a tissue of lies, nay, "putrid" lies, long since dead and buried in Ireland, but now bubbling up in the corruption of Paris. As for the evicted and starving wretches, the *Post* said they were "thieves"—that nothing was safe from their pilfering—that the idea of rent was mocked at by the seventy miscreants—that the decent tenants of the estate were tormented by these bad characters—that the Bishop himself was oppressed by them; in short, that he owed it to the honest neighbors, as well as to himself and the interests of humanity, to turn them out last November, and pull down their houses.

Now, one good result of this was to through the great church of St. Roch yesterday to its utmost capacity. Perhaps many persons really believed that the Bishop of Orleans was going to make a foul assault on the Bishop of Tuam—though he had never shown contempt for all that British impertinence; and, doubtless, thousands flocked to the church with the more legitimate thought of honestly doing almshouses to relieve the suffering poor.

At any rate, the church was so crowded, hours before the time announced for the service, that the doors had to be closed to prevent fatal accidents a full half hour before the ceremonies began. Many of the most distinguished persons in France were present. Of the imperial family there were present the Princess Mathilde, King Victor Emmanuel's daughter, Clotilde, and the Duchess of Hamilton, and Princess of Baden. The Duke of Fitzjames was there, with his Duchess, and also the Dowager Duchess Fitzjames; the Marchioness de la Ferté, and I need hardly add the name of that good Irishwoman, the most successful collector of all, Madame de MacMahon, Duchess of Magenta.

Three o'clock came, and the Bishop mounted the pulpit: a man of good presence, with strongly marked aquiline features, and age about fifty-five. He seemed deeply impressed by the vast multitude that sat still as if turned to stone, gazing on his face; and at first his face wavered and shook; but, as he advanced into his subject, his tones became strong, and his action vehement, until he abandoned himself to the full flow of sacred and noble oratory, in the most impassioned pleading I ever heard from human lips. Far was it from his thought to lundy abuse with the man of Tuam, or even to occupy himself at all about that divine and his apostolic labors in Partry. It is true that the first idea of this charity sermon sprang from the extemporations of that bad bishop; but, as Mgr. Dupanloup studied the horrible phenomena, he soon became aware that Lord Plunkett's petty devastation of those twelve little holdings was put a part, and very small part, of a vast national affliction; and that Plunkett himself deserved no especial and particular blame beyond hundreds of other landlords, who "do what they will with their own." As he studied the history of the country, and the records of the famine, and the uniform policy of British government in Ireland, he easily perceived that it was not so much this poor Plunkett as the British government, that had thrown out the seventy human creatures on Partry mountains. He saw that to appeal effectively for Ireland he must lay the foundations of his discourse deep in our indestructible nationality, make it as grand as Ireland's cause, and wide as her desolation.

When he ascended the pulpit, therefore, he manifested all the solemnity of his task, and addressed himself to it in a manner which was far, indeed, from polemical, or defiant, or denunciatory. He warned his audience that his words were to have no political bearing; that he was but a minister of God pleading for the poor, seeking to procure food for the hungry and clothing for the naked, in an ancient and noble land, the sister of their own Gaelic France—where poverty and misery such as France never knew, nor could believe or imagine, crush down, wear and wither away perennially and perpetually, a people of nature so lofty, so—

I am ashamed to repeat the language in which this warm hearted Bishop spoke of our poor countrymen. In fact, I know not how to attempt to give your readers some faint sketch of the strange discourse which held for two hours in breathless attention the most intellectual audience that preacher, perhaps, ever addressed.

The bishop avowed himself a partisan at once.—With a voice that rung through the vaulted aisles, he cried—"Yes, I love Ireland." He contrasted the fine imaginative, affectionate, and devoted national character of the Gael with the "cold and positive" genius of commercial England—passed in review the long series of Irish saints and missionaries that in the early ages of Christianity carried letters and religion through all the continent of Europe—named with veneration the illustrious name of Columbanus, to whom France herself owed some of her grandest monastic establishments; and while he asserted for his own land, at least, a partnership in the apostolic labors, he yet freely accorded to Ireland the prize and the primacy.

Then the orator passed to Irish military renown—and here I must observe that the Reverend prelate became more passionately excited in his praise of Irish soldiers than even in his tribute to Irish saints; and from the intonation of his voice and action of his arm, I surmised that if he were not a bishop he would be a muralist. In words of lyric grandeur, he recalled the career of myriads of gallant Irishmen whose blood had watered every battle field of Europe, for France—reminded his hearers that, proud as they were of French military triumphs, they ought to bethink them that, for near three centuries, wherever one way had fought, for near three centuries, wherever effort was to be made against the enemies of France, it was usually the lofty pine of an Irish chief, the baton of an Irish marshal that led on the thundering charge—down even to this day, continued the bishop, "when the sound of an Irish name awakens, like a noble echo, the immortal words, Malakoff and Magenta." Here there was a movement, a rapid drawing of the breath, a kindling of eyes, throughout that vast assemblage; and but that we were in a church the vaulted roof would have trembled with ringing cheers. On this particular "head" of his discourse, indeed—(I mean the "fighting head")—though he did not long dwell upon it, the bishop was especially emphatic. He revelled in the anecdotes of the Brigade—how Louis XIV. said, when his minister at Paris wearily complained that those