WATERFORD CELEBRITIES

INCLUDING

Dr. LAWRENCE REYNOLDS, Poet Laureate to the Irish Brigade.

WILLIAM GRATTAN TYRONE POWER, Comedian.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, Composer.

JOHN HOGAN, Sculptor.

CHARLES J. KEAN, Tragedian.

ROBERT BOYLE, Philosopher.

PETER LOMBARD, Primate of Ireland.

LUKE WADDING, Statesman and Writer.

THOMAS SOTELLE ROBERTS, Painter.

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

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Waterford Celebrities

BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

DR. LAWRENCE REYNOLDS,

Poet-Laureate to the Irish Brigade.

PART I.

But few officers of the Army of the Potomac were more familiarly known to, or more universally esteemed by their comrades in arms, than Doctor Lawrence Reynolds, the genial-hearted surgeon of the 63rd Regiment, N.Y.V, (Irish Brigade). Skilful and experienced in his profession, a highly educated Irish gentleman, a versatile writer, an orator and poet, and an earnest, active worker in the cause of Irish nationality for over half a century, he well merited the respect of his fellow officers, and the enthusiastic affection which was accorded him by his compatriots of the rank-and-file. It was impossible for any genuine Irishman to know "Old Larry!" (as he was endearingly designated by his fellow countrymen) and not love him. He was the very personification of cheerfulness and good-nature; his beaming countenance, like the sun, diffused warmth where ever it shone. Though he lived to the age of four-score-and-four, yet his heart remained always fresh and young. Gifted by nature with an abundant fount of ready wit and genuine Irish humor, though quick at repartee, he was seldom sarcastic, and never bitter in his retorts. The victims of his playful humor enjoyed his jokes most keenly, for, in general, they were among his most intimate friends. Poor, dear old doctor! His was an eventful and chequered career.

Doctor Lawrence Reynolds was born in the city of Waterford, in the year 1803. He came of an old and highly respectable Catholic family, and was the youngest of four brothers. Having

received the best education which his native city afforded to Catholics in those days, and being gifted from early boyhood with a literary taste, he commenced his public career by engaging with his brothers in the publication of a newspaper. His brothers were men of methodical habits and well calculated to succeed in business; but, according to a contemporary writer and fellow citizen of "Larry's," the latter was of too restless and adventurous a disposition to confine himself to the dull routine of office life, and accordingly he abandoned it, and drifted off to England to "seek his fortune"—like so many others of his gifted countrymen in his time—and since.

In England he applied his talents to the study of medicine, and having secured his diploma in due time, he settled down to the practice of his profession in the city of Liverpool. Liverpool at that time had an Irish-born population outnumbering the population of Cork; and as Dr. Reynolds' native city was fairly represented in this "foreign element," it is likely that, had he devoted himself exclusively to business, he would eventually realize an independent fortune. But "Larry's" inclinations did not tend to the fortune-making direction. He felt too lively an interest in the political condition of the working classes not to bear a hand in achieving the reforms which were so much needed, and so loudly demanded by the English Democracy—or "Chartists"—as that party were then called.

Doctor Reynolds, therefore, became known as one of the most effective local lieutenants of the Chartist leader—his countryman, Fergus O'Connor. A ready writer and fluent speaker, his pen and tongue rendered effective service to the Chartist movement for several years preceding the revolutionary epoch of 1843. Then, borne along by the tide of events, he took his place on the crest of the wave, which he believed was about overwhelming the "Thrones of Dominations," which he had ever regarded as the enemies of humanity. He knew that the attainment of this desirable end would necessitate the employment of other weapons than those by which it was sought to gain the "Five Points of the Charter," and accordingly took the readiest and most effectual way of supplying the required articles.

His mode of proceeding to meet the emergency may be best learned from the annexed extract of a speech delivered by him at the great Chartist meeting held in Liverpool on the 7th April, 1848. It is taken from the *Liverpool Albion*, which designates it as "a specimen of the wicked and inflammatory harangues uttered on that occasion:—

Doctor Reynolds said—"When I give in my adhesion to a cause, I will never give it up till death or success. There shall never be a Chartist meeting in Liverpool at which I shall not make my appearance before you. I hate those slow, lazy theorists of liberty, who will read pamphlets by the fireside, but when the day of discussion and battle comes will be away from the glorious field, and will leave you without a head to guide or an arm to assist you. And as I see there is use for better professions than that which I belong to (the medical) I intend to give it up. Gentlemen, I know of no physic which can give strength to a person who wants food; and the people of England want food much more than what I can give them. It is my intention to set up the *ironmongery business* in your town. It is my intention to deal largely in the articles of muskets and bayonets, and pikes. (A voice—'That's the physic'), and very probably the next week's papers will tell you where you can get guns, warranted not to burst, and pikes of the best description, at the most reasonable prices. I can inform you now pretty accurately what they can be got for. A good gun and bayonet, warranted good, can be got for 12s 6d; a good pikehead can be got for 2s. (A voice—D——d cheap). More information I can give you at another time; but recollect what I sell you them for. I don't call upon you to make use of them; but the law allows you to have them—and why should you not have them when the law allows you to have them? I tell you this: I care not whether my weapons are legal or illegal; no cause ever yet succeeded in which men were not yet prepared, if need be, to lend themselves to the scaffold. And I shall go on, even if I thought that within a year from the time I commenced I should be taken to the scaffold for so doing. Remember, O mortal men before me, that you must die one time or another; and I would rather die leaving a glorious name behind me, of which neither country or family would be ashamed, than linger out a miserable old age.

"Gentlemen, we want many things in this town; and as I am an ambitious man, if you will allow me to be one of your committee, I shall work hard. Liverpool is a grand town; and if our enemies attempt an attack, it will be the first town which will be won by the friends of freedom.

"Now we meet next Friday; you will see me again, and my talented friend, Mr Somers, will be with me. Judge of us as a specimen of what the Young Irelanders are; and be assured you will not encounter any danger of which I shall not be at the front." The orator then proposed a cheer for John Mitchel, which was enthusiastically given.

Doctor Reynolds meant all he said in the foregoing speech. He *did* give up the practice of medicine, and within a week had opened an establishment for the sale of arms at 110, Leeds street, Liverpool. He had ordered a quantity of small swords sent there for sale, but on arriving on the premises found them in possession of an inspector and four policemen. He ordered them out, but they refused to leave until night. A crowd had meantime collected, and the Doctor addressed them: "Now, boys, do you wish to purchase any of these articles? their use is to cut bacon —or anything you like."

He subsequently summoned the police for trespass, and the magistrate was compelled to recognize the law, so he gently rebuked the inspector, but lectured the ironmonger on the enormity of his offence in providing the people with such weapons. "The offender," adds the report, "remained obstinately deaf to the stipendiary's advice, and is resolved, as far as in him lies, to habituate the people to the use of strong weapons. God bless his work!"

The time soon came, however, when Mr. Rushton, the Liverpool stipendiary, got over his scrupulous regards for the *forms* of law. When the Habæus Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, Irishmen in England of Doctor Reynold's pronounced republican tendencies, were accorded but little legal privileges. A warrant was issued for his arrest on a charge of treasonable conspiracy in supplying arms to her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. But he succeeded in baffling the myrmidons of the law, and eventually made his escape to America. One of his salesmen, however, a man named John Cuddy, was not so fortunate. He was arrested on a charge of supplying arms to the Irish rebels. "The evidence against him was of a voluminous character. It went to prove the connection of Cuddy with the Irish clubs and the leaders of the rebel party. It exposed an organised system of correspondence between the confederate clubs in Dublin and those in Liverpool, connecting the prisoner Cuddy and the notorious Dr. Reynolds (for whom Cuddy sold pikes) with them in their several movements. The fact of Cuddy being discovered with a bag full of pikes was followed up by evidence proving him to have regularly attended the confederate and club meetings in Liverpool, and the public meetings generally where Dr Reynolds was in the habit of speaking. Mr Rushton, the magistrate, told the accused that it became his duty to commit him for trial at the assizes."

How it fared with Cuddy eventually I have no means of knowing. But, in the meantime, his principal was keeping his word by

affiliating himself with his fellow-exiles in New York, who, like himself, were pledged never to cease their efforts for Irish liberty except in Death or Victory.

PART II.

Doctor Reynolds, on his arrival in New York, settled down to the practice of his profession, and soon being recognized as a skilful physician and surgeon, he built up a lucrative business. But he abandoned it on the breaking out of the war, to give the benefit of his professional experience to his brave countrymen, who risked their lives in defence of the institutions which he had venerated from early childhood. In accordance with the practical ideas of patriotism, which was his most distinguished characteristic, he, on the 26th February, 1862, joined the 63rd Regiment, New York volunteers (Irish Brigade), and received his commission as surgeon on the corps being mustered into the United States service. He served with his regiment throughout the war, being on duty in every battle-field on which the Irish Brigade was engaged—and the list is a long and glorious one—extending, as it did, from Yorktown to Ream's Station.

When not actively employed on the field, Doctor Reynolds volunteered on the Head-quarters' Medical Staff. He was so highly esteemed by his commander, General Hancock, that, on the recommendation of that distinguished officer, Surgeon Reynolds, "for service in the field," was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

But, notwithstanding his onerous professional duties, the ardent old patriot still found time to serve the cause of his native land. His tongue, pen and purse were ever at her service. In the officer's circle of the Fenian Brotherhood no man in the Irish Brigade was more enthusiastic or zealous than the gray-bearded old Surgeon of the 63rd. His speeches infused his own hopeful, healthy energy into the hearts of his hearers, while his spirit-stirring songs, scattered broad cast throughout the camp, kept up the sentiment of patriotism in the souls of the susceptible Celts of all ranks and conditions. An experienced judge of human nature, he was quick to appreciate the moral worth of his

associates in the good cause, and no man was more faithful to the friends who had once won his esteem.

Of these, the two that stood highest in his regard and affection were John O'Mahony and General Thomas Smythe, that *beau ideal* of an Irish soldier, who fell in the closing battle of the war. To illustrate Dr Reynold's poetical abilities I purpose making a few selections from his writings, giving preference to those expressive of the estimation in which he held the above illustrious representatives of the Irish race. The first was written in February, 1866.

TO JOHN O'MAHONY, H. C. F. B.

Work on, work on, and falter not
  At open hate or covert foe,
Give every energy and thought
  To choose the time to deal the blow.
A million spirits, brave and true,
  Confide to you their country's lot.
All Ireland looks in hope to you—
  Be calm, be firm, and falter not.

Let not impatient friends prevail,
  Impatient friends than foes are worse;
Heed not when fools your acts assail,
  Nor when base slanderers taunt and curse.
Walk calmly on—how small at first
  Your trusting patriot Fenian band!
Yet now they're strong enough to burst
  The shackles of their native land.

When politicians laughed and scorned
  The score who listened to your plan;
When even honest patriots mourned,
  And saw no help from God or man—
Where were our new-fledged patriots then,
  Whose taunts your cautious steps pursue?
They were the merriest of men
  Who laughed at Ireland's cause and you.

March calmly on and falter not,
  Resolve that Ireland shall be free;
And every peasant in his cot
  Shall yet bless John O'Mahony.
Wait till the proper time appears
  The combat wisely to begin;
We're ready now, but will wait years,
  Nor strike until we strike to win.

From his longest poem—entitled "IN MEMORY"—written in commemoration of his fellow comrades of the Irish Brigade, I select this tribute to his dearly beloved friend and fellow-patriot, General Smythe:—

"And he, at the mere mention of whose name
The thrill of anguish agitates my frame,
The kindliest friend I've known since life began—
The friend and pride of each true Irishman,
The good Tom Smythe, the patriotic Irish chief,
Whose fall diffused such universal grief,
That hearts bereaved and blighted hopes o'er power
The joy of glory's final crowning hour;
And sighs and sobs and tears from every eye
Evince the anger of that victory;
And every sorrowing soldier that we met
Bears on his brow the semblage of defeat.

"Thrice happy days when Ireland's brave Brigade
The orders of the chief they loved obeyed;
When punishment and censure were unknown—
Smythe ruled the soldiers' hearts by love alone.
'Do this'—and in a moment it is done,
'Go there'—the loving soldiers hear and run;
'Charge'—they are rushing on the roaring gun,
The foe are scattered and the field is won.
His fair and beautiful, yet manly face—
His tall square form, yet one of stately grace,
Made him, as he rode on with noble mien,
The great grand portrait of the battld scene.

"Amid his Aides how affable and kind—
Manners how cordial, gentle and refined;
So full of heart, so dignified and free,
He seemed a father 'mid his family.
And never will his guests forget their host,
Or his fond staff the heroic chief they lost.
There hung two portraits in the hero's tent,
On which in love his eyes were frequently bent;
To gaze on them his toil-worn soul beguiled—
The portraits of his wife and little child;
In festive hours they made his heart more gay,
And in the battle on that heart they lay.

"And yet 'mid all the pomp and din of war,
Smythe's honest heart was wrapped in scenes afar;
His memory turned to days of boyhood's glee,
When he would ramble by the banks of Lee,*
And all his hopes, his generous dreams of bliss,
His aim of life were all comprised in this:—
On Ireland's shore, in Ireland's green to stand
And vindicate the valour of his land;
To rout the Saxon Lion from his lair,
And see the Sunburst waving proudly there.
As for himself, so pure his love for home,
Alike he held the palace and the tomb.'

*General Smythe's boyhood was passed on the banks of the Blackwater, and not by the Lee. He was born in Fermoy, county Cork, on Christmas Day, 1832, and was twenty-two years of age when he emigrated to America.

Part III.

In an article entitled "The Boys of Old Erin," written by Capt Edward Field, Fourth U. S. Artillery, I find the following realistic picture of the subject of this memoir, as he appeared in his campaigning days:

"When McClellan was finally ready to move, it was found that the enemy had abandoned their works at Manassas, and we were pushed forward on their retreating tracks. While riding through their abandoned camps, two of us, both youngsters, and about equally "green" came across a most curious figure, an old man with long white hair, and a patriarchial, although sadly unkempt beard. He was dressed in a nondescript coat which looked as if it had begun life blue, then decided to be green, and finally hit upon a dirty drab. He nodded and rode by. We wondered who or what he could be. The more we thought about him the more suspicious he seemed, and we finally agreed that he must be a sort of rebel Rip Van Winkle, who had waked up to find his friends gone and his foes in possession, and was making the best of his way South. We felt proud of our acuteness, and only regretted that we had let him get such a start of us, that it was impractical to arrest him, or at any rate to satisfy our suspicions. A day or two after we met our old rebel riding along with General Meagher, chatting most amicably, and found that it was Dr Larry Reynolds, of the Sixty-third, familiarly and fondly known as "Old Larry," a poet of no mean performance, steeped to the eyes in Irish lore, honest as a looking-glass, with the heart of a child and the growl of a mastiff—a Celtic Diogenes."

When the war was over Dr Reynolds resumed the practice of his profession in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, in both which places he had many friends, especially among the returned soldiers. Strictly temperate in his habits, and in the enjoyment of florid health, few men of his age led a happier life than he did at this time. His residence was in Brooklyn, but much of his time was spent among his friends in New York. To them it was a pleasure to see his jovial face, and hear his hearty and homely salutation, "God save all here!" which always heralded his entrance and brought an Irish atmosphere with it. After a kindly greeting to every member of the family, old and young, it was his custom to recline comfortably on the lounge or rocking-chair and solace himself with a new clay pipe, and, (if the weather was

warm) with a drink of—"fresh buttermilk." With those simple luxuries the good old soul felt supremely happy, and never failed to make all present happy during his stay, for he had a fund of rare Irish humor that, when among friends, bubbled up fresh and clear as a spring in the heathery Comeraghs.

It was at this time that I became personally acquainted with him, and we soon became most intimate friends. From time to time I incidentally learned some particulars of his early life. His family were, originally, from the county of Kilkenny. His father, Paul Reynolds, being the first of them who removed to the city of Waterford, where he, for several years followed the business of a woolen draper, but eventually retired with a competency, and settled down on a comfortable farm near Dunmore East.

From some papers entitled "Irish Reminiscences," published by the venerable historian Maurice Linehan, in the "Limerick Reporter," I take the following extracts relative to the Reynolds family:

"Reynolds, of Kilkenny, was another of the old editors who should not be forgotten. He was, I believe, proprietor of the "Leinster Journal," the predecessor of the Kilkenny Journal, and one of a gifted and learned family, one of whom, his brother, was parish priest of Thomastown, in the diocese of Ossory. He was an able and enlightened ecclesiastic, a Doctor of Salamanca, and the translator of Rodriguez's celebrated work on "Christian Perfection," which his brother, the newspaper proprietor, who was also an enterprising printer, printed and published in three large 8vo. volumes—a work which is very highly esteemed, and which to this hour, fetches a large price wherever it is met at book-sales."

"Reynolds had another brother, Paul, who resided in Waterford. His son Lawrence (or Larry) Reynolds, was well known as the translator of 'Perseus.' He began his extraordinary career as a surgeon. He wrote for the press; his ballads were very much admired. He became secretary of the Russian Horn Band in 1832, and in that capacity visited a large portion of Europe. At that time there was not in the world, perhaps, so strong a band as the Russian Horn Band. It numbered about fifty instrumentalists, all with horns, from the largest ophoclyde to the smallest cornet; and by an adaptation of the instruments to the scale, a combination of harmony was produced which took the musical world by surprise, and made the Russian Horn Band one of the great attractions of the age."

Part IV.

In our various conversations, the Doctor but seldom referred to his career in England. HisChartism had matured into full blown republicanism in the Year of Revolutions. And, as "revolutions never go backward," neither did his individual opinion of their efficacy—so far as Irish politics were concerned.

It was on the subject of Irish national literature that he most loved to converse. As with the great majority of his compatriots, Thomas Davis was, *par excellence*, his ideal of an Irish patriot, poet and statesman. As a great educator of his people in the principles of nationality, Charles Gavin Duffy stood next in his estimation.

Among the Irish revolutionists in America, John O'Mahony stood without comparison in his estimation as an able organizer and laborious worker, and, above all, as a self-sacrificing patriot. He always spoke of him with deep feeling—and when he referred to his villifiers—which was but seldom—it was in terms of contempt or loathing, for he looked upon the worst of them as hypocritical liars, and the rest as ignorant dupes.

With tongue and pen; on the platform and in the press, he labored persistently and unweariedly for the Fenian cause, as represented by the founder of the organization; but all his efforts were directed against the common enemy; he had no time to waste on side issues.

The following appeal, addressed to his divided fellow-exiles in the winter of 1866, expresses the feelings of a true patriot:

For God and Erin's Sake Unite.

On hearing the Insurrection has begun in Ireland.

By Dr. Reynolds.

Children of Erin who dwell here,
Far from the fierce and awful strife;
Is to your heart and memory dear
The sacred land that gave you life?
Against the foe our brothers now
At home, at Freedom's summons fight
A vow you made, your home to aid;
For God, for Erin's sake unite.

What man that has a patriot's heart,
But feels his soul oppressed with gloom
To see men standing here apart
When battle rages in our homes ?
Now patriots prove your honest love,
Ask not who's wrong or who is right—
On Freedom's shrine your pride resign
For God and Erin's sake unite.

Jew fought against his brother Jew,
While leagured by the hosts of Rome
The combatants the Romans slew
And sealed Jerusalem's sad doom
Good God above, pour down thy love,
Pour on our heart thy saving light ;
Lovers of home, her hour is come,
For God and Erin's sake unite.

'Twas so, 'twas so, full many a time
Dissension dug our heroes' graves,
From that degrading murderous crime
We long have been, and still are slaves
Numbers we have, no aid we crave,
Against the foe we hate—to fight ;
But we are yet a wrangling set—
For God and Erin's sake unite.

If news should come across the deep
That Erin Saxon foes o'erpower,
Those who now quarrel then will weep,
And curse the madness of this hour
Ere 'tis too late, avert that fate
Which will your souls for ever blight
Our warriors cry, in agony—
" For God and Erin's sake unite !"

Be this your sole contention now,
Who for our country will do most ?
Aid on the brave at home bestow,
And let not Erin's cause be lost
Oh blest of heaven to whom is given
Man's wayward soul to guide aright
Home thoughts recall, and pray to all—
" For God and Erin's sake unite !"

In 1863 Dr Reynolds removed to Oswego, in which city he continued to reside for the remainder of his life.

His creative and intellectual powers remained unimpaired almost to the last, and he contributed many literary articles to the local and Catholic papers. Several of his best poetical efforts, in those later years, appeared in the *Celtic Monthly*. It is much to be

regretted that his poems have not been collected and published in book-form. Such a collection, if prepared for publication by the author, would constitute a valuable addition to modern Irish literature.

But a still more attractive book could be made up from his personal reminiscences, extending as they did over three-quarters of a century, for sixty years of which he actively participated in every effort, constitutional or revolutionary, having for their object the welfare of his native land; and had formed the personal acquaintance of most of the men who were prominently concerned in the several movements, from the struggle for Catholic Emancipation downwards.

My last selection from his poetry exhibits the deep Christian feeling which constituted the strongest characteristic of his moral nature, and the most lasting. It was written when he was in his 76th year:

Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

By Dr. L. Reynolds.

When fades the day far in the west, and evening's
shadows fall,
There comes a calm and holy rest, upon the hearts of
all;
Oh, then the Christian's thoughts ascend, the darkening
world above,
To thee, the sinner's pitying friend,
Sweet Mary, Queen of Love!

When evening in the night is lost, and when the moon
is high,
And God sends forth the twinkling host of stars that
gem the sky,
Oh! countless as those orbs of light in that blue deep
above,
Our prayers that rise before thy sight,
Sweet Mary, Queen of Love!

When seated by the Father's side, dear Mother of the
Son,
The Holy Spirit's virgin bride—the only Sinless One
Oh may the Saviour's wounds and scars our sacred
ransom prove,
And do thou bear to him our prayers,
Sweet Mary, Queen of Love.

Dr Reynolds died in Oswego, on the 28th of April, 1887, in the 84th year of his age. A typical Christian patriot.

"God Rest His Soul!"

Waterford Celebrities

WILLIAM GRATTAN TYRONE POWER,

The Irish Comedian.

PART I.

To excel in his chosen profession may be considered the summit of a public man's ambition. Where the profession is honorable the ambition is laudable; and when, in the competitive struggle for precedence, which all such aspirants must undergo, the almost unanimous voice of his contemporaries accords him the foremost place, the candidate for fame may well be satisfied.

But few men have attained this enviable distinction during life. Still fewer are permitted to wear their posthumous honors unchallenged. But, amongst those rare exceptions the subject of this sketch is entitled to a place; for, in his peculiar line, as a representative Irish comedian, Tyrone Power, by universal accord, stands unexcelled in histrionic annals.

But it is not alone for his success as an actor in truthfully delineating his countrymen upon the stage that Tyrone Power's name should be commemorated by men of Irish birth or blood. It is because, whether on or off the stage, he was in heart and soul a genuine Irishman, proud of the land that bore him, that the children of that land are proud of him and cherish his memory.

William Gatrtan Tyrone Power was born near Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, on November 2, 1797. He came of a good old stock, for though not as greatly distinguished in the national annals as some other of the Norman-Irish clans whose paternal ancestors accompanied Strongbow on his filibustering expedition, yet the Irish descendants of Sir Roger Le Poer, or at

least the race who bear that gallant adventurers' name, increased and multiplied to such an extent, that at the present day they count more representatives among the clergy, gentry and commonality of the county of Waterford, than those of any other name; and there is not an old family of Gaelic or Norman descent, between the Suir and Blackwater, but count the Powers among their kin.

Tyrone Power's father was a gentleman who inherited more of his ancestor's improvidence than of their territorial possessions. He married the orphan daughter of a Colonel Maxwell, who was killed in America during the Revolutionary War. Soon after his marriage he left Ireland for America, hoping by a system of steady economy to repair his shattered fortune; but he died soon after his arrival in the New World, leaving his wife and infant son (who had remained in Ireland until he felt his way with some certainty), to commence a long struggle for existence on very slender means.

To add to the widow's embarrassment the disturbed state of the country in 1798 induced her to seek security for herself and child in Dublin. On her arrival in that city she disposed of a small property of her own situated in that vicinity, with the proceeds of which it was her intention to settle in South Wales and devote her whole care to the education of her son. But the vessel in which she crossed the channel was wrecked on the Welsh coast, yet so near the land that at low water the passengers were able to wade ashore. Mrs Power carried her infant in her arms, and bestowed the rest of her moveable treasures in her capacious pockets fastened round her waist. While struggling to reach the land, she sank into a quicksand, from which she was dragged by the arms, but with the sacrifice of the unlucky pockets, which, besides a considerable sum of money, contained papers of great importance, the want of which materially affected her own and her son's prosperity in after life.

In those days the resources of a small country town in South Wales afforded but few advantages for education. Young Power's studies, left pretty much to be regulated by his own taste, became somewhat desultory. His biographer informs us that, "a competent knowledge of the French language, a smattering of German, and a mass of indigested lore, indefatigably collected from the novels, plays and romances of a circulating library, may be set down as comprising nearly all the learning he mastered in his youth."

Generally well-informed, he made up by natural quickness of observation for the deficiencies of scholastic discipline. An

inherent fondness for study and an honest ambition to be distinguished, led him as he advanced in life to repair the gaps of his early education.

It seems possible that if he had been spared a few years longer, he would have devoted the greater portion of his time to literature. In an entry in his diary, dated 1839, he says, "Bently came in to-day with a work as promised; wished me to do something for him. But what can I do, worn as I am by six days acting in every week? I will not give the public the lees of my mother-wit, but wait till I can devote my mind to one thing and fairly test my strength. A man wants me to become editor of a magazine. Heaven help him! he little knows my habits."

He had previously published several interesting works, amongst the chief of which were "Zingaro," "The Lost Heir," "The Prediction," "The King's Secret," and the "Impressions of America," all of which were received with marked favor by the public, and proved sources of considerable profit both to himself and his publisher.

He wrote a considerable share of poetry too, including several racy songs. His "Irish Hussar" is a good specimen of the latter compositions. It is too well known to be quoted here.

It was expected of him that in later years, with more refined taste and better arranged stores of acquired knowledge he would have taken a high place among the popular writers of the day. Strong pecuniary temptations were frequently held out to him, but his contemplated plans were annihilated by the power which admits of no appeal, and grants no suspension of time when the final summons is issued.

An active and romantic imagination had its full effect in forming the mind of youth whose fervid spirit was not sobered by the system of management provided by his indulgent mother. She had been personally acquainted with Grattan, Curran, the Emmets, and many more of the Irish patriots of the day, and her conversation on the history of her native land was replete with interest to her boy.

Naturally, therefore, his earliest thoughts glowed with patriotic aspirations for the welfare of the land of his birth. Innumerable sonnets, odes, and desultory attempts at versification attest his innate attachment to the country in which some envious detractors have denied him the right of heritage; for, like all his countrymen who have won a name by the force of their own genius, Power was coveted by the people who have robbed his land of everything they could lay their avaricious clutches on.

PART II.

The future theatrical genius witnessed his first play in the obscure Welsh town in which he resided. It made a vivid and indelible impression upon his mind. An actor he determined to be, and nothing else. It was useless to contend with destiny.

Hopeless of obtaining his mother's consent, he left home and followed the wandering troupe to their next destination. His personal recommendations consisted of extreme youth, a gentlemanlike deportment, a light, active figure, an intelligent face, natural good humor, and an abundance of ready wit. These qualities soon established him in the good graces of the manager and the whole company, with whom he became a general favorite. But, nevertheless, he was compelled to begin at the beginning.

But he took to his work with such resolution that he was soon promoted to the rank of "walking gentleman" of the company. He occasionally was enabled to gratify his ardent longing in characters of a loftier grade, including "Norval" and "Romeo." After wandering for two or three years with different companies, he found himself in 1815 at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, where he made his appearance as Alonzo in Sheridan's play of Pizarro.

Here the young Irishman exhibited one of his national characteristics by falling in love. His inamorata was a Miss Gilbert, the orphan daughter of a gentleman of the island. The lady's guardian and her relatives opposed their influence to his blarney, and with the usual result; for, in spite of their opposition the young couple were married in January, 1817, at which time he was but little more than nineteen, and his bride was a year younger. By his marriage he became entitled, in right of his wife, to a small fortune on her becoming of age.

In the meantime he did not entirely renounce the stage, but occupied himself partly in writing, in acting occasionally when he could get an engagement, and in looking out for an opportunity to settle himself permanently either at home or abroad.

Before the expiration of the year in which he married, Tyrone

Power visited Dublin for the first time in a professional capacity. Soon after landing on his native soil his feelings found expression in the following lines :

" Restored to my country, no kinsman to meet me,
In the land of my fathers a stranger I roam ;
No voice with sweet " Cead mille failthe !" doth greet me,
To cheer with fond welcome the wanderer home.
Yet, can I forget thee, my country ? Oh, never !
But with life the devotion I bear thee can end ;
From my heart no unkindness remembrance can sever,
Of the land that *my* forefathers died to defend.

" Perhaps yon fair spot, where wild flowers are growing
Where the shamrock and lily so modestly bloom ;
To my father's best blood its rich verdure is owing,
Whilst, grateful, these blossoms o'ershadow their tomb.
Still dear to my eyes are yon hills proudly swelling,
And though cold is my welcome, and soon I depart ;
Yet how distant so e'er be the land of my dwelling,
The land of my birth, shall be nearest my heart."

Whatever may be thought of the literary merit of those simple verses by fastidious critics, when we consider that they emanated from one who left his country too young to have even the faintest recollection of it, and who, moreover, was brought up in a land where, outside his own household, his associations were ill calculated to foster Irish sympathies, we are convinced of two things—of his own thoroughly Irish nature that no antagonistic influences could counteract, and of the assiduous care with which his devoted Irish mother cultivated and developed his inherited patriotism.

The Irish exile, returning to the land of his birth in our own day, has but too often felt his heart throb in unionism to the feeling of loneliness which this little song conveys. The lines are true to our Irish nature, and therefore deserve a wider circulation than they have hitherto received among people of kindred sympathies to those which inspired their author.

Tyrone Power was engaged by Mr Jones, the Dublin manager, to sustain the principal heroes in youthful tragedy. His juvenile appearance, easy gentlemanlike deportment, and natural vivacity of manner, all suited well for the line he had chosen. His success at the outset was not particularly encouraging. But he fought on, determined to win, if possible, and gained ground slowly with the audience in spite of the adverse criticisms on the part of official expounders of genius and dispensers of reputation.

He continued through the season to appear in a variety of characters: Once only he tried his hand at an Irishman, Lieutenant O'Connor, in Sheridan's farce of "St. Patrick's Day." But the opportunity afforded no scope to his latent genius, and appears to have passed unnoticed.

The 26th of January, 1818, was an eventful epoch in Power's theatrical career. On that night he took a "new departure," and went completely out of his line by undertaking the part of Trappanti in 'She Would and She Wouldn't,' a low comedy, full of situation and humor. His success astonished himself as much as any one else, and Miss Kelly, an actress never surpassed and seldom equalled in her line, complimented him highly, observing that he had hitherto been in a theatrical dream, but would now awake and find himself a gifted low comedian. He seemed to shrink from this conviction of his own capabilities, and when reminded of Jack Johnstone, and how, from an operatic walking gentleman, he became transformed into the most truthful and humorous Irishman the boards had ever seen, he replied:

"Yes, yes, I know all that, but Johnstone had a 'natural brogue, and other advantages in the line which I have not. I am deeply sensible of these flattering commendations, but I must beg leave to differ with them entirely." And so he toiled on for some years against nature before he was fortunate enough to discover the true vein which ultimately placed him above competition.

After his engagment in Dublin had expired, Power returned to England. During the summer of 1818 he played in Margate, his line being still light comedy.

It was during this engagement that he made his first appearance as a "comic Irishman," for he was asked, and with much difficulty consented to assume the part of Looney MacTwalter in the "Review." He shrank from assuming the role in which his countrymen had been habitually caricatured on the stage, a vile custom, which even the exceptional example of Johnstone had failed to eradicate or reform; and which, to the shame of Irish born actors and audiences in our day and country, has, from time to time, been exhibited on the American stage, notwithstanding the indignant protests of discriminating and self-respecting men of Irish birth and blood, sensitive of the insults offered by ignorant buffoons to their country and their race.

Power had not as yet an inward perception of his own ability in the line destined in a few years to open to him the way to fame and fortune.

Indeed, so little idea had he then of being ever able to achieve success on the stage, that it was only through necessity that he remained on it at all, and when, towards the close of that same year, 1818, he came into possession of his wife's small fortune, he considered the time had come for quitting it permanently, and seeking a livelihood in some other way.

In accordance with these views, he entered into a speculation with an officer in the British army, for the settlement of Algoa Bay in the Cape territory, and leaving his wife and child to the care of friends at home, he embarked for the Cape of Good Hope in January, 1820.

Part III.

Soon after his arrival at Capetown, Tyrone Power set out on an exploring expedition to ascertain the nature of the inland country it was proposed to settle.

He penetrated further into the interior of Africa than any white man who had previously visited those unexplored regions. He was absent several seasons, and encountered numerous remarkable adventures, amongst them an encounter with a lion, in which he displayed a degree of reckless bravery that astonished his companions, who ascribed his conduct on the occasion to "his wild Irish blood."

Had Power given a detailed account of his African explorations to the world, there can be little doubt but that it would be as interesting to the public as the more recent explorations of Gordon, Cummings or Stanley, for it would have the charm of novelty to recommend it in addition to its literary merit.

But, though a magnificent country for adventurous sportsmen, the Zulu territory did not impress Power favorably as to its eligibility for a peaceable European settlement; and, judging from recent transactions in that sultry region, many of my readers will be disposed to agree with him.

Profiting by his costly experience as an amateur colonizer, Power lost no time in bidding good bye to Africa. He sailed in the brig Jason for England. His return voyage was slow. The vessel, in her ordinary course, passed in sight of St. Helena,

but without touching at that island. While the passengers in the cabin were drinking a glass of wine to the health and liberty of the illustrious victim of British treachery and British fear, word was sent around that an eagle was seen from the decks cleaving the air in flight from the lonely rock. All remarked that this was a strange incident. Some said it was an omen of something.

On arriving at Falmouth they learned that on that very day the great Napoleon had expired in his lonely island prison.

The strange coincidence and its assumed application by the poetical imagination of Power, are recorded in the following verses, written on the spur of the moment. Like most enthusiastic young Irishmen of his time, he looked on Napoleon as the ideal of a hero, rendered all the more dear to him for the persecution he suffered at the hands of their common enemy :

" Soul of the Brave, thou art fled !
But perchance thy great spirit triumphantly rode
On the wind-driven cloud that rolled over my head,
While borne to its final above.

As I gazed on the rock of thy rest,
And grieved that such dwelling so long should be thine,
Little my heart would have mourned
Had I known how, on wing to blessed,
Thy spirit its prison indignantly spurned,
For happier and freer than mine.

In the hour when we drank to thy liberty
Our prayers were heard—thou wert free ;
As a curse we breathed on thy jailers that day
The Death-Angel proudly had borne thee away
And left them to watch o'er thy tenantless clay.

I heard the tale with incredulous smile,
When they told me the bird of thy pride was nigh,
I saw him cleave the yielding air—
I saw him float o'er the prison isle ;
But I deemed not the lordly eagle was there
To wait thee on to thy native sky.

In the hour of thy birth thou wert marked by Fate,
And who that hath noted thy changing state
Will refuse to hold belief with thee—
That thou wert the child of Destiny ?
For thee she formed the imperial throne,
And the dungeon rock was all thine own,
And a jailer was made for that task alone.

Farewell! there's one who mourns thy fate,
Though not a monarch legitimate;
And he had learned to scan thee well—
Thy might and weakness both could tell
Yet feels and owns the truth with pain—
"Take thee for all in vain
May we look to see thy like again."

"Written on landing at Falmouth in June, 1821, having passed St. Helena on the day of Napoleon's death, but without hearing of that event until our arrival in England."

Many years afterwards when Tyrone Power was returning from his second visit to America, he happened to be a fellow-passenger of Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor. Power was confined to his berth during the whole voyage in consequence of injuries received by a fall from his horse just before sailing.

Louis Napoleon evinced a marked partiality for the invalid and passed much of his time conversing with and reading to him. Their intimacy and friendship continued after their arrival in England.

I may here remark that were one given to moralizing, he might in the future career of the adventurous Prince and the tragical fate which befel the last of his line, find a fitting subject for the exercise of his *penchant*. But as the fate of the Bonapartes has nothing to do with the present work I will but repeat what was well said in reference to the greatest of the race,——

"So perish all—
Who would men by man enthral!"

When Power, after wasting more than a year in his African speculation, returned home, he found himself almost penniless. But far from being cast down by the prospect of being forced in spite of himself to return to the calling he had abandoned, he set himself manfully to work, determined to make the best of the only resource left him.

The next five years of his life were comparatively uneventful. During that period he added slowly to his reputation as a comic actor, and found but little change in his pecuniary circumstances; but his stout Irish heart and buoyant, joyous temperament, enabled him to endure the frowns of the fickle goddess Fortune, until at last, his indomitable perseverance was rewarded with the most brilliant success ever achieved by a man of his vocation.

It is refreshing to read his own characteristic account of his dealings with the provoking old jade :—

" In the first years of my life I courted the old blind lady with the miraculous wheel ! Oh ! how I courted her with tongue and pen. And the old jade never would listen to me. But her eldest daughter, Miss Fortune, an ugly, cross-grained brute, took such a fancy to me that I could not shake off her kind attentions. Run where I would, north, south, east or west, there was Miss Fortune, and be hanged to her, always ready to meet her darling Tyrone."

Once, when a friend expressed surprise at his cheerfulness under circumstances of depression and difficulty, which might drive many a man to melancholy, perhaps suicide. " Suicide !' exclaimed Power, " pooh ! suicide is a coward, a cur, but a really brave man seldom makes fussy complaints. He meets misfortune firmly and treats dangers and difficulties as a set of troublesome scoundrels he ought to conquer, not to fear. The eldest daughter of Dame Fortune may persecute, but by St. Pat ! she shall never subdue me."

The following cheerful extract from his diary written in the height of his prosperity at the Dolphin Hotel, Southampton, and dated August 6, 1839, cannot fail to please and interest the sympathetic reader :

" With what varieties of fortune is this town associated in the incidents of my life.

" I have frequently acted here when my yearly income scarcely reached £50. I brought my wife here to see my poor mother before our wedding. Twenty-two years have passed away and here we are again, my income upwards of £6,000 per annum ; my family of seven children healthy and good, well educated and affectionate ; my two sons in America allowed more for their yearly expenditure than their mother and myself possessed for six years. All this my own parent lived to see accomplished by her son's industry and Heaven's blessing, assisted by a good and virtuous wife, whose encouraging and sustained aid was never wanting. At this very hotel my mother put up when on her way to France with her newly wedded husband now nearly half a century back, and here is her son, after being left a beggar through that husband's extravagance, rich beyond the expectation of ambition, and happier than rich in contentment and health and hope !"

I shall now proceed to relate how the turn of the tide had come, which brought such a change, at its flood in Power's fortunes.

In October, 1826, when his native county was jubilant over the overthrow it had inflicted on the Beresford's intolerant faction, Power's countryman, Charles Connor—the best Irish comedian since Johnstone—died, and Tyrone Power at once stepped into the vacant place.

Hitherto the stage Irishman had, at best, been but an amusing feature in a play, thrown in to relieve, rather than a central point on which the entire action revolved. In the majority of cases he was a mere blundering buffoon, with *original* brogue, and an irresistible inclination for courting, drinking and fighting ; such a character, in fact, as many of us have seen on the stage, *but never anywhere else.* Power changed all this, and introduced a new order of things. He was an Irishman himself, and his school was founded on his own physical energy and inexhaustible spirits. He caused authors to write such pieces for him as depended entirely on himself, and in which he was seldom absent from the scene.

Playgoers were both astonished and delighted. They wondered why their eyes were not opened to the reality before. The curtain fell after three or four hours of joyous excitement, and there stood Tyrone Power, fresh, smiling and untired as when he first bounded upon the stage. A natural unassumed buoyancy had made his labor light, and doubled the delight of the spectators, who felt that he entertained them without effort.

PART IV.

The fame of the new Irish actor soon spread from London to the provinces, and profitable engagements were offered to him from many quarters. But he was, above all, desirous of establishing himself in Dublin. His London diploma wanted some value in his estimation until counter-signed by his own countrymen. The Dublin audience were ever proverbial for enthusiastic encouragement and liberal applause. But they were also jealous and critical on that one question of national character.

For this reason "Irish actors" were generally unattractive in the Irish metropolis. They drew houses elsewhere, but they failed at home. Not so much that a prophet has no honor in his own country, but the country discredited the pretensions of the prophet. They had often proved that he was a humbug.

It was on the 22nd of June, 1829, that the new star of Irish comedy made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins

street. His debut was a complete success. His countrymen at once decided that he was no pretender, but a worthy successor of Johnstone. Power played to full and enthusiastic audiences during that season in Dublin. On the next he returned to that city with the farce of "Teddy the Tyler!" written expressly for him, and ever afterwards one of his most attractive performances. At the close of his Dublin engagement he visited Cork in conjunction with Charles Kemble, and was received with enthusiastic applause by another Irish audience remarkable for the tenacity of their judgment.

Power was extremely gratified by his reception in Ireland, now that he stood before his countrymen as their national actor. He felt that it set the seal on his success; enchanced his London reputation, and added to his value everywhere. From this time forth the tide of fortune flowed steadily in his favor. His yearly visits became profitable to the Dublin manager, and agreeable to himself. He was courted by the best society, and became a universal favorite. He was now in the receipt of a large income, with every inducement to remain at home, where he was so highly appreciated. But his fame had extended across the ocean. Tempting offers were made to him from America, and he sailed for New York, landing there on August 20th, 1833.

From his first appearance before an American audience his success was assured. He added considerably to his income, for, after making ample allowance for travelling expenses, and all other necessary outlay, he found himself at the end of his two years' tour in the New World, master of a sum more than double that which he could have earned, during the same period, had he remained at home.

On the 21st of June, 1835, he sailed from Philadelphia on his homeward voyage. His feelings towards America and its people, who had received him with such warm hospitality, he embodied in the following impromptu lines:

"ADIEU.

"Written on board the packet-ship, Algonquin, Captain Cherry,

Bay of Delaware. Just about to quit the vessel, 2 P.M., June 21st, 1835 :

"Adieu Columbia ! I have marked thee well,
Nor yet for ever do I leave thee now ;
And busy thoughts of thee my bosom swell ;
And thronging recollections load my brow ;
I've pierced, from north to south, thy endless woods,
Have dreamed in fair St Lawrence's sweetest isle,
Have breasted Mississipi's hundred floods
And wood, on mountain tops, Aurora's smile.

" And now we part ! the ship is flying fast,
Her pathway decked with whirling wreaths of foam ;
And all the swelling sails that bend each mast,
Obey the flag which, fluttering, points to Home !
Home ! Home ! that tender word let me retrace,
And bid each letter conjure o'er the sea
Some cherised wish and every well-loved face.
To banish thoughts of those from whom I flee.

" Yet shame I not to bear an o'erful heart,
Nor blush to turn behind my tearful eyes ;
'Tis from no strange land I now depart,
'Tis to no strangers I devote these sighs.
Welcome and home were mine within the land
Whose sons I leave, whose fading shores I see ;
And cold must be mine eyes, and heart, and hand,
When, fair Columbia ! they turn cold to thee."

PART V.

Tyrone Power's first appearance on his return from America was in Dublin, on the 11th of August, 1835. The occasion was rendered the more memorable by the presence of the National Poet, Moore, then on a visit to his native city, after an absence of several years.

As an instance of Power's ready wit, we give the following impromptu. It was delivered on the occasion of his benefit, on the last night of his Dublin engagement, after being encored twice in a song. But few, save those personally conversant with

the keen sense of humor inherent in the democratic play-goers of the Irish capital, can imagine the scene of uproarious enthusiasm with which this pathetic appeal to their tenderest feelings was greeted :

"D'ye see how they're teazin' me?—
"Thim there vagabones!
Shoutin' 'Encore!' there as loud as they can
Paddy Flynn! By St. Patrick!
I'll whale your big bag o' bones.
If you'll come down here—an' turn out like a man,
D'ye think I'll stay here
All the night a divartin' yez—
With the tumb er o' punch growing cowld there inside?
Och! Boys, ain't it I
That am sorry for partin' yez?—
But the love o' the spirits was always my pride."

In August, 1836, Power paid his second visit to America. This proved very successful financially. But he met with an accident in Virginia, breaking his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, which had the effect of shortening his projected tour.

He returned to England in the summer of 1837, playing there and in Dublin until the end of July, 1839, when he made his third voyage to the United States. On this occasion he acted only in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, receiving an average of $250 a night for 68 performances, or $17,500 in all.

Tyrone Power was now a prosperous man. It is doubtful if any of his aristocratic ancestors ever possessed an income, acquired or inherited, equal to that he realized by his own genius and industry. In the years 1838 and 1839 it was, respectively, £7,312 and £6,544, thus averaging nearly seven thousand pounds sterling per annum. Finding himself independent, he at this time made up his mind to settle down at home and tempt the perils of the ocean no more. It would have been well for him if he had adhered to this resolution. But strong financial reasons induced him to change his plans. He had purchased 25,000 acres of land in Texas, from which he could obtain no return, as the title was in dispute. He had also invested $15,000 in the United States Bank, which had recently stopped payment under very unpromising circumstances. Influenced by these reasons, he determined to make another voyage to New York, and on Saturday, the 1st of August, 1840, he took his farewell benefit at the Haymarket Theatre.

His trip to America was remunerative as usual, and served to make up his losses in the United States Bank. He spent some months travelling for his private amusement throughout the country, being determined, as it was to be his last visit to the land which had become so endeared to him, to see as much of it as he possibly could.

Many interesting reminiscences of Tyrone Power are preserved by the friends he made on this last tour throughout the country. Space will only permit me to record here an incident of his visit to the scene of Jackson's glorious victory of New Orleans, as it was related by one present with him as a guest of Mr Sylvain Peyroux, proprietor of a beautiful estate situated on the "Plain of Chalmette," and in immediate proximity to the battle-field.

"On the Sunday before Tyrone Power's departure from New Orleans for Europe, via New York, on his ill-fated voyage, the celebrated Irish comedian spent the day with Mr. Peyroux. Power proposed, as he had done on several other occasions, a visit to the battle-ground. He was accompanied by his host and Messrs. Saint Oyre, Planche, and other veterans. I, a mere boy, mounted my horse and followed, being anxious to have a correct knowledge of the position of the troops and of their movements on the memorable 8th of January, 1815.

"The battle-ground having been thoroughly surveyed and discussed, the company assembled and repaired to the dining-room. Tyrone Power's numerous questions resulted in anecdotes and reminiscences. Among the gentlemen present was Nicholas Sinnott, an Irishman of herculean strength, who had distinguished himself by dodging a sabre cut—which spoiled his hat—but he "floored" his adversary and captured him.

"Another gentleman had found General Keane's sword and handed it to General Jackson.

"It was under one of the three immense oaks which shaded the large mansion of Sylvain Peyroux that Jackson issued one of the first orders given on the 8th of January. It was also under their shade that Tyrone Power handled the British shot and shell which were gathered there."

"From battle reminiscences the conversation had turned to the proposed race-course of Algeria, opposite New Orleans. 'Look out!' remarked Power, as he winked to the Creoles and eyed the Kentuckians present, 'don't let the 'half-horse' get the best of you in your selection of a new course. You know they

have tested the ground and made the best time known, leaving the British steeds far in the rear. Keep an eye on them."

"The Kentuckians joined in the laugh, as the half battalions under Jackson's immediate command had by their bravery mitigated the inglorious flight of Davis's Kentuckians. The Creoles shrugged their shoulders, remarking, 'Who could have fought under such an inefficient and incompetent officer as General Morgan proved to be.'

"The dinner ended by the reading of Thomas Dunn English's ballad, the only objections made to it being the omission of the parts taken in the battle of the Louisianna battalions and the navy of the United States."

Having satisfied his desire in seeing as much as possible of America, Power at last prepared to take his final departure. He little thought that it was to be for another and still newer world. On the 11th of March, 1841, he embarked on the ill-fated steamship "President." Three days later he was in eternity.

While beating between Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank, the vessel encountered a fearful tempest, and went down with every soul on board—123 in all, leaving not a trace behind her. A packet ship, "the Orpheus," was in her company the day previous, and the last she saw of "the President" was on the night of the 15th, when the steamship was laboring fearfully with the storm, and evidently in the last extremity of danger.

When morning dawned on the 16th, the captain of "the Orpheus" swept the horizon with his telescope, but the steamer was no longer visible. The rest is impenetrable mystery, destined to remain unsolved until the sea gives up its dead.

Thus perished Tyrone Power, in the prime of his life, and the height of his renown. He left seven children—four sons and three daughters. In personal appearance, Tyrone Power was about five feet eight inches high. His complexion was fair, his eyes blue, and hair light, his form compact, light and agile; his face intelligent, animated and expressive. In manners he was affable, and in all his relations in life he sustained the character of an

honorable, true-hearted and high-spirited Irish gentleman. His place on the stage has never been supplied.

ADDENDA.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF HIS AMERICAN TOUR.

Since writing what I intended to be the concluding chapter of Tyrone Power's brief memoir, I have accidentally come into possession of a very interesting article, evidently written by one of the many appreciative friends whose esteem he had won during his sojourn in America. It affords such characteristic illustrations of our distinguished countryman's genial Irish nature, his manly independence of spirit, and devotion to country and creed, that I think it a valuable addition to the knowledge we had previously acquired of his noble attributes, and therefore copy it for the benefit of my readers, feeling assured that their pleasure in perusing it will be commensurate with my own.—M. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TYRONE POWER.

Power took great pains to ascertain the condition of his poorer countrymen all over the United States; and for this purpose it was his custom whenever he travelled to enter into familiar conversation with them, whether they were farmers, labourers, carriage drivers, waiters or pavers. Understanding them all thoroughly as he did, every latent spark of genius or wit which any of them possessed, was not long hidden from his practised eye and by the time he traversed the country from New York to New Orleans and back, he had not only a most accurate conception of the position of the working Irish, but his head was also stored with the richest specimens of genuine humor, picked up here and there.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE FAMILY.

It may be difficult for any one not of the Irish race to comprehend the motives which actuated an illiterate, hard-worked pair of exiled Irish peasants to make the sacrifice related in the following unvarnished tale for any person not having a claim of kinship on their generosity. But to those who are of the people and who know how deep and pure are the well-springs of gratitude and

pity in the hearts of our race, the story will be only a notable illustration of traits in the national character with which they have been so familiar that if the incident elicited any remark beyond a sympathetic approval of duty well performed, ten to one it would be, *But sure what else would they do ?*

On his second visit to Richmond, a friend of Power's insisted upon introducing him to a poor Irish couple who were an honor to their country; and from him he learned the following particulars :—

In the year 1831 there arrived a gentleman, his wife, and a young daughter, from Ireland, bringing with them as servants, Patrick M—— and Judy his wife. The gentleman had been unfortunate in his business at home, and came to America to seek fortune anew, full of hopes, and believing all the flattering stories he had heard of our prosperity. He was induced to move to Alabama soon after his arrival, to undertake the management and share in the profits of a plantation; and being told that nothing but slave labor alone would answer there, he reluctantly parted with Patrick and Judy in Richmond—but not until the former had procured a good situation as a cartman, and his wife as an indoor servant. Two years passed away, and meantime Patrick had prospered in the world, having laid by some two hundred dollars in his employer's hands. One morning he entered the office with an agitated countenance and asked to see the "master." The latter called him into his private room and inquired what he wanted. "Sir," replied he, "I hope your honor will not take offence if I be after axin' for a trifle of money an' your honor's leave to take a bit of a journey for a short time ?" "Why, surely," said his "master," "you are not going to leave me! What do you mean ?" "Oh, God forbid," replied Pat, "that I should be such an ungrateful fool; only for a couple o' weeks, an' to do a favor on them as has the best claim on me." "Pray explain," said the master, "for I am puzzled beyond measure."

"Why you see, sir," replied Pat, "a neighbor o' mine has just come from Alabama, an' he called to see my ould master an' mistress, and Miss Jane, at their place near Montgomery, they call it; but, oh, sir, weren't they all dead with the fever before they got there—that's the master and mistress I mane—an' sure if he didn't find Miss Jane (the cretur) out at service, as I may say, in another family; she that never knew what it was to want a bit or a sup before, or to stitch, or to wash the chaney. An' so when I heard this I tould Judy—your honor would think the heart of both of us would break at once; and when poor Judy could spake, 'Go,' says she, 'to his honor (manin' you), who is

the raal gentleman, an' ask him for enough money to buy a little wagon an' provisions, an' be off with ye to Alabama at once, an' find out Miss Jane an' bring her home with you; for I'll have no pace until she's to the fore, in our own lodgin', where I can tend to her myself.' An' so you see I must do the wife's biddin' an' my own, an' if your honor would just lend me one hundred an' fifty dollars of the money in your hands, sure I'll return you all I don't spend, an' the blessing of God an' St. Patrick be upon your head."

It was in vain that the employer represented to him the folly of going on such a Quixotic journey; that he doubted whether he could ever find the place; and he begged him first to let him write to some person in Montgomery to make inquiries after the young girl and await the reply.

No; nothing would satify Patrick and Judy but the money. At length the gentleman was obliged to give one hundred and fifty dollars with which he purchased a cheap wagon, laid in a stock of provisions, and took the rest to pay his travelling expenses. Within two days he was on the road to Alabama; and in about a month, to the unbounded joy of Judy, and to the no small surprise of his employer, Patrick returned in safety with Miss Jane! She was at once taken to her humble lodgings, where Judy waited on her as in former days, would not permit her to do any hard work, procured teachers for her, and in fact obliged her to eat her meals alone, and not to demean herself, as she termed it, by eating at the same table with them. She and Patrick always called her "Miss Jane," and acted with as much respect towards this forlorn girl as if she was still at her father's house and possessed property."

After hearing this story, Power accompanied his friend to see the family, his feelings warmly excited, and proud of his country people. In the course of his visit, he expostulated with Judy for still bringing up Jane as a lady, as he said she must by and by work for a living; and that, therefore, it would be more human to make her a companion, and let her forget that she was superior to her protectors."

Judy would scarce let him finish his remarks before she indignantly exclaimed, "What! Sir, you an Irish gentleman an' give me such advice! Sure your honor isn't serious? What! Let Miss Jane, a born lady, use her hands like one of us! Never sir, while a dollar remains, an' Pat can work! Isn't it proud we are to think she stays with us? An' what would they say at home when

they hear of it? An' won't she marry a gentleman when she grows up? An' never a finer ledy in the land; an' sure the curse o' God would be on us if we didn't do our duty to her! Oh! sir, don't try to persuade me, for I won't listen to it, an' if you are a true Irish gentleman, you know what I am doin' is right!

After this touching appeal, Power not only desisted, but gave this woman the greatest praise for her devotion to her old mistress' child, and left her humble dwelling with tears in his eyes. He never went to Richmond afterwards without visiting Judy and enquiring after "Miss Jane."

Power used to take infinite pleasure in relating the history of Patrick and Judy and Miss Jane to Americans, to whom he would exclaim at the close: "Now, gentlemen, show me a more striking instance of not merely gratitude, but noble-hearted kindness in any rank of life, or in any country. You may call us ignorant and uncivilized if you please, but I tell you, in point of heart, no peasantry on earth equals the Irish; no matter how poor a man may be—reduced perhaps to the last meal of potatoes—yet, if the half-starved beggar—worse off still than he—crosses the mud threshold, the best potato in the pot, and the warmest seat on the hob, are offered to him at once, and cheerfully too. It was this same loving feeling of charity which moved poor Pat to expend his money for Miss Jane, and which induced Judy to bring her up as a lady. There was no prospect of remuneration; she was a lonely orphan, and would be a tax on them for years; nothing less, therefore, than the love of virtue itself actuated those unlettered "mere Irish."

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

"One day, at a large dinner party given to him, where all the guests but himself were Protestants, some observations against 'Popery' were made by a gentleman present. Power immediately arrested the speaker in a good-natured but serious way:

"'Stop, my good sir, don't run so fast; perhaps you are not aware that there is an humble defender of that faith present,' and, seeing us all stare rather doubtingly, he added: 'Yes, gentlemen, although an unworthy member of the old Church, yet I am a sincere one; and if I do not attend to my duties as I ought to do, it is not for want of knowledge. I cannot plead disbelief. I cannot ridicule my religion, nor hear it abused by others without defending it. And let me tell you, Protestants as you are, you cannot avoid doing homage to the learning and piety of the early

Fathers; aye, and to the despised churchmen, who, in what you call the "dark ages," preserved the Holy Scriptures from destruction; who fought against your temporal kings for liberty very often, and most successfully, although it is the modern fashion to decry them as the constant abettors of tyranny. Bad men there were, and too many of them, in the church of every age, so was there a Judas among the Apostles; but I tell you that you Protestants owe much more to the "Mother Church" than you have given her credit for. Has she not kept your faith sound and orthodox in material points? and, as to what you call her "superstitions," believe me, they are full of poetry, and in some measure necessary to draw out the feelings of the millions, the poor and despised lower classes. And, I ask, can any man of generous feelings—I care not how much opposed he may be to 'Popery,' as you call it—can any man withhold from the Irish people his unbounded admiration at the constancy with which they have clung to their despised church? Pains and penalties, bribery, the gallows, transportation, acts of parliament, general and special, wars, famine—in fact, every known spring of human action have been tried to make them abandon the faith of St. Patrick, but in vain. How stands the case at this moment? Your English Church, with all the tithes and all the lands of the Catholic Church, all the patronage of the government, and with learned men enough, has succeeded, to be sure, in retaining 80,000 out of eight millions; and we are the balance! No law exists to oblige us either to go to Mass or support our clergy; and yet our churches are large enough to contain the congregation of steady worshippers, and our priests and bishops are decently supported—not pampered with large incomes, but kept above want. Now, if we are to apply the democratic rule of majorities, by my faith, I think we must be right and you all wrong. But, come, this is too serious a discussion for a dinner table, and therefore I will end the theological part of our entertainment by giving you a successful instance of conversion which took place in the county of Tipperary last year.

"'You must know that there has been going on in Ireland latterly, what the pious evangelists call the "Sacred Reformation," and zeal for making converts from Rome has, at length, reached some of the nobility. Lord S—— was amongst the number, and finding that he made no headway among his Catholic tenantry, by sermons, or tracts, or arguments, he finally thought of a more energetic mode of proceeding.

"'You are probably aware that in Ireland it is all important to a poor farmer to get a renewal of his lease, as there is not land enough for all the applicants; his landlord, therefore, has him at his mercy whenever the lease expires.

"'Lord S—— had an old tenant who had been born on the

estate, and whose lease expired just as the religious mania for making converts was at the highest point. This man, whose name was Michael Murphy, had three sons, and it therefore was to him a matter of life or death to retain his farm. When he called on Lord S—— to arrange about the renewal, his lordship thus addressed him:

"'Well, Michael, I am glad to see you, you have always been a good tenant and an honest man, but, Michael, with all my desire to serve you, I must not forget my duty to the Protestant cause; it is wrong for me to patronise Popery on my estate, and, therefore, before I renew your lease, you must promise to renounce your errors and join our church.'"

Poor Michael was thunderstruck; he was, though an ignorant man, a devout Catholic, and as soon as he could speak, he threw himself on his knees, burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"Oh! my lord, don't be so hard on me entirely; sure, wasn't I born on your noble father's place an' my father before me? an' havn't I grown up with your lordship? an' think what a cruel thing it would be, after my travellin' the right road for over sixty years, to ax me now to take the wrong one! Oh! may the Blessed Virgin soften your lordship's heart this day, and unsay that word."

The orthodoxy of his lordship could not withstand this touching appeal to his good feelings; he therefore said:

"Well, Michael, I do pity you; you are an old man; you had no education; you cannot be blamed, perhaps, for following the errors of your youth, therefore I excuse you, but upon the condition that you give up one of your boys, for I have set my heart upon a convert from your family, and I must insist on this."

"God forever bless your lordship," replied Michael, "that's a more raysonable proposal, an' I'll go home and have a talk with my ould woman over it, an' whatever she agrees to I'll do."

"Very well," said Lord S——, "go home to your wife and come back to-morrow with your answer."

The morrow came and so did Michael, looking quite composed.

"Well, Michael, what does Peggy say?" asked Lord S——.

"Faith, my lord," replied Michael "Peggy thinks it will answer mighty well, and so she agrees with your lordship's request, an' many thanks to you for lettin' me off."

Lord S—— was overjoyed at this speedy success of his new plan; but inasmuch as it was the first convert he had ever made, he was curious to hear by what process of reasoning Michael had induced Peggy to consent, he therefore asked:

"But, Michael, what did you say to Peggy, and what did she say to you? Come, tell me all that passed."

"Why, then, please your lordship," replied Michael, "when I got home, we sat down over the fire, an' I just up an' tould her all your lordship said to me, an' axed what would we do."

"'Well, Michael,' says she, 'sure it will never do for you to give up the bit o' ground, as 'tis our only manes of support, an' so we must just give up one o' the poor boys to be made a Prodestan' of (the Lord save us from all harm!)'

"'An', Peggy,' says I, 'I just thought as much myself; but which of the boys shall we give up?'

"'Oh!' says she at once, 'I'll fix it—sure there's Pat—an' you know he's goin' to the divil anyhow, an' faith he might as well go through the Prodestan' Church as any other way!'"

This was the first and last convert made by his lordship; and I understand he has now nearly regained his common sense, having discovered that good Catholics are rather better than bad Protestants.

Waterford Celebrities.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE

Composer.

Ireland has the credit of giving birth to the two greatest composers of English opera that ever lived, Michael W. Balfe and William V. Wallace; the former a native of Dublin and the latter of Waterford. Of both these musical celebrities it has been remarked as something very strange that they never incorporated a single antique Irish melody in any of their operas, while several of the most famous of continental composers, including Mozart, Meyerbeer and Flotow, have not scrupled to avail themselves largely of ancient Irish Music. Perhaps the Irish musical composers were too conscientious to steal from their countrymen, or too confident in their own inborn genius, which they felt was capable of creating new music worthy of competition with the best productions of modern times,

Perhaps no Irish celebrity of this century had a more romantic career than the subject of this sketch. Were his adventures written out fully, they would surpass in interest those of many heroes of fiction from Gil Blas to Robinson Crusoe. Only those of his own countryman, Edmund O'Donovan, could, in actual life, compare with them. Either he was an unequalled master of the "long bow," when, "under the influence of poetry and punch," he bamboozled his entranced listeners with the story of his life and adventures, or the number of duels he fought, and the conquests of love-stricken beauties, were unprecedented in this materialistic era of "statutory damages" and "breaches of promise."

From all I can learn of a career so full of strange vicissitudes, William Vincent Wallace was born in the city of Waterford, in the

year 1814. He was the son of a bandmaster, and was so precocious that when only seven or eight years old he was a proficient player on the clarionet, and became a regularly attached member of his father's band. He subsequently joined the orchestra as violinist, and at the age of twelve became its conductor, and was familiar with almost every instrument. When but fifteen he became organist at Thurles cathedral, and in the year following he was appointed leader of the orchestra and chief violinist of the Hawkins-street Theatre, Dublin.

In 1835, being impressed with the idea that the preservation of his health depended on change of climate, he set out for Australia, and engaged in the occupation of sheep-raising—living for a considerable time deep in "the bush."

In one of his visits to Sydney he was prevailed upon to give a series of concerts, which were immensely successful; far more so than sheep-raising in the bush, judging from the fact that the governor of the colony paid his admission fee with a hundred sheep.

Wallace's roving propensities led him into Tasmania, where, it is said, he met with one of his romantic series of love-adventures. As the story goes, he fell into the hands of the savage aborigines, and was saved from being killed by the intercession of the chief's daughter, who fell in love with him. He went from Australia to the East Indies, where he was very well received, one of his concerts netting him over one thousand pounds sterling. He played before the munificent Queen of Oude, who made him several valuable presents. From India he went to South America, and was received with enthusiasm. In one concert, given at Santiago, he cleared three thousand dollars, some of the enthusiastic but impecunious citizens tendering their favorite gamecocks for admission. He visited Mexico, where his grand Mass was written and produced with great success. In the letters written by Madame Calderon de la Barcoa, from Mexico, during the embassy of her husband to that republic, and which were published at the instance of Mr. Prescott, the historian, the lady relates that when she was at Pueblo de los Angelos, she went to a concert given by a renowned pianist and violinist, the Senor Vincent Wallace.

Wallace passed from Mexico into the United States, where he became a great favorite, especially in the southern cities. In 1845 he returned to Europe, after an absence of ten years.

The year after his return to Europe he composed his first opera, "Maritana," which, from its first appearance, was a splendid success, and stamped its author as one of the great composers of the age. There are many musical enthusiasts who consider Maritana Wallace's masterpiece, but others give the preference to "Lurline," composed fifteen years later.

In the interval between the composition of these two celebrated productions, Wallace travelled all over the European continent, winning fame and friends in every land he visited. He spent much of his time in France and Germany, and married a lady of the latter country. He, also, during this period, paid a second and protracted visit to America, returning therefrom in the beginning of 1860.

About that time his constitution began to show symptoms of failure. He developed a complication of maladies from which, eventually, he died. While at Paris, about three years before his death, he was engaged to write an opera for the Grand Opera of that city, but his sight failed him, and he had to give it up. He said himself that the new composition would surpass all his previous works. But it was never finished. His health became gradually worse, and, at the commencement of the last year of his life he was confined entirely to his bed at his cottage at Passy, one of the suburbs of Paris, where Rossini was in the habit of visiting him daily. From thence, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Bouillot, he was conveyed to the Chateau de Bagan, in the Pyrenees, the residence of his sister-in-law—the Marquise de Sante Geme, where he died in 1865.

WATERFORD CELEBRITIES.

JOHN HOGAN.

The Irish Sculptor.

PART I.

HIS PARENTAGE, BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon, in the autumn of 1843, while the present writer and schoolmate were taking a walk on the road leading from Cappoquin to Affane, we saw two men walking slowly arm in arm, approaching us from the direction of the town. In physical appearance they were remarkable, for two more splendid specimens of manly vigour and beauty were rarely seen together—both being tall, symmetrically built, and of singularly handsome and animated countenances. My companion (who had seen them alight from the mail-coach that morning and learned who they were) eagerly directed my attention to them, whispering, "Take a good look at these two gentlemen, for you will never see two such men together again; they are the two greatest artists Ireland ever gave birth to; the one next us is JOHN HOGAN, the sculptor! the other is DANIEL MACLISE, the painter!"

That passing glance at my two great countrymen served to photograph them on my retentive memory, and made the day one of the epochs of my life.

With the name of John Hogan I had been familiar for years—ever since I was of the age to comprehend the distinction his genius had conferred on the land of his birth, and especially on our own portion thereof—for we were born within seven miles of each other, and I, naturally, felt proud of my neighbour. I had also the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with his cousin, Richard Hogan, of Tallow, from whom I learned some circumstances of his early life, previous to his permanent departure from what is generally understood to be his native town, though according to his cousin Richard's information to me, his illustrious kinsman was born at a place called *Coolieskal*—within a short distance of Tallow and north-east of that town—where his father resided for some time.

At all events, the great artist's father, John Hogan, and several of his name and kindred, were residents of that quiet little town by the "winding Bride" at the close of the last century.

The family came of a good old Milesian stock, the surname O'Hogan being adopted by a sept of the Dalcassians of Thomond, from Ogan, son of Coscaragh, son of Lorcan. Kennedy, or *Cinneadaigh*, an elder son of this Lorcan, was the father of the illustrious Brian Boru. Ogan is enumerated among the Dalcasian warriors who fought at Clontarf in 1014. In the battle of Moin Mor, fought in 1151, between the Dalcassians under Torelach O'Brien and the invading Connaughtmen under Torelach O'Connor, no less than twenty-four of the posterity of this Ogan were slain. The site of this battle is now known as Moanmore, in the parish of Emly and County of Tipperary.

The ancestral patrimony of the O'Hogan's was situated in Lower Ormond, County of Tipperary. It was called Crioch Keen and Clan Inmanen, as mentioned by O'Heerin in the stanza :—

> "O'Hogan of Crioch Keen,
> Rules over Clan Inmanein of the fair land;
> A district which enriches each field
> With honey dew on all its blossoms."

John Hogan, the father of the sculptor, was a talented young master-builder in Tallow, when, in the year 1795, he was engaged by Mr. Richard Gumbleton of Castle Richard to build an additional wing to his family mansion. While engaged in this work, his intelligent bearing and upright and independent conduct won him the esteem and friendship of his employer, so that he came to associate with the domestic circle of Castle Richard on a footing of almost perfect equality.

While the works were in progress there came on a visit to the Gumbleton mansion a fair cousin of the owner, Miss Frances Cox, of Dunmanway, a lady not yet out of her teens, and who had been for many years an orphan. Her father, Richard, was grandson to that Sir Richard Cox, who was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reigh of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne. Sir Richard, his grandson, was, however, but an average country squire of the period, who, together with his wife, died while their daughter Frances was still a child, and so the care of her education devolved on an uncle, who transferred the irksome duty to one or another of the female relatives of the family, so that no wonder the young girl yearned for a home of her own, and was unconsciously predisposed to listen to the whisperings of manly love while wandering with her new found acquaintance,

> "By the pleasant banks of the Blackwater side."

Disregarding the expostulations and menaces of her angered

kindred, Frances Cox became the wife of the young artificer, John Hogan, in 1796. After the first outburst of wrath, at what they were pleased to consider the *mesalliance*, had expended itself, the Gumbletons relented, and permitted the presumptuous builder to finish his contract. The other branches of Mrs. Hogan's family never afterwards had any intercourse with her, a privation which she bore with Christian resignation. They also refused payment of her marriage portion of two thousand pounds; and her husband, either too proud to place his motives in an equivocal light, or despairing of obtaining justice against such adversaries, wisely forebore to ruin himself by going to law for its recovery.

For, in those days of Protestant ascendency and rampant bigotry, what chance could a Catholic have in a court of law against the allied powers of Church and State. John Hogan might well be content with winning the girl herself, and think himself fortunate in escaping the penalty of his audacity. The wonder is that he was not denounced as a Papist rebel and prosecuted for "treason and other high crimes and misdemeanours."

But the idea of a set of upstart *Shoneens*—the descendants of Cromwellian and Williamite adventurers, fattening on plundered Irish estates—affecting to "look down" upon a man who inherited the spirit as well as the blood of Ireland's noblest princes, was a piece of ridiculous assumption characteristic of the mushroom breed.

John Hogan and his young wife resided in Tallow for some time after their third child and eldest son, the subject of this sketch, was born. This event took place in the month of October, 1800.

In the following year the elder Hogan removed from Tallow to Cork, where he obtained remunerative employment and was enabled to bring up his family—which had increased to four daughters and two sons—in a creditable and respectable manner. Their home in Cove-street was a refined and happy one. The children, as was natural, grew up with a taste for intellectual cultivation, and the family affections were cherished with true Irish warmth and constancy.

Of the future sculptor there is nothing special to be recorded for the first nine years of his existence. He grew up a hardy boy, full of fire, activity and exuberant spirits.

About this time his parents sent him to his childhood's home in Tallow, to be educated under the care of their estesmed friend, Mr. Cangley, a celebrated teacher, and the father of Counsellor David R. Cangley—the beloved friend and compatriot of Thomas Davis.

Under Mr. Cangley's roof Hogan remained five years, during which he acquired a fund of solid information in all those branches of instruction which were congenial to his natural tastes. For classical literature he showed little aptitude, but his knowledge of history was extensive, and he was among the best proficients in arithmetic and mathematics. In the meantime his physical powers were strengthened and his natural taste for the beautiful developed while breathing his native air amid the glorious scenery of the Bride and Blackwater.

With Mr. Cangley he was a great favorite, and it was with much regret that the master and scholar finally parted in 1844, when the elder Hogan recalled his son to Cork for the purpose of settling him in some steady business.

Part II.

HIS LIFE IN CORK.

Hogan's mother was anxious above all things that her son should enter upon a career which, in time, should enable him to lift his head among her disdainful kindred; and, after some opposition from the more practical and less ambitious father, who held cheap the ancestral glories of the house of Cox, and regarded his own bench to the full as honorable as the bench from which the great Sir Richard had generations ago fulminated decrees, the point was gained by the persevering mother; and accordingly, in his sixteenth year, the subject of this sketch was placed in the office of Mr Michael Foote, a solicitor in large practice, with a view of ultimately graduating as an attorney.

But Hogan soon manifested decided symptoms of disgust to his new calling. Legal business was not congenial to his disposition, and he panted to escape from the thraldom of the desk. Every moment that could be stolen from the dull day's work was occupied in sketching, chiefly architectural fancies and copies from the prints exposed for sale in the store windows. He also devoted his spare time to carving figures in wood. His brother, Richard, whose tastes were also artistic, encouraged him in his stolen studies, so likewise did another admirer of his youthful genius, one Dr Coughlan, an eccentric but able physician, who having on one occasion surprised him in making sketches at his desk, praised his efforts and rewarded the young artist with a crown piece. In his subsequent visits to the attorney's office, the benevolent doctor continued to show his appreciation of the young apprentice's progress in his secret studies by similar tokens of his bounty.

After two weary years spent in the attorney's office, Hogan, at length, was, by a fortunate accident, enabled to turn his back upon the law and to revel for the remainder of his life in the bright shapes of which he had already begun to outline the dim conceptions.

A new jail was about to be built in Cork, and the contract was taken by Mr Thomas Deane, a celebrated architect—afterwards Sir Thomas Deane. Hogan the elder was in the employ of this gentleman as foreman. Plans and specifications for the proposed building were required to be copied within a limited time, and no one was found in Cork ready to undertake the task. In this dilemma, Mr Deane's brother, who was aware of the self-taught artist's talents, suggested that young Hogan should be given the job, and he was accordingly pressed to accept it. He labored day and night at the work, and had the copy ready at the stipulated time. He received the warmest enconiums from his employers for his quickness and proficiency in outline drawing, and he was immediately removed from the attorney's office to the workshop of Messrs Deane and Co., to be employed as draughtsman and carver of models.

His mind had been bent on architecture; he had not yet discovered his true vocation.

Once regularly installed in the architect's establishment, he set himself earnestly to mastering the principles of his art. His industry was indefatigable. Into the mystery of every detail of the craft he penetrated with enthusiasm. He sketched, modelled in clay, and was ever ready and eager to be usefully employed. Mr Deane, who appreciated his talent, and who loved to encourage his modest efforts, supplied him with his first set of chisels, and at last, in his nineteenth year, John Hogan became a sculptor.

From thence forward neither he himself nor anyone else had a doubt of his vocation.

During the next few years the young sculptor devoted himself assiduously to his new occupation. He practiced every kind of drawing and carving. All the time that remained after business hours in his employer's workshop, and many stolen hours of the night, were spent in severe study and careful practice of the hand. He attended diligently the course of anatomical lectures delivered by the celebrated Dr Woodrooffe, and thus laid the foundation of his subsequent success in modelling. While so engaged he carved in hard wood an exquisitely finished female skeleton, life-size, an achievement that excited the astonishment and admiration of his fellow-students, and was turned to account by the doctor, who long afterwards used the figure in demonstrating to his pupils. previous to this Hogan had carved a wooden figure of Minerva,

nearly life-size, for a Cork Insurance Company. It was to be seen for years afterwards in front of one of the buildings in the South Mall and may be there at the present time.

In the year 1818, the brilliant band of young artists, who then resided in Cork, were delightfully excited by the arrival in that city of a selection of fine casts from the antique, which had been taken under the superintendence of the great sculptor, Canova, for Pope Pious VIII, and presented by His Holiness to the Prince Regent as a mark of gratitude for the services rendered by the English Government in the restoration to the Italian churches and art galleries of the works of art taken therefrom by Napoleon Bonaparte, and transferred by him to the Louvre.

In all probability the Prince attached but little value to the Pontiff's present, else it is not likely the collection would be bestowed on an Irish city not particularly distinguished for loyalty to the Guelph dynasty ; but, through the influence of some Irish friend the Papal gift was transferred to the Cork Society of Arts, then recently established. The gallery, or rather loft, in which the casts were placed became the centre of attraction to the denizens of the " Beautiful City." All ranks and conditions of people crowded to see the " nine days' wonder." A few who had real eyes in their heads, lingered in the apartment, came again and again, drank deeply of the grace and beauty which floated around the glorious shapes of mythology—they were young and nameless then—those embyro artists destined in after years to vindicate the fame and fulfil the radiant promise of the Cork school. They are all dead now--the two Hogans, John and Richard, Ford, Buckley, Kelly and Maclise and others of lesser note. But few cities could boast of a more brilliant galaxy of genius than could the " capital of Munster" in the first quarter of this nineteenth century.

For three years Hogan continued a constant student in the rooms of the society. He copied everything, from masks to life size figures ; chiseling in stone, carving in wood, or drawing in chalk.

During the same period he was a regular attendant at the lectuses of Dr Woodrooffe, to whose teachings he was indebted for the extraordinary anatomical correctness by which his works are distinguished.

In 1822, Hogan terminated his business connections with Mr Deane, and in the same year he executed on his own account, for Dr Murphy, Catholic Bishop of Cork, about forty figures of saints in wood, each about three and a half feet in height, which constitute principal ornaments of the North Chapel.

In 1823, Mr William Pawlett Carey, a connoisseur of acknow-

ledged judgment and zealous encourager of genius, visited the Cork Art Gallery, where his attention was attracted by a small figure of a Torso carved with remarkable skill in pine wood, and bearing marks of recent workmanship, which had fallen under one of the benches. In answer to his inquiries, he was told the history of the talented young artist, and was directed to an adjacent room, where he found the sculptor surrounded by the works of his chisel in every variety of taste and every stage of progress. Mr Carey's experienced judgment enabled him to recognise the genius thus struggling towards development, and he determined to help the promising young artist. With a view to procure subscriptions to enable the object of his solicitude to perfect his studies in Rome, he began to write letters to the newspapers, and to interest private friends and patrons of art in the enterprise he had taken so kindly to heart.

The result of Mr. Carey's exertions was the collection of a sum of money sufficient, if managed with strict economy, to keep the young artist in Rome for two or three years and allow him to pursue the study of the higher brauches of his art without interruption. The Royal Irish Institution contributed one hundred pounds to the fund. Sir John Fleming Leicester (afterwards Lord de Tabley) contributed twenty-five pounds, and gave at the same time a commission for a statue in marble.

With the least possible delay all preparations for the journey to Rome were made, and Hogan left his happy, pious home to face the great world for the first time.

He went by way of Dublin and London, in both of which cities he was kindly received and got plenty of advice and some letters of introduction. Everything was new to him and he walked at the rate of twenty miles a day, during his limited stay, seeking out whatever was specially interesting to him in his professional capacity. In Paris he was delighted with the art treasures of the Louvre. There he "saw pictures which were originals indeed," and in a gallery as long as the Parade of Cork. He lingered a while in the Italian portion of his journey, especially before the gates of Gioberti in Florence (a *fac simile* of which, in plaster, may be seen in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington). He arrived in Rome on Palm Sunday, 1824.

Part III.

HIS LIFE IN ROME.

Immediately on his arrival in Rome, Hogan went to work with

the energy and persevering industry which characterized him through life. He had to husband his resources, which were barely sufficient to support nature. He secured lodgings in a unfashionable quarter of the city for two and a half crowns a month. But there was a beautiful old garden at the rear with grapes and figs within reach of his window. He could not hire a studio and pay, as was required, a year's rent in advance. But he attended the schools of St Luke, studied in the halls of the Vatican and the Capitol, and modeled in the life academies of the French and English artists. He made but few acquaintances, for the English and Stotch artists living in Rome were too fond of sneering at the Catholic religion, and talking of the misgovernment of Catholic countries, to suit him; and his poverty and purity of taste keeping him from many temptations which beset student life in general. His best friend at this time was Signor Gentili, who afterwards became a priest and a renowned preacher in Dublin, but who then practised law in the Eternal City. He taught Italian to Hogan, who was anxious to learn the language perfectly. So the solitary young student's time was fully occupied. The every-day life in Rome presented enough to interest him, and when he could indulge in a ramble over the Campagna or among the hills, he was happy in the company of his own hopeful thoughts and glowing fancies.

HIS LETTERS TO HOME

Like the affectionate son and brother which he ever was, John Hogan's real solace, while struggling up the rugged pathway of fame, isolated in the crowded city, was in holding loving communion with his family at home. He kept them acquainted with all his experiences, his progress in his studies and plans for the future. In one of these letters he writes:—"It would take at least one hundred pounds a year to study as I like. With that I could take a studio, pay living models, cut marble, model in clay, cast in plaster, and at last arrive at excellence."

In another and subsequent communication he relates how he succeeded in obtaining possession of his first studio, together with other interesting incidents of his daily life:

"August 15th, 1825.

"This day, at Santa Maria Maggiore, I have received the Pope's Benediction. He is in right good health at present, is about my height, with broad shoulders and fine proportioned frame, aged about sixty years, considered rather young for the head of the church.

"Now for the main object—a subject which gives pleasure to my father. I shall therefore in a few lines give a brief account of it all. A short time before Mr Rice left this I discovered that a studio was about to be let for twenty-four crowns a year in Vicolo degli Incurabili vicino al Corso, an excellent situation. Knowing that the English paid about fifty or sixty annually, I, without losing a moment, entered into an agreement with padrone, paid twenty-two scudi for stands, benches, irons, clay, &c, and, as it is expected that Rome shall be crowded with English nobility next year, I go slap-bang on speculation, commence modeling and finished a figure in plaster, that I might have something to show against that time; the subject, a shepherd boy recumbent, with his pipe in one hand, and by his side a goat, which, I understand, form an admirable pyramidal composition. My model was a stout Sabine lad; I had him employed for fifty hours, for which I paid him five crowns, and when done wet his whistle with a jorum of wine; I paid a *formatore* twelve scudi to cast it in gesso. Cammucini—a first-rate Italian painter—Gibson, and all the English artists here, confess that it is very like nature, and modelled with a great deal of spirit, breadth and force. One or two of my intimate friends say that some things I have done, particularly a bust, look as solid as stone, or appear more like casts of marble than of clay; but this I attribute to my practice in timber, which gave me a lightness in execution which few possess. Let no person read this as if I puff myself. Who knows but some fellow would take a liking to it, and order it to be cut in marble; if so, I finger the cash when finished.

"I am about to commence immediately Sir John Leicester's figure in clay, and am resolved to pay all due attention and application to the same. Although I have made several sketches for it, I am not yet determined on any particular one. My first intention was a dancing figure, but Canova and others have done so much of that class that there scarcely remains an original attitude."

Hogan's family decided on a subject for Sir John Leicester's order, and modelled the figure known as "Eve Startled at the Sight of Death." The subject was selected from Gessner's idyll —"The Death of Abel." Eve, shortly after her expulsion from the garden, lights, in her wanderings, upon a dead dove, and is startled into awe by this proof that the sentence of mortality pronounced by the offended Creator is, indeed, a fearful reality. The English artists congratulated the young sculptor on the purity of sentiment and gracefulness of outline exhibited in the model; and when, shortly afterwards, he cut the figure in marble, the great Italian artists, Albigini and Rinaldi, expressed their astonish-

ment at the masterpiece of the chisel he displayed. This masterpiece of art now adorns the seat of Lord de Tabley, in Cheshire, England.

"THE DRUNKEN FAUN."

The story of Hogan's next work, in order of execution, is not a little curious. At an evening party of artists there arose a controversy whether it was possible to produce anything origina in sculpture. It had been for a long time an established creed among European sculptors that it was impossible to originate a new attitude, or one that would not be a plagiarism on the conceptions of the ancient Greek artists. This view was warmly sustained by Gibson, the most eminent artist then in Rome. Hogan expressed his dissent, when Gibson somewhat sneeringly retorted: "Then, perhaps, *you* can produce an original work?" Stung by the sarcasm, Hogan unhesitatingly accepted the challenge; nor did he lay his head upon the pillow that night until he had hit upon the idea which he laboured diligently and in silence to embody—modelling what he called in one of his letters home, "An active, light and strong figure of a faun." This was the afterwards celebrated "Drunken Faun."

The statue, when exhibited by the triumphant Irishman, was hailed with enthusiasm. Cammucini and the other Italian artists were delighted with it, and gave the sculptor, ungrudingly, a meed of praise that acted, he said, "in the same manner as the sound of a trumpet to the ears of a war-horse." The venerable Thorwaldsen pronounced the figure worthy of an Athenian studio. "Ah," said he, striking the artist familiarly on the shoulder, "you are a real sculptor—*Aveto fatto une miracolo.*" The *fiat* of the great father was ratified by the applause of artists of all nations, Gibson not being the least warm in his congratulations.

This *chef d'œuvre* was never executed in marble, nor copied. The original is now in possession of the Royal Dublin Society. A few years before his death Hogan applied for permission to take it to Rome, in order to its being copied in marble, with some improvements, but he was refused the favor by the exclusive "dogs in the manger."

PART IV.

THE ARTIST VISITS HIS NATIVE LAND.

Having at length secured the object of his youthful ambition, a conspicuous place on the role of great living artists, John Hogan felt a living desire to visit his native land, and there receive the

meed of praise most dear to his loving Irish heart—the appreciation of his own countrymen, and more especially that of those who knew and loved him in boyhood, and prided in his budding genius—which they fore-saw was destined at some future day to reflect its glory on their beloved home.

THE "DEAD CHRIST."

Soon after the completion of his "Shepherd Boy," and before commencing on "Eve" he executed a *basso-relievo* of the "Dead Christ laid at the foot of the Cross," which work he hoped to be enabled to cut in marble and send home to Cork, as a proof to his friends that their encouragement had not been misapplied. Soon after his completion of the "Faun" he modeled a second figure of the "Dead Christ," which won from the Danish artist even higher praise than that he bestowed on the former "miracle of art." He pronounced it the Irish artist's "*capo d'opera.*" The form, proportion, dignity of character and expression was universally admired. The head was pronounced "one of the finest known in sculpture."

"Of the pathetic and religious character of the work an idea may be formed from the effect on the artist, who, in one of his letters to his father, admitted that although it was his own composition he had been once or twice deeply affected by it himself. All he wanted now was an order from Cork to execute the figure in marble. He would be content, he declared, 'to live on *macaroni al sugo and polente*, so that he could purchase a fine block, and return with flying colors to Ireland to exhibit a work he need not be ashamed of.'"

Having received the required encouragement from home, he completed his marble figure of the "Dead Christ," and having packed it up together with his cast of the "Drunken Faun," he set out for Ireland. He arrived in Dublin in November, 1829, where he received a most gratifying reception from the artists of the Irish Metropolis and the public in general.

The Archbishop, the Most Rev Dr Murray, was anxious to purchase the Dead Christ for the cathedral, but there was a difficulty in raising the necessary funds. The Carmelite Community purchased the figure for £400, a sum considered far below its intrinsic value. The money was paid at once, and the statue placed beneath the high altar in the Clarendon Street Church.

This visit gave Hogan reputation at home and before leaving Ireland he received several orders, principally from Catholic clergymen. Among these was the earnestly desired commission to execute a marble figure of the "Dead Christ" for Cork and an order for a group for the Francis Street Church in Dublin.

On his return to Italy he went to Carrara, and remained two months in the neighbourhood of the quarries, in search of a spotless block for "the Dead Christ." He completed a new cast for this work, making several important alterations in details, and considerably improving the design.

On his arrival in Rome he commenced the group for Francis Street Church. This is known as the *Pietà*, of which a cast now occupies a place over the high altar. In Rome it was thought that the work had only to be seen in Ireland to obtain the artist a commission to execute it in marble. But such a work would cost, at least, £1,000, and such a sum was not available in those days. The original cast continued for many years to occupy the most prominent position in Hogan's Roman studio, where its classic character always obtained for it most enthusiastic admiration.

Hogan's chisel was henceforth in constant requisition, and each subsequent visit to Ireland, of which he made three or four, added to his fame and elicited new commissions. But for many of these he was, to the shame of the contractors, tardily, if not scantily paid; for some of them he was not paid half the stipulated price, and often he found it difficult to restrain his indignation, so that only household necessities restrained him from pulverizing the finished work; but, like thousands of toilers, he was compelled to repress his internal fires that his hearth-stone might not grow cold.

In 1837 Hogan received a commission for a monumental group to the memory of the illustrious Dr Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, his design having carried off the palm from ten competitors. The genius displayed in this group won for the sculptor the honour of being elected a member of the Society Virtuosi of the Pantheon. This, the greatest distinction an artist can obtain, was never thought of nor sought for by Hogan. Great, therefore, was his surprise and joy when the Secretary of the Society, an Archbishop, announced to him, by letter, that he had been unanimously elected. His diploma was presented to him by Signor Fabris, the personal friend of Gregory XVI, and afterwards Director of the Vatican and of the Museum of the Capitol. The uniform worn by the members is a splendid one. On the buttons are represented the compass, chisel and pencil, with the motto: "*Florent in Domo Domini*," and the wearer is entitled to carry a true Toledo, silver mounted.

No British subject had ever been enrolled among the members of this society, which consists of but forty-five members and is the oldest of the kind in Europe. John Hogan became a member of the Academy of St Luke under equally flattering circumstances.

In the Dr Doyle monument, the great prelate is represented in the act of offering up an appeal to Heaven for the regeneration of his

beloved country, which is typified by a female figure resting on one knee, her body bent and humbled, yet in her majestic form retaining a fullness of beauty and dignity of character; her turret-crowned head resting on one arm, while the other reclines on and sustains her ancient harp. This work stands without a rival in the British Empire. It was brought to Ireland by the sculptor in 1840, and exhibited for some months in the Royal Exchange. Crowds of people went to see the work, and the artist himself was overwhelmed with personal attentions and invitations from the most distinguished and influential members of Dublin society. Unfortunately the admiration bestowed on his work and the hospitality extended to himself were no compensation to the artist for the want of prompt and sufficient payment. Mr Hogan considered himself extremely ill-used by the Doyle Committee; for some years after the commission was given, more than £400 remained due to the sculptor.

However, before he left Ireland for Rome, Hogan received another commission for a colossal statue of the illustrious Captain Drummond, late Under Secretary for Ireland, whose death, in the Spring of 1840, was justly regarded by the people he loved and served so faithfully as a public calamity. The oft-quoted aphorism, "*Property has its* DUTIES *as well as its* RIGHTS!" was one of his official utterances. Though a native of Scotland, his latest wish was to be buried in Ireland—the land of his adoption.

Hogan received the commission for this statue without competition. The terms were liberal and honorably fulfilled, the price paid was £1,200. The statue was finished early in the year 1843.

Among the other works on which Hogan was at this time engaged was an exquisite figure of "Hibernia" with a wolf dog at her feet, and holding in her hand a medallion of Lord Cloncurry. This beautiful work of art is now at Maritino, near Dublin, the late residence of that patriotic nobleman, for whom the artist also executed a beautiful monument to the unmarried daughter of John Philpot Curran, in the Church of St Isidore in Rome.

It was at this period also that he received from Cork a commission for a colossal statue of William Crawford, one of his own earliest friends, on which work, as he said himself, he "poured out all his soul." This statue adorns the Cork Savings Bank. As is eminently befitting, the city "which first cradled his fame" possesses a fair share of the great artist's works, for besides the above statue and the unequalled figure of the "Dead Christ" in St Finbar's Church, his exquisite figure of the "Angel" erected near the entrance to Father Mathew Cemetery is a source of delight to the thousands who visit that beautiful city of the dead. His monument to Father Mathew he did not live to complete—leaving the work to his son and his favorite pupil, Mr Cahill.

PART V.

THE O'CONNELL STATUE.

It was in what has been designated the "Repeal Year," or, more appropriately, the "Year of the Monster Meetings," that John Hogan was enjoying his vacation, and reaping the first fruits of his well-earned reputation in his native land. An Irish patriot, in the truest sense of the term, he was heart and soul in the movement which stirred the land "from centre to sea," and which the enthusiastic millions firmly believed could only end in making their beloved Ireland "A Nation once again."

Through his old schoolmate, David Cangley, of Tallow, the bosom friend of Thomas Davis, John Hogan was made personally acquainted with the latter gentleman. Davis was even then tacitly recognised by his brilliant galaxy of intimate co-laborers in the great work of educating their people to nationhood—as their pole-star—"their prophet and their guide," though only known to the masses who drank inspiration and delight from glorious poetry, as "The Celt," (his nom de plume in the "Nation.")

Naturally, those two great geniuses—united as they were in sentiments of pride and affection to their common country, and each instinctively recognising the worth of the other—became most intimate associates and affectionate friends. What glorious hopes of the future of their old land they must have interchanged in their communings by the Liffey and the Dodder, in that eventful summer, and how fondly they must have discanted on the inimitable beauties of their own native river—the Munster Blackwater?

What opinion Hogan entertained of Davis's genius we have no means of knowing from any recorded words of the great sculptor. Davis's appreciation of his friend's creative intellect and artistic powers of execution may be inferred from the lines he addressed to him on the "O'Connell Statue."—

O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

LINES TO HOGAN.

Chisel the likeness of the Chief,
Not in gaiety, nor grief;
Change not by your art to stone,
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.
Dark her tale, and none can tell
Its fearful chronicle so well.
Her frame is bent—her wounds are deep—
Who like him her woes can weep?
He can be gentle as a bride,
While none can rule with kinglier pride,
Calm to hear and wise to prove,
Yet gay as a lark in soaring love.

Well it were posterity
Should have some image of his glee;—
That easy humor, blossoming
Like the thousand flowers of spring!
Glorious the marble which could show
His bursting sympathy for woe,
Could catch the pathos, flowing wild,
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And oh! how princely were the art
Could mould his mein, or tell his heart,
While sitting sole on Tara's hill,
While hung a million on his will!
Yet, not in gaiety nor grief,
Chisel the image of our Chief;
Nor even in that haughty hour
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,
And give to other times to see
The greatest greatness of a man?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy,—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure,
Let his statue rise as tall
As firm as a castle wall;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history;
Pious, generous, deep and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollection throng—
Strongbow's force, and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath, and Smart's guile,
And iron Strafford's tiger's jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword,
Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of 'Ninety-Eight
And our present blighted fate—
Let the poor mechanic's lot,
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honors overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his looks to purpose stern.
Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught;
Still let our glories through it gleam,
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,
Or, like a flashing wave at night.

Bright—'mid the solemn darkness bright.
Let the memory of old days
Shin · through the statesman's anxious face,
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame,
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame.
And the sprit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of 'Eighty-two,
And the victories he won,
And the hope that leads him on.

Let whole armies seem to fly
From this threatening hand and eye;
Be the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand,
And be his gesture sternly grand,
A braggart tyrant swore to smite
A people struggling for their right—
O'Connell dared him to the field,
Content to die, but never yield.
Fancy such a soul as his,
In a moment such as this,
Like cataract, or foaming tide,
Or army charging in its pride.
Thus he spoke, and thus he stood,
Proffering in our cause his blood.
Thus his country loves him best—
To image this is your behest.
Chisel thus, and thus alone,
If to man you'd change the stone.

The moment of O'Connell's life thus selected by Davis for the guidance of the sculptor in perpetuating the "Great Tribune" in marble, was, when, at the great "Mallow Repeal meeting" in referring to the Government threats of coercion, and to an anxious Cabinet Council which had just been held, he defied the tyrants in an impassioned speech, concluding in those memorable words:

"Have we not the ordinary courage of Englishmen? Are we to be trampled under foot? Oh! they shall never trample me at least (tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes). I was wrong—they may trample me under foot (cries of 'No, no; they never shall'). I say they may trample me, but it will be my dead body they will trample on, not the living man." And a roar from two hundred thousand men responded, "Never!"

But before Hogan left Ireland to undertake the performance of the great work—the embodiment in stone of the poet's inspired conceptions---he had another mission to fulfil for O'Connell.

It was at the last of the great meetings of 1843, held on the hill of Mullaghmast, on the 1st of October, that this event took place.

The meeting was intended to be an expression of the public opinion of Leinster. Munster's emphatic pronouncement was given the previous Sunday at Lismore (on which occasion Thomas Francis Meagher made his first political speech, and won from

O'Connell the complimentary epithet —with an encouraging clap on the back—"Well done, Young Ireland!"). Connaught had spoken the two previous Sundays at Loughrea and Clifden. But it was intended that this Mullaghmast meeting should be the most significant and imposing of them all. Every device was used to effect this purpose. The site was chosen for its historic memories, and the lesson of English treachery which they inculcated; for there it was that, in the year 1577, the chiefs of Offaly and Leix, with hundreds of their unarmed attendant clansmen, were massacred in cold blood by the English of the Pale, who had invited them to a great feast, but had troops silently drawn around the banqueting hall, who, at a signal, attacked and butchered the unsuspecting guests.

Good reason had Richard Dalton Williams for giving this significant warning, and good reasons have they for heeding it :—

"Though the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vow thee love untold—
Trust him not, Green Land;
Touch not with gloveless clasp,
A coiled and deadly asp—
But with strong and guarded grasp
In thy steel-clad hand."

In numbers, enthusiasm, flaunting banners, and spirit-stiring Irish music, the meeting around the Rath of Mullaghmast was all that its projectors anticipated. O'Connell took the chair in the scarlet cloak worn by the Aldermen of the Dublin Corporation.

Some time previous among other devices to encourage Irish sentiment, there had been invented what was styled a "national cap," modelled after the form of an ancient Irish crown. One of these was prepared of green velvet, splendidly embroidered, wherewith to crown O'Connell on the Rath of Mullaghmast, and John Hogan, in his splendid uniform of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon, was selected to place it on the head of the people's chief. This was done with imposing ceremony, and papers of the day record that the Liberator's face beamed with pleasure when Hogan placed the cap on his head saying, "Sir, I only regret that this cap is not of gold."

When, after his return to Rome, Hogan had completed his model for the O'Connell Statue, he made a journey to the marble quarries of Saravezza, distant two hundred and fifty miles from Rome, and spent a considerable time searching for a faultless block for the gigantic figure.

The block he finally selected was of immense size and of unsurpassed purity. After it was cleaned from the worthless portions, it was shipped for Rome. Arrived at the Capital it was dragged from the Grand Quay on the Tiber through the city by a long train of oxen. Fears were expressed to the sculptor of the danger of

injuring the streets by dragging such a weighty mass over them. An addition had to be made in the studio in preparation for the reception of the block which was got in through a breach made on the occasion in the outer wall of the building. Connoisseurs thus expressed their admiration of the quality of the marble: "Its color is beautiful and without a speck, and it is so hard that, as they chisel it, it rings like a bell."

The finished statue evoked by the genius of the artist from this huge unshapely mass, may now be seen in the Royal Exchange, Dublin, an acknowledged masterpiece of the sublime in sculpture. It stamps the great Tribune in his grandest passion-mood, proud scorn seated on the massive brow, and playing over the mobile-features, and the arm boldly extended as if in defiance. Davis's ideas are indeed successfully embodied—as he felt assured they would be by the hands of his kindred genius.

PART VI.

HIS LIFE IN ROME—ARTISTIC AND DOMESTIC.

From 1824 to 1848 Rome was Hogan's home. There he constantly resided, except during his visits to Ireland, of which he made several during these twenty-four years. During the greater part of the time his studio was in the Vicolo di S. Giacamo. It had been part of Canova's studio, vacated a short time before Hogan's arrival in Rome by the death of the great Italian sculptor. In Rome the sculptors' studios are the common resort of all travellers, literary people and persons of taste, or the original casts of their works are always preserved by sculptors. The Irish sculptor was himself a striking figure in his studio. His tall, lithe, powerful frame, and his noble head and eagle look were eminently characteristic. He was full of vivacity, yet simple in manner and direct in speech. His studio was often visited by his countrymen, the students of the Irish colleges—Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians, who came to view the effigies of their country's illustrious dead—the work of her greatest living artist, and above all those noble creations of that artist's genius, the group of the "Pieta," the form of the "Dead Christ," and the personification of their beloved motherland in the figure of Hibernia.

To his brother artists also Hogan's studio was an attractive visiting place. He was on friendly terms with most of them, native and foreign. The greatest of them all, Thorwaldsen, admired and loved the Irish sculptor. When about to return to his own country, the venerable Dane, in taking leave of Hogan, embraced him affectionately, and exclaimed, "My son, you are the best sculptor I leave after me in Rome."

Hogan was always a hard-working man. He was to be found every morning in his studio at 5 o'clock, if there was light. The men employed by him to rough out his works in the marble were frequently assisted by him in the operation of "taking the points," which required the nicest accuracy; and when the block of marble was reduced by them to a tolerable approximation to his model, he was in the constant habit of taking the chisel into his own hands and bringing out himself all the fine development of muscle, and all the critical details of the drapery, without waiting to content himself with giving merely the last touches. In this way he took upon himself a great deal of additional labor—labor which few sculptors have the mechanical skill to undertake. Many sculptors are utterly unable to handle their own works except in the plastic clay in which the model is first produced, and for every subsequent operation are obliged to depend on the skill and experience of mechanics. But it was not so with Hogan. He was generally his own *formatore*, making the wastemold for the clay and casting the model. Thus to his own hands are to be attributed the delicate softness of the flesh, and the peculiar grace of many a fold in his works in the rigid marble; he was often known to deviate boldly from his model in transferring his works to marble, a thing which would be impossible unless he held the chisel in his own hand, and which must have required great skill in guiding it, as well as great confidence in attempting an alteration in such a material.

In 1838 John Hogan married an Italian lady, and but few unions were blessed with more domestic happiness. Hogan's life had always been passed in accordance with the virtuous principles he imbibed from his pious Irish parents, and to him the excesses in which artists too often indulge had been ever distasteful. But after his marriage he became still more domestic in his habits, seldom going abroad for amusement unless when accompanied by his family. Sometimes he took them for an evening's walk on the Corso, and occasionally he took them for a holiday to some of the picturesque villages in the vicinity of Rome. Though very temperate in his mode of living, he was hospitable to friends, and very frequently entertained young English or Irish artists at his table. For some years before he left Rome, to reside permanently in Ireland, he occupied a spacious house in one of the finest streets in the city, and these were the happiest years of his life. Fortune smiled on him; as his fame grew brighter his orders increased, and a prosperous and unclouded future seemed before him.

But this career of tranquil happiness was suddenly interrupted. The Revolution of 1848, which disrupted society and introduced warring elements into the cradle of religion and art, involved John Hogan's household in the general ruin, and his spirits were affected by the general despondency which followed the siege of the Eternal

City. Under those unpropitious circumstances he determined to return to Ireland. He had often expressed the wish of having his children educated in the land of his birth, but were it not for the gloomy times which had fallen on Italy, he might have long hesitated to break up his home in a country to whose climate and manners he had become naturalized; in which his wife and children were born: in which it was easier than elsewhere to support a family upon limited means; and where patronage would have more surely found him. Still he fondly believed that the tide of fortune would follow him to Ireland, and he determined to earn for his native land the honor of such merit as his genius could henceforth achieve. To Ireland he, therefore, led his wife and young Italian children. He came to his motherland, full of bright visions for the future of his country and of himself. The patriot and the artist would now commence in earnest the labors that were to immortalize the illustrious heroes of Erin, her saints and sages, and give to an admiring word the beautiful and glorious episodes of her history.

PART VII.

HIS CAREER IN IRELAND—STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS.

It was in an unpropitious time that John Hogan returned to Ireland. In the few years which elapsed since that hope-inspiring day when surrounded by the genius and manhood of his race, he crowned the people's chief on the Rath of Mullaghmast, woeful changes had been wrought in the land. Famine and pestilence had desolated the island. O'Connell was dead in the city by the Tiber. The organization he had founded scarcely outlived him. The spirit that breathed a soul into the newly-awakened nation had departed, or was crushed for the time. Death, the convict-ship, the prison, and involuntary exile told their story. A slavish, mercenary spirit permeated the hearts of those who usurped their places as exponents of Irish public sentiment, and so the great sculptor felt his glowing hopes chilled, and himself a stranger in the metropolis of his native land.

The remainder of his life was a continuous battle against prejudice, chicanery, ignorance and dishonesty. The wealthy upholders of English dominion could never forgive his pronounced nationalism, or his association with Thomas Davis and kindred spirits during his previous visit to Ireland, and accordingly they simply ignored him. The self-opinionated, post-prandial patriots, to whom flattery and subserviency was as incense to their nostrils, could not tolerate his manly independence of spirit, which jarred with their ideas of self-esteem, and they, of course, could not *patronise* one of his class—a proud, self-reliant genius, without

social or political influence, or a clique to sound his praise in a morning paper—for the usual consideration.

As an instance of the spirit which actuated this class of pompous pretenders in their dealings with Hogan, the fact that they rejected his beautiful models for the "Moore Testimonial," and intrusted the "job" to the incompetent hands which produced the monstrosity that was at once the disgrace and the laughing-stock of Dublin, is sufficient to refer to here.

The rejection of Hogan's models gave the artist a shock of commingled astonishment, disappointment and disgust, which resulted in a severe fit of illness.

In other dealings with this class of "art-patronizers" (?) Hogan had to experience some petty examples of ignorance and perverse stupidity that were sufficient to irritate a man of his sensitive, artistic nature, even if he were endowed with the "patience of Job." One of those "committee members" exhibited his classic taste by wanting to have *a pair of spectacles put on a statue*. A far worse exhibition of vandalism was shown by the party in charge of an Art Exhibition in Dublin, who had one of Hogan's exquisitely-chiselled figures *scoured with freestone*, to remove the hue of antiquity which it had already assumed. One may well exclaim against the ignorance or imbecility of such transgressors against taste; but they were venial sinners compared to the dishonest rascal—the owner of one of Hogan's *alto relievos*—who allowed the work to be copied three times for the benefit of another sculptor.

To add to these annoyances, Hogan had to endure the difficulty of obtaining payment for some of his finest works executed while he was still in Rome—notably his monument to Dr. Doyle, and his figure of the "Dead Christ," in St. Finbar's Church in Cork. The latter work was never settled for until some time after the sculptor's death, when his family received most, if not all, the balance due him. At one time some of his friends, indignant at his treatment, suggested that the needy artist should try to reclaim possession of this statue, which would be certain to find a purchaser in America, if not in Ireland. But poor Hogan shrank from the idea, which to one of his deeply religious nature involved something akin to sacrilege. "No!" he replied, "I will not have the curses of the people, accustomed to pray before that statue, on my head; let it remain where it is." It were well if those who were responsible for the debt were actuated by similar Christian feelings; they might have spared the suffering artist some bitter pangs, pinched as he then was to provide for his numerous and helpless young family.

But in the deep home-love which John Hogan enjoyed more than anything else on earth, he found the happiness which enabled him to bear up under the crosses and disappointments he was subjected to elsewhere. His affectionate heart was centred in his family, he could not bear to be away from their children, and but rarely

accepted an invitation to spend an evening out. He was accustomed to have his family around him in the evenings, and while the children were occupied with their studies, he would read some amusing book, now and then translating some amusing passage into Italian for his wife. During his holidays he always occupied himself in the studio, teaching his sons to draw from the round.

As the gloom which overshadowed the land passed gradually away, our artist's prospects grew brighter. His old friend, Dr Mullock, Bishop of Newfoundland, gave him a commission to execute some important works for the Cathedral of St. John's. He was requested to prepare a model for a statue of Father Mathew to be erected in Cork, and it was decided that he should execute a statue of O'Connell for Limerick. Several private individuals also gave him orders, and with his prudential habits and sound common sense, he was enabled to support his numerous family in comfort and respectability, and occasionally follow the bent of his generous nature and afford help to others.

With this favourable change of circumstances his spirits recovered their wonted elasticity. He was fond of counting over with his friends the cities, towns, churches and convents in Ireland which possessed works of his, and he now hoped that the list would be increased.

There was a movement in progress at that time towards the erection of a statue of Goldsmith in Dublin and one of Sarsfield in Limerick, and it was confidently expected that Hogan should execute those works. His beautiful statue of Thomas Davis,* had the apparent effect of evoking anew the dormant patriotism of Irish municipal bodies, which was about to find expression in the adornment of their public places with the statues of their illustrious countrymen, instead of the grotesque effigies of royal stupidities—symbolical of foreign oppression and native debasement, which hitherto affronted the eyes and evoked the maledictions of the people.

Hogan was delighted with the thought that, at length, Irish heroism and genius would be commemorated by Irish art; and he was satisfied that if his own life was spared a few years longer, he would not only contribute a goodly share of the noble work, but be able to leave his family in independent circumstances.

* JOHN MITCHEL, in the "Irish Citizen" of November, 1870, thus writes of Hogan's statue of Thomas Davis, and of the relations which existed between these two illustrious Irishmen:

THOMAS DAVIS.—In the cemetery of Mount Jerome, hard by Dublin, is the grave of one of the noblest of all Irishmen, and above it is a most exquisite statue in marble—a statue of Davis, by *Hogan*. Poet and artist were dear friends. Nobody did more for Hogan's name and fame than Davis, and not one of all Davis's friends and comrades, though they all loved him well, was more devotedly attached to him than Hogan. The statue, then, is more

than a mere work of art—more than a perfect graven image of a grand Irishman ; it is a touching memorial of a rare and exalted friendship, enobled by intellect, patriotism and art.

But though the statue has stood over that grave for twenty years, it has been seen by comparatively few. We are pleased to know that Mr. Varian, of Cork, has had the good thought of procuring a very fine photograph of the work, so that Irishmen everywhere may enjoy, at a very trifling cost, the privilege of studying both the work of the sculptor and the liniments of the patriot and poet."

Part VIII.

CLOSING SCENES.

The turning of the tide of Hogan's fortunes came too late for the fulfilment of his hopes, for while orders poured in upon him most encouragingly, his health steadily declined. For a year or so before his death he suffered much from insomnia, and was, consequently, unfitted to work by day. When unable to sleep he was in the habit of passing away the hours in reading from his favourite book, "The Imitation of Christ." Sometimes he would rise, and, taking a light, go down to his studio, and muse among the works of his inspiration in the silence of night. On one of these occasions he was found kneeling in prayer before his own plaster cast of the "Dead Christ"—the same work which, twenty years before, he told his father was greatly admired by the artists in Rome, and, though his own work had sometimes affected himself. The Sunday preceding his death he stole down to the studio. He looked round on his unfinished works, and pausing in front of a marble which was being executed at the cost of a private gentleman for the Church of St. Saviour in Dublin, he said to his son and to his assistant : "Finish it well, boys, I shall never handle the chisel more !"

On returning to his bed, he directed a search to be made for an engraving of Thorwaldsen's statue of the Redeemer, which those about him had not been aware that he possessed. This he had pinned to the wall in such a way that his eyes could conveniently turn to it ; and he seemed never tired of gazing upon a figure which he said would in itself have been to immortalize any sculptor ; the gently outstretched arm and whole attitude so well expressed the idea *Venite ad me omnes* !

From time to time he spoke with the friends who were round his bed of times long gone by, and of the loved ones who had preceded him to life eternal. He talked of the father he had idolized, of the pious mother who had made his youthful days so happy, of the only brother who had died early, and of the sister who had devoted her life to God. He spoke of them as if they were not far from

him. And then he would pray for his children, and, taking his wife's hand, assured her that he would watch over her—"*most certainly* watch over her."

For some hours before his death he seemed insensible, except that when they read the prayers for the dying he audibly made the responses. For a long time the only words he uttered were: "Beautiful, how beautiful!"

At forty minutes past two o'clock on Saturday morning, March 27th, 1858, John Hogan died in the presence of his wife and children. Through life he had borne himself like a good Christian, and he met death with a Christian's faith and hope. Ireland's greatest artist, his name and fame will be ever proudly cherished by the land his genius did so much to glorify in perpetuating the lineaments of her illustrious dead, and giving tangible shape to the ideal creations in which her devoted children were wont to typify their beloved "Island Queen!"—"Green Erin of the Streams!"

He left eleven children, seven daughters and four sons, the eldest only eighteen years at the time of his death. One of his daughters was the model for the figure of "Hibernia" in Lord Cloncurry's statue, and one of his sons served for the model of the youthful "Brian" in his exquisite group—"Hibernia Inspiring Brian Boru!"

HOGAN'S FUNERAL.

On the Tuesday following his death, the remains of John Hogan were conveyed to their final resting place in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin. The committee of the cemetery had offered a plot of ground in any part that mightbe chosen for the sculptor's grave. The spot selected was in the old "O'Connell Circle" (where the remains of the great Tribune were for some years interred previous to their removal to their present resting place beneath the monumental "Round Tower").

The hour fixed for the departure of the funeral procession from Wentworth-Place was ten o'clock; but long before that time vast numbers of carriages, occupied by Catholic clergymen and some of the most distinguished professional and literay men of Dublin, were drawn up in line along Wentworth-Place andthe adjacent streets. Commenting upon this posthumous show of respect to the remains of the artist whom the Dublin notables so shamefully neglected while living, the *Europe Artiste* bitterly but justly remarked: "Genius had its triumph even in the vain, shallow city of Dublin; and the funeral car of Hogan, the great sculptor, who died poor as he had lived, was yet followed to the grave by a file of private carriages long enough to cover two of the Boulevards of Paris."

How forcibly does this comment of the French Journalist recall Moore's scathing lines on the death of Sheridan:—

> "How proud they can press to the funeral array
> Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow."

At the appointed hour, the hearse, drawn by six black horses covered with sable housings, drove up in front of the house of mourning, and the coffin, of Irish oak, containing all that was earthly of as noble an Irishman as ever trod Dublin streets, was borne forth and placed in the funeral car. The upper section of the lid bore a gilt crucifix, and beneath was a gilt shield with the following inscription :—

JOHN HOGAN.
Died March 27th, 1858, aged 57 years.
Requiescat in pace.

Above the coffin was placed the hat, sword, scabbard and sword belt of the uniform of the deceased as a member of the Society of St. Luke. The funeral cortege proceeded from Wentworth-Place by Hollis street, into Merrion Square, and as it entered Clare street the long line of carriages extended as far as could be seen in the direction of Mount street. The doorways were crowded by hundreds of the working classes who joined the procession, and the windows of the houses on its course were occupied by ladies and gentlemen. In the two mourning carriages which followed the hearse were John, Richard, Edward, and Joseph, the four sons of the deceased. From every street leading to Nassau street carriages joined the procession, and as it entered Grafton street, the end of it could not have passed Westland Row. As the hearse approached the College gate, the students, numbering about two hundred, issued two by two from the inner entrance. They wore their academic caps and gowns, and were headed by Professors Shaw and Carmichael both "Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin." On arriving opposite the gates of the College, the hearse drew up to enable the students to take up their position in front of the procession, and as they passed the coffin, they lifted their caps in respectful reverence to the dead. This demonstration of nationality and respect for genius was the more to be admired as it was the free and willing act of these gentlemen, and not ordered or enforced in any way by the superiors of university.

The funeral resumed its course up Westmoreland street, over Carlisle Bridge to the end of Sackville street opposite the Rotunda, where the students drew aside from the line of the procession, and remained uncovered while the hearse was passing.

On the procession arriving at the cemetery the coffin was conveyed to the Mortuary Chapel, where a number of clergymen had assembled. The usual prayers for the dead having been recited, the coffin was borne to the grave prepared for it on the right hand side of the entrance to the enclosed ground, where the remains of the sculptor were laid to rest, and Father Carroll read the last prayer for the departed. The spot is now covered with a plain slab, on which is inscribed the single word HOGAN.

Waterford Celebrities.

CHARLES J. KEAN,

Tragedian.

PART I.

As Tyrone Power is, by universal consent, accorded the first place on the list of Irish comedians, so is his fellow Waterford-man, Charles Kean, placed at the head of Irish tragedians, and when it was freely admitted that, in the zenith of his career, he had no living equal among English-speaking tragedians, he may well be accorded a place among the celebrities of his native county.

His father was the brilliant and erratic Edmund Kean, designated in the annals of the stage as "the prince of modern tragedians;" his mother was Mary Chambers, a native of Waterford, and at her mother's side, descended from the highly respectable family of Cuffe, long settled in that county and the neighboring county, Kilkenny. When Edmund Kean first became acquainted with his future wife, he was connected with a theatrical company playing through the Irish provincial towns, and, for the time, located in Waterford. Neither then, nor for years after, had he become known to public fame, and no one saw in the poor itinerant actor the future mainstay of Drury Lane, and the magnet of theatrical attraction destined to draw around himself all the tragic celebrity of the British metropolis.

It is probable that, for some years after her marriage, and while her husband was fulfilling his professional engagements throughout the country, Mrs Kean continued to reside in her native city. At all events, Charles, who was her second son, was born in Waterford on the 18th of January, 1811.

For the three years succeeding his birth the family struggled

on in a continued battle with poverty, sometimes reduced to the limit of human endurance. But in 1814 the great tragedian, who always had faith in his own powers, got what he had long aspired to, a chance to appear in one of the London theatres, and from thence forward his fortune was in his own hands to make or to mar. *He did both.*

His son Charles was educated as became one of his condition, in accordance with his parents' altered circumstances. He was first sent to a preparatory school, and thence to Eton, with an allowance of £300 a year for his board and education. While there he gained some credit by his Latin verses, but more by his prowess in fencing and rowing, his aquatic achievements winning him the distinction of Second Captain of the "Long Boats."

In 1827, when Charles was in his sixteenth year, his father's unbearable eccentricities culminated in a family disruption, and as a result, the withdrawal of the boy from Eton became a necessity. Through the interest of Mr. Calcraft, M.P., an influential member of the Drury Lane committee of that day, an offer of an East India cadetship was made as a provision for the lad; but this kind-hearted Irish boy, with the filial love so characteristic of his race, declined it unless he could see an adequate maintenance secured to his deserted mother, who then lay bed-ridden without a friend or relative to whom she could look for support but himself.

With a ready spirit of independence, the boy at once resolved to support his invalid mother out of his earnings on the stage, and he accepted an engagement for three years, under Mr Charles Kimble, of Drury Lane, at a salary of £10 a week, with a prospect of increase.

He appeared for the first time upon the stage, on the 1st of October, 1827, as "Young Norval," in Humes' tragedy of *Douglas*. His first appearance, though not a failure, was not a success, and the criticisms of the London press were decidedly unfavourable to his performance. But his spirit rose with the occasion; and instead of despairing under adverse criticism, he determined to succeed in spite of them, and renewed his efforts. He appeared during the season in various characters, but without creating any favourable impression on the London audience, or the London critics.

He determined to try his luck in the provinces, and accordingly

he made a tour in Scotland. While performing in Glasgow, in October, 1828, he had the consolation of being reconciled to his father, who consented to play "Brutus" to his "Titus," for the son's benefit. The house was crowded, and the receipts amounted to nearly £300.

Having returned to London, and again tried his luck at Drury Lane with no better success than before, he proceeded to Ireland and acted in conjunction with his father in Dublin and Cork, winning warm approbation in both cities, as "Titus," "Bassanio," "Iago" and "Macduff."

In the following October he played Romeo to Miss F H Kelly's Juliet, at the Haymarket, and for the first time he had the satisfaction of seeing his performance mentioned by the London press in terms of praise.

After a short visit to Amsterdam and the Hague, Charles Kean resolved to try his fortune in America. He made his first appearance at New York, in the character of Richard III. in September, 1830. His reception was exceedingly cordial. He subsequently appeared with unvarying success as Hamlet, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Sir Giles Overreach, and had the gratification of returning to England at the age of twenty-two with an established reputation as a tragedian, such as was never before attained by an actor of his age

On reaching London he was at once engaged at a liberal salary, by Mr Laporte at Covent Garden. During this engagement on the 25th of March, 1833, the father and son, for the only time, played together on the London stage, as Moor and Iago in "Othello," Miss Ellen Tree sustaining the part of Desdemona. In the second act of this play Edmund Kean's powers suddenly failed, and he fell fainting into his son's arms. His death occurred soon afterwards.

In the same year Charles Kean left London, resolved never to set foot in a theatre there again, unless he could command his own terms of £20 per night. To this resolution he steadfastly adhered, for he had confidence in himself.

After a short visit to Hamburg, in which Miss Ellen Tree

was one of the company, Charles Kean again made a tour through Ireland and Scotland, and succeeded in drawing full houses, and winning enthusiastic applause in Dublin and Edinburgh. In the former city his efforts had been always greeted with characteristic warmth, perhaps because the audience were proud to hail him as a fellow-countryman, and partly, because they were quick to see and acknowledge rising merit. The example of the Irish and Scotch capitals was speedily followed by the English provincial cities, Manchester, Bristol, Bath, Plymouth, Exeter, etc., and he began to present the extraordinary and unique instance of an actor without London popularity, but proving in the "provinces" the most attractive "star" that any manager could hope for. In 1837 he courteously declined an offer from Mr Macready to join his staff at Covent Garden. About the same time he closed with an offer from Mr. Bunn, to act for twenty nights at Drury Lane, with a salary of £20 per night. His own words were realized. He appeared as Hamlet on January 8th, 1838, and his appearance was a success seldom, if ever, surpassed in the annals of the stage. "The pit fairly rose at him," was the characteristic description given of the scene by the reporter.

His reputation was fairly made, and his society courted by the great and distinguished of all professions. On the 30th of March he was entertained at a public dinner in Drury Lane theatre—the chair being filled by the Marquis of Clanricarde—and was presented with a magnificent silver vase of the value of £200. During this, his first important appearance in London, he appeared only in three characters— Hamlet, Richard III and Sir Giles Overreach. The Queen, who was present on the first night of Richard III, commanded the manager to express to Mr. Kean her approbation of the performance. Though her "gracious Majesty's" critical knowledge may not have been very profound, yet her publicly expressed approbation was a clue which the *elite* of English society were sure to follow, and it was therefore of material value both to the manager and performer.

Part II.

In June, 1839, after appearing at the Haymarket Theatre with great success, Charles Kean went on a second tour to America. He was cordially received by his old admirers, and made many

new ones during the period of his stay, which extended to about a year. On his return to England in 1840, he resumed his place at the Haymarket, and also his provincial tours.

Whilst in Dublin, in January, 1842, he married Miss Ellen Tree—to whom he had been for many years attached. It was a well-assorted and happy union; it gave him an invaluable coadjutor in his profession such as seldom fell to the lot of an actor of his pre-eminence. The first public appearance of the newly married couple after their "honeymoon" was over, was in Glasgow.

In 1843 Charles Kean resumed his engagement with the manager of Drury Lane. In 1845, he, accompanied by his wife, once more embarked for the United States, where their joint appearance was an immense success. While in America he reproduced the gorgeous historical tragedies of "King John" and "Richard III" on a scale of splendour which had never been surpassed in Paris or London.

On the termination of his American engagements he returned to England, and made a very successful tour through the provinces. He appeared for some seasons at the Haymarket Theatre with his usual brilliant success.

In 1849 Charles Kean was entrusted with the task of managing the Christmas theatricals for "Her Majesty and the Prince Consort" at Windsor Castle.

In 1850 he became the manager and sole proprietor of the Princess's Theatre, London. Here he became identified in the public mind with those splendid revivals of Shakespeare's historical plays, in connection with which his name will be long remembered by all admirers of the great genius who conceived them; for Kean's reputation as a tragedian, high as it stood at the time as the first of living actors, was almost exclusively based on his superb delineations of Shakespeare; and great as he was in other characters, it is in such characters as "Hamlet," "Wolsey," and "Richard III" that his tragic powers found their full scope.

In his capacity as a reviver of the plays of the great poets of the past, which had too long been neglected previous to his time, Charles Kean was one of the public educators of the people, and as such his memory should be honored by the appreciators of the classic drama.

His revivals of "Henry VIII," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Macbeth," and "The Tempest," not with the conventional precedents of our degenerate age, but with scenery, costume and historical details of the age and times in which those personages lived, have wonderfully aided the uneducated as well as the educated spectator to view the events represented on the stage in the light of history, to throw themselves back into the circumstances in which these characters moved, and to feel as they felt.

Who, that had the great fortune to witness Edwin Forrest, or his great pupil, John MacCullough, in their delineations of "Spartacus" that did not feel their knowledge of Roman history and social life enhanced, and form a more correct appreciation of those imperious "civilised barbarians" (?) as they actually existed, when they saw realised, as it were, before them the tragic story of the "Dying Gladiator"—"Butchered to make a Roman holiday." Or, who that saw those two magnificent tragedians in the play of "Jack Cade" that did not form a better conception of the barbarism of English feudal life, when the down-trodden toilers in shop and field had alike to submit to atrocities and outrages such as Wat. Tyler fittingly avenged when he brained the ruffian representative of feudal law, and led his exasperated fellow-slaves to assert their manhood in the only way open to men in their position, in those—"good, old times" in "Merrie England!"

From this point of view the stage can be made the medium of exhibiting valuable object lessons in history; and, as the man to whose scholarly attainments, correct taste and liberal expenditure of money, the inauguration of such an essential improvement in realistic scenery is chiefly due, Charles Kean has set an example which should be followed by all aspirants to the patronage of an enlightened theatre-going community.

The balance of Charles Kean's professional career was uniformly prosperous, while his home-life was happy in the society of his wife and daughter, the latter being his only child.

In 1863 himself and wife made a lengthened professional visit to Australia, returning through the United States by way of California in 1866. He lived less than two years after his return to England, and died in London on the 22nd of January, 1868, universally regretted. As a tragedian he left no living equal. He was not possessed of the dazzling genius of his erratic father, but he was free from his faults, being always a "*gentleman!*"

Waterford Celebrities.

ROBERT BOYLE.

Philosopher.

—o—

Among the cleverest, most unscrupulous and avaricious adventurers that ever crossed the English Channel to seek his fortune on Irish soil, and gain his end by force or fraud, Richard Boyle, known in history as the Earl of Cork, is entitled to a foremost place.

The impecunious and untitled son of a younger brother, this typical "*Chevalier d' Industrie*," landed in Dublin in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and, by the exercise of his natural abilities managed to ingratiate himself into the favor of the less gifted rascals who represented the English Queen in that "sink of iniquity"—Dublin Castle.

Through the influence of those official robbers, together with his own prudent thrift, tenacity in holding on to whatever fell into his clutches, and general business capabilities, he procured grants and favorable bargains of confiscated Irish estates, chiefly from those belonging to the Desmond family. Such was his success, that in 1632, this acquisitive upstart was entitled to style himself Sir Richard Boyle, Knight, Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghal, Lord Dungarvan, Earl of Cork, and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland.

Being one of the largest landed proprietors in the kingdom and not above engaging in any speculation that promised remunerative returns for the capital invested, he had ample wealth to support his many dignities. One of his most profitable bargains was made with the adventurous Sir Walter Raleigh, who being about to fit out one of his expeditions to his Transatlantic Eldorado, and finding himself in want of the required funds, disposed of his Irish estates for ready cash to the rich Earl. These included not only the 12,000 acres awarded to Queen Bess's handsome gallant, out of Desmond's confiscated property in the vicinity of the Blackwater, but also the Castle and Manor of Lismore, which Raleigh had purchased from that hoary old sinner, Miles Magrath, the renegade Archbishop of Cashel, who got them as part payment for his apostacy, from the head of his newly adopted Church.

Over the archway of the entrance to Lismore Castle may yet be seen in English black letters the motto adopted by this self-made nobleman :—

"GOD'S PROVIDENCE BE MYNE INHERITANCE."

But, if the devil has his due—as in *this* instance he has without doubt—the blaspheming old hypocrite has found his "inheritance" in company more befitting the associate of "Morrough the Burner!" There I, ungrudgingly, leave him, to treat of the career of his seventh and youngest son, who was born to him in that grand old Castle on the Blackwater, on January 25th, 1626, O. S. The Earl of Cork, among his other hard-headed peculiarities, had, as his illustrious son tells us, "a perfect aversion for the fondness of parents who used to breed up their children so nice and tenderly that a hot sun or a shower of rain as much endangers them as if they were made of butter or sugar."

As soon, therefore, as the baby was able, without danger, to support the incommodities of a remove, he was transferred from the lordly castle to the humble dwelling of a country nurse, and inured to plain fare and homely ways.

It is hard to say how much Robert Boyle was indebted to his early training among the pleasant fields and waving woods of that glorious Munster vale, where to inhale the very air by his native river, was of itself a source of health of body and exhiliration of spirits. He might have been naturally of a delicate constitution, for though, as Burns would say, "He lived to scratch a lyart pow," he was all his life complaining of some ailment or other, and constantly dosing himself with medicine.

He had the great misfortune to lose his mother while he was yet a child; but after her death the Earl seems to have transferred the love he felt for her to her hapless boy, who thenceforth became his especial favorite.

Robert accounts for this partiality partly to his being like Joseph and Benjamin, the son of his father's old age, partly to a fancied likeness observed in him, both to his father's body and mind; but chiefly as he cynically conjectures, to his never having lived with his father long enough to provoke his dislike by running into debt or taking such other courses as in his other children he severely disrelished. The calculating, close-fisted old reprobate could, it seems,

> "Compound for sins he was inclined to,
> By damning those he had no mind to."

But whatever motive actuated him Robert was his favorite, and notwithstanding his homely infantile training, he grew up a "spoiled child."

He was not subjected to any severe scholastic training. His studies and his masters were often changed, and, in a desultory

way, he wandered at will over the fields of knowledge. Possessed of a quick, versatile intellect, he learned many things, but nothing very profoundly. Like most boys, he was passionately fond of fabulous and romantic stories. His favorite—like Don Quixote's—was "Amadis-de-Gaul," to the reading of which and other kindred tales of adventure he imputes his being in after life much afflicted "with a roving wildness of wandering thought." He sought an andidote for this mental disorder in the unromantic occupation of extracting the square and cube roots. How far he succeeded, those of my readers who have read his works may judge. Not being of that patient plodding class, I am not qualified to pass an opinion on the matter.

While yet very young he displayed a precocity of intellect and a gravity rare in a child. He showed what is still rarer in spoiled children, a regard for truth, which was said to be proof against every temptation.

Before he was eight years old he had learned to write a fair hand, and to speak French and Latin. It is to be presumed that he learned the vernacular from his Irish nurse, so that when in his ninth year he was removed from Ireland to Eton College, he was a tolerable linguist for one so young.

He remained at Eton for nearly four years, during which time he made rapid progress in his studies. He also kept a journal in which he recites several narrow escapes from death, one of which was owing to the stupidity of an apothecary, who gave him an emetic in place of a refreshing drink.

This accident had some influence on Boyle's future career. Through it he long afterwards apprehended more evil from doctors than from disease, and he asserts that it was the cause of his applying himself so exquisitively to the study of physic, that he might have less need of them that professed it. Being a "seventh son," Boyle was considered, as a matter of course, to be a "born doctor," so when he became his own master he dosed himself to his heart's content, though it must be owned that his physical appearance was not materially benefitted by his self-imposed nostrums.

Soon after the occurrence of the above-mentioned accident his father arrived in England, and Robert went to visit him. The old Earl found that he loved his favorite boy too much to part with him again, and he accordingly removed him from Eton to his country seat at Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, which Boyle afterwards inherited.

At Stalbridge he had an old parson for tutor, under whose care he perfected himself in Latin, and learned to compose verses in French and English, of which he was tolerably vain at the time, but which, when he grew older, he had the good sense to burn.

Boyle passed from the care of the old parson into the hands of an accomplished Frenchman named Marcombes, a soldier and a traveller, and a shrewd man of the world, though not a profound scholar. With him Boyle spent a summer reading Universal history and in conversation in French.

Part II.

HIS LIFE ON THE CONTINENT.

In the autumn of 1638, the Earl of Cork, who encouraged early marriages in his family, concluded a match between his sixth son, Francis, and one of Queen Henrietta's maids of honor. Robert accompanied his brother to London, and witnessed his marriage, in the presence of Charles the First and his consort. Four days after the wedding, the brideroom extremely afflicted—the bride being left behind—and his unsympathizing brother, greatly delighted—were ordered away to France, where they landed in October, 1638.

Their stay on the Continent was much longer than either the exiled bridegroom or his younger brother anticipated. Accompanied by M Marcombes, the Boyles travelled rapidly through Normandy, visited Rouen, Paris and Lyons, and settled for a time at Geneva. Here Robert studied logic and rhetoric, with but little relish, but was "enamored of those delightful studies," arithmetic and geometry. He also took lessons in fencing and dancing, and liked the first as much as he hated the last.

In the year 1640, while Boyle was still at Geneva, an occurrence took place which produced a marked effect on his spiritual character through all his after life. In the dead of night he was suddenly roused from his slumber by the thunder of a fearful storm, which raged so furiously that he verily believed the "Day of Judgment" had come. Whereupon the consideration of his unpreparedness

to meet it and the terror of being surprised by it in an unfit condition, made him resolve that if his fears that night were unfounded, all further additions to his life should be religiously employed. This was a praiseworthy resolution, and one becoming a native of "Lismore of the Saints," though scarcely to be looked for in the offspring of such a case-hardened old worldling as his father was. How far he fulfilled it depends on the peculiar views he entertained of religion. That these were rather gloomy at times may be inferred from the following passage in his biography:—

"Soon after witnessing the thunderstorm, Boyle made incursions through Daughine and the south of France. Whilst at Grenoble his curiosity led him to those wild mountains where the first and chiefest of the Carthusian abbeys does stand seated, where the Devil, taking advantage of that deep, raving melancholy, so sad a place, his humor, and the strange stories and pictures he found there, Bruno, the Father of that Order, suggested such strange and distracting doubts of some of the fundamentals of Christianity that, though his looks did little betray his thoughts, nothing but the forbiddingness of self-dispatch hindered his acting it."

Unsustained by those "fundamentals of Christianity"—Faith, Hope and Charity!—neither Boyle or his biographer could comprehend the noble spirit of self-abnegation which actuated the monks of La Trappe in their choice of life. They seem not to have considered that this life of prayer, fasting, labor and self-imposed silence, in a religion remote from the cares and allurements of the busy world, was adopted in response to the invitation of him who was "The Way! the Truth! and the Life!" "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me."

Could Boyle's mental vision have extended two centuries into the future and witnessed the beneficial effects of the establishment of a branch of that "austere order" within three miles of his birthplace; the barren moors they reclaimed; the barren intellects they cultivated; the bodies and souls their charity and devotion preserved from temporal and eternal destruction; the example of patient and never-ceasing industry they set to their more wordly fellow-toilers; he might have formed a more cheerful estimate of the vocation of these children of Bruno, and be spared the contemplation of those gloomy resolutions which, according to the foregoing quotation from his biography, his visit to the "parent establishment" seems to have engendered.

Boyle, however, got over this despairing fit, though his life was ever afterwards tinged with melancholy, and the temptation of disbelief returned at intervals.

This melancholy was partly the consequence of his bodily

infirmities, and partly owing to his unsettled religious convictions, the natural consequence of a lack of faith ?

In 1641 Boyle left Geneva, on a tour through the north of Italy, visiting, among other places, Padua, Vorono, Bologna, Ferarra, Venice and Florence. At Florence he resided a winter, studying "the new paradoxes of the great star-gazer, Galileo," who died in the city while Boyle and his brother were there.

They subsequently visited Rome, and after a brief stay in the "Eternal City" they turned their steps homewards, and arrived at Marseilles in the spring of 1652, intending to embark at that port for England.

But their sojourn on the Continent was not destined to terminate so soon. At Marseilles they found letters from their father, which, instead of containing the expected remittance to enable them to conclude their journey, announced the breaking out of what pro-British historians designate the "Great Irish Rebellion of 1641."

In the sketch of Boyle's contemporary, Wadding, the causes which led to this uprising of the Irish people are already recorded, so that they need not be referred to here. Suffice it for present purposes to state that in this war the Earl of Cork and his elder sons took a prominent part, and, as a consequence, all his spare cash was absorbed in the equipment and payment of the troops he raised in conjunction with the renegade Inchiquin. At that period both these noblemen were, like Ormond, Royalists, and such the Earl of Cork continued to be to his death, while the others subsequently trimmed their sails to suit the exigencies of the times, and abandoned the cause of Charles for that of his enemies, the Parliamentarians.

The unexpected draft on his financial resources pressed heavily on the wealthy Earl of Cork, that it was with difficulty he sent his sons £250 to bring them back to England. But even this sum was embezzled by the agent in London to whom it was entrusted, so that the brothers had to return to Geneva, where, such was the distraction in the British Islands, they had to wait for near two years vainly expecting the arrival of supplies from home. At length, by raising money on some jewels which they fortunately had in their possession, they were able to reach England in 1644.

Here Boyle found that his father had been dead for a year past. It was said that his death was caused by chagrin at the success of the Irish Confederates. It may be so, though I doubt it, for while he lived his son, Lord Broghill, held possession of his Castle of Lismore in spite of repeated efforts of the Confederate generals to oust him, and it was not until after Castlehaven's victory at Cappoquin, in April, 1645, that Lismore and all the minor strongholds garrisoned by the partizans of England fell into the Confederates' hands.

Whether the four days' bridegroom was re-united to his six years' "grass widow," history does not record. The subject of this memoir was, however, left heir to what eventually proved an ample estate, but which at the time was of questionable value. He scarcely knew what course to pursue, and was about to join the Royalist army, when by a lucky chance he met his sister, Lady Ranelagh, with whom he resided for some months in London. The major part of her relatives were Royalists, but she was connected by marriage with some of the chiefs of the Parliamentary party, and during the civil war her interest was sufficient to secure her brothers Irish and English estates from confiscation.

PART III.

HIS SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

In the year 1645 Boyle paid a short visit to the Continent for the purpose of arranging his pecuniary affairs. In the following year, when at the age of twenty, he commenced the scientific researches, which won him a reputation among the foremost philosophers of modern times.

His favorite science was chemistry. He was the first to introduce phosphorous to the notice of English philosophers, though he was not its discoverer.

In Natural Philosophy, Boyle holds a high place, especially in reference to pneumatics. The first to construct an air-pump in England, his name is inseparably connected with a department of knowledge, which, dealing with the properties of the atmosphere, is interwoven with all the physical sciences.

In a letter to his brother Charles, Lord Dungarvan, dated 1659, Boyle gives an account of his first air-pump. The treatise is entitled, "New Experiments Physico-Mechanical touching the spring of the air and its effects, made, for the most part, in a new Pneumatical Engine."

With characteristic generosity, Boyle presented his engine to the Royal Society in 1662, and, for seven years after, turned aside from pneumatic research, but finding that no one in England took his place, he resumed his enquiries into the properties of the air, and began by constructing a new and improved air-pump. With this instrument he made many experiments to test the influence of a vacuum on living animals, most of them of a nature to subject him to prosecution by the agents of a certain inquisitorial society, had he lived in our enlightened age. (?)

But Boyle, while seeking new methods of lessening human suffering, by enlarging men's knowledge of the nature of respiration, paid little heed to the agonies of a bird or a frog, when its pantings in a vacuum promised to teach him how to cheat consumption out of its victims. He forgot everything but the important improvements in medicinal practice, which were likely to result from his experiments, and it is consolatory to think that the transient sufferings of the creatures he tortured have served to mitigate the agonies of generations of men, although the backward state of physiology in his day long prevented any harvest being reaped from his labours.

Boyle was also the first to introduce the famous Florentine weather-glasses into England. He devised some very useful forms of the thermometer, but his improvements were surpassed by those of his friend Newton.

He toiled unceasingly beside his furnace, making all sorts of experiments and obtaining glimpses of great discoveries, which, nevertheless, he missed.

As a naturalist Boyle was indefatigable. He made collections himself, read a great deal, and carried on an extensive correspondence with every quarter of the globe. He pressed all classes into his service, from the English ambassadors abroad to the labourers in his gardens. His knowledge of natural history made him familiar with the molient virtues of plants and minerals. He knew anatomy well, and was often present at dissections. His chemical skill was constantly exerted in preparing novel remedies. He amassed an immense collection of recipes and tried them on himself, his friends, or, through the physicians he knew, on their patients. Everyone assisted him. William Penn sent him Red Indian cures. Locke gathered plants for him in the proper season of the year. Boyle came, in the end, to be gratuitous consulting physician and apothecary-general to half of English upper-tendom. Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians did not hesitate to submit cases to him, and he was a prompt and bold practitioner.

In 1665, Oxford gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Physics, and in the same year he was, by the express desire of Charles II, nominated to the provostship of Eton College, then

considered a post of great honour and profit; but, as it could only be filled by one in orders, he declined it.

In 1666, Boyle was brought into great public notice in connection with his celebrated countryman, Valentine Greatreacks (who, by the way, was born and buried within four miles of Boyle's own birthplace). Greatreacks produced marvellous cures by a process of manipulation closely resembling that practiced by mesmerists in our day, and Boyle came forward to attest the validity of his cures.

In 1680 the Royal Society elected Boyle its President, but he declined the honour, as he had conscientious scruples about serving under the obligations which, by its charter, the president must incur.

He refused, indeed, every dignity that was offered him. He was on terms of intimacy with three British Kings, Charles II, JamesII, and William III. Considering the characters of the royal trio there was no great honour conferred by their intimacy.

Whether Boyle thought so or not, it is certain that he neither sought nor accepted favours from any of them. His brothers being all noblemen, he was several times offered a peerage, but he resolutely refused to accept it. He possessed the nobility of intellect which kings could not confer, and his fame is far more abiding than that of his titled relatives. It may even be safely asserted that it transcends that of themselves and all their descendants combined, for humanity has benefitted little or nothing by their existence, while he has been a benefactor to the race.

Boyle continued to labour in modest seclusion to his death. This event occurred in London on the 30th of December, 1691, when he was nearly 66 years of age.

Some modern English writers have exhibited a tendency to decry Boyle's merits as a scientific philosopher. This depreciation may, in all probability, be traced to the jealousy of Irish genius so characteristic of the genuine John Bull. Had Boyle been of a less celebrated parentage—so that there may have been a chance of disputing his place of birth—he would doubtless have been claimed as an Englishman. As it is, the depreciation of his fame by English critics is only another illustration of the old "sour grapes" story. Irishmen should be used to it by this time.

But if the "Father of Modern Chemistry!" (who drew his first breath on the very spot consecrated to the Genius of Irish learning by St. Carthage a thousand years before), be depreciated by captious English commentators, he still continues to hold the honourable position assigned him by Continental scholars ever since Europe named the air-pump and its vacum after him.

Boyle's collected works, including his life and correspondence, were published in six large closely-printed folio volumes in 1772. His scientific papers alone, in an abridged form, occupy three large quartos.

Waterford Celebrities.

PETER LOMBARD,

Primate of Ireland.

Peter Lombard was descended from an ancient and distinguished Italian family. His ancestors were numbered among those merchant princes, who, in the middle ages, contributed so much to the wealth and prosperity of their native land, by fostering its manufactures, and who, by their commercial enterprise, wafted its glory and renown to every civilized quarter of the globe.

At a very early period some of those energetic traders of the sunny South, settled down in the prosperous city of Waterford, among whose sturdy burgesses and the warlike barons in its vicinity they found a profitable market for those costly fabrics of damaskeil silks and well-tempered sword-blades for the manufacture of which their native district had long been celebrated. At their first arrival in Ireland, these strangers were called "Lombards" by the natives, and in process of time, they themselves adopted this designation of nationality as a family name.

The father of the subject of this sketch was an opulent merchant in the good city on the Suir, who had by his intrepid conduct during the persecutions of Elizabeth's reign, and the uprightness of his dealings justly earned the respect and admiration of his fellow-citizens. In compliance with the wishes of his friends he sent his son to be educated under the celebrated Camden, who had been at that time a professor in Westminster School. He remained at Westminster but for a very short period, for we learn that at a very early age he was removed from thence and sent to the University of Louvian, with a view of entering on a course of ecclesiastical studies. This University which comprised

twenty-nine colleges subject to its constitutions, had at that period been considered one of the first literary establishments in the world. It was frequented by students from all nations, and among them were several Irishmen whom the bigoted laws of England had forced into exile, and who, on that account were received by the Louvanians with extraordinary marks of distinction.

In this retreat of science Peter Lombard devoted upwards of fifteen years to the study of the Scriptures and of the Fathers; he graduated a doctor of divinity and afterwards continued to deliver theological lectures with great success. His reputation was not confined within the walls of Louvain; he had many admirers in the city of Rome, and among the number of his patrons that great encourager of literature, and earnest friend of Irish national independence, Pope Clement VIII has been particularly noticed.

Doctor Lombard was soon after appointed Provost of the Cathedral of Cambray. In the year 1598, just as the news of Hugh O'Neill's glorious victory on the Blackwater reached Rome, Peter Lombard was consecrated Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. But in those days, such was the fury with which the Irish prelacy was persecuted, that the "Comharba" of St. Patrick found it impossible for him to assume the functions the primacy in person in Ireland. True, the victorious armies of the Northern Princes swept from one end of Ulster to the other, the ports were in the hands of the enemy, and to attempt a landing was little less than certain death to the Catholic prelate.

Archbishop Lombard's predecessor, Edmund Mac Gauran, who had been consecrated in Rome in 1586, was unable to return to Ireland until 1594, and for the four years in which he exercised his archiepiscopal functions, he was, of necessity, driven to seek shelter in the lowly homes of the poor, and was at length foully murdered by some English ruffians while engaged in hearing the confession of a dying man, in the neighbourhood of Armagh.

Under such discouraging circumstances it became necessary for Primate Lombard to confide the ecclesiastical administration of his charge to a vicar-general, and accordingly David Rothe, Bishop of Kilkenny, was appointed to that position.

The malevolent influences which prevented Peter Lombard's return to Ireland in 1598, lasted during the remainder of his life. He never again set foot on his native land during the 27 years he was spared to labor and pray for the amelioration of her sufferings.

At the solicitation of His Holiness, Pope Clement VIII, the Primate removed to Rome, where he was immediately appointed domestic prelate to the Pontiff. While in Rome he addressed many pastorals to the Irish Catholics exhorting them to constancy in their faith despite the persecution they had to endure; and when the Irish cause was lost for that generation, and its leaders

forced to seek an asylum in a foreign land, these latter found no truer or more devoted friend than their noble prelate, who never entered the bounds of his archiepiscopacy.

His influence with the Pope was successfully exerted towards securing the Ulster chieftains a hospitable welcome and a secure asylum at Rome, as the following letter, addressed by him to Father Florence Conroy, chaplain to O'Donnell, will testify:

The Archbishop of Armagh

To Father Florence Conroy:

"RIGHT REVEREND FATHER,

"Your letter written the 20th of October, I could not read without tears; which, partly sorrow, partly joy, provoked—sorrow, considering the calamities of our afflicted country, come to that height and weight, that such noble peers and pillars, whereby so many were sustained, are forced to fly from thence for the safety of their lives; joy, receiving so good tidings that they, being driven in such sort to shift for themselves, are arrived safely upon Catholic ground, for which God be thanked and glorified.

"Presently, upon receipt of the letter, I went to impart the news unto his Holiness, who told me he received them before, as I think, out of France, and communicated more unto me than they contained, partly of the danger wherein my Lord O'Neill, and consequently his company, stood, and partly of the honorable usage showed by the French King in keeping them harmless since they landed upon his ground.

"His Holiness, I doubt not, will show all fatherly favor and furtherance towards them on all occasions, presented or to be presented, whereof, therefore, I wish to be advised, that I may serve them to my possibility, which to do I am so ready and resolute that if it may stand them to stead, I myself may accompany them wheresoever they go; they may command it.

"All letters that may be sent into me, touching these noble men come over, must be carefully and warefully delivered, and such care and wariness used in reclaiming my letters. The which, together with myself, I commend unto you.

"Rome, this 10th of November, 1607.

"Your Reverence's very friend,

"PETER LOMBARD,

"Archbishop of Armagh,
Primate of Ireland."

It was not until the spring following that the Ulster princes arrived at Rome. The day of their arrival had long been anticipated, and Peter Lombard, with several cardinals, awaited them on the left bank of the Tiber, with sumptuous carriages and a long train of servants in gala liveries. On passing the Flaminian gate, they proceeded to the palace which the Pope had appointed for them in that region of the city known as the Borgo Vecchio. Here they were visited by the chief nobility of Rome, and by the Cardinal Borghese, brother to Paul V, who bade them welcome in his Holiness's name, and stated that the latter was desirous of seeing them at their earliest convenience.

His Holiness, who was deeply affected at the story of their misfortunes, congratulated them on their escape from their merciless foes, and amply provided them with every requirement befitting their condition.

Peter Lombard and Florence Conroy, who had been consecrated Archbishop of Tuam, lived under the same roof with the Great Hugh, and both by their sympathy and counsel lightened the sorrows of the grand old chief up to the day of his death, which took place on the 20th of July, 1616.

Peter Lombard survived the Ulster prince for nine years, during which period he continued to reside in Rome.

Pope Paul V. had appointed him to the presidency of the Congregation De Auxilius. During his residence in Rome he completed a treatise, entitled, "Casus circa Decretum Clementis Papæ VIII," and about the same time he published his still more celebrated work, "De Regno Hibernæ, Sanctorum Insula Commentarium." This work was so galling to the intolerant mind of James I. that he gave orders for its public suppression.

The book was re-published at Louvain in 1632, when it also excited the spleen of James' son, Charles, who wrote of it in a letter to Strafford, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, thus: "His Majesty, understanding that there is one Petrus Lombardus, or one that calls himself so, who hath lately published a dangerous book concerning O'Neale, requests to you to suppress the book, and send some copies of it to my lord of Canterbury, *and to call the author to account for it.*"

As the author had then been dead seven years "Black Tom's" "*call*" would require to be a pretty loud one, and it is not likely that, in a future state, either of the pair came within hailing distance of the object of their animadversion. In a letter of Strafford's dated November 20, 1633, he states that he had suppressed some copies of the work in Ireland. Even then the name of O'Neill who was eulogized therein, was a terror to British statesmen.

Peter Lombard died in 1625, in the monastery of S. Pietro Palomba, in the vicinity of Rome.

Waterford Celebrities.

LUKE WADDING,

Friar, Statesman, Worker and Writer.

Pre-eminent as Owen Roe O'Neill stood among the military leaders of the great Irish Confederation. was the position which history accords to Luke Wadding among its foremost statesmen. As its accredited agent to the Papal Court, as well as those of the friendly Catholic rulers of the European continent, it was owing to his great personal influence and indomitable energy and perseverance that the aid in men, arms and money was obtained which enabled his struggling countrymen at home to maintain for years their unequal contest against foreign force and domestic treachery. Yet, while engaged in this superhuman labour of building up a nation from such a chaotic mass of incongruous materials as the exigencies of the time forced into the Confederacy, he found time to perform an amount of solid literary labor, such as but few men ever accomplished in a lifetime, and which placed him unquestionably, in the front rank of the erudite Irish writers of the seventeenth—or the succeeding centuries.

This eminent man was born in the City of Waterford in the year 1533. His father was a prosperous Catholic merchant. His mother, Anastacia Lombard, was the sister of the illustrious Archbishop of Armagh.

The first fourteen years of Luke Wadding's life was passed, tranquilly, in his native city, though, during nearly all that period, a merciless war was devastating the country, north and south. When the termination of the contest left the Catholics of Ireland

a prey to the persecuting bigots of Elizabeth and her successor, James, the subject of this sketch found himself an orphan, having lost both his parents within a brief period of time. Under this combination of distressing circumstances, it was deemed expedient by the boy's relatives to have him removed to the Continent for the purpose of completing his education; and, accordingly, under the care of his elder brother, Matthew, he crossed the sea to Portugal, and was placed as a boarder in the Irish College at Lisbon, under the Jesuits, then in the springtime of their educational and missionary labors. After spending some time in the Irish College, the young student determined to join the Order of St Francis of Assisi, for whose brethren he was taught by his pious mother to entertain a loving and reverential feeling. He was ordained priest in 1613, and, by the manifestation of his extraordinary genius, won friends and admirers inside and outside his Order. Among the warmest and most influential of those friends was his former Provincial, Antonio a Trego, who had become Bishop of Carthagena. This prelate, having been sent by King Philip of Spain, as special ambassador to Pope Paul V., took Father Wadding with him as his theologian.

On their arrival in Rome the Ambassador and his companion were invited to lodge in the palace of Cardinal a Trego, brother to the prelate. But Father Wadding asked permission to stay with his Franciscan brethren at San Pietro in Montorio. It was during his sojourn there that the illustrious Hugh O'Neill and his companions arrived in Rome, and met a loving welcome from their countrymen, the young Franciscan priest and his uncle the Primate, and, through them and the other eminent Irish ecclesiastics then in the Eternal City, from his Holiness Paul V. and the whole Roman nobility.

Alas! within less than a year, Red Hugh O'Donnell's two brothers and Hugh O'Neill's eldest son succumbed to the fatal Roman malaria, and were buried in the Church of St. Pietro, near the spot on which, according to tradition, the Prince of Apostles was crucified.

It was in 1609 that the last of those young princes died. Seven years afterwards his father, the venerable Hugh, the victor of *Beul anatha-Buidhe*, was laid to rest beside him,—(but not)

> "By strangers' heedless hands,
> Their lonely graves were made."

The Church and outside cloister of St. Isidore had been built by Spanish Franciscans in the sixteenth century. But, when its occupants removed to their new establishment at Ara Cœli, Father Wadding, through the aid of the Pope, obtained it as a residence

for the Irish brethren of the Order. He was subsequently, encouraged by the liberality of the Popes—in accordance with the sincere regard which, in those gloomy times they exhibited for the dearest interests of Ireland—to enlarge the monastery and fit it up as a great centre of Irish studies, and to beautify and enlarge the Church likewise.

Thus was founded the celebrated Irish College of St. Isidore, at Rome.

Father Wadding had soon around him a noble band of erudite Irish scholars some of them trained under his own supervision, and others in such schools of their Order in Ireland as escaped spoliation at the hands of the persecuting *Sassenachs*.

Having established his grand undertaking on a secure foundation the illustrious founder of St. Isidore's proceeded to set a glorious example of earnest study and persevering literary industry to his erudite colleagues. His achievements were as wonderful as the field of his labors was extensive. His first published literary work deserving of special mention is a Hebrew Concordance which he edited from a manuscript work by Calasious (a brother Franciscan), and to which he prefixed a treatise of his own, "On the Origin, Excellence, and Utility of the Hebrew Language."

During the succeeding sixteen years (or from 1623 to 1639), every consecutive year brought forth some useful production from his versatile pen. The most important as well as laborious of these works appeared in the year last mentioned, in Lyons, France. This great publication was Wadding's edition of the complete works of John Duns Scotus, the great light of the Franciscan Order, the glory of Ireland, and, after St. Thomas Aquinas, the most brilliant luminary of the Middle Ages.

The edition was in sixteen volumes, in folio.

PART II.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite the venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn;
With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.
* * * * * * *
They bann'd our faith, they bann'd our lives, they trod us into earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth;
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not we but they have bred,
Yes, this is their own work, and now, THEIR OWN WORK BE ON THEIR HEAD. —DUFFY.

Before reciting the history of Luke Wadding's services to his native land during the great war of the Confederation, it is essentially necessary that the state of affairs in Ireland, which led to the uprising of 1641, should be understood, and therefore I shall devote a brief space to this dark and much misrepresented portion of Ireland's history.

In this history, as written by English historians, from Cambrensis to Froude, all that was brave and noble of the old race have been systematically calumniated, especially the heroes by whom the foreigner was humbled and his banners trailed in the dust; but perhaps in all these seven centuries there is no period in recording which, truth has been so unblushingly ignored, as that comprised in the first half of the seventeenth; the diabolical invention of the indiscriminate massacre of the Ulster Protestants in 1641 being only one of those atrocious calumnies.

Now, when the fact is known that no such massacre ever took place at all, that no mention is made of such an occurrence in the official letters of the Lords Justices to the Privy Council at the time, people who never troubled themselves to question the statement of "impartial historians" (?) might, in their simplicity, wonder that such unmitigated falsehoods could have ever been invented, much less have continued uncontroverted for nearly two centuries; for, until recently, even Irish national writers have, at least by their silence, countenanced this audacious lie.

It remained for the painstaking Irish students of history in our day, such scholarly patriots as John Mitchel, Father Burke, and, above all, John P. Prendergast, to explode the hoary fiction.

Now for a few historical facts relative to the period.

When, through the machinations of the "Artful Cecil," the "Flight of the Earls" had been successfully accomplished, and Cahir O'Dogherty—the young chief of Innishowen—driven to brave alone the power of England—got rid of, the way was at length open for the long contemplated "Plantations of Ulster," and accordingly half a million of the fairest lands in the desolate

province were seized upon in the name of King James I., and parcelled out by that swindling ancestor of a cruel and deceitful race of sovereigns to his precious "Undertakers,' in lots varying from 2,000 to 4,000 acres each, the planters being obliged by the terms of their contract to build castles and furnish a certain number of men-at-arms to defend them, in case the rightful owners should ever take heart of grace and try to recover their own.

And verily, this was a most wise and necessary precaution on the part of those intruders whom we find thus described by a worthy Presbyterian minister, whose father was one of the "Undertakers."

"From Scotland," he says, "came many, and from England not a few; yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who, from debt, or making and fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice in a land where there was nothing, or but little as yet, of the fear of God."

"Most of the people," he continues, "were void of all godliness. On all hands atheism increased and disregard of God; iniquity abounds with contention, fighting, murder and adultery."

(I recommend this contemporaneous history of their ancestral stock to the members of the "Scotch-Irish" Convention which recently met for self-glorification—as the "Unco-guid, and rigidly righteous" of the "foreign element"—in the Southern States).

Such were the men to whom the "civilization" and "evangelization" of the benighted aborigines of Ulster was consigned by the sanctimonious successor of the "Virgin Queen!" These were to be the future lawmakers, and truly they soon had manufactured a most characteristic code, so that any Catholic of spirit who was privileged to attend their Parliament soon withdrew in disgust, leaving the rest a clear field for the enactment of such laws as they thought fit. Appeals were made by a few Catholic Lords of the Pale to the King, but he treated them with contempt, and soon there was scarcely a spot to be found in Ireland where a Catholic could find a safe retreat for either his person or property; for as one of the persecuted thus reports to a friend in Rome:—

'All who are greedy and spendthrifts seek to make a prey of the property of Catholics. No doors, no walls, no inclosures can stop them in their course. Whatever is for profane use they regard as sacred, and bear it off; and whatever is sacred they seize on to desecrate; silver cups are called chalices, and gems are designated as *Agnus Dei*, and all are therefore carried away."

The Catholics protested against the treatment in vain; a petition was considered an offence, and the petitioners were sent to jail for their pains (served them right).

For thirty years this state of things went on, and in the meantime James I. died, and his son, Charles, followed in his footsteps

—so far as persecuting the Irish Catholics went. He even improved upon his worthy parent's policy, and found a fitting instrument to carry it out in his Deputy, Strafford, called by the Irish "Black Tom." Well, in 1641 Black Tom lost his head, and some years later his master met with a similar misfortune at the hands of his discontented English subjects. Charles's Lord Justices, Parsons and Borlase, succeeded by their systematic robberies and cruel tortures in at length goading their victims to desperation, and they rose *en masse* to assert with armed hands the right to the free exercise of their religion, and to the land which was their God-given inheritance, and of which they had been robbed.

At first the revolutionary outbreak was confined to the ancient Irish. To the O'Byrnes of Wicklow belong the credit of taking the initiative. They commenced the insurrection on the 12th of October, 1641. Their kindred tribes, the O'Tooles and O'Cavanaghs, promptly followed suit—rising on the 20th of the same month; while, on the 23rd the Ulster clans took the field under the leadership of Sir Phelim O'Neill of Kinnard and his brother Turlough, Lord Maguire and his brother Roger, and other chiefs who had been deprived of their ancestral heritage. Roger O'Moore of Laix, who had been similarly treated, was placed at the head of his Leinster compatriots, while Sir Phelim O'Neill was appointed Lord General of the Catholic army in Ulster.

PART III.

Nay, Father tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman Peers,
If we but spare our holy cause to match their selfish fears,—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay,
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.
Let Silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his Master to his God,
Little we'd miss their father's sons, the Marchman of the Pale,
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blades and mail.

—DUFFY.

The Catholics of the Pale, who were thoroughly English in all their sympathies except those which regarded religion,—not only held aloof from their co-religionists of the ancient Celtic race, who had been plundered with their connivance, but when the latter took up arms to resist the Puritans who were bent on "extinguishing the Catholic faith and plucking up the Irish nation root and branch," their brethren of the Pale earnestly besought the Lords Justices to put them in possession of arms, that they might march against them, and, if possible, crush them.* Sir Robert Talbot, Lords Gormanstown, Dunsany and Netterville and other Anglo-Norman Catholic magnates, burned for an opportunity in which they might prove their loyalty by persecuting the men who had arisen to beat down the most intolerable tyranny. They sought arms for this purpose, but were denied them, and treated with the contempt they merited. Their estates were coveted by Parsons and Borlase, and their religion afforded a plausible pretext for robbing them—in their turn—as their progenitors had robbed the original owners. So the would-be-loyalists found themselves involved in the Justice's edict published against—"*all Papists without distinction of any.*"

This edict opened their eyes to the perils that awaited them did they remain longer separated from the national movement. Their decision was accelerated by a letter from the Earl of Essex to the Lords Justices, suggesting the expediency of banishing the Catholic Lords and gentry of the Pale to the West Indies. So, finding they had no alternative, they came to the conclusion of casting their lots with the "Old Irish," convinced that their kindly feelings to England would no longer avail to protect their estates or their lives. Accordingly, Lord Gormanstown and Roger O'Moore, as representatives of the "old and new Irish," held a conference on

*Carte's Ormond.

Knockcrofty, in Meath, and there plighted a solemn vow and swore to bury in oblivion the feuds and dissentions which had for ages wasted their strength and left them a prey to the hatred of their foreign enemy.

The consummation of this union diffused a feeling of joy and hopeful exultation throughout Ireland, while it augmented the hatred of both royalists and puritans in England against the Irish Catholics.

Disregarding the latter's professions of loyalty to his crown and person, Charles I., in a message to the House of Commons on April 8th, 1642, signified his desire of crossing the English channel to chastise the detestable rebels and settle the peace of the Kingdom, protesting at the same time "that he would never consent to the toleration of the Popish profession or the abolition of the laws then in force against Popish recusants."

The parliament, however, did not agree to the King's proposition, but substituted another therefor,—which he approved of—"declaring 2,500,000 acres of Irish land forfeited to the crown, by the men engaged *in rebellion*," verily a fitting return for the fatuous loyalty with which these incomprehensible *rebels* choose to hamper their cause. What would be thought of the Signers of our "Declaration of Independence" did they append a profession of loyalty to "George's crown and royal person" to that immortal document? Yet, here is the first paragraph of the "Oath of Association," drawn up by the lay lords and prelates of Kilkenny, May 10th, 1642—a month subsequent to Charles' loving "declaration of intentions" in *their* regard :—

"I, A. B., do profess, swear, and protest before God and his saints and angels, that I will, during my life, bear true faith and allegiance to my Sovereign Lord, Charles I., by the grace of God, King of Great Britian, France and Ireland, and to his heirs and lawful successors."

The takers of that oath may have been sincere in the belief that they could be loyal to Ireland and her kingly oppressor at the same time. They had good reason to modify their opinion before the war which they had then committed themselves to was ended and when it was *too late*. Neither Charles nor his English factions believed in Irish loyalty then —any more than do Victoria and her Whigs or Tories now. It is an incontestible truth that—"Trying to hoodwink the devil is time wasted."

But, whatever were the views on abstract loyalty entertained by the leaders of the Confederation in Ireland, they did not trouble the Irish on the Continent, whom religious persecution had driven from their homes.

Whatever their avocations, whether by the force of Irish intelligence or Irish valor, they won distinction in council, or camp,

in court or cloister, those true hearts were still turned to the land of their birth and their love.

Among them all Father Luke Wadding was the most distinguished by his indefatigable efforts in collecting money, inciting the Irish officers who served in the continental armies to return and give the benefit of their experience and their fame to their native land; and in drawing up memorials to the Catholic courts supplicating their sympathy and aid in behalf of his suffering and struggling country. In those new demands on his energies his hitherto all-absorbing studies were forgotten for the time. As one of the first fruits of his exertions the sum of 26,000 dols. was placed at his disposal, and he sent it by a confidential agent to Ireland. About the same time 2,000 muskets were landed on the Wexford coast, for which he is entitled to the credit, though many supposed them to have been sent as a gift from His Holiness, Pope Urban. But the greatest of Father Wadding's services to the Irish cause was his inducing that accomplished soldier, Owen Roe O'Neill, nephew of the Great Hugh, to return to the land of his birth and take his proper place at the head of his people. The general landed at Doe Castle in Ulster, in July, 1642, and his arrival produced the most signal result, for it inspired the original leaders of the Northern Catholics with renewed hope and they immediately elected him their chief at a meeting convened by him in the Castle of Kinnard. His subsequent career up to his death, by poison, on the 6th of November, 1649, constitutes the most interesting page in the history of those eventful times. With his life ended the hopes of the Irish patriots of his generation.

But Father Wadding's labors in his country's cause did not cease with the dispatch of O'Neill and his veteran compatriots to the seat of war. At the great meeting of the Council of the Confederation, held at Kilkenny, in October, 1642, the illustrious friar was formally appointed the agent of the Confederates at the Papal court, and to his zeal and influence is principally due the aid, moral and material, which the Pope continued to extend to the Irish National struggle while it lasted. But his efforts were unavailing against the intrigues of Ormond and the treachery of his Anglo-Norman colleagues in the Council and the field, by which every Irish Celt of influence was set aside, and the way opened for Cromwell to crush patriots and royalists beneath his pitiless heel.

With a heavy heart Wadding returned to his literary labors. With the co-operation of his colleagues, Hicky, Ponce and Harold, he completed his great work, the "Annals of the Franciscan Order," which was published at Lyons, in 8 volumes, folio, in 1654. For the remainder of his life he continued to labor with his pen in spite of the infirmities of age, and the weariness of heart

caused by the destruction of his dearest earthly aspirations. After his death there was found, among his papers, a letter from the Council of the Confederation asking the Pope to raise him to the Cardinalate. He had no ambition for such a dignified position; far less would he owe it to the solicitation of men, of whose integrity he had well-grounded doubts. So he died, as he lived, an humble Franciscan friar. His memory is honored by his countrymen for his patriotism; by scholars for his literary achievements; and by his co-religionists for his life sanctified by "FAITH AND GOOD WORKS."

He died on November 18, 1657, at Rome, in the Irish Convent of St. Isidore, which he himself had established for Franciscans of the Irish race; and his remains are buried in the famous Church on the Pincian Hill.

A monument has just been erected to Father Luke Wadding in the famous church of Irish exiles, St. Isidore, Rome. The monument which was made in Belgium, consists of a sarcophagus in wood, and is in the style of the early sixteenth century. In front is a faithful representation of the famous Franciscan, and the distinctive ornaments are the harp, as the symbol of Ireland, and the sign of the Franciscan Order, the arms of Christ and St. Francis, supporting the Cross.

Waterford Celebrities.

THOMAS SOTELLE ROBERTS,

Painter.

In the years immediately preceding the founding of the "Nation"—by that great triumvirate of national educators, Duffy, Davis and Dillon—there was published in Dublin a monthly magazine called the "Citizen," which in point of literary merit and thorough devotion to the advancement of Irish sentiment by every available means, was never surpassed (if equalled) by any periodical of its class in Ireland. National biography constituted one of its most attractive features, and the statesmen, poets, musicians and artists, whose works tended to the glory and elevation of their native land, were lovingly remembered in its pages, when but for this thoughtful care, many of them might have been unknown to the great majority of their countrymen of the present generation. This remark is specially applicable to the gifted artist whose name heads this article. He was dead before the masses of his countrymen had an opportunity of learning anything of himself or his achievements; for Ireland, in those days, had not the facilities for information which it has since acquired. In fact, but for the memoir published in the "Citizen" nearly half a century ago, I would be compelled to forego the pleasure of adding the name of Ireland's greatest landscape painter to the list of "Waterford Celebrities."

The writer of the memoir was a brother artist—probably Mulrenan—from the signature "M" affixed. I transcribe such portions of the articles as are essential to my present purpose,

MR. THOMAS SOTELLE ROBERTS, R.H.A.

"It was said of the distinguished Kirwan, the chemist and philosopher, that his works were read and prized in every part of Europe, except Dublin, his native city, in which he constantly resided. This was not very creditable to his fellow-citizens. Now, if the Press had not given circulation to his writings it is quite clear that he would have been but little known, and that Ireland would thereby have lost, amongst the best portions of Europe, the honor of having given birth to such a man.

"But the facilities of printing are much greater than those of engraving. Hence a writer is less likely to remain in obscurity than a painter; and hence it is that Roberts, the subject of our present memoir, and confessedly the greatest landscape painter that this country has ever produced, is as yet nearly unknown here; and that Ireland has yet to learn the loss which she sustained by his death, and the honor which she may justly claim in having produced such a painter.

"There is something peculiarly painful to the generous mind, when it discovers that it has either indolently or ignorantly withheld those marks of honor and of respect, to which cultivated genius is so justly entitled. One feels that one's taste and one's judgment are alike morally involved; a deep sense of injustice comes strongly upon us; we desire to make the *amende*, but to whom shall we address ourselves? He who honorably earned our admiration and respect, and from whose labors our country is about to acquire an accession of character, is gone! and now we can but point to his claims and lament the ignorance that neglected them; or in the manly eloquence of Sir Martin Archer Shee, when speaking of the neglect of Barry: 'We can but hug the shadow, the substance having passed away.'

"Be it so; but ere we offer posthumous justice to our lamented countryman, let us inquire into the cause of that perverse ignorance, which so often consigns true genius to neglect, while it pampers with its patronage the pretentions of a dexterous mediocrity; a practice by no means uncommon, and certainly not wholly confined to Ireland.

"In the Arts, of which alone we write, the walks most affected by this neglect are history, landscape and familiar life. Those of portrait, miniature, animal painting, and teaching seem exempt from its effects.

"The historical painter—the landscape painter—the soul-stirring painter of familiar life; the men who practice high art; whose works confer honor on their country; but whose lives, being passed in the recesses of their respective retirements, are unknown in the busy haunts of men—they are the victims of ignorance or of

neglect. Their works appeal not to our vanities or to our selfishness. They claim our attention upon higher grounds. They speak to the mind of cultivated taste; and hence they often speak in vain.

"Unfortunately for them their taste in selection, their skill in execution, or the severity of their effects, are not always to be estimated by those whose knowledge of nature or of art had fitted them for the task. Too often is the empty pedagogue, or the unoccupied city lounger, the arbiter of taste—persons whose flippancy and whose pretentions are alike disowned by nature and by art, but whose dictatorial assumptions confer a mischievous importance on both their patronage and their prattle.

"Such have been the persons who, in their day, have flung into the shade some of the most honored names of the British and Irish schools—Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Barry, Hilton, Howard, Thompson, Newton, Leslie, Roberts, Ashford, etc.—until Time, that great, but often tardy dispenser of justice, permitting the rays of inquiry and of light to rest upon their works, has exhibited at a glance the merits of the men and the injustice of the country.

"As to our own Roberts, it will be our duty now to demonstrate the great powers of his mind, the diversity of his attainments, his indisputable claims to the rank of a great painter, and thereby prove the injustice that has been done to his genius and to his memory.

"THOMAS SOTELLE ROBERTS was born in the city of Waterford. His father was a respectable architect. His eldest brother, Thomas, was also an artist, and of considerable practice too; for, in his day (and those were the days for Irish art) the aristocracy and wealth of the country had not left it. He was a landscape painter of ability but nothing more. His name is often confounded with his brother, Thomas Sotelle; but they were very different men.

"The subject of our memoir served an apprenticeship to Mr Ivory, an architect, who had been many years master of the Architectural Drawing School of the Dublin Society. His acquirements in architecture, although he did not like the pursuit, were of immense value to him as a painter, enabling him, whenever he introduced buildings to give to them a proportion, and a grandeur, very imposing.

"He first betook himself to water-color painting, for he always sought the utmost depth which his material could give. In this walk of art he has left some fine things behind him. In the arrangement of objects, in the composition of his picture, he was eminently skilled. Close scenery, such as the Dargle abounds with, were his favorite subjects. He seldom took, as a whole, objects as he found them. He generally arranged them for his purpose;

but as consistently with the peculiar character of the scene, as always to preserve the general great truths of Nature."

Part II.

"Roberts' studies in the Dargle are nobly arranged. His forms, whether in rocks, trees, ground or sky, were large, ample, and grand, and in the disposition of his masses of light and shade, he was eminently successful. No painter ever expressed with more skill or truth the rushing of a mountain river, whether in its approach or in its recession. His picture was always treated as a whole, in the most comprehensive acceptation of the term; but the parts were always rendered with a just fidelity, although often appearing to the microscopic observer as wanting finish. That thing known amongst painters by the term "touch" he heartily despised, and equally rejected that recklessness of the pencil which so dubiously hints at the forms which it would portray, yet which assumes to itself the title of "freedom of execution." This he termed "the impertinence of the pencil;" more frequently resorted to as a cover for ignorance than an invasion of labour.

His love of close scenery and his desire to give it all the depth and truth of nature, induced him to give up water-colors, and to confine his practice exclusively to oil, in which his progress was quite astonishing.

He was almost a worshipper of the Old Masters. He studied them with intense application. Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa were his great models. No painter ever went more deeply into the science of his art, or in his investigations was more laborious or unprejudiced, and certainly few have ever profited so largely by enquiry.

It may naturally be inferred from what has been said that the character of his pictures is of a very high order. Great truth of color, both as regards brilliancy and depth, and a grandeur of general effect arising from well-selected and well-arranged forms.

Some of his last works are now in the Council-room of the Royal Hibernian Academy, where they have been placed in conformity with the will of his good lady, who survived him some years, and who, knowing his attachment to the institution, and being convinced of the care with which they would be guarded and preserved, generously bequeathed them to the Academy.

The subjects are—No 1, "Mill at Ambleside;" No 2, "Mills at Watford;" No 3, "The Falls of Lodore;" No 4, "Vale of Arklow, shower passing off;" No 5, "Salmon Leap at Leixlip;" No 6, "Scene in the Dargle."

These works at once prove his powers as a painter, a composer, and a colorist.

The "Mill at Ambleside" is a closed up scene; its characteristics are depth, brilliancy, and truth of color. The mill is an over-shot one, and the dripping of the water from the impending trough, down on the dark pool beneath, sparkling in its descent, is quite beautiful. The whole scene is that of picturesque intricacy, keeping the eye in perpetual motion. It is scarcely possible for local color to be deeper, clearer, or more intense; yet a noon day air pervades the whole!

"The Mills at Watford" is an evening scene, rich and sunny; yet, in the foreground, sombre, mellow and deep. The reflections in the water are sweetly given, and with a truth not always had, even in the pictures of eminent painters.

"The Falls of Lodore" is a very fine picture. The arrangements are of the very highest order; the rushing waters that come foaming down through massive cliffs, and the dark, russet, weather-beaten oaks, that bend over the sides of the Fall, are given in a style of art worthy of Salvator. There is a passage in the left side of the foreground where an old wooden bridge crosses one of those lateral channels, scooped out by the fury of the winter floods, but in which there is now but a rippling of water,—that for clearness of tone and depth of color cannot be surpassed. There is a figure approaching this passage, just in the act of drinking water, and there are some goats seen at a distance, in both of which the character of mountain wildness is most admirably expressed.

"The Vale of Arklow" is very beautiful; there is a flickering effect of light in it quite charming; sunshine and shade seem to alternate the whole scene. There are some goats in the foreground, and a figure seated on a rock, composed in a very high feeling of art. The scene is one with which we are familiar; but there is nothing commonplace in it. It is truly a fine picture.

"The Salmon Leap" is a slighter picture than any of the others, but it is exceedingly true in its effects, particularly as regards the motion of the water.

But "The Scene in the Dargle" is landscape painting of the highest order. It would stand any collection, and would honor any painter! The scene is a deep, narrow glen, through which a mountain rivulet moves, occasionally interrupted by large projecting masses of rock; the hanging and wide-spreading trees from each side interlace at the top, and nearly shut out the sky. The time is evening, mellowed down almost to twilight. There is a

calmness and a silence pervading the whole, which is the very poetry of art. There are a few figures seen at a distance laving themselves in the refreshing stream. The sentiment of the picture is stillness, quietness—as if nature rested from the fatigues of the day! It is worthy of any landscape painter that ever lived!—yet, although twice exhibited in Dublin, none sought to purchase or possess it.

Having now, we trust, sufficiently shown that Roberts was an artist of very high order, we shall briefly observe, that in private life, his amiability and worth rendered him an object of the most affectionate respect.

His manners were courteous and bland, and his air and carriage most gentlemanlike. There was something clerical in his appearance, arising partly from his dress, and also from an almost gravity of deportment, which, added to an unusually deep-toned voice gave to him, on a first interview, an air of reserve. But he really was not so. He was full of playfulness and remarkably benevolent.

The estimation in which he was held by his brother artists may fairly be inferred from the fact that he was one of the three persons unanimously selected by the body at large, by whom the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy—then about to be incorporated—were to be nominated. Ashford, Roberts, and Cumming were the artists selected; and no higher proof of respect could be offered to any man.

A few years before his death, whilst coming down from London the coach in which he travelled was upset, and he received an injury to his right shoulder, which ever after incapacitated him from painting. This sad affliction he bore for some years with great manliness; but when he learned that all prospect of recovery was vain, he yielded himself up to the daily encroachments of a settled melancholy. Painting was the art he loved, but he saw clearly that he was never more to hold a brush, the fibres of hope had been long attenuated, and ere they wholly snapped, he sank into his grave, lamented by all who knew him; and by none more sincerely than by the writer of this memoir, who felt then, and continues to feel the severance of a friendship of which any man might feel justly proud."

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