

WARREN BROTHERS IN IRELAND

Some Pathetic Pictures of the Leaving of Irish Emigrants.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF "CONVOYING"

Heroic Struggles of Simple Folk in Tearing Away from the Scenes to Which the Heart is Rooted—In Irish Highway and Cabin.

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LONDON, May 8.—(Correspondence of THE DAILY NEWS.) It may well be imagined that when from 100 to 200 weary-looking men, women and children are seen every working day in the year there are heart and hand wringings innumerable, and dolorous mists from the region of tears. Few families are fortunate enough to get away all together. If help has come from America or the colonies; if the passage money has been saved in secret through years of deprivation by a single person; if an Irish family has after every manner of sacrifice provided for one to go to blessed foreign lands that the remainder may, one by one, eventually follow; however the going of all these poor may have come about, in every instance there is a struggle in tearing away from the things to which the heart is rooted of which we better fortune and conditions literally know nothing.

So many of these scenes have I witnessed that I have perhaps some little conception of the real braver of this act of illiterate, untrained men and women pushing boldly across oceans into untried, unknown waters and ways, with a love, hope and determination for one's own at the bottom of it all that have more real heroism in them than the average American is ever called upon to exercise throughout his entire life.

However lowly, poor and desperately good-for-naught the prospective emigrant may have all his life been regarded among his fellows, the great and generous heart in those around him melts into surpassing interest and tenderness when he comes to leave his neighborhood, and those whom he has never so little apart of through the bitter days that have encompassed all. For every departure reawakens the heart-rending memories of other departures, and in every Irish home I ever shared there is an empty chair whose former occupant is somewhere beyond the sea.

If it be a family which is to go, or some elderly man or woman, for days previous to the departure the whole countryside swarms to the cabin; and every man, woman or child of the townland at some time or another has come to mourn at the leaving and bid Godspeed at the going. If it be a youth or lass, or young man or woman, as it often is, for few but the very old and very young are left, then, on the evening previous to the departure, every companion, friend or acquaintance is certain to appear; and the whole night is passed in what is called "the leaving of the heart" at the departing one.

The custom springs from the kindly quality of extending cheer to those who mourn, that originally established the custom of the Irish "wakes," with many good people choosing to persistently give aid and comfort. At this gathering for "rising the heart" of the emigrant the Irish peasant's character is in a tenderly interesting state for study. Every one arrives in a hushed, embarrassed mood; and every one brings some little token of affection and regard. The poverty of these folk alone prevents their being generous.

One stealthily appears with yards of seed-cake; many with thimbleful of tea; some with pawpaws and trifles of jewelry; the poorer neckties of another will bulge with heartsome potatoes; housewives arrive with great mothers of milk, others with scowlders, or oaten cakes, crisp and hot, and still others with a tin of jam, a shill, a hearty mixture of potatoes, beans and butter, and some with aprons of peat, for the slender resources of the family must be made to last for some time. These are the things that are most valued, and are not to be counted at all.

So, too, come with looks of triumph and secreted bottles of poison, the "never got a touch," that is, are guiltless of the exciseman's deprecating seal; for "grief is ever drooping" surely. Then the night is passed in eating, drinking and merriment, and the rumble fare are there: oceans of tea; and timely drops of the "rale mountain dew." Tales are told; songs are sung; sometimes they dance to the music of an old fiddle which has been impressed into service. But the chords of mirth are minor enough; the night long; and smiles, laughter and merry frolics are all touched and chastened by honest Irish tears.

When morning comes, and those whose imperative duties call them to their homes have said good-bye, the same day, the same day, and the same day, as when lowering the dead into the grave, the rustic creature of "convoying" is begun. The subject of this attention becomes for the once, if for only this once in his lifetime, the hero or heroine of the day. The chests, or portebags, or whatever constitutes the baggage of the emigrant, is sent on ahead in a big, heavy, four-wheeled cart, friendly riots for the honor of the mournful privilege often occurring, or are slung over the backs of sturdy donkeys, a score or more necessary always being in readiness for this friendly mission.

If a whole family are to go the farewells to the wretched old hut which has housed them in some degree of comfort and protection. If it be but a single member of the household, the good-byes to the old, old folk are more touching, and the "convoys" are more pitiable still. But the scenes of these partings are often too great a load for such, and many a withered branch of the impoverished family tree breaks and falls into the earth from the weight of the grief which has been laid upon the pride of the loved home, are departing, the mainstays of emotion as the "convoys" or accompanying procession, sets forth, is beyond the power of the heart to follow.

On many occasions during my wanderings about in Ireland I have come upon these wretched scenes, as they were starting from the hills, or from the mountain breen, as they lagged and wailed along the great stone highway, or as they neared some railway station, whence the emigrants must depart to the coast city, and making myself one of the motley "convoys," have thus tramped with them miles upon their sorrowful way.

THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD

Story of a Sharp Trick Played on General Doubleday.

VIEW OF GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

A Timetree Worn by Abraham Lincoln—Urging Indians as Soldiers—Origin of Dixie—A Ghastly Scene—His Pension in Mind.

Yesterday I met an old officer of the Second Army corps, which, as every one knows, Hancock commanded, says a writer in an exchange. He told me a good story about Joe Parker. He was the event of their lives, this few miles mountain journey; and the care for the brave young emigrants, the consideration for the wailing mother and the latter's grief were touching to behold.

Half the time the lad's companions had their arms about his neck. The girls would carry the sisters on their shoulders, and in seats made by interlacing their fingers; while the mother and the children's luggage had been piled in an old squeaking mountain-bug, or cart, which was tenderly drawn by hand. The women crowded about the cart, with all manner of endearing and reassuring words of comfort, but the poor woman could not be comforted. As she lay prostrate upon the ground, there came from her white lips the endless moan.

"Crosch orrin!—crosch orrin! My pastchoe boght!—my pastchoe boght!" (May the cross compass me! My poor children!—my poor children!) Once when wandering in county Galway, down by old Cloghmore I saw a stranger "convoying" party than could be found in any other portion of Ireland. I had been sauntering among the Connemara "knitters," "fullers," potter makers and antiquaries of the ancient Celts with which this region abounds, and my mind was full of the pagan and early barbaric life whose rude stone monuments were on every hand.

"I am dead! I am dead!" This was Parker's opportunity. He rode off in haste to find General John Gibbon, of whom he was fond, and saluting him. "General Hancock is wounded and carried from the field. General Doubleday is dead, and you will take command of this wing of the army."

A few minutes later General Hancock and his staff, with many other wounded officers, were being transported south to Baltimore by a railroad train, when Hancock said to those about him, for he was more severely wounded than the rest: "Poor Doubleday! I am sorry that he is killed."

"Killed!" said an officer who was suffering from a flesh wound in the leg; "why, I saw him on the field two hours after you were shot."

Hancock was surprised and continued: "Why, Joe Parker said he was dead." The great general sent one of the orderlies into the front car to find Joe, where he was enjoying himself with some of the boys who were not injured. Captain Parker returned, in response to the call, when the remarkable man of war said: "Joe, did you not tell me that Doubleday was dead?"

"Yes, sir, I did." "Well, this officer tells me that he saw him on the field two hours after you reported him killed." "Well, I know nothing about that," said Joe. "I only took the old fool's word for it. He said he was, and I thought he ought to know."

What Might Have Been. I asked General Howard what he thought of General Meade's failure to make a counter charge when Pickett's division had been put hors du combat, says a writer in the New York Post. He replied in these words: "I am not much given to criticizing my superior officers whether they be living or dead. The question you ask is one concerning mental constitution or psychology. If Grant had been in command instead of Meade there would have been an immediate advance as soon as Pickett's division was hurled back. So it would have been if Sheridan or Thomas had been in command. They would not have been in command. They were not Meade. General Lee had an order for attacking Lee at Williams port before the latter crossed the Potomac in his retreat, but he canceled it. Lee had simultaneously issued a proclamation to the army congratulating them on their recovery from the recent disaster upon the fact of their readiness to fight again. He had perhaps taken some pains to provide us with an early copy of this document. At all events, General Meade received it and changed his mind, although some of his juniors, including myself, urged him to attack. But, on the other hand, we consider it a misfortune that the charge was not made after the repulse of Pickett. If Lee's army had been destroyed, there would probably have been a restoration of the union on a different basis from that which came later. I do not think that the north was prepared at that time to insist upon sweeping slavery away utterly. The south was not yet exhausted. It had a deal of fighting power left. It could have prolonged the war for a considerable time. The question would have been presented to the north: Shall we go on fighting in order to destroy slavery, or shall we have peace with union now? No, I have serious doubts whether it would have been a real advantage to us to have annihilated Lee's army at Gettysburg."

STABBED THE DUMMY

How a Murderous Sleeping Car Porter Was Fooled.

Thought of His Pension

In a small village in Maine there lives an old soldier who has for many years received a pension from the government, which, with his small gratuity by occasional visits, makes him comfortable. One day, while at work in the house of a neighbor, he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs and fell to the bottom. The lady of the house heard the noise and hurried to learn the cause.

"Why, Ambrose," she said, "is that you? Did you fall down stairs?" "Yes, marm, I did," answered the old man, "and for about a couple of minutes I thought I'd lost my pension."

It is, perhaps, a noteworthy fact that Abraham Lincoln left fewer relics behind him than almost any other of our presidents. Though his death occurred during a comparatively short time ago, such a comparatively short time ago, the objects which are so lovingly treasured with his personality are exceedingly scarce. A token doubly valuable on account of the associations with which it is surrounded is in the possession of Harry C. Campbell, formerly chairman of the Campbell Burner company of Pittsburg, who is temporarily stopping at the Astor house in this city, says a writer in a New York paper.

It is a Hall opened-faced gold watch with the case No. 14,964, which was owned by President Lincoln and worn by him during some of the most trying periods in our nation's history. It came into Mr. Campbell's possession in a rather curious manner.

Charles Heysler of company D, Second United States cavalry, enlisted at Albany, this state, August 11, 1859. He was appointed acting orderly to Adjutant General Lincoln, and by him such General Lincoln, and by him Lincoln was detailed as orderly to President Lincoln. President Lincoln kept him busily employed during the war carrying messages to the different departments and to the front, and seemed to be much attached to him.

Christmas day, 1864, the president presented Heysler with the watch he had been wearing as a Christmas gift. He afterwards took it back and had the inside case engraved in fine script "To C. Heysler, A. Lincoln, President, 1864," and returned it. Heysler carried the watch until January 27, 1880, when, desiring to raise money enough to get to his birthplace in Prussia, he sold it to C. B. Todd of Pittsburg, who in turn, on December 1, 1892, sold it to Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell has received a great many offers for the timepiece since, but has refused to sell it, as it was made by Ligne Droite. It is a perfect time-keeper.

Indians Should Shoulder the Muzzle. Captain P. H. Ray, Eighth infantry, in command of a company of Indian soldiers at Fort Washack, in a recent interview on the value of the Indian as a soldier, said: "I believe and know that the Indian, if properly handled, can be made a good soldier. The trouble is that he is generally not so handled. The present secretary is to subject him to the methods prescribed for the white man. This is a mistake. You cannot make of him a good imitation of a white soldier. He should be taken as an Indian and trained as such and his original traits and good qualities should be perpetuated. Except as to minor regulations, such as those relating to food and clothing, he should be governed as an Indian, pure and simple. As to the Indian's capacity for military service there is much adverse criticism. So many have failed in trying to make a soldier of him that the government is somewhat discouraged at the prospect. Secretary Elkins, the last secretary of war, shared this feeling. What the present secretary's policy will be I know not. I hope, however, that he will not take this view, for I candidly believe there is not another influence so potent for good upon the subject as the idea of allowing them to participate in military work. If the government could only regard the situation as I do it would adopt the plan of civilizing the Indians through the medium of military service. It is the quickest and the most humane method that can be followed. I regret very much to see this failure to recognize the Indian's military worth, and hope that before it is too late the sentiment and practice of the government may be changed, and that our people may learn to judge them from the standpoint of a friend and ally, rather than an enemy. I have also found them to be honest, faithful and loyal as friends, and in the cardinal virtues to stand, as a whole, equal to any people I have ever been associated with."

Dixie a 'Foh de Wah Song. We had hoped to be able to present all the facts obtainable as to who wrote "Dixie," but we have not yet been able to secure the statement of General Longstreet, wherein he is said to declare that he was the composer of the song, and years before the war by southern cadets at the West Point military academy. It was but lately that we first heard of this claim of authorship. If General Longstreet's recollection is confirmed by the recollection of others it is a fact of some interest. The song, as asserted, but we all know that memory is at best a fallible thing.

A decade or more ago the Magazine of American History undertook to show that "Dixie" was the alleged song of a lot of negroes from the south who were sold into the far south in advance of the great wave of abolition sentiment in their old homes. Later statements of several persons were published that "Dixie" was written in 1859 by Dan Emmett for Bryant's minstrels as a "walk-around." The late Mr. Siegel of Richmond, who was a musician in that troupe, and of those who were firmly of the opinion that that was the real origin of the song.

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