

THE GALWAY STEAMSHIP LINE.

When the Galway steamship line was established between that city and New York there was great rejoicing in Ireland, and it was prophesied that national prosperity, if not national independence, would come suddenly upon the land. There was too much fuss made about the project, and too much imperial importance attributed to the transaction. For our own part we only viewed it as a sound and profitable speculation; calculated to confer certain benefits on the old town of Galway, and stimulate commercial intercourse generally between this Republic and her Majesty's province of Ireland, which, to a certain degree, would be a most desirable thing. We never labored under the delusion that freedom would follow in the wake of the first steamer from New York to Galway, or that the fetters would fall from the limbs of the old land at the first revolution of the Royal Mail Steamship's paddles in the bay of Galway; yet the project enlisted our support, because it was viewed with hostility by British monopoly, and we consequently advised our countrymen here to give it active and generous support. As far as the line went, it was eminently successful; but from recent advices by the last steamer, it seems that the whole project is at an end, that it is merged with the Canadian line, to which a portion of the government subsidy is to be paid, and that direct communication between New York and Galway shall now cease.

It appears that the government coerced the shareholders to adopt this course, after four splendid vessels, at a cost of one hundred thousand pounds each, had been built for the service. This is precisely what was to be expected from the Saxon enemy, and also what the people of Galway, to a certain extent, deserve for the subserviency and flunkeyism which they displayed to their English masters. The Rev. Peter Daly, who took a lively interest in the matter, and who had a large sum invested in the shares of the company, became the constant laudator of England's enlightened and progressive policy; and in a speech which he delivered at Holyhead, we believe, he stated that the establishment of the Galway line would be of more advantage to Ireland than the repeal of the Union, and scoffed at the folly of men who still believed in the right of Irishmen to govern their own country. They made a member of parliament of Mr. Lever, sending him to represent Galway in the British legislature, and were ready to pay the bold speculator almost divine honors; and now they have got the reward of all their flunkeyism and recreancy. We trust the lesson just administered may be read aright by Father Daly, and that he will now preach up nationality first, and he may be sure that Ireland will have more than one packet station, and that an Irish republic would build him such a pier and breakwater outside of Mutton Island as he never dreamed of in the heyday of his packet station mania. Ireland can only be improved, and made permanently prosperous by the smashing up of the old British firm of which some foolish Irishmen have been such blind worshippers. Nothing but revolution can save Ireland from utter ruin, or rescue her people from the calamities inflicted upon them by English rule.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

As everything connected with Mangan, who was one of our most versatile if not actually the first of our national lyricists, must be interesting to our Irish readers, we quote from the *Dublin Irishman* this curious sketch of the poet by his own pen. Our contemporary says:

The following sketch of Mangan was written by himself about six weeks before his death. He had previously contributed nine "Sketches of Modern Irish Writers" to the *Irishman*; and, in an eccentric mood, under a fictitious signature, thus describes himself. The sketch is, in our opinion, rather overdrawn, but few will fail to recognize its truthfulness in many parts, particularly where he accuses himself of "fathering upon other writers the offspring of his own brain." On this subject his friend, Joseph Brennan, tells an anecdote most characteristic of Mangan. Dr. Auster once having expostulated with him on the impropriety of ascribing to Hafiz a poem which certainly bore little or no resemblance to the original—"Ah!" said Mangan, "it is only Half-his."

"Poor Mangan!" light be the turf upon your grave."

PART I.

The somewhat impolite intrusion of this sketch into the society of other sketches of eminent Irishmen, which have appeared in this journal, will, perhaps, be pardoned when I state that I happen to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Mangan, and that I have his entire sanction for giving it to the public. Poor Mangan! he dies uncared for—he dies unknown, but, as he has said himself, "uncomplaining." How far he has contributed to his own premature death is a question, the solution of which must, perhaps, be referred to eternity. Many voices have been raised against him; but, to my own knowledge, they are those of persons who have never seen him and do not understand him. I am not a believer in what is popularly called predestination; but I think that there does appear to be a destiny about Mangan. He was born amidst scenes of blasphemy and riot. If the sins of the fathers be still visited on the children, here assuredly is a case quite in point. His childhood was neglected—just as now his deathbed. He had no companions. A hair-brained girl, who lodged in his father's house, sent him out one day to buy a ballad; he had no covering on his head, and there was a tremendous shower of rain; but she told him the rain would make him grow—he believed her—went out—strayed through many streets and bye-places, now abolished—found, at length, his way homeward—and, for eight years afterwards, from his fifth year to his thirteenth, remained almost totally blind. In the twilight alone could he attempt to open his eyes, and then he—read. He never mingled in the amusements of other boys. His childhood was dark and joyless. Of a strongly-marked nervous temperament by nature, his nerves, even then, were irretrievably shattered. His father had embarked in an unholy business—one too common and patent in every city—and he was robbed by those around him. Upon poor Clarence at the age of fifteen devolved the task of supporting him and his mother, even while they were yet in the prime of life. With ruined health and a wandering mind, that knew not where to find a goal, he undertook the accomplishment of what he conceived to be a duty. Eleven other years passed away, during which he was compelled to be the daily associate of some of the most infernally heartless ruffians on this side of Hell. Yet he, somehow, battled against what seemed destiny itself. Very despairing his energy. All day at an attorney's desk, amid thick smoke, sulphur, blasphemies, and obscenities worse than blasphemies; half the night reading, and almost all the other half sleepless; so passed poor Mangan his years at this period. His father and mother never spoke to him, nor could he exchange ideas with them. He had gold and they had copper.

About this time, as I believe, he became acquainted with the Editors of the *Comet*, a journal which, some fifteen years back, earned and enjoyed a high degree of notoriety through Ireland. They tried to corrupt him, and failed. He wrote for them gratuitously; but when he attended at their drinking bouts, always sat at the table with a glass of water before him. They, and their hangers-on—most of whom have since gone to the—Angel—at length laughed him to scorn; voted him a *spoon*, and would have no more to do with him. 'Tis a sad world, my masters!

Mangan then took to writing for the *University Magazine*. I have never seen any of his contributions to that world-renowned periodical; but I have read innumerable critiques upon them, and scarcely in one instance have I seen a disparaging word from the critic. It has been said that he has translated from fourteen languages; but he himself has assured me that he understands only eight. Like the man who, some years back published an enormous volume in Germany, and fathered it upon Sanconiatho—(pity he did not add Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus)—my poor friend Clarence has perpetrated a great many singular literary sins, which taken together, as a quaint and sententious friend of mine remarks, would appear to be the antithesis of plagiarism. It is a strange fault, no doubt, and one that I cannot understand, that Mangan should entertain a deep diffidence of his own capacity to amuse or attract others by anything emanating from himself. But it is the fact. I do not comprehend it; but he has mentioned it to me times without number.

I conclude the first part of this sketch for the present with a most solemn statement:—That Mangan is not an opium eater. He never swallowed a grain of opium in his life, and only on one occasion took—and then as a medicine—laudanum. The report with respect to his supposed opium eating propensities, originated from the lips of William Carleton; who, for some or no purpose thought proper to spread it.

PART II.

My professional avocations as a medical man have made me acquainted with many singular neuralgic cases, but I have never met anybody of such a strongly marked nervous temperament as Mangan. He is in this respect quite a phenomenon; he is literally all nerves and no muscles. In accordance with such a temperament Providence has endowed him with marvellous tenacity of life. He has survived casualties that would

have killed thousands—casualties of all kinds—illnesses, falls, wounds, bruises, wet clothes, no clothes at all, and nights at the round table. His misfortunes have been very great; and he ascribes them all to his power of writing facetiously deriving calamity from *calamus*, a quill. People have called him a singular man, but he is rather a plural one—a Proteus, as the *Dublin Review* designates him. I confess that I cannot make him out; and I incline strongly to suspect that there must be a somewhat that is dark and troubled in his mind—perhaps a something very sore and heavy on his conscience. Mangan understands eight languages, and has translated from many besides that he does not understand. He has also been overmuch addicted to a practice akin to this, that of fathering upon other writers the offspring of his own brain. This is what a friend of mine pointedly calls the antithesis of plagiarism—I cannot commend it. A man may have a right to offer his property to others, but nothing can justify him in forcing it upon them. I once asked Mangan why he did not prefix his own name to his anti-plagiaristic productions, and his reply was characteristic of the man:—That would be no go; nowhow you fixed it; I must write in a variety of styles; and it wouldn't do for me to don the turban, and open my poem with a *Bismillah*; when I write a poem to the Arab Mohu-Ibn-Mohu—Ibn Khalakan is the man from whom it should come; and to him I give it. And do you really sympathise with your subject? I demanded. Yes, always, always, was his answer; when I write as a Persian, I feel as a Persian, and am transported back to the days of Diemsheed and the Genii; when I write as a Spaniard, I forget, for the moment, everything but the Cid, the Moors, and the Alhambra; when I translate from the Irish, my heart has no pulses, except for the wrongs and sorrows of my own stricken land. I asked him for his opinion of German humor:—Why, said he, you have, doubtless, heard of the author who began and ended a work *On the Rats of Iceland*, with the words, There are no rats in Iceland. So my opinion of German humor is, that there is no such thing as German humor. If there be any exception to this remark, it is to the quaint story of Peter Schlemidi, the man who sold his shadow. Peter, you know, applies to a painter to paint a shadow for him, and the painter gravely inquires how his own shadow came to be lost. Peter, ashamed to acknowledge that he sold it, answers, that on one very frosty day it stuck so hard to the ground, that he was forced to walk away without it. The painter listens to this statement with solemn gravity; and, after a considerable pause of deep thoughtfulness, closes the conversation with the words, I am afraid that such a shadow as I might paint you, not being naturally your own, would be apt to give you the slip on the first opportunity, and return to me, its maker; and then, my dear sir, matters would be worse than before, for while you still would be shadowless, I should be burthened with two shadows; and, something strange concerning me might go abroad. This certainly droll enough, but perhaps it is no genuine Tenton after all; the name of the author, Charnisso, has a suspicious Italian twang, and he, or his father before him, may have gone down the Rialto in a gondola. Mangan has an odd manner of expressing himself, or perhaps I should say *had*, for, alas! he is fast losing that firm hold of his life of which I have written. He lies upon a bed of sickness, forsaken and uncared for, steeped in the slough of poverty up to the lips, and sunk to the lowest depths of suffering and sorrow. His deplorable condition I sincerely commiserate—I would I could do more. From habits of prayer and fasting, and the study of the lives of the Saints, Mangan was at one period of his mysterious life drawn away, and enticed into the snares of love, and was even within an aim's ace of becoming a Benedict. But certain strange circumstances—the occurrence of which he has described to me as having been foreshadowed to him in a dream—interposed their ungallant proportions between the lady and him; and so, he abode a Maledict, and Hymen dispatched Cupid and Plutus to look for somebody else. Mangan had a queer opinion concerning dreams, but it is not worth explaining. He believes in a particular Providence, as every Christian should believe; but he also avows that he has often been in the invisible world, and has conversed with ghosts. Such tricks hath strong imagination! but if contradicted on this point, he never argued it; he was silent; a fact, which would seem to indicate the possession of more good sense on his part than his belief in the nonsense, to which he gives credit, would warrant me in attributing to him. I have said that Mangan is neglected and forsaken; but I had forgotten. There is one friend of his, who has known him only in adversity, but who occasionally visits him, and of late has been exerting himself for the relief of the Poet's exigencies, though hitherto, I believe, without success; I mean Mr. Mooney, the portrait painter, and he himself a poet also of no mean order. If it be not too late, possibly Mangan may yet be rescued and restored to society; but when a fly is rapidly sinking in a glass of water, and not a soul in the house besides himself, it is difficult for him to forbear conjecturing that he must go to the bottom.

E. W.

VISIT OF THE EMMET GUARDS OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

This fine Company, under command of Capt. Thomas W. Cahill, and numbering 96 rank and file, will arrive in this city by the New Haven Boat, on Tuesday, 31st inst., at 6 o'clock, A.M., and will remain as the guests of the "Irish Fusiliers," Co. A, 69th Regt. for 3-days. The "Fusiliers" will celebrate their ninth anniversary on that day in company with their guests by an excursion down the bay. A limited number of tickets for which has been issued.

On Wednesday, Aug. 1st, both companies will be reviewed by the Mayor and Common Council in front of the City Hall, at 10 o'clock, A.M., after which they will proceed to Central Park where they will spend the remainder of the day.

The officers of the 69th have also invited the "Emmets" to prolong their visit as their guests, and a committee has been appointed to make arrangements for them.

THE MILITIA AND PRINCE OF WALES.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT IN THE RIGHT TIME.

Under the above caption we find the following in the *Western Banner*, St. Louis. The spirit of the resolutions are most commendable and should be imitated by the militia of every other city in the Union. Is there more truth, manhood and feeling amongst the militia of St. Louis than amongst the same arm of the service in New York? The common sense which pervades those resolutions, the patriotism and thorough republicanism which they indicate, commands them to us and we therefore place them before our readers:—

"At a special meeting of the Montgomery Guards, held at their armory, on Friday evening, 13th inst., the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

ARMORY MONTGOMERY GUARDS.  
St. Louis, July 14, 1860.

Whereas:—There seems to be a foolish disposition abroad among the civic authorities to call into requisition the services of the militia for the purpose of receiving unofficial and distinguished visitors to our shores, and the said disposition, on more than one occasion, has proved to be inconsistent with not only the well-known rights of the militia in such cases, but plainly at variance with their political and other feelings, and

Whereas, the visit of the Prince of Wales is likely to be used by civic flunkies and interested politicians as a fit opportunity for calling on the militia to show him honor in this manner, and against the well understood feelings of the great majority, who are traditionally opposed to the house of Guelph and all its branches, and

Whereas, Silence might be construed into consent and approval of this practice.

We, the officers and privates of the Montgomery Guards, protest, in advance, against any repetition of this absurd custom in the instance of the Prince of Wales, and to call on all our fellow-citizen soldiers to resent any and every attempt which may be made to connect their name with any celebration in his honor—

Because: A militia force is permitted by its rules to hold its political opinions, and act on them as it sees fit, when not called on by the proper authorities to protect life and property:

Because: It is inconsistent with its character as a free arm of a free Republican Government, to recognize principle of hereditary power, the only principle which can be recognized in a prince, and not recognized in any other visitor:

Because: The Government which he represents refuses the use of arms to its subjects unless when called out for its own purposes, except under restrictions which practically exclude two-thirds of its people from the knowledge of their use.

And, lastly, because a decent respect for the opinions of the Irish-American portion of the militia force should operate to influence not only its associate arms of the service of other nationalities, from giving honors to the representative of a sovereignty which crushed them into exile, made them partly unfit to take an early advantage of many of its blessings, and first inculcated in their minds that bitter necessity of the injured—that highest hope of the brave—retributive justice.

Resolved, That all papers favorable to the spirit of the above, be, and are hereby, requested to publish the same.

P. NAUGHTON, Captain.

WILLIAM READY, Secretary.