



THE LATE JAMES REDPATH.

DEATH OF JAMES REDPATH.

OUR people, everywhere, will learn with regret that the hopes entertained of the recovery of Mr. James Redpath from the effects of the injury he sustained by being knocked down by a Fourth Avenue car, in Park Row, on Thursday evening of last week, have not been realized. The veteran journalist and world-famed correspondent died on the morning of the 10th instant, in St. Luke's Hospital, whither he had been conveyed from the Chamber's Street Hospital, in order to the performance of a surgical operation rendered necessary by the laceration of the muscles of his arm, which had been crushed by one of the car-wheels. Up to Monday, the physicians were hopeful of saving his life, but on that day blood-poisoning symptoms became manifest, and he sank rapidly during the night, and died Tuesday morning. Owing to the attack of paralysis from which he suffered, two years ago, his physical system was not in a condition to enable him to rally from the effects of the shock to which he was subjected by the accident.

The career of James Redpath was a varied and eventful one from his earliest youth. Born on the 24th of August, 1833, in the little town of Berwick-on-Tweed, on the border line between England and Scotland, he received his education from his father, who was a school-teacher by profession, and began his active life at the age of fourteen as a printer in the office of the *Berwick Warder*. His father emigrated to Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1850, bringing his son with him. The boy eventually drifted to New York, and joined the staff of the *Tribune*. In 1854 he started to walk through the Southern States. While at Augusta, Ga., a yellow-fever epidemic broke out, and he volunteered as a nurse, and remained there six weeks until the plague and its panic had subsided. From Augusta he went to New Orleans, thence to St. Louis, whence he was sent to Kansas to report the "border war" for the *St. Louis Democrat*. His reputation from his letters then became national. From Kansas he went to Hayti in search of health. When he returned, the officials there made him their Emigration Commissioner. He negotiated with President Lincoln for the recognition of the Republic of Hayti, and sent nineteen colonies of colored people from here to Hayti. During the civil war he was correspondent at the front for the *New York Tribune* and *Boston Journal*. After the war was over he staid in Charleston, and was Superintendent of Education under the Freedman's Bureau for the department including South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. He next went to Boston, where he organized the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, which for several years controlled the system of public lecturing for the whole country. In 1877 he started a newspaper syndicate in Washington, which was not a success, and then he came to New York, where he resumed active work as a newspaper man, and was sent by the *Tribune* as special correspondent to Ireland during the famine of 1879-'80. His graphic descriptions of the sad scenes of misery and starvation which he witnessed in that unfortunate country (which were reproduced in the *IRISH AMERICAN* at the time) was the first authentic account by an American visitor that the masses of the people in the United States had that another famine had overtaken the sorely tried peasantry of Ireland. He returned to New York in 1880, having, as he declared himself, been so thoroughly converted by what he had seen in Ireland that he re-

garded himself thenceforward as a naturalized Irishman; and to the last day of his life he acted in accordance with this principle. After the lapse of a year he revisited Ireland, and was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm by the people of Dublin and of all the principal towns in the West, Southwest and Northwest, where the distress was greatest, and where the people, grateful for the overflowing sympathy which America had shown them in the hour of their distress, passed votes of thanks to him as being one of the first to stir up the front of charity. He made many speeches in support of the Land League, at the time, and so identified himself with the National movement, that the late W. E. Forster, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, had a warrant issued for his arrest, which, however, was not executed.

On his return to New York he published *Redpath's Weekly*, which lived for two years. He was next appointed managing editor of the *North American Review*, by Allen Thorndike Rice. It was while working on the *Review* that he received the stroke of paralysis which indirectly led to his death. By advice of his physicians he made another voyage to Ireland, and after a stay of a couple of months, returned so much benefited in health that he took the same place on *Belford's Magazine* that he had held on the *Review*, and remained it until just before the accident, when he joined forces with Mark Twain. Perhaps the strangest purely literary work he did was in helping to prepare the memoirs of Jefferson Davis for the daughter of the Confederate leader. He went to Beauvoir and remained there some time, collating and selecting the proper material from Mr. Davis's private papers. It was one of the peculiar echoes of the war time that this original Abolitionist learned to look on Mr. Davis in a new light at Beauvoir, and to openly admit the honesty and justice of many of the ex-Confederate's principles, and thus remoulded the entire character of his views of the great anti-slavery contest.

When Mr. Redpath was stricken with paralysis it was a woman who nursed him back to life and health. She was Mrs. Carrie Chorpenning, of Washington, whom he had long known. A few months after his recovery, in September, 1888, Mr. Redpath and Mrs. Chorpenning were married.

Mr. Redpath was the author of several books, notably "The Roving Editor; a Handbook of Kansas Territory," "The Public Life of Captain John Brown," "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," and "A Guide to Hayti." He was an intensely earnest, truthful man, gifted with a bright and genial manner that won and kept him many friends. The Irish people, at home and here, in particular, can never forget the faithful services he rendered in their behalf.

The funeral services of the deceased journalist were held on Thursday last, at the residence of Frederick Weaverson, 242 West Fourteenth street, whence his remains were conveyed for cremation to Fresh Pond Crematory, on Long Island, such being his own desire.